Frederick Ridge
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.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed by A. Strahan, Printers Street,
FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.
1800.
THE CONTENTS
OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

PASTORAL.

Richy and Sandy: on the Death of Mr. Addison 3
Robert, Richy, and Sandy: a Pastoral on the Death of Matthew Prior 8
Keitha: an Elegy on the Death of Mary the Countess of Wigton 15
An Ode, with a Pastoral Recitative, on the Marriage of James Earl of Wemyss to Miss Janet Charteris 21
A Masque performed at celebrating the Nuptials of James Duke of Hamilton and Lady Ann Cochran 25
A Pastoral Epithalamium upon the happy Marriage of George Lord Ramsay and Lady Jean Maule 39
Betty and Kate: a Pastoral Farewell to Mr. Aikman, when he went for London 42
The Gentle Shepherd 49

LYRIC.

A 2

896153
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Dedication to the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1724</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wine and Music</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horace to Virgil</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Ode to Mr. F</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Ode to the Ph</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Ballad on Bonny Kate</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Dr. J. C. who got the foregoing to give the young Lady</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Ode on Drinking</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The last Time I came o'er the Moor</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lass of Patie's Mill</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ye watchful Guardians of the Fair</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Yellow-hair'd Laddie</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nanny O</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonny Jean</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld lang syne</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Penitent: to the Tune of the Lass of Livingston</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's Cure: to the Tune of Peggy I must love thee</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessy Bell and Mary Gray</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katy's Answer</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Scot</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'er Bogie</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'er the Moor to Maggie</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll never leave thee</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polwart on the Green</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jo. Hay's Bonny Laffie</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genty Tibby and Sonfy Nelly</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up in the Air</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mrs. E. C.: Now Phœbus advances on high</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Calīfa: She sung, the Youth Attention gave</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give me a Lafs with a Lump of Land</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lochaber no more</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virtue and Wit: the Preservative of Love and Beauty</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adieu for a while my native green Plains</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And I 'll awa to bonny Tweed side</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Widow</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Step Daughter's Relief</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonny Chrifty</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Soger Laddie</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The bonny Scot : to the Tune of the Boatman</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love inviting Reaon</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bob of Dumblane</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throw the Wood Laddie</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An thou were my ain Thing</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There's my Thumb, I 'll ne'er beguile thee</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Highland Laddie</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Coalier's Daughter</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mill, Mill-O</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colin and Grify parting</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To L. L. in Mourning: to the Tune of Where</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen lies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Scots Cantata: Music by L. Bocchi</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Toaft</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A South Sea Sang: Tune of For our lang biding here</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hap me with thy Petticoat</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fy ! gar rub her o'er wi' flrae</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cordial</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allan Water</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Mary thy Graces and Glances</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This is no my ain House</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Daddy forbad, my Minny forbad</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steer her up and had her gawn</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clout the Caldron</td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Maltman</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonny</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## THE CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bonny Beffy</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Quadruple Alliance</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Complaint: When absent from the Nymph I love</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Carle he came o'er the Croft</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song, to the Tune of Bush ye my Bonny Bride</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Highland Laffie</td>
<td>297</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Auld Man's best Argument</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mrs. A. C.: When Beauty blazes</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have a green Purfe, and a wee pickle Gowd</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Marriage of Lord G. and Lady K.C.: Tune of the Highland Laddie</td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenny Nettles</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Sake of Somebody</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The generous Gentleman: to the Tune of The bonny Lads of Branksome</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cock Laird</td>
<td>312</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let meaner Beauties use their Art</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## EPISTOLARY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>An Epistle to Allan Ramfay, by Josiah Burchet, Esq.</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Answer to the foregoing</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven familiar Epistles, which passed between Lieut. Hamilton and the Author</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Music Club</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Epistle to James Arbuckle, describing the Author</td>
<td>359</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the Earl of Dalhousie</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mr. Aikman</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Sir William Bennet</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Friend at Florence</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To R. H. B.</td>
<td>377</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Mr. Jofeph Mitchell, on the successful Representation of his Tragedy</td>
<td>380</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

To
THE CONTENTS.

To Robert Yarde of Devonshire  -  -  383
An Epistle from Mr. William Starrat  -  -  389
To Mr. William Starrat, on receiving the foregoing  392
To Mr. Gay, on hearing the Duchess of Queensbury commend some of his Poems  -  -  395
An Epistle to Josiah Burchet, on his being chosen Member of Parliament  -  -  400
To Mr. David Malloch, on his Departure from Scotland  402
To William Somerville of Warwickshire  -  -  405
An Epistle from Mr. Somerville  -  -  410
An Answer to the foregoing  -  -  416
An Epistle from William Somerville to Allan Ramsay, on publishing his second Volume of Poems  -  -  421
Ramsay's Answer to the foregoing  -  -  425
To Donald McEwen, Jeweller, at St. Petersburgh  -  429
To the same, on receiving a Present of a gold Seal  430
To his Friends in Ireland, who, on a Report of his Death, made and published several Elegies, &c.  431
An Epistle from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in Edinburgh  -  -  434
An Epistle to James Clerk, Esq. of Pennycuik  -  -  439
To A. R. on the Poverty of the Poets  -  -  444
The Answer  -  -  -  445

FABLES AND TALES.

An Epistle to Duncan Forbes Lord Advocate  -  -  451
A Fable of the Twa Books  -  -  -  455
The Clock and the Dial  -  -  -  457
The Ram and the Buck  -  -  -  459
The lovely Lafs and the Mirror  -  -  -  462
Jupiter's Lottery  -  -  -  464
The Miser and Minos  -  -  -  467
The Ape and the Leopard  -  -  -  470
The
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Afs and the Brock</td>
<td>472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fox and the Rat</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Caterpillar and the Ant</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The twa Cats and the Cheese</td>
<td>478</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cameleon</td>
<td>481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Twa Lizards</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercury in Quest of Peace</td>
<td>487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spring and the Syke</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Phœnix and the Owl</td>
<td>492</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boy and the Pig</td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Man with the twa Wives</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fable of the condemned Afs</td>
<td>498</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gods of Aegypt</td>
<td>502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spectacles</td>
<td>504</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fox turned Preacher</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bee and the Fly</td>
<td>509</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Horfe's Complaint</td>
<td>511</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tit for Tat</td>
<td>513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Parrot</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eclipse</td>
<td>518</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Monk and the Miller's Wife</td>
<td>520</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The daft Bargain</td>
<td>531</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The twa Cutpurfes</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lure</td>
<td>535</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tale of the Three Bonnets</td>
<td>541</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eagle and the Robin,Redbreast</td>
<td>577</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Conclusion; the Author's Address to his Book in Imitation of Horace</td>
<td>580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Glossary</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PASTORAL.**
PASTORAL.
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 nane.

RICHY.

* Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Alexander Pope.
RICHY.

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

SANDY.

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

RICHY.

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

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 sinyne,
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 warld 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 last: last shall his sang of weirs ‡,
While British bairns brag of their bauld forbeairs.
We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest,
At spaining time, or at our Lambmas's 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 sings.

RICHY.

* His poetical epistle from Italy to the Earl of Halifax.
† An opera wrote by him.
‡ His Campaign, an heroic poem.
RICHY.

Then he had ay a good advice to gie,  
And kend my thoughts amaist as well as me:  
Had I been thowlefs, vex, 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 fhod,  
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 neiff day wad be fair.  
Blind John *, ye mind, wha fang in kittle phrase,  
How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise;  
Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,  
What 's bonny in that fang he loot me see.  
The lasses 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 case than thee or me;  
He

* The famous Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradise Lost, was blind.
He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back—he was a borrow'd len:
Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
Then we may yet forgether 'boon the lift.
But see the sheep are wyzing 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, the good, by a' the swains rever'd,
Wife are his words, like filler is his beard;
Near saxyt shin'g simmers he has seen,
Tenting his hirse on the moorland green:
Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,
Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see
Him fae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,
That he may fcowth 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' distreft,
And Sandy, wha of shepherds sings the best;
With friendly looks they speer'd, wherefore he mourn'd?
He rais'd his head, and, sighing, thus return'd:

ROBERT.
ROBERT.

O Matt! poor Matt!—my lads, e'en take a skair
Of a' my grief:—sweet-singing Matt 's nae mair.
Ah heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine
Think to have seen the cauldriie 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 snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
And brak his leg.—I started frae my bed,
Awak'd, and leugh.—Ah! now my dream its red.
How dreigh 's our cares! our joys how soon away,
Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!

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

ROBERT.

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

RICHY.

But twice the summer's fun has thaw'd the snaw,
Since frae our heights Addie * was tane awa':
Fast Matt has follow’d.—Of sic twa bereft,
To 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 sangs, 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 flourisht'd on the brae,
Tho' past its prime, yet twenty years or fae:

* 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 dofen’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 fee a squirrel wi’ his bells
Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themsells.
Thousands of things he wittily could say,
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 himself wa'd aft take his advice.
E'en cheek for chew he 'd feat him 'mang them a',
And tauk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.
When clan Red-yards *, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood;
When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,
Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house:
Yet lady Anne, a woman meek and kind,
A fae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind,
Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
'To make the peace our friend was fent 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 sang, define
'The bonny lass and her young lover's pine?

* 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.
PASTORAL.

I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay;
To gratify the saughty 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 saft 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 asleepe,
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
These to repeat braid spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
He tow'rd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

My 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 bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I 've been a fauter, now three days are past,
While I for grief have hardly broke my fašt:
Come to my shiel, there let 's forget our care,
I dinna want a routh of country fair,
Sic as it is, ye'r welcome to a skair:
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.
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 skaithe
The warld receives by lovely Keitha's death?
The bonniest sample of what's good and kind,
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind:
But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain
Leaves us to sigh; tho' a' our sighs are vain,
For never mair she'll grace the heartsome green;
Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen.
Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk;
Speak, flocks and burds, wha 've heard her fing
or tauk;
Did ever you sae meikle beauty bear?
Or ye so mony heav'nly accents hear?
Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air,
Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye westlin winds, that gently us'd to play
On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,
Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
Which 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,

* She was daughter to the late Earl Marshal, the third of
that honourable rank of nobility.
Return your echoes to our mournful 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'ny sparkles low?
Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow?
Her fair brent brow, smooth as th' unrunckled 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 goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed,—
A subject, Ringan, for a lofty reed;
A shepherd's fang maun sic high thoughts decline,
Left rustic notes should darken what 's divine.
Youth, beauty, graces, a' that 's good and fair,
Lament! for lovely Keitha is nae mair!
RINGAN.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind,
When round his manly waift her arms she twined,
And look'd a thousand faft 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 faft and found 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 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 blift,
Which hides the happiness that thou haft mist,
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 gae', 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 miss her fair till happily they find
Anither in her place fae good and kind.
The lasses wha did at her graces mint,
Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
O! ilka ane who did her bounty skair,
Lament! for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair!

COLIN.

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

RINGAN.

I 'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's note,
I tented well mës 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 should their lustre tine.
Sae, let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years;
But as we can in goodnes 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 addrest;
Her cheerfu’ look her inward joy confess.

ROSALIND.

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

ARMYAS.

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

C 3

ROSALIND.
ROSALIND.

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

ARMYAS.

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

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear; 'tis true as we stand here.
The thane of Fife, who lately wi' his flane,
And vizi leel, made the blyth bowl his ain;
He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
Wha 's bright beginning spae his fonfy 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 kifs me, laffie, and you 's hear me sing
A bridal fang that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROSALIND.
PASTORAL.

ROSALIND.

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

ARMYAS sings.

Come, shepherds, a' your whistles join,
    And s'aw 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 s'aw
    Restor'd to ancient glory:
His early blossoms loud proclaim
    That frae this stem he rises,
Whafe merits give him right to fame,
    And to the highest prizes.

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

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

PERFORMED AT CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF

JAMES DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LADY ANN COCHRAN.

CALLIOPE

(Playing upon a violoncello) sings,

Joy to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
Lang may his 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.

Forsake

"sonages of the kingdom; and in private families, the noblest
and nearest branches. The machinery was of the greatest
magnificence; very shewy, costly, and not uncommonly
contrived by the ablest architects, as well as the best poets.
Thus we see in Ben Jonson the name of Inigo Jones, and
the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as poet
in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there being
nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I know of)
which places him in the class of writers. These shows we
trace backwards as far as Henry VIII., from thence to
queen Elizabeth and her successor king James, who was both
a great encourager and admirer of them. The last masque,
and the best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at
Ludlow Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too
many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent
Mr. Addison agree with me in that opinion. Coronations,
princely nuptials, public feasts, the entertainment of foreign
quality, were the usual occasions of this performance, and
the best poet of the age was courted to be the author.
Mr. Ramsay has made a noble and successful attempt to
revive this kind of poetry, 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, bless 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 song 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.)

GENIUS.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear
Thy invitation, grateful 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.)

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithful' 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 ravishe'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 caress,  
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 falls her in his arms;
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.

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

A' these
A'thefe sma’ springs, whence cauld reſerve and spleen
Take their firſt rife, 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 blifs improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief, fo 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 ſtilł lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The anceſtors of mightieſt chiefs and kings,
Nae higher can derive than human springs;
Yet frae the common ſoil each wond’rous root,
Aloft to heav’n their ſpreading branches ſhoot: 
Bauld in my aid, theſe triumph’d over fate,
Fam’d for unbounded thought, or ſtern debate;
Born high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior rife, 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' slaughts 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 ceafe, bleak clouds, to shed, or wet, or snaw;
Shine bright thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. GRACE.

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

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

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise
But small addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka sea combine
To make her with their richest product shine;
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen:
These 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 chastly now unloose
That zone which a’ thy virgin charms inclose;
That zone shou’d be less gratefu’ to the fair,
Than eazy bands of safter wedlock are;
That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu’ thing;
The langer these are bound, the mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

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

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

Minerva.

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

Bacchus.

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

Venus.

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

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

BACCHUS.

I 'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there 's my paw, I shall fou tightly drink
A hearty health to thir fame lovely twa,
That are fae meikle 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 glaas in the other].

To you, blyth beings, the benign directar
Of gods and men, to keep your fauls in tift,
Has sent you here a present of his 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' bennisfons 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 fyne let 's all advance,
Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance:
Minerva mim, for a' your mortal stoor,
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.
PASTORAL.

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

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
Which shining fails 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 posseft.
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,
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.
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 *.

* 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 Iss flow with sweeter ease
Than Fortha's gentle stream?
Or takes thou rather mair delyt
In the strae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the plaid?

BETTY.
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 deylt us on the green
    With a piece cawk and keel;
On a slid stane, or smoother slate,
    He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or sheep or gait,
    The likest e’er ye saw.
Lass, think na shame to ease your mind,
    I see ye ’re like to greet:
Let gae these tears, ’tis justly kind,
    For shepherd fae complete.

KATE.

Far, far, o’er far frae Spey and Clyde,
    Stands that great town of Lud,
To whilk our best lads rin and ride,
    That ’s like to put us wood;
For findle times they e'er come back,
   Wha anes are heftit there:
Sure, Befs, their hills are nae fae black,
   Nor yet their howms fae bare.

**BETTY.**

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

**KATE.**

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

O, William!
PASTORAL.

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 firft gave pain;
Judge how her passions for you burn,
   By these you bear your ain.
Sae may your kirn with fatness flow,
   And a' your kye be fleek;
And may your hearts with gladness glow,
   In finding what ye 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 choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre,
luftre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodnec
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 mis-
placed.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and
alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberlefs
great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of Ken-
nedy 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 registars
were of as short duration as life; but the bard who fondly
hopes for immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in
communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.
—I write this last sentence with a hand, that trembles between
hope
hope and fear: but if I shall prove 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,

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’st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd’s tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:

Hence

* This address was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, an elegant and original poet, and a most accomplished and amiable man.
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise! 
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes! 
When first the fair-one, piteous of his fate, 
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate, 
With willing mind is bounteous to relent, 
And, blushings 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 forsoaks 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 forakes 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 Erkine's charms?
In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell:
Nor need mankind despair those joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at another's state;
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurtist,
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 possessest,
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 loft.
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 composéd 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 courteously,
   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 southern 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 stray 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.

† 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, \} Bauldwy, 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 halefome 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 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 nathing gi'es me sic delight
   As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
   When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confess,
   By a' the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings fae saftly,
And in her fangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

This funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How harfom 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, opprest 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,

VOL. II.  F  Ere
Ere scornfu' queans, or los's of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I say; but it's no eas'y done
By ane whale saul 's fae sadly out of tune.
Ye have fae faft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a fang, or spek,
They dit their lugs, fyne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lafs's ee;
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And shound, 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 smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:

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

**Patie.**

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

**Roger.**

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

**Patie.**

Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clute
At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi' 't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.
ROGER.

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

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how filly's this pretence, To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens: Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide Your well-feen love, and dorty Jenny's pride. Take courage, Roger, me your forrows tell, And safely think nane kens them but yourfell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true; And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you. Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint, To speak but till her I dare hardly mint: In ilka place she jeers me ear and late, And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate. But yesterdai I met her yont a know, She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow. She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car, But geeks at me, and lays I smell of tar.

PATIE.
PASTORAL.

PATIE.

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

ROGER.

I wish I cou’d na looe her;—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
’Till he yowl’d fair she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill’d a nook within her breaft,
She wad have shewn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my ftock and horn,
With a’ her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play’d; ye never heard sic spite;
“ O’er Bogie” was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer’d,
Gif she could tell what tune I play’d, and sneer’d.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I’ll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

PATIE.

E’en do fae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebins she be sic a thrawin gabbit chuck,
Yonder ’s a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till ’t your ways, and take the lover’s lowp.
ROGER.

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I 'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whining way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye 'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,
I saw my Meg come linkan' o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou fleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear;
And O! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skissing o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
"I ferly wherefore, ye 're so soon after?
"But I can gues, 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 thieveless errand back:
Misca'ed me first; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three wass ewes stray'd on the bog.
I laugh; and fae did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a souch
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 flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she 'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she 'll gang clean wood.

S A N G  II.

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

Dear Roger, if your Jenny gek,
And anfwer kindness with a flight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
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 fight when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair fa your honest heart,
Ye 're fae cadgy, and have sic an art
   To hearten ane; for now, as clean 's a leek,
Ye 've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I 'll mak ye a propine
   (My mother, rest her fail! 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 filler cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.
PATIE.

Weel, had ye there; and since ye' ve frankly made
To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute 's be yours, and 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 best deserv 't:
Now tak it out and gie 's a bonny spring,
For I 'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

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

[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 fimp and din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls 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 lassie, when we 're naked, what 'll ye say,
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae?—that jeering fellow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, "Haith, lassies, ye 're no blate."

PEGGY.

We 're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they 're feeding far beyont the hight;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we 're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I;
That Roger loo 's ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? 'Troth, between us twa,
He 's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, there 's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;

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

PEGGY.

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

SANG III.

Tune—"Polwart on the green."

The dorty will repent,
If lover’s heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
   Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
   And 's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past,
   Thus by 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 fighs, and I can guess the cause:
But wha 's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'fe tell him frankly ne'er to do 't again.
They 're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY.
PEGGY.

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

JENNY.

Heh! 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, sae soon 's ye 're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I 'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsme 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 kiss 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 newfangledness 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.

SANG IV.
Tune—"O dear mother, what shall I do?"

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
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.

PEGGY.

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 fie a smile, or fie twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with fie 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 sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature hefts in faults are weak and poor.

SANG V.

Tune—"How can I be sad on my wedding-day?"

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae;
Sour, weak, filly 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 pleasant thing to be a bride!
Syne whindging gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping
Yelping for this or that with fashheous din:
To make them brats then ye man toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, an scads its elf wi' brue,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe:
The "Deel gaes o'er John Wabster:" hame grows hell,
When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

Yes, it 's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I 'm fae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots too lying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; the speat may bear away
Frac¢ all the howms your dainty rucks of hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashty 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 weil, 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 shou'd a' for wives that 's vertuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I 'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For healsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

A flock
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be fald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind 's our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and geer grows rife,
He 'll bles 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 kifles, hardly worth a feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that:—dear Jenny, to be free,
There 's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind;
They 'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maift to blame.
Then I 'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerful', 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 seething 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 none, as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we 'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The losf 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 preft,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the west.
Sic as stand single, (a state sae lik'd by you,)
Beneath ilk storm frae every 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 sae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.
Tune—"Nanfy '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,
Frae 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 sun
Is right far up, and we,'re not yet begun
To freath the graith: if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she 'll gie us a wicked rant:
But when we 've done, I 'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true—nae las can be unkind.

[Exeunt.]
A C T II.

S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E.

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

G L A U D  and  S Y M O N.

G L A U D.

Good morrow, nibour Symon:—come, fit 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 bassand quey.
I 'll warrant ye 've coft a pund of cut and dry:
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

S Y M O N.

With a' my heart:—and tent me now, auld boy,
I 've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou’dna rest till I came o’er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn
Will gar our vile oppressors flend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!—Ah! Symie, rattling chiels ne’er ftaud
To cleck, 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 faufe 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 saw ye Hab? and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

SYMON.

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

SANG VII.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

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

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

GLAUD.
GLAUD.

And may he lang, for never did he stint
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 fenselefs saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:
"Put on your bonnet, Symon; tak a feat:—
"How's all at hame?—how's Elspa?—how does
"Kate?—
"How fells black cattle?—what gi'es woo this
"year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

Tune—"Mucking of Geordy's byre."

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty;
Elfe, 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.
Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glassies 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 send for Ellpith too; and upo' fight
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I flew twa wethers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Ellpa beuk,
And a large ham hangs resting in the nook:
I faw myself, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil, and ane we'll roast;
And on the haggies Ellpa spares nae cost;
Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gufty ingans with a curn of spice;
Fat are the puddings; heads and feet well fung:
And we 've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame:
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye 're my nearest friend that I like best:
Bring wi' ye 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 this good news, than what I was before;
I 'll dance or een. — Hey, Madge! come forth, d' ye hear?

Enter Madge.

MADGE.

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

GLAUD.
GLAUD.

Spin! Snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And 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 see.

MADGE.

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

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,
My whyt skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and wai$t,
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 wise spinning at the sunny end.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With folded arms and half-rais’d look, ye see

BAULDY his lane.

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

’Tis
'Tis fair to thole.—I 'll try some witchcraft art,  
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.  
Here Maufy lives, a witch that for sma' price  
Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice:  
She can o'er cast 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 withershins 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 unsongsy pictures aft she makes  
Of any ane she hates, and gars expire  
With flow and racking pains afore a fire,  
Stuck fou of pins; the devilish pictures melt;  
The pain by fowk they represent is felt.  
And yonder 's Maufe:—ay, ay, she kens fou weil,  
When ane like me comes running to the deil.  
She and her cat fit beeking in her yard:  
To speak my errand, faith, amain I 'm fear'd:  
But I maun do 't, tho' I should 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 fun.
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 farther than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I ’m possess’d,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?
BAULDY.

The word that gangs, how ye 're fae wise 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 roofless 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 Beffy 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 snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;

You,
PASTORAL.

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 see,
And loo's sweet Meg; but Neps I downa fee.
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me, I'd be the happiest man.

MAUSE.

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

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

MAUSE.

'Tis like I may:—but let na on what 's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle caft.

BAULDY.

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

[Exit.

MAUSE
Mause her lane.

This fool imagines, as do mony 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 establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She 's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms:
None know 't but me:—and if the morn were come,
I 'll tell them tales will gar them all sing dumb.
SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love without a vicious stain,
The bonny lafs and cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kifes 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.
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 maift 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.
Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn fits smiling on her lap;
The fun 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.

Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither las your heart shoudlsteal,
Your Meg, forfaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithles Pate.

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'ft hardly gang,
Or lisf out words, I choos'd thee frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanfy know or rashy strand;
Thou smiling by my side:—I took delight
To pou the rashes green, with roots fae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou’d,
For thee I plet the flow’ry belt and snood.

PEGGY.

When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try’d my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the 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 ey’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 lilts swiftly the "Milking the ews;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nanfy can sing;
At "Throw the wood, laddie," Befg 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 desire!
And praiseth fae kindly increases 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 flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me,
For none can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

Jenny sings fast the "Broom of Cowden-
"knows;"
And Rosie lits 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 "Lass 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 filly 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.
PASTORAL.

PATIE.

And let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss, or fivescore good anes wad not be amiss; and syne we 'll sing the sang with tuneful glee, that I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, syne claim your hyre.

PATIE.

Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

To its awn tune.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth, and rowing eye that smiling tells the truth, I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I, ye 're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye lad, gif we confess o'er soon, ye think us cheap, and syne 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 say 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 waist.)
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.]
A C T  III.

S C E N E  I.

P R O L O G U E,

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time;
Ane elwānd 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 sufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

S I R  W I L L I A M  f o l u s.

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 desolately 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 nectarine trees their branches spread,
Basking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to the use.
All round in gaps the walls in ruin lye,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd:—and now my joy
Forbids all grief, when I 'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.

Thrice
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns, and courts, how cheerfully,
A calm, contented mortal spends his time,
In health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

**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 hypocrisy,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'd with a crime:

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

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

[Exit.]
SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.
'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
   And vify 't round and round;
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
   Or costly to be found:
Yet, all is clean; a clear peat ingle
   Glances amidst the floor:
The green horn-spoons, beech luggies mingle,
   On skels farginst 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
PASTORAL.

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 myself.

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:
Four-score of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I 'll gie to Peggy that day she 's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining time as lang 's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I 'll yearly to them give.

ELS PA.

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

SYM ON.

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.]

SYM ON.

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

GLAUD.
GLAUD.

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

Enter JENNY.

O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddeft 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 shal 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 seem 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 see your hand.—What gars ye sneer?

PATIE.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

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

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

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:]

ELSFA.

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

GLAUD.

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

ELSFA.

These second-sighted 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 himfell)  

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.—Elspah 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 fares:
But now again the lion rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain;
The lion has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.

The knight in a few days shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to the king,
A subject true and bauld;
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

SYMON.
SYMON.

Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and well: But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel, To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep; Or do you get them told 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 noife o'er moor and dale.

GLAUD.

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

SIR
SIR WILLIAM.

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

GLAUD.

Well, be 't fae, friend; — I shall say nothing
mair:—
But I 've twa fonfy 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, caft on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.
SIR WILLIAM.

Delay a while your hospitable care; I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair, Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk, With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:— And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire: We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back, Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

GLAUD.

I'll out a space, and see the young anes play; My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his laffie's breast.

Behind a bush well hid frae sight they meet:
See Jenny's laughing;—Roger's like to greet.

Poor shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

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

ROGER.

Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I rish your scorn,
Ye 're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.

Ah!
Ah! cou’d I loo ye lefs, I ’d happy be;
But happier far, cou’d ye but fancy me.

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

ROGER.
Alake! my 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?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I ’m glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

JENNY.
JENNY.

Ye have my pity else, to see you 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 kifs or sing!
But we 're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens, when for fake of gear
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love, engages me
(Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

JENNY.

What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I 've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I 've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear;
The 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.

S A N G  XIII.

Tune—' Leith Wynd.'

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you 'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The eazy maid, befet 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 fae kind?—
O let me briz thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delytfu' thought! we 'll never part:
Come, pref's 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 laft you 're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! o'er happy!—had my head!—
This gush of pleasure 's like to be my deid.—
Come to my arms! — or strike me! — I 'm all
fir'd
With wond'ring love!—let 's kifs till we be tir'd:
Kifs,
Kifs, kifs;—we 'll kifs the sun and 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 safter heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now by these warmest kifs thou haft tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

Well, I agree:—neift 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 laft.

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 tryst, and meet me there: there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our loves; there 's nought sae sweet.

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

**SCENE IV.**

**PROLOGUE.**

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

**SYMON.**

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

**PROLOGUE.**

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

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe,  
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith.
Returned to cheer his wishing 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 'rt 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 fauls a caft,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.
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
And when there 's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick 's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
And his decree stands good—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

**SIR 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, songs, or sport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchtful to the hill.
About ane Shakespeare 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 answ'er'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What ken we better, that fae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell;
Till a' the rest sleep round as weil 's ourself.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

SYMON.

I fear'd the warst, 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.

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

MAUSE.
MAUSE.

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

MADGE.

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 last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou’d off his beard to Symon.—Symon knew
His welcome master:—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for:—happy lad is he!—
Symon tald Elspa—Elspa tald it me.
Ye ’ll hear out a’ the secret story soon:
And troth ’tis e’en right odd, when a’ is done,
To think how Symon ne’er afore wad tell,
Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himself.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

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

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

MADGE.

Sic nonsense!—love tak root, but tochergood,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!—
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be,
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain:—
Yonder he comes; and vow! but he looks fain:
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy 's now his ain.

MADGE.

He get her! flaverin doof! it sets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!
Gif I were Meg, I 'd let young master see—

MAUSE.

Ye 'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And so wad I:—but whisht! here Bauldy comes.
Enter 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 feven good owf'en 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' houfe, a barn, and a byer, A peat-flack '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.

VOL. II. L Jenny
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 sae: lasses will come to at last,
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 Mause, stand be;
While Meg 's in dumps, put in a word for me:

I 'll
I 'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,  
Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,  
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.  
Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;  
What other lass will trow a manfworn herd?  
The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,  
That 's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.  
I 'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate;  
Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

BAULDY.

Sae grey a gate! manfworn! 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 witnes, Maufe, ye heard her say
That I 'm mansworn:—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye 're witnes 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
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 farther gae;
Ye man forgi'e 'm:—I see the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

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

Of
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

**MADGE.**

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

**BAULDY.**

His 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 soone grein to tell his love to me.
He 's but a rascal that would mint to serve
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.
MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly; I commend ye for 't;
His bleeding snout gae me 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 should gang to wark:
I 'm sure he 'll keep his tryft; and I came here
To seek your help that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we 'll hae, as I protest;
Ye 'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
We'll flit him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie 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 swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks throw the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak 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 exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast:
“ Such were the eyes,” he said, “ thus smil’d the mouth
“ Of thy lov’d mother, blessing o’ my youth,
“ Wha fet too soon.”—And while he praise be-flow’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
Ramsay's Poems.

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 haslen reason plead his cause;
But love rebels against all bounding laws;
Fixt in my soul the shepherd's excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

Sang XVI.

Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side;
Which love superior calls treason;—
The strongest must be obey'd.

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

Roger.
ROGER.

Enjoy them baith:—Sir William will be won: Your Peggy's bonny:—you're his only son.

PATIE.

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

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance, To London 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 wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

ROGER.

"They wha have just enough can 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 fame;
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,

Submission
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 sour,
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 fowk owrelaid with ease;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er
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 lost;  
Like to be carried by some rever’s hand  
Far frae his wishes to some distant land?

Patie.

Ne’er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains  
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.  
My father has forbid our loves, I own;  
But love’s superior to a parent’s frown.

I false-
I falsehood hate; come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous:—leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on, speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief:
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice airs swims round in silk attire:—
Then I, poor me! with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Patie.
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 kissed me, when I danced or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we 'll on the meadows play,
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane;
Nae mair around the foggy know I 'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.—
But hear my vow—'t will help to give me ease:—
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG
S A N G  XVII.

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

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that 's finking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy funder.
A gentler face and filk attire,
A lady rich in beauty’s blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy’s bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell’d
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:—
Ah! I can die, but never funder.
Yeasteads 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 should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wise to any other.
PATIE.

Sure heaven approves; and be assur'd of me,
I 'll ne'er gang back of what I 've sworn to thee:
And time, (tho' time man interpose a while,
And I man leave my Peggy and this isle,) Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
(If there 's a fairer,) e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful 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 sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me:
With patience then I 'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, till my day-star appear;
And all the while I 'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:

I'll
I'll gain on uncle Glaud, he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.

SANG XVIII.
Tune—"Tweed-side."

When hope was quite funk in despair,
   My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthles 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 gentleft charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
   So lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
   No higher degree in this life;
But now I 'll endeavour to rise
   To a height is becoming thy wife.

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

PATIE.

That's wisely said;
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
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 mor's to innocence unken'd;
Affect oft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speek when we've nought to say,
And for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we a'ft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

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

PATIE.
PATIE.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still, among 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 what's, fae great a risque to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I wou'd shun it for thy fake, my love:
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart caft
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY.

SANG XIX.

Tune—"Bush aboon Traquair."

At setting day and rising morn,
With foul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I 'll visit aft the birken bush,
    Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
    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 faster meaning better is express’d,
When it ’s with kisses on the heart imprest.

[They embrace while the curtain is let down.]
ACT V.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane poss'd,
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 тот.

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 myself 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 sp'rit opprest,
He 's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghast.

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 trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't 's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghast, or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope;
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite.
Syne I, haf dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.

I 'm
I 'm 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 ghast 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 dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or 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 Maufe, 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 laft.

SIR
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 healthful 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 tofs,
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.]
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 motty throw the reek:
A pipe his mouth, the ladies 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 flight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kis'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 laassie, 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 fin to name;
Sic are fae void of shame, they ’ll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap;
They ’ll tempt young things like you with youdith flush’d,
Syne mak ye a’ their jest when you ’re debauch’d.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi’e
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.
Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood; And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

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 myfelf Some of them laugh at doomsday, fin, and hell.

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

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

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

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

Hafte, hafte 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 fits judge himsell.

GLAUD.

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

MADGE.

Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen? How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een! This day her brankan wooer takes his horse, To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plane,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To ruffle amang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! man with the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send, 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 ris’es, 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.]
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 nonsence 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 fault thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.
MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I ken'd not that they thought me fic 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 ghait;
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 fitter 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, warfe than brutes, cou’d leave expos’d to air
Sae much of innocence, fae sweetly fair,
Sae helplefs young;—for she appear’d to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms—the bairnie smil’d
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, and she pass’d sincesyne
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:—naething 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 fae near her grave?—
But how or why it should be truth, I grant,
I everything that looks like reason want.

OMNES.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

MAUSE

(Leading Peggy to Sir William.)

Sir, view me well;—has fifteen years so plew'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I 'll give if you demand.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

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

[Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.]

Yes, surely thou ’rt my niece;—truth must prevail:—
But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

Patie.

Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing’d with blisses,
That I may give my cousin fifty kisses.

Mause.

Then it was I that sav’d her infant life,
Her death being threaten’d by an uncle’s wife.
The story ’s 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 preft,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell’d some few miles ere day.

All
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon;
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful swains,
For fear of being found out, and to secure
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsel, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little 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 durst own.
SIR WILLIAM.

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

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

PATIE.

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

SIR WILLIAM

(Raises them.)

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

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete; my joys arise, 
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprize!— 
And am I then a match for my ain lad, 
That for me so much generous kindness had?—
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We 'll only crave what you shall please to gi' e:—
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

GLAUD.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

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

PEGGY.

To me the views of wealth and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate;
For his sake only I 'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.
SYMON.

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

SIR 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.
GLAUD.

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

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna 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 fteek
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 gracie' 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 possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES.

The Lord of heaven return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.
PATIE
(Presenting Roger to Sir William.)

Sir, here's my trufty 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 laft he spak and won, And hopes to be our honest uncle's fon:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent, That nane may wear a face of discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My fon's demand is fair:—Glaud, let me crave That trufty Roger may your daughter have With frank consent; and while he does remain Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

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

ROGER.
ROGER.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I 'm 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.

S A N G  XXI.

Tune—" Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy;
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his wauking,
The shining of his een surpise,
'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 sinfyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they 're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chasteely 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.
LYRIC.
Behold, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire:
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

E. W.
TO

Ilka lovely British lass,
Fräe ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bells
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,
Aris'ing faftly 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 'tay the lazy lass,
Their fangs may ward ye frae the four,
And gayly vacant minutes pass.

E'en
E’en while the tea ’s fill’d reeking round,  
Rather than plot a tender tongue,  
Treat a’ the circling lugs wi’ 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!

EDINBURGH,  
January 1, 1724.
O COLIN! how dull is 't to be,
When a soul is finking 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.

COLIN.

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.
LYRIC.

Above, the gods beinly bouze,
    When round they meet in a ring;
They caft 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 brethren ay appear;
Ye stars who shed a lucky light,
Auspicious ay keep in a fight;
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 saul.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With heart hool'd in three sloughs of brafs,
Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
With hempen branks, and horse of tree;
    Wha
Wha in the weak machine durst ride
Thro' tempests and a raring 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 stav
A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';
Unsonfy thift, which fevers brought
In bikes, which fowks like sybows hought;
Then death, erst flaw, began to ling,
And fast as haps to dart his fing:
Neist Dedalus must contradict
Nature forsooth, and feathers stick
Upon his back, fyne upward streek,
And in at Jove's high winnocks keek;
While Hercules, wi's timber-mell,
Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

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

1721.

AN ODE TO MR. F——.

Now gowans sprout, and lavrocks sing,
And welcome west winds warm the spring,
O'er hill and dale they 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' elson and hemp lingle,
Sit folcing shoon out o'er the ingle.
Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
That late were clad wi' snaw and frost;
With her gay train the Paphian queen
By moon-light dances on the green;
She leads, while nymphs and graces sing,
And trip around the fairy ring:

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

Now leave your fitted on the dew,
And bulk yersell in habit new;
Be gratefu' 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 ghaifts to roam,
In gloumy Pluto's gousy dome;
Bid fair good-day to pleasure fyne
Of bonny lasses 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.
Look up to Pentland's tow'ring top,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snow,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and flap,
   As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
   There's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douffer fowk wyzing a-je
   The byast 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 sau beyond the moon.
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, shoulde 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 pleasure let ’s employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune’s feckless 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
LYRIC.

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

"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 hersell in some dark nook.

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

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

These bennifons, I 'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, furly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.
1728.

A BALLAD ON BONNY KATE.

Cease, poets, your cunning devising
Of rhymes that low beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the stars at the rising
Of 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 fad palpitation
Feels the heart, and how simple and blate
Must he look, almost dead with vexation,
Whose love is fixt hopeless on Kate?

Had
Had I all the charms of Adonis,
   And galleons freighted with plate,
As Solomon wife, I'd think none is,
   So worthy of all as dear Kate.

Ah! had she for me the same passion,
   I'd tune the lyre early and late;
The sage's song on his Circassian
   Should yield to my sonnets on Kate.

His pleasure each moment shall blossom
   Unfading, gets her for his mate;
He'll grasp ev'ry bliss in his bosom,
   That's linked by Hymen to Kate.

Pale envy may raise up false stories,
   And hell may prompt malice and hate;
But nothing shall fully their glories,
   Who are shielded with virtue like Kate.

"This name," say ye, "many a las 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 chastly sporting;
We kis'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
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 kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
    In prospect of such blisses.

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

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

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.

When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth
To press 'em with his hand:

Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

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,
Insur'd lang life and health,
   And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
   That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
   Shou'd share the fame wi' me.

YE WATCHFUL GUARDIANS OF THE FAIR.

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

Be

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

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

Let all the world turn upside down,  
And fools run an eternal round,  
In quest of what can ne'er be found,  
To please their vain ambition.

Let little minds great charms espy  
In shadows which at distance lie,  
Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,  
    Proves nothing in fruition:

But cast into a mould divine,  
Fair Delia does with 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 pafs 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 sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.
NANNY-O.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

* A famous Corinthian courtezan.
† Two beauties to whom Jove made love; to one in the figure of a swan, 'to the other in a golden shower.
BONNY JEAN.

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

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

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
   He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
   Now when his Jeanie is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
   The glorious fields of war look mean,
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
   If absent from his bonny Jean.
The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
   Which, e'en in summer, shorten'd seems;
When sunk in down, with glad amaze,
   He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
   Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen:
With breaking day he lifts his fight,
   And pants to be with bonny Jean.

AULD LANG SYNE.

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

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

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

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 fyne.

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 descened from above,
   Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth,
   From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth;
   And thus she 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.
Re 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 surprize, with sweet surprize:
Some god had led him to the grove,
   His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd—
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
   I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.
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 ourfelves 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 sigh, 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.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
They are twa bonny lasses,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theck'd it o'er with rashes:
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.
Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fou gently,
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 Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.
THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met ye'streen,
   Coming down the street, my jo?
My mist'ress, 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 dinsome town a while?
The blossom 's sprouting frae the tree,
   And a' the summer 's gawn to smile;
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
   The bleeting lambs, and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, 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 busk ye'r brow.

We 'll
We 'll pou the daisy 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 glowran o' er me,
Tho' she did the fame 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.
LYRIC.

MARY SCOTT.

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

Ah no! her form 's too heav'ly 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.
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 stae,
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'eeet ye wad lay down.
The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
And offer me your crown.
I will awa, &c.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

And I 'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
Her wit and sweetness call me,
Then to my fair I 'll shew my mind,
Whatever maybefal 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 invocate Apollo.
If she admire a martial mind,
    I 'll sheath my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclin'd,
    With gayest airs I 'll charm her;
If she love grandeur, day and night
    I 'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's sight,
    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 blazes.
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 fair 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.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove fa'fe, to ye'rsell be it said then,
Ye'll win but lma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid icicles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gate; and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee! I'll never leave thee,
The stars shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.
At Polwart on the green
If you 'll meet me the morn,
Where laffes do conveen
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete—
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames fay na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the fina',
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
Myself thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover.

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

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

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

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

GENTY TIBBY AND SONSY NELLY.

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

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

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

When

* Divide my windpipe with the maiden.—The maiden was an engine for beheading, formerly used in Scotland; it was of a construction similar to that of the guillotine.
When these twa stars appear the gither.
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we 're oblig'd to nither
Our spacious fauls' immens'e desires,
And ay be in a hankerin' swithier?

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

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun's gane out o' fight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France;
Up in the air,
On my bonny grey mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.
The wind's drifting hail and sna'  
O'er frozen hags like a footba';  
Nae flarns 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'rt toast;  
Tilt it, lads, and lilt it out,  
And let us ha'e a blythesome bowt;  
Up wi't there, there,  
Dinna cheat, but drink fair;  
Huzza! huzza! and huzza! lads, yet,  
Up wi't, &c.
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 budings 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 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,
   Whose 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.

VOL. II.  R  A thousand
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 found her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint, surpasses human skill;
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will:
Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
We all that 's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration 's due.
GIVE ME A LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

Gi' e me a 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 makes na whether.
I 'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alone 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 dowsf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there 's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unles 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 fuller 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 lasses, or jointur'd widows.
LOCHABER NO MORE.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartfome 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 eafe that 's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, man plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse;
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my las', to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.
LYRIC.

VIRTUE AND WIT:
THE PRESERVATIVE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Confess thy love, fair blushing maid;
For since thine eyes consenting,
Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
And na'ays 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 caressing.
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, careffes 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 last,
   Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like April rays,
   Make beauty rise the sweeter;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
   My love will grow completer.

ADIEU FOR A WHILE MY NATIVE GREEN PLAINS.

HE.

ADIEU for a while my native green plains,
   My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains;
   Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
   Were minutes not ages while absent frae thee.
SHE.

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 counsell'd nae longer 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 sae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair,
I 'll make it my care
To secure myself in a jo;
I 'm no sic a fool,
To let my blood cool,
And fyne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly persuade,
Tho' blushing, I daftly say no;
Gae on with your strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd
Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow;
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us bestow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be 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 sew,
And mony braw things the widow can do,
Then have at the widow, my laddie:
With courage attack her baith early and late;
To 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 skaier
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 courtesie 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 throwlefs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.
I was anes a well-tocher’d lass,
   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, thriftless, and bauld,
   And gars me aft fret and repine,
While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
   I see her destroy what’s mine.
But soon I might hope a revenge,
   And soon of my forrows 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 lass 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 fash 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 amiss,
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 Chirsty.

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

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

Thus fang blate Edie by a burn,
   His Chiristy 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 Chiristy!—witness, bonny stream,
   Sic joys frae tears arising!
I wish this may not be a dream;
   O love the maist surprizing!
Time was too precious now for tawk;
   This point of a' his wishes
He wad na with fet speeches bauk,
   But wair'd it a' on kiffes.
THE SOGER LADDIE.

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

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

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

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Hafte to thy longing laffie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee.

Love gi'es the word,
Then hafte 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 paftime 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 reafon my beaufifu' 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 bennissons 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 slade away saftly between thee and me,
Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

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

THE BOB OF DUNBLANE.

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

Be frank, my laffie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.
The dinner, the piper, and priest, 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.
O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I figh 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 forsaken some spare no to tell;
I 'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander 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 fuck 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 goddess o'er the green:
Were I a king thou shou'd be queen,
    Nane but myself aboon thee.
    An thou were, &c.
I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

An thou were, &c.

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

An thou were, &c.

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

An thou were, &c.
"THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER 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 shou'd 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 laffie, it is but daffin
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin:
That na, na, na, I hate it mo'ft 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 lass 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 borrow's town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he 's but a clown;
He 's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.
O'er benty hill with him I 'll run,
   And leave my Lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and summer's 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 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 pantèd for possession;
His life was dull without her.

After
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In fairest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

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

THE MILL, MILL-O.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still-O,
A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good will-O:
Her bosom I press'd, but, funk 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
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-fraising 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 myself-O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
   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.
LYRIC.

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 should sunder.

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

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

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

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

Ye gods! take care of my dear lasl,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest time shall come to pafs,
We 'll meet again, and never sunder.
TO L. L. IN MOURNING.

TUNE—"WHERE HELEN LIES."

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

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

Then must I hide my love and die,
When such a sov'reign cure is by?
No, she can love, and I 'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be.

Whicb soon I 'll read in her bright eyes;
With those dear agents I 'll advise,
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies
The least believ'd by me.
A SCOTS CANTATA.

MUSIC BY L. BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

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

AIR.

O bonny 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 faet 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 sim'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 bliss,
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 mistrefs, Robie, gi'e 's her;
We 'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha 's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That 's a lafs can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye;
Sweet is she to me:  
Some angel ye wad ca' her,  
And never with ane brawer,  
If ye bare-headed saw her,  
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lafs is,  
Come let 's join our glases,  
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 flocks 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 trouth,  
For our lang biding here.
But when we fand our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
Girn'd at stock-jobbing ane and a'.
If we gang near the South-Sea 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 pas 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 charming 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 flight,
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 laffie,
   Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae ;
But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
   Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

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

Sweet youth 's a blyth and heartsome time ;
  Then, lads and laffes, 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 laugh will lead you to the place,
    Where lies the happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
    Nineteen na-says are half a grant.

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

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

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?

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

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 choose 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 farther, tho' scarcely (ah me!)
Can be found, equalizing thy merit,
A match amongst mortals for thee.

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

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure;
And shipwreck'd on landscapes on shore:
Be still more divine, and have pity;
I die soon as hope is no more.
For, Mary, my soul is thy captive,
Nor loves nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
Thy slavery's a pleasure to me.
This is no 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 of his fire-fide,
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 warse,
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 naithing but trash,
That shackles what shou'd be free.
And tho' my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he,
Abeit I 'm an heiress,
I think it but fair is
To love him, since he loves me.
Then my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth fight of thee.
Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone
My favour 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 cease to oppose or be:
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see;
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.
O steer her up and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.

Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
Cafl thy cares of love away;
Let's our forrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daein langer to delay.

See that shinning glafs of claret,
How invitingly it looks!
Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.

Let's have pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place 't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.

By you 've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.
Have you any pots or pans,  
Or any broken chandlers?  
I am a tinkler to my trade,  
And newly come frae Flanders:  
As scant of filler as of grace,  
Disbanded, we've a bad run;  
Gae tell the lady of the place,  
I'm come to clout her caldron.  
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,  
I'll do 't to your contentment,  
And dinna care a single flea  
For any man's resentment:  
For, lady fair, tho' I appear  
To every ane a tinkler,  
Yet to yoursell 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 snackest 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 answer a bill for me.
BONNY BESSY.

Bessy's beauties shine fae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in transport make me view her.

Bonny Bessy, thee alone
Love I, naithing else about thee;
With thy comeliness I 'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bofom 's faft 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 cauld'er.

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;
Pettied things can nought but teez ye.
THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

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

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

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

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

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their spite:
Such, from a malice sour,
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, singing, hear from every tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
   Happy compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle sleep with balmy wings
   To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thousand fears my fancy brings,
   That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess's 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 forfooth 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 forfooth I winna hae him;
Ane twice a bairn 's a lafs's jeft;
   Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

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

u 3  But
But shou'd my canker'd daddy gar
Me take him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Howt awa! I winna hae him,
Na forsooth I winna hae him;
I 'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
Sae Lawty says I shou'd na hae him.

O MITHER DEAR! I 'GIN TO FEAR.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

TUNE—"BUSK YE, MY BONNY BRIDE."

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

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the rofes 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 saftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell 's consenting.
THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

The Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they 're four and unco faucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.

O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lafs 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,
When'e'er I kifs and court my dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My lighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

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

O my bonny, &c.
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 ripe,
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 bless 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 fleek,
"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.
TO MRS. A. C.

"WHEN BEAUTY BLAZES."

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
   The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark, with rising light,
   Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount by;
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
   The inspir'd thought, and softest lays,
And kindle in the breast a flame,
   Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts,
   When she appears, take the alarm;
Love on her beauty points his darts,
   And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But
But vain must every caution prove;
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly should shun;
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

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

Whether she love the rural scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains;
Unhappy, if she on him frown.
The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.
I HAVE A GREEN PURSE, AND A WEE PICKLE GOWD.

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

My Chrifty she's charming, and good as she's fair,
Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet;
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou fairest, and dearest,
Delight of my mind,
Whose gracious embraces
By heaven were design'd
For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.
For thee, bonny Chrifty, my shepherds and hynds
Shall carefully make the year’s dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and cheer me
With smiling consent,
Believe me, and give me
No cause to lament;
Since I ne’er can be happy till thou say, Content,
I ’m pleas’d with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

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

BRIGANTHIUS.

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.
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 chiefest 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 pleases 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
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 seeks Robin out,
To flap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
Ufe Jenny Nettles kindly:
Score out the blame, and flun the flame,
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 stane of woo,
Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, laffie, fa' thysell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we 'l1 buckle, then we 'l1 tell,
Let her flyte and syne 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.

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 tryffing-place we 'll meet,
    To do but what my dame has done.
For the fake, &c.

HE.

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

A thousand beauties of desert
   Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
   And but 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 kisles.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
   And yet I couldn'a want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
   Of her's pled, I should grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
   Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and troth,
   And a young lady made her.
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?
Thouse 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 set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat 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 borrow'toun merchants
Will fell ye on tick,
For we man hae braw things,
Abeit they fou'd 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,

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 less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
The artless sweetnes 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 slains
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.
LYRIC.

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.
Bleff guardians of our joys and wealth!
    True fountains of delight and love!
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
    Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.
EPISTOLARY.
Well fare thee, Allan, who in mother tongue
So sweetly hath of breathless Addie fung:
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 sanguine strife.
In council now sedate the chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in Bavarian ears;
And still pursuing the destructive theme,
He pushes them into the rapid stream:
Thus beaten out of Blenheim's neigh'ring fields,
The Gallic gen'r'al to the victor yields,
Who, as Britannia's Virgil hath observ'd,
From threaten'd fate all Europe then preserv'd.

Nor dost thou, Ramsay, 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 'st sung of the lamented swain.
THE ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

THIRSTING for fame, at the Pierian spring,
The poet takes a waught, then 'seys to sing
Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit
Her bonny 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 ghaiift.
O heartsome labour! wordy time and pains!
That frae the best esteem and friendship gains:
Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike,
Stock-job the warld among them as they like.

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

Whence

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

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 sprush new words are laid,  
I, like the classic 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 sure a breast  
Sae gen'rous is, of a' that 's good posseft!  
Till I can serve ye mair, I 'll wish ye well,  
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."
SEVEN FAMILIAR EPISTLES,
WHICH PASSED BETWEEN LIEUT. HAMILTON * AND THE AUTHOR.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O fam’d and celebrated Allan!
Renown’d Ramsay! canty callan!
There ’s nowther Highland-man nor Lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as 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 skill;
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 fuck'd up, left nae excrescence
To petty poets, or sic messens,
    Tho' round thy stool
They may pick crumbs, and learn some lessons
At Ramfay'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.

* The celebrated Ben Jonson.
† Scots Ramfay prefs'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
    He 'd fight for the laurel before he would want it:
But rist 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 Ramsay's name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
   To their great loss,
And send them a' right sneaking hame
   Be Weeping-crofs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
And leer wi' skil 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'nburgh 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 fae fine a spirit.
At crambo then we 'll rack our brain,  
Drown ilk dull care and aking pain,  
Whilk aften does our spirits drain  
    Of true content;  
Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain,  
    When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we 'll gargarize our craig,  
Then enter in a lafting league,  
Free of ill afpect or intrigue;  
    And, gin you pleafe 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 fonnet,  
    Who am moft 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.
Edinburgh, July 10th, 1719.

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

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goffly Don's be candle-light,
There firfl I saw 't, and ca'd it right,
    And the mai$ 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 eafy.
Sae roos'd by ane of well-kend mettle,
Nae fina' did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd critics it will nettle,
And e'en sae be 't:
This month I 'm sure I winna settle,
Sae proud I 'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
And cou'd your Ardry whins * rehearse,
Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
   It warm'd my breast;
Then emulation did me pierce,
   Whilk since ne'er ceast.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little,
Ye 're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
   But blyth and gabby,
And hit the spirit to a tittle
   Of standart Habby †.

* 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 Watson, 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 quit 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 stocks
Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks, and Locks,
While we neglect
To shaw their betters; this provokes
Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell*;
Our country then a tale cou'd tell,

Europe

* Gawn Douglas*, 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 Scotish 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, whene'er ye come,
   I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
Were 't frae the gill-bells to the drum †,
   And tak' a bout,
And faith I hope we'll not fit dumb,
   Nor yet cast out.

* James the First, and Fifth.
† From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music-bells begin to play, (frequently called the gill-bells, from people's taking a whetting dram at that time,) to the drum at ten o'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.
DEAR RAMSAY,

When I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
O sic a fike and sic a fistle
I had about it!
That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle *
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
How to the nines they did content me;
Tho', Sir, sae high to compliment me
Ye might deferr'd,
I for had ye but haff'well a kent me,
Some lefs wad fer'd.

With

* The ancient and most noble order of knighthood, instituted by king Achaius, and renewed by James VII. The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the order, is a green ribband, to which is appended a thistle of gold crowned with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, "Nemo me impune lacesset."
With joyfu' heart beyond expression,
They 're safely now in my possession:
O gin I were a winter session
    Near by thy lodging,
I 'd close attend thy new profession,
    Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there 's but few
To vie with Ramsay dare avow,
In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
    And without fleetching,
Thou 's better at that trade, I trow,
    Than some 's at preaching *.

For my part, till I 'm better lear't,
To stroke with thee I 'd best forbear 't,
For an' the fouk of Ed'nburch 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 fulsome 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 saft sweet style,
And bonny auld words gar me smile;
Thou 's travell'd sure 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 defart dandert?  That

* A people deeply learned in the occult sciences, who conversed with aerial beings: gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or so.
That with thy magic, town and landart,  
For ought I 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 sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby  
As either thee or honest Habby,  
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,  
Or velvet plush,  
And then thou 'd be fae far frae shabby,  
Thou 'd look right spruish.

What
What tho' young empty airy sparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks;
'Tis sma presumption,
To say they 're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
To tye up a' their lang loose leather;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it;
For an they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I,
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them skellums;
I 'm 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 blow 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 wise judicious lad,
“ Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
   “ Ill-bred bog-staker †;
“ But me ye ne'er fae croufe 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 sets 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 Caftalius' fountain brink,
"Dad down a groud ‡, and tak' a drink,
"Syne whistle out paper, pen, and ink,
"And do my bidding:
"Be thankfou, else I'fe gar ye stink
"Yet on a midding:"

My mistrefs dear, your fervant humble,
Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble

Your

* Ironically she says, It becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily, and affront my benefactress, by alleging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.

† A herring, and a coarse kind of leavened bread used by the common people.

‡ Fall flat on your belly.
Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble;
'Tis ne'er be me
Shall scandalize, or 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 side 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 stumphs that fnarl
    At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel says, ye 're well worth gowd,
And blythness on ye 's well bestow'd,
'Mang witty Scots ye'r name 's be row'd,
    Ne'er

* A noted hill in Kincardinesh'ire.
† Kissed the rod; owned my fault like a good child.
EPISTOLARY.

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 fin;
Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And fame's their jo;
And wha blaws best the horn shall win:
And wharefore no?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain-glories,
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, fafh'd wi' spleen,
Caff up the wrang side of their een,

Pegh,

* The scribbling rhymers, with their lame verfification, 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 girn, wi' spite and teen,
And fa' a flyting;
Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us;
Gin I can snifter thro' mundungus,
Wi' boots and belt on,
I hope to see you at St. Mungo's *
Atween and beltan.

* The high church of Glasgow.
Accept my third and last effay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright Ramfay, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donfie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,
Was ay right donfie.

Wherefore I scarce cou'd sleep or flumber,
Till I made up that happy number:
The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber
In every part,
And snoovt away * like three-hand ombre,
Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
August the fourth, I grant receipt;
It was fae braw, gart me look blate,
'Maift tyne my fenses,
And look just like poor country Kate,
In Lucky Spence's †.

I shaw'd

* Whirl'd smoothly round. "Snooving" always expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.
† Vide Elegy on Lucky Spence, vol. i. p. 301.
I shaw'd it to our parish priest,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;
He says, thou may had up thy creest,
   And craw fu' crouse,
The poets a' to thee 's but jest,
   Not worth a soule.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is fae 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 scanner;
   Syne wi' great shame
We 'll rue the day that we do want her;
   Then wha 's to blame?

But

* Turn sullen, restive, and kick.
But let us till her kindnefs 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 clufter,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,
And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
To thy achievements maift 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 keeped frae the wirricow,
   After thou 's dead.

* All this verse is a succinct clufter of kind wishes, elegantly expressed, with a friendly spirit; to which I take the liberty to add, Amen.
ANSWER. III.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 2, 1719.

MY TRUSTY TROJAN,

Thy 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' 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 toolly,

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 kiss'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 world e'en shog
As it thinks fit.

Ne'er faith about your neist year's state,
Nor with superior pow'rs debate,
Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate;
There's ills anew
To cram our days, which soon grow late;
Let's live just now.

* 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 whimsies bawk us,
When joy 's in feason,
And thole fae aft the spleen to whauk us
Out of our reason?

Tho' I were laird of tenscore acres,
Nodding to jouks of hallenshakers ‡,
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-glass.
† Vide book i. ode ii. 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 "hallenshaker."
Contentment ruins,
I'd rather roost wi' causey-rakers,
And sup cauld fowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
A doll of roast beef piping het,
And wi' red wine their wyfon wet,
And cleathing clean,
And be nae 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 Alps-
pines and Pyrenians.
The cheerfou carles do fae yelp
To ha'e's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme fae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,
Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare *
    To ha'e them by them;
Tho' gaffin they wi' sides 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 earnest.
† It is usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides, and to beftow 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 "fons fa' ye," and the like.
‡ Is a cant phrase, from what rife 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' foumin,
Fu' fat they are, and gufty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on;
Bra fappy fith
As ane cou'd wish
To clap on fadge or fcon;
They relish fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares ftand yon.

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

* Whole, without the leaft fault or want.

VOL. II.  A A
And with bald brag advance,
What's hoarded in
Lochs Broom and Fin *
Might ding the stocks of France.

A jelly sum 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 bosh shade
Of sinking trade,

* 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-glaafs politic,
    Which heaves and fets
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' increase the public gear,
    When on our feas,
Like bisy bees,
    Ten thousand fishers steer.

Could we catch th' united shoals
That crowd the western ocean,
The Indies would prove hungry holes,
Compar'd to this our Goshen:
    Then let 's to wark
With net and bark,
    Them fish and faithfu' cure up;
Gin fae we join,
    We 'll cleek in coin
Frae a' the ports of Europe.

Thanks
Thanks t' ye, Captain, for this swatch
   Of our store, and your favour;
Gin I be spar'd, your love to match
   Shall still be my endeavour.
   Next unto you,
   My service due
Please gi'e to Matthew Cumin*,
   Wha with fair heart
   Has play'd his part,
   And sent them true and trim in.

* Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late magistrates of that city
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,
(Transporting thought!) gave pleasure to the ear:
Then music in its full perfection shin'd,
When man to man melodious spoke his mind.

As when a richly-fraughted fleet is loft
In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,
Down many fathoms of the liquid mass,
The artist dives in ark of oak or brass;
Snatches some ingots of Peruvian ore,
And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore:
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find;
They swell in wealth, tho' much is left behind.
Amphion’s fons, with minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th’ unbounded ocean of delight,
And daily gain new stores of pleasing sounds,
To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds;
While vocal tubes and consort strings engage
To speak the dialect of the golden age.
Then you, whose symphony of souls proclaim
Your kin to heav’n, add to your country’s fame,
And shew that music may have as good fate
In Albion’s glens, as Umbria’s green retreat;
And with Correlli’s soft Italian song
Mix “Cowdenknows,” and “Winter nights are long:”
Nor should the martial “Pibrough” be despis’d;
Own’d and refin’d by you, these shall the more be priz’d.

Each ravish’d ear extols your heav’nly art,
Which soothes our care, and elevates the heart;
Whilst hoarser sounds the martial ardours move,
And liquid notes invite to shades and love.

Hail! safe restorer of distemper’d minds,
That with delight the raging passions binds;
Extatic concord, only banish’d hell,
Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell.
Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
Long may they relish thy transported sweets.
AN EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE;
DESCRIBING THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH, January 1719.

As errant knight, with sword and pistol,
Betrides 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,
Wafting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanting,
With formless phrase, and formal canting;
While Jacob Boehmen's * salt does seazon,
And faves 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 fowf ye o'er a short epistle,
Without rule, compasses, or charcoal,
Or serious study in a dark hole.
Three times I ga'e the muse a rug,
Then bit my nails, and claw'd my lug;
Still heavy—at the laft my nofe
I prim'd with an inspiring dose *,
Then did ideas dance (dear safe us !)
As they 'd been daft.—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,
(That 's merchants' style as clean as fir,)
Ye 're welcome back to Caledonie †,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
Harveft, winter, spring, and summer,
And ay keep up your heartsome humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky task go,
Of brushing up our sister Glasgow;

Where

* Vide Mr. Arbuckle's Poem on Snuff.
† Having been in his native Ireland, visiting his friends.
Where lads are dext'rous at improving,
And docile lasses fair and loving:
But never tent these fellows' girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning.
And frae pure dulness are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that 's witty, vicious.

Now, Jamie, in neift place, secundo,
To give you what 's your due in mundo;
That is to fay in hame-o' er phrases,
To tell ye, men of mettle praises
Ilk verfe of yours, when they can light on 't,
And trouth I think they 're in the right on 't;
For there 's ay somethine fae auld-farran,
Sae flid, fae unconstrain'd, and darin,
In ilka sample we have seen yet,
That little better here has been yet:
Sae much for that.—My friend Arbuckle,
I ne'er afore roos'd ane so muckle:
Fauce 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;

**Transtub.**

* Ramsay was a zealous tory from principle. But he was much careless 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
Transub., Loretta-house, and mae tricks,
As prayers to saints Katties and Patricks;
Nor Afgilite *, nor Bell Clarksonian †,
Nor Mountaineer ‡, nor Mugletonian §;
Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,
In Cotmoor fowk and Andrew Harlay ||.

Neist,

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

* Mr. Afgil, a late member of parliament, advanced (whether in jest or earnest I know not) some very whimsical opinions; particularly, that people need not die if they pleased, but be translated alive to heaven like Enoch and Elijah.

† Beffy 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.

|| 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 fencing,
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 theck the out, and line the inside
Of mony a doufe and witty pass,
And baith ways gather in the cash;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep my wife ay great wi' poet:
Contented I have sic a skair,
As does my business to a hair;
And fain wad prove to ilka Scot,
That poortith 's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and lastly baith togither,
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, fail large and free,
Be a' your fates:—fae God be wi' ye.
TO THE EARL OF DALHOUSSIE.

DALHOUSSIE of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoop, and ornament,
For entertainment a wee while,
Accept this sonnet with a smile.
Setting great Horace in my view,
He to Mæcenas, I to you;
But that my muse may sing with ease,
I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,
There's hardly twa of the same mind!
Some like to study, some to play,
Some on the Links to win the day,
And gar the courfer rin like wood,
A' drappin' down with sweat and blood:
The winner syne assumes a look
Might gain a monarch or a duke.
Neist view the man with pawky face
Has mounted to a fashious place,
Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
He's pleas'd with his uneasy state;

Glowr'd
Glowr’d at a while, he gangs fou braw,
Till frae his kittle post he fa’.

The Lothian farmer he likes best
To be of good faugh riggs posseft,
And fen upon a frugal stock,
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 fteer,
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 shyreft 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 rattling drum and trumpet's tout
Delight young swankies that are stout;
What his kind frightened mother ugs,
Is music to the foger's lugs.

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 mofs and moor, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his trusty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
And won a 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, clas me amang
Those who have sung baith faft and strang,
Of smiling love, or doughty deed,
To farns sublime I 'll lift my head.
’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 yoursell.

While frae originals of yours
Fair copies shall be tane,
And fix’d on brass to busk our bow’rs,
Your mem’ry shall remain.

To your ain deeds the maist deny’d,
Or of a taste o’er fine,
May be ye ’re but o’er right, afraid
To fink 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 unfound.

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 scences 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 eas'ly cloy.
Not so plebeian souls, whom sporting fate
Thrusts into life upon a large estate,
While spleen their weak imagination fours,
They 're at a loss how to employ their hours:
The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show
Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow:
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son'rous page,
Where shine the raptures of poetic rage;
Nor thro' the microscope can take delight
T' observe the tusks and bristles of a mite;
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to descry
Those shining worlds which roll around the sky.
Bid such read hist'ry to improve their skill,
Polite excuse! their memories are ill:
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make
show,
But their contents they 're not oblig'd to know;
And gen'rous friendship 's out of sight too fine,
They think it only means a glass of wine.

But he whose cheerful mind hath higher
flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own;
Has seen the world, and read the volume Man,
And can the springs and ends of action scan;
Has fronted death in service of his king,
And drunken deep of the Caefalian 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.
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 prefs.
For 's love to science, and each virtuous Scot,
May days unnumber'd be great Cosmus' lot!

* Mr. Smibert, a painter. Mr. Walpole, in his "Anec-
dotes of Painting," characterizes him as an ingenious artist,
and a most worthy man. He died at Boston, in New Eng-
land, in 1751. Allan Ramsay, the painter, was a scholar
of Smibert's.
The sweet Hesperian fields you'll next explore, 'Twixt Arno's banks and Tiber's fertile shore. Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace, With my fond muse and you these plains to trace; We 'd enter Rome with an uncommon taste, And feed our minds on every famous waste; Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs, Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes, Old aerial aqueducts, and strong-pav'd roads, Which seem to 've been not wrought by men but gods.

These view'd, we 'd then survey with utmost care What modern Rome produces fine or rare; Where buildings rise with all the strength of art, Proclaiming their great architect's desert. Which citron shades surround and jeflamin, 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 glass about,
When warm’d with wine, like men we think,
  And grow mair stout.

The cauldrie carlies clog’d wi’ care,
Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
If ram’d wi’ red, they rant and rair,
  Like mirthfu’ men,
It soothly shaws them they can spare
  A rowth to spend.

What
What fofer, 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 lass.

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

Let 's 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 bliss mair ficker.
And tap our heal and sprightly liquor,
Which sober tane, makes wit the quicker,
And fense mair keen,
While graver heads that 's muckle thicker
Grane wi' the spleen.
May ne'er sic wicked fumes arise
In me, shall break a' sacred ties,
And gar me like a fool despise,
   With stiffness rude,
Whatever my best friends advise,
    Tho' ne'er fo gude.

'Tis best then to evite the sin
Of bending till our sauls gae blin,
Left, like our glaas, our breasts grow thin,
   And let fowk peep
At ilka secret hid within,
    That we shound keep.
1721.

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 trusty friend of mine
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies shine.
Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the frozen north
Can tow'ring minds with heav'ny heat bring forth:

Minds

* The piece here alluded to was "Fatal Extravagance," a Tragedy, 1721; which Mitchell himself afterwards avowed to have been written by Aaron Hill, Esq. who, with a generosity peculiar to himself, allowed this author, who was himself a tolerable poet, both the reputation and the profits of this piece, to extricate him from some pecuniary embarrassments brought on by his own extravagance: thus in the very title of the piece conveying a gentle reproof, while he generously relieved him. Mitchell was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poems; "Fatal Extravagance," a tragedy, 8vo, 1721; the "Fatal Extravagance," enlarged, 12mo, 1725; "The Highland Fair," a ballad opera, 8vo, 1731. Mitchell died in 1738.
Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,
And frae black heath’ry-headed mountains sing,
As faft as he that haughs Hesperian treads,
Or leans beneath the aromatic shades;
Bred to the love of lit’rature and arms,
Still something great a Scottifh 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 monf’rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal design
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,
That a’ which mounts the stage is surely bad.
Stupidly dull!—but fools ay fools will be,
And nane’s fae blind as them that winna see.
Where’s vice and virtue 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 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 sae, else how could he display,
With so just strength, the great tremendous
day?

Sic patterns, Joseph, always keep in view,
Ne'er fash if ye can please the thinking few,
Then, spite of malice, worth shall have its due.
TO ROBERT YARDE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Frae northern mountains clad with snow,
Where whistling winds incessant blow,
In time now when the curling-stane
Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,
What sprightly tale in verse can Yarde
Expect frae a cauld Scottish bard,
With brose and bannocks poorly fed,
In hoden grey right harshly 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 glass 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,
Frae 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 law with 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 kent of fame,
Divini vates was their name:
It was, and is, and shall be ay,
While they move in fair virtue's way;
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe
Believe me, Sir, the nearest way
To happiness is to be gay;
For spleen indulg'd will banish rest
Far frae the bosoms of the best;
Thousands a year 's no worth a prin,
Whene'er this fashious quest gets in:
But a fair competent effate
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 girns at a' he sees,
That are a crown richer than he 's;
Which gars him pitifully hane,
And hell's ase-middins rake for gain;
Yet never kens a blythsome hour,
Is ever wanting, ever four.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make
A man the gowden mean forfaik
It shaws as much a shallow mind,
And ane extravagantly blind,
If careless of his future fate,
He daftly waftes a good estate,
And never thinks till thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner’s shavings’ breeze
Their low will for some seconds please,
But soon the glaring leam is past,
And cauldripe darkness follows fast;
While flaw the faggots large expire,
And warm us with a lafting fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
With idle fears your pleasures spill;
Nor with negleeting prudent care,
Do skaith to your succeeding heir:
Thus steering cannily thro’ life,
Your joys shall lafting be and rife.
Give a’ your passions room to reel,
As lang as reason guides the wheel:
Desires, tho’ ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmoniously keep time;
But when they spang o’er reason’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 cheerfu' 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 quantum we transgress,
Our blessing turns the quite reverse.

To love the bonny smiling fair,
Nane can their passions better ware;
Yet love is kittle and unruly,
And shou'd move tentily and hooly;
For if it get o'er meikle head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden grounds,
Where constantly like furies range
Poortith, disease, death, revenge:
To toom anes poutch to dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd husband probe ane's liver,
Or void ane's faul out thro' a shanker,
In faith 't wad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,
Worthy your love and nuptial vow;
Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,
Drink deep of joy within her arms;
Be still delighted with her breast,
And on her love with rapture feast.
May she be blooming, 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-ffanes rattling yet;
On Crochan-bufs my hirdsell took the lee,
As ane wad wifh, just a' beneath my ee:
I in the bield of yon auld birk-tree fide,
Poor cauldrife Coly whing'd aneath my plaid.
Right coziyie was fet to eafe 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 feek your help; —'tis bootless toil
With sic dead afe to muck a moorland foil;
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 Parnassius on the firth of Forth.
Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill
With strains that warm our hearts like cannell gill,
And learns thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,
The blytheest 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;
Nor e'en the loyal brooker of bell trees,
Wha fang with hungry wame his want of fees;
Nor Habby's drone, cou'd with thy wind-pipe please:
When, in his well-ken'd clink, thou manes the death
Of Lucky Wood and Spence, (a matchless skaith
To Canigate,) fae gash thy gab-trees gang,
The carlines live for ever in thy fang.

Or when thy country bridals thou pursues,
To red the regal tulzie sets thy muse,
Thy soothing fangs bring canker'd carles to ease,
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 loss, the lambs in concert mae,
And lanesome 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 blow's 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 sin,
I 'd rather have thy pipe and twa three sheep,
Than a' the gowd the monarch's coffers keep.

Coly, look out, the few we have 's gane wrang,
This se'enteen owks I have not play'd fae lang;
Ha! Crummy, ha! trowth I man quat my fang;
But, lad, neist mirk we 'll to the haining drive,
When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive:
The royts will rest, and gin ye like my play,
I 'll whistle to thee all the live-lang day.
TO MR. WILLIAM STARRAT,
ON RECEIVING THE FOREGOING.

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

How
How wedges rive the aik; how pullifees
Can lift on higheft roofs the greatest trees,
Rug frae its roots the craig of Edinburgh castle,
As easily as I cou'd break my whistle;
What pleugh fits a wet foil, and whilk the dry;
And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,
When round ane's lugs the blatran hail-ftanes ring;
But feckfu' folks can front the baldest wind,
And flunk thro' moors, and never fash their mind.
Aft have I wid thro' glens with chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet;
Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
Then let 's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,
While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.
Mankind's account of good and ill 's a jeft,
Fancy 's the rudder, and content 's a feast.

Dear friend of mine! ye but o'er meikle reese
The lawly mints of my poor moorland mufe,
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 lads 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 another 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 possest.

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 sae do I, wha reeze but few,
Which nae sma' favour is to you;
For to my friends I stand right true,
With shanks a-spar;
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 hatefu' spleen,
And a' that 's four.

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

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

As fair a form as e'er was blest
To have an angel for a guest;
Happy the prince who is possess
Of sic a prize,
Whose virtues place her with the best
Beneath the skies:

O sonfly
O fonsy 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 ethercapit slings,
With carelefs pride,
When fae 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 saphire crown'd,
To Thule's shore,
Where northward no more Britain's found,
But seas that røre.

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

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

There ftng the gowans, broom, and trees,
The crystal burn and westlin breeze,
The bleeting flocks and bify bees,
And blythsome swains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
O'er mossly plains.

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

My Burchet's name well pleas'd I 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
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 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 sit knowledge bring?
But those laigh tinkers ne'er reflect,
Some fauls ken ilka thing,

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

But he that could, in tender strains,
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 reece without reserve,
When truth supports my theme.

Gae,

* "William and Margaret," a ballad, in imitation of the old manner, wherein the strength of thought and passion is more observed than a rant of unmeaning words.
Gae, lad, and win a nation's love,
   By making those in trust,
Like Wallace's Achates *, prove
   Wise, 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 tender crowd the mind,
    When with the royal bard you go,
To fight 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 stood to bray,
    Till in a flame his tail he lost.

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

Old Chaucer, bard of vast ingine;
    Fontaine and Prior, who have sung
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine
    On Lob, they 'd own themselves out-done.
The plot 's purfu'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 wou'd seem,
Gracefully handsome, wise, and sweet;
    'Tis merit to have her esteem.
Your noble kinsman, her lov'd mate,
    Whose worth claims all the world's respect,
Met in her love a smiling fate,
    Which has, and must have good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,
    Both from de 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 beftow
    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 ravis'h'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. Ramfay'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 Ramfay, 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 slily 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 shrouds
Her tow’ring head amid the clouds.
But oh! what dangers interpose!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,
Proud winter-floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleasing intercourse.
But sure we bards, whose purer clay
Nature has mixt with less 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,

* 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 Pegafus with speed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed;
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;
Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood,
Each thirsting for his brother's blood;
For now all hostile rage shall cease,
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honest hands and hearts shall join
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.
Let Peggy at thy elbow wait,
And I shall bring my bonny Kate.
But hold:—oh! take a special care
T' admit no prying kirkman there;
I dread the penitential chair.
What a strange figure should I make,
A poor abandon'd English rake;
A squire well born, and fix 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, reencounters, 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-reaching 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 lefs regard what dotards say.
My rose shall then your thistle greet,
The union shall be more complete;
And in a bottle and a friend,
Each national dispute shall end.
AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

Sir, I had yours, and own my pleasure,
On the receipt, exceeded measure.
You write with so much sp’rit and glee,
Sae smooth, sae strong, correct, and free,
That any he (by you allow’d
To have some merit) may be proud.
If that ’s my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha ’ve lent me sic a lift to fame.
Your ain tow’rs high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a first-rate star,
And all the world bestow due praise
On the Collection of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts first poets shine:
Like Matt and Swift ye sing with ease,
And can be Waller when you please.
Continue, Sir, and shame the crew
That ’s plagu’d with having nought to do;
Whom fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg’d with gentle blood,
But has deny’d a genius fit
For action or aspiring wit;
Such 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.
Revers'd 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 senfe."
Allow here what you 've said yourself,
Nought can b' express so just and well.
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every blessing from above,
A son is given, God save the boy,
For theirs and every Som’ril’s joy.
Ye wardens! round him take your place,
And raise him with each manly grace;
Make his meridian virtues shine,
To add fresh lustres to his line:
And many may the mother see
Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, Sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
Hail, snaw, and fleet, frae blacken’d clouds;
While Caledonian hills are green,
And a’ her straths delight the een;
While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a’ the year its beauty shows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your northern tour?
Be sure of welcome; nor believe
These wha an ill report would give
To Ed’nburgh and the land of cakes,
That nought what ’s necessary lacks.
Here plenty’s goddess frae her horn
Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance; and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair:

Nor
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 stride warlds at ilka stend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine sees you, while you cheerfu' roam
On sweet Avona's flow'ry hown,
There recollecting, with full view,
These follies which mankind pursue;
While, conscious of superior merit,
You rise with a correcting spirit,
And as an agent of the gods,
Lash them with sharp satyric rods:
Labour divine!—Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I see you range
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in purest air;
While joy frae heights and dales resounds,
Rais'd by the holla, horn, and hounds:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out run,
I see the friend, and setting fun,
Invite you to the temp'rate bicker,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.

E E 2
The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,
To save your health by sleeping sound.

Thus with cool head and healthsome breast,
You see new day stream frae the east;
Then all the muses round you shine,
Inspiring ev'ry thought divine:

Be long their aid,—your years and blisses,
Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.
AN EPITILE FROM W. SOMERVILLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY, ON PUBLISHING HIS SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

HAIL! Caledonian bard! whose rural strains
Delight the lift'ning hills, and cheer the plains;
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careless of censure, like the sun shine forth
In native lustre and intrinsic worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way and taught the Stagyrite:
From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain till she from heav'n inspire.
By the 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 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 sow'rs, nor spite;
Taught by his founder's motto † how to write,

* 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 lustré shine,
And Homer's Juno was not half so fine.*

---

* Vide Hom. II. lib. xiv.
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 ver juice to the waspish 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 ails, with courage stout,
Ward off the spleen, the stone, and gout.
May ne’er such foes disturb your nights,
Or elbow out your day delights.
Here you will meet the jovial train,
Whose clangors eccho o’er the plain,
While hounds with gowls both loud and clear,
Well tun’d, delight the hunter’s ear,
As they on coursers fleet as wind,
Pursue the fox, hart, hare, or hind:
Delightful game! where friendly ties
Are closer drawn, and health the prize.

* 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.
TO DONALD M'EWEN, JEWELLER, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

How far frae hame my friend seeks fame!
And yet I canna wyte ye,
T' employ your fire, and still aspire
By virtues that delyte ye.

Shou'd fortune lour, 'tis in your power,
If heaven grant balmy health,
T' enjoy ilk hour a faul 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 refin'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 howso'er, haste gather gear,
And syne pack up your treasure;
Then to Auld Reekie come and beek ye,
And close your days with pleasure.
TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT 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 niesp
   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! soughed
His bread thro' Greece) he should be brought
   Frae Russia'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 fause report beguiling,
Prov'd a draw-back on your smiling:
Dight your een, and cease your grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, sleeping soundly,
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly rum and claret,
Ale and usque, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but spilling,
The leaft diamond * drawing, filling;
Sowing 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 sighing 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
Pleasing Philip's tuneful tickle,
Philomel, and kind Arbuckle;
Singers sweet, both lads and lasses,
Tuning pipes on hill Parnassus,
Allan kindly to you wishes
Lasting life and growth 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 rufly look and crabbed,
As if you were bep—d or scabbed,
Or had been going thro' a dose
Of mercury to save your nose;
Let me advise you, out of pity,
To leave the chatt'ring, stinking city,
Where pride and emptiness take place
Of plain integrity and grace;
Where hideous screams wad kill a cat,
Of wha buys this? or wha buys that?
And thro' the day, frae break o' morning,
The buz of bills, protests, and horning;
Besides the everlafting squabble
Among the great and little rabble,
Wha tear their lungs, and deave your ears,
With all their party hopes and fears;
While rattling o'er their filly cant,
Learn'd frae the Mercury and Courant,
About the aid that comes frae Russia,
And the neutrality of Prussia;
Of France's tyranny and slavery,
Their faithless fickleness and knavery;
Of Spain, the best beloved son
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 lasses trig that please your fancies,
For five or six gay hours complete,
In circles of th' assembly sweet;
Wha can forfake 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 faften'd saul bewitch,
And faculties in fetters bind,
That are for greater ends design'd.
Then rouze ye frae these dozing dreams,
And view with me the golden beams
Which Phœbus ilka morning pours
Upon our plains adorn'd with flow'rs;
With me thro' howms and meadows stray,
Where wimpling waters make their way;
Here, frae the aiks and elms around,
You 'll hear the saft melodious sound
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, mavises, and linnets,
Excel your fiddles, flutes, and spinnets;
Our jetty rooks e’en far excels
Your strim-strams and your jingling bells,
As do the cloven-footed tribes,
And rustics whistling o’er the glybes.
Here we with little labour gain
Firm health, with all its joyful train;
Silent repose, the cheerful smile
Which can intruding cares beguile:
Here fragrant flow’rs of tinctures bright,
Regale the smell and please the sight,
And make the springs of life to flow
Through every vein with kindly glow,
Giving the cheek a rosy tint
Excelling all the arts of paint.
If 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 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 ftitle;
In conversation this being right,
As is in painting shade and light.

This is the life poets have sung;
Wish'd for, my friend, by auld and young;
By all who would heaven's favour share:
Where least ambition, least of care;
Disturbs the mind; where virtuous ease
And temperance never fail to please.

PENNYCUICK,
May 1748.

ALLAN RAMSAY.
AN EPISTLE TO JAMES CLERK, ESQ. OF PENNYCUICK.

Blyth may he be wha o' er the haugh,
All free of care, may sing and laugh;
Whase owfen lunges o' er a plain
Of wide extent, that 's a' his ain.
No humdrum fears need break his rest,
Wha's not with debts and duns oppress'd;
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, felling,
The profit 's a'ft 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
Wha creeps beneath a laid of care,
When interest points he’s gleg and gare,
And will at naithing flap or stand,
That reeks him out a helping hand.

But here, dear Sir, do not mistake me,
As if grace did fae far forfake me,
As to allege that all poor fellows,
Unblest with wealth, deserv’d the gallows.
Na, God forbid that I should spell
Sae vile a fortune to myfell,
Tho’ born to not ae inch of ground,
I keep my conscience white and sound;
And tho’ I ne’er was a rich heaper,
To make that up I live the cheaper;
By this ae knack I’ve made a shift
To drive ambitious care a-drift;
And now in years and senfe grown auld,
In eafe 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 refufe?
Sir, I have fung, and yet may sing,
Sonnets that o'er the dales may ring,
And in gash glee couch moral saw,
Reese 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.
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 shew 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.
SIR,

That mony a thriftles 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 goblins to the sky,
With hungry wames and empty pouches.

Dear billies, tak advice for anes,
If ye 'd hope honour by the muse,
Rather to masons carry stanes,
Than for your patrons blockheads chuse:

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

A wee thing serves a cheerful 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.
FABLES AND TALES.
Sed laudationis in preventa sua,
Vitus sapientia horsa et illa sola rara.

The praise of the wise woman
Is a pure milk, it is sweet honey.

Lauda te in conspectu sua,
Viris sapientibus et illis sola rara.

The praise of the wise woman
Is a pure milk, it is sweet honey.

Psalm 45:15, 17
FABLES AND TALES.

1722—1730.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some of the following are taken from Messieurs la Fontaine and la Motte, whom I have endeavoured to make speak Scots with as much ease as I can; at the same time aiming at the spirit of these eminent authors, without being too servile a translator. If my manner of expressing a design already invented have any particularity that is agreeable, good judges will allow such imitations to be originals formed upon the idea of another. Others, who drudge at the dull verbatim, are like timorous attendants, who dare not move one pace without their master's leave, and are never from their back but when they are not able to come up with them.

Those amongst them which are my own invention, with respect to the plot as well as the numbers, I leave the reader to find out; or if he think it worth his while to ask me, I shall tell him.

If this Collection prove acceptable, as I hope it will, I know not how far the love I have for this manner of writing may engage me to be divertingly useful. Instruction in such a dress is fitted for every palate, and strongly imprints a good moral upon the mind. When I think on the "Clock and the Dial," I am never upon the blush, although I should sit in company ten minutes without speaking. The thoughts of the "Fox and Rat" has hindered me sometimes from disobliger a perfon I did not much value. "The Wife "Lizard" makes me content with low life. "The Judg-
"ment of Minos" gives me a disgust at avarice; and "Jupiter's Lottery" helps to keep me humble, though I own it has e'en enough ado wi't, &c.

A man who has his mind furnished with such a 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 fash'd with meikele wealth or care,
I pass the live-lang day;
Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my grave,
Sic busked baits they lay.
These keep my fancy on the wing,
Something that's blyth and snack to sing,
And smooth the runkled brow:
Thus care I happily beguile,
Hoping a plaudit and a smile
Frae best of men, like you.

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 slidness of a fang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,
Whase 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 shell!

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

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

Are these the things thou ca's thyfell?
Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell;
If thou fayest 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 maist deny'd;
Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd,
When strutting nathings are despis'd,
With a' their stinking pride.

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

* Monf. la Motte, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.
Fable I.

The Twa Books.

Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,
The tane a gilded Turky fop;
The tither's face was weather-beaten,
And cauf-skin 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 skin,
"I doubt if you be worth within:
"For as auld-fashion'd as I look,
"May be I am the better book."—
"O heavens! I canna thole the clash
"Of this impertinent auld haff;

"I winna
"I winna stay ae moment langer."
"My lord, pleafe to command your anger;
"Pray only let me tell you that——"
"What wad this infolent be at?
"Rot out your tongue! pray, master Symmer,
"Remove me frae this dinsome rhymer;
"If you regard your reputation,
"And us of a distinguish'd station,
"Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
"For with his flour and flink I'm worried."

Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,
When in a cuftomer did pap;
He up douse Stanza lifts, and eyes him,
Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him:
"This book," said he, "is good and scarce,
"The fual of fenfe in sweetefl verse."

But reading title of gilt cleathing,
Cries, "Gods! wha buy 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 fervant hope
My lays fhall merit your regard,
I 'll thank the gods for my reward,
And fhmile at ilka fop.
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 ftand ye there for then?"
"I wait here till the sun shinges bright,
"For nought I ken but by his light."
"Wait on," quoth Clock, "I fcorn 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 uselesf fumph I ftand,
"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 fun 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 wisest 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 laighter field,
And drive 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-faul'd, cheating, thieving lot,
That tho' possesst 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 dreft 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 amaist,
"For tho' you're happily possfest
"Of ilka grace which claims respect,
"Yet I see faults you should correct;
"I own they only trifles are,
"Yet of importance to the fair:
"What signifies that patch o'er braid,
"With which your rosy cheek's o'erlaid?
"Your natural beauties you beguile,
"By that too much affected smile;
"Saften that look; move ay with ease,
"And you can never fail to please."
Those kind advices she approv'd,
And mair her monitor she lov'd,
Till in came visitants a thrieve;
To entertain them she man leave
Her Looking-glass.—They fleetching praise
Her looks, her drees, 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 Lairs
Forgat her faithfu' Looking-glass.

Clarinda, this dear beautie's you,
The mirror is a'ne good and wise,
Wha, by his counsels just, can shew
How nobles may to greatness rise.
God bless the wark!—If you're oppress'd
By parasites with false design,
Then will sic faithfu' mirrors beft
These under-plotters countermine.
ANES Jove, by ae great act of grace,
Wad gratify his human race,
And order'd Hermes, in his name,
With tout of trumpet to proclaim
A royal lott'ry frae the skies,
Where ilka ticket was a prize.
Nor was there need for ten per cent.
To pay advance for money lent;
Nor brokers nor stock-jobbers here
Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear:
The first-rate benefits were health,
Pleasures, honours, empire, and wealth;
But happy he to whom wad fa'
Wisdom, the highest prize of a'.
Hopes of attaining things the best,
Made up the 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 severall 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 fyne,  
That nane with reason might repine.  
He drew, and Mercury was clark,  
The number, prize, and name to mark.  
Now hopes by millions fast came forth,  
But feldom prizes of mair worth,  
Sic as dominion, wealth, and state,  
True friends, and lovers fortunate.  
Wisdom at laft, the greatest prize,  
Comes up:—aloud clark Hermes cries,  
" Number ten thousand; come, let's see  
" The person blest."—Quoth Pallas, "Me."  
Then a' the gods for blythness sang,  
Thro' heaven glad acclamations rang;  
While mankind, grumbling, laid the wyte  
On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.  
" Yes," cry'd ilk ane, with fobbing heart,  
" Kind Jove has play'd a parent's part,  
" Wha did this prize to Pallas send,  
" While we 're sneg'd off at the wob's end."
Soon to their clamours Jove took tent,
To punish which to wark he went:
He straight with follies fill’d the wheel;
In wisdom’s place they did as weel,
For ilka ane wha folly drew,
In their conceit a’ fages grew:
Sae, thus contented, a’ retir’d,
And ilka fool himself admir’d.
FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND MINOS.

Short syne there was a wretched miser,
With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd buy a mutton stake,
Or take a glas 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 crimp 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 auld Van Charon stood and raught
His wither'd loof out for his fraught;
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to stand and blaw.
The Miser lang being us'd to save,
Fand this, and wadna passage crave;
But shaw'd the ferryman a knack,
Jumpt in, swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.
Charon might damn, and sink, and roar;
But a' in vain, he gain'd the shore.
Arriv'd, the three-pow'd dog of hell
Gowl'd terrible a triple yell;
Which rous'd the snaky sisters three,
Wha furious on this wight did flee,
Wha 'd play'd the smuggler on their coast,
By which Pluto his dues had 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 stung 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 sae 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 sae delicate and fine,
"With various spots does sleekly shine."

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

But master Monkey, with an air,
Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair:
"Come,
"Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,
"I'll give ye pastime for your money:
"I can perform, to raise your wonder,
"Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.
"My cousin Spotty, true he's braw,
"He has a curious 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 thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull;
"Then mimic a light-headed rake,
"When on a tow my houghs I shake;
"Sometime, like modern monks, I'll seem
"To make a speech, and naithing mean.
"But come away, ye needna speer
"What ye're to pay, I've no be dear;
"And if ye grudge for want of sport,
"I'll give it back t' ye at the port."
The Ape succeeded; in fowk went;
Stay'd long, and came out well content.
Sae much will wit and spirit please,
Beyond our shape, and brawest claiths.
How mony, ah! of our fine gallants
Are only Leopards in their talents!
Upon a time a solemn Ass
Was dand’ring thro’ a narrow pass,
Where he forgather’d with a Brock,
Wha him saluted 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 Ass, and made a heel,
" E’en a’ the better that ye ’re weel:"
" But Jackanapes and snarling Fitty"
" Are grown fae wicked, (some ca’s ’t witty,)"
" That we wha folid are and grave,"
" Nae peace on our ain howms can have;"
" While we are biely 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 flinking;
And the bauld birfy bair, your frien',
A glutton, dirty to the een:
By laughing dogs and apes abus'd,
Wha is 't can thole to be fae us'd!"

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

The Afs thought this advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his might:
Stood on a know among the cattle,
And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle:
Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases;
While dogs and apes leugh, and made faces.
Thus a' the angry Afs held forth
Serv'd only to augment their mirth.
FABLE IX.

THE FOX AND THE RAT.

The lion and the tyger lang maintain'd
A bloody weir: at last the lion gain'd.
The royal victor strak the earth with awe,
And the four-footed world obey'd his law.
Frae ilka species deputies were sent,
To pay their homage due, and compliment
Their sov'reign liege, wha 'd gart the rebels cour
And own his royal right and princely power.
After dispute, the moniest votes agree
That Reynard should address his majesty,
Ulysses-like, in name of a' the lave;
Wha thus went on:—"O prince! allow thy slave
"To reece thy brave achievements 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 shake;
"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 fhog, 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, who durst gloom?
A warrant's ordered for a good round fum,
Which dragon, lord chief treasurer, must pay
To fly-tongu'd Fleechy 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 flips,
There chews the warrant a' in little nips.
Thus what the Fox had for his flatt'ry gotten,
E'en frae a Lion, was made nought by an offended Rottan.
FABLE X.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ANT.

A pensy Ant, right trig and clean,
Came ae day whidding o'er the green;
Where, to advance her pride, she saw
A Caterpillar moving slow.
"Good ev'n t' ye, mistress Ant," said he;
"How's a' at hame? I'm blyth to s' ye."
The 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 shape displeas'd her eye,
"And thus unfinish'd was flung bye.
"For me, I'm made with better grace,
"With active limbs, and lively face;
"And cleverly can move with ease
"Frae place to place where'er I please;
"Can foot a minuet or a jig,
"And snoov 't like ony 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 ne’er 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 addreft:
"Pray, Madam, will ye please to rest?"
"And notice what I now advise:
"Inferiors ne’er too much despise,
"For fortune may gi’e sic a turn,
"To raise aboon ye what ye scorn:
"For instance, now I sspread my wing
"In air, while you ’re a creeping thing."
FABLE XI.

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 swarre 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 aff;
And try'd it syne:—it now prov'd light:—
"Friend Cats," said he, we 'll do ye right."

Then to the ither haff he fell,
And laid till 't teaghly tooth and nail;
Till weigh'd again, it lightest prov'd.
The judge, wha this sweet process 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 pleafe
To give them the remaining cheefe.
To which his worship grave reply’d;
“ The dues of court man first be paid.—
“ Now justice pleas’d, what ’s to the fore
“ Will but right scrimply clear your score ;
“ That ’s our decreet :—gae hame and sleep,
“ And thank us ye ’re win aff sae 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 slawer than a snail; " Of colour like a blawart blue—" Reply'd his nibour, " That 's no true; " For well I wat his colour 's green, " If ane may true his ain twa een; " For I in sun-shine saw him fair, " When he was dining on the air."— " Excuse me," fays the ither blade, " I saw 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'rseils 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 snaw;
And thus reprov'd them: "Shallow boys!
"Away, away, make nae mair noise:
"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 sae 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 themsells now in the beams,
Then drinking of the cauller streams.

"Waes me!" says ane of them to th' ither,
"How mean and silly live we, brither!"
"Beneath the moon is ought fae poor,
"Regarded lefs, or mair obscure?"
"We breathe indeed, and that's just a';
"But, forc'd by deffiny'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 sun, the earth, and air,

"The crystal spring, and greenwood shaw,

"And beldy holes when tempefts blaw.

"Why should we fret, look blae or wan,

"Tho' we're contemn'd by saucy man?

"If fae, let 's in return be wise;

"And that proud animal despise."

"O fy!" returns th' ambitious beast,

"How weak a fire now warms thy breast!

"It breaks my heart to live fae mean;

"I'd like t' attract the gazer's een,

"And be admir'd. What stately horns

"The deer's majestic brow adorns!

"He claims our wonder and our dread,

"Where'er he heaves his haughty head.

"What envy a' my spirit fires,

"When he in clearest pools admires

"His various beauties with delyte;

"I'm like to drown myself with spite."

Thus he held forth; when straight a pack
Of hounds, and hunters at their back,

Ran
Ran down a deer before their face,  
Breathless and wearied with the chase:  
The dogs upon the victim seize,  
And beugles found his obsequies.  
But neither men nor dogs took tent  
Of our wee Lizards on the bent;  
While hungry Bawty, Buff, and Tray,  
Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,  
The Lizard wise the proud addrest:  
"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."
THE gods coost 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 left na 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 another Troy?
"What, will you ever be at odds,
"Till mankind think us foolish gods?
"Hey! mistress Peace, make haste, appear." But madam was nae there to hear.
"Come, Hermes, wing thy heels and head,
"And find her out with a' thy speed:
"Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed!"
Hermes obeys, and staptna short,
But flies directly to the court;
For sure (thought he) she will be found
On that fair complimenting ground,
Where praises and embraces ran,
Like current coin, 'tween man and man.
But soon, alake! he was beguil'd;
And fand that courtiers only smil'd,
And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,
That they mair fickerly 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 stack to his ain
Interpretation of the law,
And vex'd themfells with had and draw.

Frae thence he flew straight to the kirk:
In this he prov'd as daft a stirk,
To
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 toughly 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 miftane as ever;
For here contention and ill nature
Had runkled ilka learn'd feature:
Ae party stood for ancient rules,
Anither ca'd the ancients fools;
Here ane wad set his shanks afpar,
And reese 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 fand still his mistake;
Some parents cruel were, some weak;
While bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wish'd their parents in the grave.

"Has Jove then sent me 'mang thir fowk,"
Cry'd Hermes, "here to hunt the gowk?
"Well I have made a waly round,
"To seek what is not to be found."
Just on the wing—towards a burn,
A wee piece aff, his looks did turn;
There mistress Peace he chanc'd to see
Sitting beneath a willow tree.

"And have I found ye at the last?"
He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.
"Here I reside," quoth she, and smil'd,
"With an auld hermit in this wild."
"Well, Madam," said he, "I perceive
That ane may long your presence crave,
And mis' ye still; but this seems plain,
To have ye, ane man be alane."
FABLE XV.

THE SPRING AND THE SYKE.

Fed by a living Spring, a rill
Flow'd easily a-down a hill;
A thousand flowers upon its bank
Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank.
Near to its course a Syke did lye,
Whilk was in summer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd life again,
But after 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 pautthy cracks will soom be laid:
" Frae my ain head I have supply,
" But you must borrow, else rin dry."
Fable XVI.

The Phoenix and the Owl.

Phoenix the first, th' Arabian lord,
And chief of all the feather'd kind,
A hundred ages had ador'd
The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, ye man yield to fate;
He heard the summons with a smile,
And, unalarm'd, without regret,
He form'd 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,
Cursing the sun loot him be cauld.

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

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

For you, a species by yoursell,
"Near eeldins with the sun your god,
"Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
"Ye 're tir'd, and inclin'd to nod.

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

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

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

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

"Ye'r
"Ye'rr servant, Sir," reply'd the Owl.
"I likena in the dark to loowp:
"The byword ca's that chiel a fool,
"That slips a certainty for hope."

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

Meantime there blew a westlin gale,
Which to the Howlet bore a coal;
The faint departed on his pile,
But the blasphemer in his hole:

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

THE BOY AND THE PIG.

Deep in a narrow craiged Pig
Lay mony a dainty nut and fig.
A greedy Callan, half a fot,
Shot his wee nive into the pot,
And thought to bring as mony out
As a' his fangs cou'd gang about;
But the straight neck o't wadna suffer
The hand of this young foolish truffer,
Sae strutted, to return again,
Which gae the gowkie nae f'ma' pain.
He gowls to be fae disappointed,
And drugs till he has 'maist disjointed
His shekelbane.—Anither lad
Stood by, wha some mair judgment had;
Said, "Billy, dinna grip at a,'
"And you with ease a part may draw.'"
This 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 suffic'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 maift like themfelf.
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 Befs the whig, a raving rump,
Took figmaliries, and wald jump,
With sword and pistol by her fide,
And cock a-stride a rowing ride.
On the hag-ridden sump, and grapple
Him hard and fast about the thrapple;
And with her furious fingers whirle
Frae youthfu' black ilk silver curle.
Thus was he ferv'd between the twa,
Till no ae hair he had ava.

**MORAL.**

The moral of this fable 's easy,
But I fall speak it out to please ye.
'Tis an auld saying and a trow,
" Between twa stools 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 keytch'd between the twa,
Like to turn deists ane and a'.
FABLE XIX.

THE FABLE OF THE CONDEMNED ASS.

A dreadful plague, the like was findle seen,
Cast mony a beast wame upwards on the green:
By thousands down to Acheron they sank,
To dander ages on the dowie bank,
Because they lay unburied on the sward,
The sick survivors cou’dna give them eard.
The wowf and tod with fighting spent the day,
Their sickly stamacks scunner’d at the prey;
Fowls droop the wing, the bull neglects his love;
Scarce crawl the sheep, and weakly horses move:
The bauldest brutes that haunt Numidian glens,
Ly panting out their lives in dreary dens.
Thick lay the dead, and thick the pain’d and weak,
The prospect gart the awfu’ Lion quake.

He ca’s a council.— “Ah! my friends,” said he,
“ ’Tis for some horrid faut fae mony die;
Sae heaven permits.—Then let us a’ confess,
With open breaft, our crimes baith mair and less,
“ That
"That the revengefu' gods may be appeas'd,
"When the maift guilty wight is sacrific'd.
"Fa't on the feyeft: I shall first begin,
"And awn whate'er my conscience ca's a fin.
"The sheep and deer I 've worried, now, alace!
"Crying for vengeance, glowr me i' the face;
"Forby their herd, poor man! to crow my " treat,
"Limb after limb, with bloody jaws I ate:
"Ah, glutton me! what murders have I done!—
"Now say about, confess ilk ane as soon
"And frank as I.'"—"Sire," says the pawky " Tod,
"Your tendernefs bespeaks you haf a god!
"Worthy to be the monarch of the grove,
"Worthy your friends' and a' your subjects' love.
"Your scruples are too nice: what 's harts or " sheep?
"An idiot crowd, which for your board ye keep;
"And where 's the fin for ane to take his ain?
"Faith 'tis their honour when by you they 're " slain.
"Neift, 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', 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 powerful fur,
Down to the wilcat and the snarling cur,
Confess their crimes:—but wha durst ca' them crimes,
Except themselves?

— The Ass, dull thing! neist in his turn confess,
That being with hunger very fair oppressed,
In o'er a dike he shot his head a day,
And rugg'd three mouthful'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 powerful crowd,
With open throats, cry'd hastily and loud,
"This gypsy Ass deserves ten deaths to die,
"Whase horrid guilt brings on our misery!"
A gaping wowf, in office, straight demands
To have him burnt, or tear him where he stands:
Hanging, he said, was an o'er easy death;
He should 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 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.
FABLE 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 Pufs;

“Can ye believe fae great a lie?

“What am I then that eat your god?

“And yesteray 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 glower,

And shook their thoughts haf out of joint;

But rather than be fash’d with thought,

They gart the ax decide the point.

Thus we’re Egyptians ane and a’;

Our passions gods, that gar us swither;

Which, just as the occasion serves,

We sacrifice to ane anither.
FABLE XXI.

THE SPECTACLES.

Ae day when Jove, the high director,
Was merry o'er a bowl of nectar,
Resolv'd a present to bestow
On the inhabitants below.
Momus, wha likes his joke and wine,
Was sent frae heaven with the propine.
Fast thro' the æther fields he whirl'd
His rapid car, and reach'd the warld:
Conven'd mankind, and tald them Jove
Had sent a token of his love;
Considering that they were short-sighted,
That faut shou'd presently be righted.
Syne loos'd his wallet frae the pillions,
And toss'd out spectacles by millions,
There were enow, and ilk ane chose
His pair, and cock'd them on his nose;
And thankfully their knees they bended
To heaven, that thus their sight had mended.
Streight Momus hameward took his flight,
Laughing fou' loud, as well he might.

For
For ye man ken, 'tis but o'er true,
The glaffes were fome red, fome blue,
Some black, fome white, fome brown, fome green,
Which made the fame thing different seem.
Now all was wrong, and all was right,
For ilk believ'd his aided fight,
And did the joys of truth partake,
In the absurdelf gross mistake.
A LEARNED Fox grown stiff with eild,
Unable now in open field,
By speed of foot and clever ftends,
To seize and worry lambs and hens;
But Lowry never wants a shift
To help him out at a dead lift.
He cleath’d himsell in reverend dress,
And turn’d a preacher, naething less!
Held forth wi’ birr ’gainst wier unjust,
’Gainst theft and gormandizing luft.
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 Mess Fox declin’d
That honour: reasons on his fide
Said that might snare him into pride:
But sheep and powtry, geese and ducks,
Came to his meeting-hole in flocks;
Of being his prey they had nae fear,
His text the contrary made clear.

"Curst be that animal voracious,"
Cry'd he, "fae cruel and ungracious,
"That chuses flesh to be his food,
"And takes delight in waughting blood!—
"What, live by murder!—horrid deed!
"While we have trees, and ilka mead,
"Finely enrich'd with herbs and fruits,
"To serve and please the nicest brutes.
"We shou'd respect, dearly belov'd,
"Whate'er by breath of life is mov'd.
"First, 'tis unjust; and, secondly,
"'Tis cruel, and a cruelty
"By which we are expos'd (O sad!)
"To eat perhaps our lucky dad:
"For ken, my friend, the faul ne'er dies,
"But frae the failing body flies;
"Leaves it to rot, and seeks anither;
"Thus young Miss Goose may be my mither;
"The bloody wowf, seeking his prey,
"His father in a sheep may slay;
"And I, in worrying lambs or cocks,
"Might choak my grandfire Doctor Fox.
"Ah! heaven protect me frae sic crimes!
"I 'd rather die a thousand times."

Thus
Thus our bob-tail'd Pythagoras preach'd,
And with loud cant his lungs out-stretch'd.
His sermon founded o'er the dale,
While thus he moraliz'd with zeal.
His glafs spun out, he ceaft, admir'd
By all who joyfully retir'd.

But after a' the lave was gane,
Some geefe, twa chickens, and a hen,
Thought fit to stay a little space,
To tawk about some kittle case.
The doctor hem'd, and in he drew them,
Then quiet and decently he slew them;
On whom he fed the good auld way.
Those who wan aff, thrice happy they.
The Bee and the Fly.

Before her hive, a saucy Bee
Observe’d a humble madding fly,
And proudly speer’d, what brought her there,
And with what front she durst repair
Amang the regents of the air.

"It suits 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 fae wise as we?
"Best laws and policy is ours,
"And our repast the fragrant flow’rs:
"No fordid nasty trade we drive,
"But with sweet honey fill the hive;
"Honey maist grateful to the taste,
"On which the gods themsells 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'rfells to flae,
And skaithe ye'rfell mair fickerly
Than e'er ye can your enemy.
At that rate, ane had better have
Less talents, if they can behave
Discreet, and less their passions' slave."
"Ah! what a wretch'd unlucky corse
"Am I!" cries a poor hireling horse:
"Toil'd a' the day quite aff my feet,
"With little time or ought to eat:
"By break of day, up frae my bed
"Of dirt I'm rais'd to draw the sLED,
"Or cart, as haps to my wanluck,
"To ca' in coals, or out the muck;
"Or dreft in faddle, 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 fide,
"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 himfell,
"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 shoon:
Yet while I'm starving in the stable,
This villain's cock'd upon the table,
There fed and rees'd by all around him,
By foolish chiels, the pox confound them!"

"My friend," says a dowsfe-headed ox,
Our knight is e'en like other folks:
For 'tis not them who labour maist
That commonly are paid the best:
Then ne'er cast up what ye deserve,
Since better 'tis to please than serve."
TIT FOR TAT.

BE-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common
To be priest-ridden, man and woman;
A father anes, in grave procession,
Went to receive a wight's confession,
Whose sins, lang gather'd, now began
To burden fair his inner man.
But happy they that can with ease
Fling off 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 turfs.

Cries Hodge, and sighs, "Ah! father ghostly,
"I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,
"And flaw 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 fait,
"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 fait 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 feared,
"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 famen with your mother
Three times as aft; and fae for that
We 're on a level, tit for tat."
An honest man had tint his wife,
And, wearied of a dowy life,
Thought a parroquet bade maist fair,
With tatling to divert his care:
For the good woman fair he griev'd;
He 'ad needed nane if she had liv'd!

Streight to a bird-man's shop he hies,
Who, flock'd with a' that wing the skies,
And give delight with feathers fair,
Or please with a melodious air;
Larks, gowdspinks, mavifes, and linties,
Baith hame bred, and frae foreign countries;
Of parrots he had curious choice,
Carefully bred to make a noise;
The very warst had learn'd his tale,
To ask a cup of sack or ale;
Cry westlin herrings, or fresh salmons,
White sand, or Norway nuts like almonds.
Delighted with their various claver,
While wealth made all his wits to waver,
FABLES AND TALES.

"He cast his look beneath the board,
Where stood one that spake ne'er a word:
"Pray what art thou stands speechless there?"
Reply'd the bird, "I think the mair."
The buyer says, "Thy answer's wife,
"And thee I'll have at any price.
"What must you have?"—"Five pounds."—
"'Tis thine
"The money, and the bird is mine."

Now in his room this feather'd fage
Is hung up in a gilded cage,
The master's expectations fully
Possesst to hear him taak 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 lefs I speake I think the mair."—
"Confound ye for a sily fot,
"What a dull idiot have I got!
"As dull myself, on short acquaintance,
"To judge of ane by a single sentence!"
THE ECLIPSE.

Upon his 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 suns glanc'd on the wave;
   Nature appear'd to claim the Sun's respect,
All did fae blyth and beauteously behave.
" Ah!" cry'd the Moon, " too much for him
   " ye deck;
" My aking een cannot this glory bear;
   " This sun pretends none in the sky
" Can shine but him, then where am I?
   " Soon
"Soon I the contrary shall clear:
"By ae bauld strake,
"With him I 'll make
"My equal empire in the heaven appear.

"'Tis I that gives a lustre to the night,
"Then should not I my proper right displie,
"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.
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, the good wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
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 lefs this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was Master James.

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

In enter'd James, Hab siew and ken'd him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and father's fake.

The
The scholar thought himself right sped,
And gave him thanks in terms well bred.
Quoth Hab, "I canna leave my mill
" As yet; but step ye west the kill
" A bow-shot, and ye 'll find my hame;
" Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
" Till I set aff the mill, syne 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, mafft discreetly
Tald her his circumstance completely.
" I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
" And up and down the thieves are rife;
" Within my lane, I 'm but a woman,
" Sae I 'll unbar my door to nae man:
" But since 'tis very like, my dow,
" That all ye 're telling may be true,
" Hae, there 's a key, gang in your way
" At the neist door, there 's braw ait ftrae;
" 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 houfe 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 courtfhip 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.
Suppofe the wicked action o’er,
And James continuing still to glowr;
Wha saw the wise as faft as able
Spread a clean servite on the table,
And syne, frae the ha’ ingle, bring ben
A piping het young roasted hen,
And twa good bottles stout and clear,
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

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

James was brought in; the wife was bawked;
The priest stood close; the miller cracked:

Then
Then ask'd his funkan gloomy spouse,
What supper had she in the house,
That might be suitable to gi'e
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth she, "Ye may well ken, goodman,
" Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan;
" The stov'd or roasted we afford
" Are aft great strangers on our board."—
" Pottage," quoth Hab, "ye senselefs tawpie!
" Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy;
" And that his gentle ftamock's master,
" To worry up a pint of plaifter,
" Like our mill-knaves that lift the lading,
" Whafe kytes can ftreek out like raw plaid-
" ing?
" Swith roaft a hen, or fry some chickens,
" And fend 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 farder gane,
" The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as Bes,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himself, and eafe his friend,
First open'd, with a flee oration,
His wond'rous skill in conjuration:

Said
Said he, "By this fell art I 'm able
" To whop aff any great man's table
" Whate'er I like to make a meal of,
" Either in part, or yet the hail of;
" And, if ye please, I 'll shaw my art."
Cries Halbert, "Faith, with all my heart."
Befs fain'd herself, cry'd, "Lord, be here!"
And near-hand fell a-fwoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her naithing dread;
Syne to his conjuring went with speed:
And first he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic sound
Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch.
That done, he says, "Now, now, 'tis come,
" And in the boal beside the lum:
" Now set the board, good wife, gae ben,
" Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."
She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd;
And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
It smell'd fae well he short time 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 senfe 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 stoup and roup.

"Neist, O!" cries Halbert, "cou'd your skill
"But help us to a waught of ale,
"I 'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
"And offer to the deel my wife,
"To see if he 'll discreeter mak' her,
"But that I 'm fleed he winna tak' her."
Said James, "Ye offer very fair;
"The bargain 's hadden, fae nae mair."

Then thrice he 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 standing corkit well."
He said, and fast the miller flew,
And frae their nest the bottles drew;
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's 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 stood vex'd and sweating.

"O wow!" said Hab, "if ane might speer,
"Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer
"Sic laits appear to us fae awfu',
"We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

"To bring your doubts to a conclusion,"
Says James, "ken I 'm a Rosicrucian,
"Ane of the set that never carries
"On traffic with black deels or fairies;
"There 's mony a spirit that 's no deel
"That constantly around us wheel.
"There was a page call'd Albumazor,
"Whafe wit was gleg as ony razor;
"Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
"To bring these gentry to our will;
"And they appear, when we 've a mind,
"In ony shape of human kind:
"Now if you 'll drap your foolish fear,
"I 'll gar my Pacolet appear."

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

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

Hab got a kent, ftood by the hallan,
And straight the wild mischievous callan
Cries, "Rhadamanthus husky mingo,
"Monk, horner, hipock, jinko, jingo,
"Appear in likenes of a priet;
"No like a deel, in shape of beast,
"With gaping shafts to fleg us a';
"Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."
Then, frae the hole where he was pent,
The priest approach'd, right well content;
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
Till he was drawing near the door,
Then, to escape the cudgel, ran;
But was not 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 Mefs John."
THE DAFT BARGAIN.

At market anes, I watna how,
Twa herds between them cost a cow:
Driving her hame, the needfu' hacky,
But ceremony, chanc'd to k—y.
Quoth Rab right ravingly to Raff,
"Gin ye 'll eat that digested draff
"Of Crummy, I shall quat my part."—
"A bargain be 't with a' my heart,"
Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
To gorble 't up without a gloom:
Syne till 't he fell, and seem'd right yap
His mealtith quickly up to gawp.
Haff done, his heart began to scunner,
But lootna on till Rab strak under;
Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,
At his daft bargain did repine.
"Well, well," quoth Raff, "tho' ye was rash,
"I 'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless haff!
"Come, fa' to wark as I ha'e done,
"And eat the ither haff as soon,

Ye's
"Ye's fave ye'r part."—"Content," quoth Rab,
And slerg'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 fave their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.
The Twa Cut-Purses.

In borrows-town there was a fair,
And mony a landart coof was there;
Baith lads and laffes busked brawly,
To glowr at ilka bonny waly,
And lay out ony ora-bodles
On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddes,
Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,
Confeckit ginger, plumbs, or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,
And on their cash this plot they lay:
The tane, less like a knave than fool,
Unbidden clam the high cookstool,
And pat his head and baith his hands
Throw holes where the ill-doer stands.
Now a' the crowd with mouth and een
Cry'd out, "What does this ideot mean?"
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a trick,
Till he beneath had done his job,
By tooming poutches of the mob;

Wha
Wha now possest of round 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 girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief;
While some cry'd out, "Fy! had the thief."
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
The jip, wha stood aboon them a',
His innocence began to shaw;
Said he, "My friends, I 'm very sorry
"To hear your melancholy story;
"But sure where'er your tinsel be,
"Ye canna lay the wyte on me."
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 lots counting their lawin;
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
When forth a falconer took his way,
Nane with him but his she knight-errant,
That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
While with quick wing, fierce beak, and claws,
She breaks divine and human laws;
Ne'er pleas'd but with the hearts and livers
Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts, and plivers:
Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd,
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and 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 saughty bloody king,
And hire mean hackney poets to sing
His glories; while the deel be licket
He e'er attempt but what he liitet,

So, Sir, as I was gawn to say,
This falconer had tane his way
O'er Calder-moor; and gawn the mofs up,
He there forgather'd with a gossip:
And wha was 't, trow ye, but the de'el
That had disguis'd himsell fae weil
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'?
"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 ransom
"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 tosf up in the air:
High flew the son 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 Ro-
man 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, fee! 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 lass,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glafs;
Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
And " John come kifs me now " she lilted,
As she skift o'er the benty knows,
Gawn to the bught to milk the ews:
Her in his hand fiee Belzie hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,
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 lass's breast.
The moral of this tale shews plainly,
That carnal minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
While slaves to Satan.
THE THREE BONNETS:

A TALE.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

1722.
THE PERSONS.

Duniwhistle, father to Joukum, Bristle, and Bawsy.
Joukum, in love with Rosie.
Bristle, a man of resolution.
Bawsy, a weaker brother.
Bard, a narrator.
Beef, porter to Rosie.
Ghast, the ghost of Duniwhistle.
Rosie, an heiress.
CABLES AND TALES.

CANTO I.

BARD.

When men o' mettle thought it nonsense
To heed that clepping thing ca'd conscience,
And by free thinking had the knack
O' jeering ilka word it spak',
And, as a learned author speaks,
Employ'd it like a pair o' breeks,
To hide their lewd and nasty fluices,
Whilk eith 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 last,
Here 's three permission bonnets for ye,
Which your great gutchers wore before ye;
An' if ye 'd hae nae man betray ye,
Let naething ever wile them frae ye;
But keep the bonnets on your heads,
An' hands frae signing foolish deeds,
An' ye shall never want sic things,
Shall gar ye be made o' by kings:
But if ye ever wi' them part,
Fu' fair ye 'll for your folly smart:
Bare-headed then ye 'll look like snools,
And dwindle down to silly tools.
Haud up your hands now, swear an' 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 saul that 's daftard,
To gar fowk tak' me for a bastard:
If e'er by me ye 're disobey'd,
May witches nightly on me ride.

**JOUKUM.**
JOUKUM.

Whae’er shall dare, by force or guile,
This bonnet aff my head to wile,
For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,
And ken I was begot by you:
Else may I like a gipsy wander,
Or for my daily bread turn pander.

BAWSY.

May I be jyb’d by great an’ sna’,
And kytch’d like ony tennis-ba,
Be the disgrace o’ a’ my kin,
If e’er I wi’ my bonnet twin.

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 mofs was rotten,
Before his test’ment was forgotten,
As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,
How Joukum finder’d wi’ his bonnet;
And bought frae senseless billy Bawfy,
His, to propine a giglet laffie;

VOL. II.  N N  While
While worthy Brístle, not fae donner’d,
PRESERVES his bonnet, and is honour’d.
Thus Charactacus did behave,
Tho’ by the fate o’ war a slave;
His body only, for his mind
No Roman pow’r cou’d break or bind:
Wi’ bannet on he bauldly fpak’;
His greatness gart his fetters crack:
The victor did his friendship claim,
And sent him wi’ new glories hame.

But leave we Brifls 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.
O let me lie within your breast,
And at your dainty teazle feast;
Weil do I like your goud to finger,
And fit to her your ft —— finger.
While on this fun side o' the brae
Belongs to you, my limbs I 'll lay.

ROSIIE.

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 lustre to these graces
Wi' which adorn'd your faul and face is.

ROSIE.
Rosie.

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

Joukum.

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

Bard.

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

Rosie.

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

But
But first, ere we conclude the paction,
You must perform some gallant action,
To prove the truth o' what you 've said,
Else, for you, I shall die a maid.

JOUKUM.

My dearest jewel, gi'e 't a name,
That I may win baith you and fame:
Shall I gae fight wi' forest bulls?
Or cleave down troops wi' thicker sculls?
Or shall I douk the deepest sea,
And coral pou for beads to thee?
Penty the pope upon the nose?
Or p— upon a hundred beaus?

ROSIE.

In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith
To risk your life, or do you skaith;
Only employ your canny skill
To gain and rive your father's will,
Wi' the consent o' Bris's and Bawfy,
And I shall in my bosom hawe ye,
Soon as the fatal bonnets three
Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.
JOUKUM.

Which to preserve I gied my aith. 
But now the cause is life and death: 
I must, or wi' the bonnet part, 
Or twin wi' you and break my heart: 
Sae tho' the aith we took was awfu', 
To keep it now appears unlawfu': 
Then, love, I 'l1 aanswer thy demands, 
And flee to fetch them to your hands.

BARD.

The famous jilt o' Palestine
Thus drew the hoods o'er Sampson's een, 
And gart him tell where lay his strength, 
O' which she twinn'd him at the length;
Then gied him up in chains to rave, 
And labour like a galley slave: 
But, Rosie, mind, when growing hair
His loss of pith 'gan to repair, 
He made of thousands an example, 
By crushing them beneath their temple.
CANTO II.

BARD.

The supper sowin-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' 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 sprush as ane that 's wooing;
I ferly, lad, what ye 've been doing.

JOUKUM.

My very much respected brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd wi' the same blood,
Consult ilk ane anither's good?
And be it ken'd t' ye, my design
Will profit prove to me and mine.

BRISTLE.

And, brither, troth it much commends
Your virtue, thus to love your friends;
It makes me blyth, for aft I said,
Ye were a clever mettl'd lad.

JOUKUM.

And fae, I hope, will ever prove,
Gif ye befriend me in my love:
For Rosie, bonny, rich, and gay,
And sweet as flow'rs in June or May,
Her gear I 'll get, her sweets I 'll rifle,
Gif ye 'll but yield me up a trifle;
Promise to do 't, and ye'fe be free
Wi' ony thing pertains to me.

BRISTLE.
I lang to answer your demand,
And never shall for trifles stand.

Then she desires, as a propine,
These bonnets, Bawfy's, your's, and mine;
And well I wot that 's nae great matter,
Gif I fae easily can get her.

Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
The d— then nor she ne'er get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye spoke o'? 
Wha think ye, Sir, ye mak' a mock o'? 
Ye filly mansworn, scant o' grace!
Swith let me never see your face.
Seek my auld bonnet aff my head!
Faith that 's a bonny ane indeed!
Require a thing I 'll part wi' never!
She 's get as soon a lap o' my liver:
Vile whore and jade! the woody hang her.
Thus said, he said nae mair for anger,  
But curs’d and ban’d, and was nae far  
Frae treading Jouk amang the glar.  
While Jouk, wi’ language glibe as oolie,  
Right pawkily kept aff a toolie.  
Weil masked wi’ a wedder’s skin,  
Although he was a tod within,  
He hum’d and ha’d, and wi’ a cant,  
Held forth as he had been a sain,  
And quoted texts to prove we ’d better  
Part wi’ a sma’ thing for a greater.

JOUKUM.

Ah! brither, may the furies rack me  
Gif I mean ill! but ye mistak’ me:  
But gin your bonnet ’s sic a jewel,  
Pray gi’e ’t or keep ’t, Sir, as you will;  
Since your auld-fashion’d fancy rather  
Inclines till ’t than a hat and feather:  
But I ’ll go try my brither Bawfy,  
Poor man, he ’s nae fae daft and fawcy,  
Wi’ empty pride to crook his mou’,  
And hinder his ain gude, like you.  
Gif he and I agree, ne’er doubt ye,  
We ’ll mak’ the bargain up without ye;  

Syne
Syne your braw bonnet and your noddle
Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

BARD.

At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,
He swore on Rose to be reveng'd;
For he began now to be flied,
She 'd wile the honours frae his head;
Syne wi' a stern and canker'd look,
He thus reprov'd his brither Jouk.

BRISTLE.

Thou vile disgrace o' our forbeairs!
Wha lang wi' valiant dint o' weirs,
Maintain'd their right 'gainst a' intrusions
O' our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
Doft thou design at laft 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 bonnetquat,
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 Brittle 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.
CANTO III.

BARD.

Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
Upon his neighering courfers' backs,
To gar them tak' th' Olympian brae,
Wi' a cart lade o' bleezing day;
The country hind ceases to snore,
Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the dore,
His bladder tooms, and gi'es a rift,
Then tentily surveys the lift;
And weary o' his wife and flaes,
To their embrace prefers his claes.
Scarce had the lark forsook her neft,
Whan Jouk, wha had got little rest,
For thinking o' his plot and laffie,
Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawsie.
Awa fast o'er the bent he gade,
And fand him dozing on his bed,
His blankets creishy, foul his fark,
His curtains trim'd wi' spider's wark;
Soot-draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
His floor was a' tobacco spittles:
Yet on the antlers o' a deer
Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,
Wi' coat o' iron and target trusty,
Inch thick o' dirt, and unco rufty:
Enough appear'd to shaw his billy,
That he was lazy, poor, and silly,
And wadna mak' fo great a busle
About his bonnet as did Bristle.
Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
Cried three times laigh, and three times louder:
At langrun Bawfy raik'd his een,
And cries, "What 's that ? what d' ye mean ?"
Then looking up, he sees his brither.

BAWSY.

Good morrow, Jouk, what brings you hither?
You 're early up, as I 'm a 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.

Bawfy, I 'm blyth to see you weil,
For me, thank God, I keep my heal :
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 set baith your lugs a tinkling.

BARD.

Straight Bawsy rises, quickly dressles,
While haste his youky mind expressles:
Now rigg’d, and morning drink brought in,
Thus did flee-gabbit Jouk begin.

JOUKUM.

My worthy brither, weil I wate
O’er feckless is your wee estate
For sic a meikle faul as yours,
That to things greater higher tow’rs;
But ye lie loitering here at hame,
Neglectfu’ baith o’ wealth and fame,
Tho’, as I said, ye ha’e a mind
That is for higher things design’d.

BAWSY.

That ’s very true, thanks to the skies,
But how to get them, there it lies.
JOUKUM.

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 lasses fair and pretty;
Without it ladies nice wad dwindle
Down to a wife that snooves a spindle.—
But to the point, and wave digression:
I mak' a free and plain confession,
That I 'm in love; and, as I said,
Demand frae you a little aid
To gain a bride, that eithly can
Mak' me fu' blest, and you a man:
Gi'e me your bonnet to present
My mistrefs wi', and your consent
To rive the daft auld-fashion'd deed
That bids ye wear it on your head.

BAWSY.

O gosh! O gosh! then, Jouk, ha'e at her;
If that be a', 'tis nae great matter.

JOUKUM.

These granted, she demands nae mair,
To let us in her riches skair;
Nor shall our hirds, as heretofore,
Rin aff wi' ane anither's store,
Nor ding out ane anither's harns,
When they forgather 'mang the kairns;

But
But freely may drive up and down,
And fell in ilka market-town
Belongs to her, which soon ye 'll see,
If ye be wife, 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 fenseless 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 stff a's
Bears a hard hatred at the lafs,
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 closs, 'tis unco eith
To rive the test'ment spite o's teeth,
And gar him ply, for a' his clavers,
To lift his bonnet to our beavers.

BAWSY.

Then let the doof delight in drudging;
What cause ha' e we to tent his grudging,
Tho' Rosie's flocks feed on his fells,
If you and I be weil 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 slav'ry neck-fast,
Selling his bonnet for a breakfast.
What follows on 't, o' gain or faith,
I'll tell when we ha'è 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
Presents you wi' the things you crave,
The riven will and bonnets twa,
Which makes the third worth nought ava:
Our pow'r gi'en up, now I demand
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.
FABLES AND TALES.

BARD.

Rose 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 ghaisht,
Whose stern and angry looks amaisht.
Unhool'd their fauls:—shaking, they saw
Him frae the fire the bonnets draw:
Then came to Jouk, and wi' twa rugs
Increas'd the length o' baith his lugs;
And said—

GHAIST.

Be a' thy days an aks,
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 Rosie rants and capers,
And ca's the vision nought but vapours;
Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes 't to be a dream:
Syne to her 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 sun, tho' he be dry,
Has driven down the westlin sky,
To drink his wamefu' o' the sea,
There's be but ane o' you and me.
In marriage ye fall ha'e my hand;
But I man ha'e the sole command
In Fairyland to 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—.
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' creef
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' chiel that car'd na tippence for him;
Beside a Rosicrucian trick
She had o' dealing wi' Auld Nick;
And whene'er Jouk began to grumble,
Auld Nick in the nieft room wad rumble.
She drank, and fought, and spent her gear
Wi' dice, and felling o' the mear.
Thus living like a Belzie's get,
She ran herf ell fae deep in debt,
By borrowing money at a' hands,
That yearly income o' her lands
Scarce paid the interest o' her bands.
Jouk, ay ca'd wife behind the hand,
The daffin o' his doings fand:

O'er
O'er late he now began to see
The ruin o' his family:
But past relief lar'd in a midding,
He's now oblig'd to do her bidding.
Awa wi' strict command he's sent
To Fairyland to lift the rent,
And wi' him mony a caterpillar,
To rug frae Brifs and Bawfy filler;
For her braid table man be serv'd,
Tho' Fairy fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.
Jouk thus surrounded wi' his guards,
Now plunders hay-stacks, barns, and yards;
They drive the nowt frae Bristle's fauld,
While he can nought but ban and scald.

**Bristle.**

Vile slave to a huffy ill-begotten,
By mony dads, wi' claps haf rotten,!
Were 't no for honour o' my mither,
I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

**Joukum.**

Dear brither, why this rude reflection?
Learn to be grateful for protection;
The Peterenians, bloody beasts!
That gar fowk lick the dowps o' priests,

Else
Elfe on a brander, like a haddock,
Be broolied, sprowling like a paddock:
These 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, kil'd your wives,
Had not the Rosicrucians stood
The bulwarks o' your rights and blood;
And yet, forsooth, ye girt 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 clos 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' Bawfy, looking like a sheep,
By Bristle hated and despised,
By Jouk and Rosie little priz'd.

Soon
Soon as the horse had heard his brither
Joukum and Rose were prick'd thegither,
Awa he scours o'er hight and how,
Fu' 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 Bawfy'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 Mefs Jouk?

**BEEF.**

Mefs Jouk is bisy.

**BAWSY.**

My Lady Rose, is she at leisure?
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 faul this porter's saucy! Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawsy, Their brither wha made up the marriage.

BEEF.

And fae I thought by your daft carriage. Between your houghs gae clap your gelding, Swith hame and feast upon a spelding, For there's nae room beneath this roof To entertain a simple coof, The like o' you, that nane can trust, Wha to your ain ha' e been unjust.
BARD.

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 filly feature
O’ his dull phiz, wi’ girns and glooms,
Stamping and biting at his thumbs.
They tented him a little while,
Then came full on him wi’ a smile,
Which soon gart him forget the torture
Was rais’d within him by the porter.
Sae will a fucking weanie yell,
But shake a rattle, or a bell,
It hauds its tongue; let that alane,
It to its yamering fa’s again;
Lilt up a fang, and straigh it ’s feen
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,
Regardles 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,
’Causo, sober, they can get nae rest,
For Nick and Duniwhistle’s ghaitt,
Wha in the garrets aften tooey,
And shore 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 praises due
To generosity.—Adieu.
THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

The Prince of all the fethert kind,
That with fpred wings outflees the wind,
And tours far out of human ficht,
To view the fchynand orb of licht:
This ryall bird, tho' braif and great,
And armit strang for ftern debait,
Nae tyrant is, but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferiour friends.

Ane day, at his command did flock
To his hie palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various fyze
That swiftly swim in chriftal fkyis.
Thither the valiant Tefsals doup,
And heir rapacious Corbies croup,
With greidy Gleds, and flie Gormahs,
And dinsome Pyis, and clatterin Dawes;
Proud Pecocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair pens that folemn day,
Bowd firft fubmiffive to my lord,
Then tuke thair places at his borde.
Mein tyme, quhyle feisting on a fawn,
And drinking blude frae lamies drawn,
A tunefull Robin trig and zung
Hard by upon a bour-tree fung.
He fang the Eagle's ryall lyne,
His persing ee and richt divyne
To fway out owre the fetherit thrang,
Quha dreid his martial bill and fang:
His flicht sublime, and eild renewit,
His mynd with clemencie endewit;
In faster notes he fang his 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 sing fae dull and ruch,
"Ze haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch;"
"His majesty hes a nyfe eir,
"And nae mair of zour stuff can beir;
"Poke up your pypes, be nae mair fene
"At court; I warn ze as a frein."

He spak, quhyle Robinis swelling breift,
And drouping wings, his greif expresst;
The teirs ran happing doun his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt, he coud nocht speik,
No for the tinsell of rewaerd,
But that his notis met nae regard.
Straitht to the schaw he spred his wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to finge,
Quhair princelie bountie is fupperst
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,
Quha cannot beir, because they want it,
That ocht fuld be to merit grantit.
THE CONCLUSION.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS BOOK IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

Dear, vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And scowp around the world thy fill:
Wow! ye 're newfangle to be seen,
In gilded Turkey clad, and clean.
Daft, giddy thing! to dare thy fate,
And fpang o'er dykes that fear 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 distress their drowzie brains.
I dinna doubt, whilst thou art new,
Thou 'lt favour find frae not a few;
But when thou 'rt ruffled and forfairn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn,
Then, then by age ye may grow wise,
And ken things common gi'e na price.

I'd
I 'd fret, wae 's me! to see thee lye
Beneath the bottom of a pye;
Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
Up snuff, or sweeties, in a shap.

Awa, sic fears! gae spread my fame;
And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come shall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live.
The future critics, I foresee,
Shall have their notes on notes on thee;
The wits unborn shall beauties find
That never enter'd in my mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred
But hough enough * to a mean trade,
To balance that, pray let them ken
My faul to higher pitch cou'd sten:
And when ye shaw I 'm scarce of gear,
Gar a' my virtues shine mair clear:
Tell, I the best and fairest please;
A little man that lo'es my ease,
And never thole these passions lang
That rudely mint to do me wrang:

Gin

* Very indifferently.
Gin ony want to ken my age,
See anno Dom.* on title page;
This year, when springs, by care and skil,
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

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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCOTISH</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>SCOTISH</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A'</td>
<td>All</td>
<td>Sma</td>
<td>Small</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ba</td>
<td>Ball</td>
<td>Sta</td>
<td>Stall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ca</td>
<td>Call</td>
<td>Wa</td>
<td>Wall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fa</td>
<td>Fall</td>
<td>Fou, or fu</td>
<td>Full</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ga</td>
<td>Gall</td>
<td>Pou, or pu</td>
<td>Pull</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ha</td>
<td>Hall</td>
<td>Woo, or oo</td>
<td>Wool</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bowm</th>
<th>Balm</th>
<th>Bow</th>
<th>Boll</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bauk</td>
<td>Baulk</td>
<td>Bowt</td>
<td>Bolt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bouk</td>
<td>Bulk</td>
<td>Caff</td>
<td>Calf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cow</td>
<td>Coll, or Clip</td>
<td>Howms</td>
<td>Holms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faut</td>
<td>Fault</td>
<td>Maut</td>
<td>Malt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faufe</td>
<td>Falfe</td>
<td>Pow</td>
<td>Poll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fowk</td>
<td>Folk</td>
<td>Row</td>
<td>Roll</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fawn
Ramsay's Poems.

Rawn        Fallen        Scrudd        Scald
Gowd        Gold          Stown         Stolen
Haff        Half          Wawk          Walk
How         Hole, or Hollow

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

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

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

Ae, or ane  One           Bain          Bone
Aetan       Oaten          Bair           Boar
Aff         Off            Baith          Both
Aften       'Often         Blaw           Blow
Aik         Oak            Braid          Broad
Aith        Oath           Claith         Cloth
Ain, or awn  Own           Craw           Crow
Alane       Alone          Drop           Drop
Amaist      Almoist       Fae            Foe
Amang       Among          Frae           Fro, or from
Air          Oars           Gae            Go
Air          Oats           Gaits          Goats
Apen        Open           Grane          Groan
Awner       Owner          Haly           Holy
Hale        Whole          Sait           Soft
Halesome    Wholesome      Saip           Soap
Hame        Home           Sair           Sore
Hait, or het  Hot           Sang           Song
Laith       Loath          Slaiv          Slow
Laid        Load           Snaw           Snow
Lain, or len  Loan          Strake         Stroak
Lang        Long           Straw          Stole
Mae         More           Stone          Stone
Maist       Most           Saul           Soul
Mair        More           Tae            Toe
Mame        Moan          Taiken         Token
Na          No             Tangs          Tongs

None
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SCOTISH</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>SCOTISH</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>None</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Tap</td>
<td>Top</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naithing</td>
<td>Nothing</td>
<td>Thrang</td>
<td>Throng</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pape</td>
<td>Pope</td>
<td>Wae</td>
<td>Woe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rae</td>
<td>Roe</td>
<td>Wame</td>
<td>Womb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raip</td>
<td>Rope</td>
<td>Wan</td>
<td>Won</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raw</td>
<td>Row</td>
<td>War</td>
<td>Worfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wark</td>
<td>Work</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Warld</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>Birn</td>
<td>Burn</td>
<td>Nits</td>
<td>Nuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brither</td>
<td>Brother</td>
<td>Nise</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
Ablins, perhaps
Aboon, above
Acten, oaten
Aiik, oak
Aikberbread, the breadth of an acre
Air, long since. It, early. Air up, soon up in the morning
Amhrie, cupboard
Anew, enow
Annual-rent, yearly interest of money
Apen, open
Arles, earnest of a bargain
Afe, ashes
Afe-midding, dunghill of ashes
Ajeer, stirring
Atains, or Atanes, at once, at the same time
Attur, out-over
Auld-farren, knowing, shrewd
Auld Reeky, a cant name for Edin-
burgh; old and smoky
Aurglebargin, or Eaggglebargin, to contend and wrangle
Auwame, frightful, terrible
Aynd, the breath

B

Ba', ball
Back-jey, a sirloin
Badrans, a cat
Baid, staid, abode
GLOSSARY.

BLA

Beit, or beet, to help, repair
Bells, bubbles
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day
Belzie, Belzebub
Bended, drunk hard
Ben, the inner room of a house
Benjamin, the inner room of a house
Benjamin, benjail, force
Bent, the open field
Bent, overgrown with coarse grass
Beuk, baked
Bicker, a wooden dish
Bickering, fighting, running quickly.
Bickering, fighting, running quickly.
Bigg, build.
Bigget, built.
Bigging, buildings
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif
Billy, brother
Bink, a bench to sit on, either by the door, or near the fire
Byre, or byar, a cow-house
Birks, birch-trees
Birle, to carouse. When common people join their halfpennies for purchasing liquor, they call it "birling a bawbee"
Birn, a burnt mark
Birns, the falks of burnt heath
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise
Bify, busy
Bittle, or beetle, a wooden mall for beating hemp, or a fuller's club
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion
Blae, black and blue, the colour of the skin when bruised
Blafan, beguile
Blate, bashful
Blatter, a rattling noise
Blawart, a blue flower that grows among corn

BRA

Bleech, to blanch or whiten
Bleer, to make the eye water
Bleeze, blaze
Blether, foolish discourse. Bletterer, A babbler. Stammering is called blethering.
Blin, cease. "Never blin," never have done
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted
Boak, or boke, retch
Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall
To Boast, to threaten or scold at
Bodin, or bodden, provided or furnished
Bodie, one-sixth of a penny English
Bodword, an ominous message. Bodwords are now used to express ill-natured messages
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre
Bonny, beautiful
Bonnywalys, toys, gew-gaws
Bofs, empty
Bouk, bulk
Bourd, jeft or dally
Bouger, a rafter
Bouze, to drink
Bow, bolt
Brochen, water-gruel of oat-meal
Brae, the side of a hill, a steep bank
Braid, broad
Braird, the first sprouting of corns
Brander, a gridiron
Brands, calves of the legs
Brang, brought
Brankan, prancing, a capering
Branks, wherewith the rustlies bridle their horses
Branny, brandy

Brattle,
BYW

Brattle, noise, as of horse feet
Brats, rags, aprons of coarse linen
Braw, brave; fine in apparel
Brekken, fearn
Bretn-brow, smooth high forehead
Brigs, bridges
Briis, to prefs
Brock, a badger
Broe, broth
Browden, fond
Browster, brewer. Browst, a brewing
Bruliment, or Brulziement, a broil
Bucky, the large sea-snail: a term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow by "thrawn "bucky"
Buff, nonsense: as, "he blather'd "buff"
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time
Buller, to bubble: the motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide
Bumbazed, confused; made to stare and look like an idiot
Bumbee, an humble bee
Bumler, a bungler
To Bummit, to bungle
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung
Bunker, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats
Burd-alane, solitary bird
Burn, a brook
Busk, to deck, drefs
Buftine, sufficient, cloth
But, often used for without; as, "but feed or favour"
Bykes, or bikes, nests or hives of bees
Bygane, bypast
Byword, a proverb

C

Cadge, carry. Cadger is a country carrier, &c.
Caff, a calf; chaff
Callan, boy
Cansbough, or Campfho, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance
Cangle, to wrangle
Canter'd, angry, passionately snarling
Canna, cannot
Cont, to tell merry old tales
Contrails, incantations
Canty, cheerful and merry
Capervoited, whimsical, ill-natured
Car, pledge
Carena, care not
Carle, a word for an old man
Carline, an old woman. Gire-carline, a giant's wife
Caris, Cards
Catbel, cawdle, an hot-pot made of ale, sugar, and eggs
Cauldrife, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address
Cauler, cool or fresh
Caw, chalk
Cawfy, causeway, street
Chaufs, chops
Chaping, an ale measure or floup, somewhat less than an English quart
A-Char, or a-jar, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, "they are a-char, "or a-jar"
Charlewain, Charleswain; the constellation called the plow, or urfa major
Chancy, fortunate, good-natured
Chanler, a candleflick
Chanter-chafts, lantern-jaw'd

Chat,
GLOSSARY.

COG

Chat, a cant name for the gallows
Chiel, or chield, a general term like fellow; used sometimes with respect, as, "he's a very good chiel;" and contemptuously, "that chiel"
Chirn, chirp and sing like a bird
Chitter, chatter
Clocking, 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
Clothes, chat
Clatter, to chatter
Claw, to speak nonsense
Claw, scratch
Cleek, to catch as with a hook
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
Clint, coin, money
Clinty, hard, stony
Clock, a beetle
Clothed, the fall of any soft, moist thing
Cloth, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley
Claur, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall
Clute, or clot, hoof of cows or sheep
Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or flooded up with a band or snood
Cockfoot, a pillory
Cod, a pillow
Coff, bought
Cogs, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in

CUR

Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards inclining to fall
Coly, a shepherd's dog
Coodie, a small wooden vessel used by some for a chamber-pot
Coof, a stupid fellow
Coor, to cover, and recover
Cooper, a stoned horse
Coost, did cast. Coosten, thrown
Corby, a raven
Coffie, warm and comfortable
Cotter, a cottager
Coushy, affable
Cown, to turn over; also, a fall
Cown, to change or barter
Cown, a company of people; as, "merry, senseless, corky cowp"
Crack, to chat
Craig, a rock; the neck
Craw, crow
Creel, basket
Creepy, a low stool
Crip, grease
Croil, a crooked dwarf
Croom, or crume, to murmur, or hum over a song; the lowing of bulls
Crouse, bold, pert, overbearing
Crove, a cottage
Crummy, a cow's name
Cryn, to shrink or become less by drying
Cudeigh, a bribe, present
Culzie, to intice or flatter
Cun, to taste, learn, know
Cunzie, or coonie, coin
Curn, a small parcel
Curche, a kerchief; a linen dress worn by our Highland women

Culled,
From the text provided, it appears to be a page from a dictionary or a glossary, containing definitions and examples of various words. The definitions cover a wide range of terms, including actions, emotions, and attributes. Here is a structured representation of the content:

**DIG**

- Cutled, ufed kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship
- Cutty, short

**DOW**

- To Ding, to drive down, to beat, to overcome
- Dink, prim
- Dinna, do not
- Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over
- Dit, to stop or close up a hole
- Divot, thin turf
- Dock, the backside
- Docken, a dock, the herb
- Doil, confused and silly
- Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age
- Doll, a large piece; doe or share
- Donk, moift
- Donfe, affectedly neat; sometimes, dull and dreary; clean, when applied to any little person
- Doofart, a dull, heavy-headed fellow
- Door, or drule, the goal which game-sters strive to gain first, as at football
- Door, 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
- Douts, dives under water
- Dour, dour, hard, severe, fierce
- Dover, 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
- Dowic, sickly, melancholy, sad, doleful
- Downa, dow not, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it

This page seems to be part of a larger work, possibly a collection of poems or a literary text, given the references to love and friendship, as well as the more specialized or humorous definitions.
GLOSSARY.

EIT
Doivp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell: "better half egg as toom " doivp"
Drant, to speak flow, after a sighing manner
Dree, to suffer, endure
Dreery, wearisome, frightful
Dreigh, flow, 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, fitting lazily, or moving heavily; speaking with groans
Drouked, drenched, all wet
Dubs, wire
Duds, rags. Duddy, ragged
Dung, driven down, overcome
Dunt, stroke or blow
Dunt, a doxy
Derk, a poniard or dagger
Dufo, driven down
Divine, to pine away
Dyntes, trembles, shakes
Dyvour, a bankrupt

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

F
Fa, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice
Facing-tools, drinking-pots
Fadge, a spungy sort of bread in shape of a roll
Fae, foe
Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.
Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him
Fait, neat, in good order
Fand, found
Fang, the talons of a fowl. To Fang, to grip, or hold fast

E
To Egg, to egg, to incite, stir up
Eard, earth, the ground
Edge of a hill, is the side or top
Een, eyes
Eild, age
Eildeens, of the same age
Eith, easy. Either, easier
FLE

Febo, to vex or trouble. Faspeous, troublesome
Fangh, a colour between white and red. Fangh riggs, fallow ground
Fawght, a broil
Fawse, false
Fawn, fallen
Feck, a part, quantity; as, maift feck, the greatest number; nae feck, very few
Feckfow, able, active
Fecklefs, feeble, little and weak
Feeb, or feebd, feud, hatred, quarrel
Feil, many, several
Fen, shift. Fending, living by industry. Make a fcn, fall upon methods
Ferlt, wonder
Fernzier, the laft or forerun year
File, to defile or dirty
Firesfought, a flash of lightning
Fisftle, to ftrir, a ftrir
Fit, the foot
Fitsled, the print of the foot
Fiffzing, whizzing
Flaffing, moving up and down; raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings
Flags, fashces, as of wind and fire
Flanc, an arrow
Flang, flung
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground
Flaw, lie or fib
Fleetch, to coax or flatter
Flag, fright
Flet, the preterite of flye, did chide
Flegteries, gewgaws
Flewet, a smart blow
Fley, or fie, to affright. Fleyt, afraid or terrified

FUR

Flinders, splinters
Flit, to remove
Flite, or flye, to scold or chide. Flet, did scold
Flusbes, floods
Fog, mofs
Fon, fond
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light
Forby, besides
Forebears, forefathers, ancestors
Forefaire, abused, befattered
Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting
Forgainf, opposite to
Forget, to meet, encounter
Forleth, to forfake or forget
Foreftan, the forehead
Fou, drunk
Foubth, abundance, plenty
Fow-lew, full well
Fozy, fpungy, soft
Fraife, to make a noife. We use to fay, "one makes a fraife," when they boaft, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear
Fray, buftle, fighting
Freilk, a fool, light impertinent fellow
Fremit, strange, not a-kin
Frifted, trusted
Frufs, brittle, like bread baken with butter
Fuff, to blow. Fuffin, blowing
Furder, proper
Furth, forward
Fuijb, brought
Fyk, to be reflifts, uneafy
Furlet, four pecks
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
Gaifl, or ghaff, a ghost
Gait, a goat
Gams, gums
Gantrees, a stand for ale-barrels
Gar, to cause, make, or force
Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing
Gash, solid, flagacious. One with a long out chin, we call gash-gabbit, or gash-beard
Gate, way
Gaunt, yawn
Gaw, to take the pet, to be galled
Gaud, or gad, a bar of iron, a ploughman's rod
Gawky, an idle, flaring, idiotical person
Gawn, going
Gaws, galls
Gawfy, jolly, buxom
To geek, to mock, to toss the head with disdain
Geed, or gade, went
Genty, handsome, genteel
Get, a brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision
Gielainger, an ill debtor
Gift, if

GOV

Gift, a wicked imp, a term of reproach
Gillygacus, or gillygapus, a flaring gaping fool, a gormandizer
Gilpy, a roguish boy
Gimmer, a young sheep-ewe
Gin, if
Gird, to strike, pierce
Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horsehair to catch birds
Girb, a hoop
Glaiks, the reflection of the sun thrown from a mirror; an idle good-for-nothing fellow. Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the glaiks, to beguile one by giving him his labour, for his pains
Glaister, to bawl or bark
Glamour, a fascinating spell in order to deceive the eyes
Glar, mire, ouzy mud
Glee, to squint. Gleed, or gleid, squint-eyed
Gleg, sharp, quick, active
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains
Gloom, to scowl or frown
Glowming, or gloming, the twilight or evening gloom
Glour, to stare
Glunch, to hang the brow and grumble
Goan, a wooden dish for meat
Goolie, a large knife
Gorlings, or gorblings, young unfledged birds
Goffie, gossip
Gowans, daisies
Gove, to look with a roving eye

Gowf,
Go-wf, or golf, besides the known game, a racket or found blow on the chops, we call "a go-wf on the haffet"

Go-wk, the cuckow. In derision, we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a go-wk

Go-wl, a howling; to bellow and cry

Gouffy, ghaftly, large, waft, detestate, and frightful

Graith, furniture, harness, armour

To Grane, to groan

Grany, grandmother, any old woman

Grape, a trident fork; also, to grope

Greé, prize, victory

To Gree, to agree

Green, or grien, to long for

Grieve, an overseer

Groff, gross, coarse

Grotts, milled oats

Grouf, to lie flat on the belly

Grounche, or Glunfu, to murmur, grudge

Gruten, wept

Gryfe, a pig

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

Gumption, good fenfe

Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather)

Gusly, favoury

Gutchfr, 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

Hagobag, coarse table-linen

Haggis, 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 moosly ground; portions of coppel-wood regularly cut

Hall, to fave, manage narrowly

Halt, or het, hot

Hale, whole

Halesome, wholesome

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

Ham, home

Hameld, domestic

Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind

To Hanker, to doubt or waver

Hanty, convenient, handsome

Harle, drag

Harms, brains. Harms-pan, the scull

Harship, hairship, mishance

Hafs, a floven

Hauver, or hauvel, an insignificant chatterer, a half-witted fellow

Hawks, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers

Havins, good breeding

Haviour, behaviour

To haufe, to hug

Hauslock, the wool that grows on the sheep's neck

Hawks, a cow; a white-faced cow

Haws, or haufs, the throat or gullet

Heal, or heel, health, or whole

Heartsome, blyth and happy

Hecht, to promife, promised

Heeppy,
HOW

Heepj, a perfon hypochondriac
Hereyesstreet, the night before yef-ternight
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A beezy is a good lift
Hefiti, accustomed to live in a place
Hegh, promised; also, named
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows
Hereit, or berried, ruined in estate:
when a bird’s neft is robbed, it is
said to be berried
Hofp, a hasp, a clafp or hook, bar
or bolt: also, in yarn, a certain number of cuts
Hether-bells, the heath-blosom
Hough, a rock or steep hill; also, a
coal-pit
Hiddils, or Hidlings, lurking, hid-
ing-places. To do a thing in
bidlings, i. e. privately
To Hing, to hang
Hips, the buttocks
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely
Hirlfe, to move as with a ruffling
noife
Hirse, or birdafe, a flock of cattle
Ho, a single flocking
Hobblebow, confused racket, noife
Hodden-grey, coarse grey cloth
Hog, a sheep of two years old
Hool, hufk. Hooled, inclosed
Hooly, flow
Hoft, or whoft, to cough
How, or hu, a cap or roof-tree
How, low ground, a hollow
How! ho!
Houdered, hidden
Howdy, a midwife
Houff, a haunt, or accustomed ren-
dezvous

JYB

Howk, to dig
Howms, holms, plains on river-sides
How! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen
Hurdies, the buttocks
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together
like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare
Hyt, mad

Jack, a jacket
Jag, to prick as with a pin
Faw, a wave or gulf of water
Fawp, the dashing of water
Icefboles, icicles
Fee, 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
Fig, to crack, to make a noife like
a cart-wheel
Jimp, slender
Jip, gypfie
Iik, each. Ilka, every
Ingan, onion
Ingine, genius
Ingle, fire
Jo, sweetheart
Jocktaleg, a clafp-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,
RAMSAY’S POEMS.

Kaber, a rafter
Kale, or kail, colewort; and sometimes, broth
Kacky, 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
Kebuck, a cheque
Kackle, to cackle like a hen, to laugh, to be noisy
Kedgy, or cadgie, jovial
Keek, to peep
Keel, or keil, black or red chalk
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool
Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time
Ken, to know; used in England as a noun: a thing within ken, i.e. within view
Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one
Kieft, did calf. Vide coost
Kilted, tucked up
Kimmer, or cummer, a female gossip
Kirn, a churn; to churn
Kirtle, an upper petticoat
Kitchen, dainties or liquids eat with solid food: “hunger is good “kitchen”
Kittie, a frolicsome wench
Kittle, difficult, myserious, knotty (writings)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
Knackey, witty, facetious

L

Knait, to beat or strike sharply
Knoofed, buffeted and bruised
Knoife, or knief, a large lump
Knaw, a hillock
Knublock, a knob
Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears
Ky, kine or cows
Kyth, to appear: “he’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-noised
Lang-syne, long ago: sometimes used as a substantive noun, auld lang-syne, old times by-past
Lankale, coleworts uncut
Lap, leaped
Lappered, cruddled or clotted
Lare, bog

Lare,
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 reft or remainder
Lawin, a tavern reckoning
Lawland, low country
Lawrock, the lark
Lawty, or lawthith, justice, fidelity, honesty
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trufit, loyal: "a leal heart "never lied"
Leam, flame
Leak, learning; to learn
Lee, untitled 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 mis
Lends, buttocks, loins
Leugh, laughed
Lew-warm, lukewarm
Libbet, gelded
Lick, to whip or beat: a wag or cheat we call a great lick
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie
Lift, the sky or firmament
Liggs, lies
Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence, "lilt up a "spring:"—"lilt it out," take off your drink merrily
Limmer, a whore
Limp, to halt
Lia, a cataract
Ling, quick career in a straight line; to gallop
Lingle, cord, shoemakers' thread
Linkan, walking speedily

MAI

Lintwhite, a linnet
Lire, breasts: also, the most muscular parts: sometimes, the air or complexion of the face
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold
Lijk, the groin
Lik, a joint
Loan, 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
Lobh, a lake
Loe, to love
Loof, the hollow of the hand
Lovens, tools, instruments in general, vessels
Loot, did let
Low, flame. Lowan, flaming
Lown, calm: keep lown, be secret
Lown, rogue, whore, villain
Lounder, a sound blow
Lout, to bow down, making courtefly; to floop
Luck, to enclofe, shut up, fasten: hence, lucken handed, close fitted; lucken gowans, booths, &c.
Lucky, grandmother, or goody
Lug, ear, handle of a pot or vessel
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lurdane, a blockhead
Lure, rather
Lyart, hoary or grey-haired

M

Magil, to mangle
Maiden, an engine used for beheading
Maik, or make, to match, equal
Maiklefs, matchlefs
Mailen, a farm

Makly,
Makly, seemly, well-proportioned
Makfna, 'tis no matter
Malifon, a curfe, malediction
Mangit, galled or bruised by toil or stripes
Mank, a want
Mant, to blamer in speech
March, or merch, a landmark, border of lands
Marb, the marrow
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade
Malk, to malh (brewing).
Mavis, a thrush
Maun, must. Mauna, must not, may not
Mawt, malt
Meikle, much, big, great, large
Meith, limit, mark, sign
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation: to make a mends, to make a grateful return
Mensfou, mannerly
Menzie, a company of men, army, assembly, one's followers
Meffen, a little dog, lap-dog
Midding, a dunghill
Midges, gnats, little flies
Mim, affectedly modest
Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark
Mifeaw, to give names
Mifken, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, let alone
Mifloufious, malicious, rough
Miflers, necessities, wants
Mifker, mother
Mony, many
Moels, the earth of the grave

Mou, mouth
Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow
Mow, a pile or bing, as of flax, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.
Murgeon'd, made a mock of
Muckle, see meikle
Margullied, mifmanaged, abufed
Match, a coif
Mutchkin, an English pint

Nacky, or knacky, clever, active in small affairs
Neef, nose
Nevel, a sound 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"
Nief, next
Niffer, to exchange or barter
Nifnafan, trifling
Nignays, trifles
Nips, bits
Nither, to straiten. Nithered, hungered or half-starved in maintenance
Nive, the fift
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle
Noit, see knoit
Nowt, cows, kine
Nowther, neither
Nuckle, new calved (cows)
GLOSSARY.

O

Oe, a grandchild
O'er, or over, too much; as, "a' o'ers " is vice"
O'ercome, furplus
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
Owk, week
Owray, a cravat
Owfen, oxen
Outher, either
Oxter, the armpit

P

Paddock, a frog. Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs
Paiks, chastifement. To paik, to beat or belabour one soundly
Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another
Paper, paper
Pame, livery-lace
Pat, did put
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pawky, witty or fly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs
Peer, a quay or wharf
Peets, turf for fire
Pegh, to pant
Penfy, finical, foppish, conceited
Perquire, by heart
Pett, a favourite, a fondling. To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish,

flatter. Hence, to take the pett, is to be peevish or fallen, 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
Pimpin', pimping, mean, scurvy
Pine, pain or pining
Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard
Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn
Pirny, (cloth or a web) of unequal threads or colours, striped
Pit, to put
Pib, strength, might, force
Plack, two bodies, or the third of a penny English
Pleasing, household furniture
Pople, or pople, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water
Poortith, poverty
Pou, pull
Poufe, to push
Pouch, a pocket
Pouw, the poll, the head
Prouny, a little horse or galloway; also a turkey
Pratick, practice, art, stratagem.
Priving pratick, trying ridiculous experiments
Prets, tricks, rougeries. We say, "he played me a pret," i.e. cheated: the callan's fou of pret," i.e. has abundance of waggy 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
Puke, to pluck
Pulliesbees, pulleys
Put a flane, throw a big stone

Q

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

R

Rackles, careless: one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him rackles handed
Rae, a roe
Raffan, merry, roving, hearty
Raird, a loud sound
Rair, roar
Rak, or rook, a mift or fog
Rampage, to speak and act furiously
Rape, a rope
Rafhes, rufhes
Rave, did rive or tear
Raught, reached
Rax, to fretch. Raxed, fretched
Rax, andirons
Ream, cream: whence reaming; as reaming liquor
Redd, to rid, unravel; to separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage, "I am redd," I am apprehensive

RYP

Rede, counsel, advice; as, "I wad " na rede you to do that"
Reek, reach; also, smoke
Reese, or rufe, to commend, extol
Reeft, to ruft, or dry in the smoke
Refts, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away
Reif, rapine, robbery
Reik, or rink, a course or race
Rever, a robber or pirate
Rewth, pity
Rice, or rife, burrufhes, bramble branches, or twigs of trees
Rierd, a roar
Rife, or ryfe, plenty
Rift, to belch
Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house
Rigs of corn, ridges
Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins
Rock, a distaff
Roove, to rivet
Rottan, a rat
Roundel, a witty, and often satiric kind of rhyme
Rowan, rolling
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corns
Rude, the red taint of the complexion
Ruefu', doleful
Rug, to pull, take away by force
Rumple, the rump
Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off
Runkle, a wrinkle; to ruffle
Rype, to search
GLOSSARY.

S

Saebiens, seeing it is, since
Saiklefs, guiltless, free
Saiker, blesed
Sair, or fare, fore
Saikly, forlorne and pitable
Sall, shall: like foud for should
Saiblind, purblind, short-sighted
Sape, or sap, soap
Sar, favour or smell
Sark, a shirt
Sauh, a willow or fallow-tree
Sauf, soul
Saw, an old faying, or proverbial exprefion
Sawt, salt
Scad, scald
Scar, the bare places on the fides of hills wafted down with rains
Scart, to scratch
Scawld, scold
Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground
Scow, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock
Scowp, to leap or move haftily from one place to another
Scowth, room, freedom
Scrimp, narrow, frighted, little
Scrugs, shrubs, thorns, briars.
Scruggy, thorny
Scuds, ale; a late name given it by the benders, or drinkers
Sculdudry, lewdness
Scunner, to loath
Sefl, self
Sefch, furrow, ditch
Sey, to try
Shan pitiful, silly, poor
Sharn, cow's dung
Shaw, a wood or forest

SKI

To Shaw, to shew
Shawl, shallow
Shawps, empty husks
Sheen, shining
Shellycoat, a goblin
Shiel, a shepherd's cot
Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, shire; also a clever wag, a shire lick
Shog, to wake, shake, or jog backwards and forwards
Shool, shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to threaten
Shotle, a drawer
Sib, a-kin
Sic, fuch
Sicker, firm, secure
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in fummer
Siller, silver
Sindle, or sifle, seldom
Sinfyne, fince that time: lang sinyne, long ago
Skail, to spill, to difperfe: hence we fay, "the kirk is saining," for the congregation is separating
Skair, share
Skatb, hurt, damage, losf
Skeigh, skittifh
Skelf, shelf
Skelp, to run; used when one runs barefoot: also, a small splinter of wood: likewife, to flog the buttocks
Skiff, to move smoothly away
Skink, a kind of ftrong 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
Skeurie, ragged, nasty, idle
Skreed, a rent, a hearty drinking bout
To Skreigh, to shriek
Skylad, a tatterdemalion
Skyt, to fly out hastily
Slade, or Slaid, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily
Slop, or Slak, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills; also, a breach in a wall
Slee, fly
Slerg, to bedawb or plaster
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
Slate, a bar or bolt for a door
Slough, hulk or coat
Smak, 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, "sne'd off at the web end"
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm
Snib, to snub, check, or reprove, to correct
Snifter, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little flotp
Snifing, or sneifing, snuff
Swood, metaphorically used for neat, handyome, tight

SPE

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovelling slave
Snoove, to whirl round
Snatter, snot
Snarl, to ruffle or wrinkle
Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lufy
Sore, sore, reddish coloured
Sorn, to sponge, or hang on others for maintenance
Sofi, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground
Sound, should
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping
Souming, swimming
Soup, a sup
Souter, a thomaker
Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal scoured amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument
Spae, to 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
Spear, to climb
Speerr, to ask, inquire
Speirder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw afnder
Spence, the place of the house where provisins are kept

Spill,
GLOSSARY.

STO

Spill, to spoil, abuse
Spoolie, or spulzieie, spoil, booty, plunder
Springs, stripes of different colours
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument
Spruce, spuce
Sprutled, speckled, spotted
Sprung, the fob
Spunk, tinder
Stalwart, strong and valiant
Stane, stone
Stang, did sting, to sting; also a fling or pole
Stank, a pool of standing water
Start, strong, robust
Stairs, the flars. Starn, a small moiety: we say, "ne'er a starn"
Stew, stale
Stay, steep; as, "set a stout heart "to a stay brac"
Steek, to suit, close
Steep, to cram
Stend, or sten, to move with a hasty long pace
Stent, to stretch or extend, to limit or stint
Sting, a pole, a cudgel
Sirek, a stier or bullock
Stock-and-horn, a shepherd's pipe, made by inserting a reed pierced like a flute into a cow's horn; the mouth-piece is like that of a hautboy
Stoit, or stot, to rebound or reflect
Stoked, 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, stealth
Straitis, probably a kind of narrow kersey cloth, called straits. See Bailey and Mige
Strand, a gutter
Strapen, clever, tall, handsome
Street, to stretch
Striddle, to stride, applied commonly to one that is little
Strinkle, to sprinkle or draw
Strut, or strut, stuffed full, drunk
Strunt, a pet: "to take the strunt," to be petted or out of humour
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy
Sturdy, giddy headed; also strong
Sture, or stour, stiff, strong, hoarse
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation
Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing
Suddle, to fully or defile
Sumph, blockhead
Sunkan, splanetic
Sunkies, something
Swak, to throw, cast with force
Swankies, clever young fellows
Swarf, to swoon away
Swash, swollen with drink
Swatch, a pattern
Swats, small ale
Swecth, burden, weight, force
Sweer, lazy, low, loth
Sweeties, confections
Swelt, suffocated, choked to death
Swith, begone quickly

Swither,
THA

Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that
Sybou, a small onion
Syke, a rill which is sometimes dry
Synce, afterwards, then

TOs

Thae, those
Tharmes, small tripes, catgut
Threek, to thatch
Thieveless, sleeveless, wanting propriety
Thig, to beg or borrow
Thir, these
Thole, to endure, suffer
Thow, thaw
Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy
Thravig, froward, crofs, crabbed
Throwin, stern and crofs-grained
Thrown-gabbit, wry-mouthed
Threep, or thread, to aver, allege, urge and affirm boldly
Thrimail, or thrumnil, to press or squeeze through with difficulty
Thud, a blast, blow, ftrorm, or the violent found of these, "cry'd " heh at ilka thud," i.e. gave a groan at every blow
Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, "he took the tid"
Tiff, good order, health
Till, to. Till't, to it
Time, to lose. Tint, lost
Tinfel, loss
Tip, or tippony, ale fold for twopence the Scots pint
Tippanizing, drinking twopenny ale
Tirle, or turr, to uncover a house
Titty, fiffer
Tocher, portion, dowry
Tod, a fox
Tooly, to fight; a fight or quarrel
Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c. : also, to empty
Tofs, tight, neat
Tose, warm, pleasant, half fuddled
GLOSSARY.

UUN

To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed
Toffe, or Toufe, to rumple, tease
Tow, the sound of a horn or trumpet
Townd, a rope
Tree, a cask of liquor, a nine-gallon tree
Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece
Trig, neat, handsome
Truke, exchange
True, to trow, trust, believe
Truf, steal
Truncher, trencher, platter
Tryst, appointment
Tur, turfs, trufts
Twin, to part with, or separate from
Twitch, touch
Twinters, sheep of two years old
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky
Tynd. Vide Teen
Tyf, to entice, stir up, allure

WHO

Wad, or wed, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would
Wae, sorrowful
Waeftu, woeful
Waff, wandering by itself
Wak, moist, wet
Wale, to pick and choose
Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large
Wame, womb, the belly
Wandought, want of dought, impotent
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace
Wanter, a man who wants a wife
War, worse
World, world
Warlock, wizard
Wat, or wit, to know
Wought, a large draught
Wean, or wee ane, a child
Wee, little
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed
Weer, to flop or oppose
Weir, war
Weird, fate or destiny
Weil, rain
Weise, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt
Weik, whip, beat, flog
Whid, to fly quickly
Whilk, which
Whilly, to cheat. Whillywha, a cheat
Whomb, turned upside down

U & V

Ugg, to detest, hate, nauseate
Ug some, hateful, nauseous
Virle, a ferrule
Vif, to view with care
Unwhist, or unquhit, the late or deceased; some time ago; of old
Uneith, not easy
Ungard, naked, not clad, unharnessed
Unko, or unco, uncouth, strange
Unlysom, unlovely
Unforsy, unlucky, ugly
Vougy, elevated, proud
Undocht, or wandought, a silly weak person
WYL

Wight, stout, clever, active; also, a man or person
Willie-wands, willow-wands
Wilt, wilt thou
Wimping, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river
Win, or won, to reside, dwell
Winn, will not
Winnocks, windows
Winium, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large
Wiry-kow, a scarecrow or hob-goblin
Wifest, parched, dried, withered
Whistle, or whistle, 'to exchange money
Withersbins, motion against the sun
Woo, or w, wool
Wood, mad
Woo'd, 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
Wryb, wathed
Wyliecoat, a jacket

YUL

Wyring, inclining. To wyse, to guide, to lead. Wyring-a-jee, guiding in a bending course
Wylon, the gullet
Wyle, to blame, blame

Y

Yamph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs
Tap, hungry, having a longing desire for anything ready
Tealow, yea wilt thou
Ted, to contend, wrangle
Ted, barren, as a cow that gives no milk
Turk, to do any thing with celerity
Tefk, the hickup
Tett, gate
Tefreen, yefternight
Toudib, youthfulness
Toul, to yell
Truden, weared
Yowky, itchy
Touff, a swinging blow. To youff, to bark
Tuke, the itch
Tule, Christmas

THE END.

Printed by A. Straban, Printers-Street, London.