Campbell 2. 21. 16

John Francis Campbell
THE

POEMS

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 say? 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 none.

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 ftrunt? Or has some bogle-bo,
Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws, gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has some daunted wedder broke his leg?

SANDY.

Naething like that, sic troubles eith were borne:
What 's bogles, wedders, or what Mausy’s scorn?
Our lofs is meikle mair, and past remead:
Adie, that play’d and fang fae sweet, is dead.

RICHY.

Dead! say’st thou?—Oh, had up my heart,
O Pan!
Ye gods, what laid 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,
Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

SANDY.
PASTORAL.

SANDY.

That’s true indeed; but now thae days are gane,
And, with him, a’ that’s pleasant on the plain.
A summer day I never thought it lang,
To hear him make a roundel or a sang.
How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,
Of wimbling waters which in Latium flow*.
Titry the Mantuan herd, wha lang finskyne,
Best sung 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 world shall Amaryllis ken,
His Rosamond † shall echo thro’ the glen:
While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,
Or wand’ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,
His fame shall laft : laft shall his sang of weirs‡,
While Britifh bairns brag of their bauld forbeairs.
We’ll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest,
At spaining time, or at our Lambmafs feast.
O, Richy! but ’tis hard that death ay reaves
Away the best fowk, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down’ye’r heads, ye hills, greet out ye springs,
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.
Then he had ay a good advice to gie,
And kend my thoughts amait as well as me:
Had I been sowlefs, vexd, 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 happiness 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 neift day wad be fair.
Blind John*, ye mind, wha sang 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 sang he loot me see.
The lassies aft flung down their rakes and pails,
And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

Sandy.

Sound be his sleep, and faft his wak’ning be;
He’s in a better caise than thee or me:

* 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 oufen frae the pleugh;
Maggy by this has bewk the supper-scones;
And muckle kye stand rowting in the loans:
Come, Richy, let us trufe and hame o'er bend,
And make the best of what we canna mend.
ROBERT, RICHY, AND SANDY:
A PASTORAL ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

ROBERT, the good, by a' the swains rever'd,
Wife are his words, like filler is his beard;
Near saxty shining simmers he has seen,
Tenting his hirfe 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 caft down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
By break of day he sees the dowy glen,
That he may scowth to a' his mourning len:
Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers
Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears.
Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,
Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man:
Kind Richy Spec, a friend to a' distrest,
And Sandy, wha of shepherds sings the best;
With friendly looks they speer'd, wherefore he mourn'd?
He rais'd his head, and, fighing, thus return'd:

ROBERT.
ROBERT.

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

RICHY.

My heart misga'e me when I came this way,
His dog its lane fat yowling on a brae;
I cry'd, "Ifk! ifk! 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.

Laft ouk I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,
And paths the swaw, 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 fun-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 fighs bespeak the kindly man.

RICHY.

But twice the summer’s sun has thaw’d the snaw,
Since frae our heights Addie* was tane awa’:
Fast Matt has follow’d.—Of sic twa bereft,
To smooth 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 snell,
Torn frae its roots adown it souchan 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 dozen'd sing,
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.
Thoufands 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 blythesome was, fae was he wife,  
Our laird himsell wad aften take his advice.  
E’en cheek for chew he ’d seat 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 croufe,  
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 wise he was? how much lamented fell?

Wha cou’d like him, in a short fang, define  
The bonny lafs 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 sauchy 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 fang, 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 flood wrang: but where 's the tongue can tell
How faft he fung? 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 fang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:
These
There 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 bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha ha'e fae true a feeling of our skaith:
O Sandy! draw his likeness in smooth verse,
As well ye can; then shepherds shall rehearse
His merit, while the sun metes out the day,
While ews shall bleeit, 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 skaith:
Besides, 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 sighs 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'r al 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 haft thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers
The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
The warld receives by lovely Keitha's death?

The
The bonniest sample of what's good and kind,
Fair was her make, and heav'ly 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 tawk;
Did ever you fae meikle beauty bear?
Or ye so mony heav'ly 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 grateful Flora took to feed her bees;
Bear on your wings round earth her spotless fame,
Worthy that noble race from whence she came.*
Refounding 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.
PASTORAL.

Return your echoes to our mournfu' fang,
And let the streams in murmurs bear 't alang.
Ye unkend 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'nyly sparkles low?
Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow?
Her fair brient brow, smooth as th' unrunkled deep,
When a' the winds are in their caves asleep?
Her presence, like a simmer'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 goodnefs shin'd in ilka pious deed,—
A subjeqt, 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 gust'd 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 haft mift,
May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.
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 whase cheeks bespake nae scant,
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 laffes 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 croffes teughly laft us mony a year,
But unco soon our blessings disappear.

RINGAN.

I 'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's note,
I tented well mes 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,
Left in laigh damps they shoul’d their luftere 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 confessed.

ROSALIND.

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

ARMYAS.

Out wi’ them, bonny lafs, and if they ’ll bear
But ceremony, you a fang shall hear.

ROSALIND.
ROASILND.

They 'll bear, and do invite the blythest strains;
The beauteous Charterisla of these plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us sae 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.

ROASILND.

No, no, my dear; 'tis true as we stand here.
The thane of Fife, who lately wi' his flane,
And visy leel, made the blyth bowl his ain;
He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
Wha 's bright beginning spae his fonsy 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 song that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROASILND.
PASTORAL.

ROSA Lind.

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

ARMYAS FINGS.

Come, shepherds, a' your whistles join,
And shaw your blythest faces;
The nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleasure places.
Lift up your notes both loud and gay,
Yet sweet as Philomela's,
And yearly solemnize the day
When this good luck befel us.

Hail to the thane descended frae
Macduff renown'd in story,
Wha Albion frae tyrannic swayne
Restor'd to ancient glory:
His early blossoms loud proclaim
That frae this stem he rises,
Whase merits give him right to fame,
And to the highest prizes.

His lovely countess sing, ye swains,
Nae subject can be sweeter;
The best of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace completer:

Bright
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 season.

Straight as the plane, her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder;
Were Jove rampaging in the air,
Her smiles might stape 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 NUPITALS 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 bliss and greatness blossom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his Grace's bosom.

Appear,

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

"The present poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once so agreeable, and so long interrupted or difused. The original of masques seems to be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry have formerly been even kings, princes, and the first per-
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 choosing.

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
trived by the ablest architechts, as well as the best poets.
Thus we see in Ben Jonfon 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, bles their nuptial vow,
   And them with mutual joys inspire:
Descend, Minerva, for 'tis you
   With virtue beats the haly fire.

(At the close of this fang enters the Genius of the family,
   clad in a scarlet robe, with a duke's coronet on his head, a
   shield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.)

   Fair mistrefs of harmonious sounds, 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 dresses.)

   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 carefs,  
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 languing 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 falds her in his arms;  
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.  
Rejoice, brave youth,  
In sic a fouth  
Of joys the gods for thee provide;  
The rosy dawn,  
The flow’ry lawn,  
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 goddeses, 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 rife,  
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 sma'springs, whence cauld 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 mightieft 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 forbeairs 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 sanguine 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 smile,  
Let nature with delights adorn the isle:  
Be hush, bauld North, Favonius only blaw,  
And cease, bleak clouds, to shed, or wet, or snow;  
Shine bright thou radiant ruler of the year,  
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. GRACE.

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

Wear your best faces and your Sunday's weeds,
And rouse the dance with your maift tunefu' reeds;
Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
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.

Ceafe, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raife
But small addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka fea 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 leffer ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to fafter blessings, fling aside:
Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body slides the fainted shade,
Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love;
Haste to these blessings, kiss the night away,
And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whisper and cares 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 sweetness of thy lips:
My haly hand maun chaftly now unloose
That zone which a' thy virgin charms inclose;
That zone shou'd be less grateful to the fair,
Than easy bands of safer wedlock are;
That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing;
The longer 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 dortifhip to see,
But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blue e'en, remember, I'm baith hap and saul
to Venus there; but me, she 'd starve o' caul.

Venus.

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

Genius.
Maist welcome, Pow'r that cheers the vital streams,
When Pallas guards thee frae the wild extremes;
Thy rosie 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 daunted 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 director
Of gods and men, to keep your fauls in tift,
Has sent you here a prezent of his nectar,
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 glafs.]

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 glafs of heav’nly wine.

[Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.]

Come, fee ’t about; and syne let ’s all advance,  
Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance:  
Minerva mim, for a’ your mortal floor,  
Ye shall with billy Bacchus fit the floor.  
Play up there, laffie, 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]

EPITHALAMION.

Bright is the low of lawfu’ love,
Which shining faults 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 blissfu’ beam darts warm and fair,
And shall improve the rest
Of a’ these gifts baith great and rare
Of which ye are possesst.
Bacchus, bear off your dinsome 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,

D 3

And
And set the twinkling fires;
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their desires.

Gae, Loves and Graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
And smoothly make their minutes slide.

Gae, Hymen, put the couch in case;
Minerva, thither lead the Bride;
Neist, all attend his youthful Grace,
And lay him sweetly by her side.
A PASTORAL EPITHALAMIIUM

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 names 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

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* 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 Phoebus 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 eafe
Than Fortha's gentle stream?
Or takes thou rather mair deilty
In the strae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the plaid?

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 flate,
    He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
    The likest e’er ye saw.
Lafs, think na shame to eafe your mind,
    I see ye ’re like to greet:
Let gae these tears, ’tis juftly kind,
    For shepherd fae complete.

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 sandle times they e'er come back,
    Wha anes are heftit there:
Sure, Bess, 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 less delights,
    In absence of our laird:
But we maun cawmly now submit,
    And our ill luck lament,
And leave 't to his ain senfe 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 designing guile.
Lang may the happily possess,
    Wha 's in his breast infeft,
And may their bonny bairns increase,
    And a' with rowth be left.

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

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 sleek;
And may your hearts with gladness glow,
    In finding what ye seek.
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 luftre,
luftre, 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 praiseworthy 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 so happy as to please your
Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall
vanish like a morning vapour: I shall hope to be clasped with
Tasso, 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 blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her lift'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, invok'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'ft, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of 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.
PASTORAL.

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 beauteous, 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 stedfast 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
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'rless 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 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 Erikine's charms?
In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searchers' 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 luft, 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'd,
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.
TO JOSIAH BURCHET, SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRATY,

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The nipping frosts, and driving sna,
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, 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,

* The eclogue, intitled "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, intitled "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 courteousy,
To weaker fight,
Set these rude sonnets * fung 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 souther 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 strive 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 langest 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, two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
Glaud, 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 sister.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune—"The wauking of the faulds."

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and 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 sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae wair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that 's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To all the lave I 'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

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

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the reft it is confess,
By a' the reft that she sings best.
PASTORAL.

My Peggy sings fae saftly,
   And in her fangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
   At wauking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartfom is 't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is 't to snuff the cawler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I say; but it 's no easy done
By ane whase faul 's fae sadly out of tune.
Ye have fae faft 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, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I 'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's ee;
For ilka fheep 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 laft my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wethers perifh'd in the snow.

PATIE.

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

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'ft thole the pangs of mony a los: O may'ft thou doat on fome 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 found:
I'll be mair canty wi' 't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.
ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlisf 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-seen love, and dörty 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 dörty 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.
PASTORAL.

PATIE.

But Bauldy looes not her; right well I wat, He sighs for Neps: sae 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 caurlife 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.

Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whining way;
'Veem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ferv'd my lass I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me c'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snow.
Her cockenony swooded up fou sleek,
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 skimming o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
"I ferly wherefore, ye're so soon a'teer?"
"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 thievelefs errand back:
Miscaw'd me first; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waft ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and fae did she; then with great haste
I claspd my arms about her neck and waift;
About her yielding waift, and took a south
Of sweetest kisses 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 let 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 forfake her, soon she 'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she 'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

Tune—"Fye, gar rub her o'er with strae."

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answr kindness with a flight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglecf,
For women in a man delight:

But
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 sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane; for now, as clean 's a leek,
Ye 've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I 'll mak ye a propine
(My mother, reft her faul! she made it fine);
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the fets, the borders blue:
With spraings like gowd and siller crofs'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o' t, wha have sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.
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 she 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 beft 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 cheese
Will make a breakfaft that a laird might please;
Might please the daintieft 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 mysell.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.
A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where laffes use to wash and spread their claiths,
A troting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel peebles 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 simmer grow:
Between twa birks out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirlses the bord'ring gras.

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

**JENNY.**

Daft laffie, 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 fay, "Haith, laffes, ye 're no blate."

**PEGGY.**

We 're far frae ony road, and out of fight;
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 fnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;

Whilk:
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters die'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d' ye?"—or, "There's a bonny " day."

PEGGY.

Ye dash the lad with constant slitting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
Wha likes a dorthy maiden when she 's auld?
Like dawted wean that tarries at its meat,
That for some feckles whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner 's past,
And fyne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

SANG III.

Tune—"Polwart on the green."

The dorthy will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles 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 single life a crime.

PEGGY.

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

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can gues 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 themselvses 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! lafs, how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We soon will hear what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, fae soon 's ye 're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I 'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I 'll 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 soon as your newfanglenefs is gane,

He
He 'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he 's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he 'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loudering lick.

S A N G IV.
Tune—" O dear mother, what shall I do ?"

O dear Peggy, love 's beguiling,
We ought not to tryst his smilling ;
Better far to do as I do,
Left a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy 's carried,
Think of nought but to be marry'd ;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

P E G G Y.

Sic coarse-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 music 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 senfe 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 senfe 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 lafs of Branksome!" or 't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.
O 'tis a pleafant thing to be a bride!
Syne whindging gets about your ingle-fide,

Yelping
Yelping for this or that with fafeheous din:
To make them brats then ye man toil and spin.
Ae wean fa’s sick, an fcads itself wi’ brue,
Ane breaks his fhin, anither tines his fhoe:
The “Deel gaes o’er John Wabfer:” hame grows hell,
When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

Yes, it ’s a heartfome 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 pleafure be,
Than fee fc 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 blasph thows,
May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ews;
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees;
With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent,
'Tis 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 single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd—let heaven make out the rest.
I 've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads shoul'd a' for wives that's vertuous pray;
For the maift 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 healsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be said to pay the laird his due;
Syne a’ behind ’s our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the world will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and geer grows rife,
He ’ll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou’d gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, 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 bleft them with solidity of mind;
They ’ll reason cauly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe’er they slight their maiks at hame,
’Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I ’ll employ with pleasure a’ my art
To keep him 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 soon 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 soon grows cauld,
And dozins down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

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

JENNY.

I've done.—I yield, dear laffie, 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—"Nansy's to the green-wood gane."

I yield, dear laffie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Fae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say
'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 fun
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.]
PASTORAL.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack houfe; 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 peck stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The houfe is Glaud's.—There you may see him lean,
And to his divet seat 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 bassign quey.
I 'l 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
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,  
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn  
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,  
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

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

GLAUD.
GLAUD.

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

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 caft,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we ’ll see them at the last
Strung a’ up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and fense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.

GLAUD.
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 claiths.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:
"Put on your bonnet, Symon; tak a seat:—
"How ’s all at hame?—how ’s Elspa?—how does
"Kate?—
"How sells black cattle?—what gi’es woo this
"year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

S A N G 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 glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais’d sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart’s e’en rais’d! — Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?
We ’ll fend for Elspith too; and upo’ fight
I ’ll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I ’ll yoke my fled, and send to the neift town,
And bring a draught of ale baith flout 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-yeestreen I brew’d a bow of maut,
Yestreen I flew twa wethers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reesting in the nook:
I saw myfell, 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 roaft;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gufty 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'rsell, 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 tl.is 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 set the meiklest peet-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we 'll soon 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 whiteft of my bobit bands,
My whyt skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'rfells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we 're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Symon.

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

[Exeunt.]
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 Nep's, 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 Mausy lives, a witch that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice:
She can o'ercast 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 witherhins about the hemlock low;
And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taids and snakes:
Of this unsancty pictures aft she makes
Of any ane she hates, and gars expire
With slow 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, amaist I 'm fear'd:
But I maun do 't, tho' I shou'd never thrive:
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.

[Exit.
SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

MAUSE.

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

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I 'm possesst,
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 say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When laft the wind made Glaud a rooflefs barn;
When laft the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himfell amaist amang the shaw;
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 pease.

MAUSE:
I thank ye, lad:—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I 'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then, I like Peggy; Neps is fond of me;
Peggy likes 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 happieft man.

MAUSE.
I 'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I 'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and 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 jeft?
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 lance.

This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I 'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal Charles, and right 's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
The bonny foundling that 's brought up by Glaud,
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 establiish 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 sing dumb.
Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

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

PATIE.

I 'm laith to part fae soon, now we 're alane,
And Roger he 's away with Jenny gane:
They 're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How faft the westlin winds fough through the reeds.
PEGGY.

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

PATIE.

Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking 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 kiss 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 fits 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 lass your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forfaken, 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 lisp out words, I choos'd thee frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy know or rashy strand;
Thou
Thou smiling by my side:—I took delight
To pou the rashes green, with roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou’d,
For thee I plet the flow’ry belt and snood.

PEGGY.

When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try’d my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the 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 fey’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 flane,
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 saftly the "Cowden broom
"knows;"
And Rosie lits swiftly the "Milking the ews;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nanfy can sing;
At "Throw the wood, laddie," Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The "Boatman," "Tweed-side," or the "Lass "of the mill,"
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.
How easy can lasses trow what they deside!
And praises sae kindly increaseth love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.
PASTORAL.

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 slightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me,
For none can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

Jenny sings faft the "Broom of Cowden- " knows;"
And Rosie lilts the "Milking of the ews;"
There 's none like Nansy "Jenny Nettles
sings;"
At turns in "Maggy Lawder" Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The "Boatman," or the "Lads 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.

And let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad not be amifs;
And fyne we 'll sing 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 awwn tune.

By the delicious warmnes 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 'ould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye lad, gif we confess 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 sweetness they may tyne, and sa' 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 flint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we 've got the grace.

PATIE

(With his left hand about her wait.)

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

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.]
PASTORAL.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

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

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

The gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I 'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it defolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapestry 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 neæt'rîne 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 reæson 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!

S A N G  X I I.

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 chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocry.
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'rs 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 visy '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 oursells.—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 say '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 mysell.

GLAUD.

What reasons can ye have?—there 's nane, I 'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she 's but poor:
But gif the laffie 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 spaing time as lang 's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I 'll yearly to them give.

**ELSPA.**

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

**SYMON.**

Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna 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.

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 seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddeest 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 say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[Exit Jenny.

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

Glaud.

Spae-men! the truth of a' their flaws 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 maift 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 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 skil 's but little worth, I fear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Ye cut before the point:—but, billy, bide,
I 'll wager there 's a mouse-mark on your side.
Betootch-us-to! and well I wat that 's true: Awa! awa! the deel 's owre girt wi' you. Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark, Scarce ever seen 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 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 endeavour to lay him right:]

ELSPA.

Preserve 's!—the man 's a warlock, or possěst
With some nae good, or second-fight at least.
Where is he now?

GLAUD.

He 's seeing a' that 's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-fighted fowks (his peace be here!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear,
As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himself)

How
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.—Elspie, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tass 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 shores:
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 spaing 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 prophesy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

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

Whilst, doubtful care; 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 fondy lasses, 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 darkness black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae rest a while content.

SYMON.

Elspie, cast on the claithe, 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 laffie's breaft.
Behind a bush well hid frae fight 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 fae scornfu' set.

JENNY.

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

ROGER.

Yes, ye may guefs 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 less, I 'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY.

And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

I loo my father, cousin 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?—sanya 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.

Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss 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 girming marriage comes, and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleetly 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-sole 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 sae 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 sure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain;
For I man own, since now at last you 're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I 'm happy now! o'er happy!—had my head!—
This gush of pleasure's like to be my deid.—
Come to my arms!—or strike me!—I 'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love!—let 's kifs till we be tir'd:
Kifs,
Kifs, kifs;—we'll kifs the sun and stars 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 kisses 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 one 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 sure of me;
Next to my father gae;
Make him content to give consent;
He 'll hardly say 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 said and sworn,
But thee I will have none.
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 hartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair:
My love and all is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them l aft.

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 seen, 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.

[Exeunt.]
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 feel,  
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 loft 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 mafking beard:—  
Symon, transported, fees  
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 willing tenants' sight;
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight?

SIR WILLIAM.

Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy.
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou 'ft 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; ne'er 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 faults 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 sense and grace;
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt wha 's fae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such useless 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 fight he rins before the lave;
And when there 's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick 's made judge, to tell whose 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.
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 pouchnfu' 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 answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can rase 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 we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,  
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel 's oursell.

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 laffie with inviting mien  
And rofy 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 Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.  
I had my fears, but now have nought to fear,  
Since like yourself your son will soon appear;  
A gentleman, enrich'd with all these charms,  
May bless the fairest best-born lady's arms.

SIR 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 Solus.**

When'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 evaporish 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.
S A N G  XV.

Tune—"Wat ye wha I met yeftreen?"

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.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page, 
Glaud's onfet.—Enter Maufe 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 naething hae.

MAUSE.
Then sure the laffes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

As faft as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod Lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool.
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At laft, 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 syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for :—happy lad is he !—
Symon tald Elspa—Elspa tald it me.
Ye ’ll hear out a’ the secret foory soon :
And troth ’tis e’en right odd, when a’ is done,
To think how Symon ne’er afore wad tell,
Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himfell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has loft her jo.

It may be fa, wha kens, and may be no :
To lift a love that ’s rooted is great pain :
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 tochergood,  
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!—  
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be,  
But ficcan ferlies now we never see.

**MAUSE.**

Gif Pate forsakes 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! flankin doof! it fets him well  
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!  
Gif I were Meg, I 'd let young master fee—

**MAUSE.**

Ye 'd be as dorty in your choice as he;  
And so wad I:—but whisht! here Bauldy comes.
Enter Bauldy

(Singing.)

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do 't? Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good; For my tocher-good I winna marry thee: E'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 seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byer,
A peat-stack '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 lass mysell;
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 laft,
Tho' for a while they man their snaw-baws caft.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

BAULDY.

Faith, unco right;
I hope we 'll a' sleep 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,
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What other lass will trow a manfrowned herd?
The curfe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That 's ever guilty of sic finfu' 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! manfrowned! 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 witnefs, Maufe, ye heard her say
That I 'm mansworn:—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye 're witnefs 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 sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They 're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

**MAUSE.**

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

**BAULDY.**

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

**MADGE.**

Auld roudes!—filthy 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
Of what has happen'd, and thou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquaintance have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon, gallows-face!—gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat:
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he 's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY.

His presence 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 soom grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.
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 resentment 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, Syne bade him come, and we shou’d 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 ghast.
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,  
I 'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:  
We 'll fleeg him fae, he 'll mint nae mair to gang  
A conjuring to do a laffie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for see, '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 swa'ird 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 farewell.

PATIE and ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I 'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:  
O, Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right.  
Sure gentle 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 confess,
He all the father to my soul express,
While close he held me to his manly breast:
"Such were the eyes," he said, "thus smil’d the
mouth
"Of thy lov’d mother, blessing o’ my youth,
"Wha set too soon."—And while he praise bestow’d,
Adown his gracefu’ cheeks a torrent flow’d,
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o’er a’ my thoughts prevail;
That, speechless, lang my late-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's 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 yoursell 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 neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
And twa three other monkey tricks: that done,
I come hame 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 wit 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 soundly
" 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
same;
The poor and rich but differ in the name:
Content 's the greatest bliss 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 scantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, faft beds, sweet houses, sparkling
wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submissive
Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease;
Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss;
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss:
The passions rule the roast; and if they're four,
Like the lean 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 disease,
Are frequented with fowl owrelaid with ease;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefoime air.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

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

Ne'er
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

**ROGER.**

I 'll do 't, and ye shall tell me which to buy;
Faith I'fe 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 saft 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 loft;
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 falsehood hate; come, kifs 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 exprest
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kifs'd me, when I danc'd or fang;
Nae mair, alake! we 'll on the meadows play,
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
As ait-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 sunder."

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that 's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:—
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

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 asunder.

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'ft prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

VOL. II.  M  PATIE.
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 funk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy 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.

S A N G 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 sight.

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 waft 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
Nor age, nor the changes of life,  
Can quench the fair fire of love,  
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,  
And the husband have sense to approve.

PATIE.

That's wisely said;  
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.  
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;  
Afect 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.

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

PEGGY.

Since with nae hazard, and fae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan 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.

S A N G  X I X .
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
I 'll visit aft the birken bush,  
Where first thou kindly told me  
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
Whilst 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 fater meaning better is exprest,
When it 's with kisles on the heart imprest.

[They embrace while the curtain is let down.]
See how poor Bauldy flares like ane possest,
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 spot.

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 soon 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 sorry, Sir, that we 've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's spirit oppress'd,
He 's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

**BAULDY.**

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

(Smiling.)

I lang to hear 't.

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 laffie's heart:
As she had tryfted, 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 ghaift, or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me faft 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 pithles 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 sure 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 ghaist have made themselves good  
sport.  
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,  
That is throw want of education blind!

SYMON.

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

SIR 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 doup;  
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,  
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;  
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,  
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs 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 sense, or yet was rich:  
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,  
And lives a quiet and very honest life;  
That gars me think this hobleshew that 's past  
Will end in naithing but a joke at last.
PASTORAL.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm sure it will:—but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night.
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst 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 darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting 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 fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and tos's,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state;
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek;
The rising sun shines mottly throw the reck:
A pipe his mouth, the lasses 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 lasses will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he 's young master now, I 'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiss'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 forfake  
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 sae void of shame, they ’ll never stap  
To brag how aften they have had the clap;  
They ’ll tempt young things like you with youdith flush’d,  
Syne mak ye a’ their jest when 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 wiser, better are than we; But thinner fawn: they 're fae puft up with pride, There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide That shaws the gate to heav'n:—I've heard myself Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, 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 curfe, debauch, and drink.— But I 'm no saying this, as if I thought That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.
PEGGY.

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

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

Hast, hast ye, we're a' sent 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 himsell.

GLAUD.

Lend me my staff.—Madge, lock the outer door.
And bring the laffes 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 cross:

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To change his kent cut frae the branchy plane,
For a nice fword, 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
Designs 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 nonfense rais'd their rage.

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

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

N 2

MAUSE.
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 seek 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 ghaisf,
And the young bonny witch whase rosie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

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 sister 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 forfake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, fae 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 pafs'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 sister'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 sae 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 cousin fifty kisses.

Mause.

Then it was I that sav’d her infant life,
Her death being threaten’d by an uncle’s wife.
The story ’s lang:—but I the secret knew,
How they pursu’d with avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they ’re now possesst.
All this to me a confident confess.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They ’d smoor the faceless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
And straw 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 crove.

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 durft own.

SIR
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 surprife!—  
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.

GIAUD.

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 fake only I 'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

SYMON.
SYMON.

What double blythness wakens up this day!—
I hope now, Sir, you 'll no soon haste away:
Shall I unfaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you;
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawz, and pawky Mause's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kindly old man! remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

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

GLAUD.
CLAUD.

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

ROGER.

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

BAULDY.

I 'm friends with Mause; with very Madge I 'm gree'd;
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fled:
I 'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, Lang may Sir William live!

MADGE.

Lang may he live!—and, Archbald, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some 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 Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu
The mailens ye poiffes, 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 shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae shame,)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame.
Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That none 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 fraife;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I 'm satisfy'd you 'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I 'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye 'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd;
Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.—
Now all 's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

PEGGY.

When you demand, I readiest should obey:
I 'll sing you ane, 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 shape is handsome, middle size,
  He's comely in his wauking,
The shining of his een surprishe,
  '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 spak,
  That set my heart a glowing:
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
  And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinflyne,
  O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let lasses of a filly mind
  Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
  We chastely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
  And syne my cockernony
He's free to touze air or late,
  Where corn-riggs are bonny.
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 lads,
Frae ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bes
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 tuneful notes;
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising saftly 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 clashes stay the lazy lads,
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' found,
   Syne safely sip when ye have fung.

May happiness 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.
O Colin! how dull is 't to be,
When a soul is sinking wi' pain,
To one who is pained like me;
   My life 's grown a load,
   And my faculties nod,
While I sigh for cold Jeanie in vain.
By beauty and scorn I am slain,
The wound it is mortal and deep,
My pulses beat low in each vein,
   And threaten eternal sleep.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds;
   O boy, the cordial bowl!
   With soft harmonious sounds;
Wounds! these can cure all wounds,
   With soft harmonious sounds,
   And pull of the cordial bowl.
O Symon! sink thy care, and tune up thy drooping soul.
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 bras,
Wha ventur’d first on the rough sea,
With hempen branks, and horse of tree;

Wha
Wha in the weak machine durft 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 soul 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
Amang 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 flaw
A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';
Unsonfy thift, which fevers brought
In bikes, which fowks like fybows hought;
Then death, erst flaw, began to ling,
And fast as haps to dart his sting:
Neist Dedalus must contradict
Nature forsooth, and feathers flick
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
LYRIC.

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 saftly 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 frisking 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 fittfed on the dew,
And bуш yersell in habit new;
Be grateful’ to the guiding pow’rs,
And blythly spend your easy 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 soon a castle he ’ll attack,
As waus of divots roof’d wi’ thack;
Immediately we ’ll a’ take flight,
Unto the mirk realms of night,
As stories gang, with ghaists to roam,
In gloomy Pluto’s gousfy dome;
Bid fair good-day to pleasure fyne
Of bonny lassies and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
Dares waste an hour of precious time;
And since our life’s fae unco short,
Enjoy it a’, ye ’ve nae mair for ’t.
An Ode to the Ph——

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

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

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house 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 soon;
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 blessings spare,
Which will our fasheous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, shoule 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 neift day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute 's only ours;
On pleafure let 's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckles powers.

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 heartsome time;
Then, lads and laffes, while it 's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

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

"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 herf ell 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 say are haff a grant.

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

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 Phoebus, 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 fixed 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 sonnet;
Bear to the fair the faithful strains:
Bow, make a leg, and d’ off your bonnet;
And get a kiss for Allan’s pains.

For such a ravishing reward,
The Cloud-Compeller’s self would try
To imitate a British bard,
And bear his ballads from the sky.

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 chaitly 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 surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
   To feast on glowing kis’les,
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 bliss,
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 lafs of Patie’s mill,
Shou’d share the same 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 footh,
For me in whispers move her.

* 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 soul sunk 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 esp'y
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 luftre 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 goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four:—
Then singing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistres might be.
NANNY-O.

While some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais * and the bagnio,
I 'll save myself, and without stealth
Kifs and cares 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 shal 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 goddefs, 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 funk 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 sight,
    And pants to be with bonny Jean.

\textit{Auld Lang Syne.}

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

Methinks around us on each bough
    A thousand Cupids play,
\textbf{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 syne.
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.
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 praisés of the youth,
    From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth;
    And thus she fung, and thus she fung:

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 flighted joy, my flighted 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 surprise, with sweet surprise:
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
I 'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose,
Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,
Since, Peggy, I must love thee?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem 't a lover's duty
To figh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear,
False Betty's charms now disappear,
Since Peggy's far outshine them.

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 rashes:
Fair Bessy 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 Befly’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, faft 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 craw,
    Her eyes like diamonds glances;
She ’s ay fae clean red up and braw,
    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 Befly Bell and Mary Gray,
    Ye unco fair opprefs us,
Our fancies jee between you twae,
    Ye are sic bonny laffes:
Wae ’s me! for baith I canna get,
    To ane by law we ’re flinted;
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 mistress, 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 sight,
   Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy! wiltu gang wi' me,
   And leave the dinseome 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, shaw, 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 bulk 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 pleasant glen,
   A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
   Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
   We 'll to the cawler shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arms,
   And love and kifs, and kifs and love.
KATY'S ANSWER.

My mither's ay gloweran 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 fweer
   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 registors 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'ny 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.

Q 3
O'ER BOGIE

I will awa wi' my love,
I will awa wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I 'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a srae,
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;
LYRIC.

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 kiss 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 MAGGY

And I 'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
Her wit and sweetnefs call me,
Then to my fair I 'll shew my mind,
Whatever may befal 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.

Q 4

If
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,
Find 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 bleezes.
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 warld 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 warld 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 cares 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 world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NEILLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'rself be it said then,
Ye 'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'n's! 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 say na,
   As lang as e'er they please,
Seem cauldter than the fna',
   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 pass the heartsome 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
Myfell 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 fward 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 cares 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 warsms,
How starkly can her fna' 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, saft 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 souls' 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.
LYRIC.

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 carousing 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 hales 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 blythsome 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 PHOEBUS ADVANCES ON HIGH."

Now Phoebus 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 so sweet?
No music can bless with such joys;
Sure angels are just so complete.

Fair blossom of every delight,
Whole beauties ten thousands outshine,
Thy sweets shall be lastingly bright,
Being mixt with so many divine.

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

TO CALISTA.

"She sung; the youth attention gave."

She sung; the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms espies,
Then, all in raptures, falls a slave
Both to her voice and eyes!
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid,
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.
A thousand fair of high desert
Strave to enchant the amorous king,
But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal hand to sing.
Calista thus our fang 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 wondering, 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 lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall 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 shilling;
But she that ’s rich her market ’s made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi’e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I ’ll hug my treasure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Shou’d love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there ’s my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho’ bonny, to meddle;
Unlefs they bring cash, or a lump of land,
They’se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There ’s meikle good love in bands and bags,
And filler and gowd ’s a sweet 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 lassies, 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 lads, 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 after thoughts are a' betray'd,
And naysays 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 carefless.
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:

When
When that gaes out, carefles tire,
   And love 's nae mair in season;
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 laft,
   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 neareft relations, and neighbouring swains;
Dear Nelly, frae thefe I 'd start easily free,
   Were minutes not ages while abfent frae thee.

SHE.
LYRIC.

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 fae 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, Johny, 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 persuaude,
Tho' blushing, I daftly say no;
Gae on with your strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.
Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow;
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us bestow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for 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 few,
And mony braw things the widow can do,
    Then have at the widow, my laddie:
With courage attack her baith early and late;
To kiss 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 fair
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 courtesey dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
    With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye 'd have it to wald;
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that 's thowless and cauld,
    Unfit for the widow, my laddie.
I was anes a well-tocher'd lads,
    My mither left dollars to me;
But now I 'm brought to a poor pass,
    My step-dame has gart them flee.
My father he 's aften frae hame,
    And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor shame,
    And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She 's barmy-fac'd, thriftles, 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 lads tenderly,
I 'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
    Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis
'Tis only yoursell that I want;  
Your kindness is better to me  
Than a' that your step-mother, scant  
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

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

The maiden her reason employ'd,  
Not thinking the offer amifs,  
Consented;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,  
Receiv'd her with mony a kifs.  
And now she fits blythly singan,  
And joking her drunken step-dame,  
Delighted with her dear Ringan,  
That makes her goodwife at hame.
How sweetly smells the simmer 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 Chirfty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No natural beauty wanting,
How lightsome is 't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirfty 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 dubious of my ain defert,
   My sentiments I smother,
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
   For fear she love another.

Thus fang 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 wisely this white minute took,
   And flang his arms about her.

My Chirfty!—witnens, bonny stream,
   Sic joys frae tears arising!
I wish this may not be a dream;
   O love the maift furprising!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
   This point of a' his wishes
He wad na with fet speeches bauk,
   But wair'd it a' on kiffes.
THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he 'll make me a lady:
My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

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

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

O! soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.
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 foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Hasten to thy longing lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hauze 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 beautiful 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! thou'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 beautiful 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 bennisons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful 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 saftly between thee and me,
Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

Rouze
LYRIC.

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

THE BOB OF DUNBLANE.

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

Be frank, my lassie, left 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, shall 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 sigh 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 singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forfaken 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 myself.

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 saft 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.

s 3
I 'd
I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs thou'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 BEGUIL 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 kiss 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 fae 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, left they should wander;
Gin thou 'll gae alang 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 lafs 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
O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
   And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
   He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

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

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

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
   Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
   While heaven 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 saucy,
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 found and still-O,
A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove
   Around her with good will-O:
Her bosom I press'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 kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill-O.
Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
    'T' employ my courage and skill-O,
Frae 'er quietly I staw, hois'd fails and awa,
    For wind blew fair on the hill-O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-frasing fame
    Tald me with a voice right shrill-O,
My lass, 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 ferlying 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 lass, on the gowany grâfs,
    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 fack 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 Grisy, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we shou'd 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 shou'd funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shal' hinder,
Nor time nor place shal' 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 swain in this,
You 'll ne'er engage a heart that 's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kis,
Always to love me, tho' we funder.

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

AIR.

O bonny laffie, 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 saft 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 sang 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 mistref s, Robie, gi' e 's her;
We ' ll drink her health wi' pleasur e,
Wha' s belov'd by thee.

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

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

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come let 's join our glasses,
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 BIDING HERE."

When we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising 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 truth,
For our lang biding here.

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But when we fand our purses tooin,
    And dainty flocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
    Girn'd at flook-jobbing ane and a'.
If we gang near the South-Sea house,
    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 beauteous 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.
GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
    Gi'e her a kifs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
    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 heartsome time;
    Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
    Before it wither and decay.

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

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

Her
LYRIC.

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 kiss;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, 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 fleed 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 conveen,
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 'tis imitate angels
Ought farrer, tho' scarcely (ah me!)
Can be found, equalizing thy merit,
A match amongst mortals for thee.
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 house,
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 mistref's of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I 'll like to guide,
And please me with the trigging o't.

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

When I 'm in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest 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 sad,
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 safe he come hame,
In spite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
Of parents o'erwise,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon cash
As naething 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 heiress,
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 case 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 haft 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 ceafe to oppofe or be:
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they fee;
Then I with pleafure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.
STEER HER UP AND HAD HER GAWN.

OSTEER 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 glass of claret,
How invitingly it looks!
Take it aff, and let 's have ma'ir 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 ma'ir 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 fuller 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 single 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 soon,
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 snakkest 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.
LYRIC.

BONNY BESSY.

Bessy's beauties shine sae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in transport make me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alane
Love I, naething eile 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 soul 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 teez ye.

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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 pile,
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.
LYRIC.

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 goddes' 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 shaven,
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 forsooth I winna hae him,
For a' his beard 's new shaven,
    Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,
    To fasten on my curtchea nooked;
I wor'd a wee upon my breast,
    But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And fae may his: I winna hae him,
    Na forsooth I winna hae him;
Ane twice a bairn 's a lafs's jefl;
    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 forsooth 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 forfooth 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 flart 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 stool,
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 sae blew,
To a' the bedrals bindging.

I 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 haftily they flow to Tweed,
   And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
   Haste 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 faftly 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 saucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind,
   Like my good-humour'd Highland laffie.
   O my bonny, bonny Highland laffie,
   My hearty smiling Highland laffie,
   May never care make thee lefs fair,
   But bloom of youth still bless my laffie.

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 kiss and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
   My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
   O my bonny, &c.

O'er higheft heathery hills I 'll ften,
   With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
   To feast my lafs 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 side 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 pleasure.
    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 suit 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 steeek,
"And nae mair love will think on."

These court indeed, I man confess,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.
WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark, with rising light,
Her notes neglected with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high;
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 return.

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 sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair,
Her lovely features are complete;
Whilft heaven indulgent makes her share,
With angels, all that's wise and sweet.
These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether the 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 bless me, and kifs me,
And comfort my sight
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
And nae mair my lane gang saunt'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
LYRIC.

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.

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 LADDE." 

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.
LYRIC.

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiepest 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 easy wants relieve
With shepherds' fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleasest thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd, or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
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 oxter?

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 stab it in his oxter.

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 sake of somebody,
  For the sake of somebody,
I cou’d wake a winter night
  For the sake 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 sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, laffie, 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 simmer mak nae hay?
For the sake, &c.

SHE.
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 trysting-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 heartsome 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.
As I came in by Tiviot 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 surpaist 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 silken 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 claithing;—
Even these o'er mickle;—mair delyte
    She 'd given cled wi' naithing.
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,  
By which a burnie trotted;  
On her I glower'd my saul 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 designing, 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 shou'd 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 sweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thoufe be my ane lemmane,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye manna fail,
To feast 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 skirt of puddy,
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 borrowstoun merchants
   Will fell ye on tick,
For we man hae braw things,
   Abeit they foud break.
When broken, frae care
   The fools are set free,
When we make them lairds
   In the Abbey, quoth she.
Let meaner beauties use their art,
   And range both Indies for their dress;
Our fair can captivate the heart,
   In native weeds, nor look the lefs.
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 dress may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
   If clad in linen, silk, or wool.
T' adore Myrtilla who can cease?
   Her active charms our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece
   Spun by her own delightful hand.
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.
I72I.

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 fang 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 fanguine 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 doft thou, Ramsay, sightless 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 'ft fung 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 side 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 world among them as they like.

In blyth braid Scots allow me, Sir, to shaw
My gratitude, but * flectching or a flaw.
May rowth o' pleasures light upon you lang,
Till to the blest Elysian bow'rs ye gang,
Wha 've clapt my head fae brawly for my sang.
When honour'd Burchet and his maikies 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.

VOL. II.
Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time,
And view the warld delighted wi' my rhyme:
That when the pride of spruh new words are laid,
I, like the classick 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 breast
Sae gen'rous is, of a' that 's good posseft!
Till I can serve ye mair, I 'll wifh ye weel,
And aft in sparkling claret drink your heal;
Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
Sweet Addison, 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.

OFAM'D and celebrated Allan!
Renown’d Ramsay! canty callan!
There’s nowther Highland-man nor Lawlan,
In poetr,:
But may as soon 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 skil;
Wherefore I ’ll soberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

* 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 learn 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 press'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.

B. Sess. of Poets.
Let modern poets bear the blame,
Gin they respect not Ramfay's name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
To their great loss,
And send them a' right sneaking hame
Be Weeping-cros.

Wha bours 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 swords.

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

* 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 sae 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 last'ing league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue;
       And, gin you please it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
       We 'll solemnize 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.
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 roos’d by ane of well-kend mettle,  
Nae sma’ did my ambition pettle,  
My canker’d critics it will nettle,  
And e’en fae be ’t:  
This month I ’m sure I winna settle,  
Sae proud I ’m wi’t.

When I begoud firt to cun verse,  
And cou’d your Ardry whins * rehearse,  
Where Bonny Heck ran faft and fierce,  
It warm’d my breast;  
Then emulation did me pierce,  
Whilk since ne'er ceas't.

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 sing 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 malison lights on that rout,
Is plain and clear.

The chiels of London, Cam, and Ox,
Ha'e rais'd up great poetic flocks
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,

---

* Gawn Douglass, 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 Scotch 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 jocose.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, when'e'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.
DEAR RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
O sic a sike and sic a sistle
     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 less 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 lanceflet."
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 fletching,
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 nicket,
Made me as canty as a cricket;

* This compliment is entirely free of the fullsome hyperbole.
I ergh to reply, left I stick it;
    Syne like a coof
I look, or ane whose pouch is pickit
    As bare 's my loof.

Heh winsom! how thy faft sweet fstyle,
And bonny auld words gar me smile;
Thou 's travell'd fure mony a mile
    Wi' charge and cost,
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 desart 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 see,
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 fie 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 sprun.
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 forgethery
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 sure thou needs set 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 dumple
Upon my doup, close by my rumple:
But had ye seen how I did trumple,
Ye 'd split your side,
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
Like trough of Clyde.
Dear Hamilton, ye 'll turn me dyver.
My muse fae bonny ye descrive 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-staker †;
"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 Glasgow capon and a fadge† "Ye thought a feast.

"Swith to Castalius' fountain brink, "Dad down a grouf ‡, and tak' a drink, "Syne whis' out paper, pen, and ink, "And do my bidding:
"Be thankfou, else I'fe gar ye ftink "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 benefactors, 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 say ye bummil
Ye'r poetrie.

Frae what I 've tell'd, my friend may learn
How sadly I ha'e been forfairn,
I 'd better been ayont sife 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 blythness on ye 's well beftow'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.
Ne'er fame to tine;
The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd *,
But ye shall shine.

Set out the burnt side of your shin †,
For pride in poets is nae sin;
Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And fame's their joy;
And wha blows best the horn shall win:
And wharefore no?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain-glorious,
Shaws scanter skill than malos mores,
Multi et magni men before us
Did stamp and swagger;
Probatum est exemplum, Horace
Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts, fash'd wi' spleen,
Cast up the wrang side of their een,

Pegh,

* The scribbling rhymers, with their lame versification, shall be cow'd, i.e. shorn off.

† As if one would say, "Walk stately with your toes out." An expression used when we would bid a person (merrily) look brisk.
Pegh, fry, and girst, wi' spite and teen,
   And fa' a flyting;
Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
   Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypcies 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.
Accept my third and last essay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright Ramfay, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donsie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,
Was ay right donsie.

Wharefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,
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 laft poem, bearing date
August the fourth, I grant receipt;
It was fae braw, gart me look blate,
'Maift tyne my fenses,
And look just like poor country Kate,
In Lucky Spence's †.

Ishaw'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' crouse,
The poets a' to thee 's but jest,
       Not worth a soufe.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is sae profuse,
For my good havins dis me roose
       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'.

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 full'en, refrive, 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 rhyming 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 set 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;

---

* 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 clustar,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter luftre,
And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
To thy achievements maist delicious;
Thy poems sweet, and nae way vicious,
But blyth and canny,
To see I 'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy Miscellany.

A' blessings *, 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 kept 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.
MY TRUSTY TROJAN,

THY last oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auld farren jokes,
And fonsy saw of three, provokes
   Me anes again,
Tod lowrie like *, to loose my pocks,
   And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly scan the man well-bred,
And foger that, where honour led,
   Has ventur'd bauld;
Wha now to youngsters leaves the yed,
   To 'tend his fauld †.

That bang'fter billy, Cæsar July,
Wha at Pharsalia wan the tooly,

Had

* Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some 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 senate's durks, and faction loud,
    Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes 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 caft 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.
When northern blasts the ocean snurl,  
And gars the heights and hows look gurl, 
Then left about the bumper whirl,  
    And toom the horn *; 
Grip faft the hours which hafty hurl,  
    The morn 's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe sang sweet Flaccus †,  
Wha nane e' er thought a gillygacus; 
And why should we let whimfies bawk us,  
    When joy 's in feason, 
And thole fae aft the spleen to whauk us  
    Out of our rea on?

Tho' I were laird of tenscore acres,  
Nodding to jouks of hallenfhakers ‡,  
Yet crush'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's  
    Contentment

---

* It is frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn cups made in shape of a water-glafs.

† Vide book i, ode 11. of Horace.

‡ A hallen is a fence (built of stone, turf, or a moveable flake of heather) at the sides of the door, in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is also expressed in the term "hallenfhaker."
Contentment ruins,
I'd rather roost wi' caufey-rakers,
And sup cauld frowens.

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 sick, 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 sic and sic good belly timmer:
Quoth she, and leugh,
"Sicker of thae, winter and simmer,
"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-
ines 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,
EPISTOLARY.

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 eafe 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 answer fine, Gae kifs ye'r Lucky ‡,
She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er

---

* Make people very earneft.
† It is usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides, 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 healsome brine a' soumin,
Fu' fat they are, and gufty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on;
   Bra sappy fis
   As ane cou'd wish
To clap on fadge or fcon;
   They relish fine
   Good claret wine,
That gars our cares stand yon.

Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
About Auld Reekie's ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
When stoups and trunchers gingle:
   Then my friend leal,
   We toss ye'r heal,

And

* Whole, without the least fault orwant.
And with bald brag advance,
    What 's hoarded 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 sign'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 greediness to grow soon rich
    Invites not to stock-jobbing :
That poor boss shade
    Of sinking 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-glaes politic,
Which heaves and ssets
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 feas,
Like bify bees,
Ten thousand fihers fteer.

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
Thanks t' ye, Captain, for this watch
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
Ere on old Shinar's plain the fortress 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,
(Transferring 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 lost
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
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 hoarser 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,  
Betrices 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 * salt does season,  
And saves his thought frae corrupt reason,  
Gowling aloud with motions queerest,  
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 sowf ye o'er a short epiftle,
Without rule, compaffes, 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 laft 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' ftyle as clean as fir,)
Ye 're welcome back to Caledonie †,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
Harveft, winter, spring, and fummer,
And ay keep up your heartsome humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky talk go,
Of brushing up our fifter 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 lassies 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 say in hame-o'er phrases,
To tell ye, men of mettle praisés.
Ilk verse of yours, when they can light on 't,
And truth I think they 're in the right on 't;
For there 's ay somthing fae auld-farran,
Sae slid, fae unconstrain'd, and darin,
In ilka fample 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:
Fause 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 world'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 bissy
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 choose 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 wishes,  
When crowded with o'er mony dishes;  
A healthfu' stomach sharply set  
Prefers a back-fey 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 carefled 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. Scot;" whence they are generally attributed to an
Transub., Loretta-house, and mae tricks,
As prayers to saints Katties and Patricks;
Nor Asgilite *, nor Bess Clarksonian †,
Nor Mountaineer ‡, nor Mugletonian §;
Nor can believe, ant’s nae great ferly,
In Cotmoor fowk and Andrew Harlay ǁ.

Neift,

an old poet, Alexander Scot, of whose composition there are several pieces in the collection published by Ramfay, called "The Evergreen."

* Mr. Asgil, 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 Clarkson, 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 Grafs.

ǁ 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.
Neift, 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 fun-side:
I check the out, and line the inside
Of mony a douse and witty path,
And baith ways gather in the caff;
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 togethier,
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 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.
Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my ftop, and ornament,
For entertainment a wee while,
Accept this fonnet with a smile.
Setting great Horace in my view,
He to Mæcenas, I to you;
But that my muse may finge with ease,
I’ll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are fowk inclin’d,
There ’s hardly twa of the fame mind!
Some like to study, some to play,
Some on the Links to win the day,
And gar the courfer rin like wood,
A’ drappin down with sweat and blood:
The winner fyne assumes a look
Might gain a monarch or a duke.
Neift 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 poffest,
And fen upon a frugal flock,
Where his forbeairs 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 swats, 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 sense of ony want,
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The
The rattling drum and trumpeter's tout
Delight young swankies that are stout;
What his kind frightened mother ugs,
Is music to the foger's ughs.

The hunter with his hounds and hawks
Bangs up before his wife awakes;
Nor speers gin she has ought to say,
But scours o'er highs and hows a' day,
Thro' mosses 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 lasting wreath of bays,
Is a' my wish; well pleas'd to sing
Beneath a tree, or by a spring,
While lads and lasses on the mead
Attend my Caledonian reed,
And with the sweetest notes rehearse
My thoughts, and reese me for my verse.

If you, my Lord, class me among
Those who have sung both fast and strang,
Of smiling love, or doughty deed,
To stars sublime I'll lift my head.
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 disna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they're to blame;
But you've done that yourself.

While frae originals of yours
Fair copies shall be tane,
And fix'd on brasses to bulk 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 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.
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 unsound.

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 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 discern
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 Caflalian 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 chisels 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," characterizes him as an ingenious artist, and a modest worthy man. He died at Boston, in New England, in 1751. Allan Ramfay, 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 sounding 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.
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 cauldrihe 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 soothly 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 spung?
    Na, o'er his glafs,
Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,
    Or some sweet lafs.

Yet trouth 'tis proper we shou'd stint
Oursells to a fresh mod'rate pint,
Why shou'd we the blyth blessing mint
    To waste or spill,
Since aften when our reaason 's tint,
    We may do ill.

Let 's set 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 such 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 sense mair keen,
While graver heads that 's muckle thicker
    Grane wi' the spleen.

May
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 sin
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.
TO MR. JOSEPH MITCHELL,
ON THE SUCCESSFUL REPRESENTATION OF A TRAGEDY *.

But jealousy, dear Jof. which aft gives pain
To scrimpit faults, I own myself right vain
To see a native trufthy friend of mine
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies shine.
Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the frozen north
Can tow'ring minds with heav'ly heat bring forth:

Minds

* The piece here alluded to was "Fatal Extravagance," a Tragedy, 1721; which Mitchell himfelf afterwards avowed to have been written by Aaron Hill, Esq. who, with a gene-

rosity 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 re-

lieved him. Mitchell was the author of two volumes of mis-
cellaneous 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 saft as he that haughs Hesperian treads,
Or leans beneath the aromatic shades;
Bred to the love of lit'rate and arms,
Still something great a Scottish bosom warms;
Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in snow,
Honour and liberty eggs him up to draw
A hero's sword, or an heroic quill,
The monstrous 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 set 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 themsells sic fair designs were ill,
We ne'er had priev'd'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 maun be fae, else how could he display,
With so just strength, the great tremendous day?

Sic patterns, Joseph, always keep in view,
Ne'er fašh if ye can please the thinking few,
Then, spite of malice, worth shall have its due.
F\textit{rae} northern mountains clad with snow,
Where whistling winds incessant blow,
In time now when the curling-sfane
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 hashly 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 throws 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 heartsome beils,
And can in Cumin’s, Don’s, or Steil’s,
Be serv'd as plenteously and civil
As you in London at the Devil.
You, 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,
Frac fancy's field these truths to bring,
That you should hear, and she should sing.

Langsyne, when love and innocence Were human nature's best defence,
Ere party jars made lawtith less,
By cleathing 't in a monkish dress;
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 none dare hinder us to preach.
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;
Thousand's 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 girs at a' he sees,
That are a crown richer than he 's;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
And hell's ase-middins rake for gain;
Yet never kens a blythsome hour,
Is ever wanting, ever four.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make
A man the gowden mean forfake,
It shaws as much a shallow mind,
And ane extravagantly blind,
If carelefs of his future fate,
He daftly waftes a good eftate,
And never thinks till thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner's fhavings' breeze
Their low will for some fseconds please,
But soon the glaring leam is past,
And cauldrife 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 pleafures spill;
Nor with neglecting prudent care,
Do fkaith to your fucceeding heir:
Thus steering cannily thro' life,
Your joys fhall lafting be and rife.
Give a' your passions room to reel,
As lang as reafon guides the wheel:
Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmonioufly keep time;
But when they fpang o'er reafon's fence,
We smart for 't at our ain expence.
'To recreate us we 're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the blood,
And gars ane at groom-porter's, ban
The Being that made him a man,
When his fair gardens, house, and lands,
Are fa'n amongst the sharpers' hands.

A cheerfu'
A cheerful bottle soothes 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,
None can their passions better ware;
Yet love is little 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.

cc2 May
May she be blooming, saft, 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 sand 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.

Ae windy day laft 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 wish, just a' beneath my ee:
I in the bield of yon auld birk-tree side,
Poor cauldridge Coly whing'd aneath my plaid.
Right cozylie was set to ease my ftumps,
Well hap'd with bountith hose and twa-fol'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
Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill
With strains that warm our hearts like cannel gill,
And learns thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,
The blythest lilts that e'er my lugs heard sung.
Ramsay! 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;
Not 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 skailth
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 eafe,
Some loups 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 los, the lambs in concert mae,
And lancsome Ringwood yowls upon the brae.

Good
Good God! what tuneless heart-strings wadna twang,
When love and beauty animate the fang?
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 fe’enteen owks I have not play’d fae lang;
Ha! Crummy, ha! trowth I man quat my fang;
But, lad, neist mirk we ’ll to the haining drive,
When in fresh lizar they get splet 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 ftang the herds that in rash busses sleep;
Frae where Saint Patrick's blessings freed the bogs
Frae taid's, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs;
Welcome to me the sound of Starrat's pipe,
Welcome as westlen winds or berries ripe,
When speeling up the hill, the dog-days' heat
Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant and sweat:
Thus while I climb the mufes' mount with care,
Sic friendly praises give refreshing air.
O! may the laffes loo thee for thy pains,
And may thou lang breathe healsome o'er the plains:
Lang mayft thou teach, with round and nooked lines,
Substantial skill, that 's worth rich filler mines;
To shaw how wheels can gang with greatest cafe,
And what kind barks sail smoothest o'er the seas;
How wind-mills shoud 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 higheft roofs the greatest trees,
Rug frae its roots the craig of Edinburgh castle,
As easily as I cou'd break my whistle;
What plough fits a wet soil, and whilk the dry;
And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,
When round ane's lugs the blatran hail-ftanes ring;
But feckfu' folks can front the baldeft wind,
And flunk thro' moors, and never fafh 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 flend 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 whiffle o'er the green.
Mankind's account of good and ill 's a jeftr,
Fancy 's the rudder, and content 's a feaft.

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 wink
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 las' of a' our town,
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
I have a tryst 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 fight,
Thy fortune spaes.

Now

* Gay was a great admirer of the poems of Ramsay, 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 possesst.

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 reese but few,
Which nae sma' favour is to you;
For to my friends I stand right true,
With shanks a-spars;
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

* 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 hate'f spleen,
And a' that 's four.

But bide ye, boy, the main 's to say;
Clarinda, bright as rising day,
Divinely bonny, great and gay,
Of thinking even,
Whafe words, and looks, and smiles, display
Full views of heaven:

To rummage nature for what 's braw,
Like lilies, roses, gems, and snow,
Compar'd with hers, their lustre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her beauties, she excels them a',
And 's like herself:

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 fondy
O fondly Gay! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays with scorn;
Then bend thy knees,
And bless the day that ye was born
With arts to please.

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

Lilt up your pipes, and rise aboon
Your Trivia, and your Moorland tune,
And sing Clarinda late and soon,
In towring strains,
Till grateful gods cry out, "Well done,"
And praise thy pains.

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

Thus
Thus sing;—whilst I frae Arthur's height,
O'er Chiviot glowr with tired fight,
And languing wist, like raving wight,
To be set down,
Frac coach and fax baith trim and tight,
In London town.

But lang I 'll gove and bleer my ee,
Before, alake! that fight I see;
Then (beft relief) I 'll strive to be
Quiet and content,
And ftreek my limbs down eafylie
Upon the bent.

There fng the gowans, broom, and trees,
The crystal burn and westlin breeze,
The bleeting flocks and bify bees,
And blythfome fwains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
O'er mossy plains.

Farewell;—but ere we part, let 's pray,
God fave Clarinda night and day,
And grant her a' fhe 'd wish to ha'e,
Withouten end.—
Nae mair at present I 've to fay,
But am your friend.
AN EPISTLE TO JOSIAH BURCHET,
ON HIS BEING CHOSEN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

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

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

The name of patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill-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 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 sauls ken ilka thing,

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

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

Shaws to the world, cou'd they observe,
A clear deserving flame:—
Thus I can reeze without reserve,
When truth supports my theme.

* "William and Margaret," a ballad, in imitation of the old manner, wherein the strength of thought and passion is more observed than a rant of unmeaning words.
Gae, lad, and win a nation's love,
By making those in trust,
Like Wallace's Achates *, prove
Wife, generous, brave, and just.

Sae may his Grace th' illustrious fire
With joy paternal see
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.
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 Sifter Springs."

Emotions
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 Afs," who flood to bray,
Till in a flame his tail he loft.

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 oppress'd, I own for me
I never heard a better jest.

Pope well describ'd an ombre game,
   And king revenging captive queen;
He merits, but had won more fame,
   If author of your "Bowling-green."

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

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

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

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

D D 4

Your
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 Somervile, 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 Pictland 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' expressive draught design'd
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendship, love, benevolence,
Unstudied wit, and manly sense.
Then as your book I wander o'er,
And feast on the delicious store,
(Like the laborious busy bee,
Pleas'd with the sweet variety,)
With equal wonder and surprize,
I see resembling portraits rise.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troops the vulgar line the way:
Here the droll figures slyly sneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear:
There woods and lawns, a rural scene,
And swains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part,
With greater genius, fire, and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants against the southern wind,
And seeks the streams thro' unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt such longings, such desires,
As I to view those lofty spires,
Those domes where fair Edina shrouts
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.

But
But oh! what dangers interpose!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,
Proud winter-floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleasing intercourse.
But sure we bards, whose purer clay
Nature has mixt with less allay,
Might soon find out an easier way.
Do not sage matrons mount on high,
And switch their broom-sticks thro' the sky;
Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,
From Thule to the Hesperides?
And yet the men of Gresham own,
That this and stranger feats are done
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted, why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings and cleave the sky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs must more intensely glow.
Did not the Theban swan take wing,
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing?
And do not we, of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,

Mount

* The Scilly islands were so called by the ancients, as Mr. Camden observes.
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
Obscurely lost in clouds and night?

Then climb your Pegasus with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed;
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;
Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood;
For now all hostile rage shall cease,
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold:—oh! take a special care
T' admit no prying kirkman there;
I dread the penitential chair.
What a strange figure 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 saucy train,
And self-conceit, and stiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beside;
Foul scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, renencounters, 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 vollies, 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.
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 activity a crime.
Ought they to either do or say,  
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 gave 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 yoursell,  
Nought can b' express fo just and well.

VOL. II. E E To
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 tour,
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 goddes 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 south
Of ilka thing, and fellows south,
To ony but her sister South.

True, rugged roads are cursed dreigh,
And speats aft roar frae mountains heigh:
The body tires, (poor tottering clay!)
And likes with ease at hame to stay;
While fauls 'ride warld at ilka 'tend,
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,
Laith 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 resounds,
Rais'd by the holla, horn, and hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chase 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 healsome 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 Ramfay wishes.
Hail! Caledonian bard! whose rural strains
Delight the li’st’ning hills, and cheer the plains;
Already polish’d by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careless of cenfure, 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 fame 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
To
To lasting fame.—Perhaps a little art
Is needful to plane o'er some rugged part;
But the most labour'd elegance and care
T' arrive at full perfection must despair;
Alter, blot out, and write all o'er again,
Alas! some venial sins will yet remain.
Indulgence is to human frailty due,
E'en Pope has faults, and Addison a few;
But those, like mists that cloud the morning ray,
Are lost and vanish in the blaze of day.
Tho' some intruding pimple find a place
Amid the glories of Clarinda's face,
We still love on, with equal zeal adore,
Nor think her less a goddess than before.
Slight wounds in no disgraceful scars shall end,
Heal'd by the balm of some good-natur'd friend.
In vain shall canker'd Zoilus assail,
While Spence * presides, and Candor holds the scale:
His gen'rous breast nor envy sower's, nor spite;
Taught by his founder's motto † how to write,

Good

* Mr. Spence, poetry professor in Oxford, and fellow of New College.

† William of Wickham, founder of New College in Oxford, and of Winchester College. His motto is, "Manners maketh man."
Good manners guides his pen; learn'd without pride;
In dubious points not forward to decide:
If here and there uncommon beauties rise,
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 censor, 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 Ulysses shine*,
With more heroic port and grace divine.
No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,
Can e'er atone for lost benevolence.
May Wickham's sons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well,
While from their bright examples taught, they sing,
And emulate their flights with bolder wing,
From their own frailties learn the humbler part,
Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart.

Such critics, Ramfay, 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. II. 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 waspih four.

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 ills, 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 echo 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 closer drawn, and health the prize.

We

* Lord and Lady Somervile.
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.
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 saul unsow’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 resin’d
   Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then Donald may be e’en as gay
   On Russia’s distant shore,
As on the Tay, where usquebae
   He us’d to drink before.

But howsoe’er, haste gather gear,
   And fyne pack up your treasure;
Then to Auld Reekie come and beek ye,
   And close your days with pleasure.
TO THE SAME,
ON RECEIVING A PRESENT 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 unweary’d am in quest
Of fame, and hope that ages niest
   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! sought
His bread thro’ Greece) he should be brought
   Frae Russla’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.
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 fausé report beguiling,
Prov'd a draw-back on your smiling:
Dight your een, and ceaše your grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, sleeping soundly,
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly rum and claret,
Ale and ufquæ, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but spilling,
The leaft diamond * drawing, filling;
Sowfing sonnets on the lasses,
Hounding satires at the asses,
Smiling at the furly critics,
And the pack-horse of politics;

* 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 blisses.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
And ye zephyrs swiftly flying,
And ye rivers gently turning,
And ye Philomelas mourning,
And ye double fighing echoes,
Cease your sobbing, 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.
Pleasing Philip's tuneful' tickle,
Philomel, and kind Arbuckle;
Singers sweet, baith lads and laffes,
Tuning pipes on hill Parnassus,
Allan kindly to you wishes
Lasting life and rowth of blisses;
And that he may, when ye surrender
Sauls to heaven, in numbers tender
Give a' your names 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 rufthy 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 chattering, flinking 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 buzz 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 silly cant,
Learn'd frae the Mercury and Courant,
About the aid that comes frae Russi,
And the neutrality of Prussi;
Of France's tyranny and slavery,
Their faithless fickleness and knavery;
Of Spain, the best beloved ion
Of the old whore of Babylon,
The warden of her whips and faggots,
And all her superstitious maggots;
Of all our gambols on the green,
To aid the bauld Imperial Queen,
When the Most Christian shoars to strike,
And fasheous Frederic gars her fike;
Of Genoa, and the resistance
Of Corsica without assistance;
Of wading var-freging Savona,
And breaking fiddles at Cremona;
What jaws of blood and gore it cost,
Before a town is won or lost;
How much the allied armies have been a'
Propp'd by the monarch of Sardinia;
Of popes, statholders, faith's defenders,
Generals, marshals, and pretenders;
Of treaties, ministers, and kings,
And of a thousand other things;
Of all which their conceptions dull
Suits with the thickness of the scull.
Yet with such stuff ane man be worried,
That's thro your city's gauntlet hurried.

But
But ah! (ye cry) ridotts and dances,
With laffles trig that please your fancies,
For five or fix gay hours complete,
In circles of th' assembly 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,
Left they the faffen'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 Phæbus 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 faft melodious found
Of a' the quiristers on high,
Whase notes re-echo thro' the sky,
Better than concerts in your town,
Yet do not cost you half a crown:
Here blackbirds, mavis, and linnets,
Excel your fiddles, flutes, and spinets;
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 bow’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 cauld 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
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 style;
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 care
And temperance never fail to please.

Pennycuick,
May 1748.
AN EPITLLE TO JAMES CLERK, ESQ. OF PENNYCUICK.

Blyth may he be wha o'er the haugh,
All free of care, may sing and laugh;
Whafe owsen 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,
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 abuses,
With a ratrime of cant excuses;
And promises 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 feek 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 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 mysell,
Tho' born to not ae inch of ground,
I keep my conscience white and found ;
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 sung, and yet may sing,
Sonnets that o'er the dales may ring,
And in gash glee couch moral saw,
Reefe 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 say 's a brag right bauld;
But did not Lindsay this of auld?
Sir David's satyres 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 business, 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 ans,
   If ye 'd hope honour by the muse,
Rather to masons carry stanes,
   Than for your patrons blockheads chuse:

For there 's in nature's secret laws
   Of sympath and antipathy,
Which is, and will be still the cause,
   Why fools and wits can ne'er agree.

A wee thing serves a cheerfu' mind
   That is dispos'd to be contented,
But he nae happiness 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 sang
   False praises to a worthless wight,
And still took pleasure in the thrang
   Of them wha in good sense delight.

To such I owe what gave the rise
   To ought thou in my verse esteems,
And, Phoebe like, in darker skies,
   I but reflect their brighter beams.
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 disobligeing a person I did not much value. "The Wise "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 flock 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 fix foot square,
No fas'd with meikle wealth or care,
   I pass the live-lang day;
Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my grave,
Sic busked baits they lay.
These keep my fancy on the wing,
Something that's blyth and snack to sing,
And smooth the runkled brow:
Thus care I happily beguile,
Hoping a plaudit and a smile
Frae beft of men, like you.

You wha in kittle cafts 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 slidenfs of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unbleft,
Whafe minds gae wand'ring thro' a mist,
Proud as the thief in hell,
Pretend, forsooth, they 're gentle-fowk,
'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
And better chiels the hell!

I've seen a wean aft vex itsell,
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 itsell a man!

Sic
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 sae big and bluff?
Is 't an attending menzie?
Or fifty dishes on your table?
Or fifty horses in your stable?
Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are these the things thou ca's thyseell?
Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell;
If thou sayest yes, I 'll shaw
Thy picture; mean 's thy silly 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 maift deny'd;
Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd,
When strutting natings 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 TWAIN BOOKS.

TWA books, near neighbours in a shop,
The tane a gilded Turky fop;
The tither's face was weather-beaten,
And cauf-fkin jacket fair worm-eaten.
The corky, proud of his braw suit,
Curl'd up his nose, and thus cry'd out:
"Ah! place me on some fresher binks;"
"Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!
"How can a gentle book like me
"Endure sic scoundrel company!"
"What may fowk say to see me cling
"Sae close to this auld ugly thing,
"But that I'm of a simple spirit,
"And disregard my proper merit!"—
Quoth grey-baird, "Whisht, Sir, with your din;
"For a' your meritorious fkin,
"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 distome rhymer;
"If you regard your reputation,
"And us of a distinguish'd station,
"Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
"For with his flour and stink I'm worried."

Scarce had he shook his naughty 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 fault of sense in sweetest verse."
But reading title of gilt cleathing,
Cries, "Gods! who buys this bonny naithing?
"Nought duller e'er was put in print:
"Wow! what a deal of Turky'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.

Ae day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus: "My neighbour, pray
"Can'ft 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 uselefs 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 less vain;
Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
And that you answers never want;
For you 're not ay to be believ'd,
Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.
Be counsell'd to behave like me;
For when I dinna clearly see,
I always own I dinna ken,
And that 's the way of wiest men."
FABLE III.

THE RAM AND THE BUCK.

A ram, the father of a flock,
Wha 'd mony winters stood the shock
Of northern winds and driving snow,
Leading his family in a raw,
Through wreaths that clad the laigher field,
And drave them frae the lowner 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-saul'd, cheating, thieving jot,
That tho' possest 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."
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 Lass.

"To do ye justice, heavenly fair,
Amaist in charms ye may compare
With Venus’ fell; but mind amais’t,
For tho’ you’re happily possest
Of ilka grace which claims respect,
Yet I see faults you should correct;
I own they only trisles 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 case,
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 fleetching praise
Her looks, her dress, and a' she says,
Be 't right or wrang; she's hale complete,
And fails in naething 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 counsels just, can shew
How nobles may to greatness rise.
God bless the wark!—If you're oppressed
By parasites with fause design,
Then will sic faithfu' mirrors best
These under-plotters countermine.
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 beft,
Made up the maift 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 themsells.
When fou, and lots put in the wheel,
Aft were they turn'd to mix them weel;
Blind Chance to draw Jove order'd syne,
That nane with reason might repine.
He drew, and Mercury was clark,
The number, prize, and name to mark.
Now hopes by millions faft came forth,
But seldom prizes of mair worth,
Sic as dominion, wealth, and state,
True friends, and lovers fortunate.
Wisdom at laft, the greateft prize,
Comes up:—aloud clark Hermes cries,
"Number ten thousand; come, let 's see
"The perfon blest."—Quoth Pallas, "Me."
Then a' the gods for blythness fang,
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 fobbing heart,
"Kind Jove has play'd a parent's part,
"Wha did this prize to Pallas fend,
"While we 're flieg'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' sages grew:
Sae, thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka fool himself admir'd.
FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND MINOS.

Short fyne 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 glass 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 ghast did sink,
Till it fell on the Stygian brink;

Where
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 Mifer 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 fisters three,
Wha furious on this wight did flee,
Wha 'd play'd the smuggler on their coaft,
By which Pluto his dues had loft;
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 flung wi' bauld Prometheus' pain?
Or help Sysiph. 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 sentence 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 lasses faft 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 suit to shaw,
"And naithing mair.—But frae my mind
"Ye shall blyth satisfaction find:
"Sometimes I 'll act a chiel that 's dull,
"Look thoughtful', 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'fe no be dear;
"And if ye grudge for want of sport,
"I 'll give it back t' ye at the port."

The Ape succeeded; in fowk went;
Stay'd long, and came out well content.
Sae much will wit and spirit please,
Beyond our shape, and bravest cliaths.
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 solemn As f
Was dand’ring thro’ a narrow pass,
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 As, and made a heel,
"E’en a’ the better that ye ’re weel;"
"But Jackanapes and snarling Fitty"
"Are grown fae wicked, (lome ca’s ’t witty,)"
"That we wha solid are and grave,"
"Nae peace on our ain howms can have;"
"While we are bisy gathering gear,"
"Upon a brae they ’ll 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 slinking;
"And the bauld birsy 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 say 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.
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 stark the earth with awe,
And the four-footed world obey'd his law.
Fae 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, whase thunderbolt can make
"The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shke;
"Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,
"Commands a peace, and flegs th' inferior gods.
"Thus thou, great king, haft 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 sway,
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 sum,
Which dragon, lord chief treasurer, must pay
To fly-tongu'd Flechy on a certain day;
Which secretary 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 closet 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 flaw.
"Good ev'n t' ye, mistress Ant," said he;
"How 's a' at hame? I 'm blyth to s' ye."
The saucy Ant view'd him with scorn,
Nor wad civilities return;
But 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 filly shaped 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 whirligig;"
"Which
"Which gars my jo aft grip my hand,
Till his heart pitty-pattys, and——
But laigh my qualities I bring,
To stand up clashing with a thing,
A creeping thing the like of thee,
Not worthy of a farewell t' ye."
The airy ant fyne 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 neift 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 fapt his flight,
And thinking on his former flight,
Thus to the Ant himself addrest:
"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 abooin ye what ye scorn:
For instance, now I spread my wing
In air, while you 're a creeping thing."
THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

Twa Cats anes on a cheese did light,
To which baith had an equal right;
But disputes, sic as aft arise,
Fell out a sharing of the prize.
"Fair play," said ane, "ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth of yours gang wonder quick!
Let's part it, else lang or the moon
Be chang'd, the kebuck will be doon."
But wha's to do 't? they 're parties baith,
And ane may do the other skaith:
Sae with consent away they trudge,
And laid the cheese before a judge:
A monkey with a campsho face,
Clerk to a justice of the peace.
A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,
When he his master's chair had fill'd:
Now umpire chosen for division,
Baith fware to stand by his decision.

Demure
Demure he looks; the cheese 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 strictest 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 knoof o't quickly aft;
And try'd it syne:—it now prov'd light:—
"Friend Cats," said he, we'll do ye right."
Then to the ither haff he fell,
And laid till 't teughly tooth and nail;
Till weigh'd again, it lightest prov'd.
The judge, wha this sweet procefs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,
Till clients baith were weary grown;
And tenting how the matter went,
Cry'd, "Come, come, 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 Pousies now the daffin saw,
Of gawn for nignyes to the law;
And bill'd the judge, that he wad please
To give them the remaining cheese.
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 decreet :—gae hame and sleep,
" 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 say 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 flawer 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 fun-shine faw him fair, " When he was dining on the air."— " Excuse me,"says the ither blade, " I faw him better in the shade, " And he is blue."—"He 's green, I 'm " fure."— " 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," says the tane; "Sir, ye shall hear 't:
"The Cameleon, I say he 's blue;
"He threaps, he 's green: now what say you?"—
"Ne'er fash ye'rselfs 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!" said ae cangler, "what d' ye mean?
"I 'll lay my lugs on 't that he 's green."
Said th'ither, "Were I gawn to death,
"I 'd swear he 's blue, with my last breath."—
"He 's black," the judge maintain'd ay stout;
And to convince them, whop'd him out:
But to surprize 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 ither 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, a shining day,
On a burn bank twa Lizards lay,
Beeking themselfs now in the beams,
Then drinking of the cauller streams.

"Waes me!" says ane of them to th' ither,
"How mean and filly live we, brither!"
"Beneath the moon is ought sae 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 of 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 other 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 saucy man?
"If sae, let's in return be wise,
"And that proud animal despise."

"O fy!" returns th' ambitious beast,
"How weak a fire now warms thy breast!
"It breaks my heart to live 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
Ran down a deer before their face,
Breathless and wearied with the chace:
The dogs upon the victim feize,
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 wise the proud address'd:
"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."
Fables and Tales.

Fable XIV.

Mercury in Quest of Peace.

The gods coast out, as story 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! mistres 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 stapt na 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.

Nieft 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
Amang the fowk that fill the bench,
Sae muckle gravity and grace
Appear'd in ilka judge's face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka judge flack to his ain
Interpretation of the law,
And vex'd themsells with had and draw.

Frae thence he flew straightforward to the kirk:
In this he prov'd as daft a stirk,

To
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 university:
"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 thanks aspar,
And reefe the man that fang 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 thriftles 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 found still his mistake;
Some parents cruel were, some weak;
While bairns ungrateful 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 mis's ye still; but this seems plain,
"To have ye, ane man be alone."
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 soaking 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 soom 's ye want your foreign aid,
"Your naughty cracks will soom be laid:
"Frae my ain head I have supply,
"But you must borrow, else rin dry."
FABLE XVI.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE OWL.

PHŒNIX 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 himsell a fun'r'al pile.

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

Said Phœnix, "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 pleas'ure try'd,
"But now I die agains't my will.

"For you, a species by yoursell,
"Near eeldins with the fun 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 world as ye,
"Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een,
"For tinsel of my hollow tree."

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

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

"Thou wha in darkness took delight,
"Frae pangs of guilt could'ft ne'er be free:
"What won thou by thy shunning light?
"But time flies on, I haste to die."

"Ye'r
"Ye'r servant, 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 neft 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 jot,
Shot his wee nose 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 strutted, to return again,
Which gae the gowkie nae sma' pain.
He gowls to be fae disappointed,
And drugs till he has 'maist disjointed
His shekelbane.—Anither lad
Stood by, wha some maer judgment had;
Said, "Billy, dinna grip at a',
" And you with ease a part may draw."
This same 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-fstride a rowing ride.
On the hag-ridden fumph, and grapple
Him hard and fast about the thrapple;
And with her furious fingers whirle
Frae youthfu' black ilk filver curle.
Thus was he serv'd between the twa,
Till no ae hair he had ava.

**MORAL.**

The moral of this fable 's easy,
But I fall speak it out to please ye.
'Tis an auld saying and a trow,
"Between twa ftools the arse fa's throw."
Thus Britain's morals are much plucked,
While by two opposites instructed;
Who still contending, have the trick
The strongest truths to contradict;
Tho' orthodox, they 'll error make it,
If party opposite has spake it.
Thus are we keycht'd between the twa,
Like to turn deists ane and a'.

VOL. II.           K K
A dreadful plague, the like was findle seen,
Caft mony a beast wame upwards on the green:
By thousands down to Acheron they fank,
To dander ages on the dowie bank,
Because they lay unburied on the sward,
The sick survivors cou'dna give them eard.
The wowf and tod with fighing spent the day,
Their sickly stamacks scunner'ed at the prey;
Fowls droop the wing, the bull neglefts 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' confefs,
"With open breast, our crimes baith mair and lefs,
"That
"That the revengeful gods may be appeas'd,
"When the maist guilty wight is sacrific'd.
"Fa't on the feyelf: 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, glower 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 fay about, confes 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 subjefts' 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.
"Neif, what's their herd?—a man, our deadly " fae!
"Wha o'er us beasts pretends a fancy'd sway;
"And ne'er makes banes o't, when 'tis in his " power,
"With guns and bows our nation to devour."
He said; and round the courtiers all and each
Applauded Lawrie for his winsome speech.

The tyger, bair, and ev’ry powerfu’ fur,
Down to the wilcat and the snarling cur,
Confess their crimes:—but wha durft ca’ them
Crimes,
Except themsells?

The Afs, dull thing! neist in his turn confess,
That being with hunger very fair oppress’d,
In o’er a dike he shot his head a’ day,
And rugg’d three mouthfu’s aff a ruck of hay:
"But speering leave," said he, "some wicked
" de’il
"Did tempt me frae the parish priest to steal.”
He said; and all at ains the powerfu’ crowd,
With open throats, cry’d haftily and loud,
"This gipsie Afs deserves ten deaths to die,
"Whase horrid guilt brings on our misery!"
A gaping wowf, in office, straith demands
To have him burnt, or tear him where he
stands:
Hanging, he said, was an o’er easy death;
He shou’d in tortures yield his latest breath.
What, break a bishop’s yard! ah crying guilt!
Which nought can expiate till his blood be
spilt.

The
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 lowp out o'er a stowk.
F A B L E  XX.

THE GODS OF EGYPT.

Langsyne in Egypt beasts were gods;
Sae mony, that the men turn'd beasts;
Vermin and brutes but house or hald,
Had offerings, temples, and their priests.

Ae day a Rattan, white as milk,
At a cat's shrine was sacrific'd,
And pompous on the altar bled:
The victim much god Badrans pleas'd,

The neist day was god Rattan's tour;
And that he might propitious smile,
A Cat is to his temple brought,
Priests singing round him a' the while

Odes, anthems, hymns, in verse and prose,
With instruments of solemn found,
Praying the lang-tail'd deity
To bless 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 Puss;
"Can ye believe fae great a lie?

"What am I then that eat your god?
"And yesterdays 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 glow'r,
And shook their thoughts haf out of joint;
But rather than be fasht'd with thought,
They gart the ax decide the point.

Thus we 're Egyptians ane and a';
Our passions gods, that gar us swither;
Which, just as the occasion serves,
We sacrifice to ane anither.

K K 4
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 warld:
Conven'd mankind, and tald them Jove
Had sent a token of his love;
Considering that they were short-fighted,
That fault 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 fight had mended.
Streight Momus hameward took his flight,
Laughing four' 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 sight,
And did the joys of truth partake,
In the absurdest gross mistake.
A learned Fox grown stiff with eild,
Unable now in open field,
By speed of foot and clever stends,
To seize and worry lambs and hens;
But Lowry never wants a shift
To help him out at a dead lift.
He cleath'd himself in reverend dress,
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 shin'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, "sae 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 fad!)
To eat perhaps our lucky dad:
For ken, my friend, the saul 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 grandsire 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-stretch'd.
His sermon founded o'er the dale,
While thus he moraliz'd with zeal.
His glass spun out, he ceast, admir'd
By all who joyfully retir'd.

But after a' the lave was gane,
Some geese, twa chickens, and a hen,
Thought fit to stay a little space,
To tawk about some kittle caife.
The doctor 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.
Before her hive, a paughty Bee
Observe'd a humble midding flie,
And proudly spier'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 saucy 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 sae wise as we?
"Best laws and policy is ours,
"And our repast the fragrant flow'rs:
"No fordid nafty trade we drive,
"But with sweet honey fill the hive;
"Honey maift gratefu' to the taste,
"On which the gods themfells may feast.
"Out of my fight, 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 fash at any time a fae,
"Ye 'll never stick ye'rsells to fae,
"And skaith ye'rsell mair sickerly
"Than e'er ye can your enemy.
"At that rate, ane had better have
"Lefs talents, if they can behave
"Discreet, and lefs their passions' slave."
FABLE XXIV.

THE HORSE'S COMPLAINT.

" Ah! what a wretch'd unlucky corfe
" 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 dreft in saddle, howse, and bridle,
" To gallop with some gamphrel idle,
" That for his hiring pint and shilling,
" Obliges me, tho' maift unwilling,
" With whip, and spur funk 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 himself,
" 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 lasses 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 fhoon:
"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 chiels, 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 maift
"That commonly are paid the best:
"Then ne'er cast up what ye deserve,
"Since better 'tis to please than serve."
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 fins, 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 turves.

Cries Hodge, and sighs, "Ah! father ghostly,
" I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,
" And stav 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
"But I can eith forgive the ftau,
"Since it is only tit for tat."

The sighing penitent gade furder,
And own'd his anes designing 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 sinner sighs and sobs,
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 ftau 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 sister,

“Ten times I carnally have—kist her.”

“All 's fair,” returns the reverend brother,

“I 've done the samen with your mother

“Three times as aft; and fae for that

“We 're on a level, tit for tat.”
THE PARROT.

An honest man had tinct 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!

Straight to a bird-man's shop he hies,
Who, stock'd with a' that wing the skies,
And give delight with feathers fair,
Or please with a melodious air;
Larks, gowdspinks, mavis, and linties,
Baith hame bred, and frae foreign countries;
Of parrots he had curious choice,
Carefully bred to make a noise;
The very warft 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 sage 
Is hung up in a gilded cage, 
The master's expectations fully 
Possess'd to hear him taik 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!"
Upon his guilded chariot, led by hours,
With radiant glories darting throw 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 funs glanc'd on the wave;
Nature appear'd to claim the Sun's respect,
All did fae blyth and beautously behave.
"Ah!" cry'd the Moon, "too much for him
"ye deck;
"My aking een cannot this glory bear;
"This fun 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 luftre 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 darkness 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 faith,
Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
A youth sprung 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 shore him,
He cou'dna see 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 alang,
This mill to Halbert did belong;
Not less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was Master James.

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

In enter'd James, Hab saw and 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 sake.

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 set aff the mill, fyne we
" Shall tak' what Beffy 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 Beffy keekit,
And cries, "Wha 's that gi'es fowk a fright
" At sic untimous time of night?"
James, with good humour, maift 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 next 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 clutter 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 satire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked actio on o'er,
And James continuing still to glower;
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 himfell 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 biffsy;
"I fent him here, good wife, where is he?"—
"Ye fent 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 fent 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 stomock 's master,
" To worry up a pint of plaster,
" 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 laft owk, nae farther gane,
" The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as Befs,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himself, and ease his friend,
First open'd, with a flee oration,
His wond'rous skill in conjuration :
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-swoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her naething 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 fought it,
And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it.
Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
Thus ilka sense he did conveen,
Left 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," says James;" and, in a doup,
They snapt her up baith ftoup and roup.

"Neift, 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 shook a willow wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, "Now ye 'll get what ye wad have:
"Twa bottles of as nappy liquer
"As ever ream'd in horn or bicquer,
"Behind the ark that hads your meal
"Ye 'll find twa flanding corkit well."
He said, and faft the miller flew,
And frae their neift the bottles drew;
Then firft the scholar's health he toasted,
Whafe art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's neift, 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,
Bess fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
The priest inclos'd flood 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 fage call'd Albumazar,
"Whafe wit was gleg as any 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 any shape of human kind:
"Now if you 'll drap your foolish fear,
"I 'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab
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.

Bey by this began to smell  
A rat, but kept her mind to 'rself:  
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 saul move not your tongue;  
" And ready stond with a great rung,  
" Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
" Be sure to lend him a found rout:  
" I bidna this by way of mocking,  
" For nought delytes him mair 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 likenes of a priest;  
" No like a deel, in shape of beast,  
" With gaping shafts to flrg us a';  
" Wauk forth, the door stonds to the wa'."

Then,
Then, frae the hole where he was pent,
The priest approach'd, right well content;
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
Till he was drawing near the door,
Then, to escape the cudgel, ran;
But was not miss'd by the good-man,
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their fight;
Ben flew the miller in a fright;
"I trow," quoth he, "I laid well on;
"But, wow! he 's like our ain Mess 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 '11 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 fcunner,
But lootna on till Rab ftrak under;
Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,
At his daft bargain did repine.
"Well, well," quoth Raff, "tho' ye was rash,
"I '11 scorn to wrang ye, senselefs haff!"
"Come, fa' to wark as I ha'e done,
"And eat the ither haff as soon,

"Ye's"
"Ye's save ye'r part."—"Content," quoth Rab,
And flerg'd the rest o't in his gab.
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly seen; my story's done:
Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn
To save their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.
THE TWA CUT-PURSES.

In borrws-town there was a fair,
And mony a landart coof was there;
Baith lads and lasses busked brawly,
To glorw at ilka bonny waly,
And lay out ony ora-bodles
On fma' 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, lees 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 glorw'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
Wha now posses't of rowth of gear,
Scour'd aff as lang 's the coast was clear.

But, wow! the ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty fobs they rang'd:
Some girt'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief;
While some cry'd out, "Fy! had the thief."
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
The jip, wha stood aboon them a',
His innocence began to shaw;
Said he, "My friends, I 'm very sorry
"To hear your melancholy story;
"But sure where'er your tinsel be,
"Ye canna lay the wyte on me."
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 dots 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 in 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 saftly handl'd.
Reason for this need be nae wonder,
Her parasites share in the plunder.

Thus
Thus sneaking rooks about a court,
That make oppression but their sport,
Will praise a naughtily 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 moss up,
He there forgather'd with a gossip:
And wha was 't, trow ye, but the de'el
That had disguis'd himsel' fae well
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 awsome glower'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 ransome
"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 same 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 flight 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 sinner," 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 saul!
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 fon of Saint Loyola,
While startled Juden gave a hola!
Bombaz'd with wonder, still he flood,
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 master'd part o's fear,  
"His presence be about us a’!"
He cries, "the like I never saw:
"See, see! he like a lavrock tours;
"He 'll reach the starns in twa ’r three
"hours!
"Is 't possible 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 soon bring down the haly brither."

This was a fresh young landart lafs,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glaft;
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-floup,
Inverted, wav'd her round his head;
Whieu, whieu, he whistled, and with speed,
Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest
Came soufe 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 PERSONS.

Duniwhistle, father to Joukum, Bristle, and Bawsy.
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 nonsene
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 sluices,
Whilk eith flipt down for baith these uses:
Then Duniwhistle, worn wi' years,
And gawn the gate o' his forbears,
Commanded his three sons to come,
And wait upon him in his room:
Bade Bristle steek the door; an' syne
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 laft,
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 fools,
And dwindle down to silly tools.
Haud up your hands now, swear an' say,
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 fual that 's daftard,
To gar fowk tak' me for a baltard:
If e'er by me ye 're disobey'd,
May witches nightly on me ride.

JOUKUM.
FABLES AND TALES.

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 twain.

BARD.

Now, soon 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 moss 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 Bawsy,
His, to propine a giglet laffie;

VOL. II. N N While
While worthy Bristle, not fae donner’d,  
Preserves his bonnet, and is honour’d.  
Thus Charaetactus 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 fidlers 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 hersell 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 washes,
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 sigh'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 say na, I needna care
For raips or tethers made o' hair,
Penknives or pools I winna need;
That minute ye say na, I'm dead.

OOO
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 fit—finger.
While on this sun side o' the brae
Belongs 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 claiths, your lands, and lying pelf,
Are every ane your very self,
And add fresh lustrre to these graces
Wi' which adorn'd your faul and face is.

ROSIE.
FABLES AND TALES.

ROSIE.

Ye seem to ha'e a loving flame
For me, and hate your native hame;
That gars me ergh to truist you meikle,
For fear you shou'd prove false and sickle.

JOUKUM.

In troth my rugged billy Bristle
About his gentrie mak's sic fitle,
That if a body contradict him,
He's ready wi' a durk to flick him;
That wearies me o' hame, I vow,
And fain would live and die wi' you.

BARD.

Observing Jouk a wee tate tipsy,
Smirking reply'd the pawky gipsy.

ROSIE.

I wad be very wae to see
My lover tak' the pet and die;
Wherefore I am inclin'd to eafe ye,
And do what in me lies to pleafe ye;

But
But first, ere we conclude the passion,
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 baih 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 fkaith;
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 hawfe ye,
Soon as the fatal bonnets three
Are ta’en frae them and gi’en to me.

JOUKUM.
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 unlawful:
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.
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 spruah 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 sae, 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’le be free
Wi’ ony thing pertains to me.

BRISTLE.
Bristle.

I lang to answer 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 easily 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 fily 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.
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 ski'n,
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-fash'n'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 noodle
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 forbears!
Wha lang wi’ valiant dint o’ weirs,
Maintain’d their right ’gainst a’ intrusions
O’ our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
Doft thou design at last to catch
Us in a girn 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 proposals 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 said, brave Bristle said 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.
BARD.

Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
Upon his neighering coursers' 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 forsook her neft,
Whan Jouk, wha had got little reft,
For thinking o' his plot and laffie,
Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfie.
Awa faft o'er the bent he gade,
And fand him dozing on his bed,
His blankets creifhy, foul his fark,
His curtains trim'd wi' spider's wark;
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 trustworthy,
Inch thick o' dirt, and unco rustly:
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 Bristile.
Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
Cried three times laigh, and three times louder:
At langrun Bawsy 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 sinner
I seenly rise before my dinner.
Weil, what 's ye' r news, and how gaes a'? 
Ye 've been an unco time awa'.

**JOUKUM.**

Bawsy, 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 Bawsy rises, quickly dresses,
While haste his youky mind expresses:
Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
Thus did flee-gabbet Jouk begin.

JOUKUM.

My worthy brither, weil I wate
O' er feckles 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.

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 sure 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
'Tis gowd that maks some great men witty ;
And puggy laffes 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 mistress 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, belong to me:
And when that happy day shall come,
My honest Bawsy, 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 senseless aith,
That is imposed by doited dads,
To please their whims, on thoughtless 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 say, does billy Bristle ken
This your design to mak' us men?

JOUKUM.

Ay, that he does; but the stiff as
Bears a hard hatred at the lafs,

And
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’tment 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 oursells?

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 flav'ry neck-faft,
Selling his bonnet for a breakfast.
What follows on 't, o' gain or skaith,
I'fe tell when we ha'ë 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 faft bang'd away,
The prize at Rosie's feet to lay;
Wha, fleely, when he did appear,
About his success 'gan to speer.

JOUKUM.

Here, bonny lass, your humble slave
Prefents 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.
Rofe smil’d to see the lad outwitted,
And bonnets to the flames committed.
Immediately an awfu’ found,
As ane wad thought, raise frae the ground;
And syne appear’d a stalwart ghaist,
Whafe stern and angry looks amid,
Unhool’d their sauls:—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 ais,
An hackney to this cunning lass;
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 Rofie rants and capers,
And ca’s the vision nought but vapours;
Ramsay's Poems.

Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes 't to be a dream:
Syne to her closet 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 sky,
To drink his wamesfu' 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 saw and plant,
And to send 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 geefe,
And pies a' rinning o'er wi' creefh,
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 soon were buckled,
And soon 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 theniest room wad rumble.
She drank, and fought, and spent her gear
Wi' dice, and selling o' the mear.
Thus living like a Belzie's get,
She ran hersell 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 Bawly 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-stands, 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 grateful for protection;
The Peterenians, bloody beasts!
That gar fowk lick the dowps o' priests,
Else
FABLES AND TALES.

Elfe on a brander, like a haddock,
Be broolied, sprowling like a paddock:
These monsters, lang ere now, had come
Wi' faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,
And twin'd you o' your wealth and lives,
Syne, without speering, kis'd your wives,
Had not the Rosicrucians stood
The bulwarks o' your rights and blood;
And yet, fortooth, 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'rously 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,  
Elfe Rosie issue 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 closf man lock it.  
Bareheaded thus he e'en knocks under,  
And lets them drive awa the plunder.
Sae have I seen, 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' Bawfly, 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' fidgin 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 Bawly'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 Mels Jouk?

**BEEF.**

Mels Jouk is bisy.

**BAWSY.**

My Lady Rose, is she at leisur e?
BEEF.

No, Sir, my Lady 's at her pleasure.

BAWSY.

I wait for her or him, go shew.

BEEF.

And pray you, master, wha are you?

BAWSY.

Upo' my saul this porter 's saucy! 
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawsy, 
Their brither wha made up the marriage.

BEEF.

And sae 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 truft, 
Wha to your ain ha'e been unjust.
BARD.

This said, he dadded 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 silly 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 saves his manly look,  
Regardless baith o' Rose and Jouk,  
Maintains right quietly 'yond the kairns,  
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 ghaisft,  
Wha in the garrets aften tooly,  
And shone them wi' a bloody gully.

Thus I ha'e sung, in hamelt rhyme,  
A fang 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 praiises due  
To generosity.—Adieu.
THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

The Prince of all the fethert kind,
That with spread wings outflees the wind,
And tours far out of human sight,
To view the schynand orb of licht:
This ryall bird, tho' braif and great,
And armit strang for stern 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 swiftly swim in chriftal skyis.
Thither the valiant Terfals doup,
And heir rapacious Corbies croup,
With greidy Gleds, and flie Gormahs,
And dinsome Pyis, and clatterin Daws;
Proud Pecocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair pens that solemn day,
BOWd first submissive to my lord,
Then tuke thair places at his borde.
Mein tyme, quhyle feisitong 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 fãster notes he fang his luve;
Mair hie, his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythness hard
The chaunting litil silvan 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 fing fae dull and ruch,
"Ze haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch;
"His
"His majestie hes a nyfe eir,
And nae mair of zour stuff can beir;
Poke up your pypes, be nae mair sene
At court; I warn ze as a frein."

He spak, quhyle Robinis swelling breist,
And drouping wings, his greif exprest;
The teirs ran happing doun his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt, he coud nocht speik,
No for the tinsell 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 HORIZ.

Dear, vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And scowp around the world 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 distrees 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 wife,
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 thickness; all cast in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr. Harding of London.
A GLOSSARY;

OR,

AN EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTISH WORDS,

Which are used in the Poems of Allan Ramsay;

And which are rarely found in modern English Writings:

CORRECTED AND AMENDED.
A
GLOSSARY,
&c. &c. &c.

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 sounded.

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<td>Ga</td>
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<td>Pou, or pu</td>
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<td>Ha</td>
<td>Hall</td>
<td>Woe, or oo</td>
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II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o or a; and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,

| Bawn   | Balm   | Bow     | Boll |
| Bunk   | Baulk  | Bowt    | Bolt |
| Busk   | Bulk   | Caff    | Calf |
| Crow   | Coll, or Clip | Howms | Holms |
| Faut   | Fault  | Maut    | Malt |
| Faufe  | False  | Pow     | Poll |
| Fowk   | Folk   | Row     | Roll |

Fawn
Ramsay's Poems.

Fawn    Fallen    Scaud    Scald
Gowd    Gold      Stroun    Stolen
Haff    Half      Wauk      Walk
How     Hole, or Hollow

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

Auld    Old       Hald, or had    Hold
Bauld   Bold      Sald      Sold
Cauld   Cold      Tald      Told
Fauld   Fold      Wad       Would

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

Ae, or ane  One       Bain      Bone
Aeten     Oaten     Bair      Boar
Aff       Off       Baithe    Both
Aften     Often     Blaw       Blow
Aik       Oak      Braid      Broad
Aith      Oath      Claithe    Cloth
Ain, or awn  Own      Craw      Crow
Alane     Alone     Drag       Drop
Amair    Almoth    Fae        Foe
Amang    Among     Frae      Fro, or from
Airs      Oars      Gae       Go
Aits      Oats      Gaits      Goats
Apen     Open      Grene     Grean
Aowner    Owner    Holy      Holy
Hale      Whole     Saft      Soft
Halesome  Wholesome    Saip      Soap
Hame      Home      Sair      Sore
Hait, or het  Hot      Sang      Song
Laith    Loath      Slaw      Slow
Laid     Load      Snae      Snow
Lain, or len  Loan     Stroke    Stroak
Lang     Long      Staw      Stole
Mae      More      Stone
Maiast   Most      Saul      Soul
Mair      More      Tae       Toe
Mane     Moan      Taiken    Token
Na        No       Tangs      Tongs
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<th>SCOTISH</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>SCOTISH</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>None</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Top</td>
<td>Top</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naithing</td>
<td>Nothing</td>
<td>Throng</td>
<td>Throng</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pope</td>
<td>Pope</td>
<td>Wae</td>
<td>Woe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ræc</td>
<td>Roc</td>
<td>Wame</td>
<td>Womb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ræp</td>
<td>Rope</td>
<td>Wan</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raw</td>
<td>Row</td>
<td>War</td>
<td>Worse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Work</td>
<td>Work</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Word</td>
<td>World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wha</td>
<td>Who</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Anither</th>
<th>Another</th>
<th>Ither</th>
<th>Other</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bill</td>
<td>Bull</td>
<td>Mither</td>
<td>Mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bërn</td>
<td>Burn</td>
<td>Nits</td>
<td>Nuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brithër</td>
<td>Brother</td>
<td>Nife</td>
<td>Nose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fit</td>
<td>Foot</td>
<td>Pit</td>
<td>Put</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fither</td>
<td>Fother</td>
<td>Rin</td>
<td>Run</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinny</td>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>Sin</td>
<td>Sun</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A

Abeet, albeit, although
Abline, perhaps
Aboon, above
Acten, oaten
Aik, oak
Aikerbread, the breadth of an acre
Air, long since. It, carly. Air up,
soo up in the morning
Ambric, cupboard
Anew, enow
Annual-rent, yearly interest of money
Apen, open
Areset, earnest of a bargain
Afe, ashes
Afe-middling, dunghill of ashes
After, stirring
Atains, or Atanes, at once, at the same time
Attour, out-over
Auld-farren, knowing, shrewd
Auld Reeky, a cant name for Edinburgh; old and smoky
Aurglebargin, or Eagglebargin, to content and wrangle
Auwome, frightful, terrible
Aynd, the breath

B

Ba', ball
Back-fey, a sirloin
Badrans, a cat
Bad, fluid, abode

BEI

Bairns, children
Balen, whalebone
To ban, to curse
Bang, is sometimes an action of hate, We say, “he, or it, came
“with a bang.” A bang also means a great number: “of cum-
tomers he had a bang”
Bangster, a blustering roaring person
Bannocks, a sort of unleavened bread, thicker than cakes, and round
Baren’d, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion
Barrow-trams, the slaves of a hand-barrow
Batts, colick
Banch, forry, indifferent
Bau, or bauld, bold
Bawbee, halfpenny
Bawk, a rafter, joist: likewise, the space between corn fields
Bawfy, bawfand-fac’d, is a cow, or horse, with a white face
Bedeen, immediately, in haste
Beft, beaten
Begourd, began
Begrutten, all in tears
Beit, to bask
Beild, or beit, a shelter
Beit, or been, wealthy, comfortable.
A been house, a warm well-furnished one
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BLA</th>
<th>BRA</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beit, or beet, to help, repair</td>
<td>Bleech, to blanch or whiten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bells, bubbles</td>
<td>Bleer, to make the eye water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day</td>
<td>Bleeze, blaze</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belzie, Belzebub</td>
<td>Blether, foolish discourse. Bletherer,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bended, drunk hard</td>
<td>A babbler. Stammering is called</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benn, the inner room of a house</td>
<td>blethering.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennison, blessing</td>
<td>Blink, caafe. “Never blink,” never</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benfell, or benfail, force</td>
<td>have done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bent, the open field</td>
<td>Blinkan, the flame rising and falling,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benty, overgrown with coarse grazes</td>
<td>as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beck, baked</td>
<td>Boak, or boke, retch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bicker, a wooden dish</td>
<td>Beal, a little press or cupboard in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bickering, fighting, running quickly.</td>
<td>the wall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School-boys battling with stones</td>
<td>To Boast, to threaten or scold at</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bigg, build. Bigget, built. Biggings,</td>
<td>Bodin, or bodden, provided or fur-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>buildings</td>
<td>nished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biggoneet, a linen cap or coif</td>
<td>Bodle, one-sixth of a penny Englih</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy, brother</td>
<td>Bodword, an ominous message. Bod-words</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blink, a bench to sit on, either by the</td>
<td>are now used to express ill-natured</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>door, or near the fire</td>
<td>messages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byrne, or byar, a cow-house</td>
<td>Baglebo, hobgoblin or spectre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birks, birch-trees</td>
<td>Bonny, beautiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birle, to carouse. When common</td>
<td>Bonnywalys, toys, gew-gaws</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>people join their halfpennies for</td>
<td>Bob, empty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>purchasing liquor, they call it</td>
<td>Boak, bulk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“birling a bawbee”</td>
<td>Board, left or dally</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birn, a burnt mark</td>
<td>Bowser, a rafter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birns, the stalks of burnt heath</td>
<td>Bouze, to drink</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise</td>
<td>Bowlt, bolt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bisy, busy</td>
<td>Brochen, water-gruel of oat-meal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bittle, or beetle, a wooden mall for</td>
<td>Brae, the side of a hill, a steep bank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beating hemp, or a fuller’s club</td>
<td>Braid, broad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black-a-vic’d, of a black complexion</td>
<td>Braird, the first sprouting of corns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blae, black and blue, the colour of the</td>
<td>Brander, a gridiron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>skin when bruised</td>
<td>Brands, calves of the legs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blaflum, beguile</td>
<td>Brang, brought</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blate, basful</td>
<td>Brankan, prancing, a capering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blatter, a rattling noise</td>
<td>Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blawart, a blue flower that grows</td>
<td>their horses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>among corn</td>
<td>Branny, brandy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Bratte,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Brattle, noise, as of horse feet
Brats, rags, aprons of coarse linen
Braw, brave; fine in apparel
Breken, fear
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead
Brigs, bridges
Bris, to press
Brock, a bader
Broe, broth
Browden, fond
Browster, brewer
Browst, a brewing
Bruliment, or Brulzieinent, a broil
Bucky, the large sea-snail: a term of reproach, when we express a crofs-natured fellow by "thrawn "bucky"
Buff, nonsence: 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 flare 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 chefts that serve for seats
Eurd-alane, solitary bird
Barn, a brook
Bul, to deck, drefs
Bufline, fuflian, cloth
But, often used for without; as, "but feed or favour"
Byles, or bikes, nests or hives of bees
Bygane, hyspast
Byword, a proverb

Cadge, carry. Cadger is a country carrier, &c.
Caff, a call; chaff
Callan, boy
Camnbo, or Camajo, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance
Cargle, to wrangle
Canker'd, angry, passionately snarling
Canna, cannot
Canl, to tell merry old tales
Cantraps, incantations
Canty, cheerful and merry
Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured
Car, fledge
Carena, care not
Carle, a word for an old man
Carline, an old woman. Gire-car-line, a giant's wife
Cars, Cards
Cathel, cawdle, an hot-pot made of ale, sugar, and eggs
Caudrife, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address
Cauder, cool or frefh
Cawk, chalk
Cawisy, caufeway, street
Chajts, chops
Chaping, an ale meafure or floup, somewhat less than an English quart
A-Char, or a-jar, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its po- sition, or a door or window a little opened, we say, "they are a-char, " or a-jar"
Charlewain, Charlewain; the con- fellation called the plow, or urfa major
Chancty, fortunate, good-natured
Chanler, a candlestick
Chanter-chafts, lantern-jaw'd
Chat,
GLOSSARY.

COG

Chat, a cant name for the gallows
Chiel, or child, a general term like fellow; used sometimes with respect, as, "he's a very good chiel;" and contemptuously, "that chiel"
Chirim, chirp and sing like a bird
Chitter, chatter
Chorting, 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
Claffies, chat
Clatter, to chatter
Claght, took hold
Claver, to speak nonsense
Claw, scratch
Cleck, to catch as with a hook
Clengh, a den betwixt rocks
Clinty, hard, stony
Clock, a beetle
Cloited, the fall of any soft, moist thing
Clefs, 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 clout, 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
Cockfot, a pillow
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
Coojie, a small wooden vessel used by some for a chamber-pot
Coof, a stupid fellow
Coor, to cover, and recover
Cooper, a floned horse
Coof, did caft. Cooflen, thrown
Corby, a raven
Coffe, warm and comfortable
Cotter, a cottage
Cowby, affable
Cowp, to turn over; also, a fall
Cowp, to change or barter
Cowp, a company of people; as, "merry, fienieles, cory cowp"
Crack, to chat
Craig, a rock; the neck
Craw, crow
Cree, balket
Creep, a low stool
Crisch, greafe
Crait, a crooked dwarf
Grow, or crune, to murmur, or hum over a song; the lowing of bulls
Croyf, bold, pert, overbearing
Croyve, a cottage
Cummy, a cow's name
Cryn, to shrink or become less by drying
Cudiegh, a bribe, precent
Calzie, to intice or flatter
Cas, to taife, learn, know
Cunzie, or coinie, coin
Curn, a small parcel
Cutchee, 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
Dainties, 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
Daf, to put out of countenance
Dawty, a fondling, darling.
Dawnt, to cocker and caress with tenderness
Deave, to stun the ears with noise
Deel, the devil
Deel-be-likit, the devil-a-bit
Dees, dairy-maids
Devay, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise
Derd, secret, hidden, lonely
Derval, 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
Dirlie, a smarting pain quickly over
Digit, to stop or close up a hole
Divot, thin turf
Dock, the backside
Docken, a dock, the herb
Dolt, confused and silly
Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age
Doll, a large piece; dole or share
Dook, moif
Doustie, 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 gamesters strive to gain first, as at football
Dool, pain, grief
Dorts, a proud pet
Dorty, proud; not to be spoken to; conceited; appearing as disoblige
Defend, cold, impotent
Dought, could, availed
Doughty, strong, valiant, able
Doughts, dives under water
Dour, down, hard, severe, fierce
Douse, solid, grave, prudent
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive
Dow, dove
Dow'd, (liquor) that is dead, or has loft 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,
GLOSSARY.

EIT

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 sighing manner
Dree, to suffer, endure
Dreary, 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
Drook'd, 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
Dujht, driven down
Dyalez, trembles, shakes
Dyvour, a bankrupt

FAN

Elbuck, elbow
Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies
Ell-wand, the ell measure
Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited except by imaginary ghosts
Elfon, a shoemaker's awl
Endlang, along
Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution
Efsiher, Afsiher, hewn stone
Ether, an adder
Ethercap, or Ettercap, a venomous spiteful creature
Etle, to aim, design
Even'd, compared
Evite, to flurn
Eydent, diligent, laborious

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
Eildens, of the same age
Eith, easy. Either, easier

Vol. ii.
FLE

Febo, to vex or trouble. Faetous, troublesome
Feaugh, a colour between white and red. Faueh riggs, fallow ground
Feaugh, a broil
Faife, false
Fawn, fallen
Feck, a part, quantity; as, maist feck, the greatest number; nac feck, very few
Feckfow, able, active
Fecklef, feeble, little and weak
Feed, or feed, feud, hatred, quarrel
Felt, many, several
Fen, shift. Fending, living by industry. Make a fen, fall upon methods
Ferlie, wonder
Fernzier, the last or forerun year
File, to defile or dirty
Fireflaught, a flash of lightning
Fistle, to stir, a stir
Fit, the foot
Fisted, the print of the foot
Fizzling, whizzing
Flafting, 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
Flecht, to coax or flatter
Flag, fright
Flet, thepreterite of flyte, did chide
Flegeteries, gewgaws
Flewet, a smart blow
Fliey, or fite, to affright. Fleyt, afraid or terrified

FUR

Flinders, splinters
Flit, to remove
Flite, or flyte, to scold or chide.
Flet, did scold
Flusbes, floods
Fog, mofs
Fox, fond
Fourdays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light
Forsby, besides
Forbeares, forefathers, ancestors
Forfairn, abused, bespattered
Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting
Forsait, opposite to
Forgether, to meet, encounter
Forleet, to forfake or forget
Forehead, the forehead
Fon, drunk
Forth, abundance, plenty
Fow-swee, full well
Fozy, spungy, soft
Fraife, to make a noise. We use to say, “one makes a fraife,” when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear
Fray, bustle, fighting
Freek, a fool, light impertinent fellow
Fremit, strange, not a-kin
Fried, trusted
Fryke, brittle, like bread baken with butter
Fuff, to blow. Fuffin, blowing
Furder, prosper
Furthy, forward
Fuiso, brought
Fyke, to be restles, uneasy
Furlet, four pecks

Gab,
GLOSSARY

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 gabbit
Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity
To Gae, to go
Gafaw, hearty loud laughter. To gawf, to laugh
Gaiff, or ghaif, a ghost
Gait, a goat
Gantsrees, a stand for ale-barrels
Gar, to caufe, make, or force
Garc, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing
Gafh, solid, fagacious. One with a long out chin, we call gafh-gabbit, or gafh-beard
Gate, way
Gauim, yawn
Gaw, to take the pet, to be galled
Gawd, or gad, a bar of iron, a ploughman’s rod
Gawky, an idle, flaring, idiotical person
Gawm, going
Gawus, galls
Gawys, jolly, buxom
To Geck, to mock, to toss the head with disdain
Geed, or gade, went
Gentry, handfome, genteel
Get, a brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision
Gelainger, an ill debtor
Gif, if

GOV

Gift, a wicked imp, a term of reproach
Gillygacus, or gillygapus, a flaring gaping fool, a gormandizer
Gifpy, a roguifh boy
Gimmer, a young sheep-ewe
Gim, if
Gird, to strike, pierce
Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horfe-hair to catch birds
Girth, a hoop
Glaiks, the refle£tion of the fun thrown from a mirror; an idle good-for-nothing fellow. Glaikted, 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 captivating fpell in order to deceive the eyes
Glar, mire, ouzy mud
Glee, to squint. Gleed, or gleid, squint-eyed
Cleg, sharp, quick, active
Glens, a narrow valley between mountains
Gloom, to fcowl or frown
Glowming, or glomming, the twilight or evening gloom
Glow, to flare
Gunch, to hang the brow and grumble
Goan, a wooden dish for meat
Goonie, a large knife
Gerlings, or goblins, young un fledged birds
Gaffie, gaffip
Gewans, daisies
Gow, to look with a roving eye

Gowf,
GYT

**Gouf**, or golf, besides the known game, a racket or found blow on the chops, we call "a gowf on the haffet"

**Gowk**, the cuckow. In derision, we call a thoughtles fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gowk*

**Gowf**, a howling; to bellow and cry

**Gouf**, grafted, large, waste, defolate, and frightful

**Grate**, furniture, harnes, armour

**To Grate**, to groan

**Grany**, grandmother, any old woman

**Grape**, a trident fork; also, to grope

**Gree**, prize, victory

**To Gree**, to agree

**Green, or grie**, to long for

**Greet**, to weep. **Greet**, wept

**Grieve**, an overseer

**Grof**, coarse

**Groat**, milled oats

**Grof**, to lie flat on the belly

**Grance**, or **Glumf**, to murmur, grudge

**Grunten**, wept

**Gryfe**, a pig

**Gully**, a large knife. A kail-gully, a knife for cutting cabbages

**Gumption**, good sense

**Gurly**, rough, bitter, cold (weather)

**Guffy**, savoury

**Gutcher**, goodfire, grandfather

**Gyfened**, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness

**Gyttings**, young children

**Had**, hold

**Haffet**, the cheek, side of the head

**Hogabog**, coarse table-linen

**Hoggis#, 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 copewood regularly cut

**Hain**, to save, manage narrowly

**Hait, or bet**, hot

**Hale**, whole

**Halfome**, wholesome

**Halle**, a fence of turf, twigs, or stone, built at the side of a cottage door, to screen from the wind

**Hame**, home

**Hameld**, domestic

**Hamely**, friendly, frank, open, kind

**To Hanker**, to doubt or waver

**Hanty**, convenient, handiome

**Harle**, drag

**Harns**, brains. **Harn-pan**, the fcuil

**Harship**, hairhip, mischance

**Hafh**, a fcuil

**Havereu**, or **havrel**, an insignificant chatterer, a half-witted fellow

**Hauhs**, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers

**Havins**, good breeding

**Haviour**, behaviour

**To haufe**, to hug

**Hauflack**, the wool that grows on the sheep's neck

**Hauky**, a cow; a white-faced cow

**Haws**, or **haufs**, the throat or gullet

**Heal**, or **heel**, health, or whole

**Heartome**, blyth and happy

**Hecht**, to promise, promised

**Hefft**,
GLOSSARY

HOW

Heepe, a person hypochondriac
Hereyfe, the night before yesternight
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A heezy is a good lift
Hefit, accustomed to live in a place
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows
Herciu, or berried, ruined in estate:

when a bird's nest is robbed, it is said to be berried
Hop, a half, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt: also, in yarn, a certain number of cuts
Hether-bells, the heath-blossom
Heng, a rock or steep hill; also, a coal-pit
Hiddle, or Hiddlings, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in hiddlings, i.e. privately
To Hing, to hang
Hips, the buttocks
Hirple, to move flowly and lamely
Hirstle, to move as with a rustling noise
Hirfe, or birdsfe, a flock of cattle
Ho, a single flocking
Hobblebush, confused racket, noise
Hoden-grey, coarse grey cloth
Hog, a fheep of two years old
Hoof, hulk. Hooted, inclosed
Hoisty, flow
Hoft, or whoft, to cough
How, or hu, a cap or roof-tree
How, low ground, a hollow
How! ho!
Howered, hidden
Howdy, a midwife
Hower, a haunt, or accustomed rendezvous

JYB

Hawk, to dig
Howms, holms, plains on river-sides
Hunt! fy!
Hownowdy, 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
Jog, to prick as with a pin
Jaw, a wave or gush of water
Jawp, the dashing of water
Icebogles, 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
Incon, onion
Incline, 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'fe, I shall; as, I'll, for I will
Iles, embers
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat
Jute, four or dead liquor
Jybe, to mock. Gibe, a taunt

Kaber,
K

Kaber, a rafter
Kale, or kail, colewort; and sometimes, broth
Kooby, to dung
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls
Kame, comb
Kanny, or canny, fortunate; also, wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly; cautious
Kebeck, a cheefe
Keckle, to cackle like a hen, to laugh, to be noisy
Kedyg, or caddle, 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 leap ing over ditches
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one
Kieft, did caft. Vide cost
Killed, tucked up
Kimmer, or cummer, a female gloss
Kirn, a churn; to churn
Kirtle, an upper petticoat
Kitchen, sauces or liquids eat with solid food: "hunger is good "
Kittie, a frolicsome wench
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklifh
Knacky, witty, facetious

L

Kneit, to beat or strike sharply
Knoofed, buffeted and bruised
Knoft, or knifl, a large lump
Know, a hillock
Knoblock, a knob
Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears
Ky, kine or cows
Kyth, to appear: "he 'll kyth in " his ain colours"
Kyte, the belly

Ladren, a rogue, rascal, thief
Laggert, bespattered, covered with clay
Laigh, low
Laith, 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-nofed
Lang-fyne, long ago: sometimes used as a substantive noun, auld lang-fyne, old times by-past
Lankale, coleworts uncut
Lap, leaped
Lappered, cruddled or clotted
Lare, bog

Larc,
GLOSSARY.

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
Lawrock, the lark
Lawty, or lawtish, 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
Leuw-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
Likan, walking speedily

MAI

Lintwhite, a linnet
Lire, breasts: also, the most muscular parts: sometimes, the air or complexion of the face
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold
Lilk, the groin
Lih, 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
Lost, did let
Low, flame. Lowan, flaming
Lown, calm: keep lown, be secret
Lown, rogue, whore, villain
Lounder, a found blow
Lout, to bow down, making courtesy; to floop
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
Lurdone, a blockhead
Lure, rather
Lyart, hoary or grey-haired

M

Magil, to mangle
Maiden, an engine used for beheading
Maik, or make, to match, equal
Maikles, matchless
Mailen, a farm
MOO

Makly, feemly, well-proportioned
Maklyna, 'tis no matter
Malifon, a curse, malediction
Mangit, galled or bruised by toil or stripes
Mank, a want
Mant, to flammer in speech
March, or merch, a landmark, border of lands
MARH, the marrow
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade
Malif, to mash (brewing). Mash-ing-loom, mash-vat
Mavis, a thrufh
MAWN, muft. MAUWA, muft 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
Mensfe, discretion, sobriety, good breeding. Mensfou, mannerly
Mensie, a company of men, army, assembly, one's followers
Meffen, a little dog, lap-dog
Midding, a dunghill
Midges, gnats, little flies
Min, affectedly modeft
Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark
Mifcarw, to give names
Mifken, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, let alone
Mifladious, malicious, rough
Miflers, neceffities, wants
Mither, mother
Mon, many
Mools, the earth of the grave

NUC

Mon, mouth
Mop, 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
Murgullled, mismanaged, abused
Mutch, a coif
Mutchkin, an English pint

N

Nacky, or knacky, clever, active in small affairs
Neife, nose
Nevel, a found blow with the nive, or fift
Newfangle, fond of a new thing
Nick, to bite or cheat. Nicked, cheated. Also a cant word to drink heartily; as, "he nicks " fine"
Niefl, next
Niffer, to exchange or barter
Niflnifan, trifling
Nignays, trifles
Nips, bits
Nither, to straiten. Neithered, hungered or half-starved in maintenance
Nive, the fift
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle
Noit, see knot
Now, cows, kine
Nowther, neither
Nuckle, new calved (cows)

Or,
GLOSSARY.

O

Oe, a grandchild
O'er, or ovre, too much; as, "a' ovres
"is vice"
O'come, surplus
Ony, any
Or, sometimes used for ere, or before. Or day, i.e. before day
break
Ora, any thing over what is needful
Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant
Oughtens, in the least, any thing
Owle, week
Owllay, a cravat
Owen, oxen
Ourther, either
Oxer, the armpit

P

Paddock, a frog. Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs
Paiks, chaftifement. To paik, to beat or belabour one foundly
Pang, to squeeze, prefs, or pack one thing into another
Paper, popery
Pafement, livery-lace
Pat, did put
Paunchy, proud, haughty
Pawky, witty or fly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs
Peer, a quay or wharf
Pests, turf for fire
Pegh, to pant
Penfy, finical, foppih, 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 fullen, as commonly petts are when in the least disoblged
Pibroughs, 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
Pimplin, 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.
Piryng, (cloth or a web) of unequal threads or colours, striped
Pit, to put
Pith, strength, might, force
Plack, two bodies, or the third of a penny English
Plenifhing, household furniture
People, or pople, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water
Poorith, poverty
Pos, pull
Poufe, to push
Pouge, to push
Pouch, a pocket
Pow, the poll, the head
Powey, a little horse or galloway; also a turkey
Pratich, practice, art, stratagem.
Priving pratich, trying ridiculous experiments
Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, "he played me a pret," i.e. cheat
ed: "the callan's fou of pret," 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
Pulte, to pluck
Pullies, pulleys
Pult a flane, throw a big stone

Q

Quaff, or quaff, or quegh, a flat wooden drinking-cup formed of flaves
Quat, to quit
Quey, a young cow

R

Racklefs, carelefs: one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him racklefs handed
Roc, a roe
Reffan, merry, roving, hearty
Raird, a loud found
Rair, roar
Rob, or rok, a mift or fog
Rampage, to speak and act furiously
Rope, a rope
Ruffles, rufhes
Rave, did rive or tear
Rought, reached
Rex, to stretch. Rexed, 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
Reefe, or ryfe, to commend, extol
Rees, to rust, or dry in the smoke
Reft, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away
Reis, rapine, robbery
Reik, or rink, a course or race
Reuer, a robber or pirate
Reuth, pity
Rice, or ris, bulrushes, bramble branches, or twigs of trees
Rierd, a roar
Rife, or ryfe, plenty
Rifi, 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
Rooze, to rivet
Rottan, a rat
Roundel, a witty, and often satiric kind of rhyme
Rowan, rolling
Rowit, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty
Ruck, a rick or flack of hay or corns
Rude, the red taint of the complexion
Ruefa, 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

Sachins,
GLOSSARY.

S

Saebiens, seeing it is, since
Saiklefs, guiltiefs, free
Sained, blesfed
Sair, or fare, fore
Sairy, forlorn and pitiable
Sall, shal: like fowd for should
Sand-blind, purblind, short-fighted
Sape, or faip, soap
Say, favour or smell
Sayk, a shirt
Sceugh, a willow or fallow-tree
Sauf, foul
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression
Sawt, salt
Scald, scald
Sear, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rains
Sear, to scratch
Scould, scold
Sewup, a bare dry piece of stony ground
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock
Sewup, to leap or move hastily from one place to another
Sewuth, room, freedom
Scripm, narrow, straitened, little
Sreggs, shrubs, thorns, briars.
Sreggy, thorny
Seds, ale ; a late name given it by the benders, or drinkers
Sculdudy, lewdness
Scunner, to loath
Sell, self
Seuch, furrow, ditch
Sey, to try
Shaw, pitiful, sily, poor
Shawn, cow's dung
Shaw, a wood or forest

SKI

To Show, to shew
Show, shallow
Shawps, empty husks
Sheen, shining
Shellcoat, a goblin
Shefl, a shepherd's cot
Skill, shrill, having a sharp sound
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, shire; also a clever wag, a shire lick
Shag, to wake, shake, or jog backwards and forwards
Shool, thavel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to threaten
Sotle, a drawer
Sib, a-kin
Sic, such
Sicker, firm, secure
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer
Siller, silver
Sindle, or sinle, seldom
Sinfyne, since that time : lang sin- fynge, long ago
Skail, to spill, to disperse: hence we say, "the kirk is scailing," for the congregation is separating
Skair, share
Skith, 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 buttocks
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. Skailie is the fine blue slate
Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle
Skreed, a rent, a hearty drinking bout
To Skreigh, to shriek
Skyhald, 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
Sleig, to bedawb or plaister
Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, "he's a slid loun." Slidry, slippery
Slippery, sleepy
Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire
Slough, a bar or bolt for a door
Smairk, a silly, little, pitiful fellow; the same with smatchet
Smirky, smiling
Smittle, infectious or catching
Smoor, to smother
Snack, nimble, ready, clever
Sned, to cut
Sneg, to cut; as, "sneg'd off at the web end"
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm
Snib, to snub, check, or reprove; to correct
Suiffer, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little flot
Sniething, or sniethling, snuff
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight

SPE

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair
Snoon, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovelling slave
Snoove, to whirl round
Snotter, snot
Snur, to ruffle or wrinkle
Sunsy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lufy
Sort, forrel, reddish coloured
Sorb, to sponge, or hang on others for maintenance
Sof, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground
Sowd, sould
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping
Sowning, swimming
Soup, a sup
Souter, a shoemaker
Sowens, flummery, or oatmealoured 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
Spee, to foretell or divine. Spaemen, prophets, augurs
Spain, to wean from the breast
Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump
Spaul, shoulder, arm
Speel, to climb
Speer, to ask, inquire
Spelder, to split; stretch, spread out, draw aunder
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept
Spill,
STO

Spill, to spoil, abuse
Spooie, or spulzie, spoil, booty, plunder
Springes, stripes of different colours
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument
Sprye, spruce
Sprutted, speckled, spotted
Spunk, tinder
Stalwart, strong and valiant
Stane, stone
Stang, did fling, to fling; also a fling or pole
Stank, a pool of standing water
Starke, strong, robust
Stars, the stars. Star, a small moiety; we say, “ne’er a star”
Stew, stole
Stay, steep; as, “let a stout heart “to a stay brac”
Stech, to flint, close
Stech, to cram
Stend, or sten, to move with a hafty long pace
Stent, to stretch or extend, to limit or flint
Slings, a pole, a cudgel
Stirk, a steeor or bullock
Stock-and-born, 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
Stow, to cut or crop. A stow, a large cut or piece
Stound, a smarting pain or flitch

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, health
Straitis, probably a kind of narrow kersey cloth, called striaitis. See Bailey and Miege
Strand, a gutter
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome
Streek, to stretch
Striddle, to stride, applied commonly to one that is little
Strinkle, to sprinkle or strew
Stroot, or strote, stuffed full, drunk
Strout, a pet; “to take the strout,” to be petted or out of humour
Studdy, an anvil, or smith’s filthy
Sturdy, giddy headed; also strong
Sture, or stour, stiff, strong, hoarse
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation
Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing
Sudden, to fully or defile
Sumph, blockhead
Sunkan, spleenetic
Sunkets, something
Swank, to throw, cast with force
Swankies, clever young fellows
Swarf, to swoon away
Swole, swollen with drink
Swatch, a pattern
Swats, small ale
Swacht, burden, weight, force
Sweer, lazy, flow, loth
Sweeties, confeditions
Swelt, suffocated, choked to death
Swith, begone quickly
Swither, to be doubtful whether to
do this or that
Sybou, 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 as
Tane and tither, the one and t'other
Tangle, sea-weed
Tangs, the tongs
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of
lint as spinners put upon the di-
staff is called a lint-tap
Tape, to use any thing sparingly
Tappit-ben, the Scots quart-floup
Tarrow, to refuse what we love,
from a croft humour
Tartan, crost-striped stuff of various
colours, checkered: the High-
land plaids
Taf, a little dram-cup
Tafe, a small lock of hair, or any
little quantity of wool, cotton,
&c.
Tarpy, 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
Tec, or tynd, anger, rage, sorrow
Teet, to peep out
Tenfome, the number of ten
Tent, attention. Tenty, cautious
Thack, thatch
Thae, those
Tharmes, small tripes, catgut
Theek, to thatch
Thieveleys, sleeveles, wanting pro-
priety
Thig, to beg or borrow
Thir, thefe
Thole, to endure, suffer
Thru, thaw
Thoweles, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy
Thrawart, froward, crofs, crabbed
Thrawin, stern and crofs-grained
Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed
Threek, or threap, to aver, allege,
urge and affirm boldly
Thrimal, or thrunmill, to prefs or
squeeze through with difficulty
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the
violent sound of thefe, "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"
Tiff, good order, health
Till, to. Till', to it
Tine, to loofe. Tint, loft
Tinsel, hose
Tip, or tippony, ale sold for two-
pence the Scots pint
Tippanizing, drinking twopenny
ale
Tirle, or turr, to uncover a houfe
Titty, fifter
Tocher, portion, dowry
Tod, a fox
Tooly, to fight ; a fight or quarrel
Toon, empty, applied to a barrel,
purfe, houfe, &c. : also, to empty
Tofs, tight, neat
Tofe, warm, pleasant, half fud-
dled
GLOSSARY.

UUN

To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed
Toufe, or Touffe, to rumple, tease
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet
Tow, a rope
Tounmond, a year or twelvemonth
Tree, a cask of liquor, a nine-gallon tree
Trewes, hope and breeches all of a piece
Trig, neat, handsome
Troke, exchange
True, to trawl, truft, believe
Truf, neat
Truncher, trencher, platter
Tryft, appointment
Tur, turfs, trufs
Twin, to part with, or separate from
Twitch, touch
Twiwaters, sheep of two years old
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky
Tynd Vide Teen
Tyft, to entice, flir up, allure

WHO

Wad, or wed, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would
Wae, sorrowful
Waesit, 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, imponent
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace
Wanter, a man who wants a wife
War, worfe
World, world
Warlock, wizard
Wat, or wit, to know
Wrought, a large draught
Wean, or wee ane, a child
Wee, little
Ween, thought, imagined, supposèd
Weer, to flop or oppose
Weir, war
Weird, fate or destiny
Weit, rain
Werfè, insipid, wallowisht, wanting falt
Whank, whip, beat, flog
Whid, to fly quickly
Whilk, which
Whilly, to cheat. Whillywha, a cheat
Whindging, whining
Whins, furze
Whist, hulti, hold your peace
Whisk, to pull out haftily
Whittle, a knife
Whoop, 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 meanderings of a river
Win, or won, to reside, dwell
Winnas, will not
Winnocks, windows
Winnows, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large
Wirrykow, a scarecrow or hobgoblin
Wifent, parched, dried, withered
Wiftle, or whistle, to exchange money
Witherbians, motion against the sun
Woo, or w, wool
Woo, mad
Wooey, 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
Wrchive, washed
Wyliecoat, a jacket

YUL

Wyseing, inclining. To wyse, to guide, to lead. Wyseing-a-je, guiding in a bending course
Wyson, the gullet
Wyte, to blame, blame

Y

Yamph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for anything ready
Yeallou, yea wilt thou
Yed, to contend, wrangle
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk
Yerk, to do anything with celerity
Yek, the hiccup
Yett, gate
Yestreen, yeasternight
Youthfulness
You, to yell
Youden, wearied
Youky, itchy
Youff, a swinging blow. To youff, to bark
Yuke, the itch
Youle, Christmas

THE END.