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The Scottish Text Society

THE SCOTTISH WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER ROSS, M.A.

SCHOOLMASTER AT LOCHLEE

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ALEXANDER ROSS, M.A.

SCHOOLMASTER AT LOCHLEE

CONSISTING OF

Helenore, or The Fortunate Shepherdess ;
Songs ; The Fortunate Shepherd, or The Orphan

EDITED, WITH NOTES, GLOSSARY AND LIFE

By MARGARET WATTIE, B.LITT.

(Mrs 'Espinasse)

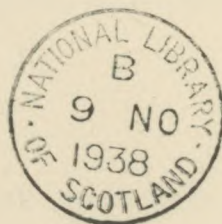
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PREFACE.

I AM deeply indebted first and foremost to Sir William Craigie, who has interested himself in the fortunes of this book almost since its beginnings, has provided interpretations of several difficulties, and has patiently replied to a string of questions about Scottish vowel-changes and etymologies ; next, to Mr F. C. Diack, whom I have frequently consulted about north-eastern Scottish idiom and about Gaelic derivations ; to my father, Dr J. M. Wattie, for assistance in details too numerous to mention ; to the inhabitants of Ross's Tarfside, especially Mr James Crowe ; to Mr William Grant for permission to look through unpublished material of the Scottish National Dictionary ; to Mrs Cope and all others whom I have harassed with letters about one point or another ; and to Dr R. F. Patterson, the General Editor, for his supervising care.

INTRODUCTION.

LIFE.

THE outline of Ross's life is given by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, in his 1812 edition of *Helenore*. This account ought to be valuable, coming as it does from one to whom Ross familiarly referred as "my grandson Sandy Thomson", and who spent eight years of his boyhood in Ross's house. With Longmuir,¹ however, we must deplore its occasional inaccuracies, and the absence of intimate detail, of "many particulars that might have been easily supplied." Longmuir gives some additional information in 1866, but there is still much that we should like to know and that we cannot now discover. As far as possible I have checked the statements of Thomson and Longmuir; and wherever these statements are in conflict with other evidence, as too often they are, I have mentioned the fact in a footnote.

Ross was born in the parish of Kincardine-O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, on 13th April 1699, son of Andrew Ross, farmer.² In the present state of our information it is

¹ See List of Editions, p. xliii below.

² The beginning of Ross's life, like the end, is wrapped in a tangle of conflicting statements. The date of his birth is given as above by Thomson, followed by Longmuir. The entry in the Register of Admissions of Notaries, however, reads: "23rd July, 1730. Mr Alexander

impossible to trace his family further back. There are nearly three hundred Rosses in the Aberdeenshire Poll Book of 1696, of whom, incidentally, twenty-seven are Alexander. And coming down to one generation and one place, we find that at the Kincardine-O'Neil school along with our Alexander there were no fewer than three other Rosses, one of them also Alexander. All four were bursary winners and graduates of Marischal College. The two namesakes met again in later life, Alexander Ross the second becoming minister of Lochlee some twenty-five years after the poet went there as school-master.

In 1714 he entered Marischal College with a bursary, and graduated M.A. in 1718. For a time he was tutor in the family of Sir William Forbes of Craigievar. Sir William is said to have encouraged him to go in for divinity, offering him a settlement in the Church; but Ross, like Beattie in similar circumstances, did not think fit to advance his worldly position in such a way. He continued to teach, now as parochial schoolmaster,

Ross, son of Andrew Ross, subtenant in Torfins, aged 27 years or thereby." "Thereby" can hardly be stretched to mean "anything up to 31." My assumption that the information given in an entry is based on the petitioner's own statement is kindly corroborated by the Curator of Historical Records, who adds that the Petitions for 1730 are unfortunately wanting. If he was born in 1702 or 3, as the entry suggests, then he went up to the university at the age of 11 or 12, since he was admitted in 1714 (*Fasti Academiae Mariscallanæ Aberdonensis* (New Spalding Club), vol. ii., p. 295). This seems too young. We are driven to conclude that either Ross did not know his own age, or his family did not know it, and invented a suitable one.

Longmuir gives his birthplace as Baremuir, 'Fasti' as Stranduff. I do not know the authority for either statement. There is no place called Baremuir in the Poll Book of Aberdeenshire for 1696 (Spalding Club). In this book the tenant of Stranduff in 1696 is John Hunter. But Andrew Ross could have come in after 1696. The Register of Admissions of Notaries calls Andrew Ross merely "subtenant in Torfins." There is an Andrew Ross in the Poll Book (i. 104) at Achinsley on Easter Beltie, near Torphins—a weaver, however, whereas Thomson says Andrew Ross was "a respectable farmer."

first at Aboyne¹ and then at Laurencekirk, and married in 1726 Jean Catanach from Logie Coldstone. Of his Laurencekirk experiences little is known except his friendship with Beattie's father, a friendship which had the happy result of ensuring Beattie's active support when, later on, Ross came to think of publishing some of his work.

While he was schoolmaster at Aboyne, Ross was also clerk to the court of the lordship of Aboyne, and would thus have become acquainted with most of the tenants. Among these were two brothers, Charles and John Garden, who were small lairds, the one of Bellastreen in Glentanar, the other of Migstrath in Birse. About 1722 these two lairds sold their Deeside properties and went to Glenesk in Angus as factors for their relative, Garden of Troup, who had taken a lease of the Glenesk forfeited estates.

In 1732 or 3, almost certainly owing to his acquaintance with these Gardens of Deeside, Ross was offered the school at Lochlee in Glenesk by Garden of Troup.² Thither he went, and there he remained for the rest of his life—half a century—teaching his small school, bringing up four children (three others died in infancy), reading and writing copiously, and, if "sequestered from the polite world", making the glen his world.

It would have been difficult for a country schoolmaster anywhere in Scotland not to be interested in the life of the parish, since he customarily touched it at so

¹ A letter from Rev. John Pirie of Lochlee to Campbell says that Ross was parochial schoolmaster at Birse about 1733 (Campbell, p. 285). In Dinnie's 'Birse' (p. 58) the schoolmaster was "by the year 1726 Mr Alexander Ross, who was succeeded on the 17th May, 1730, by Francis Adam." A receipt given by Ross in 1722 begins "I Mr Alexr Ross Schoolmaster at Aboyn", and ends "as witness my hand at Charleston"—i.e., Aboyne. (Private communication.)

² It is just possible that Garden of Troup knew Ross through the Forbeses of Craigievar. Jervise (*Epitaphs and Inscriptions*, i. 87) states that, according to Burke, Alexander Garden of Troup married into that family.

many points. The schoolmaster was one of the important and useful people in every district, filling several offices besides that of teacher. This practice was a necessity, since a man could not live on the small fees of small schools, plus a small salary. Ross himself was reader and precentor, session clerk and notary public, as well as master of a school consisting only of five or six families. Such, at least, is Thomson's estimate of its size ; though if this were true, it is hard to see why Ross should have left the town of Laurencekirk, where the school must have been reasonably large, for such an outpost of education as Lochlee.¹ Some reasons for his action may be suggested, given that he was not ambitious—a fact amply proven by the conduct of his life. Glenesk is within a day's walk of his own Deeside by any of several passes through the hills. In fact, Upper Deeside and the north of Angus are the same country of glens and folding heather hills ; the people are the same sort of people ; their speech is closely similar.

There was plenty of trafficking and migration between Deeside and Glenesk. For example, the favourite entertainer of Lochlee in winter-time was John Cameron, the fiddler from Glenmuick on Deeside ; Ross's eldest daughter married the schoolmaster of Glenmuick ; and besides Ross there were several Deeside people settled in Glenesk : the Gardens, Alexander Ross the minister, and possibly the Jollys of Gleneffock.

¹ There is this, however, to be said : according to Thomson his emoluments over and above school fees consisted of a salary of about 100 merks ; 5 or 6 acres of good arable ground ; pasture for two horses, two or three cows, and a hundred sheep ; and six bolls of oatmeal. Longmuir reckons them at about £18, over and above fees, with 6 acres of land and six bolls of oatmeal. According to Jervise (*Land of the Lindsays*, 2nd ed., p. 74) he had as reader about 100 merks Scots, six bolls of oatmeal, two crofts of land, with pasture for a horse, a cow, and twenty sheep. Any one of these reckonings gives the impression of a fairly comfortable livelihood for a person of simple tastes.

Another reason for satisfaction was the leisure which a country parish affords for reading and writing. Thomson tells us of his grandfather's studious habits. *Helenore* is not a poem in which to display scholarship, but the three MS. volumes in the National Library bear witness to his learning as well as to his theological interests.¹ The earnest piety which led him to write his religious poems, and always, even in his comic pieces, to inculcate a moral, is what might be expected from a parish school-master in Scotland. What is less usual is his moderation. He was a devoted member of the Established Church, and there is no doubt that his first interests were religious and moral, yet there is nothing of the bigot displayed in his writing or his life. For instance, his wife's family were Catholic; she herself was a Catholic at the time of her marriage, though she allowed their children to be brought up in the Established Church. It is plain that Ross had the wisdom and the ability to take his good where he found it. He had a clear good sense which enabled him to be at once interested in the performance of his narrow round of duties, and, without discontent, alert to keep in touch with a wider world.

Beattie's thumb-nail sketch of him at the age of sixty-nine has the ring of truth—the tone of patronage should be discounted: “he is a good-humoured, social, happy old man; modest without clownishness, and lively without petulance.”² We detect nothing parochial about Ross except his office. All through his life he had friends and admirers among the people who moved about and knew the world.³ And we may give the credit for this to his personal qualities, without referring, as Longmuir

¹ See *Inedited Works*, pp. xxxiv-v below.

² Letter to Blacklock, quoted in full on pp. xvi-xviii below.

³ Besides those mentioned in this introduction, the Earl of Northesk, the Earl of Panmure, and the Carnegies of Southesk are said to have regularly sought him out on their visits to Glenesk. (Thomson, Longmuir.)

does, to the polish given to his manners by association with the Forbesees of Craigievar. Another sign of his want of bigotry is the fact that while he himself was loyal, many of his friends were open or covert Jacobites. Garden of Bellastreen was out in the '15, and a friend of long standing was Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie,¹ who was a colonel in the Prince's army and was captured at Culloden. The lost MS. of *Helenore*² had written upon its cover the name of Forbes of Brux, who was out in the '45 and who may have passed through Glenesk in his flight.³ A relative of Ross's wife, possibly her brother, a Catanach of Bellastraid, was the hero of a famous episode related in Michie's *Deeside Tales*, the shooting of a messenger-at-arms sent to take him for a notorious rebel. Glenesk itself was forfeited land,⁴ and feeling there must have been at times stormy, since although there were many Stuart sympathisers, the Kirk Session was loyal, and Mr Scott, the predecessor of the Rev. Alexander Ross, was a determined opponent of the Jacobites.⁵

The humbler folk of Ross's acquaintance have, naturally, no written history. In spite of religious and political differences, the glen seems to have been a lively and sociable place, even in winter when the snows were come and the visitors gone. The favourite diversions were

¹ Thomson says that when Ross visited his eldest daughter in Glenmuick he always saw Francis Farquharson. For an account of Farquharson's career, see Michie's *History of Logie Coldstone* (Aberdeen, 1896).

² See p. xxxv below.

³ As many fugitives did. The story is that the laird of Balnamoon even lived for some time in a cave up the River Mark. See Paul, *Up Glenesk*, p. 91.

⁴ The Earl of Panmure was out in the '15. His nephew repurchased the land in 1764.

⁵ See Paul, pp. 90-91. As session clerk Ross had to read out the orders prohibiting Highland dress. Jervise has some remarks on the party bickerings and religious feuds in the glen from 1750 onwards. (*Land of the Lindsays*, p. 76 ff.)

music and dancing. Ross himself played the violin, although his grandson says "he had not the most correct ear." John Cameron, the fiddler and story-teller from Glenmuick, paid them an annual visit in winter, playing to their dancing; and Ross's songs were made to be sung at such gatherings.¹

In the course of years his MS. poems circulated widely among his gentle and simple acquaintance, and he was persuaded that some of them merited publication. Beattie, whose father he had known in Laurencekirk, was then Professor of Moral Philosophy in Aberdeen, and in 1766 Ross brought to him his MSS., from which Beattie selected for publication *Helenore* and a few songs. The book, printed by private subscription, appeared in 1768 and realised £20. Beattie further assisted its fortune by writing a puff under a pseudonym to the *Aberdeen Journal* for 1st June 1768²: "Sir,—I have read the 'Fortunate Shepherdess', and other Poems in Broad Scotch, just published at Aberdeen, by Mr Alexander Ross of Lochlee. This writer has given us the provincial dialects of Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeenshire, in great perfection; and I am convinced his work will be highly amusing to all who relish that sort of composition. A nice critic might, perhaps, take exception at his plot, at the prolixity of some of his speeches, and at the impropriety of some particular incidents and sentiments; but Mr Ross, in his preface, hath made so modest an acknowledgement of these, and the other faults which he thinks may be found in the performance, that it is impossible for a good-natured reader not to excuse them. Many genuine strokes of nature and passion, and many beautiful touches

¹ "Some of them have long been known to the common people of this country, who sing them with much satisfaction and good humour." Beattie, letter to *Aberdeen Journal*. See next paragraph.

² I have transcribed the letter from Longmuir, pp. 129-30.

of picturesque description, are to be seen in his work. There is even an attempt at character, which in one or two instances, is by no means unsuccessful. In his Songs there is an easy turn of humour and versification : some of them have long been known to the common people of this country, who sing them with much satisfaction and good humour. I beg leave to transmit to this facetious author, by the channel of your paper, the following lines,¹ which may please some of your readers, and cannot, I think, offend any ; and am, Sir, your humble servant, Oliver Oldstile."

Beattie is "on 's maijesty" ; but his criticism is in the main just (except that the speeches in *Helenore* are not prolix), if he had been straightforward enough to praise positively, instead of using the supercilious double negative ("not unsuccessful"). In the letter to Blacklock which he encloses with a copy of *Helenore*, there is even more of the patron, the professor, the man of the world ; less of the critic. The letter gives a living impression of Ross, however² : "Aberdeen, 1st July, 1768. I have at last found an opportunity of sending you the Scottish poems which I mentioned in a former letter. The dialect is so licentious, (I mean it is so different from that of the south country, which is acknowledged the standard of broad Scotch,) that I am afraid you will be at a loss to understand it in many places. However, if you can overlook this inconvenience, together with the tediousness of some passages, and the absurdity of others, I doubt not but you will receive some amusement from the perusal. The author excels most in describing the solitary scenes of a mountainous country, and the manners and conversation of the lowest sort of

¹ These lines are prefixed to *Helenore* in my edition.

² From James Beattie, *Letters*, *British Prose Writers*, XXV. London, 1819-21.

our people. Whenever he attempts to step out of this sphere, he becomes absurd. This sphere is, indeed, the only one of which he has had any experience. He has been for these forty years, a schoolmaster in one of the most sequestered parishes in the Highlands of Scotland, where he had no access either to company or books that could improve him. His circumstances and employment confine him at home the whole year long ; so that his compositions, with all their imperfections, are really surprising. My personal acquaintance with him began only two years ago, when he had occasion to come to this town, on some urgent business. He is a good-humoured, social, happy old man ; modest without clownishness, and lively without petulance. He put into my hands a great number of manuscripts in verse, chiefly on religious subjects : I believe sir Richard Blackmore himself is not a more voluminous author. The poems now published seemed to me the best of the whole collection : indeed, many of the others would hardly bear a reading. He told me he had never written a single line with a view to publication, but only to amuse a solitary hour. Some gentlemen in this country set on foot a subscription for his Scottish poems ; in consequence of which they were printed, and he will clear by the publication about £20, a sum far exceeding his most sanguine expectations ; for, I believe, he would thankfully have sold his whole works for five. In order to excite some curiosity about his work, I wrote some verses in the dialect of this country, which, together with an introductory letter in English prose, were published in the ' Aberdeen Journal ' ;¹ and the bookseller tells me, he has sold about thirty copies since they appeared. I have sent you enclosed a copy of the verses, with a glossary of the hardest words. Having never before attempted to write anything in this way, I

¹ See pp. xv-xvi above.

thought I could not have done it, and was not a little surprised to find it so easy.¹ However, I fear I have exhausted my whole stock of Scottish words in these few lines ; for I endeavoured to make the style as broad as possible, that it might be the better adapted to the taste of those whose curiosity I wished to raise. You will observe, that Mr Ross is peculiarly unfortunate in his choice of proper names. One of his heroes is called by a woman's name, Rosalind. The injurious mountaineers he called Sevitiens, with a view, no doubt, to express their cruelty ; but the printer, not understanding Latin, has changed it into Sevilians. The whole is incorrectly printed."

Beattie continued to take an interest in Ross, for in 1778, when the second edition of *Helenore* was projected, he obtained the Duchess of Gordon's permission to have it dedicated to her. There was point in the dedication besides her reputation as a patron of literature, for she is said ² to have sat up a whole night reading the poem ; and Andrew Shirrefs refers to her interest.³ She invited Ross to come and offer the new volume in person, and at the age of seventy-nine he journeyed over the hills on horseback from Lochlee to Gordon Castle, where he spent several days. The letter to Beattie in which he

¹ This remark draws a rebuke from Longmuir (p. 53) : " We cannot help smiling at the affectation of our professor . . . in saying that he . . . wondered how easily he could write the language he had daily used during, at least, the half of his life ! "

² By the Rev. Harry Stuart of Oathlaw. See Longmuir, p. 60.

³ In a rhyming letter to Skinner (*Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, Edinburgh, 1790) :

" She saw the bonny Shepherdess
Of Flaviana's Braes ;
And tho' she lik'd na a' her dress,
She boot to gie her praise
And help yon day.

Footnote : It is reported that her Grace was not altogether pleased with the manner in which the Author concludes that story."

describes his visit is an example of what Beattie called modesty without clownishness, and though it deals with trifles, it discovers Ross's nature so admirably that part of it should be quoted. It is dated from Gordon Castle, 6th July 1778: "Dear Sir, I arrived at Gordon Castle Friday afternoon, went to Mr Ross, who, on reading your letter, said he would go down to the castle in a little, and tell the Duchess that I was come, and that I might then wait at my quarters till she should send for me. Accordingly a servant came at night, desiring me to come down next day betwixt ten and eleven, which I did, and was carried up to a room where were the Duke, Lady Maxwell, and the Duchess, who soon made me easy by her standing up and smiling on me. I gave her your letter, which she presently read; I then presented my copies, which she commended for their elegance, scarce thinking they could be so well done at Aberdeen. I found by the behaviour of the house that orders had been given to take care of me, as I met with the utmost of discretion. Sunday, I went to church, came back to the castle, dined, and signified to her grace's gentlewoman that I would be glad to be permitted to set off on Monday, (for the Duchess had desired me to stay some time, and write home.) Accordingly, on Sunday's evening I was called upstairs again, when the Duke and Duchess talked very freely and easily with me; and, on parting with me, she slipt a pocket-book, as she called it, into my hand, saying, 'I make you a present of a pocket-book; pray accept it.' It was elegant, indeed, of itself, but covered fifteen guinea notes, which considerably heightened the value of it. This, Sir, I owe to your goodness, for which you have my sincere thanks, and will while I live. Saturday night and Sunday night I slept in the castle—that wonder of a house. . . ." The rest of the letter is an application on behalf of his grandson, Alexander Thomson, who

accompanied him on this journey and who tells us that his grandfather returned safe home "in good health, and with great satisfaction."¹

In the next year, on 5th May, Ross's wife died, at the age of seventy-seven.² The stone set up by her husband still stands in the old churchyard of Lochlee. It is a pretty piece of eighteenth century workmanship, with a cherub aloft, skull and crossbones and Memento Mori below. The name and date are followed by these verses :—

" Whats mortal here, death in his right wou'd have it
The spritual part returns to God that gave it
While both at parting did their hopes retain
That they in glory wou'd unite again
To reap the harvest of their Faith and Love
And join the song of the Redeemd above."

After his wife's death his second daughter, by that time a widow, kept house for him either at Lochlee or at Tarfside.³ He died on 20th May⁴ 1784, and was buried

¹ Transcribed from Longmuir, pp. 63-65. Beattie expresses Ross's feelings for him, I do not think accurately, in a letter of thanks to the Duchess (quoted in Forbes, Beattie and his Friends, p. 148): "His visit to Gordon Castle will furnish the old man with matter of talk and triumph for the remainder of his life."

² Thomson gives her age as eighty-two. It is seventy-seven on the stone, and surely her husband was more likely to know.

³ Longmuir found no evidence that Ross removed from his school-house, and supposes that he died there. Jervise (*Land of the Lindsays*, 2nd ed., p. 83) says that he lived at Buskhead, a farm at Tarfside, That a man of eighty would retire from his post, and hence from his house, is not improbable. The notice of his death in the Parish Register, however (quoted by Jervise), calls him "school-master at Lochlee." Would he be called schoolmaster if another had succeeded him? At all events, there is a persistent tradition at Tarfside that he did remove from Lochlee, and two accounts are given: one, that he died at Buskhead, in a building which used to be the dwelling-house, but is now a byre; the other, given by several people independently, though possibly all from the same source, that he died at "Rob Thow's hoose" or Birkanbrowl. This is now a ruin, but it was once an independent holding, situated between Buskhead and Turnabrane, on the right bank of the Esk, a little below Tarfside village.

⁴ So Thomson. Jervise (reference as in preceding note) gives the date of his burial as 26th May from Parish Registers, now lost.

in his wife's grave. For nearly sixty years her name on her stone was his only memorial, since neither Thomson nor any other relative thought fit even to add his name in the space left for it. In 1841 some admirers proposed to raise a subscription for a separate monument to the poet. The prime mover was Duncan Michie, a local versifier, who wrote for the occasion a verse "Complaint", reproaching the inhabitants for neglect of their bard. In 1843 a plain and unbeautiful stone was erected, which now stands above the grave of Ross, his wife, and their three infant children.¹

The inscription is as follows :—

Erected
TO THE MEMORY
OF
ALEXANDER ROSS, A.M.
SCHOOLMASTER OF LOCHLEE,
AUTHOR OF "LINDY AND NORRY" OR
THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS
AND OTHER POEMS IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT:
BORN APRIL 1699:
DIED MAY 1784.

HOW FINELY NATURE AYE HE PAINTIT,
O' SENSE IN RHYME HE NE'ER WAS STINTIT,
AN' TO THE HEART HE ALWAYS SENT IT,
 WI' MIGHT AN' MAIN:
AN' NO AE LINE HE E'ER INVENTIT,
 NEED ANE OFFEN'.

The stanza of verse is from Duncan Michie's "Complaint of Lochlee." Neither stone nor inscription is of the quality one would like to see on Ross's grave, especially since he

¹ His wife's stone was removed and set up on the churchyard wall just opposite.

himself was something of a connoisseur in epitaphs, if tradition is reliable. Besides the verses on his wife's stone, he is said to have composed four poetical epitaphs which are still in Lochlee churchyard, though one is partly, another wholly, illegible. The Latin one for Mr John Garden and his wife is badly mutilated, the surface having peeled off and carried away many of the letters. Time has unluckily spared some shocking false quantities. Since this monument was set up by Garden's son, it is possible that they are his. I have copied the epitaph from Thomson :—

“ Quos Hymen thalamo, teneris conjunxerat annis ;
 Queisque dedit multos uiuere laute dies ;
 Peracto uitæ, summo cum decore, cursu,
 Componit tumulo, nosce, viator, uno.
 Ast probos, prouidos, beneuolos, atque benignos,
 Ueridico uiuens buccinat ore Fama.”

John Garden's brother Charles is buried under a horizontal slab which is now in part overgrown with turf ; the rest is so worn with exposure that the lettering is entirely illegible. Longmuir, however, transcribed the epitaph when it could still be read. Without being a notable poem, it exhibits that admirable simple formality of the eighteenth century which contrasts so favourably with the pretentious heartiness of the Ross memorial :—

“ Entomb'd here lies what's mortal of the man,
 Who fill'd with honour life's extended span ;
 Of stature handsome, front erect and fair,
 Of dauntless brow, yet mild and debonair ;
 The camp engaged his youth, and would his age,
 Had cares domestic not recall'd his stage,
 By claim of blood, to represent a line,
 That, but for him, was ready to decline ;
 He was the Husband, Father, Neighbour, Friend,
 And all their special properties sustain'd ;
 Of prudent conduct, and of morals sound,
 And who, at last, with length of days was crown'd.”

In another equally characteristic eighteenth century tone is the epitaph on Helen Miln, wife of David Christieson of Auchrony :—

“ Stop Passenger incline thine head
And talk a litle with the dead
I had my day as well as thou
But worms are my companions now
Hence then and for thy change prepare
With bent endeavour earnest care
For Death pursues the as a Post
Theres not a moment to be lost.”

From the lines on Daniel Christieson, who was accidentally burned to death in a heather-burning, the inspiring puff of Scots “ my muse ” is totally absent :—

“ From what befalls us here below
Let none from thence conclude
Our lot shall after time be so
The young mans Life was good

Yet Heavnlly wisdom thought (*sic*) it fit
In its all Sovereign Way
The flames to kill him to permit
And so to close his day.”

My reason for dwelling on this tombstone literature is partly that traces of Ross are deplorably scanty in Glenesk. The very ground plan of his house is now invisible. Of its furnishings, there remains only his desk,¹ a plain, unvarnished dominie's desk, cut with many initials. There remains also a sundial,² with the initials AR—JC (Jean Catanach), a heart between, and the date 1747. A fire at the manse in the later nineteenth century destroyed most of the parish records, and only one eighteenth century volume is left, with the signature Al. Ross on the

¹ Now in the District Council Offices at Tarfside.

² Now in the possession of Mr Porter of Cuttlehaugh, Tarfside. How it came there he does not know.

verso of the fly-leaf, and again after the entry for September 1782. Signatures, sundial, desk, and epitaphs are now the only visible traces of the poet in Glenesk.

Longmuir says that descendants of Ross are "still on Tarfside to-day" (1866). He is referring to the family of Jean Ross, one of the daughters, who, he says, married a Catanach. The last Catanach on Tarfside was Jess, a famous figure, who died some years ago. I am unable to discover who Jess Catanach was. Some say that she was a descendant of Ross, some that she had no connexion with him. In any case, she was the last of her family. Ross's eldest daughter Helen married Thomson, the schoolmaster of Glenmuick. Their son Alexander produced the 1812 edition of *Helenore*, with the life of Ross. His descendants are still living.

Careful consideration can gather a good deal of Ross's character out of his work. The very fact that consideration is required is a reflection of his modesty. He never obtrudes himself, and the scanty records of his life confirm this impression of reasonableness. His grandson's description of him is mainly conventional: he says that Ross was a man of deep and unaffected piety, retiring, fond of study. But he has one or two details which are genuine and enlightening: Ross loved conversation, he was hot-tempered at times; he was small and neatly formed, quick of eye, and animated. No sluggish or insensitive person could have struck off such living sketches as Colin and Bydby. The dry humour which is found in *Helenore*, especially in the opinions of Colin, is not remarked on by his grandson. A spark of it appears occasionally even in the session book entries: a shilling was put into the plate by somebody; Ross enters "11½d. returned"! ¹

¹ See Paul, pp. 91-92.

Without doubt, the part of interested spectator was his choice rather than his necessity¹—at least, he was content in it. Such a man, sensible in all meanings of the word, did not over-estimate his own importance. We who are pleased with all we see of Ross may deplore the absence of intimate detail from his grandson's portrait; Ross himself might approve it.

¹ See the third paragraph of his Advertisement, p. [3] below.

HELENORE.

ALTHOUGH the form of *Helenore* is narrative, the poem is essentially dramatic, its strength lying in the exhibition of character through dialogue. The characters so exhibited are drawn from the people whom Ross knew, and about whom he chose to write—the peasants of north-east Scotland.

Ross's native country was notoriously the place where the poor stunted themselves to educate their children, where the crofters' cleverer sons became ministers and schoolmasters. There was nevertheless a well-marked distinction between gentle and simple, if it differed in some respects from the division of classes in England. Though an educated man, Ross belonged to the peasant class, and the world he reproduces in *Helenore* is their world. All the characters are essentially peasants, some of them thinly disguised as cateran or as lairds. The superiority of the Squire, for instance, is indicated chiefly by the romantic paraphernalia with which he is surrounded—spears and targes, knights, pages, footmen. When he is speaking intimately,¹ his voice is the voice of the humbler folk. The popularity of *Helenore* in its own district and in its own class² bears witness to its truth. Colin is the very type of the north-eastern peasant, stoical where there is no remedy, setting hard

¹ *E.g.*, lines 870 ff.

² See list of cheap editions, p. xliii below.

fact above sentiment, but, under this appearance of stolidity, quick-witted enough to make humorous understatement his habitual expression.

While Colin is the most typical character, Bydby and Nory are sharply drawn, and sharply differentiated. The contrast between these two is implicit in every word they utter. Nory is a young politician, a sweet and spoiled child, turning everyone round her finger with wits as quick as her speech is pretty;¹ Bydby's tongue is as much sharper as her wits are slower; she is a down-right and determined limmer, fighting her own battles with darts of unpolished but effective repartee.²

What the people say in *Helenore* is more important than what they do, but Beattie is too severe when he dismisses the whole management of the story in a sentence:³ "A nice critic might perhaps take exception at his plot, . . . and at the impropriety of some particular incidents." On the model of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, Ross has combined the *Cophetua* theme and the story of the foundling of gentle birth. To this conventional romantic plot he gives sufficient plausibility (more than Ramsay gives), and the narrative is neither unduly prolix nor unsuitably telescoped. Beattie does not specify the improprieties which he deplures, but some contemporary readers apparently felt that the ending was unsatisfactory, that the love of Lindy and Nory should have had its customary reward.⁴ Ross is apparently accused of departing from his literary convention; but it is a narrow view of the demands of convention which envisages only one possible ending for a romantic

¹ For an example of Nory's adroitness, see lines 2335 ff.

² See, for instance, her encounter with the two men, 1606 ff., and her conduct of her own case against Lindy, 2433 onwards.

³ See p. xv above.

⁴ See the Advertisement, pp. [3]-5 below. The Duchess of Gordon objected to the ending. See note, p. xviii above.

love-story. The incidents which bring about the ending seemed to Ross himself "plausible and natural,"¹ and in support of his opinion it may be pointed out that Nory's gradual transference of affection from Lindy to the Squire is carefully suggested: it is foreshadowed early in the story in her wish to postpone marrying,² and in the dream which she ingenuously relates on the morning after she meets the Squire.³ Again, after she discovers Lindy's apparent treachery, her cool handling of the situation⁴ does not suggest the disappointment of an undeviating affection. Lindy's acceptance of Bydby in place of Nory is well motivated by prudence and fright. The conflict of these emotions with his old love, and the gradual confirmation of a change of heart in Nory, are dramatically exhibited in the scenes leading up to his surrender.

There are, however, two undoubted improprieties in the plot. The more obvious is the episode of the "furious man,"⁵ which has nothing to do with the story and no merit. It is merely absurd. The other is a real fault of structure, for which the only excuse is that it is not very noticeable: the Squire relates to his aunt⁶ all the circumstances of his leaving home, circumstances of which it is necessary to inform the reader but which his aunt already knew, since she had given him good advice on the business.

The model for *Helenore* was ostensibly Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, and it is true that unless the *Gentle Shepherd* had been written, *Helenore* would not have taken pastoral form. But while he chooses the same sort of romantic plot as Ramsay, Ross's ending is original; more plausible in that it requires only one missing heir, and half unromantic, as his sort of humour preferred it to be. Moreover, the superficial form of *Helenore*,

¹ See the Advertisement.

² 1120 ff.

⁵ 1708-47.

² 315 ff.

⁴ 2004 ff.

⁶ 870 ff.

unlike the Gentle Shepherd, is narrative. The contrast between the two girls in *Helenore* owes something to Ramsay, but Nory and Bydby are not mere copies of Peggy and Jenny; they are quite different people. And while Lindy in the beginning is as much a paragon among swains as Ramsay's Pate, his stature is sadly diminished by Ross's humour in the course of the story. In his setting, too, Ross is original: the homekeeping scenes of the Gentle Shepherd—the washing-pool overhung with birches, the bubbling spring beside Mause's kail-yard, are replaced by the steep rocky ridges and the heather moors of his own country. Beattie applies to this mountain scenery the epithet picturesque. But it is an outstanding merit in Ross that at a time when the picturesque needed no apology for its intrusion, the glens and mountains appear in *Helenore* not as an ornament but as an integral part of the poem. The hills are there because the people toiled up and down them; the glens are there because the people lived in them. Being part of Ross's life, they are also part of the story he told.

At the head of Beattie's criticism is the opinion that *Helenore* is an excellent piece of dialect. This tendency to put its linguistic importance first has persisted, and largely accounts for its comparatively limited popularity. If "a piece of dialect" means the expression of the attitude of a certain set of people, couched in the particular idiom which that attitude has evolved, the phrase is here accurate; if it means something artificial, a conscious effort of dutiful patriotism, the implied criticism is here unjust. To some extent Ross was bound to be self-conscious, living as he did during a revival of nationalistic feeling in Scots literature. Ramsay's *Evergreen* and *Tea-table Miscellany* recalled attention to the earlier Scots poetry. There was a deliberate attempt to reinstate the vernacular in the place which it had held

in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and, like other writers of his time, Ross was involved in this attempt. In writing a Scots pastoral, on however modest a scale, he was consciously dignifying his native tongue. Moreover, he could not write quite naturally in his own Scottish speech on account of a difficulty which has confronted all writers of Scots since the fifteenth century—the pervasive influence of English. The centuries during which English has been blending with Scots make it hard to decide how much of what was originally foreign has been assimilated, and may justly be called Scots, at any time. Ross meets this difficulty by choosing the setting of his poem with intelligence. His people are all country people, the life he describes is the country life he knew. The dialogue, therefore (the more important and the larger part of the poem), can be, and nearly all is, pure Scots, rising to its liveliest and finest in the mouths of Colin and Bydby. The narrative connexions are in a modified Scots which ought not to disturb any but the most dogged of nationalists. The only parts which do not harmonise, the weak parts of the poem, are those in which, swayed by the influence of English literature and perhaps by his recollection of Ramsay's idealising manner, he departs from what he knows to introduce elements foreign to his realistic Scots pastoral. Instances of such weakness are the cardboard pageantry of the Squire and his followers,¹ and the Squire's high-flown compliments to Nory.² They are pieces of rhetoric in English which jar on the ear, and the intrusion of an occasional Scots word only produces further discomfort. These failures abstracted, there remains in *Helenore* a homogeneous world, homely, small, and real.

By the end of the eighteenth century *Helenore* had

¹ 3765-94, 3811-20.

² 3805-10.

found its niche as a small classic of the vernacular tongue. In his Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, published in 1798, Campbell sums up his criticism in this sentence: "With all its faults, it is assuredly by far the best poem, in point of pastoral simplicity, pathos, and appropriate phraseology, the Scottish language has to boast."

To Burns in 1788 a copy of *Helenore* was "precious treasure."¹ His other references are to Ross's songs. In writing to Skinner of the old Scots songs with their "wild happiness of thought and expression," he describes Ross as "our true brother" . . . "'owre cannie'—a 'wild warlock.'"² The songs printed along with *Helenore* in 1768 hardly merit such praise. Although one or two have a fine dancing rhythm, for instance, "The Rock and the wee pickle Tow", and "Marri'd and woo'd an' a'", none of them is lyrical as Burns is lyrical. But the peculiar gift exhibited in *Helenore* is in the best of the songs also—the ability to paint scenes of low life and common manners. "To the Begging" is as good a song in this sort as could be wished for, and so are two others which were printed in the 1851 edition of *Helenore*—"Marri'd and Woo'd an' A'", version 2, and "The Bridal o't" (see Appendix).

¹ Letter to Mr John Beugo. No. 268, vol. i.

² Letter to Rev. John Skinner. No. 147, vol. i.

INEDITED WORKS.¹

THE voluminous works which Beattie mentions² consist now of three volumes preserved in the National Library, Edinburgh. These volumes contain a series of small home-made books of different sizes, covering a period of at least twenty years, since one piece is dated 1761, another 1781 (see below). Some time after Ross's day they were bound up in their present form. The popularity of the various works seems to have been unequal, since some of the pages are clean, others creased and thumbed with usage. There is an occasional signature "Al. Ross", and on one page a (schoolboy's?) crude drawing of a human figure.

There is only one secular poem in the three volumes. This is *The Fortunate Shepherd*, or *The Orphan*, a companion poem to *Helenore*, written after it, inspired by its success, as the opening lines relate. As *Pamela* and *Clarissa* led to *Grandison*, so, to compare small things with great, *The Fortunate Shepherdess* led to her male counterpart. In Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* the missing heir device is used twice, for hero and heroine both. More economical, Ross uses it once in each of his two poems. In *Helenore* it is the heroine who is discovered to be of gentle birth, in *The Orphan* it is the hero.

¹ Accounts of the inedited works are given in Campbell, p. 271 ff.; in Paul, pp. 122-61; and in Longmuir, pp. 100-26.

² See p. xvii above.

The poem starts well, with charming descriptions of the herding life, and some dialogue as spirited as that in *Helenore*; but when the story takes the hero away from Scotland it becomes evident that invention is not Ross's forte. There are tediums and absurdities in the later part which are not redeemed even for the philologist, since it is nearly all written in English. I have therefore contented myself with printing the first 1200 lines and with summarising the rest of the story.

The poem is unfinished, and the want of ending perhaps indicates a just dissatisfaction on Ross's part. Whenever he is on familiar ground he can do what he did in *Helenore*, and do it just as well: the early scenes of Ken's herding life "with crook and colly" are charming; there is good pithy argument between Hen and her mother on the wisdom of keeping one's affections for one's own class; and there are some excellent comic touches: for instance, when a young man-about-town is challenged by Ken to fight, he refuses in the true sensible vein of old Colin in *Helenore*:—

"For tho' I wear my sword's I wear my hat,
I dinna wear't to draw on fouk for that . . .
Shou'd I come forth prepared to play sick game,
I think I wad hae little ado at hame."

The grotesque of the hulgy-backed lady in *Helenore* is repeated in the old laird of Pomona. His appearance is described in detail—his "double plaid frae's chin unto his shoon", his cammock staff held in "meagre fists reduced to skin and bone." Age and infirmity, however, have not impaired his powers, for he is able to toss off a great bowl of "uskabea", which, when it is filled for him, the Lowland-bred Kenneth rejects with horror.

Those who like *Helenore* can pardon some of the

blots in *The Orphan* for the sake of the touches of nature. Most of these are found in the first part. To print the whole poem would scarcely add to Ross's reputation.

The other pieces are all in English and are all religious or didactic. Four are original poems; there are seven paraphrases of Scripture and two translations from Latin, one in verse, one in prose. The prose work is a translation of Buchanan's *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*. The other is a metrical version of Andrew Ramsay's *Poemata Sacra*. Of this there are two drafts: inserted in one is the date 12th June 1781; the preface to the other describes the author as "going the 82nd year of my age."

The Scriptural paraphrases are all from the Old Testament: Psalm 34, The Song of Songs, Absalom's Unnatural Rebellion, The Shunamite (founded on 2 Kings iv.), The Story of Moses, The Book of Job (dated 1761), Noah's Flood.

The four original poems are didactic. The most ambitious is the Religious Dialogues, a set of pastorals, the speakers Theophilus, Fidus, Infidus, Tepidus, Hypocritus, Libertus. The aim is set out in the preface: "The conversion of my fellow-creatures from sin . . . and error. . . . To promote religion . . ." The *Dream in Imitation of the Cherry and the Slae* is a poem on theological topics, beginning in the difficult fourteen-line stanza which Montgomery used, and continuing, after three hundred lines, in couplets. The other two poems are short tracts in verse, *An Incitement to Temperance* and *A Heavenly Breathing or A Respectful Act of the Soul to God*.

The third volume contains a small item not hitherto recorded. Between the two drafts of Ramsay's *Poemata Sacra* a single leaf has been inset, on which is a short

quotation from Seneca De Divina Providentia, with a prose translation beneath.

In his letter to Campbell (see Note 1, p. xxxii above) Pirie mentions a poem which he has seen in MS. called The Shaver, a dramatic piece which again concerns a missing heir. Of this poem there is no trace.

In an enumeration of Ross's MSS. mention should be made of the lost MS. of Helenore. In 1912 it was in the possession of Mr John Gibb, Edinburgh, who wrote a description of it to the Scottish Historical Review (IX., p. 291). On Mr Gibb's death in that year his library was sold, and the MS. bought by Mr James Dunn, Bookseller. When Messrs Cairns Brothers took over Mr Dunn's business about 1920 the MS. was not in the stock, nor was there any trace of it. Its disappearance is to be deplored, for its spelling and forms might throw valuable light on some of the difficulties of the text.

EARLIER EDITIONS.

THE first edition of *Helenore* is a small quarto published in 1768, after the poem had "lain many years by the Author", as he says in his Advertisement. The title-page is as follows: "The | Fortunate Shepherdess, | A | Pastoral Tale ; | in Three Cantos, in the | Scottish Dialect. | By Mr. Alexander Ross School- | Master at Lochlee. | To which is Added | A Few Songs by the same Author. | Aberdeen : | Printed by, and for Francis Douglas, | MDCCLXVIII." On the verso is the intimation of the entry at Stationers' Hall. The contents are as follows: pp. [1] and [2], Advertisement; pp. [3]-127, *Flaviana*, or *The Fortunate Shepherdess*, &c. (the title was altered to *Helenore* in 1778); pp. 128-50, *Songs* (nine, for list of which see p. 161 below).

The second edition appeared in 1778, dedicated to the Duchess of Gordon. The title is altered to: "*Helenore*, | or the | Fortunate Shepherdess, | A Poem, | In the Broad Scotch Dialect ; | By | Alexander Ross, A.M. | Schoolmaster at Lochlee. | To which are added, | Songs, | By the same Author, | and a | Glossary. | The second Edition, carefully corrected. | Aberdeen : | Printed by J. Chalmers and Co. | . . . M,DCC,LXXVIII." The dedication is on the next leaf: "To | Her Grace | The Duchess of Gordon ; | These Poems | Are Most Respectfully Inscribed : | By | Her Grace's | Most Obligated and Most Humble Servant | Al. Ross. | Lochlee, | January 1. | 1778."

Beattie's verses (which appear in all subsequent editions)

occupy pp. [v]-viii ; pp. [9]-148, *Helenore* ; pp. [149]-68, *Songs* ; pp. [169]-75, *Glossary*.

The additions in 1778 were Beattie's verses and the glossary of about three hundred words. The Advertisement, the last two songs (which were English), and "The Bride's Breast-knot" are omitted, and the division into cantos is dropped. This edition claims to be "carefully corrected." The text, of course, was revised by Ross (see below, pp. xxxix-xl). There is also an entry¹ in Beattie's account book, 12th April 1780, saying that he supplied the paper for the 1778 edition of *Helenore*, planned the edition, obtained the Duchess of Gordon's consent to the dedication, and "corrected the press and the poem too in many places" !

The copy which I examined, belonging to the University Library, Aberdeen, is bound up with other Scottish works, and the volume came to Marischal College from the library of Dr Melvin. It has an owner's name, George Adam, on the title-page, and Ross's Advertisement to the first edition has been copied out by hand and inserted between the dedication and Beattie's verses.

These are the two important editions. The second represents an emended version of the poem, which Ross had evidently been working on from 1768. All subsequent editions are based on 1768 or 1778 or a mixture of both. Apparently neither edition was proof-read by Ross, and both contain a fair number of typographical errors.²

The third edition was published in 1789 at Aberdeen. It is printed from the second. In the fourth, Aberdeen 1791, the dedication to the Duchess of Gordon is dropped.

¹ Quoted by Forbes, p. 148, note 1.

² Beattie comments on the mistakes of 1768 in his letter to Blacklock (see p. xviii above). But in spite of his claim to have corrected it, there are still errors in 1778.

This edition¹ also is a reprint of the second. The fifth edition,¹ Aberdeen 1796, is a peculiar composite text : up to line 220 it follows 1768, with a few readings from 1778² ; after line 220 it follows 1778. This odd text is used in the editions of Edinburgh 1804, and Aberdeen 1811, and in the more expensive volume published in 1812 at Dundee, edited by Alexander Thomson. In 1796, Edinburgh 1804, and 1812 the songs and glossary are omitted, Aberdeen 1804 has two songs, "The Rock" and "To the Begging", 1811 has one song, "Woo'd and Married and A'", and a glossary.

The demand for cheap editions throughout three-quarters of the nineteenth century bears witness to the continuing popularity of *Helenore*, at any rate in the east of Scotland. Besides the two good editions (see below) of 1851 and 1866, more than half a dozen appeared between 1812 and 1874. Many of these are small, cheap volumes sold at sixpence or ninepence. I have seen most of them. They show the corruptions of language and changes of spelling brought about by time and carelessness, and are worth notice only as attesting the real popularity of the poem.

The only edition between 1812 and 1866 with pretence to care and appearance was published by Black of Brechin in 1851. The text is that of the second edition. A few readings³ agree with the first edition against the second, perhaps by chance ; it is not a composite text like that of 1796. Only two of the 1768 songs are printed—"The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow" and "What Ails the Lasses at Me." Three new songs appear. There is no glossary.

¹ Printed along with *Helenore* in the fourth, fifth and sixth editions are poems in north-eastern Scots not by Ross.

² *E.g.*, *Come*, 1 ; *tho'*, 29 ; *again*, 35.

³ *E.g.*, *lowrie*, 147 ; *Lindy*, 300 ; *feet*, 643.

Longmuir's edition of 1866 is that most commonly met with.¹ The text is prefaced by : first, a short account of previous editions ; secondly, a description of Glenesk (29 pages) ; thirdly, a life of Ross ; and fourthly, an account of his inedited works. The same songs appear as in 1778, except that "Wilt Thou Go and Marry, Ketty" is dropped. There is an enlarged glossary of over four hundred words.

Longmuir states that his text follows 1778. Actually, it has many slight, and some less slight deviations from 1778. I select a few at random :—

157. *stoopt*, 1778 ; *shoop*, L. (as in 1768)
 940. *mak o'*, 1778 ; *mak o'er*, L. (spoiling the idiom)
 1248. *cry*, 1778 ; *gang*, L.
 3785. *seek*, 1778 ; *ask*, L.

While the difference is often unimportant, it is unsatisfactory to find an editor departing from his professed original without warning.

For this reason, in preparing the text I have collated 1768 and 1778, using Longmuir only for reference. This present edition is the first to be based on the text not of 1778 but of 1768, the first version. The choice between the two texts is not an easy one, owing to the peculiar nature of Ross's revision. In many places the motive of his alteration is apparently no more than a desire to alter. The first few pages provide evidence of this : in line 19 *chance* is altered to *hap* ; in line 58 *that we can ca' our ain* becomes *we well can ca' our ain* ; in line 71 *set down* becomes *write down* ; in line 186 *hurt sae sair* becomes *sae sair hurt* !

In many lines such changes are made as the substitution of *gin* for *if* (e.g., line 52), *ilka* for *every* (e.g., line 473). That is, a Scottish word or form replaces an English, or

¹ and is the one referred to in this book as Longmuir.

a less distinctively Scottish word or form. If this Scotiscising were consistently carried out, the second edition would be more valuable from several points of view than the first ; but it is by no means consistently carried out. On the contrary, in line 29 (and throughout where the word occurs) *piece* is replaced by *tho'* ; in lines 31 and 33 *I's* is replaced by *I'll* ; in 107 *tented was* by *was brought up* ; in 159 *Yeed till* by *That pierc'd* ; in 507 *ilka* by *ev'ry*, and such Anglicising is in fact recurrent. What aim, then, are we to attribute to Ross in his revision ? Longmuir gives his opinion (p. 74) : " Upon the whole, it must be said that in his second edition, . . . the language is brought into nearer conformity to English, and the composition rendered more correct." (" Correct ", that is, by English standards.) But he is obliged to precede this dictum by admitting what has been illustrated above : " in a few [actually, in many] other instances Scottish words were substituted for English—as *ilka* for *every*, *kaips* for *meets*, *couthy* for *civil*, *gar'd* for *made*, *syne* for *then*, *fairley* for *wonder*, *boore* for *kept*, *sakeless* for *honest*, *winn'd* for *liv'd*."

The conclusion must be that Ross had not one single aim clearly in his mind when he began revising, or if he had, that he lost sight of it in the process of altering countless details. This uncertainty of purpose must in some degree vitiate the claim of the second edition to be reprinted. Nor is our confidence in its value increased if we accept the view that Ross did in the main intend to Anglicise his poem, to make it more accessible. We may picture him as thinking *The Shepherdess* in his own and his neighbours' idiom, modified by his literary education. After the first edition came out, he became something of a figure ; moved more often just within the circumference of polite society ; gained the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon. It is reasonable that he might wish to make his work easier of approach by such people ;

it is not reasonable to regard the process of gratifying this wish as improving his original poem.

I have therefore gone back to the first edition for my text. As there is no doubt, however, that the second version is here and there better than the first, and since the differences between them are so many, I have collated both editions and recorded in footnotes all the major variants. The sort of difference passed over as not worth recording is variation between *fat* and *what*, *sud* and *shou'd*, *intill* and *into*, *afore* and *before*. It is to be remembered that neither version is consistent in preferring one or the other of such pairs.

One long episode and several short passages were added in the second edition. I have included the long episode (Bydby's dream, lines 1814-97, 1902-7) in the text, within brackets, and put the short additions into footnotes.

The first edition is reprinted *litteratim*, except that misprints are corrected and freakish spellings to some extent normalised. Records of all such alterations will be found in the footnotes. It has been necessary to repunctuate the text. The original (printer's?) punctuation is partly logical, partly rhetorical, partly senseless. Apostrophes, the curse of Scotland, defy consistency. I have not attempted to reduce the inconsistency displayed particularly in the past tenses and past participles of weak verbs. For the most part I have let the original alone, correcting some obvious mistakes like *e're* meaning *before*, *an'* meaning *an*, and adding apostrophes where the reader is likely to be misled by homographs like *a*, *a'*, *fa*, *fa'*.

The MS. of *The Orphan* has a good many erasures and alterations, especially in the first part. Few of the original readings, however, are of intrinsic interest, and the alterations are of the same sort as those in the second

edition of *Helenore*. That is to say, sometimes a Scots replaces an English word, sometimes *vice versa*. No guiding principle is apparent. A few examples will suffice to show this : in line 239 *him much in stead* becomes *in meikle stead* ; in 489 *wonder* becomes *fairly* ; in 868 *lose* becomes *tyne* ; in 900 *nought can* becomes *naething* ; in 1021 *conclude* becomes *maintain*, which then becomes *had out* ; but in 54 *anes to speer* becomes *mair question* ; in 145 *lie intill* becomes *quarter in* ; in 169 *minds* becomes *dreamt*.

I have recorded in the footnotes one or two of these original readings which are of some interest, together with any hiatus in the MS., and unusual spellings which I have normalised in the text.

LIST OF EDITIONS EXAMINED.

1. Aberdeen, 1768
 2. Aberdeen, 1778
- } described on pp. xxxvi-vii above.
3. Aberdeen, 1789, printed and sold by J. Boyle.
 Contents : Dedication, Beattie's verses, *Helenore*, *Rock*, *Katie*,
 Begging, *Woo'd*, *What Ails*, *Jeany Gradden*, glossary.
 4. Aberdeen, 1791, printed by J. Chalmers & Co.
 Contents : Beattie's verses, *Helenore*, songs as in 3, two Scots
 poems not by Ross.
 5. Aberdeen, 1796, printed by Burnett & Rettie, and sold by John
 Burnett, &c.
 Contents : Beattie's verses, *Helenore*, three Scots poems not by
 Ross.
 6. Edinburgh, 1804, printed by John Turnbull for Ogle & Aikman,
 and Coke.
 Contents : as in 5, with the addition of a fourth Scots poem not
 by Ross.

7. Aberdeen, 1804, printed by Imlay & Keith for the Booksellers.
Contents : Beattie's verses, Helenore, Rock, Begging.
8. Aberdeen, 1811, printed by D. Chalmers & Co. for the Booksellers.
Contents : Beattie's verses, Helenore, Woo'd, glossary.
9. Dundee, 1812, printed by A. Smith & Co. for the Editor (Rev. Alexander Thomson).
Contents : Life, Beattie's verses, Helenore.
10. Aberdeen, 1826, printed by D. Chalmers & Co. for W. Gordon, &c.
Contents : Beattie's verses, Helenore, Burns's Cottar's Saturday Night, Woo'd.
11. Aberdeen, 1839, printed by John Avery for Lewis Smith.
Contents : Beattie's verses, Helenore, Woo'd (nine verses),
Burns's Cottar's Saturday Night, glossary.
12. Aberdeen, 1842, printed by G. Mackay for Lewis Smith.
Reprint of 11.
13. Brechin, 1851, Alexander Black.
Contents : Life, Beattie's letter and verses, Helenore, Rock,
Woo'd (second version), Bridal o't, Bonnie Breist-Knots,
What Ails.
14. Aberdeen, 1856, Lewis and James Smith.
Contents : as in 13.
15. Aberdeen, 1860, Lewis and James Smith.
Reprint of 14.
16. Edinburgh, 1866, William P. Nimmo. Ed. Longmuir.
Contents : Preface, description of Glenesk, life, account of
inedited works, Beattie's letter and verses, Helenore, Rock,
Begging, Woo'd, What Ails, Jeany Gradden, glossary.
17. Glasgow, 1868, Hugh Hopkins. Ed. Longmuir.
Reprint of 16 with new title-page.
18. Aberdeen, 1873, Lewis Smith.
Contents : Beattie's letter and verses, Helenore.

LANGUAGE.

Abbreviations : H. = Helenore, O. = Orphan.

EXCEPT when Ross becomes entangled in romantic fustian there is not much admixture of English in the Scots of Helenore. The dialogue in particular gives the impression of being almost pure Scots, and this impression is confirmed by an examination of the rhymes. Those which demand a characteristically Scots word or pronunciation (*e.g.*, *sma—twa*) and those which are equally correct with English and with Scots pronunciation (*e.g.*, *there—air*) make up together nearly the total in the dialogue parts ; in about 1 per cent English words or pronunciations are necessary (*e.g.*, *thumb—come*). Even in the rest of the poem the rhymes of the first and second class make up more than 80 per cent. In the whole work there are only about a hundred and fifty rhymes which are not either peculiarly Scots or else non-committal, equally good in Scots and English. This is a commendably small proportion.

Ross has recently been hailed¹ as the father of "synthetic Scots." In so far as synthetic Scots connotes borrowing from the fifteenth and sixteenth century makars, the phrase is scarcely applicable to Ross's language, the bulk of which is the speech current at the time in a certain

¹ By Mr Lewis Spence, *Scottish Educational Journal*, 21st October 1932.

district of Aberdeenshire. Ross had certainly some knowledge of the earlier Scots poetry, either direct or through Ramsay. He mentions Gavin Douglas,¹ and one of his unpublished works is an imitation of Montgomery's *Cherry and Slae*. But not much of the idiom of older Scots will be found in *Helenore*, except when it conforms with Ross's own. Longmuir, whose support of the belief in Ross's archaism is hesitant, quotes out of 4000 lines only four words which were "perhaps becoming obsolete"—*fum*, *lear*, *piec*, *graymercies*—and only three antique expressions—*shoop*, *lear by far*, *fairlyt ilka dale*. From lexicographical evidence the only two of these which may definitely be labelled archaic for Ross's time are *graymercies* and *fairlyt ilka dale*. The theory that Ross's language is extremely archaic may be based partly on a remark of his own in his Advertisement. He says that "those who are conversant in the old Scottish language, and our present provincial dialects" will understand *Helenore*. This does suggest a synthesis of dead and living language, but it may be a stock remark at a time when interest in the older poets was fashionable. It is dangerous to dogmatise about archaism in north-eastern Scots of 1750, especially when a fair number of Ross's words are given in the dictionaries as used by him only or by one or two contemporaries besides. One can only record the impression that while there is here and there a word, and, more rarely, a phrase which may be archaic, these are few, and do not affect the general run of the speech.

An additional piece of evidence is the immediate popularity of *Helenore* in the north-east, a popularity which lasted for a century, and which could hardly have been attained by a poem written in unfamiliar language. And a glance at the words marked with

¹ *Helenore*, line 26.

asterisks in the glossary at the end of this book will show that Ross has used about ninety words or forms not found outside the north-east of Scotland, and about fifty more which are not found outside his work, some of which may well have been current in the speech of the north-east at the time. Moreover, the diction of Scott's Poems, Chiefly in the Buchan Dialect, which was published sixty-four years after Helenore, is essentially and strikingly the same as the diction of Ross. I have cited a number of similarities in my notes. I may here add the remark that while Ross's wording is often reminiscent of Ramsay's, I have not cited any of the numerous parallels which I have noticed, lest I should seem to suggest imitation, when in my opinion both writers are merely using current phraseology.

In so far as synthetic Scots means a mixture of regional dialect with what may be called Standard Scots¹ (Scots based on Lothian speech, but refined from local peculiarities), it is true that Ross used it. But this is not a valuable observation, since he was bound to do so. To write entirely in north-eastern Scots he would have needed to be a man as phonetically and laboriously minded as Orm, and a purist into the bargain. His writing would then have been unintelligible outside the north-east—and largely inside it. Naturally, he used a form of language which was for the most part non-committal in spelling. Even so, the chief peculiarities of north-eastern Scots are clearly seen; so clearly that Beattie considered the language Bœotian—barbarously remote from Standard Scots.²

When the hero of *The Orphan* is taken abroad and into high society, the poem becomes frankly English;

¹ For remarks on Standard Scots, see the introduction to Grant and Dixon, *A Manual of Modern Scots*.

² See his letter to Blacklock, p. xvi above.

but the first part, which deals with Scotland and the affairs of country people in Scotland, is written in Scots ; and what has been said about the language of Helenore is true here also. There are one or two archaisms, as in Helenore (*e.g.*, *quhilk*, 208 ; *can dite*, 608), but the bulk of the speech gives the impression of being current north-eastern Scots.

Ross's childhood speech was Scots of Upper Deeside, his second Scots that of North Angus. This latter district is outside the north-east proper, being south of the Grampians, but shares in some of its linguistic peculiarities. North-eastern Scots to-day comprises at least five dialects : Deeside, Donside, Garioch, Buchan, Moray. While these five divisions differ in particulars, they are generally similar, and it would be reasonable to use any of them as a basis of comparison with Ross. The phonetic and grammatical peculiarities of Buchan speech have been excellently expounded by Dr Dieth, and I propose therefore to use his Grammar of the Buchan Dialect as a basis of comparison. Any word recorded below in phonetic script is a modern north-east Scots pronunciation which Ross's pronunciation obviously resembled closely.

PHONOLOGY.

1. Development of [i:], [i.] from earlier¹ [o:]. See Dieth, sec. 18. The process was probably [o:] to [ϕ:] to [y:] to [i:]. In other dialects (including Angus) it has stopped at [ϕ:] or [y:]. This [i:] sound is indicated in Ross by three spellings—ee, i, ie—and by rhymes with earlier [e:], then as now [i:].

In all the following examples I place first the word containing the vowel under discussion:—

RHYMES :—

gued (O.E. gōd)—*need* (O.E. nēd), H. 840, 2565.
afterneen (O.E. -nōn)—*keen* (O.E. cēne), H. 1478.
dene (O.E. dōn)—*been* (O.E. bēon), H. 2016.
dee (O.E. dōn)—*free* (O.E. frēo), H. 2052.
gued (O.E. gōd)—*bread* (O.E. brēad) (= [bri.d], cp. H. 1234-35),
H. 2880.
gued (O.E. gōd)—*steed* (O.E. stēda), O. 1175.

Sometimes the rhymes are not rhymes to the eye at all:—

done (O.E. dōn)—*fifteen* (O.E. fiftēne), H. 1114.
floor (O.E. flōr)—*here* (O.E. hēr), H. 1190.
pools (O.E. pōl)—*heels* (O.E. hēla), H. 1654.
moors (O.E. mōr)—*appears* (O.Fr. aper-), H. 1682.
too (O.E. tō)—*me* (O.E. mē), H. 1934.
too (O.E. tō)—*be* (O.E. bēon), O. 321.

¹ "earlier" here means Northumbrian of fourteenth to sixteenth century, not literary Middle Scots. See Dieth, p. 8, footnote 1.

SPELLINGS : *adi* (O.E. -dōn), H. 1336 ; *mielðs* (O.E. molde), H. 1445.

Note i.—After *k*, *g* in these words a labial glide is found in modern n.e. Scots. See Dieth, sec. 18 N. 2. This accounts for Ross's habitual spelling *gued* (= [gwi.d]). In H. 1168 the 1778 edition has the spelling *queets* (M.Du. kōte) ; [kwits] was doubtless Ross's pronunciation. The same labial glide is found in *cuintray* (O.Fr. cuntré), H. 2923, (= [kwintrɪ]).

Note ii.—With the rhymes quoted above compare the following :—

school (O.E. scōl)—*foul* (O.E. fūl), H. 72.
moor (O.E. mōr)—*door* (M.E. dore), H. 2462.

The pronunciation [mju : ər] exists in Buchan to-day beside [mi : r]. See Dieth, sec. 50. But *school* is never anything but [skwi.l], which is here impossible. If the word is to be taken as having the sound [u :], the rhyme is mixed English and Scottish ; if it has [ɤ :] or [y :], it is an Angus rhyme.

school (O.E. scōl)—*fool* (O.Fr. fol), O. 351, a perfect rhyme in English, is also perfect in n.e. Scots—[skwi.l]—[fi.l].

2. In modern n.e. Scots, earlier [au] gives [a :]. See Dieth, sec. 39. In south Scots it gives [ɔ :]. In Ross, words containing earlier [au] rhyme with words containing earlier [a], which suggests the unrounded [a :] sound from [au].

EXAMPLES :—

hadd (earlier au, O.E. haldan)—*lad* (M.E. ladde), H. 1718.
ca'd (earlier au, O.N. kalla)—*lad* (M.E. ladde), H. 1998.
hadd (earlier au, O.E. haldan)—*glad* (O.E. glæd), O. 551.
daut, which rhymes with *that* (O.E. ðæt), H. 307, is of uncertain etymology, but is pronounced in the n.e. now [da.t], elsewhere [dɔ.t].

3. The most widely known peculiarity of modern n.e. Scots is the development of initial *f* from O.E. hw, as in *fat*, *fa*, *fan*, *fup*, Stand. Eng. "what, who, when, whip." See Dieth, sec. 124-27. The greatest number of these *f*-words is heard in Buchan ; on Upper Deeside there are fewer, and in Angus only the pronominal words are heard with *f*-. Ross sometimes uses the *wh*-spelling of Standard

Scots, but he has many examples of *f*-spellings, for which see the glossary.

4. Before *n*, earlier [a:] is [e:] in some parts of the n.e. including Upper Deeside; but [i:] in other parts, including the east of Angus. See Grant and Dixon, Part I., sec. 143. The [i:] pronunciation is suggested in Ross by spellings like *bean* (O.E. *bān*), "bone", H. 3463, Rock 123, O. 340, and by rhymes with earlier [e:], which had become [i:].

EXAMPLES:—

stane (O.E. *stān*)—*lean* (O.E. *hli(o)nian*), H. 544, 2228.

ane (O.E. *ān*)—*been* (O.E. *bēon*), H. 2952.

nane (O.E. *nān*)—*mean* (O.E. *mænan*) O. 1076.

Note also the rhyme *beans* (O.E. *bān*)—*kens* (O.E. *cennan*), O. 340.

5. Metathesis of *ld* to *dl* is found in modern n.e. Scots *feedle* (O.E. *feld*), "field." See Dieth, sec. 116. Ross has the spelling *afiedlert*, "afieldward", H. 737, 1772, 3265.

6. The change of *b* to *p* in *neiper*, *neeper* (O.E. *nēh(ge)būr*), "neighbour", H. 71, 118, &c., is n.e. Scots. See Dieth, sec. 132 (1), Grant and Dixon, I. 6.

7. *ht* ([çt], [xt]) has become [θ] in some northern Scots dialects in *might* (vb) (O.E. *mihte*), *daughter* (O.E. *dohtor*). See Dieth, sec. 121 N. 3, Grant and Dixon, I. 83. Ross spells the first word *meith*, H. 19, 30, &c., the second *dather*, *dauther*, H. 812, 2161, &c. In H. 2503 the 1778 edition reads *noth* (O.E. *nōht*), "nought", a form used also in O. 760 and later.

Some other points of interest in Ross's language may be noted, though they are not peculiar to the north-east.

8. A characteristic Scots vowel is that which Dieth writes as [ɤ], a sound lower than Stand. Eng. [ɪ]. See Dieth, secs. 11-14. Words which have, or may have this sound in modern n.e. Scots (distribution of [ɤ] and [ɪ] is irregular—see Dieth, sec. 56) rhyme in Ross with words

containing short [e], which suggests that the lowered [ɛ] sound was developed in his time. It may come from earlier [ɪ]. See Dieth, secs. 57-59.

EXAMPLES :—

mist (O.E. *mist*)—*guess* (M.E. *gessen*), H. 2100. Both now have [ɛ].
this (O.E. *dis*)—*rest* (O.E. *restan*), H. 1250. Both now have [ɛ].
still (O.E. *stille*)—*tell* (O.E. *tellan*), H. 2409. Now [stɪl]—[tel].
mist (O.E. *mist*)—*blest* (O.E. *blētsian*), O. 212.

9. [ɪ] and [ɛ] are also developed in modern Scots from earlier [o:] and [u:], but while Ross's rhymes, and occasionally his spellings, indicate an unrounded sound, they do not indicate the lowered [ɛ].

EXAMPLES :—

sun (O.E. *sunne*)—*lyn* (O.E. *hlynn*), H. 566. Now [sɪn].
son (O.E. *sunu*)—*skin* (O.N. *skinn*), H. 1320. (1778 reads *sin*.)
 Now [sɪn].
sin (O.E. *sunne*)—*din* (O.E. *dyne*), H. 1830. Now [sɪn].
foot (O.E. *fōt*)—*sit* (O.E. *sittan*), H. 1832. Now [fɪt].
sin (O.E. *sunne*)—*rin* (O.E. *rinnan*, O.N. *rinna*), O. 453. Now [sɪn].

10. Earlier [ɛ:] normally becomes [i:] or [e:] in the north-east. Ross rhymes *bear* (O.E. *beran*) with *fear* (O.E. *fēran*), H. 46, 2096; with *near* (O.N. *nær*), H. 2160; with *tear* (O.E. *tēar*), O. 757. Since, however, he rhymes *fear* with *sair* (O.Fr. *servir*), H. 2589—that is, [i:] with [e:]—the *bear*—*fear*, *bear*—*near* rhymes may be equally assonantal.

Note i.—*clear* (O.Fr. *cler*) is *clare* = [kle : ər] in modern n.e. Scots. See Dieth, sec. 33. Ross spells it *clare*, and rhymes it with *there*, H. 1986.

Note ii.—Various words in various parts of the n.e. have developed [əɪ] from earlier [ɛ:]. See Dieth, sec. 69, and Notes 2 and 3. [grəɪt] for *great* (O.E. *grēat*) is still known on Deeside. Ross's spelling is *gryte*. Cp. *styth*, *swyle*, and possibly *kyle*. See glossary.

11. *west* (O.E. *west*) is *wast* in modern Scots. See Dieth, sec. 46 (f). Ross rhymes it with *cast* (O.N. *kasta*), H. 2659.

12. As in earlier modern English, *oi* is often unrounded in modern Scots. See Dieth, sec. 67, 3; Grant and Dixon, I. 205. Ross has the rhymes *choice* (O.Fr. *chois*)—*nice* (O.Fr. *nice*), H. 3176. = [tʃəis]; *join'd* (O.Fr. *joindre*, *joign-*)—*mind* (O.E. *mynd*), O. 423 [= dzəind].

13. There is in Ross a number of rhymes such as *dry—delay, deny—say*, H. 1012, 2784. Whatever the phonetic explanation may be, Sir William Craigie tells me that “the writing of *ai* or *ay* in place of simple *i* or *y* (long) is very common in Scots from 1600 to about 1800.”

Two *ay* words should perhaps be distinguished here: in modern Scots *hay* (O.E. *hæg*) and *whay* (O.E. *hwæg*) are [hæi, wa.e]. Ross rhymes *hay* with *by*, H. 1482; *whay* with *dry*, H. 2882.

14. *w* is lost before a rounded vowel in certain Scots words—e.g., *woman*, *week* (Sc. *wouk*), *wool*. Ross has *'oman*, *ouk*. S.N.D. says that “this pronunciation is now almost obsolete”, but Dieth marks [uk] as obsolete in Buchan, [ʌmən] as current.

sough, O.E. *swōgan*, is common Scots, and Ross has it.

15. In some Scots words an initial *j* is developed before vowels (except *i*). See Dieth, sec. 106, Grant and Dixon, I. 106. Ross has the forms *yeeld* (O.E. *eldu*), H. 124; *yerd* (O.E. *eorde*), *passim*.

16. Certain consonants may be syllabic in Scots when preceded by *r*, as in Ross's *corn*, H. 1760; *horn*, H. 3654, O. 162. See Dieth, sec. 111.

Comments on some individual words will be found in the notes.

ACCIDENCE.

THIS section deals with points in which Ross's language differs from Standard English.

VERBS.

Present Indicative.

1st sing.

In older and in modern Scots alike, when "I" does not immediately precede its verb, the ending of the 1st sing. is -s. So in Ross—*e.g.*, *That lad I liked . . . An' likes him yet*, H. 3184; *I dinna grudge the trade, An' thinks . . .*, O. 459-60; *I that kens*, O. 1054.

-s is also the normal ending of the 1st sing. when the present is used dramatically for the past—*e.g.*, *says I*, H. 46; *I begins*, H. 66; *I scours*, H. 1004.

In other conditions the 1st sing. has no ending, as in Stand. Eng.

2nd sing.

The real Scots ending is -s—*e.g.*, *thou's been*, H. 399; *has thou*, H. 556. *Thou may'st*, H. 559, *hast thou*, H. 1532, are Anglicisms.

Plural.

-s is the regular Scots ending in certain conditions, for instance when the verb is separated from its pronominal subject. So sometimes in Ross—*e.g.*, *Ye sit sae dumb An' never apens your mou'*, H. 938. But compare this line: *Sae aff they gangs an' down together sit*, H. 3322, where *sits* is to be expected.

In current Scots when the subject is a plural noun the verb

often has -s, especially when the noun is not an -s plural (e.g., *ky*). Ross had both -s and no ending—e.g., *Sick things has been afor's*, H. 1328; *The gentle fouks ken mickle mair nor we*, H. 3324. When the subject is a personal pronoun immediately preceding the verb, Scots, English, and Ross agree in having no ending. When there is an -s in Ross it is because the tense is a dramatic present—e.g., *o'er they gaes*, H. 2301; *aff they gangs*, H. 3322.

The general conclusion is that in this grammatical point Ross's language exhibits a mixture of usages, Scots and English.

Past Tense.

The 2nd sing. in Scots has no distinctive ending. *Thou that . . . Gar'd*, H. 1-2, is true Scots; *thou hadst*, H. 17, is English.

Present Participle.

The ending is spelt in Ross -*in* or -*ing*; occasionally -*an*—e.g., *lowan*, H. 1798. It was and is pronounced with [n] in Scots, as in English dialects, not with [ŋ] as in Standard English.

Conjugation of Verbs.

See Dieth, sec. 141.

Ross spells the dental ending with both -*d* and -*t*. In modern n.e. Scots, after a stop consonant, the ending is syllabic and has the unvoiced -*t*. Here Ross normally uses the Stand. Eng. spelling -*ed*, but occasional spellings of -*et* occur—e.g., *drouket*, H. 1138; *clappet*, H. 1485. In Stand. Eng. the ending is not syllabic after a stop consonant (except -*t*, -*d*). Ross's usage varies between Scots and English: beside *looked*, H. 535, O. 1053; *helped*, H. 2547; *keeped*, H. 2623 (all with syllabic ending), he has *look'd*, H. 899; *helpt*, H. 1581, O. 491; *kept*, H. 1780; *slipt*, O. 554.

Some weak verbs have a different conjugation in Scots from Stand. Eng. Ross again has a mixture of forms for these—e.g., SCOTS: *bett*, H. 134 (= beat); *cutted*, H. 708; *keepit*, H. 2623; *tell'd*, H. 3057, O. 228; *tell't*, H. 3365 (beside *tauld*, H. 22, O. 820). ENGLISH: *put*, H. 21; *hurt*, H. 186. MIXED: *sleept*, H. 1091 (Scots *sleepit*), *metri causa*.

The forms of the strong verbs will be found in the glossary.

PRONOUNS.

2nd person.

Thou is used by Ross occasionally, sometimes in English passages, but sometimes in Scots dialogue—*e.g.*, *Well mat thou thram*, H. 399; *monie a time has thou . . .*, H. 556; *What ails thee*, O. 383. It is still heard in some dialects of modern Scots—in the Black Isle, the Shetlands and Orkneys, and, according to Grant and Dixon (I. 22), occasionally among old people in north-east Aberdeenshire. The pronoun of the 2nd person sing. and pl. in most modern Scots dialects, however, is *ye*, *you*, in its various forms. In the north-east the distinction between these various forms is one of stress: the unstressed form, nom. or oblique case, is [jɪ] or [jɪ̃]; the stressed form of the nom. is [i:] or [ju], of the oblique case [ju]. Ross generally keeps *ye* for nom. and *you* for oblique cases, regardless of stress. There are some exceptions: *you* is used as nom. some dozen times, occasionally in stressed position—*e.g.*, H. 817, 3847, O. 99. *Ye* is used as unstressed oblique case once or twice—*e.g.*, H. 1414, 1633. There is here apparent an admixture of spoken Scots usage with his habitual literary English usage.

Demonstrative.

At the present day *this*, *that* serve in n.e. Scots as sing. and plural alike. Ross does use *this* as plural—*e.g.*, *this seven year*, H. 967; *this three days past*, H. 1216. But these examples are not satisfactory, since he may be regarding *seven year* and *three days* as units of time, with a singular feeling about them. He has, moreover, the plural demonstrative *thae*, and, commoner, *thir*, which are used south of the Dee to-day.

yon is sing. and plural—*e.g.*, *yon bony thing*, H. 1032; *yon bony things*, H. 917.

Interrogative.

who: besides the proper n.e. Scots form *fa*, Ross uses also the common Scots *wha*, and even English forms *who*, &c. His oblique form *fum* is not heard in modern n.e. Scots.

which: the n.e. form *fulk* is hardly now to be heard. Ross does not use it. He has only the common Scots *whilk*.

what: he has both n.e. *fat* and common Scots and English *what*.

Relative.

that or *at* is the proper relative of modern Scots. *at* (probably from O.N. *at*) is characteristic of the n.e., but it is not found in Ross, no doubt because, believing it to be a weakened form of *that*, he wrote down always the full form.

wha (e.g., H. 83) is in the north-east a relative of literary, not colloquial Scots, but it is found from earliest times in written Scots of all kinds. Ross also uses English forms—e.g., *whose nature*, H. 1359; *whose luck*, O. 507.

NOUNS.

Irregular Plurals.

-r plurals: *childer*, H. 59. According to Dieth (sec. 136), it is still used in Perthshire, but in Buchan “can no longer be ascertained.”

-n plurals: as now, *eyn*, H. 212, &c.; *shoon*, H. 630, &c.

Mutation plurals: as now, *ky*, H. 1835, &c.; the rest as in Stand. Eng.

Mutation + -s: as now, *breeks*, H. 1427, &c.

Unchanged plurals: as now, *horse*, H. 34, &c.; *nout*, H. 2270, &c.; *fouk*, H. 63, &c. (also *fouks*, H. 191, &c.); the rest as in Stand. Eng.

clothes has two forms in Ross: *claihs*, H. 2690, &c., and *claise*, H. 1042, &c. The latter is the modern n.e. form, [kle : z].

ADVERBS.

The number of adverbs which are identical in form with their corresponding adjectives is much larger in Scots than in Stand. Eng. Examples from Ross are *nae sae easy wrought*, H. 42; *greeting sair*, H. 170.

NOTES ON SYNTAX.

VERBS.

1. The subjunctive is used by Ross more often than in modern Stand. Eng. It is commonly the mood (a) of *though* clauses—e.g., *Tho' I be auld*, H. 16; *Tho' it be wrang*, H. 1447; *tho' he be*, O. 455; *tho' they be*, O. 504. (b) Of conditional

clauses referring to the future or present time—e.g., *gin your heart be free*, H. 32; *an' he like*, H. 1396; *gin she . . . deny*, O. 887. (c) Of clauses of time referring to the future (archaic in Stand. Eng.)—e.g., *Ere we be aff*, H. 2119; *ere she be fit to gae*, H. 3412. (d) After verbs of fearing—e.g., *Nor need ye fear that onie skaith o'ertak you*, H. 721. (e) In indirect questions—e.g., *byde only till I speer What ye be seeking*, H. 646-67; *to try gin sickan news be true*, H. 2130; *tell us where we be*, H. 2291.

2. A characteristic peculiarity of Scots to-day is the omission of the auxiliary *have* in compound tenses. It may have arisen from the coalescence of *have*, in its unstressed form *a*, with the final vowel of such preceding words as *na*, *I*, *ye*. Examples with these words from Ross are: *Pate meith na been a laird*, H. 30; *she wad na been*, H. 887; *I cud na tald you*, H. 2080; *What wad I geen*, H. 21; *ye gotten a fa'*, H. 173; *Whatever meith atweesh you been before*, H. 2506. Then the omission spread (on this theory of its origin), as early as Dunbar at least (e.g., *Golden Targe*, 146), to cases where the word preceding the missing *a* does not end in a vowel. Ross, oddly enough, uses only one such word in this position—namely, *wad*. Examples: *I fear ye wad been vex'd*, H. 2837; *ane wad thought*, H. 3362. Once established, the usage survives the separation of *wad* from its past partic.: *To onie wad yoursells sic counsell geen*, H. 2835.

3. In questions and negative sentences the older simple tenses are used instead of *do*, *did* + infinitive—e.g., *fat think ye?* H. 372; *What ken I?* H. 679; *saw ye?* H. 1730; *ane I kent na*, H. 1129; *I ken na*, H. 1196. Many of these expressions are still current in the north-east.

4. With auxiliary verbs + adverbs of place, verbs of motion are often not expressed (an idiom common in older English and still current in Scots)—e.g., *I maunna langer byde, but up and gang*, H. 1101; *I maun down an' die*, H. 1400; *I'll on an' see*, H. 1542; *I maun aff*, H. 3078.

5. Ross most commonly treats his *-ing* noun as a noun, following it with *of*—e.g., *my getting of a man*, H. 356; *frae dighting o' the reer*, H. 440; *for mending o' their mail*, H. 1382; *by casting of a clod*, H. 3283; *from loving of you*, O. 670. In the following examples there is verbal as well as nominal function: *for latting gae the men*, H. 1696; *O the shaking*

hands that there was seen, H. 3880; *the getting you*, O. 674. Both constructions may appear in the same sentence: *tweesh riving hair, Skreeding o' kurches, crying dool an' care*, H. 466-67; *At milking beasts an' steering o' the ream, An' boughting o' the ewes*, H. 734-35; *of stealing bairns an' smearing o' their skin*, H. 4005. Note the two phrases: *for letting o' you gae*, H. 3145; *for latting gae the men*, H. 1696.

PRONOUNS.

1. As in dialectal and vulgar speech generally, the subject is often repeated by a personal pronoun—e.g., *Her limbs they faicked*, H. 501; *aunty she comes ben*, H. 1148.

2. There is often a pronoun subject following the imperative, even when the subject is not emphasised—e.g., *trust ye me*, H. 391; *kiss ye slate stanes*, H. 1647; *put ye them on yoursell*, H. 3579.

3. With some verbs—e.g., *sit, rest, hie*—there is often a reflexive personal pronoun (old dative of interest)—e.g., *she sits her down*, H. 534; *an' bade him rest him there*, H. 1299; *An' did him to the glens directly hy*, H. 2872. When the verb is in the imperative it is difficult to distinguish between this construction and 2. above—e.g., *sit you still an' rest you*, H. 726; *rest ye here*, H. 1940; *haste ye*, H. 3561.

4. The relative pronoun may be absent not only as in Stand. Eng. when it is the object, but also when it is the subject of its clause. This is common in written English up to and in the eighteenth century; it is now rather colloquial. Examples from Ross are: *But that was naething to the dreary knell Yeed till her heart fan her dear Lindy fell*, H. 158-59; *There's nane here thinks it*, H. 653; *gin a' was said was true*, H. 678; *There's fouks gang here*, H. 725; *fa was this . . . sae kindly spake*, H. 1942; *the first news sud blaw down frae the glen Wad be . . .*, O. 619-20.

5. The use of *what* as equivalent to a phrase of degree—"as much as, as fast as," &c.—is still current. Examples from Ross are: *poor Nory tak the gate What legs could lift*, H. 460; *Cry what she liked, Lindy cud na hear*, H. 480; *An' Lindy, what he cud, his courage cheers*, H. 1457; *The lasses now are linking what they dow*, H. 2164; *A lass, what I can see, that well may sair The best mail-payer's son*, H. 3248-49; *Scraip what you like, it never sall be clean*, O. 555.

LOOSE COLLOQUIAL SYNTAX.

1. The verb is often not expressed when it may be easily understood from the context—e.g., *An' he intreated she wad courage tak*; (sc. and said) *That he wad gar the gueeds come dancing hame*, H. 669-70. This is especially common when the verb omitted is *be*—e.g., *fan ye fell . . . An'* (sc. was) *hurt sae sair*, H. 185-86; (sc. I am) *faint, faint, alas!* H. 1936; *we hae ga'en will, an' out a' night*, H. 2289.

2. The grammatical subject may be changed and the change not expressed, if the new subject can easily be deduced from the context. This is a common habit of English up to the eighteenth century. Examples from Ross are: *He takes an' eats an' Nory does the same*, *Then look their ewes* (= they look), H. 203-4; *Their browden breasts that night took little sleep*, *An' turs'd again as soon as day did peep* (= they turs'd), H. 2389-90; *For he (Dick) had been the best sight e'er he (Kenneth) saw*, *And (sc. Kenneth) miss'd him sair*, O. 711-12.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

1. The double negative is characteristic of all dialectal and vulgar English. One example from Ross will suffice: *the honest sort, that did nae ken Naething but . . .*, H. 80-81.

2. There are no rules covering the use of the definite article in Stand. Eng., and the Scots usage, which often differs from the English, is equally irrational. Beyond pointing out its demonstrative function when prefixed to *day*, *night*, *year* (= *this*. See glossary), I have not attempted to designate the examples further than by their difference from Stand. Eng.

(a) *The* present when it would be absent in Stand. Eng. :—

the reefu' rair, H. 149; *boun for the rinning*, H. 1517.

what i' the earth to do, H. 1716; *ahind the hand*, H. 2018.

get the denial, What Ails, 47; *learn the herding*, O. 224.

Some of these expressions are still good n.e. Scots—e.g., *ahind the hand*.

(b) Neither *the* nor any other adjective used when there would be some adjective in English :—

like tap of lint, H. 210; *wi' meethness o' the day*, H. 588.

like picture on the wa', H. 613; *o'er pow'r*, H. 752.

of best of cheer, H. 1463; *wi' haste o' coming aff*, H. 511.

do bidding, H. 2301, Marri'd, 63; *is gryte surprise*, H. 2332.

word she cudna say, H. 2476; *by time o' day*, H. 2679.

tak lad an' lass, H. 3320; *for year an' day*, Begging, 39.

Some of these too are good n.e. Scots to-day—e.g., *do bidding*.

3. An interesting idiom, common in dialect and vulgar speech and illustrated in Ross, is the suffixing of *like* to adjectives and adverbs (also to whole sentences, but not in Ross). The general effect is to tone down the sense, but sometimes the meaning is very little altered. *Sort of* is similarly used in colloquial English. English, *he was sort of queer*; Scots, dialectal, vulgar, *he was queer like*. An example from Ross is: *But a' was toom an' heartless like an' bare*, H. 2400.

4. In addition to actual proverbs, many of which appear in the sixteenth century Fergusson (see notes), Ross uses a large number of popular, alliterative, fixed phrases.

- (a) noun + noun: *limb and lith*, H. 506, &c.; *ward an' warsel*, H. 727; *tint nor tryal*, H. 1188, &c.; *height nor how*, H. 1236, 2165; *cheel or chair*, H. 2182, 3348; *mark nor meith*, H. 2217, 2650; *day nor door*, H. 2629; *frae wigg to wa'*, H. 3242; *hide an' hew*, H. 3339, 3466; *bit and baid*, H. 3534, O. 212.
- (b) adj. + adj.: *frank an' free*, H. 352, &c.; *rough an' right*, H. 886; *blue an' blae*, H. 1297; *will an' wilsome*, H. 1758.
- (c) verb + noun: *guide the gully*, H. 1040, &c.; *lend a lift*, H. 1035, O. 43; *help a hitch*, H. 3450.
- (d) others: *reefu' rair*, H. 149, &c.; *leefu' lane*, H. 1181; *bare the ben*, H. 1775, 2123; *fidging fain*, H. 110, O. 12.

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THE
FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS,

A
PASTORAL TALE ;

In Three CANTOS, in the
Scotish Dialect.

By MR. ALEXANDER ROSS School-
Master at LOCHLEE.

To which is Added
A Few SONGS by the same Author.

ABERDEEN :

Printed by, and for FRANCIS DOUGLAS,
MDCCLXVIII.

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It would be unpardonable in the Author to let slip this opportunity of making his just acknowledgments to the great number of Gentlemen and Ladies who have by their subscriptions so generously promoted the publication of this little work.

Sensible as he is of the defects in his performance he has little to hope from the most candid criticism. To set before the reader's eyes, in their plain and native colours, a variety of incidents in low life, was what he had chiefly in view ; how far he hath succeeded in his design, every reader will judge for himself.

Sequestered from the polite world, and by his situation in life, bar'd from society, he found much amusement in observing the natural effects of the human passions on the conduct and manners of plain country people ; and though that depravity of manners so generally and so justly complained of by moral writers, hath found its way into the cottages of the poor, yet one, he hopes he may say it without offence, meets sometimes with a degree of innocent simplicity and honest meaning, among the lower ranks of people in remote parts of the country, which he can hardly expect to find in large towns, or among the higher ranks of mankind.

He hath endeavoured to support the characters introduced in the best manner he could, and to give the various scenes such colouring as to him seemed just and natural. He is sensible that in some places he hath been rather too prolix, but hopes the reader will forgive that fault, when he considers how unwillingly the mind turns away from an interest-

ing object, and that even this prolixity is characteristic of the people he describes; for the lower ranks of mankind cannot think or speak in that elegant and concise manner which distinguisheth those in the higher spheres of life.

With regard to the conduct of the story in general, the Author will possibly be blamed for throwing so many rubs in the way of the young couple he makes so fond of one another from their infancy, and much more for disappointing their hopes in the conclusion. To obviate this, in part, he shall only observe, that the incidents which bring all this about to him seemed possible and natural; and he thinks this important lesson is inculcated by the trouble and disappointment that Rosalind met with, that when two young people have come under strict engagements to one another, no consideration whatever should induce them to break their faith, or to promise things incompatible with keeping it entire. And besides, tho' they are disappointed, they are not unhappy, for all things are settled to their mutual satisfaction.

Tho' many of the phrases are broad, the author has endeavoured, as much as possible to avoid gross indelicacies; and the reader will consider, that he represents only the expressions and sentiments of plain country people. Many of them, he is sensible, will not bear to be tried by the rites of grammar, in many cases, to have altered, would have been nearly the same as to have spoiled them. Most of them, he imagines, will be understood by those who are conversant in the old Scottish language, and our present provincial dialects.

To conclude, this small work has lain many years by the Author, and copies of the manuscript had got abroad; one of these was seen by a Gentleman who desired it should be published, and wrote to the Author to that effect. As he was conscious that the tendency and design were moral, however faulty the execution, his objections were easily got over. Had he printed a list of those subscribers who do him so much honour, he would have laid himself open to the imputation of the greatest vanity. He chuses to impute the favourable reception which the proposals met with, rather to the benevolence of those Ladies and Gentlemen who interested

themselves in his favour than to any merit in his work ; and of this obligation they have laid him under, he shall always retain the most grateful sense.

To Mr Alexander Ross at Lochlee, Author of
The Fortunate Shepherdess, and other
Poems, in the Broad Scotch Dialect.

- O Ross, thou wale of hearty cocks,
Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes,
Thy hamely auld warld muse provokes
5 Me, for a while,
To ape our good plain country folks
 In verse and stile.
- Sure never carle was half sae gabby,
E'er since the winsome days of Habby.
O mayst thou ne'er gang clung or shabby,
10 Nor miss thy snaker !
Or I'll call Fortune, Nasty Drabby,
 And say, Pox take her.
- O may the roupe ne'er roust thy weason !
May thrist thy thrapple never gizen !
15 But bottled ale in mony a dozen,
 Aye lade thy gantry !
And fouth of vivres, all in season,
 Plenish thy pantry !
- Lang may thy stevin fill with glee
20 The glens and mountains of Lochlee,
Which were right gowsty but for thee,
 Whose sangs enamour
Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody
 The rocks to yamour.
- Ye shak your head ; but, o' my fegs,
25 Ye've set auld Scotas on her legs.
Lang had she lyen, with beffs and flegs
 Bumbaz'd and dizzie.
Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs.
30 Wae's me ! poor hizzie !

- Since Allan's death, nae body car'd
 For anes to speer how Scots far'd ;
 Nor plack nor thristled turner war'd,
 To quench her drouth ;
 35 For, frae the cottar to the laird,
 We all run South.
- The Southland chiels indeed hae mettle,
 And brawly at a sang can ettle ;
 Yet we right couthily might settle
 40 On this side Forth.
 The devil pay them with a pettle,
 That slight the North.
- Our country leed is far frae barren,
 'Tis even right pithy and auldfarran.
 45 Our sells are neiper-like, I warran,
 For sense and smergh ;
 In kittle times, when faes are yarring,
 We're no thought ergh.
- O bonny are our greensward hows,
 50 Where through the birks the burny rows,
 And the bee burns, and the ox lows,
 And saft winds rusle,
 And shepherd-lads, on sunny knows,
 Blaw the blythe fusle.
- 'Tis true, we Norlans manna fa'
 To eat sae nice, or gang sae bra',
 As they that come from far-awa' ;
 Yet sma's our skaith :
 55 We've peace (and that's well worth it a')
 60 And meat and claith.
- Our fine new-fangle sparks, I grant ye,
 Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty ;
 They're grown sae ugertfu' and vaunty,
 And capernoited,
 65 They guide her like a canker'd aunty,
 That's deaf and doited.
- Sae comes of ignorance, I trow ;
 'Tis this that crooks their ill-fa'r'd mou'
 With jokes sae course, they gar fouk spew
 70 For downright skonner.
 For Scotland wants na sons enew
 To do her honour.

- I here might gie a skreed of names,
 Dawties of Heliconian Dames !
 75 The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,
 That pawky priest.
 And wha can match the First King James
 For sang or jest ?
- 80 Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,
 Dunbar, Scot, Hawthornden, and mae
 Than I can tell ; for o' my fay,
 I maun brak aff ;
 'Twould take a live-lang summer-day
 To name the half.
- 85 The saucy chiels—I think they ca' them
 Critics—the muckle sorrow claw them,
 (For mense nor manners ne'er could awe them
 Frae their presumption)
 90 They need not try thy jokes to fathom,
 They want rungumption.
- But ilka Mearns and Angus bairn
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn ;
 And chiels shall come frae yont the Cairn—
 -a-mounth, right vousty,
 95 If Ross will be so kind as share in
 Their pint at Drousty.



HELENORE
OR
THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.

INVOCATION.

- Say,¹ Scots, Thou that anes upon a day
Gar'd Allan Ramsay's hungry hart strings play
The merriest sangs that ever yet were sung,
Pity anes mair, for I'm out-throw as clung.
5 'Twas that grim gossip, chandler-chafed want,
With threed-bair claithing, and an ambry scant,
Made him cry o' thee to blaw throw his pen
Wi' leed that well might help him to come ben,
An' crack amo' the best of ilka sex,
10 An' shape his houghs to gentle bows and becks.
He wan thy heart, well wordy o't, poor man.
Take yet another gangrell by the hand ;
As gryt's my mister, an' my duds as bair,
And I as sib as he was, ilka hair.
15 Mak me but half as canny, there's no fear,
Tho' I be auld, but I'll yet gather gear.

¹ The name of my Muse.

Title : Helenore, or The Fortunate Shepherdess, 1778, and subs. edd. :
Flaviana, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, &c., 1768

- O gin thou hadst not heard him first o'er well,
 When he got maughts to write The Shepherd's Tale,
 I meith ha had some chance of landing fair,
 20 But O that sang, the mither of my care !
 What wad I geen, that thou hadst put thy thumb
 Upo' the well tauld tale, till I had come,
 Then led my hand alongst it line for line !
 O to my dieing day, how I wad shine,
 25 An' as far yont it as syn Habbi plaid,
 Or Ga'in on Virgil matchless skill display'd !
 An' mair I wadna wiss. But Ramsay bears
 The gree himsel, an' the green laurels wears.
 Well mat he brook them, for piece ye had spar'd
 30 The task to me, Pate meith na been a laird.
 'Tis may be better, I's tak what ye gee :
 Ye're nae toom-handed gin your heart be free ;
 But I's be willing as ye bid me write—
 Blind horse, they say, ride hardy to the fight,
 35 And by good hap may come awa' but scorn :
 They are na kempers a' that shear the corn.
 Then Scot a heard, and said : " Your rough-spun ware
 Sounds but right douff an' fowsome to my ear.
 Do ye pretend to write like my ain bairn,
 40 Or onie ane that wins beyont the Kairn ?
 Ye're far mistaen gin ye think sick a thought.
 The Gentle Shepherd's nae sae easy wrought ;
 There's scenes an' acts, there's drift an' there's design, }
 An' a' maun like a new-ground whittle shine ; }
 45 Sick wimpl'd wark would crack a pow like thine." }
 " Kind mistris," says I, " gin this be your fear,
 Charge nae mair shot than what the piece'll bear.
 Something but scenes or acts, that kittle game,
 Yet what may please, bid me sit down an' frame."

26 Or Christ's kirk o' the green was first essay'd, 1778

29 piece) tho' is substituted throughout in 1778

spar'd) normalised from spair'd, 1768

40 wins beyont) came frae yont, 1778

48 scenes), 1778 ; seenes, 1768

- 50 "Gae then," she says, "nor deave me with your dinn;
 PUFF—I inspire you, sae you may begin.
 If ye, o'er forthersome, turn tapsie turvy,
 Blame your ain haste, an' say not that I spur ye;
 But sound and seelfu', as I bid you, write,
- 55 An' ready hae your pen when I indite.
 Speak my ain leed, 'tis gueed auld Scots I mean;
 Your Southren gnaps I count not worth a preen.
 We've words a fouth, that we can ca' our ain,
 Tho' frae them now my childer sair refrain,
- 60 An' are to my gueed auld proverb confeerin—
 Neither gueed fish nor flesh, nor yet sa't herrin.
 Gin this ye do, an' lyn your rime wi' sense,
 But ye'll make friends of fremmet fouk, fa kens?
 Wi' thir injunctions ye may set you down."
- 65 "Mistris," says I, "I'm at your bidding boun."

- Sae I begins, my pen into my hand,
 Just ready hearkning as she should command.
 But then about her there was sic a dinn,
 Some seeking this, some that, some out, some in,
- 70 That it's nae wonder, tho' I aft gae wrang,
 An' for my ain set down my neiper's sang;
 For hundreds mair were learning at her school,
 And some wrote fair, an' some like me wrote foul.

CANTO I.

- When yet the leal an' ae-fauld shepherd life
- 75 Was nae oergane by faucit, sturt an' strife,
 But here and there part o' that seelfu' race
 Kept love an' lawty o' their honest face,
 Piece long ere than, lowns had begun to spread,
 An' riefing hereship was become a trade;

59 now my childer sair) sair my bairns now, 1778

65 bidding, 1778; biding, 1768

67 Just ready) My lug just, 1778

70 wonder, tho') fairly, that, 1778

- 80 Yet of the honest sort, that did nae ken
 Naething but that was downright fair an' plain,
 A sonsie pair of lad an' lass was found,
 Wha honest love wi' halie wedlock crown'd.
 For joining hands they just were feer for feer,
 85 An' liv'd to other, as A to B as near.
 For bonyness an' other good out-throw,
 They were as right as ever trade the dew.
 The lad was Colen, and the lass was Jean ;
 An' how soon as the jimp three raiths was gane,
 90 The dentyest wean bony Jean fuish hame
 To flesh or blood that ever had a claim.
 The name the wean gat was Helenore,
 That her ain grandame brooked lang before.
 Gryt was the care an' tut'ry that was ha'en,
 95 Baith night an' day, about the bony wean.
 The jizzen-bed wi' rantree leaves was sain'd,
 An' sicklike craft as the auld grandys kend ;
 Jean's paps wi' sa't and water washen clean,
 For fear her milk gat wrang fan it was green ;
 100 Then the first hippen to the green was flung,
 And unko words thereat baith said an' sung ;
 A burning coal with the hett tangs was ta'en
 Frae out the ingle mids, well brunt an' clean,
 An' thro' the corsy-belly letten fa',
 105 For fear the wean should be ta'en awa'.
 Dowing an' growing was the dayly prayer,
 An' Nory¹ tented was wi' unko care.
 The oddest fike an' fisle that e'er was seen,

¹ The diminutive of Helenore.

80 honest) sakeless, 1778

85 liv'd) win'd, 1778

88, 90, 98 Jean, 1778, and *subs. edd.* (and elsewhere in 1768) : Jane,
 1768

90 wean) littleane, 1778

99 For fear) Reed that, 1778

101 unko words thereat) thereat seeful words, 1778

103 well brunt) fu' clear, 1778

107 tented was) was brought up, 1778

108 e'er, 1778 ; e're, 1768

- Was by the mithers an' twa grandys ta'en ;
 110 An' the twa bobbys were baith fiding fain,
 That they had gotten an oye o' their ain.
 An' bony Nory answer'd a' their care,
 For well she throove, and halesome was an' fair ;
 As clear an' calour as a water trout,
 115 An' with her growth her beauty ay did sprout.

- When Helenore a gangrel now was grown,
 And had begun to toddle about the town,
 An honest neiper man, Ralph was his name,
 That liv'd on the same tenement with them,
 120 A dainty stirrah had, twa years out gane,
 An' he was now well ta'en the rode him lane.
 The calland's name was Rosalind, an' they
 Yeed hand in hand together at the play.
 An' as the billy had the start of yeeld,
 125 To Nory he was ay a tenty beeld :
 Wad help her up, fan she wad chance to fa',
 Wad gather gowans, an' string them on a straw,
 An' knit about her bony neck an' arms,
 An' be as tenty to keep off all harms,
 130 As ever hen upo' the midden-head
 Wad tent her chuckens frae the greedy glaid.
 'Twas then that Cupid ettled aff a shaft,
 An' stang the weans, strangers to his craft,
 That baith their hearts bett wi' the common stound,
 135 But had na pain, but pleasure o' the wound.

As they grew up, alike their liking grew,
 As ever grass wet with the morning dew :

- 114 calour) cockin', 1778
 115 An' as she grew, sae did her beauty sprout, 1778
 116 Fan Nory now a gangrel trig was grown, 1778
 125 Nory, 1778 and *subs. edd.* (and elsewhere in 1768) : Norry, 1768
 129 keep) bear, 1778 ; off, 1778 ; of, 1768
 132 'Twas then blind Cupid did let gae a shaft, 1778
 134 hearts bett wi') hearties fand, 1778
 136 alike—liking) as fast—likings, 1778
 137 As haining water'd with the morning dew, 1778

- Like was their pleasure, an' alike their pain,
 An' baith alike were angry an' were fain.
- 140 When they were able now to herd the ewes,
 They yeed together thro' the heights an' hows ;
 Whiloms they tented, an' sometimes they plaid,
 An' sometimes rashen hatts or buckies made.
- But on a day, as Lindy¹ was fu' thrang
- 145 Weaving a snood, an' thinking on nae wrang,
 An' baith curcudduch, an' their heads bow'd down,
 Auld sleeket lowrie fetcht a wyllie roun,
 An' claught a lamb anoner Nory's care.
 She spy'd the thief, an' gae the reefu' rair ;
- 150 Lindy bangs up, an' flang his snood awa',
 An' i' the haste of rinning catcht a fa',
 Flaught-bred upon his face, an' there he lay ;
 Nory's pursuing as fast as she may.
 The cries an' yaumers gar'd the thief let gang
- 155 The sakeless beast, but not without great wrang ;
 For 'tweish twa hillocks the poor lambie lies,
 An' ay fell forthert as it shoope to rise.
 But that was naething to the dreary knell
 Yeed till her heart fan her dear Lindy fell.
- 160 Fan she came too, he never made to steer,
 Nor answer gae to ought that she could speer ;
 Like to distract, she lifted up his head,
 Cry'd " Lindy, Lindy, wae's me, are ye dead ? "
- Nae answer yet, for he had fa'en aswoon,
- 165 His face got sick a dird upo' the ground :
 An awful hole was dung intill his brow,
 An' lappert bleed was smear'd around his mou.

¹ The diminutive of Rosalind.

139 angry an') sorry or, 1778

After 143 And ilka' night as boughting time drew near,

Nory yeed foremost, Lindy in the rear, 1778

157 shoope) stoopt, 1778

159 Yeed till) That pierc'd, 1778

161 Nae answer gae, fatever she wad speer, 1778

167 And the red bleed had smear'd his cheeks an' mou, 1778

- But howsomever, in a little wee,
 Himsel he gathers, and begins to see ;
 170 An' first he spies poor Nory greeting sair,
 An' says, " O 'oman, fat makes a' your care ?
 Has the onbeast your lambie ta'en awa' ? "
 " Nae that," she says, " but 'cause ye gotten a fa'.
 Up by the lambie's lying yonder styth ;
 175 But makesna, that it's nae your sell I'm blyth.
 For fan I fand you, I thought haleumlie
 That ye wad never speak again to me :
 I spake to you, but ye nae answer made,
 An' then with baith my hands I rais'd your head ;
 180 But never a sinacle of life was there,
 An' I was just the neest thing to despair.
 But well's my heart that ye are come alist ;
 The lamb's awa', an' it'll never be mist.
 We'll ablins get a flyte, an' ablins nane ;
 185 We'll say it was fan ye fell o' the stane, }
 An' hurt sae sair as cud na rise your lane. }
 Try gin ye'll creep unto this strypie here,
 An' I will wash your face wi' water clear."
 But a' her washing cud na stench the bleed ;
 190 In haste then Nory for the stench-girss yeed :
 For these auld-warld fouks had wond'rous can
 Of herbs that were baith good for beast an' man,
 An' did wi' care the canny knack impart
 Unto their bairns, an' taught them a' the art.
 195 Back with the halesome girss in haste she hy'd,
 An' tentyly unto the sair apply'd.
 The bleed was stanch'd, an' syne that stench'd their care ;
 A plantane leaf was clapped o' the sair.
 Now Lindy is as canty as a midge,
 200 An' Nory at it did for blythness fidge ;
 Took frae her pouch a glack of bread an' cheese,

178 I spake to you) I bade you speak, 1778

179 And syne in haste I lifted up your head, 1778

187 Try gin ye'll creep) See gin ye'll win, 1778

188 An' I will wash your face) And wash your face and brow, 1778

And with a smirtle unto Lindy gees ;
 He takes an' eats, an' Nory does the same,
 Then look their ewes, an' back unto their game.

- 205 By this time Lindy is right well shot out,
 'Twixt nine and ten, I think, or there about ;
 Nae bursen bailch, nae wandought or misgrown,
 But plump an' swack an' like an apple round ;
 As onie kurch his hair baith white and lang
 210 Like tap of lint down o'er his shoulders hang ;
 His cheeks they were as onie cherie red,
 An' his twa eyn were clear as onie bead ;
 Fu o' good nature, sharp an' snell with a',
 An' kibble grown at shaking of a fa' ;
 215 Nae billie like him sell a' round about,
 That mows or earnest durst gee him a clout.
 An' Nory was the bonnyest lassie grown
 That ever was in landert or in town.
 A hellzier she than Lindy younger was,
 220 But for her growth was much about a pass.
 Her hair, just like the glowing threeds of goud,
 Frae lug to lug in bony ringlets row'd ;
 Pure red and white, her mither o'er again,
 An' bonyer, gin bonyer coud a been.
 225 You coud na look your sairing at her face,
 It was so cheary an' so fu' of grace ;
 Her cherry cheeks you might bleed with a strae ;
 Syne she was swak an' souple like a rae ;
 Swack like an eel an' calour like a trout,
 230 An' was become a fairly round about :

206 'Twixt) 'Tweesh, 1778

208 plump an' swack) snack and plump, 1778

211 cherie) apple, 1778

212 were clear as onie) as clear's a crystal, 1778

219 Three halyears younger she than Lindy was, 1778

220 much) meikle, 1778

221 just like the glowing) was like the very, 1778

222 First hang well down, then back in ringlets row'd, 1778

226 It was so cheary an') So meek it was, so sweet, 1778

230 An' was) And she, 1778

- Whan she among the neiper bairns was seen,
 At greedy-glaid or warpling o' the green,
 She 'cliptst them a', an' gar'd them look like draff,
 For she was like the corn, an' they the caff.
 235 The wives about, envy'd the lassie's fare,
 An' wiss'd her wraking, but begecked were.

 As she an' Lindy fa' into their teens,
 Their liking ripens, an' its pith maintains.
 But with mair wyles an' can they bet the flame,
 240 An' with their years as fast grew up their shame.
 The other hirds young Lindy treat with scorn,
 An' mair an' mair stroove to blaw up the horn ;
 As gin together clouds o' them had gane
 To play the penny- or the putting-stane,
 245 If Lindy chanc'd, as synle was his lot,
 To play a feckless or a wrangous shot,
 Jeering they'd say, " Poor Lindy's mauchtless grown !
 But maksna, it's a browst that he hath brown.
 Gin he 'bout Nory lesser fike had made,
 250 He hadna been sae smearless at the trade."
 For they were a' just like to eat their thumb
 That he wi' her sae far ben should a come.
 Nor was't a fairly, for she well meith be,
 Gentle or semple, a wife to ony he,
 255 For flesh an' bleed : what needs there speaking mair ?
 This was the grudge, an' ground of a' their care.

The lasses too, for they were ilka ane
 Wi' Lindy's favour and his beauty ta'en,

232 -glaid) *normalised from* -glad, 1768

235 wives) girls, 1778

236 And wisht her skaith, but disappointed were, 1778

237-8 While thro' their teens the youth and maid advance,
 Their kindling eyes with keener transport glance, 1778

240 And aye as they grew up, sae grew their shame, 1778

243 clouds) some, 1778

254 wife) maik, 1778

255 speaking) ony, 1778

- Taunted poor Nory, an' wad jeering say,
 260 They kend where they were seen the tither day.
 Now Nory was as modest as a fleuk,
 An' at their jeering wist na how to look.
 An' she thereon aft i' the dumps wad be,
 When after that she chanc'd her jo to see.
 265 Which thrawart carriage gar'd him wonder sair,
 And speer what was the ground of this her care.
 Wi' blushes that spake out her love an' pain,
 She made reply, "I's warrant ye may ken."
 "Well, Nory," said he, "never fash your thumb;
 270 Gin I ha'd heal, I's gar them a' sing dumb.
 An' gin I get but muckle o' their dinn,
 I's try whilk o' us has the thickest skin.
 It sets them well into our thrang to spy!
 They'd better whisht, for fear I raise a fry.
 275 An' for the geeglits that gae to the glen,
 An' night an' day are floaning o' the men,
 An' never like but o' the lads to crack,
 An' are as light as ever the queen's plack,
 They well may had their tongues, I'm sure that they
 280 Had never yet the like of us to say.
 Tell Jenny Cock, an' she jeer onie mair,
 Ye ken where Dick curfuffl'd a' her hair,
 Took aff her snood, an' syne fan she yeed hame,
 Boot say she tint it, nor durst tell for shame.
 285 That word, I think, will sair to stap her mou',
 An' I my sell can tell that that was true.
 But fat's the matter, let them say their fill;
 Gin they speak truth, they canna speak nae ill;

259 wad jeering) began to, 1778

260 were seen the tither) saw him and her sik, 1778

263-4 And fan her jo she happen wad to see,

Right dowie i' the dumps she'd seem to be, 1778

267 spake out) bespoke, 1778

274 for fear I) reed I sud, 1778

275 the geeglits that gae to) yon giglet hussies i', 1778

277 Aye shakin' fa's, and aft-times o' their back, 1778

280 yet) ground, 1778

283 aff, 1778; af, 1768

An' gin they lee, they'll hae the warse them sells :
 290 Let them ne'er halt till they win hood an' bells."

Thus he wad Nory cocker up again,
 An' ease her stomach o' its dreery pain.
 For when love dwells atweesh twa lovers leal,
 They neither gueed nor ill frae ither heal :
 295 Whate'er betides them, it relieves their heart
 Fan they get scouth their dolor to impart.
 But for as well as they had learn't to heal,
 Their courtship wad na langer now conceal.
 Baith mill an' smithy had it now fu' ryffe,
 300 That Lindy an' Nory wad be man an' wife.
 An' the auld fouks themsells were mair nor fain,
 Whan o' the bargain they began to ken.
 But tho' the young fouks liked other sair,
 They never yet had dint o' warld's care ;
 305 For marriage was as far out o' their sight
 As their intrigue was honest and upright.
 They never minded mair but meet an' daut,
 An' thought the time but scrimp enough for that.

Yet on a time when they their tryst had made
 310 To meet an' crack aneth a birken shade,
 An' were well set, and kisses yeed ding-dang,
 Says Lindy : " We maun marry now ere lang.
 Fouk will speak o's, an' fash us wi' the kirk,
 An' we be found together i' the merk."
 315 " I ken na," quo she, " we're o'er young, I fear,
 Of house or hadding yet to hae the care.
 Ye see how Rob an' Jenny's gane, syn they
 Hae pitten o'er their heads their merry day,
 Ye canna see, I'm sure, a poorer pair ;
 320 For back an' belly, they're sae pinch'd an' bare ;

292 And cur'd her heart of a' its dreary pain, 1778

297-8 But yet, alas, for all our lovers arts,

They could not hide what pass'd within their hearts, 1778

317 syn) *here, and hereafter without further notice, normalised from*
 syne, 1768

- They've gotten a geet that stills na night nor day,
 Their ae beast cow I saw them lately flea,
 That for plain poortith lairt intill a bogg ;
 Besides, they hae nae either ew or hogg.
 325 Sick snibs as that may sair to let us see
 'Tis better for us to be loose an' free.
 A freer life, I'm sure, we canna lead ;
 Our meat an' claith are baith bound till our head :
 When down's our head, as we hae heard it said,
 330 Our house is happed, an' our mailen paid."

- Quo he : " I grant 'tis a' true that ye speak,
 But yet ae swallow does na summer mak.
 An' we hadd heal, we need na dridder mair ;
 Ye ken we winna be set down sae bare ;
 335 An' then at hame the stocking is nae sma,
 An' nane to seek or get it, but we twa."
 " That's true and true enough ; but yet," quo she,
 " There is nae time o'ergane for you or me."
 " But what if some mischief shou'd cut us short,"
 340 Quo he, " an' after a' should spoil our sport ?
 What if some wealthy cheeld should chance to come,
 Just ready for a wife, as ay there's some,
 An' wi' your father sick an ear shud get,
 As gar him strick the iron when it is het ?
 345 How stand poor I, o'erta'en wi' sick a trick,
 To look like blunty, an' the fup-shaft lick ? "
 " Na, na," quo she, " ye need na hae sick fear :
 They ken ye like me, an' they ken ye've gear.
 An' gin ye wad but shoot it by a while,
 350 I ken the thing that wad your fears beguile ;
 But I think shame because it speaks of me——"
 " Hang shame," quo Lindy, " an' be frank an' free."

- " Well, nae lang syne, fan our auld fouks were laid,
 An' taking their ain crack into their bed,
 355 Weening that I was sleeping, they began,

- An' spak about my getting of a man.
 My father first did at my mither speer,
 ' Heary, is Nory fifteen out the year ? '
 ' A well I wat is she,' my mither says ;
 360 ' Had she a woman's wit, she has her days :
 Ha, never an hour does Nory want, lat's see,
 But bare twa months her synteen out to be ;
 An' gin ye mind, I but nineteen was out,
 Fan we forgather'd, or just thereabout.'
 365 ' I mind it well enough, an' so I may :
 At well I danc'd wi' you at your birthday.'
 ' Ay, heary,' quo she, ' now but that's awa'.'
 ' Dainta,' quo he, ' let never warse befa' :
 We're well enough, we hae baith meat an' claith,
 370 An' o'er bauld to complain at ither skaith :
 We manna ay be young.' Quo she, ' That's true.
 But fat think ye of Nory's courtship now ?
 Lindy an' she I hear are unko thrang ;
 'Tis now nae secret, the news is gaing ding-dang.
 375 Auld Magy Procter speer'd at me last day.
 I said I kent na, it might e'en be sae ;
 Young fouks 'll ay be looking them about,
 An' that they're doing sae, I mak no doubt.'
 Quo he, ' But heary, what do ye think o't ? '
 380 My mither says, ' I wiss I gae my coat
 That it were true. I like the lad right well,
 For I like ay the verity to tell ;
 He may well sair, the best day e'er she raise.'
 Quo' he, ' I nothing ken to his dispraise.
 385 He's a gueed lad, an' that's the best of a' ;
 An' for the geer, his father well can draw ;
 For he's nae boss, six score o' lambs the year

356 An' spak) to speak, 1778

358 the) this, 1778

362 twa . . . synteen) five . . . saxteen, 1778

363 nineteen) synteen, 1778

380-1 That it were true I wish I gae my coat.

My mither says, I like the lad right well, 1778

387 the) this, 1778

- Is heartning gueed, the match is feer for feer.'
 'A's true,' quo she, 'but we'll behad a wee ;
 390 She's nae well knit, altho' that shot she be ;
 She'll be mair stivage, heary, trust ye me,
 Gin she a toment yet be latten be.'
 'Ye's get your will,' quo he. ' 'Tis nae far back
 Syn Ralph an' I about it had a crack ;
 395 They like the bargain just as well as we,
 An' it's nae matter when the wedding be.'
 Kiss o' thy mou for such a couthy tale."
 Reply'd the lad, "I wat, thou's get it leel.
 Well mat thou thram, for syn thou's been so free,
 400 I for a little fyle shall lat thee be ;
 Tho' sair against my will, for ye may ken,
 T' had drink frae drouth, is sair against the grain."

- Now Flaviana was the country's name
 That ay this bony water-side did claim,
 405 Frae yellow sands, that trindl'd down the same. }
 The fouks were wealthy, store was a' their stock ;
 With this, but little siller, did they trock.
 Frae mang the stock his honour gat his fa',
 An' got but little cunzie, or nane awa'.
 410 The water fecklie on a level slede,
 Wi' little dinn, but couthy, what it made.
 On ilka side the trees grew thick an' strang,
 An' a' the boughs wi' birds were in a sang ;
 On every side, a full bowshot an' mair,
 415 The green was even, gowany an' fair ;
 With easy sklent, on every side the braes
 To a good height, wi' scatter'd busses raise ;
 Wi' goats an' sheep aboon, an' cows below,
 These bony braes all in a swarm did go.

388 Is heartning) That's hearkning, 1778

390-2 She's but a tangle, tho' shot out she be,

She'll be mair stivvage and for docker meet,

If she a toumon be behadden yet, 1778

397 such a couthy) sic a welcome, 1778 ¶

417 To a good height) To right well up, 1778

418 cows) ky, 1778

- 420 No property these honest shepherds pled ;
 All kept alike, an' all in common fed.
 But ah, misfortune ! while they fear'd no ill,
 A band of kettrins did their forrest fill ;
 On ilka side they took it in with care,
 425 And i' the ca' nor cow nor ewe did spare ;
 The sakeless shepherds stroove with might an' main
 To turn the dowie chase, but all in vain ;
 They had nae maughts for sick a toilsome task,
 For bare-fac'd robb'ry had put off the mask.
 430 Amo' the herds that plaid a maughty part,
 Young Lindy kyth'd himsel wi' hand an' heart.
 But mair nor master maws the field, an' sae
 It far'd wi' him, poor man, that hapless day.
 Three fallows bauld, like very lions strong,
 435 Were a' his wrack, an' wrought him a' his wrang ;
 On him laid hands, whan he now dow na mair,
 An' wi' teugh raips they band him hard an' sair,
 An' left him there, till they shou'd cast about,
 An' drive him hame before them i' the rout.
 440 Ere they came back frae dighting o' the reer,
 'Twas now as dark as it afore was clear ;
 They sought about, their seeking was in vain,
 An' Lindy's left, poor man, to pine wi' pain.

 The fouk at hame by this time hae their care,
 445 An' that the gueeds are byding wonder sair.
 To hillock heads an' knolls man, wife an' wean,
 To spy about them gather now ilk ane ;
 Some o' them running here, some o' them there,
 An' a' in outmost mazerment an' care.
 450 Nory, poor 'oman, had some farther gane,
 For Lindy fly'd, an' standin' was her lane,

430 maughty, 1778 ; naughty, 1768. *See note.*

438-9 Then left him lying till they sud come back,

Hame for a brag intending him to tak, 1778

440-3 *Not in 1778*

449 outmost) greatest, 1778

- Whan up there came twa shepherds out o' breath,
 Rais'd like, an' blawing, an' as haw as death.
 "Now," Nory says, "what's been the cause the day
 455 The herds an' gueeds hae made sae lang a stay?"
 "Of gueeds an' herds we need nae speak nae mair;
 Dowie's this day," an' gae the reefu' rair.
 "They're a' made hership, an' for ought we ken,
 The herds may a' be feckly ta'en or slain."
 460 At thir sad news poor Nory taks the gate,
 What legs could lift, tho' it was dark an' late;
 She ran an' skream'd, an' roove out at her hair,
 An' to the glens the gainest gate can fare.
 Ay as the lads came up, the news they spread;
 465 I sanna tell you what effect it had;
 For sick a ruther raise, 'tweesh riving hair,
 Skreeding o' kurches, crying dool an' care,
 Wi' thud for thud upon their bare breast bane,
 To see't an' hear't wad rive a heart of stane.
 470 Poor Nory rins till she dow rin nae mair,
 An' syne fa's down; judge gin her heart was sair.
 Out at her mow it just was like to bout
 Intill her lap at every ither thaut.
 As lang as she had maughts to rin or gang,
 475 "O Lindy! Lindy!" was her dowie sang;
 "Well Lindy, bony Lindy, art thou dead?
 I's never frae this hillock lift my head.
 O dead, come also an' be kind to me,
 An' frae this sad back-birn of sorrow free!"
 480 Cry what she liked, Lindy cud na hear,
 For she for that a quite wrang course did steer,
 Twa miles at least, for he had follow'd on,
 Till by the ruffians he was sae undone.
 In this poor pickle heartless Nory lies,
 485 Rowing her head, amind to never rise.

453 blawing) blasting, 1778

455-6 That gueeds and shepherds hae made sic a stay?

O' gueeds and shepherds, 'oman, speak nae mair, 1778

482 on) keen, 1778

483 Till him the ruffians sae did circumveen, 1778

- The night grew merk, the mist began to fa',
 The howlet screekt, an' that was warst of a' ;
 For ilka time the onbeast gae the yell,
 In spite of grief, it gae her heart a knell.
 490 At last, what wi' the fright, and what wi' grief,
 An' soupet spirits hopeless o' relief,
 Sleep bit an' bit crap in upon her wae,
 An' a' was quiet for an hour or sae.
 But yet her heart was ay upo' the flought ;
 495 Sleepin' an' wakin', Lindy fill'd her thought.
 Sair was she catcht, for ilka now an' then
 She'd start an' fumper, an' fa' o'er again.
 At last her dolor gets the upper hand,
 She starts to foot, but has na maughts to stand :
 500 Hallach'd an' dameist, an' scarce at her sell,
 Her limbs they faicked under her an' fell.
 Fan she had thought a wee, the dowie knell
 Strak till her heart for Lindy, sharp an' snell.
 It's yet pit merk, the yerd a' black about,
 505 An' the night fowl began again to shout.
 Thro' ilka limb an' lith the terror thirl'd
 At ilka time the dowie monster skirl'd.
 At last the welcome sky began to clear,
 The birds to chirm, an' day-light to appear.
 510 This laid her eery thoughts, but yet her pain
 For her dear jo did still its strength maintain.
 When light cou'd sair her to see round about,
 Where she might be she now began to doubt.
 Nae meiths she kent, ilk hillock head was new,
 515 An' a' thing unko that was in her view.
 Nor was it fairly, for she had na been
 So far before, or e'er sick glens had seen ;
 For ne'er till yet by three lang miles an' mair

497 an' fa') then ly, 1778

511 For her dear Lindy, ever did remain, 1778

517 e'er) *normalised* from e're, 1768

517-18 So far a fieldward, or sic glens had seen :

For ne'er afore, by lang twa miles and mair, 1778

- Had errands led her to the hills to fare.
 520 On ilka hand the hills were stay an' steep,
 An' shou'd she tak them, she behov'd to creep.
 The fear o' Lindy wad na let her turn ;
 The frightful cleughs made her to sigh an' mourn.
 An' now for faut and mister she was spent,
 525 Like water weak, an' dwebell like a bent.
 Yet try't she maun, her heart it wad na sair
 To think but Lindy to gae hame nae mair.
 Up thro' the cleughs, where bink on bink was set,
 Scrambling wi' hands and feet she taks the gate ;
 530 Twa hours she took, the langest o' the day,
 Dow what she mought, ere she clamb up the brae.
 At length, whan she unto the height had won,
 What meets her there but the sweet morning sun ?
 Breathless and feckless, there she sits her down,
 535 An' will an' willsome looked her around.
 O' this sae couthy blink she was right fain,
 An' for a wee was eased of her pain.
 But yet the heat sae master'd a' her pith,
 That she grew tabetless, an' swarft therewith ;
 540 An' for a while shot out baith hand an' foot,
 As she had been wi' the elf-arrow shot.
 At last the dwam fled over bit an' bit,
 And she begins to draw her limbs an' sit ;
 An' by the help of an auld standin' stane,
 545 To which she did her weary body lean,
 She wins to foot, an' swavering makes to gang,
 An' meets a plump of averens ere lang ;

519 to the hills) thro' the glens, 1778

After 521 Baith wit and will in her together strave,

And she's in swither how she shall behave, 1778

523 The frightful craigs and mountains gar'd her mourn, 1778

527 to gae hame nae) to look hameward, 1778

531 Dow what she mought) On sic a road, 1778

533 meets) kaips, 1778

538 But toil and heat so overpaw'r'd her pith, 1778

542 fled over) yeed frae her, 1778

544 an auld standin') a convenient, 1778

547 meets a plump) spies a spot, 1778

- Right yape she yoked to the pleasing feast,
 An' lay an' eated half an hour at least.
- 550 The feckless meltet did her heart o'erset,
 'Cause nature frae't did litle sust'nance get :
 Sick, sick she grows ; syne after that a wee,
 Whan she o'ercame, the tear fell in her eye ;
 An' till her sell she made this heavy main :
- 555 " Propines o' this I'll get nae mair again
 Frae my dear Lindy. Monie a time has thou
 Of these to me thy pouches fashen fou'.
 Alas, poor man ! for aught that I can see,
 This day thou lying in cauld bark may'st be ;
- 560 And wae's me for't ! But I shall never stint,
 Till o' the truth the verity be kent ;
 Tho' to the world's end my race should be,
 Dead or alive, thy bony face I'll see."
- Sae up she rises, and about she spies,
- 565 An' lo ! beneath, a bony burnie lies,
 Out-throw the mist atweesh her an' the sun,
 That shin'd an' glanc'd in ilka pool an' lyn.
 A hail half mile she had at least to gang,
 Thro' birns, an' pits, an' scrabs, an' heather lang :
- 570 Yet putt an' row, wi' mony a weary twine,
 She wins at last to where the pools did shine.
 Along the burn, that bushed was wi' trees,
 A bony easy beaten road she sees.
 Amo' the bushes birdies made their mang,
- 575 Till a' the cloughs about with musick rang.
 They seem'd to do their best to ease the fair,
 But she for that was o'er far gane in care.
 Yet with the pleasant roadie she was ta'en,
 An' down the burnie takes the road her lane,

548 pleasing) ready, 1778

550 heart) head, 1778

561 o' the truth) of thy chance, 1778

562 race) search, 1778

569 pits) pikes, 1778

572 bushed) busked, 1778

574 Upon the busses, birdies sweetly sung, 1778

- 580 Weening at length she meith some towns espie,
 An' sae amo' them for her lover try.
 Now very sair the sun began to beat,
 An' she was almaist scunfest with the heat ;
 The summer cauts were dancing here an' there,
 585 An' clouds of midges reeling in the air ;
 The streams of sweat an' tears thro' ither ran
 Adown her cheeks, an' she to fag began ;
 Wi' wae, an' faut, an' meethness o' the day,
 Sae sair beset she was that down she lay.
 590 For her gueed luck, a wie bit aff the pead
 Grew there a tree wi' branches thick an' bred ;
 The shade beneath, a canness-bred out-throw,
 Held aff the sunbeams frae a bony how.
 Here she resolves to rest, an' may be die,
 595 An' lean'd her head unto the kindly tree. .
 Her hand she had upon her haffet laid,
 An' fain, fain was she of the coolriff shade.
 Short while she i' this calour posture lay,
 When heavy sleep beguil'd her o' her wae.
 600 Three hours that bliss to her was length'n'd out,
 When by odd chance a huntsman came about,
 A gallant youth, an' O, sae finely clade !
 In his right hand a bow of steel he had ;
 A bony page behind, close at his heel,
 605 Carry'd a shafe of arrows shode with steel ;
 A knapsack white, compactly made an' feat,
 Slung o'er his head, well lyn'd with gentle meat.
 As this young squire on haste is standing by,
 Wi' sydlings look he sees a woman ly ;
 610 Jumps in the gate, but when he saw her face,
 So sweet, so angel like, so fu' o' grace,
 He durst na budge, nor speak, nor gang awa',
 But stood stane-still, like picture on the wa' :

584 cauts, 1778 ; cauls, 1768 (*misprint*). See note.596 hand, 1778 ; head, 1768 (*misprint*)

599 heavy) welcome, 1778

603 of steel) unbent, 1778

608 standing) *normalised from standing*, 1768, 1778

- His full of looking he could never get,
 615 For on sick looks his eyn he never set,
 Tho' bludder'd sair wi' strypes of tears, an' sweat. }
 As he's thus gazing, Cupid draws a shaft,
 An' prov'd himsell a master of the craft :
 Wi' sick a twang he bent his golden bow,
 620 The red-het arrow pierc'd him thro' and throw.
 Nae eek frae Nory's hame-spun kirtle came,
 To catch the hunter, or to beet the flame.
 Plain was her gown, the hew was of the ewe,
 An' tatter'd like, for she was on the grow.
 625 'Tis true her head had been made up fu' sleek
 The tither day, an' well put on her keek :
 But a' her bra's were out of order now,
 Her hair in taits hang down upon her brow ;
 To her left shoulder, too, her keek was worn,
 630 Her gartens tint, her shoon clean out an' torn.
 Naething remain'd to put her in disguise,
 She makes the conquest there, just as she lies, }
 Nor had a dart yet flown out from her eyes. }
 Some skair he judg'd the beauty fair had got,
 635 An' met wi' something hapless in her lot ;
 An' thought that she e'en by her sell meith be,
 An' if awaken'd, fiercelins aff meith flee ;
 For she was aften starting thro' her sleep,
 An' fumpering as gin she made to weep.
 640 Still he looks on ; at length hersel she rais'd,
 An' round about wi' consternation gaz'd.
 Upo' the squire as soon's she set her eyes,
 Up till her feet she bangs wi' great surprise,
 An' was to run ; he claught her by the claise,
 645 An' said : " Sweet lassie, huly, an' ye please.
 Ye's get nae wrang, byde only till I speer
 What ye be seeking, an' what fuish you here."

622 hunter) lover, 1778

624 And growing scrimp, as she was i' the grow, 1778

626 put) prin'd, 1778

630 clean out) a' skelt, 1778

631 not in 1778

633 Nor had a glance been shot yet frae her eyes, 1778

- The grip detain'd her, but she cud na speak ;
 Her tongue for fear tint fettle in her cheek.
 650 Then saftly still the squire intreats her stay.
 At last she gae a sob, and says, " Hegh hey !
 O let me gang, for I hae done nae ill."
 " There's nane here thinks it," says he, " but stay still.
 Tell me what ails you, an' I'll right your wrang,
 655 Be what it will ; I sanna hadd you lang."
 " My wrang ! my wrang ! gryt is my wrang," she says,
 " Gin you heard tell of FLAVIANA's braes ;
 Frae them am I, 'tis there our wrang is wrought,
 Wrang unforsair'd, an' that we never bought :
 660 Rank kettren were they that did us the ill ;
 They toom'd our braes, that swarming store did fill ;
 An' mair nor that, I fear our hirds are ta'en,
 An' it's sair born o' me that they're slain ;
 For they great dacker made, an' tulzi'd strang,
 665 Ere they wad yield an' let the cattle gang."
 An' a' the time the tears ran down her cheek,
 An' pinked o'er her chin upon her keek.
 To see her grief his heart was like to brak,
 An' he intreated she wad courage tak ;
 670 That he wad gar the gueeds come dancing hame,
 An' them pay deep an' dear that had the blame.
 An' wi' a smile unto the maiden says :
 " I mind to hear of FLAVIANA's braes.
 Fan I was young, upo' the neirish knee,
 675 My mammy us'd to sing a sang to me
 About the braes ; an' Colen was the lad,
 An' bony Jean the name the lassie had.
 Well were they roos'd, gin a' was said was true ;
 An' what ken I, but they belang'd to you ?
 680 Gin they were bony, ye are sae, I see."

655 will ; I sanna) list ; and Ise no, 1778

659 unforsair'd) unforsain'd, 1768, 1778. *See note.*

662 fear) reed, 1778

664 dacker) docker, 1778

668 see her grief) hear her tale, 1778

669 he) sair, 1778

- The tear again came trickling frae her eye.
 She scarce could speak, at last she sobbing says :
 " There was a sang ca'd FLAVIANA's braes ;
 The fouk intil't belanging were to me,
 685 An' tho' I say't, they cud na sibber be.
 But sad's the sang that we may a' sing now ;
 Of hirds an' gear we're poor alike, I trow."
 " Fear na, sweet lassie, fear na," he replies,
 "'Tis nae a' hopeless that in peril lies.
 690 Take ye good heartning, an' lay by your fears ;
 Come to this strype, an' wash awa' your tears ;
 I's mak you right enough." The kindly tale,
 To gang and wash, wi' Nory did prevail.
 But O ! fan he beheld her face so fair,
 695 So sweet, so bony an' so debonair,
 Gin he afore was o'er the lugs in love,
 Outo'er the head he now was, and above.
 Now ilka nook she fills within his heart,
 An' he resolves that they shall never part.
 700 An' to his page he says, " Tak out some meat ;
 I'm sure this lass has mair nor need to eat."
 " Gray-mercies," she replies, " but I maun gang ;
 I dread that I hae bidden here o'er lang."
 " Na, bony lass," he says, " tak ye some meat ;
 705 Ye winna get this offer ilka get."
 Tho' she was shamefu', hunger made her yield ;
 Sae they sat down aneth the shady beild ;
 With his ain hand he cutted aff an' gae,
 An' eated wi' her, an' gar'd her do sae.
 710 When hunger now was slack'd a litle wee,
 She taks hersell, an' aff again she'll be ;
 Shamefu' she was, an' skeigh like onie hare,
 An' coud na think of sitting langer there ;
 An' had her fears that ane sae gentle like

687 hirds . . . poor) fouks . . . rich, 1778

702 " Gray-mercies," she replies) I thank you, sir, she says, 1778

704 Na, bonny lassie, strive na with your meat, 1778

714 Weening that ane sae braw and gentle-like, 1778

- 715 For nae gueed ends was making sick a fike.
 She hadds her hand ; the squire, that had his eye
 Upon her a' the time, reed she sud flee,
 Says cannily : " I'm sure ye are na sairt.
 There's fouth o' meat ; eat on an' dinna spair't.
 720 Ye're just as welcome as my heart can mak you,
 Nor need ye fear that onie skaith o'ertak you,
 As lang's I'm here ; for me, I's do you nane.
 Nor do I think ye're safe to gang your lane
 Amo' thir hills, for ye may meet with skaith :
 725 There's fouks gang here that's abler than we baith.
 E'en sit you still an' rest you here wi' me,
 An' I shall ward an' warsel for you be.
 An' tell me this, was ye a-field that day
 When the wild kettrin ca'd your gueeds away ? "
 730 " Na, na," she says, " I had na use to gang
 Unto the glens to herd, this many a lang :
 Some beasts at hame was wark enough to me,
 Wi' onie help I cud my mither gee
 At milking beasts, an' steering o' the ream,
 735 An' boughting o' the ewes when they came hame."
 " Well, that's a' gueed enough," he says, " but then,
 How anter'd ye a-fiedlert sae your lane ?
 Or what could ye do, wandring up an' down ?
 Ye might ha gotten skaith by rogue or lown.
 740 Or was your father or your brother there,
 That ye hae dreet sae meikle cark an' care ? "
 She says : " For brithers, I hae nane o' them ;
 An' for my father, he was not frae hame.
 But I to spy had wandert out that gate,
 745 Wond'ring what chance had kept the gueeds so late.
 Just as I'm there, twa o' our herds came by,
 Rais'd like, an' rinning up, what they coud hey.
 I speer'd what held the gueeds sae wond'rous late ;

717 Set close upon her, reed that she sud flee, 1778

739 skaith) wrang, 1778

745 Won'dring what chance) In fairly, what, 1778

747 rinning up, what) gain' as fast as, 1778

- They tauld me what had been their dowy fate ;
 750 They left me there, sae I, but ony mair,
 Getwards alane unto the glens can fare,
 An' ran o'er pow'r, an' ere I bridle drew,
 O'erran a' bounds that e'er afore I knew.
 The night grew merk, an' dowie was my case,
 755 An' I began to rue my reckless race.
 Fan day came in—an' wellcome was the light,
 For fear maist kill'd me o' the dead of night—
 I ken na how it was, but on I yeed ;
 But o' my journey I've come little speed."
 760 " Well," says he, " lassie, night 'll fa' right now ;
 An' i' this wilsome glen, what will ye do ?
 Tak ye my counsel, an' gang on wi' me,
 An' a kind lodging I shall lat you see ;
 Nae man but women ye shall see therein,
 765 An' be as welcome as my mither's sin.
 Syne o' the morn we something shall contrive,
 That sall mak you as right's ye was belyve."
 Wi' their kind speeches Nory gees consent ;
 Sae up they rose, an' down the burn they went.
 770 He gae the page a wink to gae before,
 An' he himsell came up wi' Helenore.
 Kindly an' civil ay to her he spak,
 An' held her in good tune wi' many a crack :
 For he was ay in dread that she meith rue,
 775 An' sae he strove to keep the subject new :
 First speer'd her name, an' after that her eild ;
 Syne smiling says, " We'll soon be at the bield."
 Thir shifts he us'd to quiet her demur,
 But O ! his heart stack till her like a bur.

753 e'er) *normalised from e're*, 1768

756 light) sight, 1778

758 ken na how it) kent no where I, 1778

759 journey) errand, 1778

767 you as right's ye was) matters right enough, 1778

768 speeches) wordies, 1778

770 wink) nod, 1778

772 civil) couthy, 1778

- 780 For as her mind began to be at saught,
 Intill her face ilk sweet an' bony draught
 Came till it sell ; his heart fand sick a bliss,
 He wad ha geen his neck but for ae kiss ;
 But yet that gate he durst na mak a mein,
 785 He was sae conjur'd by her modest eyn,
 That, tho' they wad a warm'd a heart of stane,
 Had yet a cast sick freedoms to restrain.
 An' sae for fear he clean sud spoil the sport,
 Gin anes his shepherdess should tak the dort,
 790 He buir upon him, an' never loot her ken
 That he was onie ways about her fain.
 Yet monie a sigh an' " Hegh hey ! " did she gee,
 An' looked ay as gin she meant to flee.

- At last an' lang, whan night began to gloem,
 795 An' eery-like to sit on hill an' howm,
 To a bra' gentle place they drew in by
 Of his, where an auld aunty had her stay.
 As he came in, says aunty, " Welcome hame !
 I think this day ye hae made dainty game.
 800 Where met ye, nefo, wi' that bony lass ?
 Ye're nae blate, lad, to hunt in sick a case."
 " I've gotten a pout, an' fashen her living hame,
 An' gin I'd left her, wad a been to blame.
 The story's lang to tell you how we met,
 805 But first of a' ye'll fetch us ben some meat.
 I fear this lassie wants it very sair,
 For lang, I ween, her meltet has been bare.
 To come alang sweer was she to intreat,
 An' yet I kend her mister to be great.

781 Intill her) In her fair, 1778

792 did she gee) was her ain, 1778

793 Upon the road at ilka now and then, 1778

795 hill an') ilka, 1778

796-7 They came at last unto a gentle place,

And wha aught it, but an auld aunt of his, 1778

803 I'd left her) I had na, 1778

805 But first you'll fetch us something ben to eat, 1778

806 fear . . . wants) reed . . . needs, 1778

- 810 I promis'd her good quarters, aunt, an' ye
 Unto the lass as gueed's my word maun be."
 Syne auntie crys her dather Betty ben ;
 Says, " See, your cousin's ta'en a bra' muir hen."
 She says, " A-hunting he may gae again :
- 815 Sick pouts as thir may mak the hunter fain."
 Then says auld aunty to her dather Bess,
 " You're nae like this wi' a' your fiky dress :
 She dings you in her hamely gown of gray,
 As far's a summer dings a winter day."
- 820 Then says to Nory, " Rest you, bony hen,
 An' tak a piece ; your bed's be made the ben ;
 An' ly wi' my ain dather Betty there.
 Fa sees your bony skin ye need na care ;
 For hers to yours, but like aum'd leather looks.
- 825 Well fells the lad that's farthest i' your books."
 Says Betty : " She shall mair nor welcome be
 To tak a share of bed an' board wi' me.
 An' gin she like it, as I wiss she may,
 We sanna part frae ither night nor day."
- 830 Says Olimund, for so they call'd the squire :
 " Gray-mercies, cousin, ye sall hae your fair,
 The first time I to town or merket gang,
 Whilk, an' hights had, will be ere it be lang :
 A pair o' kissing strings, an' gloovs fire-new,
- 835 As gueed as I can weal, shall be your due."
 Says Betty, " Hads you ! But I think it best
 That she an' I slip down an' tak our rest."

Now nane was there but aunty an' himsell ;
 An' she says till him, " I hae news to tell."

- 840 " What news ? " he says ; " I wiss they may be gueed ;
 Of sick I'm sure that I hae mickle need."

812 syne) *here, and hereafter without further notice, normalised from*
 syn, 1768

her dather Betty) on Betty to come, 1778

813 Says, " See,) See, lass, 1778

825 that's, 1778 ; that, 1768 (*misprint*)

831 Gray-mercies) Gramercy, 1778

835 weal) wyle, 1778

- "Well, man, your father's dead—" "Aunt, gar me trow!"
 Replies the squire. "Who tauld sick news to you?"
 "Baith tale an' tales-man I to you shall tell :
 845 Eight days aback, a post came frae himsell,
 Speering for you, an' wond'ring unko sair
 That ye had broken tryst in your affair.
 I wrate him back, that ye yeed aff frae me
 Wi' time enough, in time at hame to be,
 850 An' in gueed heal ; an' seem'd as sair agast
 To hear the news, an' fairly 'd assa fast.
 This took him by the stammack very sair ;
 He wrings his hands like ane in deepest care ;
 Crys : ' He is either by the gypsies taen,
 855 Or may be aff unto the army gane :
 Whan he an' I 'bout ony threap fell out,
 That was the road that he was for, but doubt.
 Gin he is gane, as doubtless but he has,
 He'll shortly mak us ane an' a' cha' fause,
 860 Wi' draught on draught by ilka Holland mail,
 An' eat up faster a' than tongue can tell.'
 In sick a tune he wrang, till at the last
 The dreary thought him in a fever cast ;
 Which wrought him sae that in three days an' less
 865 He was full ready for his hindmost dress.
 I think by now ye need na hae great fear
 That ye maun tak the lass wi' meikle gear.
 He was to blame, my brother as he was,
 Against your will to bid you tak a lass."

 870 "Ay, auntie, an' ye kent the bony aught !
 'Tis true, she had of warld's gear a fraught.
 But what was that to peace an' saught at hame,
 An' mair nor that, to kirk an' merkat shame ?

 851 assa) as a, 1778
 853-5 His hands he wrings, and cries out dool and care :
 He's either by the kairds or gypsies ta'en,
 Or what look'd likest, to the army gane, 1778
 862 wrang) bade, 1778
 873 mair nor that) whilk is warse, 1778

- For had my father sought the warld round
 875 Till he the very dightings o't had found,
 A filthier hag could not come in his way
 Than for my truncher what he had laid by :
 An ugly, hulgie-backed, canker'd wasp,
 Syne like to die for breath at ilka gasp ;
 880 Her teeth between a yellow an' a black,
 Some out, some in, an' a' of different mack ;
 Black, hairy wrats, about an inch between,
 Out-throw her fiz, were like mustaches seen ;
 Her head lay back, an' her syde chafts sat out,
 885 An' o'er her gab hang down a sneevling snout ;
 An' tak her a' together, rough an' right,
 She wad na been by far four feet of height ;
 An' for her temper, maik she ne'er had nane :
 She'd mak twa paps cast out on ae breast-bane.
 890 But yet, say what I liked, nought wad do
 But I maun gang this bony chap to woo.
 My father he yeed wi' me at the first,
 But a' the time my heart was like to birst,
 To think to lead my life wi' sick an ape.
 895 I'd rather mak my tesment in a raip.
 But ugly as she was, there was na cure,
 But I maun kiss her, 'cause I was the woo'r.
 My father briskly loot me see the gate,
 But I'll assure you I look'd unko blate ;
 900 An' very thrawart like I yeed in by.
 ' A young man look so blate ! ' he says, ' O fy ! '
 Nor was it fairly, for her stinking breath
 Was just enough to sconfise ane to death.
 But frae my father monie a slaik she gat,
 905 An' I, just like to spue, like blunty sat.
 I canna say but she was wond'rous kind,

876 A filthier) An odder, 1778

883 O'er ran her atry phyz beneath her een, 1778

884 her syde chafts) a lang gab, 1778

885 Wi' the addition of a sniveling snout, 1778

904 slaik) smack, 1778

An' for her dresses, wow, but they were fine !
 An' monie a bony thing was in our sight,
 An' a' thing that we saw was snug an' tight ;
 910 Nae little wealth, I 'sure you, there we saw,
 An' ilka thing was rich an' fine an' bra' ;
 But for it a' I didna care a strae,
 An' wad ha geen my neck to be awa'.

At last an' lang, as we are riding hame,
 915 My father says : ' Yon is a wealthy dame.
 What think ye, Mundy, winna ye be bra',
 Whan ye yon bony things your ain can ca' ?
 Do's not your heart ly to the bargain now,
 An' hae you not encouragement to woo ? '
 920 ' A's well,' I says, ' except what should be best ;
 An' whan that's wrang, what worth is a' the rest ? '
 ' I grant,' he says, ' she's nae a beauty spot ;
 But he that wad refuse her is a sot.
 Tho' ye seem shy, she wad get ten for ane ;
 925 An' I shall wad, she'll nae be lang her lane :
 Her riggs'll gar the wooers come ding-dang,
 An' she'll strike up wi' ane ere it be lang.
 Sae strik the iron, lad, when it is het,
 An' a' the land an' wealth an' baggage get.
 930 Ye see her rigs run just unto our ain ;
 'Twill mak a swinging lairdship a' in ane.
 An' Mundy, she's for you aboon them a' ;
 Sae whan it's at your foot, man, strike the ba'.
 An' mind you, billy, tho' ye looked dry,
 935 Ye'll change your fessons, an' gae sharp in by,
 An' daut her o'er and o'er ; I'll wad my head,
 At the neist courting bout but ye's come speed.
 But wha wad hae you, when ye sit sae dumb,
 An' never apens your mou to say a mum ?

923 he, 1778 ; ye, 1768 (*misprint*)924 ye, 1778 ; he, 1768 (*misprint*)

925 I shall wad) I'll engage, 1778

939 say, 1778 ; sae, 1768

- 940 Ye maun mak o' her, kiss her o'er and o'er,
 Say that ye'll die, an' but her canna cower ;
 But for her sake maun view the lands of leal,
 Except she pity an' your ailment heal.
 But out o' jest, an' in earnest, lad,
 945 Ye maun look forreth, an' the bargain hadd,
 Or else ye's tyne whatever ye held o' me ;
 There is nae other boot but it maun be.'

- Syne in a little I maun gang again,
 An' what was warst of a', maun gang my lane ;
 950 Am bidden court an' daut an' seek the lass.
 O aunt, but I was at an unko pass !
 But I resolves upon't to put a face,
 An' see gin I had can to turn the chase."
 " Well, how behav'd ye, did ye gee'r the mou,"
 955 Says aunty till him, " wi' monie a scraip an' bow ?
 Syne sat ye down beside her, cheek for chew,
 An' syne begin to sigh, an' say ' Hegg how ' ?
 Syne lay your hand athwart her hulgy back,
 An' now an' then to steal a quiet smak ? "
 960 " Na, bimme sooth I ! I came fiercelins in,
 An' wi' my trantlims made a rattlin dinn ;
 Syne hailst her roughly, an' began to say
 I'd gotten a lump o' my ain dead the day,
 Wi' weet an' wind sae tyte into my teeth,
 965 That it was like to cut my very breath.
 ' Gin this be courting, well I wat 'tis dear ;
 I gat na sik a teazle this seven year.
 Sae ye maun gee your answer now perqueer ;
 I manna ilka day be coming here
 970 To get sick sniffers ; courting's nae a jest ;
 Anither day like this 'll be my priest.' "

941 that ye'll die) ye're in love, 1778

944 in in) in gueed, 1778

956-7 *not in* 1778

970 sniffers) sniffers, 1778. *See note.*

- " Well," quo she, " nefo, thir were wanton sports.
 I hope ye gard the lady tak the dorts ;
 For sick rough courting I hae never seen,
 975 Syn I was born, a lass an' lad between."
 " Na, aunty," says he, " she was not sae skeigh,
 Nor wi' her answer very blate nor dreigh ;
 But says : ' I'm wae ye've got so foul a day.
 But maks na, till't grow better ye may stay.
 980 Tho' 'twere this month, ye're very welcome here ;
 What I can gee, ye's get the best of cheer.' "
 " I think," quo aunt, " ye're fairly nicked now."
 " Nae half so sair," says he, " as ye wad trow.
 I tauld her that was kind, but then that I
 985 Nae for a night out of my bed could ly ;
 Or if I sud, it wad be seen or day
 There wad be mair nor cause to rue my stay ;
 That I the reason did na care to tell,
 It was enough that I did ken't my sell.
 990 Quo she, ' I wiss I could your wanrest ken.
 'Tis may be 'cause ye canna ly your lane.
 Gin it be sae, ye's be provided here,
 With may be nae sae gueed, but yet as near.'
 I now began to think she meant hersell,
 995 But how my stammack raise I sanna tell.
 ' Na, na,' quo I, ' 'tis wi' kent fouk I ly ;
 I never liked yet to gang astray.
 This night I maun be hame afore I sleep ;
 Gin ganging winna do't, piece I sud creep.'
 1000 ' Well, gin ye be sae positive,' she says,
 ' I sanna urge, come back when e'er ye please.
 Afore you ay your welcome ye shall find,
 An' blame yoursell in case ye come behind.'
 ' I's see to that,' I says ; sae aff I scours,
 1005 Blessing my lucky stars, an' hame I tours.

- When I came hame, the auld boy says to me,
 How have ye sped, is Ketty frank an' free? '
 'As frank,' I says, 'as heart o' man coud wiss.
 I hanna fear that I my market miss.'
- 1010 'Well, Mundy, that's a man,' my father says.
 'We's hae you marry'd now afore lang days.
 Gin this day forthnight we's be cut an' dry—
 It may be dangerous gin we delay.'
 Thus wi' my lad I plaid at fast an' loose,
- 1015 An' he begins to think I'm growing douse.
 'Content,' says I; 'but I maun gang an' see
 My honest aunt, before I marri'd be.'
 An' ye may mind I tauld you crap an' root
 Fan I came here, an' that I ne'er wad do't.
- 1020 He gae consent, but bade me keep the day,
 An' bring my cousins wimme to the play.
 A' this was good, I anes was won awa',
 Resolv'd ere I yeed back a' nails to ca'.
 Gueed was the counsel an' advice ye gae,
- 1025 By helping me to shift that dreary day,
 An' bidding me out-thro' the mountains range,
 To pass the time, till matters took a change.
 'Twas mair nor lucky that I was na here,
 Whan the auld man about me sent to speer;
- 1030 An' lucky, lucky was it that I yeed
 Out thro' the glens, an' that I came sick speed.

- Yon bony thing that I fuish hame with me,
 Aboon a' woman kind, my wife shall be,
 Except she say me nay. Now, aunt, ye maun
- 1035 Lend me a lift about her, an' ye can.
 She's even now as wild as onie rae,
 An' wou'd need canny guiding ere she stay;

1006 the auld, 1778; auld, 1768 (*unmetrical*)

1011 marry'd now) coupled then, 1778

1026 mountains) forest, 1778

1037 ere, 1778; eer, 1768

- Fan she gets up, it's ten to ane but she,
 Considering her fright, for aff will be.
- 1040 But ye maun strive the gully well to guide,
 An' daut the lassie sair to gar her bide.
 Wi' some bra' claise to tempt her ye maun try.
 Ye sanna do't for nought, I's better buy,
 An' put into their place. Spare ye nae cost.
- 1045 I mak you sure your labour's nae be lost."
- "But, nefo," quo she, "ye're upon extreams,"
 (Trying my lad) "an' living upo' dreams ;
 This choice is just as unko as the last,
 An' fouk'll fairly at it just as fast :
- 1050 A hair-brain'd littleane, wagging a' with duds,
 An' looks as she had drapped frae the clouds !
 What will fouk say to see you mak the choice ?
 It will, I 'sure you, mak nae little noise."
 "An' what care I ? Let fouk say what they please.
- 1055 Gin we heed says, we'll never sit at ease,"
 The squire reply'd. "An' I hae heard your sell
 Your meaning in another manner tell :
 An' that in parents can be naething worse
 Than bairns to marry against their will to force."
- 1060 "Well, nefo, I hae done," replies the aunt ;
 "That is my judgment, I do freely grant.
 I like the lassie, Mundy, with my heart ;
 An' as she's bony, nae doubt but she's smart.
 She's young, an' sae can shape to onie cast :
- 1065 Nae tree till it be hewn grows a mast."
 "Well, aunt, ye please me now, well mat ye thrive !
 Gin ye can fix her, I'll be right belyve.
 Ye ken your sell, the morn that I maun gang,

1039 Considering) *normalised from* Consid'ring, 1768 (*unmetrical*)

Considering her fright) As she is on the flought, 1778

1042-5 *not in* 1778

1057 Your sentiments another way to tell, 1778

1064 She's young, an' sae can) The creature's young, she'll, 1778

1065 grows) becomes, 1778

1067 can fix her) her cuddum, 1778

- An' keep the things at hame frae gaing wrang.
 1070 In order whan I hae them something sett,
 I'll back again return withouten let.
 Keep her in tune the best gate that ye can,
 But never mou-band till her onie man ;
 For I am sair mista'en gin a' her care
 1075 Spring not from some of them that missing are.
 The greatest favour ye can do to me
 Frae thinking lang's to keep the lassie free.
 Gin she grow weary, tell her I'll be back
 In a few days, an' gueed my promise mak :
 1080 That was, that I sud ever bear the blame,
 Gin I the gueeds gar'd not come dancing hame.
 I need na tell you how ye sud behave,
 But a' unto your better judgment leave.
 Wi' thir instructions I bid you adieu.
 1085 By day an' dawn the morn the bogs I'll view."

- Neist day, when morning thro' the windows sprang,
 Nory bangs up, an' crys, " I've lain o'er lang."
 Betty, who was upo' the catch, replies,
 " Lie still, sweet Nory, 'tis o'er soon to rise."
 1090 As they are craking, aunty she comes ben,
 An' smiling says, " How sleapt my bony hen ?
 Betty, hae ye about her ta'en gueed care ?
 Ye're but a restless bed-fellow, I fear."
 " Well hae I lien, sweet mistress," Nory said;
 1095 " I never lay afore in sick a bed,
 Sae saft an' warm, an' wi' sae bony claise ;
 I've lien indeed fu' well, at my ain ease.
 Let you nor yours ne'er in sick takin be

1070 In any order when I things have set, 1778
 1074 sair) far, 1778
 1083 better judgment) glegger wisdom, 1778
 1084 instructions) injunctions, 1778
 1086 morning) light in, 1778
 1087 lain) lien, 1778
 1098 ne'er in sick takin) in sic condition, 1778

- As yon bra' laird, well mat he thram, fund me.
 1100 This bony bed has gar'd me ly o'er lang.
 I maunna langer byde, but up an' gang."
 " Huly," she says, " hae ye nae hasty care :
 Ye need na rise these couple o' hours an' mair.
 I's come again an' raise you time enough.
 1105 Our lads yet hanna budg'd to yoke the plough."
 Sae out she slips, an' snecks the door behind,
 An' Bess an' Nory to their crack begin.
 "'Oman," says Bess, " I think we'll tak advice,
 An' e'en ly still ; my mither's unko wyse.
 1110 She's up, but canna ly for want o' breath,
 An' says that early rising did her skaith.
 O'er browden'd o' the warld she was ay ;
 'Tis best we guide our sells as lang's we may.
 She says, tho' she were back at auld fifteen,
 1115 She's never do again as she has done."
 " But O ! " says Nory, " I am far frae hame,
 An' this last night I had a dreary dream.
 My heart's yet beatin wi' the very fright,
 An' fan I'm waking, thinks I see the sight.
- 1120 I thought that we were washing at our sheep
 Intill a pool, an' O ! but it was deep.
 I thought a lad therein was like to drown ;
 His feet yeed frae him, an' his head yeed down ;
 Flaught-bred into the pool my sell I keest,
 1125 Weening to keep his head aboon at least :
 But ere I wist, I clean was at the float ;
 I sanna tell you what a gloff I got :
 My eyn grew blind, the lad I cudna see,
 But ane I kent na took a claught of me,
 1130 An' fuish me out, an' laid me down to dreep.
 Sae burden'd was I, I coud hardly creep.

After 1115 And sae I think we'd better now refrain,
 Than wiss that we had yesterstay again, 1778
 1118 very) unco, 1778

- Gryte was the care this stranger took o' me,
 An' O ! I thought him bony, blyth an' free.
 Dry claise, I thought, he gae me to put on,
 1135 Better by far an' bra'er than my own.
 An' fan I had come something to my sell,
 Ayont the pool I spy'd the lad that fell,
 Drouket, an' looking unko ourlach-like.
 A lass about him made a wond'rous fike,
 1140 Drying an' dighting at him up an' down.
 I kent her no, but stripped was her gown.
 But O the skair that I got i' the pool !
 I thought my heart had coup'd frae its hool.
 An' sae I waken'd, glamping here an' there ;
 1145 I wat ye meith ha found me i' my care."
 Says Bess, "'Tis true your fump'ring waken'd me ;
 I putted o' you for to set you free."

- As they are cracking, aunty she comes ben,
 An' says, " How are ye now, my bony hen ?
 1150 'Tis now fair day, an' ye an' Bess may rise.
 See, lass, there's for you a new pair o' stays ;
 An' there's a gown some longer nor your ain.
 Bess, put a' on her well, an' syne come ben."

- Now leave we Nory in her change of dress,
 1155 Under the care of aunty an' of Bess,
 Till we acquaint you of poor Lindy's fate,
 That was left corded up at sick a rate,
 Tuggling an' struggling how to get him free,
 An' all the time did meikle dolor dree,
 1160 Till wi' the grips he was baith black an' blue.
 At last in twa the dowie raips he gnew.
 But three hail days were fully come an' gane,

1139 wond'rous) unco, 1778

1147 And I you joundy'd, that ye might be free, 1778

1148 she comes ben) chanced to pass, 1778

1149 How . . . hen) fu . . . lass, 1778

1159 He did great pyne and meikle sorrow dree, 1778

1162 fully) outly, 1778

- Ere he that task cud manage him alane.
 An' when the raips were loos'd, an' a' set by,
 1165 Then Lindy to stand up began to try.
 But, by your favour, that's aboon his thumb,
 For he fell arslins o'er upon his bum :
 His coots were dozn'd, an' the fettle tint ;
 Yet o' them of the raips was seen the dint ;
 1170 An' mair attour, the lad for faut was gane,
 An' naething left almost but skin an' bane.
 At last he shoop himsell again to stand,
 An' hirpl'd up wi' help of foot an' hand ;
 But swaver'd sae, as ye hae aften seen
 1175 Ane for a month had i' the fever been.
 He taks the gate, an' travels as he dow,
 Hamewith thro' many a wilsome height and how ;
 To Colen's house, by luck that nearest lay,
 He, tyr'd an' weary'd, hirpl'd down the brae.
 1180 Whan he came in, wha's sitting there but Jean,
 Poor Colen's honest wife, her leefu' lane ?
 Nae jot intil her hand, but greeting sair,
 An' looking like threescore an' ten wi' care,
 Tho' sax an' thirty held her yet again ;
 1185 Sae sair for Nory she was sunk in pain,
 An' Colen too, for he had gone to try
 Gin he the lassie mang the hills might spy ;
 But tint nor tryal she had gotten nane
 Of her that first, or him had hindmost gane.
 1190 " Peace be therein ! " says he upo' the floer.
 She turns about, an' says, " Ye're welcome here.
 Wow, Lindy, is this ye ? Where hae ye been ?
 Hae ye our gossip or poor Nory seen ? "

1168 coots) queets, 1778

1169 Yet o' . . . was) Ye in . . . wad, 1778

1173 Wi' help of a rough kent intill his hand, 1778

1180 there, 1778 ; their, 1768

1185 sunk) now, 1778

1189 had hindmost) that last was, 1778

1190-1 Fan she heard Lindy, saying, " Peace be here,"

She looked up and says, And welcome here, 1778

1193 gossip) Colin, 1778

- " Na, well a wat I, 'oman, where yeed they ?
 1195 They're nae sae wood, I hope, as chase the prey ? "
 " What they hae chas'd I ken na," Jean replys ;
 " But since they yeed frae me it's lang three days.
 Poor Nory gallop'd aff, that very night
 That wi' the gueeds we gat the dreary fright.
 1200 What was her ends I ken na, yet I fear
 That ye was at the bottom o' her care.
 The hirds that came set a' things here a-steer,
 An' she ran aff as rais'd as onie deer ;
 Land-gates unto the hills she held the gate,
 1205 After the night was glowm'd an' growing late.
 We kent na what came o' her till neist day,
 That the hirds tauld they saw her rin away.
 At this her father took the rode, poor man,
 An' to the glens like ane distracted ran.
 1210 Of ane or ither I've nae tryal got.
 I fear the warst, that doolfu' is their lot.
 An' I in wae am pining here my lane,
 The warst three days that o'er my head hae gane."

- " An' are ye saying Nory is awa ? "
 1215 Replies the lad. " That is the warst of a'.
 Hard's been my fortune for this three days past,
 But I have met the hardest at the last.
 My threed o' life is worn very sma',
 Just at the very braking into twa'.
 1220 What fusion's in it I shall frankly ware,
 As lang's I can, in seeking o' my dear.
 Great may the hardship be that she has met,
 An' gotten for my sake a dowie sett.
 Poor 'oman ! O, an' I had pith to gang,
 1225 To find her out, tho't sud be ne'er so lang !

1210 tryal) notice, 1778

1211 doolfu') dowie, 1778

1219 very) nick of, 1778

1220 frankly) freely, 1778

1223 a dowie) so hard a, 1778

- My heart-bleed for her I wad frankly ware,
 Sae be I could relieve her o' her care."
 An' up he rises ; Jean says, " Gueed's your cause,
 For monie a day ye plaid amo' the shaws.
 1230 But sair I dread your labour will be vain :
 Gin she'd been living, she had been again.
 But syn ye're gaing, I shanna you withstand.
 But ye will tak a piece into your hand ;
 An' here's a wallet stiff wi' cheese an' bread,
 1235 To help you o' the rode, for ye'll hae need.
 Seek wyne an' onwyne, miss na height nor how,
 An' cry whan ever ye come upon a know ;
 An' ilka gate ye gang, baith far an' near,
 As well for Colen as for Nory speer.
 1240 Alas ! I ken na what to bid you say,
 Or wha is dearest to me of the twae."
 Then aff he gaes, a kent intil his hand,
 An' whan he raise, had hardly pith to stand.
 Out-throw the hills the gainest way he took,
 1245 An' in his search miss'd neither hook nor crook.
 But O ! tho' he was willing, he was weak,
 An' with sad grief his heart was like to break.
 He stress'd himsell to cry aboon his pith,
 An' try his abilty both limb an' lith.
 1250 Aft-times he boot to sit him down an' rest ;
 The night fell on him, wi' thick weet an' mist ;
 A cauld stane side the beild that he coud mak ;
 At night the weet was pelting on his back ;
 Ae wink o' sleep, wi' grief an' cauld an' weet,
 1255 Out-throw the wilsome night he cud na get.
 When day came in, and it began to clear,

1226 heart-bleed) heart's bleed, 1778

1234 stiff) stuff'd, 1778

1240 ken . . . say) wat . . . , dee, 1778

1241 wha . . . of the twae) which . . . he or she, 1778

1242 Then aff he gaes) The gate he taks, 1778

1249 try his abilty both) try'd his strength with ganging, 1778

1253 At . . . weet) All . . . rain, 1778

1256 and it) the lift, 1778

- A' round about he spies baith far an' near ;
 Crys mony a " Nory," but nae answer hears.
 Syne westlins thro' the glens his course he steers ;
 1260 And as he yeed, the tract at last he found
 Of the reif'd gueeds upo' the mossie ground.
 An' on he gaes anither live-long day,
 But-neither lights on Nory nor the prey.
 Night fa's again, an' he maun tak a beild ;
 1265 It was nae choice thir rugged hills coud yield.
 But wi' some hopes he travels on, while he
 The gate the hership had been ca'd cud see,
 Thinking that ablins Nory meith hae gane
 Upo' the tract : but he was sair mista'en ;
 1270 For to the eastard she her course had bent,
 An' as the burnie led, still downward went.
 Neist day 'gainst noon he comes upon a brae,
 Where mony a beast at their ain leisure lay ;
 But far beneath him, that he cud na ken
 1275 Gin onie o' them meith ha been his ain.
 A burn ran i' the laigh, ayont there lay
 As mony feeding o' the tither bae.
 Down gatewards to the burn his course he steers,
 But in his sight no herd as yet appears.
 1280 Whan he came down, bra' stepping-stanes he fand,
 An' o'er he steps, his kane intill his hand.

- Just as he landed o' the other bank,
 Three lusty fellows gat o' him a clank ;
 Nor gae him time to wield his trusty tree,
 1285 Or onie means to use to had him free,
 But round about him bicker'd a' at anes,
 As they were playing at the penny-stanes.

1261 reif'd gueeds upo') ca'd hership on, 1778

1263 lights on) finds his, 1778

1265 choice) gueed, 1778

1267 gate . . . ca'd) way . . . driven, 1778

1270-1 For he the west and she the east hand took,

The inwith road, by favour of the brook, 1778

1281 kane) kent, 1778

- An' wha were they but that same very three
 That with the raips gar'd him the dolor dree ?
 1290 " Ho, ho, my lad," say they, " ye are not blate.
 They gang right far about that never met.
 It seems ye are na sairt wi' what ye got.
 Ye's ken that we can cast a harder knot."
 An' till him straight, an' binds him o'er again,
 1295 Till he cry'd out wi' the sair gnidging pain ;
 While monie a paik unto his beef they led,
 Till wi' the thumps he blue an' blae was made ;
 Then flung him by just like a slaughter-sheep,
 An' bade him rest him there an' tak a sleep.
 1300 At night whan they were ready hame to gang,
 An' shadows frae hill-heads were growing lang,
 His legs they loos'd, but fighter'd held his hands,
 An' lasht him hame before wi' birken wands,
 About his houghs, and round about his lugs ;
 1305 An' at his hair loot monie canker'd drugs.
 Whan he's ca'd hame, they shot him in before
 In a dark hole, an' snaply lock'd the door.
 As he is chamber'd up, he hears a grain,
 As of a bodie making heavy main ;
 1310 An' piece the voice seem'd till him unko near,
 For very fear he durst na budge to speer.
 Whan he had lien a wee, the body says :
 " O an' I were in FLAVIANA'S braes !
 Naething sud gar me gae sae far afield,
 1315 Tho' I at hame sud to the skin be peel'd."
 He kens the word, an' says, " Alake my fell !
 Is that ye, Colen, are ye there your sell ? "
 " 'Tis I, 'tis I ; but tell me, what are ye,
 That in this dreary darksome hole kens me ? "

1288 very) neaty, 1778
 1295 gnidging) hanking, 1778
 1296 led) laid, 1778
 1305 canker'd) unco, 1778
 1309 heavy) dowie, 1778
 1316 Alake my) O wae's me, 1778

- 1320 " E'en Lindy here, your ain auld neiper's son,
 Wi' shakl'd hands, an' wi' a sair paid skin."
 " That's unko luck, but gueed I canna ca't ;
 But yet there's something couthie in it f'ra't,"
 Colen replys. " Your sell as well as I
 1325 Has had bad hap, our fortun's been but thry.
 Anes on a day, I thought na to hae been
 Sae sadly new'd, or sick mischances seen.
 But fat'll ye say ? Sick things has been afor's,
 An' we maun thole them, piece they had been worse.
 1330 But tell me Lindy, what was't fuish you out,
 Or was ye ca'd awa' into the rout ? "
 " I was na ca'd," says Lindy, " but was knit ;
 An' i' the sett three langsome days did sit,
 Till wi' my teeth I gnew the raips in twa,
 1335 An' wi' sair pingling wan at last awa' ;
 Crap hame, wi' meikle adi, an' whan I came,
 Fand i' your house nae body but your dame.
 Frae her I lear't poor Nory's chance an' yours,
 Sae aff again, what legs cud lift, I scours,
 1340 Thro' monie a glen, till at the last I fell
 Among sick fouks as ye hae fa'n your sell.
 Whan came ye here ? " " Nae mair but yesterday,"
 Wi' dowie tone poor Colen made reply.
 " Well, man," he says, " for anes we're meked now,
 1345 An' maun beneath our thrawart fortune bow ;
 We maun be doing, syn better may na be ;
 We'll ablins yet some lucky day get free.
 Heard ye o' Nory naething as ye yeed
 Out thro' thir dowie glens, alive nor dead ? "
 1350 " Nae tint nor trial," Lindy says, " I fand,

1320 son) sin, 1778

1321 Shakl'd baith hands and feet, wi' a sair skin, 1778

1323 f'ra't) fraat, 1778

1324 Colen replys) Among ill hands, 1778

1325 Has had bad hap) It seems has fallen, 1778

1327 new'd, or) hew'd, and, 1778

1337, 1342 but) bat, 1778

1340 a glen) hills, 1778

1344 meked) nicked, 1778. See note.

Nor cud I hear o' her on onie hand."
 " 'Tis mair nor likly then," auld Colen says,
 " That she is at the yont end o' her days.
 Poor thing ! she may be picked now as bair,
 1355 Wi' greedy beasts, as worry'd sheep or hare."
 Thus ilk ane to the other made his main,
 An' sigh'd an' grat, an' sigh'd an' grat again.

As dawn sprang up, in the Sevitiens came,
 Whose natures to their country gave its name ;
 1360 An' to the men sett by a task of hay,
 To work till even frae the brak of day.
 Each i' their hand a scrimp half bannock got,
 That scarce wad fill at anes their mou an' throat ;
 So sett in view, they cud na win awa',
 1365 An' tauld to work, or they their backs wad cla'.
 Their task was mair nor they cud well mak out,
 An' as they promis'd, they their backs did rout.
 About mid-day they ae slim meltet sent,
 An' therewith aftentimes the maiden went,
 1370 Wha had na aft upo' the errand gane,
 Till she is with the love of Lindy ta'en.
 An' frae the time that Cupid shot the dart,
 An' sent it to the bottom o' her heart,
 Their mail was made twice better than before,
 1375 For she ne'er stuck to gang out-o'er the score :
 Stoupfu's of crouds an' ream she aft wad steal,
 An' bra'ly cud her tricks frae minny heal.
 By this the lads a better living had,
 An' monie a blessing till her therefore pray'd.

1352 auld) poor, 1778

1358 dawn sprang up) daylight came, 1778

Sevitiens, 1778, and subs. edd. Savilians, 1768 (*misprint which is repeated throughout*).

1365 tauld) boot, 1778

1366 task) stent, 1778

1367 And whan they fail'd their backs they roundly rout, 1778

1373 sent it to) stack it in, 1778

1374 mail was made) meltit was, 1778

1377 bra'ly cud her) cou'd her souple, 1778

- 1380 Whan she had come a while, she grew mair grave.
 They speer'd the cause that made her sae behave :
 Was she found out for mending o' their mail,
 Or was she hamper'd of content or heal ?
 Na, na, she says, that lad was a' her care,
 1385 That was sae setting, wi' his yellow hair.
 She cud na help it, but she beight to tell,
 And how to ease her he kent best himsell.
 Auld Colen says : " He wad be i' the wrang,
 Gin frae your heal he held you short or lang ;
 1390 Sae be, it be within his reach of pow'r,
 By onie means your dreary ill to cure ;
 For kind, an' mair nor kind, to us ye've been,
 Syn we began to toil upo' the green.
 What is't that ails you ? Speak, an' dinna spare ;
 1395 An' gin he can he's ease you o' your care."
 " Well can he," says she, " an' he like himsell."
 " Be what it like," says Colen, " lassie, tell."
 Then Bydby says (sae was the maiden's name) :
 " My very breast is lowin' in a flame
 1400 For Lindy there, an' I maun down an' die
 Except I get him ; that's what troubles me.
 I smoar'd the flame, an' thought to keep it in ;
 But ay the mair I smoar'd, it spread within,
 Till now ye see 't 'as blaz'd out at my mou.
 1405 Ye ken my trouble, Lindy. Pity now.
 Well sall ye fare, as lang as ye byde here,
 Altho' your byding were for day an' year.
 An' gin you thought that letting you awa'
 Wad be a favour, I on means cud fa'
 1410 To lat you out upo' the dead of night,
 Whan ye cud be well aff ere day was light ;

1383 hamper'd) scrimped, 1778

1387 ease . . . kent) cure . . . knew, 1778

1390 within his reach of) into the laddie's, 1778

1391 dreary ill) dowie case, 1778

1396 says she, an' he like) do't, gin he but likes, 1778

1399 lowin') lowan, 1778

1400 an' I maun) and maun lie, 1778

- But upo' this perconon I agree
 To let you gang, that Lindy marry me ;
 An' tak me wi' ye, till fit time an' place
 1415 To seek a priest to gee's the haly grace."
 Now ye maun ken, whan they came frae the hay,
 They ilka night were under lock an' key ;
 An' ilka morning by the creek o' day
 They're sett to wark, an' snaply ca'd away.
 1420 " Well, Bydby," Colen says, " ye's ken as soon,
 The morn, as ye come wi' our piece at noon."

- Fan she's awa', to Lindy Colen says :
 " What think ye, man, will yon frank lassie please ?
 Will ye our freedom purchase at this price ?
 1425 'Twill be soon won, for Bydby is na nice.
 Ye'll ken by this, the auld proverb is true :
 Breeks maun come speed, whan pettycoats do woo.
 Sair are we nidder'd, that is what ye ken,
 An' wert na she, we had been bair the ben ;
 1430 An' gin we bauk her, 'stead of being kind,
 What we already hadd o' her we'll tyne ;
 An' to get aff ye see is yont our pow'r :
 We're never out o' sight for half an hour,
 But some cheeld ay upon us keeps an eye ;
 1435 An' sae we need na lippen to get free."
 " I wonder, Colen, to hear you speak sae,
 Kenning my mind anither gate to gae,"
 Replies the lad. " An' what wad Nory say ?
 Gin she be livin', as I wiss she may.
 1440 Wad she na think hersell but ill paid hame,
 An' ready be of faucit me to blame ? "
 Says Colen, " Man, gin that be a' your dread,
 That needs na let, for Nory's surely dead ;
 She's got, I fear, what wedding she will get,

1414 wi' ye, till fit) hence, till we get, 1778

1421 As you tomorrow come to us at noon, 1778

1429 wert na she) but for her, 1778

1432 to get aff) getting aff, 1778

1443 That needs na let) Ye need na halt, 1778

- 1445 That's wi' the mields, sae that needs be nae lett.
 But on the profer I shall pass my skill,
 Tho' it be wrang to lear fouk to do ill :
 Seem ye content to hadd her at her bode,
 We'll mak a shift to tyne her o' the road,
 1450 An' sae get aff. 'Tis hamper't living here ;
 Slip we this knot, we may miss't for a year.
 Sae when she comes the morn, blink in her eye,
 An' wi' some life to her her answer gee."
 " Well," Lindy says, " I's try to do my best ;
 1455 I's well begin, an' leave guedeed luck the rest."

- Neist day, whan noon came on, Bydby appears,
 An' Lindy, what he cud, his courage cheers,
 Looks bra' an' canty, when she came in by,
 An' says, " Twice welcome, Bydby, here the day."
 1460 At this the lassie's courage got a heeze ;
 She thinks her wiss is now come till a creize.
 Gin she came well provided ay afore,
 This day she fuish of best of cheer gilore.
 Sae they sat down a' frankly to their meat,
 1465 An' Lindy 'treated Bydby sair to eat ;
 An' blyth was she, an' freely took a skair,
 An' thought she saw the yont end o' her care.
 Whan they had eaten, an' were straitly pang'd,
 To hear her fate young Bydby grytly lang'd ;
 1470 An' Lindy did na keep her lang in pain,
 But says : " I'm of your profer wond'rous fain.
 Gee us our leesh this night, an' ye sall be
 My dauted lass, an' gang alang wi' me."
 " Well fell my heart," says Bydby, " Lindy, now !
 1475 Well wair'd I think what I hae geen to you.
 I's keep my word this night, an' ye sall see,
 Or the first cock, that I sall set you free."

1453 wi', 1778 ; we, 1768. *See note.*
 life to her her) frankness her your, 1778
 1461 till a) to the, 1778
 1466 freely) frankly, 1778
 1469 fate young) answer, 1778

- When she yeed hame, she spent the afterneen
 As being o' the journey wond'rous keen :
 1480 Bannocks and kebbocks knit intil a claith
 She had laid by, an' row'd up in her waith ;
 This she or e'en had tentily laid by,
 An' happed up aneth a coll of hay.
 When, tyr'd an' weary'd, they came hame at e'en,
 1485 They're clappet up into their hole bedeen ;
 The key brought in, had ben, an' closely laid
 Aneath the bowster o' her brither's bed.
 Now Bydby is intirely o' the catch,
 Sleeps not a wink, but wakrifly does watch.
 1490 'Bout the bell hour of midnight, saft and fair,
 She quits her bed, as timerous as a hare ;
 Gaes ben an' calmly steals awa' the key
 Frae neath her brither's bowster, where it lay ;
 Opens the outer door wi' little dinn,
 1495 An' what she mought unto the lads can rin ;
 Says, " Are ye sleeping ? Rise an' win awa !
 'Tis time, an' just the time, for you to draw ;
 For now the lads are sleeping horn-hard,
 The door upo' the dogs is closly barr'd ;
 1500 Ichie or ochi now ye winna hear,
 The best time o' the warld for you to steer."

- Colen an' Lindy now were cut an' dry,
 What legs could lift, their wisht escape to try ;
 Sae out they come. The night was calm an' clear,
 1505 An' Bydby had her baggage lying near.
 Together then they nimbly tak the gate,
 An' scour'd the forrest at an awfu' rate ;

1479 Buckling and making ready for the green, 1778

1481 laid) wiled, 1778

1489 wakrifly) tentily, 1778

1490-1 'Bout the bell-hour of midnight does she slip
 Out of her bed, just frae her mither's hip, 1778

1494 outer) portal, 1778

1495 can) gan, 1778

1499 is closly) securely, 1778

But whan they were about twa miles awa',
 Lindy began wi' care his head to claw ;
 1510 Stands still, an' says, " Wae's me ! I hae forgot,
 Wi' haste o' coming aff, to fetch my coat.
 Fat sall I do ? It was almaist brand-new,
 But scarce a hellier since come aff the clew.
 O Bydby, lassie, an' ye's be my bride,
 1515 Rin back about it, here about we's bide
 Till ye come back. Your birn ye may lay down ;
 Ye'll for the rinning be the better boun."

Poor Bydby trows him, an' rins back again ;
 Then says the lad, " I think the day's our ain ! "
 1520 They turs'd the baggage, an' awa' they scour,
 Out o'er the yonter brae, wi' a' their power.
 Poor Bydby was na lang ere she came back,
 Mounts up the coat ere ye a nut wad crack,
 An' to the road again wi' a' her pith,
 1525 For souple was she ilka limb an' lith ;
 Back in a clap she's at the very place
 Frae which to fetch the coat she took the race ;
 Looks round about her, but she naething sees,
 An' back an' fore she spies amo' the trees ;
 1530 But a' her labour's vain, nae bodie's there ;
 She cries, nane answers. Then began her care :
 " O Lindy ! Lindy ! hast thou left me sae ?
 Dear is this coat o' thine to me this day !
 What shall come o' me ? Hame I dare na gang :
 1535 The herds an' gueeds 'll be afield ere lang ;
 We'll a' be missing, I'll get a' the wyte,
 An' me my lane be made to bear the syte.
 Hame ? na ! What gueed at hame to me cud be,

1519 says the lad) say the lads, 1778

1526 the very) th' appointed, 1778

1530 a' her labour's vain) na, it winna do, 1778

1533 this day) the-day, 1778

1536 We'll a' be missing) We're a' amissing, 1778

1537 And nane but me alane to dree the flyte, 1778

- Whan my dear Lindy is awa' frae me ?
 1540 But may be they hae gane out-o'er the brae,
 To hae't ahind them ere the brak o' day.
 I'll on an' see but there about they ly ;
 They'll either see, or hear me when I cry.
 For Lindy did na look like ane to cheat,
 1545 Or onie lass wi' jamphing sae to treat."
 Then up the brae wi' a' her might she heys,
 An' whan she's past it, monie a " Lindy ! " cries.
 But by your favour, there's nae Lindy there ;
 There's nane to answer, and as few to hear.

 1550 Now by this time the sun begins to leam,
 An' litt the hill-heads wi' his morning beam,
 An' birds an' beasts an' fouk to be asteer,
 An' streams o' reek frae lumb-heads to appear.
 Whan she had cry'd, and grat, an' cry'd again,
 1555 An' fand that a' her crying was in vain,
 She e'en lay down aneth her load o' care,
 An' wisht that she were dead, an' dead just there.
 A mournfu' ditty till her sell she sang,
 Roove out her hair in flaughts, her hands she wrang.
 1560 Yet with the weary coat she wad na part ;
 The sight o't gae some glad'ning to her heart.
 " What sall I do ? Gang hame again ? Na, na ;
 That were my hogs to a blate fair to ca'.
 Anes out I am, I's never turn again,
 1565 Tho' till I die I gang, an' gang in vain.
 Northert frae this I aften heard them say
 That their ain cuintray FLAVIANA lay ;
 That gate I'll had, gin I the airths can keep,
 An' fan I fail to gang, I'll strive to creep ;
 1570 It may be I upo' the gate may fa',
 An' frae my birn of sorrow win awa'."
 But she had naething nature to sustain ;

1542 but) gin, 1778

1545 wi' jamphing sae) ungratefully, 1778

1553 streams) clouds, 1778

1569 fail to . . . strive) canna . . . try, 1778

- The lads wi' them had aff the baggage ta'en ;
 For a' the wealth that she had left at hame
 1575 Of cheese an' bannocks, butter, milk an' ream,
 She was that day as fremmit to it a'
 As the wild Scot that wins in Gallaway.
 But dool yet had na letten her find her want,
 Or think of the misluck of being scant :
 1580 Altho' her weam was clung, an' she grown yape,
 Love eek'd wi' care helpt to fill up the gap.
 As she was souple like a very eel,
 O'er hill an' dale she forcefully did dreel ;
 A' road to her was bad an' gueed alike ;
 1585 Nane o't she wyl'd, but forret still did streak ;
 But as she kent na, she mistook the cast,
 An' mair an' mair fell frae the road they past.

- O'er monie heights an' hows she dreels ere noon,
 An' cud hae thol'd wi' pleasure her disjune ;
 1590 But naething had her cravings to supplie,
 Except the berries o' the hawthorn tree,
 An' slaes an' nuts, that i' the thicket grew ;
 O' these indeed she cud hae ta'en enew ;
 But some way on her they fuish on a change,
 1595 That gut an' ga' she keest wi' breakings strange ;
 The forelins race did her sae hetly cadge,
 Her stammack had nae maughts sick meat to swage :
 Sick, sick she was, as ever lay on strae,
 An' near gae up the gost 'tweesh that an' wae.
 1600 Down she maun ly, she was so sair opprest,
 An' try gin she'd be better of a rest.

1580 clung) toom, 1778

1581 wi') *normalised from we*, 1768. *See note on 1453.*
 eek'd wi') mixt with, 1778

1583 she forcefully) with fury she, 1778

1588 dreels) scour'd, 1778

1589 wi' pleasure her) the chance of a, 1778

1596 forelins) fiercelings, 1778

1597 Her stammack cud na sic raw vittals swage, 1778

After 1601 Gin she was toom afore, she's toomer now,
 Her heart was like to loup out at her mou', 1778

In care-bed lair for three lang hours she lay,
 An' by this time, it's well o'er i' the day ;
 Now bit an' bit the sickness wears awa',
 1605 But she's as dweble as a windlestra'.

Weak as she was, she taks the gate again,
 An' yeed na far till she observes twa men,
 To north and east o' her a piece before ;
 As soon's she spy'd them, she began to roar,
 1610 Crying, " Byde still ! " an' running what she dow ;
 The men her heard, an' sat down on a know.
 She was nae lang till snaply she came too,
 The men says till her, " Well, lass, what's ado ? "
 When she came near, she fand she was mista'en.
 1615 They speer'd what she was seeking here her lane,
 Sae far frae towns ; it cud na be for good
 That she was wand'ring there in sick a mood.
 " 'Tis for nae ill," she says, " that I am here ;
 Nor errandless, tho' ye be free to speer :
 1620 Twa men I seek, and thought ye had been they."
 " Twa men ye've got," say they, " then come away."
 " Na, na," she says, " I'm nae of men so scant ;
 An' tho' I'm seeking, ye're not wha I want.
 But tell me gin ye saw twa men the day,
 1625 The tane wi' yellow hair, the tither gray."
 " I wad," says ane, " the yellow hair'd's your jo."
 " I kenna," quo she, " gin he be or no."
 " Is that his coat ye hae upo' your back ? "
 " 'Tis e'en the same, an's been a heavy wrack."
 1630 " He maun be little worth that left you sae."
 " He may be is, young man, an' may be nay."
 " Ye're unko short, my lass, to be so lang ;

1603 well, 1778 ; will, 1768. *See note.*

1604 bit an' bit) piece and piece, 1778

1610 running, 1778 ; runing, 1768

1613 says till her, well) lookt up, and said, 1778

1617 mood) meed, 1778

1626 says ane) say they, 1778

1627 'Tis may be so, she says, and may be no, 1778

- But we maun ken ye better ere ye gang.
 I think it best ye gee that coat to me—"
- 1635 " I think na sae, an' so we disagree.
 It is na yours, an' what wad ye do wi't ?
 As little cud ye think that I wad gee't.
 'Twas never made for me, ye may well ken ;
 An' fouk are free to gee but what's their ain."
- 1640 " Ye may be stown't awa' frae side some lad,
 That's fa'en asleep at wauking o' the fauld."
 " 'Tis nae sic thing, an' ye're but scant o' grace
 To say sic boddards till a bodie's face."
 " An', bony lass," says he, " ye'll gee's a kiss,
- 1645 An' I sall set ye right on, hit or miss."
 " A hit or miss I'll get but help o' you.
 Kiss ye slate stanes, that winna slagg your mou,"
 An' aff she gaes. The fallow loot a rin,
 As gin he ween'd wi' heels to tak her in ;
- 1650 But as luck was, a kniblack took his tae,
 An' o'er fa's he, an' tumbl'd down the brae.
 His neiper leugh, an' said it was well wairt ;
 Let never jamphers yet be better sairt.
- Thus she escapes by favour o' her heels,
 1655 An' made na stop for stanes or scrabs or pools ;
 Twa mile she ran afore she bridle drew,
 An' syne she lean'd her down upon a brow,
 Sair out o' breath, an' almaist tint for faut,
 An' spies beneath a buss o'—what ye ca't ?
- 1660 Ay—eaten berries ; an' straight yeed down the brae,
 An' there she gat them, black as onie slae ;
 On them she penny'd well, an' starker grew,
 An' syne wi' speed her race she did renew.
 But by this time the night begins to fa',

1643 boddards) baddords, 1778

1647 slate . . . that . . . slagg) sklate . . . they . . . weet, 1778

1649 wi' heels) with speed, 1778

1655 pools) peels, 1778

1660 eaten) Etnagh, 1778

1663 And gather'd strength her journey to pursue, 1778

- 1665 An' she frae onie bield was far awa',
 Except stane sides, an' they had little lythe ;
 But o' that same she for the time was blythe.
 But a' thing now grew black, an' eery like,
 An' she nae living had to her to speak ;
 1670 An' tho' she was right bardach on day-light,
 She was as fly'd as onie hare at night :
 The earn-bleater, or the muir-fowl's cra'
 Was like to melt her very heart awa'.
 Yet boot she had na but that pain to dree,
 1675 An' never a wink a' night came in her eye.

- I sanna tell you what case she was in ;
 But fan the lavrock did her sang begin,
 Blyth at her heart she was, an' turst her coat
 Upon her back, an' to the rode she got ;
 1680 Ay hading eastlins, as the ground did fa',
 An' frae the height strove ay to had awa'.
 But yet nae cuinray in her sight appears
 But dens an' burns an' bare an' langsome moors.
 This gate she travels till the heat of day,
 1685 An' now her heart is like to gang away
 Wi' heat an' mister ; then wi' hersell thinks she,
 This gate she cud na lang in midlert be.
 She sits her down, an' thinks her truff was there,
 An' never thought to see kent face nae mair.
 1690 As till her sell she's making thus her main,
 Feeding wi' bootless care her dreary pain,
 Sleep stealt upon her sick an' fainting heart,
 An' eas'd her o' her sorrow in a part.
 But floughtrous dreams stroove, what they mought, to
 spill

1683 bare) braes, 1778

1684 gate . . . heat) way . . . noon, 1778

1685 gang) melt, 1778

1691 Feeding wi' bootless) And eeking up with, 1778

1692 stealt . . . fainting) crap . . . weary, 1778

1693 That of her sorrow steal'd away a part, 1778

- 1695 The saught that sleep was making to her ill ;
 Dreams she's pursu'd for latting gae the men,
 An' taking butt the key that lay the ben ;
 Wi' monie a threat to thrash her back an' side,
 Till they came till her gin she wad na bide.
 1700 Sae up she starts, an' glowr'd a' round about,
 An' gin 'twas true or no began to doubt ;
 An' wi' what pith she had began to gang,
 For fear that she sud be o'erta'en or lang.
 But little shot she came, an' yet the sweat
 1705 Was draping frae her at an unko rate ;
 Showding frae side to side, an' lewdring on,
 Wi' Lindy's coat-syde hanging on her drone.

- In this poor pickle, whan onie help wad been
 The blythest sight that ever she had seen,
 1710 What spies she coming but a furious man,
 Feaming like onie bear, that ever ran ?
 An' heigh aboon him, vap'ring in his hand,
 Glancing afore the sun, a glittering brand ;
 Roaring an' swearing like a rais'd dragoon,
 1715 That he sud see the heart-bleed o' the lown.
 What i' the earth to do she cud na tell ;
 For fear quite master'd her, an' down she fell.
 The man, that ramping was an' raving mad,
 Came fiercelings up, an' crying ay, " Had ! had ! "
 1720 An' in his fury, an' his reeling eyn,
 Thinks that the ane he wanted she had been.
 Th' unchancy coat, that boonmest on her lay,
 Made him believe that it was even sae.
 Whan come, he cries, " Rise, murd'rer dog ! till I
 1725 A port make thro' your breast for life to fly."

1695 saught) bliss, 1778

1696 Dreams she's pursu'd) She thinks she's chaced, 1778

1704 shot) speed, 1778

1710 furious) naked, 1778

1713 And glenting with the sun, a bloody brand, 1778

1724 Get up, wild murd'rer dog ! he says, till I, 1778

- " O spare ! O spare ! " says Bydby, " hadd your hand !
 I'm but a woman, an' can hardly stand."
 Soon by her voice he kend that she spake true,
 An' says, " Rise, fear not, I'm not seeking you.
 1730 But saw ye, tell me, saw ye i' this glen,
 Skulking by onie bield, twa wretched men,
 My sakeless brither that hae basely slain,
 For naething but for seeking o' his ain ?
 Tell shortly, an' ye's get nae harm frae me,
 1735 Nor mair be putten till, whate'er ye be."
 " Yes, yes, twa men I saw, ayont yon brae,"
 She trembling said ; " I wiss them meikle wae :
 Sad was the chase that they hae geen to me,
 My heart near coup'd its hool ere I got free.
 1740 Twa mile frae this I left them on a know,
 An' far beneath it lies a dreary how,
 Thro' whilk I ran, till I'm near at my last.
 Gueed be your speed, an' dowie be their cast ! "
 Wi' furious speed he soon skipt o'er the height ;
 1745 She never budg'd till he was out o' sight.
 What chance he further had she cud na tell,
 But was right fain that she wan aff her sell.

- Whan she a mile or twa had farther gane,
 She grows right eery to be sae her lane,
 1750 An' mair an' mair she frae the hills hads down,
 Wissing that she meith light upon some town ;
 But she's as weak as very water grown,
 An' tarrows at the browst that she had brown ;
 An' hafings wisses she had never seen
 1755 The bony lad she loo'd atweesh the eyn ;
 For now a' hopes of seeing him are lost,

1732 that hae basely) they hae ta'en and, 1778

1739 My heart's near out of hool, by getting free, 1778

1745 budg'd) jeed, 1778

1749 She grows right) She's unco, 1778

1754 hafings) halins, 1778

1756 lost) fled, 1778

That likly seeking him her life wou'd cost ;
 An' will an' wilsome was she, an' her breast
 Wi' wae was bowden, even like to birst.

- 1760 Nae sust'nance got, that of meal's corn grew,
 An' only at the cauld wild berries gnaw ;
 But frae that food nae pith came till her banes,
 An' she was fu' an' hungry baith at anes.

- Now she began to think within hersell
 1765 Upon a tale she heard a weerd-wife tell,
 That thro' the cuinray telling fortunes yeed,
 An' at babees an' placks came wond'rous speed :
 Whan she her loof had looked back an' fore,
 An' drew her finger langlins ilka score,
 1770 Upo' her face look'd the auld hag forfairn,
 An' says, " Ye will hard fortun'd be, my bairn ;
 Frae fouk a-fiedlert, nae frae fouk at hame,
 Will come the antercast ye'll hae to blame ;
 Gin ye be wysse, beware of unko men ;
 1775 I dreãd, for sick ye'll anes be bare the ben ;
 Sae come ye speed, or miss ye o' your mark,
 Ae thing I see, ye'll hae right kittle wark."
 Then says my lass, " Had I but been sae wysse
 As hae laid up auld mummy's gueed advice,
 1780 Frae this mischance I meith hae kept me free.
 But wha can frae what's laid afore them flee ? "
 Thus making at her main she lewders on,
 Thro' scrabs an' craigs, wi' mony a heavie groan ;
 Wi' bleeding legs an' sair misguided shoon,
 1785 An' Lindy's coat ay feltring her aboon ;
 Till on a heigh brae-head she lands at last,
 That pitlens down to a how burnie past ;

1757 And she with seeking him is almost dead, 1778
 1761 wild) hill, 1778
 1777 I see, . . . kittle) I'm sure, . . . dowie, 1778
 1779 mummy's) minny's, 1778
 1783 scrabs) scrubs, 1778
 1784 misguided) massackerd, 1778

- Clear was the burnie, an' the busses green,
 But rough an' steep the brae that lay between ;
 1790 Her burning drowth inclin'd her to be there,
 But want of maughts an' distance eek'd her care.
 Now by this time the evenings fa'ing down,
 Hill-heads were red, an' hows were eery grown ;
 Yet wi' what pith she had she takes the gate,
 1795 An' wan the burn ; but now it's growin late.
 The birds about were making merry cheer ;
 She thought their musick sang, " Ye're welcome here."
 Wi' the cauld stream she quencht her lowan drowth,
 Syne o' the eaten berrys eat a fouth,
 1800 That black an' ripe upo' the bushes grew,
 An' were new water'd with the evening dew ;
 Then sat she down aneth a birken shade
 That clos'd aboon her, an' hang o'er her head.
 Couthy an' warm an' gow'ny was the green,
 1805 Instead o' night, had it the day-light been :
 But grim an' ghastly an' pick black, wi' fright,
 A' things appear'd upo' the dead of night.
 For fear she curr'd, like makine i' the seat,
 An' dunt for dunt her heart began to beat.
 1810 Amidst this horror, sleep did on her steal,
 An' for a wee her flightering breast did heal ;
 An' thus, whiles slouming, whiles starting wi' her
 fright,
 She maks a shift to wear awa' the night.
 *(As she hauf sleeping and hauf waking lay,
 1815 An unco din she hears of fouk and play.
 The sough they made gar'd her lift up her eyn,
 And O the gath'ring that was on the green
 Of little fookies, clad in green and blue !
 Kneefers and trigger never trade the dew ;

1799 eaten) Etnagh, 1778

1803 clos'd) spread, 1778

1806 ghastly an' pick black) gousty, and pit-mark, 1778

1812-13 not in 1778

*1814-97 from 1778 ; not in 1768

- 1820 In many a reel they scamper'd here and there,
 Whiles on the yerd, and whiles up in the air.
 The pipers play'd like ony touting horn ;
 Sic sight she never saw since she was born.
 As she's behading all this mirthful glee,
 1825 Or e'er she wist, they're dancing in the tree
 Aboon her head, as nimble as the bees
 That swarm in search of honey round the trees.
 Fear's like to fell her, reed that they sud fa',
 And smore her dead, afore she wan awa' ;
 1830 Syne in a clap, as thick's the motty sin,
 They hamphis'd her with unco fike and din ;
 Some cry'd, " Tak ye the head, I'se tak a foot ;
 We'll lear her upon this tree-head to sit,
 And spy about her ! " Others said, " Out fy !
 1835 Let be, she'll keep the King of Elfin's ky."
 Another said, " O gin she had but milk !
 Then sud she gae frae head to foot in silk,
 With castings rare, and a gueed nourice-fee,
 To nurse the King of Elfin's heir Fizzee."
 1840 Syne ere she wist, like house aboon her head,
 Great candles burning, and braw tables spread ;
 Braw dishes reeking, and just at her hand,
 Trig green coats sairing, a' upon command.
 To cut they fa', and she among the leave ;
 1845 The sight was bonny, and her mou did crave ;
 The mair she ate, the mair her hunger grew ;
 Eat what she like, and she coud ne'er be fu' ;
 The knible Elves about her ate ding-dang ;
 Syne to the play they up, and danc'd and flang ;
 1850 Drink in braw cups was caw'd about gelore ;
 Some fell asleep, and loud began to snore ;
 Syne in a clap, the Fairies a' sat down,
 And fell to crack about the table round :
 Ane at another speer'd " Fat tricks played ye,
 1855 When in a riddle ye sail'd o'er the sea ? "
 Quoath it : " I steal'd the King of Sweden's knife,
 Just at his dinner, sitting by his wife,

- Whan frae his hand he newlins laid it down ;
 He blam'd the steward, said he had been the lown :
 1860 The sakeless man deny'd, syne yeed to look,
 And, lifting of the tableclaith the nook,
 I gae't a tit, and tumbl'd o'er the bree.
 Tam got the wyte, and I gae the tehee.
 I think I never saw a better sport,
 1865 But dool fell'd Tam, for sadly he paid for't."
 " But," quoth another, " I play'd a better prank :
 I gar'd a witch fa' headlins in a stank,
 As she was riding on a windlestrae ;
 The carling gloff'd, and cry'd out ' Will-awae ! ' "
 1870 Another said : " I coup'd Mungo's ale
 Clean heels o'er head, fan it was ripe and stale,
 Just whan the tapster the first chapin drew ;
 Then bad her lick the pail, and aff I flew.
 Had ye but seen how blate the lassie looked,
 1875 Whan she was blam'd, how she the drink miscooked ! "
 Says a gnib elf : " As an auld carle was sitting
 Among his bags, and loosin' ilka knitting
 To air his rousty coin, I loot a claught,
 And took a hundred dollars at a fraught.
 1880 Whan with the sight the carle had pleas'd himsell,
 Then he began the glancing heap to tell.
 As soon's he miss'd it, he rampaged red-wood,
 And lap and danc'd, and was in unco mood ;
 Ran out and in, and up and down ; at last
 1885 His reeling eyn upon a raip he cast,
 Knit till a bauk, that had hung up a cow :
 He taks the hint, and there hings he, I trow."
 As she's behading ilka thing that past,
 With a loud crack the house fell down at last.
 1890 The reemish put a knell unto her heart,
 And frae her dream she waken'd wi' a start :
 She thought she coud not 'scape of being smor'd,
 And at the fancy loudly cry'd and roar'd.

1895 Syne frae the tree she lifted up her head,
 And fand, for a' the din, she was na dead ;
 But sitting body-like, as she sat down,
 But ony alteration, on the ground.)

1900 The sky now casts, an' syne wi' thrapples clear,
 The birds about began to mak their cheer ;
 An' neist the sun to the hill-heads did speal,
 An' shed on plants an' trees a growthy heal.
 *(Poor Bydby's wond'ring at ilk thing she saw,
 But wi' a hungry cut-pock for it a' ;
 And fairly'd now, gin it a dream had been
 1905 She thought she saw sae vively with her eyn ;
 And frae the ill o't sain'd her o'er and o'er,
 And round about with mazerment gan glowr.)
 But she does o'er her thrawart fortune mourn,
 An' wi' how sighs she looked down the burn ;
 1910 Syne taks the road, weak as a windlestrae,
 That wi' the wind e'er wagged on a brae.
 For very faut her legs began to plett,
 She wi' her journey had got sick a sett.
 Sweet was the sang the birdies plaid along,
 1915 Canting fu' cheerfu' at their morning mang,
 An' meith ha sown content in onie breast
 Wi' grief like hers that had na been opprest ;
 But naething cud her dowie spirits cheer,
 As lang's she gat na trial o' her dear.
 1920 Funabeis on she gaes, as she was bown,
 An' monie times to rest her limbs lay down,
 Nae sust'nance gat she a' the live-lang day,

1898 sky now casts, an' syne) sky's now casten, and, 1778

1899 began to mak their) were making merry, 1778

*1902-7 *from* 1778 ; *not in* 1768

1911 e'er) *normalised from* e're, 1768

1913-14 As down the bonny burn she held the gate.

Sweet were the notes that swell'd along the grove, 1778

1915 Where birds amid the shade declared their love, 1778

1918 dowie) soupit, 1778

1920 Funabeis) However, 1778

'Xcept now an' than a berry o' the way ;
 But this gueed hap throwout the day she had :
 1925 She met wi' naething to mak her afraid.

At last an' lang, as night began to fa',
 Near to some dwelling she began to draw,
 That was a' burrach'd round about wi' trees,
 Thro' which the reek frae the lumb-heads she sees.
 1930 That gate she hads, an' as she weer in by
 Amo' the trees, a lass she do's espie ;
 To her she hys, an' hailst her wi' a jook ;
 The lass paid hame her compliment, an' buik.
 " Hegh hey ! " she says, as soon as she came too,
 1935 " There's been a langsome dowie day to me.
 Faint, faint, alas ! wi' faut an' mister gane,
 An' in a peril just to die my lane."
 " Wae's me ! " the other says, " that's dowie fate.
 It's nae be lang ere ye some sust'nance get ;
 1940 Sit still an' rest ye here, aneth this tree,
 An' in a clap I's back wi' something be."

An' fa was this, think ye, sae kindly spake,
 But Nory, taking at her evening wake
 Amo' the trees, an' making at her main,
 1945 Thinking she ne'er wad Lindy see again ?
 'Twas here she bade, an' here she was ta'en in,
 An' better guided than wi' a' her kin.
 An', as she promis'd, back she came in haste ;
 An' ye may trow't, her pouches were na waste ;
 1950 Sae cuts of flesh, an' lumps o' bread an' cheese
 To Bydby, on the point of starving, gees ;
 Wha with gueed will pang'd up her hungry maw,
 Syne frae a strype drank up what she cud draw.
 Then till her Nory says : " What's been your fate,
 1955 That 'ye hae fa'en in sick a staggering state ?
 What means that coat ye carry o' your back ?

1943 wake) walk, 1778

1944 at her) heavy, 1778

- It cud na miss to be your utter wrack.
 Ye maun, I ween, unto the kards belang,
 Seeking perhaps to do some body wrang,
 1960 An' meet your crew upo' the dead o' night,
 An' brak some house, or gee the fouk a fright.
 I was o'er busie geeing you relief,
 Whan, ablins, ye are but at best a thief."
- " Hegh hey ! " quo Bydby, " this is very hard,
 1965 That whan fouk travel, they are ca'd a kard.
 I watt na, lass, gin ye wad tak it well,
 Gin wi' your sell fouk in sick sort sud deal.
 But they that travel monie a bob maun byde,
 An' sae wi' me has forn at this tide."
- 1970 " Forgimme, lass," says Nory, " it may be
 That I am wrang, but fouk to guess are free.
 But what's the matter, gin ye like to tell,
 That ye are wandrin' sae alane your sell ? "
 " Syn that ye speer, I's lat you shortly ken :
- 1975 I'm seeking after twa unthankfu' men—
 Forgimme gin I wrang them." " What, hae they,"
 Says Nory, " frae yoursell ta'en ought away,
 That ye sae weary after them pursue ?
 Seeking amends, they may do hurt to you."
- 1980 " Nae fear o' that," quo she, " an' we were met,
 But I soon right of a' my wrangs wad get."
 " To seek them," quo she, " ken ye where to gang,
 Or to what cuintray thir twa men belang ? "
 " Well ken I that," quo Bydby ; " I can tell
- 1985 That they do baith in FLAVIANA dwell."
 " In FLAVIANA ! " quo she. " Dwell ye there,
 That o' their dwelling ye're so very clare ? "
 " That I do not, nor ken I where it lies,"

1957 utter) heavy, 1778

1963 ablins) may be, 1778

1964 very) unco, 1778

1967 Gin fouk with you in sic a shape wad deal, 1778

1969 has forn) it happens, 1778

- Bydby to her with a syde sigh replies ;
 1990 " Had I done that, I might been there ere now ;
 I've spent mair time than wad ha gane't, I trow."
 " Ken ye their names, in case ye gat the place ? "
 " Well that," she says, " I ken them, name an' face.
 I ken them sae, that I cud hae nae doubt
 1995 Frae mony a thousand men to weal them out."
 " How did they ca' them then ? " says Nory. " I
 Meith may be help you to find out the way."
 " Colen an' Lindy," Bydby says, " they're ca'd ;
 The ane an elderen man, the neist a lad—
 2000 A bony lad as e'er my eyn did see ;
 An' dear he is, an' sall be unto me ;
 His yellow hair down o'er his shouders hang,
 As ony lint as bony an' as lang."

- Says Nory : " Lass, your errand is na sma'.
 2005 It seems that lad has stown your heart awa',
 An' ye are following up wi' what's ahind,
 An' your mistak too late may ablins find.
 Lads aftentimes poor lasses use to cheat,
 An' fan they follow, aфтtimes tyne the heat.
 2010 Gin ye tak my advice, ye've gane enough."
 " I think na that," she says, an' hafins leugh.
 Says Nory : " Gin ye lippen till him sae,
 How thro' your fingers hae ye latt'n him gae ? "
 " That is the question, bony lass, indeed ;
 2015 Ye now hae hit the nail upo' the head.
 I better wi' less travel meith ha dene,
 Had I been tenty, as I meith ha been ;
 But fouks, they say, are wysse ahind the hand,
 Whilk to be true unto my cost I fand ;
 2020 But had the case been yours, as it was mine,

1989 syde) sad 1778

1990 been) be, 1778

2003 As ony) Like tap of, 1778

2008 use) like, 1778

2011 hafins) hallins, 1778

2017 meith ha) sud have, 1778

Ye meith ha trow'd the raip wad keep the twine.
 But maks na matter ; gin I had my men,
 I hae na fear to mak it knit again.
 A's nae in hand that helps, an' it may be
 2025 That this may even be the case wi' me."

" What was the case, my lass, gin I meith speer ? "
 " That," co the other, " ye right now shall hear.
 'Tis true the tale is nae sae very short,
 Nor yet my sell in sick condition for't,
 2030 But gin ye like to ware the time on me,
 The case, just as it stood, I's lat you see.
 'Twill may be keep us baith frae thinking lang,
 An' I's lat you consider o' the wrang."
 " Content am I," she says, " wi' a' my heart ;
 2035 'Twill ablins learn me how to play my part ;
 For what's your horse the day may come to be
 My mare the morn ; oblige me an' be free."

Then Bydby says : " Shortsyne unto our glen,
 Seeking a hership, came yon unko men ;
 2040 An' our ain lads, albuist I say't my sell,
 But guided them right cankardly an' snell :
 Gar'd them work hard, an' little sust'nance gae,
 That I was even at their guideship wae.
 An' ye maun ken that ilka day at noon
 2045 I was sent to them with their sma' disjune ;
 An' fan I saw their piece was but a gnap,
 I thought my sell of mending their mishap.
 Sae ilka day I stealt to them an eek,
 An' row'd it up into my cleanest keek.
 2050 I had na aft upo' this errand gane,
 Till I am with the love of Lindy tane.

2030 on me) then ye, 1778

2031 How a' the matter stood, shall vively see, 1778

2035 learn) lear, 1778

2040 albuist) although, 1778

2047 I thought) Thought with, 1778

2049 cleanest) Sunday's, 1778

- What needs me heal't ? Na, na, it winna dee ;
 An' gin I sud, I wad na now be free.
 I held it in as lang as well I cud.
- 2055 An' there's nae help but I maun let it out.
 Sae, 'oman, for to mak a lang tale short,
 He grants to tak me, sae I wad work for 't :
 And what was that, but I maun lat them gae,
 Upo' the dead o' night, their bondage frae ?
- 2060 Gin I did sae, that I sud gang alang,
 An' syn be marri'd wi' him on a bang."
- Then Nory says, " How comes it, 'oman, then,
 Ye ca' sick couthy fouk, unthankfu' men ? "
 " But byde you yet," says Bydby, " ye sall hear,
- 2065 An' find ye need na sick a question speer.
 I plays my part, an' lets them win awa' ;
 I mounts an' wi' them aff what we cud ca' ;
 Twa mile ere we drew bridle on we past,
 Syne Lindy looks ahind him all agast,
- 2070 An' says, ' O Bydby, 'oman, I've forgot
 Into yon dreary hole my utter coat.
 Now win my benison, an' run again ;
 We'll byde you here, aneth this meickle stane.'
 For Lindy, sure, I wad mak onie shift,
- 2075 An' back again I scours, what legs cud lift ;
 Or I came back, an' well I wat short while
 Was I a-doing't, I got a beguile :
 Naething I got, seek for them what I list,
 But a toom hale, an' sae my mark I mist.
- 2080 I cud na tald you, nor can I do yet,
 How sad the sett was that my heart did get.
 Now I meith gang, as soon, an' drown my sell,
 As offer hame-with, after what befell.

2057 sae) gin, 1778

2065 And sae ye'll see nae room sic things to speer, 1778

2071 utter) Sunday's, 1778

2073 aneth) beside, 1778

2077 a-doing't, I got a) a-coming, I gets the, 1778

Sae on I gaes, an' thinks, an' thinks it yet,
 2085 They travell'd aff, reed they a chase might get,
 Rather than leave poor me to pine wi' care,
 That nae sic treatment at their hands did sair."

Now by this time the tears came rapping down
 Upon her milk-white skin, aneth her gown ;
 2090 An' Nory's heart was at the tale right sair,
 But she was troubled with another care :
 Her heart for Lindy now began to beal,
 An' was in hover great to think him leal ;
 But in hersell she smoar'd the dowie care,
 2095 Nor wi' the other did her ailment share ;
 But says, " Ye for him better speak, I fear,
 Nor what the case, if sifted well, can bear."
 " Well, it may be, but I'll hope i' the best,
 An' be at my wit's end, afore I rest.
 2100 But O kind lass ! gin ye hae onie guess
 How I sud had, whan I gae out o' this,
 Tell, an' oblige me mair than I can say ;
 I's ne'er forget it to my dieing day."
 Quo Helenore : " The gate I dinna ken,
 2105 But yet to help you wad be unko fain ;
 An' gin ye'll gee that bony keek to me,
 I's gang a day wi' you, an' may be three."
 " Well mat ye be ! " she says. " The keek I's gee,
 Gin ye wad gang but ae bare day wi' me.
 2110 An' gin we reach na our tryst's end gin night,
 Or binna o' that cuinray i' the sight,
 Gin ye gae further, I sall gee to you
 This bony pouch—see, lass !—of double blue."
 Then Nory says : " Content ; but hear me this :

2085 reed) lest, 1778

2089 milk-white, 1778 ; milk-while, 1768 (*misprint*)

2091 she was troubled with) her misease came frae, 1778

2093 was in hover) she's in swidder, 1778

2112 further) farrer, 1778

2113 This brand-new pouch, of sattin double blue, 1778

- 2115 A mament's time we hae na need to miss ;
 Piece ye be tyr'd, ye'll need to rise an' gang ;
 I' this short night the sky will cast or lang ;
 Gin I be mist, as doubtless but I will,
 Ere we be aff, it a' the sport may spill.
- 2120 But I maun see what purchase I can mak
 Of bread an' cheese, afore the rode we tak ;
 For to your cost by now I reed ye ken
 What 'tis to tak the hill, so bair the ben.
 Sae sit ye still a wee, an' I sall be
- 2125 Back i' the very twinkling of an eye."
- Now Nory had twa irons i' the fire,
 An' had to strick them baith a keen desire :
 First, to win hame by favour of the lass,
 As being fly'd her lane again to pass ;
- 2130 An' neist, to try gin sickan news be true
 That she had heard frae Bydby but right now.
 She keeps her word, an' back wi' speed she flees,
 Wi' baith her pouches pang'd wi' bread an' cheese.
 " Now, lass," she says, " we just maun tak the gate,
- 2135 An' try the hills, tho' it be dark an' late.
 Tho' it be sae, it better is for me :
 What gate we had the less our fouks'll see ;
 For they now trust that I to bed am gane,
 An' gin they miss me, we may be o'erta'en."
- 2140 " Well mat ye be, an' lat you never ken,
 To your experience, what I dree for men !
 But gin your strait to me sud e'er be kend,
 Ye may lay count to lippen on a friend.
 For fouk'll say they ken na what they'll need,
- 2145 An' ye the will maun now tak for the deed."
 " I mak na doubt," says Nory, " but we maun
 Mak o' our journey now the best we can."

2115 we, 1778 ; wi, 1768 (*misprint*)

2122 by now I reed) I fear, by now, 1778

2137 fouks'll) fouks I'll, 1778

2138 that I to bed) I to my bed, 1778

2139 we may be o'erta'en) they'll get up ilk ane, 1778

2143 Ye may be sure to count upon a friend, 1778

CANTO II.

- Wi' lightsome hearts now up the burn they hey,
 An' were well on the rode by brak o' day.
 2150 Now in a little Nory's mist at hame,
 An' for her sake ilk ane did ither blame :
 The aunt frae Bess is like to pow the heart,
 Because she did na play a better part ;
 An' Betty's heart is even like to brak,
 2155 An' for her does gryt dool an' murther mak.
 They wist na fum to send upo' the chase,
 Or how to look their cousin i' the face,
 That wad na be, they kend, to had nor bind,
 Whan he came back, an' her awa' sud find.
 2160 Till peep o' day upo' themsels they bear,
 Than aunt an' dauther sought her far an' near ;
 But a' was washing o' the Blackymore ;
 They boot turn hame, an' even gee it o'er.

- The lasses now are linking what they dow,
 2165 An' facked never foot, for height nor how.
 Whan day was up, an' a' clear round about,
 Nory began to ken her former rout,
 But loot na on, but fairlyt asa fast
 As Bydby cud, at ilka thing they past ;
 2170 Scream'd at ilk clough, an' skrech'd at ilka how,
 As sair as she had seen the wirry-cow.
 But Lindy's story held her heart a-steer,
 An' ay at ilka sae lang she wad speer :
 " An', say ye, had your wooer yellow hair ?
 2175 Was he well-legged, cherry-cheek'd an' fair ?

Canto II.) *No division into Cantos in 1778*

2150 in a little) by this time, poor, 1778

2151 sake ilk ane did) absence ilk does, 1778

2155 murther) sorrow, 1778

2157 their cousin i') the squire into, 1778

2160 And as soon as the day was up and clear, 1778

2166 a' clear) bounds seen, 1778

2168 asa) full as, 1778

2171 sair) loud, 1778

- To FLAVIANA did the lad belang,
 That ye alledge has done you sick a wrang ?
 Was he in earnest, think ye, whan he spak,
 An' for that weary coat bade you gae back ?
 2180 Was Colen, say ye, the auld shepherd's name ?
 Of your mishap had he ought o' the blame ?
 Heard ye nae word gin he had cheel or chair,
 Or he a jo, that had the yellow hair ? "
- To a' sick questions Bydby made a shift
 2185 To answer, never dreaming Nory's drift.
 'Tis now about the lynth hour o' the day,
 An' they are posting on whate'er they may,
 Baith het an' meeth, till they are haleing down.
 The suns he dips, an' clouds grew dusk around ;
 2190 A' in a clap the fireflaught blinds their eyn ;
 The thunder roars, an' nae a breath between,
 Hurle upon hurle, an' just aboon their head,
 That o' their weams they fa' as they were dead ;
 Sair bet their hearts, the bowdend clouds they brak,
 2195 An' pour as out o' buckets o' their back.
 Now they conclude that here their truff maun be,
 An' lay stane still, not mooving eye nor bree.
 An' for misluck, they just were i' the height,
 Ay thinking whan the baut wad on then light.
 2200 For twa lang hours i' this sad plight they lay.
 At last the sun brak throw wi' cheerfu' ray ;
 Sae piece an' piece they lift them as they dow,
 An' see't all ocean down into the how.

2181 Had he of what's befallen you ony blame, 1778

2184 questions, 1778 ; answers, 1768 (*misprint*)

2186 the lynth) th' eleventh, 1778

2189 dusk) thick, 1778

2191 The thunder rattles at an unko tune, 1778

2193 That o' their weams they fa') They on their faces fell, 1778

2194 And just with this the bowden clouds they brak, 1778

2198 misluck, 1778 ; misluk, 1768

2201 brak throw wi' cheerfu') shoots out a couthy, 1778

2202 lift them) peep up, 1778

they dow, 1778 ; the dow, 1768 (*misprint*)

2203 see't all) see main, 1778

Whan they gat up, guess ye gin they were fly'd ;
 2205 Frae the hill-heads burns tumbl'd on ilka side,
 Wi' sick a frightsome hurle an' reefu' rair,
 The neist thing to the thunder i' the air.
 What can they do ? Downwith they dare na budge ;
 Their safest course is on the heights to lodge.

2210 At last an' lang the burns began to fa' ;
 Then down the hill they scour, what they cud ca' ;
 Sometimes they wad, sometimes the burns they lap,
 An' sometimes o' their feet and hands they crap ;
 An' by the time they reach'd another height,
 2215 The sun was laigh, an' fast came on the night ;
 An' naething yet but hills an' muirs in view,
 Nor mark nor meith that ever Nory knew.
 An' by this time poor Bydby wearies sair,
 An' her twa hands begins to wring for care.
 2220 But Nory keeps up a good heart, an' says :
 " We maunna weary wi' thir rugged braes ;
 Tyn heart, tyn a' ; we'll even tak sic bield
 As thir uncouthy heather hills can yield.
 The night looks well, the skie's well set an' clear ;
 2225 Neist day or e'en some cuintray may appear.
 We'll ripe the pouch, an' see what scaff is there.
 I wat whan I came out it was na bair."

Sae down they sat, by favour of a stane
 That o'er their heads fu' cuthiely did lean ;
 2230 Unto their supper they right yaply fa' ;
 But Bydby's dridder was na yet awa' ;
 The thunder yet intill her lugs did knell,
 An' rouling burns, that roar'd wi' sick a yell.

2204-5 Fan up they stood, nothing but burns they spy'd,
 Tumbling and roaring down on ilka side, 1778

2215 The sun falls down, and now 'tis hard on night, 1778

2219 twa) ain, 1778

2220 a good) better, 1778

2221 We, 1778 ; Wi', 1768 (*misprint*)

2232-33 Within her lugs the thunders roar yet knells,

As well's the burns that rumbled wi' sic yell, 1778

- Quo she to Nory : " O, yon dreadfu' crack
 2235 I haleumlie thought sud ha been our wrack.
 Fly't at my heart I am," she says, " reed we
 Sud the neist day in the same peril be."
 Says Nory : " Na, yon summer sob is out.
 This night looks well, look, 'oman, round about.
 2240 The morn, I hope, will better prove, an' we
 Or e'en may chance some inwith place to see."
 An' yet her tongue was falt'ring whan she spak,
 For e'en her heart wi' fear was like to brak.
 But still an' on, she wad hae forret been,
 2245 To ken the verity she was sae keen.
 Syne piece an' piece together down they crap,
 An' crack till baith o' them fell on a nap.

- Their day-time toil had wrought them sick a wrack
 That, or they ee'd, the sun bet o' their back.
 2250 Fain were they baith o' the new light o' day,
 An' that the night had stealt sae fast away.
 Their eyn they rub, an' spy a' round about,
 Thinking what gate that day to had their rout.
 Nae meiths they had but northlins still to gae,
 2255 Kenning that gate that FLAVIANA lay.
 Now frae the height where they had ta'en their bield,
 Far in a how they spie a little shiel ;
 Some peep o' reek out at the naip appears.
 " What's yon ? " at Nory Bydby shortly speers.
 2260 Then Nory says : " I see a house it lane,
 Tho' far or near but it I see na ane.
 What can they be that wins sae by themsell
 In this wide wilderness, I canna tell."

2237 the same peril) sic sad pickle, 1778

2239 looks well, look) bodes well, spy, 1778

2243 And with plain fear her breast was like to brak, 1778

2246 crap) creep, 1718

2247 o' them fell on a nap) dow'd o'er at last asleep, 1778

2249 ee'd) jee'd, 1778

2250 new) sweet, 1778

2259 shortly) snaply, 1778

- " Be what they like, I think we'll gang an' speer,"
 2265 Says Bydby, " gin our tryst's end we be near."
 " I wat na," Nory says, " they're may be men—
 I'm sure nae woman wins in sick a glen—
 An' may be kettrin. I hae heard fouk say
 That sick do wake a' night, an' sleep a' day,
 2270 Tak in fouk's nout an' sheep, an' eat them there ;
 That sick be they, it's born o' me sair."
 " O," Bydby says, " I dinna think it's sae ;
 I see a bought ayont it on a brae ;
 Somebody here is shealing wi' their store
 2275 In summer time ; I've heard the like afore.
 We'll cast about, an' come upo' the boucht."
 " Content," says Nory, " it is nae ill thought.
 I think I see't my sell ; we'll wear in by ;
 Gin we get there, 'tis time to milk the ky."
- 2280 Sae down they fare, an' rough, rough was the brae,
 Wi' craigs an' scrabs a' scatter'd i' the way.
 As they drew near, they heard an eldren dey
 Singing fu' sweet at milking o' her ky. }
 In by they come, an' hails'd her cheerfully. }
- 2285 The wife looks up, some little in surprise,
 An' leaning o' the boucht the maidens spies,
 An' taks hersell, an' says, " Wha have I here ?
 This day ye seem to be right soon asteer."
 Quo they : " We hae ga'en will, an' out a' night,
 2290 An' spy'd this sheal, an' came to be set right.
 Be but sae kind as tell us where we be,
 An' ye's get thanks—'tis a' we hae to gee."
 Quo she : " Unto the sheal step ye o'er by,
 An' warm yoursels, till I milk out my ky.
 2295 This morning's raw ; gin ye've a' night been out,

2269 sick do) they aft, 1778

2279 we get) we'll win, 1778

2284 cheerfully) couthily, 1778

2286 o') o'er, 1778

2287 Wha have I) Ye're welcome, 1778

2289 an') been, 1778

- That ye wad thole a warm I mak na doubt,
 An' something mair, I's warrant. Ca' your wa',
 The door it stands wide open to the wa'.
 Hadd on a cow, till I come o'er the gate,
 2300 An' do the best you can to hadd you hett."
 The lasses bidding do, an' o'er they gaes,
 An' of bleech'd birns pat on a canty bleeze.
 Content they were at sick a lucky kyle,
 An' fand they had na met wi' a beguile.
 2305 On skelfs a' round the wa's the cogs were set,
 Ready to ream, an' for the cheese be het ;
 A hake was frae the rigging hinging fu'
 Of quarter kebbocks, tightly made an' new.
 Behind the door, a calour heather bed,
 2310 Flat o' the floor, of stanes an' fail was made.
 An' lucky shortly follow'd o'er the gate
 Wi' twa fu' leglins, froathing o'er an' het ;
 Syne ream'd her milk, an' set it o' the fire ;
 An' bade them eek the bleeze, an' nae to tyre ;
 2315 That cruds, their weamfu', they sud get on haste,
 As fresh an' gueed as ever they did taste.
 Sair looked she on Nory's bony face,
 An' says : " Young lass, I wiss you meikle grace.
 Sweet are your looks, an' of gueed nature fu' !
 2320 He'll get nae blind that chances to get you.
 Your bony rozered cheeks an' blinking eyn
 Minds me upon a face I've some time seen.
 Well look ye baith ! I dinna mean to lack
 The ane, whan I but o' the ither spak.
 2325 Nae o' the worst ye look as ye were come,

2298 The door's wide open, nae sneck ye hae to draw, 1778

2299 Hadd) Put, 1778

2301 do) does, 1778

2304 fand . . . met wi') thought . . . gotten, 1778

2305 a' round the wa's) around the sheal, 1778

2312 fu' leglins) milk buckets, 1778

2316 ever they did) any needs to, 1778

2321-22 *not in* 1778

2325 worst) warst, 1778

- But o' the best o' cuinray fouk, an' some.
 Ye baith for me may ae man's bairns be,
 An' may be no, it maks nae thing to me.
 What cast has fashen you sae far frae towns ?
 2330 I'm sure to you thir canna be kent bounds :
 Ten miles frae onie town this shealing lies,
 An' to see here sick twa is gryte surprise ;
 An' still the mair at sick a time o' day ;
 'Twou'd seem indeed that ye had tint the way."
 2335 Says Nory till her : " Is the fairly gryte,
 Here an' sae early too, sick twa to get ?
 As gryt's our fairly to see you win here,
 Sae far frae towns, nor onie neiper near :
 I wonder just ye dinna die for fear.
 2340 But are the cows your ain, gin I might speir ? "
 " O never ane of them belongs to me.
 They are the laird's, well mat his honour be !
 My ain gueed bairn, that sucked me fu' sweet,
 An's ay kind to me when we chance to meet.
 2345 Thir twenty simmers now I hae been here,
 An' he ay came to see me ilka year
 But this alane, an' well I ken the cause :
 The faut was nane of his, but his papa's.
 But thanks to praise ! I hear the carl's dead ;
 2350 My bairn'll now get leave to lift his head,
 An' of a wardly hulgy-back get free
 That he design'd his wedded wife to be.
 Now he will get his choice, fum he likes best,
 Syn the auld man has ta'en him till his rest.
 2355 Afore lang days I hope to see him here,
 About his milkness and his cows to speer."

Now Nory, hearing this, begins to guess
 This was the squire that took her frae distress ;

2332 gryte) my, 1778

2343 bairn) chield, 1778

2348 The faut's nae his, but his heart-bound papa's, 1778

2352 he) dad, 1778

2354 man . . . his) churle . . . a, 1778

- An' at her speers how they his style did ca'.
 2360 The wife replies, " His style is BONY-HA'.
 An' bony is't, an' wealthy, wealthy, he.
 Well will she fa' that wins his wife to be."
 Now Nory kens she in her guess was right,
 But loot na wit that she had seen the knight ;
 2365 But at her speers how far frae this awae
 She thought the braes of FLAVIANA lay.
 " Nae near, my cheel," she says ; " but ye are wrang,
 To FLAVIANA gin ye mean to gang :
 O'er heigh by far ye've ta'en up thro' the glen ;
 2370 Of miles frae it ye are na down of ten.
 Gang east, but ay some northlins hadd your cast,
 Till ye a bony water see at last."
 Wi' thir directions they their course pursue,
 An' gee auld mammy thanks, as was her due ;
 2375 Right cheerfully the road they did tak in,
 An' thought that night to their tryst's end to win ;
 An' wad hae don't, but Nory, wha had ay
 A mind the truth of Bydby's tale to try,
 Made shift by 'bout-gates to put aff the day,
 2380 Till night sud fa', an' force them there to stay ;
 Meaning neist day to send the lass before,
 When they sud be in sight of Lindy's door,
 Syne follow fast hersell, an' just slip in
 Upo' them ere they wist, but onie din.
 2385 Accordingly, ere they the water wan,
 That the auld dey tauld near the cuintray ran,
 Night fa's, an' they maun tak the chance of bield,
 Anes mair, that glens an' hill an' heather yield.
 Their browden breasts that night took little sleep,
 2390 An' turs'd again as soon's the day did peep.
 In a short space they out the water fand.
 Says Bydby, " FLAVIANA's now at hand ;
 Well fell me now, my lad I'll shortly see,

2373 directions) injunctions, 1778

2374 mammy) lucky, 1778

2389 browden breasts) forward minds, 1778

- An' at the sight blyth at the heart will be."
- 2395 As they the water past, an' up the brae,
Where Nory monie a time had wont to play,
Her heart wi' nettie grief began to rise,
Whan she sae grytly alter'd saw the guise :
No herds nor gueeds were now to be seen there,
- 2400 But a' was toom an' heartless like an' bare.
Her dowie pain she had na power to heal ;
The heart, they'll say, will never lee, that's leal.
For whan they wan the height, an' i' the how
Observ'd the bigging by a bony know,
- 2405 She says : " My heart is like to gang awa',
An' I maun e'en sit down, or else I'll fa'.
But yonder, 'oman, 's houses ; gang an' speer
Gin unto FLAVIANA we be near.
Gin we be right, I'll ken as ye byde still ;
- 2410 Gin we be wrang, ye'll come again an' tell ;
An' I will rest till I come to mysell." }
Then Bydby frankly taks the gate before,
An' was na lang till she wan Lindy's door,
That by the cast o' ground the nearest lay,
- 2415 Just at the bottom of a sunny brae.
My lass slips in, says calmly, " Peace be here !
Is this, or is't to FLAVIANA near ? "

- Lindy, who was into the house him lane,
Wi' heart for Nory heavy like a stane,
- 2420 Lifts up his head, an' looking butt the floor,
Sees Bydby standing just within the door.
Th' unwelcome sight put to his heart a knell,
That he was hardly master o' himsell ;
Yet says : " Come ben—ow, Bydby, is that ye ?

2397 nettie) neatty, 1778

2401 had na power to heal) could no more conceal, 1778

2407 'oman, 's) 'oman, 1778

2413 till she wan) ere she reached, 1778

2418 who was into the) was sitting in the, 1778

2420 butt the floor) to the door, 1778

2421 within the door) upon the floor, 1778

- 2425 Foul fa' that coat that you sick cark did gee !
 Ye meith ha flung't awa', an' turn'd again ;
 Of half your travel it's not worth the pain.
 But maks na ; syn ye're come, ye's be well paid ;
 Sit down an' rest you, an' right now ye's hae't ;
- 2430 The worth o't twice in claith or waith ye's get ;
 I canna say but I am i' your debt."
 " Aw, Lindy, is this ye ? Well fell my sell !
 But wae's me, that ye sud sick tidings tell !
 Your claith an' waith will never tell wi' me,
- 2435 Tho' ye a thousand led thereof cud gee ;
 I am well sair'd o' claith, syn I took gate ;
 That coat o' yours has geen me sick a sett.
 But out o' jest, for claith I came na here,
 But for the thing that was by far mair dear :
- 2440 'Twas for your sell, man, that I dreed this pain ;
 Sae onie other profers are but vain.
 Wad I, think ye, for less hae follow'd you,
 Or can I think that less can be my due ?
 Was't na your paction, ere I loot you gae,
- 2445 That just yoursell I for my hire sud hae ?
 Alas ! alas ! o'er late it seems I find ;
 I first was left, an' now am come behind.
 But think na, man, that I'll be set aff sae,
 For I'll hae satisfaction ere I gae.
- 2450 I's get a hire ! A bony tale indeed !
 Ye spak na that gate i' your time of need.
 Where's Colen ? I's refer my part to him,
 An' gin he says I'm wrang, I's quyte my claim ;
 He witness'd a' that past, an' shar'd himsell
- 2455 Part o' the gueed, an' can the better tell."

" Well, I'm content," says Lindy ; " gin he say't,
 There's be nae mair about it, ye sall hae't."
 This spak he, lippning Colen wad deny,
 An' sae betweesh them score poor Bydby by.

2430 waith, 1778 ; weath, 1768

2435 led) laids, 1778

- 2460 As they were at this dibberdery thrang,
 An' Bydby still complaining o' her wrang,
 Jean, wha had seen her coming o'er the moor,
 Thinking 'twas Nory, steps within the door.
 She never minds her, but tells on her tale
- 2465 Right bauld an' bardoch, likely like an' hail.
 Jean mair nor wonder'd sick a threap to see,
 An' wist na fum to file or fum to free ;
 But thought indeed, gin sickan things were true,
 That Nory soon had slipped out of view.
- 2470 Now by this time poor Nory's mair nor fain
 The truth o' Bydby's unko tale to ken ;
 An' just at Lindy's door comes slipping in,
 When they're just i' the fix-fax o' their din.
 Jean looks ahind her, an' her Nory spies ;
- 2475 Judge ye gin she met wi' a glad surprise ;
 Out gusht her eyn, but word she cud na say,
 Sae hamphis'd was she atweesh glee an' wae ;
 Her in her oxter hard an' fast she grips,
 An' prest her flaunt'ring mou upon her lips.
- 2480 Lindy looks also butt, an' Nory spies,
 An' " O my Nory ! O my Nory ! " cries ;
 Flaught-bred upon her, but the house he sprang,
 An' frae her mither's oxter fiercelings wrang,
 An' " O my Nory ! my dear Nory ! " cries ;
- 2485 " Sweet, sweet indeed to me is this surprise ! "
 Kisses upon her he prest on enew,
 But she was shey, and held her head askew,
 An' cries, " Lat be, ye kiss but luckie fast ;
 Ye're o'er well us'd, I fear, syn we met last."

2463 Supposing 't Nory, slips in at the door, 1778

2466 mair nor wonder'd) was astonish'd, 1778

2467 file) blame, 1778

2474 ahind) about, 1778

2475 wi' a glad) not with a, 1778

2479 flaunt'ring) speechless, 1778

2486 prest) birs'd, 1778

2487 shey) shy, 1778

- 2490 Look'd at him with the bawaw o' her eye,
 As drum an' dorty as young miss wad be
 To country Jock, that needs wad hae a kiss
 Ev'n nolens volens frae the dainty miss.
 Thir words a wee did slacken Lindy's fire,
 2495 An' put some stop to his sae bauld desire.
 Blyth at her heart was Bydby at the sight,
 An' thought indeed that she had sair'd him right ;
 But thought the sheep she'd geen the wouf to had,
 Whan she had choice of sick a neiper made ;
 2500 An' turning till her, says : " I find that now
 I plaid wrang cards whan I came out wi' you.
 I meith ha kent, had I not senseless been,
 That ye for nought wad not be half so keen ;
 But maksna, be the matter as it may,
 2505 To stap your claim I hae enough to say :
 Whatever meith atweesh you been before,
 I'm sure that I was last into the score ;
 I hae his hand, his troth, an' what needs mair ?
 Cros't gin he can, just where he's standing there."
- 2510 "'Tis nae sick thing," says Lindy ; " or gin I
 Some sick like words meith happen for to say,
 They've been but say'n to please a fool like you ;
 Nae man o' ten likes women them to woo ;
 For our acquaintance was but lucky short
 2515 For me or any man to play sick sport."
 " Why did ye sae ? " says Bydby, " for ye had
 In your ain hand to hadd baith haft an' blade ;
 Tho' I did wiss indeed, an' wist it sair,
 That ye were mine, even ilka hilt an' hair,
 2520 I cud na force you to gee your consent ;
 But syn ye gae't, ye sud nae now repent.

2491 drum) dram, 1778

2494 slacken) slocken, 1778

2503 nought) noth, 1778

2512 say'n) said, 1778

2517 haft) heft, 1778

- Ye need na mak a faut to tell me now
 Ye never meant to stand by sick a vow,
 But only please a witless fool like me ;
 2525 But say, ' Play bairns,' your fool I winna be.
 'Twas earnest wark, lad, that I did for you,
 An' ye wi' me maun deal in earnest now ;
 I've plaid my part, I fear, an' something mair ;
 Play ye now yours, an' be to me as fair ;
 2530 Or I sall tell you ae thing, that's nae twa :
 Our lads an' ye'll about it pluck a craw ;
 For forty groats I wad na stand your stowr,
 Gin they this gate but tak anither tour ;
 An' sure I am that it will not be lang
 2535 Till they be here, complaining o' their wrang."

- That Nory's come, the news is gaing ding-dang,
 An' a' the neipers unto Lindy's thrang.
 Colen her father, wha had outwith gane,
 But heard it last, an' sae came in him lane.
 2540 An' as he came, him glegly Bydby spy'd,
 An' " Welcome, Colen ! mair na welcome ! " cry'd.
 " Come here, and red this threap, for ye can tell
 The very truth, 'cause ye heard a' your sell,
 Ken a' that past, ear- an' eye-witness was
 2545 To a' that did 'tweesh me an' Lindy pass.
 Come, Colen, now, an' gimme kyle about ;
 I helped you whan nane else wad, I doubt ;
 Naething but justice I do crave of you ;
 To tak me, tell gin Lindy did na vow.
 2550 Tho' I'm amo' you cast like a slung stane,
 I was like ither fouk at hame, ye ken ;
 An' gin ye had but plaid me hafpins fair,
 I needed na hae dree'd sae mikle care.

2522 faut) feint, 1778

2539 it, 1778 ; at, 1768. *See note.*

2541 na) nor, 1778

2542 here) ben, 1778

2543 The verity, 'cause ye was there yoursell, 1778

But maks na, now I'm here, fu' plainly tell
 2555 The naked truth, afore the lad himsel."

Syne Colen says : " I maun indeed confess
 Ye lent's a lift in our right gryte distress ;
 For cause o' which I own 'tis good, our part,
 Wi' our best wiss that ever ye be sairt ;
 2560 An' ye sall find it sae, afore we part. }
 An' piece 'tis true, an' true it is, I grant,
 To marry you that Lindy made a vaunt,
 'Cause we was at a pinch to win awa',
 Yet to the head the nail ye manna ca' ;
 2565 That ye was geck'd, to say, ye's hae na need :
 Ye's get a hitch unto your tocher-gueed.
 Well are ye worth it at our hand the day,
 An' ye sall get it wi' you ere ye gae."

" Na, Colen, na, 'tis well ye tell the truth ;
 2570 At hame of tocher-gueed I hae a fouth ;
 'Twas na for geer that I my fouks forsook,
 An' ran the risk to win their sair downlook ;
 Na, bimmy troth it, Lindy's what I want,
 By promise mine, as ye right now did grant.
 2575 Speak nae mair o' your hires ; 'tis he alane
 Sall be my hire, for ither I'll hae nane."
 " Aw, but," says Colen, " ye sud na gird sae sair.
 What winna fouk engage, that's under care ?
 Wi' premunire hamphis'd, as were we,
 2580 Fouk wad say onie thing to get them free."
 " Gin gryt your premonire was," she said,
 " Ye sud the better mind how ye was free'd.
 But words I winna langer using be,
 Nor will sick aff-setts do the turn wi' me.

2554 fu') sae, 1778

2566 Ye's get) We'll gee, 1778

2572 risk to win) hazard of, 1778

2579 premunire, 1778 ; premuire, 1768 (*misprint*)

premunire hamper'd, 1778 ; sick a premuire hamphis'd, 1768.

See note.

- 2585 For haleumlie to tak me he did bind,
An' hae'm I will, there's nae a word behind."
- "Aw, but," says Colen, "what gin he dinna like you?
Better to want him than he sud begeck you."
"Tis a' ane," she says, "for I do like him sair,
2590 An' that he wad ly too, I hae nae fear;
Had o' the bargain we made an outred,
We's nae be heard upo' the midden head;
That he's gueed-natur'd onie ane may see,
That's nae stane-blind, or has but half an eye."
2595 Then Colen says: "But ye may be mista'en;
The face has been a cheat to mony ane;
Afftimes the still sow eats up a' the draff,
When canker'd looks prove not so ill by half;
There's monie bite an' sup wi' little din
2600 That wad na gree a straik at mooling in.
Sae gin the face be a' ye lippen till,
Ye may hae little cause to roose your skill."
"Maks na," quo she; "gin I my hazard tak,
About it ither fouks sma' sturt may mak."
- 2605 By now all eyes upo' them sadly gaz'd,
An' Lindy looked blate, an' sair bumbaz'd;
The collyshangie raise to sick a height
That, maugre him, things wad na now hadd right;
For Nory's heart began to cool right fast
2610 Fan she saw things had taken sick a cast,
An' sae thro' ither warpl'd were, that she
Began to dread atweesh them what meith be;
An' even thought her travel but ill wair'd
For her convoy, an' that she was ill sair'd;

2588 Better to) Ye'd better, 1778

2590 ly too) like me, 1778

2599 bite, 1778; bit, 1768

2605 eyes) eyn, 1778

2607 raise) rose, 1778

2613 wair'd, 1778; wear'd, 1768

2614 that she was) but hersell, 1778

- 2615 An' frae her heart now wist she had na been
 In coming aff wi' Bydby hauf sae keen :
 For what she fear'd, she now in earnest fand,
 About this threap, was closs come till her hand ;
 An' that tho' Lindy may be might ly too,
- 2620 The lass had just as gueed a claim as she ;
 An' that the bargain might hae little thrift,
 To bring't about, tho' they sud mak a shift.
 Yet still her thought she keep'd till hersell,
 But O ! her heart fand monie a dowie knell.
- 2625 But she was sure, when Lindy's eyn were sett
 The way to her, to look the tither gate.
 Now by this time the house is heels o'er head,
 For ae thing some, an' some anither said ;
 That day nor door a body cud na hear,
- 2630 For a' things now were put in sick a steer.
 An' Jean an' Colen now were mair nor fain
 To crack wi' Nory, an' her story ken ;
 Wi' gryt hamstram they thrimbl'd frae the thrang,
 An' gae a nod to Nory furth to gang ;
- 2635 Upo' the ground they hunker'd down a' three,
 An' to their crack they yoked fast an' free :
 " What was't came o'er thee, lassie," Colen says,
 " At sick a time o' night to tak the braes ?
 I mair nor fairly what cud be your haste ;
- 2640 Ye cud na think to succour man nor beast ;
 Sad is the heart-crack ye to us hae geen,
 An' dowie for your cause my hap has been ;
 An' dowie yet is like to be our day
 About this threap ; yon cummer is na play."
- 2645 Then Nory, with her finger in her eye,
 An' heart as gryt's a peat, began to free

2620 claim) right, 1778

2622 bring't about) bring it on, 1778

2623 thought) mind, 1778

2624 dowie) dreary, 1778

2635-36 Upon the green they lean'd them down all three,
 And tears for fainness ran frae ilka eye, 1778

- Her sell to them the best way that she mought,
 Saying : " The dreary news set me a-flought,
 An' ere I took mysell, I had o'er gane
 2650 A' meiths or marks that I afore did ken.
 Merk as the pick night down upo' me fell ;
 What my condition was I sanna tell.
 Let ne'er my fae be hauf so hard bestead,
 Or forc'd to byde the bydings that I bade :
 2655 Sick yowls an' yells, as wad hae thirl'd a stane,
 Was never heard, as I heard there my lane.
 Whan day came in—an' welcome was the sight,
 After the eery, black an' frightsome night—
 Nae airths I kend, nor what was east by west,
 2660 But took the rode as it came i' my cast ;
 Sae wi' a dowie heart, an' hungry weam,
 I wandert, wissing that I were at hame ;
 Bat wist na whither I made till't or fae't ;
 But for the herds an' gueeds ill was I paid.
 2665 What ganks I met with now I sanna tell,
 But at the last upo' a burn I fell,
 Wi' bony even rode, an' in-with sett ;
 Ye meith hae row'd an apple a' the gate.
 Sick like I mind aft-times to hear you tell
 2670 That fouk sud follow, whan they hae ga'en will.
 This I'll had down, but meith, meith was the day ;
 The summer cauts were dancing brae frae brae.
 Wi' faut an' heat I just was like to swelt,
 An' in a very blob o' sweat to melt.
 2675 Nae help there was but there lay down my head
 Aneth a tree, an' wait for welcome dead.
 I had na lang beneath the shadow lien
 Whan sleep steal't o' me an' beguil'd my pain ;

2655 yowls) youts, 1778

2660 came i') lay in, 1778

2663 fae't) frae't, 1778

2671 meith, meith) hot, hot, 1778

2672 couts, 1778 ; cauls, 1768 (*misprint*). See note on 584.

2678 steal't o') crap on, 1778

Three hours, as I by time o' day cud guess,
 2680 At ease I lay, an' brook'd that happiness.

But when I waken'd, to my gryt surprise,
 Wha's standing but a laird afore my eyes ?
 The bonniest lad that ever I had seen,
 Wi' yellow strips clad in a coat of green ;
 2685 Upon his bow he lean'd his milk-white hand ;
 A bony boy a thoughty aff did stand.
 Gryt shame I thought sae to be gotten there,
 An' was for fear the neist thing to despair ;
 In running aff lay my relief, I thought,
 2690 But o' my claiths he took a swippert claught ;
 Bade me nae fear, for I sud kep nae skaith ;
 To do me wrang, that he wad be right laith.
 He spak sae kindly, couthy like, an' fair,
 An' pray'd to tell what way I had come there,
 2695 That at mair saught my mind began to be ;
 Syne he some meat his boy gar'd gee me ;
 Neist me persuades to gang wi' him a' night
 Where I sud be well ta'en about an' right.
 Gin night we came unto a gentle place,
 2700 An' as he promis'd, sae I fand the case :
 Kind was the lady, for nae men I saw,
 An' gar'd me ly wi' her ain dather bra'.
 Well was I there, I wiss I'd bidden still,
 Had ye but kend I had na met wi' ill.
 2705 But ae night, as I'm spying out about,
 Wi' heart unsettl'd ay, ye need na doubt,
 Wha coming gatewards to me does I see,
 But this snell lass that came the day wi' me ?
 Sae, finding she for FLAVIANA sought,
 2710 ' This is a happy kyle for me,' I thought.

2680 brook'd that) had sweet, 1778

2683 lad) youth, 1778

2696 boy) laddie, 1778

2697 me) he, 1778

2702 gar'd me ly) bedded me, 1778

Sae what needs mair ? Together aff we came,
An' o'er high hills an' fearsome cloughs we clamb."

- Ralph, mean time, to the door comes wi' a rin,
An' prays that Jean and Nory wad gang in,
2715 An' try gin they yon fiery lass cud tame,
That wi' her tongue had a' set in a flame ;
" An' shoops so hard yon heartless lad to gird,
That just he looks as he'd fa' through the yerd."
Quo Jean, " We's try't, but she looks ill to ca',
2720 An' o'er auld-mou'd, I dread, is for us a'."
As they gang in, Ralph unto Colen says,
" Yon hobbleshaw is like some stour to raise.
Fat think ye o't ? For as we use to say,
The web seems now to a' be made of wae."
2725 Says Colen, for he was a sicker boy :
" Neiper, I fear this is a kittle ploy ;
Gin we the gully guide na now wi' can,
'T may chance to gee's a sneck into the hand ;
Yon lass maun not be dung, but dauted sair ;
2730 It winna do to keam against the hair.
At first I thought but little o' the thing,
But mischief frae a midge's wing may spring ;
I never dream'd things wad hae come this length,
But we have seen e'en shargers gather strength
2735 That seven years hae sitten i' the flet,
An' bangsters bauld upo' their boddom set.
That sick'll be the case, I now dread sair,
Sae we'll be fools to tamper wi' her mair.
If with hersell we had alane to do,
2740 We might find shifts for stapping o' her mou—
An' even that, I doubt, wad cost a pu'—
But we have a' her cuintray's fead to byde,
O'er great a pow'r by far for our weak side.

2713 to) from, 1778

2717 shoops) tries, 1778

2720 dread) reed, 1778

2732 But mischief's mother's but like midge's wing, 1778

- We a', but maist the lad himsell, an' I,
 2745 Ken they're nae fouks for our weak hands to try.
 She pleads a promise, and it's very true ;
 But he had naething but a jamphing view ;
 But she in gnapping earnest taks it a' :
 The bargain was that she sud lat's awa'.
 2750 She plaid her part, an' freed us o' our care,
 An' now hads till't, that we sud be as fair.
 O' her ere now we try'd to shake us free,
 But she has scented out the rode, ye see.
 Gryt waters aften rise frae silly springs,
 2755 An' there is e'en a providence in things :
 By racklignce wi' Nory she had met,
 Wha wad be fain her company to get,
 Wha in her daffry had run o'er the score ;
 An' that has even fashen her to the door.
 2760 Gin we fike on till her ain fouks come here,
 Ye'll see a' things intill a bony steer ;
 For they're a derf an' root-hewn cabbrack pack,
 An' stark like stanes, an' soon wad prove our wrack.
 Sae we had better jouk until the jaw
 2765 Gang o'er our heads, than stand afore't, an' fa'.
 An' sae I hadd it best ye bid the lad
 Lay's hand to heart, an' to the bargain hadd.
 For it ungangs me sair gin at the last
 To gang together binna found the best."
- 2770 Says Ralph : " Well, neiper, I hae heard your tale,
 An' even fairly at it ilka dale,
 Kenning that ye're nae strange to what has been
 Your dather an' my laddie lang between ;

2751 till't) out, 1778

2754 silly) little, 1778

2759 fashen) brought, 1778

2761 a' things) the town, 1778

2762 derf) thrawn, 1778

2768 it ungangs me sair) I am much mistane, 1778

2773 laddie, 1778 ; ladie, 1768

- An' even we had greed it 'tweesh oursell ;
 2775 Sick council now but of unkindness smells."
 " Ye need na fairly, Ralph, nor be in ire,"
 Says Colen, " for brunt bairns dread the fire ;
 Had ye came thro' their fingers, as did I,
 Ye wad na be in swidder to comply.
 2780 I'll wad my head, ere four an' twenty hours,
 That what's my mind the day shall then be yours ;
 For the Sevitiens will but doubt be here,
 An' dacker for her as for stollen geer ;
 An' what hae we a-conter them to say ?
 2785 The geer'll proof it sell, piece we deny.
 They'll threap we steal'd her, she'll had till't hersell,
 An' then there'll naething be but sad pell-mell ;
 Syne deil fell us, the weak wins ay the warr ;
 Sae we at first had better to take care."
 2790 " Well, neiper," Ralph replies, " I ken that ye
 Had ay a gueed an' sound advice to gee ;
 For it's nae yesterday that I cud spy
 That ye thro' things did farther see than I ;
 Sae for my part, I'm willing to submit
 2795 To what your glegger wisdom shall think fit,
 Gin that unhappy lad wad be sae wyse
 As but ly too, an' tak your good advice."
 Quo he, " Ye canna better do than try ;
 Ye's hae my in-put to mak him comply ;
 2800 Cry ye him forth, we's till him lay the lines,
 He's do't, or what he hads of me, he tyns."
 Ralph does his bidding, an' out Lindy comes.
 His father says, " Lay by, man, thir humdrums,
 An' look na mair like Watty to the worm ;
 2805 Gin ye hae promis'd, what but now perform ?
 Among us a' a ravell'd hesp ye've made,
 Sae now put too your hand, an' help to red ;
 Ye ken yoursell best where ye tint the end,

2781 shall) had, 1778

2788 deil fell) dool fells, 1778

2801 what he hads of) else what halds on, 1778

- Sae ye maun foremost gae the miss to mend.
 2810 'Tis nae to mird wi' unko fouk, ye see,
 Nor is the bleer drawn easy o'er their eye ;
 Ye hae yoursell wi' yon snell maiden locked,
 Wha winna thole wi' affsetts to be jocked ;
 An' sae, my lad, my counsel's ye be low'n,
 2815 An' tak a drink o' sick as ye hae brown ;
 That's out o' jest an' in in earnest, spark ;
 As ye began, sae ye maun end this wark ;
 An' tak yon lass, that will nae affsett hear ;
 'Tis nae enough, for you we byde sick deare."
- 2820 Says Lindy : " Father, this is hard enough,
 Against ane's will to coup them o'er a heugh,
 With open eyn upo' the fearsome skaith ;
 To play sick pranks I will be very laith.
 That ye car'd naething it wad vively seem
 2825 Whether poor I sud either sink or swim ;
 But since ye've cast'n a careless count 'bout me,
 I maunna sae, but to my sell maun see ;
 Sae I maun tell you ae thing, that's nae twae :
 As soon I'll take the Scot of Galloway ;
 2830 For ye baith ken my mind to hae been set,
 These seven years an' mair, anither gate.
 I wad na think that sick wyse fouk as ye
 Wou'd to your ain sick wrangous counsel gee.
 I wat na gin ye wad have thankfu' been
 2835 To onie wad yoursells sick counsel geen,
 Whan ye war young, an' had your fancy fix'd ;
 At your ain hearts I fear ye wad been vex'd.

2816 in in) in snell, 1778

2817 ye maun end) now conclude, 1778

2818-19 not in 1778

2821 them o'er a) him o'er the, 1778

2825 Whether, 1778 ; Whither, 1768

2829 As soon I'll tak the) I'll sooner tak wild, 1778

2834 gin ye wad have) well gin ye wad, 1778

2835 wad yoursells) that had you, 1778

2837 wad) had, 1778

An' monie a time have I e'en heard you baith
Say, ye to cross your litleanes wad be laith."

- 2840 "Well, Lindy man," says Colen, "that's a' true ;
But then was then, my lad, an' now is now ;
'Bout then-a-days we never met wi' cross,
Nor kend the ill of conters or of loss.
But now the guise is alter'd very sair,
2845 An' we sair new'd, an' kaim'd against the hair ;
We now maun tak the warld as it waggs,
An' for hail claith be now content wi' raggs ;
Anes on a day we thought the wind wad blaw
Ay in our backs ; that warld's now awa',
2850 An' this is come, an' we may not strive wi't,
But e'en submit : the life, my lad, is sweet.
Whan a's awa', we strive to keep that grip,
An' tak odd shifts afore we let it slip.
For Nory, man, ye need na fash your thumb,
2855 Nor keep her mair intil anither's room ;
I lear by far she dy'd like Jinken's hen,
Or we again met yon unruly men.
Sae there's nae time to swidder 'bout the thing :
I'll wad her cuintray fouk sall no be dring
2860 In seeking her, an' gar us sadly rew
That ever we their name or nature knew ;
Nae farther back 'bout them need we to look
Than how of late they you and me did nook."

- Thus at their bargain I my lads maun leave,
2865 Till of the squire some short account I give,
Who to his aunt returning miss'd his pout,
An' was in unko rage, ye wad na doubt :

2844 guise) cause, 1778

2856 lear . . . she dy'd) loor . . . she'd die, 1778

2860 gar us sadly) making us to, 1778

2863 Than how oursells they did sae sadly nook, 1778

2864 I my) we the, 1778

2865 I) we, 1778

2867 wad) need, 1778

- For her he just was like to burn the town,
 An' to seek for her, made him shortly boun ;
 2870 Sends for his friends to help him far an' near,
 An' to the hills land-gates his course did steer ;
 An' did him to the glens directly hy
 Where his auld mammy kept his store an' ky.
 Blyth was the wife her foster-son to see,
 2875 An' sain'd him o'er an' o'er right cheerfullie ;
 An' tauld him that she now was mair nor fain
 That kind gueed luck had letten him till his ain,
 Afore mishap had forc'd him to comply
 Unto a match to which he was so thry.
- 2880 " Well," says he, " mammy, a' that's very gueed.
 But come, let's try how tasts your cheese and bread ;
 But meantime gee's a waught of callour whey ;
 The day is meith, an' we are wond'rous dry."
 " Your honor shall get that just in a stound,
- 2885 An' my sweet benison to put it down ;
 That wi' your ain 'tis fit ye sud be sair'd,
 An' piece 'twere mine, well wad I think it wair'd."
 " But," says the squire, " saw ye nae country lass,
 Some o' thir days, down throw this forrest pass ? "
- 2890 " Indeed," quo she, " but yesterday I saw,
 Nae farer gane, gang by here lasses twa,
 That had gane will, an' been the forth a' night.
 But O ! ane o' them was a seelfu' sight.
 Blind mat I be, an' I am now threescore,
- 2895 Gin ever I saw the maik o' her before !
 Her yellow hair that up in rings a' row'd
 Look'd i' the sun just like the threads of goud.

2870 Sends for) Conveens, 1778

2871-72 And to the mountains did his journey steer.

And thro' the glen with won'drous speed did hy, 1778

2875 cheerfullie) heartily, 1778

2883 The day is meith) This day's been hot, 1778

2886 That) For, 1778

2888 country) unco, 1778

2896 rings a') curlies, 1778

- Some face I've seen she brings into my view,
 But wha it is I canna mind me now.
- 2900 The ither, too, was a right setting lass,
 But forthersome, but calm yon tither was.
 Afore I wist, they just were hard in by,
 As I was busy milking at my ky ;
 At me syne shortly they began to speer
- 2905 Gin they were into FLAVIANA near."
- " For FLAVIANA speer'd they ? " said the squire ;
 " Heard ye nae word what was their errand there ? "
 " Indeed, an't like your honor, I dinna ken :
 For me to speer wad nae gueed havings been.
- 2910 I gae them cruds an' milk, an' thought indeed
 That of some sust'nance they had meikle need.
 An' by my guess I stroove to set them right,
 Syne in a glent they were out o' my sight."
 The squire, a wee when he had chaw'd his cood
- 2915 On luckie's tale, does with himsell conclude,
 Lat what the ither meith hae been, that she
 That was sae roos'd boot his ain Nory be.
 " Well," says the squire, " 'twas well ye gar'd them eat ;
 Among thir hills fouk ay have need of meat.
- 2920 Wha kens but sickan kindness may meet you,
 An' be some day unto you worth a cow ?
 Lat nane gae hungry by that ye see here,
 But gee them ay part o' your cuintray cheer ;
 I well allow't, ye's nae be scrimpt o' meal,
- 2925 An' ye hae fouth o' milk within yoursell."
 "'Tis ill done," quo she, " to lie upo' the dead :
 The laird ay bade me deal a piece o' bread,

2898-99 *not in* 1778

2901 Though forthersome ; but meek this lassie was, 1778

2903 busy, 1778 ; bussie, 1768

2916 Whate'er the other might have been, that she, 1778

2917 boot) must, 1778

2924 well) will, 1778

2925 within) I see, 1778

2926 'Tis cryin' sin, quoth she, to wrang the dead, 1778



- An' I thought ay ye wad brak naething aff ;
 I mind ye liked ay to see a raff."
- 2930 " Well, nurse," says he, " knit on o' the auld thrum,
 An' gae nae ground to say a warse is come ;
 What ever ye did afore, do better now ;
 He's nae your fae that has to count wi' you.
 But hark ye, noorise, what I'm gaing to say :
- 2935 We'll be again within a day or twae ;
 Upo' your milk your skilly hand ye'll try,
 An' gee's a feast o't as we're coming by."
 " I well I wat," quo she, " I's do my best
 Wi' half a dozen o' sorts to please your taste.
- 2940 Baith soon an' well, my cheel, mat ye come back !
 An' binna angry at my hamely crack—
 For well I ken what is your honour's due—
 But let a word wi' your auld mammy now ;
 An' hear me this ae word, my bony laird :
- 2945 A' that I've doon I'll think the better wair'd
 That a young lady I see you fash hame ;
 Ye'll no thram well as lang's ye byde your lane."
 " Well, mammy," quo he, " I's tak your advice,
 An' hae ane o' them, gin they binna nice."
- 2950 " Nae fear o' that," quo she. " Be nice, ha, ha !
 To tak the wealthy laird of BONY-HA' !
 They're nae sick fools, ye'd tensome get for ane,
 Were it the fesson, as they say 't has been.
 Well worth her room was your guede lady mither ;
- 2955 See ye like her gin ye can weal anither."

Now by the time that they their piece had ta'en,
 A' in a brattle to the gate they're gane,
 An' soon are out o' the auld noorise sight,

2935 We'll be again) We will be back, 1778

2939 dozen) dizen, 1778

2940 Baith soon) Blythsome, 1778

2946 fash) fetch, 1778

2947 byde) lie, 1778

2952 ye'd tensome get) you might have ten, 1778

2953 't has) has, 1778

- To dress her milks hersell who shortly dight.
 2960 Sick speed they made that in an hour or twa
 They i' the sight of FLAVIANA fa' ;
 Their milk-white lads, I's warrant half a score,
 At a gueed rake were running on before.
- Now a' this time baith Ralph and Colen try
 2965 Their outmost art to mak the lad comply ;
 But he continu'd obstinat an' thry. }
 As they're thus thrang, the gentles come in view,
 A' in a breast upon a bony brow.
 Amazed at the sight, they stood stane-still,
 2970 As o' them gin some witch had try'd her skill ;
 Nae word they spak till they came close in by,
 The sight amo' them had rais'd sick a fry.
 The squire, that foremost rode in armour sheen,
 Cry'd " Stop, good friends ! " an' lighted o' the green.
 2975 To the three men he shortly turns, that gaz'd,
 An' looked doited, speechless, an' bumbaz'd,
 An' to them says, " Friends, be so good as tell
 Gin ane height Colen hereabouts doth dwell."
 This question made the shepherds sae agast
 2980 That as the quaking asp they shook as fast,
 Nae kenning what to think, or what to say,
 Or what to do wi' Colen sick cud hae.
 Soon cud he see they were wi' fear o'erta'en,
 An' couthyly bespeaks them thus again :
 2985 " Fear na, good shepherds, fear na at this sight ;
 We never meant to put you in a fright ;
 For peace we're come, an' only want to ken
 Gin ane height Colen wins into this glen."
- " A well, an't like your honor," Colen says,
 2990 " Indeed ane o' that name wins i' thir braes.

2959 milks) milk, 1778

2960 twa) two, 1778

2961-62 The braes of Flaviana were in view ;

Of well-drest footmen five or six, or more, 1778

- But it is mair nor strange what ane like you
 Sud hae wi' sick a hame-bred man to do.
 For well I wat I never yet did wrang
 To gryte nor sma', syn I had pith to gang."
- 2995 "Are you the man?" the squire then maks reply.
 "I am," he says, "my name I'll not deny."
 The squire as soon's the verity he fand
 Straight tak's the honest shepherd by the hand,
 Wha, ferlying at the kindness, gae a jook,
- 3000 But did confus'd an' unko shame-fu' look.
 Soon cud the squire his blate confusion see,
 An' says, "Tak heart, ye's get nae wrang frae me,
 But a' the good that's i' my power to do.
 But tell me, does this house belang to you?"
- 3005 "Deed no," he says, "but mine is just at hand,
 An' it an' I are baith at your command;
 'Tis true 'tis barer than it wont to be,
 But nane themsels can from mischances free.
 Nae monie days aback I mair cud say,
- 3010 But fouk sud no be vain o' what they hae."
 "I've heard sae," says the squire, "but never mind, }
 Nor at such pinching antercasts repine; }
 'Tis but a cloud afore the clear sun shine:
 Ye'll see anither change, or few days gang,
- 3015 An' yet be just as right as ye was wrang."

- As they're thus cracking, a' the house thrangs out,
 Goupin an' gazing at this new-come rout;
 Wi' some surprise the squire behads the thrang,
 An' speers gin a' did to ae house belang;
- 3020 An' had na said it, whan out at the door,
 Just at her mither's back, comes Helenore.

2999 ferlying) wondring, 1778

3012 pinching) woful, 1778

3013 clear) fair, 1778

3014 or few) ere four, 1778

3015 yet) ye, 1778

3020 had na) scarce had, 1778

- He sees the sight, then wi' a fircelins bang
 In throw the thickest o' the crowd he sprang,
 An' in a hint he clasp't her hard an' fast,
 3025 With baith his gardies round about the waist ;
 An' laid a thousand on her bony mou,
 That was as red as rose that ever grew ;
 Then said : " Sweet Nory, ye was sair to blame,
 Sae to gang aff afore that I came hame ;
 3030 But since we're met, I think my pains well wairt ;
 There shall be news afore again we part."
 Poor shamefu' Nory wist na how to look,
 Sae to be kist afore sae monie fouk ;
 Look up she cud na, but her apron strings,
 3035 As fast's she cud, row'd up an' down in rings.
 But O the unko gazing that was there
 Upon poor Nory, an' her gentle squire !
 An' ae thing some, and some anither said,
 But fairly few of faults poor Nory freed,
 3040 Peice that she fautless was maun be allow'd ;
 But travell'd women are but sindle trow'd.
 But a' their cushel-mushel was but jest
 Unto the coal that brunt in Lindy's breast ;
 Sad were the dunts and knells yeed to his heart,
 3045 To think that Nory had misplaid her part ;
 An' now began to think, 'twas nae for nought
 That o' his welcome she so little thought,
 When sick a squire about her was so thrang ;
 Out o' his witts he just was like to mang,
 3050 Thinking for her to come to sick a pass,
 An' a' seem'd now but scores amo' the ase.
 But sick a crowd the squire, surpris'd to see,
 At Colen speers what cud its meaning be.
 " Indeed, an't like your honor," Colen says,

3023 In) Out, 1778

3035 up an' down) out and in, 1778

3038 ae thing, 1778 ; eathing, 1768

3039 fairly) very, 1778

3047 welcome . . . thought) daunting . . . sought, 1778

3051 seem'd) was, 1778

- 3055 " Sick other threap saw I not a' my days
 As now is here ; but wimpl'd is the tale ;
 Ye'd weary sair afore I tell'd it haill.
 But gin to red it ye wad please to try,
 'Twould be indeed an act of charity."
- 3060 " Let's hear't," he says, " an' I sall do my best,
 Gin parties on my sentence like to rest.
 Tell on your tale, an' naething o' it miss."
 " I sall," quo Colen, " an' the tale is this :
- Frae this aback, an' that nae monie days,
 3065 A band of kettrin hamphis'd a' our braes ;
 Ca'd aff our store at twelve hours o' the day,
 Nor had we maughts to turn again the prey ;
 Sair bargain made our hirds to hadd again,
 But what needs mair ? A' was but wark in vain.
- 3070 The herds came hame, an' made a reefu' rair,
 An' a' the braes rang loud wi' dool an' care.
 My lassie, that it seems your honor's seen,
 Frae kindness that ye shown her o' this green,
 Like ane hairbrain'd into the glens taks gate,
- 3075 When now the night was gloomy, merk an' late.
 Wi' our surprise she's nae mist till the morn,
 An' now her mither blaws on me the horn,
 An' I maun aff, an' seek her right or wrang,
 An' monie a bootless fit did for her gang ;
- 3080 An' at the last I fell amo' my faes,
 The cruel kettrin of Sevitia's braes.
 An' that lad there ye see wi' yellow hair
 Did wi' me of the worst of chances share :
 Into their hands we baith together fell,
- 3085 An' they did guide's, I 'shure you, sharp an' snell :

3066 store) gueeds, 1778

3068 hadd) turn, 1778

3073 that ye) this day, 1778

3075 gloomy) growing, 1778

3080 faes, 1778 ; feas, 1768

3081 Sevitia's, 1778 and subs. edd. ; Scevilia's, 1768 (*misprint*)

3085 guide's, I 'shure you) use us very, 1778

- Band's hard a' night, an' toil'd us hard a' day,
 An' for our pains but sma' allowance gae.
 The maiden o' the house saw our mishap,
 An' out o' sight gae's monie a bit an' drap ;
 3090 An' shortly to the lad sick liking took
 That butt him she nae saught nor ease cud brook.
 Nae ither boot she had but tell her care
 Came frae the lad that had the yellow hair.
 An' o' the night engag'd to let us gae,
 3095 Sae be the lad her for his ain wad hae,
 An' tak her hame, syne join afore the priest.
 A' this was promis'd, but by way of jest.
 Sae on a night, as we did all agree,
 She steals the key, an' sae she setts us free ;
 3100 Aff a' together we three linking came.
 But to get red, the lad contrives a sham,
 To send her back for something he forgot ;
 Sae aff we scour'd, an' thought she'd slipt the knot.
 But by your favour she is nae so blate ;
 3105 She follows on, an' wi' my lassie met,
 That at some gentle place had hab'ry ta'en—
 I reed your honor does this better ken.

- Sae, finding she for FLAVIANA speer'd,
 They made their py, an' aff together steer'd ;
 3110 An' just this very day came only here ;
 An' this, an't like your honor, maks the steer.
 The lass—see, yonder, her wi' the brown hair,
 Bydby they ca' her—bargains teugh an' sair
 That Lindy there sud by his promise byde,
 3115 Gae face the priest, an' own her for his bride.

3086 Band's hard . . . toil'd) Bound us . . . wrought, 1778

3087 sma' allowance) little sustnance, 1778

3092 Nae, 1778 ; Ne, 1768

3099 She opes our prison-door, and sets us free, 1778

3101 to get red) her to drap, 1778

3103 aff we scour'd) we gaes on, 1778

3106 place had hab'ry) house had shelter, 1778

- But he for this again is no so clear ;
 He thinks 'tis buying of the favour dear ;
 An' mair attour, his mind this monie a day
 Gatelins to Nory there, my lassie, lay ;
- 3120 But for sick thoughts, as far as I can see,
 'Twill be their wisdom now to let them be ;
 'Tis true indeed, when sickan things began,
 An' a' our things in their auld channell ran,
 It meith ha done ; but as we're stated now,
- 3125 Our littleanes may tak ither trade nor woo.
 Indeed we've seen the warld leave wealthy fouks,
 But they butt part that marry are but gouks."
 " I think sae too," reply'd the cunning squire ;
 " Sick a' their days stand likely to be bair."
- 3130 " Your honor's hitten the nail upo' the head :
 Fouk to sit down wi' something ay wad need.
 An' now your honor's heard what maks the thrang."
 " Indeed," quo he, " I think that Lindy's wrang,
 As far as I can gather frae your tale ;
- 3135 But I sud be content to hear himsell,
 An' Bydby baith. Gin they'll refer to me,
 I's do my best to mak their odds agree."
 Sae they are ca'd. Says Bydby, " I'm content ;
 An' to your honor's vote gee my consent.
- 3140 For sick I think's the justness of my case,
 That nane to gee't against me can hae face."
 " Well, bony lass," he says, " that e'en may be ;
 But yet what Lindy says o't we maun see.
 Well, Lindy, man, tell gin the bargain was,
- 3145 For letting o' you gae, to tak the lass."
 Quo he : " I's warrant sickan words hae been,
 An't like your honor, her an' me between ;

3119 lassie) dother, 1778

3122 things) thoughts, 1778

3127 But they that marry when they've nought, are gouks, 1778

3140 justness) plainness, 1778

3145 For letting) By latting, 1778

- ' To lat you gae,' gin she said, ' what'll ye gimme ? '
 I've ablins said, ' Indeed, I's tak you wi' me.'
 3150 Cud that be grounds so fast a grip to hadd,
 Or gee a lass a tittle till a lad ?
 I wonder that she thinks na burning shame
 On sick an errand to have come frae hame.
 We that's poor fouks like at some pains to be
 3155 To court our lasses their consent to gee,
 An' think them light that hastily consent,
 Afore some time an' pains on them be spent ;
 But to seek us, afore their pulse we try,
 We count them scrimp of shame an' modesty."
- 3160 " Well, Lindy, that sometimes the case may be,
 An' sometimes no, as ye right now shall see ;
 Nae doubt we wiss, when we our liking set,
 That we with just as good again be met.
 Now, sud we blame a lass that's just as free
 3165 To look about her, an' to like, as we ?
 Or can she help sick likings up to grow,
 Mair than we can the seed that anes we sow ?
 A lass may be as modest, that likes you,
 As onie ane your fancie likes to woo ;
 3170 An' a' the fault, an' sure it is the least,
 Is letting out the coal that burns her breast.
 Ye ken yoursell the pain of hadding in,
 An' sud we i' the women ca't a sin ?
 But there is ae thing that we maun allow :
 3175 The lass likes best, that forc'd hersell to woo ;
 When they are, may be, whom we court of choice
 Nae half sae honest, an' a deal mair nice.
 Sae gee not sentence rashly, till ye ken.
 Sick I've aft seen to eat their words be fain.
 3180 An' sick, I reed, will be the case wi' you ;

3162 our liking) are linking, 1778

3163 Upon a lass, with as gueed to be met, 1778

3166-67 *not in* 1778

3179 Sic I've seen blyth to eat their words again, 1778

- Sae dinna blame sae sair poor Bydby now.”
 “ Well mat your honor thram for that ! ” quo she.
 “ As ye hae said, the case is just wi’ me :
 That lad I liked aboon onie ane,
 3185 An’ likes him yet, for a’ that’s come an’ gane ;
 An’ boot to tell for fear I lost the hint,
 Sae that I on him hae na stealt a dint.
 Had I come after like a knotless threed,
 He meith hae said that I was light indeed ;
 3190 But here I put it till him gin that he
 To tak me did na promise haleumlie,
 Or we took gate ; an’ he kens best himsell,
 To leave poor me, upon what shift he fell ;
 For butt my kenning he had left his coat,
 3195 An’ tells to me how he had it forgot ;
 Then for the love to him I ever had,
 He me again to run about it pray’d ;
 An’ now what was’t for him I wad na do ?
 An’ how I’m guided I’s be judge to you ;
 3200 Sae wi’ sick treatment I am left my lane,
 An’ monie a weary foot synsyne hae gane,
 Born i’ the yerd wi’ that unchancy coat,
 That he sae sleely said he had forgot.
 An’ now he thinks to put me aff wi’ hire,
 3205 That gate to leave me stiking i’ the mire.
 But he’s mista’en, to think to guide me sae,
 For he’s the hire alane that I will hae.”
- “ An’ well I think ye won him,” said the squire ;
 “ For ye hae plaid your part, an’ something mair.
 3210 An’ now I think that Lindy sud play his,
 An’ mak a mends unto you for the miss.

3194 For butt my kenning) Without my knowledge, 1778

3199 guided . . . judge to) treated, . . . judged by, 1778. *See note.*

3200 treatment) guiding, 1778

3202 i’ . . . unchancy) to . . . unhappy, 1778

3211 unto you for the miss) to you for sic amiss, 1778

- What say you, man ? Think ye nae burning shame
 To gee a lass sic 'casion you to blame ?
 Can ye expect to thram or forderds gang,
 3215 That has been guilty of so gryte a wrang ?
 Fause an' mensworn will be the name ye'll get,
 Sae think in time while ye may mend it yet ;
 For gin ye let it to a hearing come,
 Ye'll find ye've knet your web till a wrang thrum ;
 3220 Force will compell you to comply at last,
 Sae look about you or the hint be past."
 Quo Lindy, " Sir, this is a sareless feast,
 To tak in earnest what ane speaks in jest ;
 But maistly, when we hae our life to lead."
 3225 " Then or ye speak ye sud tak better heed,"
 Replies the squire. " But now the hint is past ;
 Or it yeed by, ye sud hae gript it fast.
 Do ye not think that ye wi' favour met,
 Whan ye by Bydby was at freedom set ?
 3230 An' mind that love, which now she claims as due,
 Was what inclin'd her first to pity you,
 To mend your mail, an' syn to set you free ;
 So as was her's, love sud your motive be.
 For you she did mair than cud a' your kin,
 3235 Sae to draw back ye sud na now begin.
 For weakness we the women use to shame,
 But on oursels ye're like to turn the blame.
 Do justice, man, an' bring na sick a stain
 On what has been the lawful brag of men.
 3240 Mind what this lass has suffer'd now for you,
 Whan ye did her sae treach'rously forhow ;
 How she is catcht for you frae wigg to wa',

3213 'casion) reason, 1778

3215 guilty, 1778 ; gulty, 1768 (*misprint*)

3216 mensworn) mansworn, 1778

3224 when) where, 1778

3233 Sae love should also now your motive be, 1778

3235 sud) must, 1778

3239 lawful) constant, 1778

- An' nae forspeakers has her claim to ca' ;
 Has run the risk of a' her friends down-look,
 3245 Whan for your sake this standing loup she took ;
 An' she hersel a strapping lass to boot—
 I fairly how ye can hae face to do't—
 A lass, what I can see, that well may sair
 The best mail-payer's son that e'er buir hair.
 3250 Besides, I see she's mettle to the teeth,
 An' looks na like to be put aff so eith.
 Gin at her ye do sae repine an' grumble,
 Her friends may come, an' raise you wi' a rumble ;
 By what I fear, their heavy hand ye ken,
 3255 Nor need ye green to waken them again."

- Then Bydby glibly to the squire reply'd,
 " That is as true a tale as e'er ye said.
 Gin they come here, as come they will, I'm sure,
 For twenty pound I wad na stand his stour.
 3260 'Tis true, I winna say but I'll get blame,
 That like a knotless threed sae came frae hame ;
 But when they see how I am guided here,
 They winna byde to reckon lang, I fear.
 For tho' I say't mysell, they're nae to keam
 3265 Against the hair, a-fiedlert, nor at hame."
 " An' for this lass, that was your jo before,
 I reed she thinks ye hae ga'en o'er the score.
 What ever ye may do afore her now,
 She eithly sees that ye are nae to trow.
 3270 An' piece for you sick kindness yet she had,
 Afore anither as wi' you to wed,
 How cud she think that grace or thrift cud be

3243 claim) cause, 1778

3246 strapping, 1778 ; straping, 1768

3251 looks) is, 1778

3254 fear) hear, 1778

3259 pound . . . his) pounds . . . their, 1778

3263 byde) stand, 1778

3268-69 Proceeds the squire, and that whatever now

Ye may pretend, she see's ye're nae to trow, 1778

3271 As she wad you afore another wed, 1778

Wi' ane that she does sae missworn see ?
 Fouk ay had best begin wi' dealing fair,
 3275 Altho' they sud forgether ne'er so bare."
 For Nory's cause this sidlings cast he gae,
 To brak her piece an' piece her Lindy frae ;
 An' gain'd his point, for she look't wond'rous dram,
 An' thought his shifting Bydby but a sham.
 3280 This pleas'd the squire, an' made him think that he
 At least frae Lindy wad keep Nory free ;
 An' for himsell to mak the plainer rode,
 Betweesh them sae by casting of a clod.

Then Lindy says : " Sir, this is unko hard.
 3285 This gate we have nae chance against a kaird ;
 Gin she but say she likes ane, that's enough,
 As lang's they'll ca', to gar us had the pleugh."
 " But," says the squire, " gin ye wad tell a tale
 That wad bear weight, be sure to tell it hail :
 3290 Attour that Bydby tauld she liked you,
 She's mair to say, an' that's that ye did vow.
 If with a kaird the case were likewise so,
 An' she insist to hae you, wherefore no ?
 That backdoor is o'er strait to let you out,
 3295 Sae fesh nae mair for shifts to look about.
 For frae what I can either see or hear
 About your case, ye're Bydby's well-won gear.
 Sae pay your debt, an' mak nae mair about it ;
 Hail claith looks ay far better than the clouted."
 3300 A' this claw'd Bydby's back, an' made her fain,
 As by her blythsome looks ane well meith ken.
 The squire well saw't, an' unto Lindy says,
 " Sick cheery looks a heart half dead might raise."

3273 With ane she now does sae mansworn see, 1778
 3276 cause . . . sidlings cast) sake, . . . sideling hint, 1778
 3287 And we, as lang's they'll ca', maun hald the plough, 1778
 3292 the case were likewise) as her, the case were, 1778
 3295 fesh) seek, 1778
 3301 ane well meith) you well might, 1778
 3302 well saw't) ken'd well, 1778

- Now Nory a' the while was playing prim,
 3305 As onie lamb as modest an' as mim ;
 An' never a look wi' Lindy did let fa',
 But chaw'd her cood on what she heard an' saw.
 Now Lindy's heart is hafins in a swidder,
 The wild Sevitiens put him in sick dridder ;
 3310 An' he 'bout Nory now cud spy nae lyth,
 An' Bydby only on him looked blyth.
 Then said the squire, " I wiss we had a priest ;
 I'm thinking Lindy's a' this time in jest.
 We sud dunt out the bottom o't ere lang,
 3315 Nor Lindy mair be chargeable wi' wrang."
 Quo Lindy : " Sir, sick knots are easy casten ;
 I'm yet but half resolv'd that gate to fasten."
 " Well, half is something, after comes the hail.
 See, Ralph an' Colen, what ye can prevail.
 3320 Tak lad an' lass, an' speak amo' yoursells,
 An' whan ye've done, come back again an' tell's."

- Sae aff they gangs, an' down together sit.
 " Yon laird," quo Colen, " has a deal o' witt,
 The gentle fouks kens mickle mair nor we,
 3325 An' we sud tak the council that they gee.
 Sae, Lindy, put an end to a' this strife,
 An' tak kind Bydby here to be your wife.
 'Tis hard to ken what blessings for't may light,
 Tho' at the time they may be out o' sight :
 3330 'Tmay be a means to get our gueeds again ;
 At least I'm sure to slight her wad be nane.
 By that we're certain to get sturt an' skaith,
 But by the ither may get free o' baith.
 This squire, may be, may with their masters deal ;
 3335 Great fouks wi' ither easy can prevail."
 Quo Ralph : " Troth, Colen, I think ye are right ;
 It winna do awa' this lass to slight.

3324 fouks kens) sort ken, 1778

3328 what) where, 1778

3334 masters) master, 1778

3337 awa') at all, 1778

- An' truly, Lindy, I maun this allow,
 The lass is feer for feer, for hide an' hew.
 3340 An' as we're circumstanc'd, we had it fit, }
 As lang's the iron's het, ye sharply hit, }
 For fear ye loss the heat afore ye witt. }
 Gin anes they come, an' things nae at a close,
 Better your feet, man, baith were in ae hose.
 3345 Were a' the syte to light on you your lane,
 It were less skaith—'twould be but loss of ane ;
 But gin they anes brak loose, they winna spare
 Sakeless or guilty, man, wife, cheel nor chare."

- " Come, man," says Colen. " what needs a' this din?
 3350 The lass, but mair, may sair your chief o' kin.
 Begin the wark, an' gee'r a kindly kiss ;
 There's naething but a mends to heal a miss."
 " Indeed," quo he, " that's what I well can spare ;
 I's gee her ane, tho' she sud get nae mair."
 3355 At this poor Bydby's heart came till her mou ;
 She met my lad half-gates an' mair, I trow,
 An' gar'd her lips on his gee sick a smack
 That well outby ye wad ha heard the crack.
 An' then wi' sick a blythsome blink she took it
 3360 That Lindy mair nor half was therewith hooked.
 Upon the lass his heart gan sae to warm,
 That ane wad thought the kiss had been a charm.
 Gin he look'd blyth, the lassie looked mair,
 For shame was past the shedding o' her hair.
 3365 Ye cud na tell't, except ye'd foun't your sell,
 How at this kindness Bydby's heart did knell.
 To him she says : " Well fell me, Lindy, now,
 That e'er I got a tasting o' your mou !
 Nae henny-beik that ever I did pree

3340 we had) I hald, 1778

3345 Were a' the syte to) Did all the mischief, 1778

3360 That therewith Lindy's mair than hafings hooked, 1778

3362 thought) think, 1778

- 3370 Did taste so sweet or smervy unto me.
 The day is now my ain ; let's gae an' tell
 Yon gentle squire that he's content himsell.
 Well mat he be, as well mat ye be a',
 That's helped my dear Lindy's heart to fa' !
 3375 For want, my Lindy, hae ye now nae fear ;
 Tho' ye be harry'd, I hae fouth o' gear ;
 An' mair attour, myself shall bear the blame
 Gin a' your gueeds come not yet dancing hame."

- Thus she sae wisely did the gully guide
 3380 That Lindy fand he had sma' room to slide.
 In this good mood they a' came in a breast,
 An' Bydby's looking's gin she'd found a nest.
 The squire cud soon the alteration spy,
 When they came a' so chearfully in by,
 3385 An' says, " I see ye're a' accorded now.
 Ye winna trow what good advice 'll do."
 An' tho' poor Lindy look't but half an' half,
 Yet Bydby answer'd wi' a blythsome gauff :
 " Well fell me now ! the day is a' my ain ;
 3390 There is nae pleasure gotten here but pain."
 Then says the squire : " Good friends, now had you
 mery.
 We's hae a priest to end the dibberderry.
 Kiss on an' daut, an' use your freedom now ;
 Nane now dare say 'tis ill done that ye do.
 3395 Wi' Colen I maun hae a quiet crack,
 An' ye shall see a sport when I come back."
 Then taks his Nory by the milk-white hand,
 That changing colours a' the time did stand ;
 Then bade he Colen bring his wife alang,
 3400 An' down they sat a wee bit frae the thrang.

3376 harry'd) herry'd, 1778

3380 sma') scarce, 1778

3382 Bydby's looking's) Bydby looks as, 1778

3390 here but) without, 1778

CANTO III.

- When they were set, he unto Colen says :
 " I've yet not tauld my errand to thir braes.
 Yon threap, I think, is feckly at a close,
 But I have something better to propose :
 3405 Poor Nory here is like to want her jo,
 An' teeth an' nail I've wrought it sud be so.
 That she sud want, I think, great pity were,
 An' she sae ripe, sae ruddy, plump an' fair."
 " That she has miss'd this heat I am not wae,"
 3410 Says Colen : " she may want for year an' day.
 'Twill tak this seven year, I fear, an' mae,
 Scrap where we like, ere she be fit to gae."
 Then says the squire : " Gin that be a' your fear,
 She sanna want a man for want of gear.
 3415 A thousand pound a year, well burden-free,
 I mak her sure o', gin she'll gang wi' me."
 An' wi' the word a kindly smak her gae,
 Till Nory blusht, an' wist na what to say.
 " Awa'," says Colen, " that'll never do,
 3420 A cuintray littleane for the like o' you !
 'Tis nae feer for feer, sae poor fouk dinna joak.
 Ye'll get your eekfull, an' she'll get her luck."
 " Colen, gin I for joaking had been set,
 I cud ha pleas'd mysell anither gate,
 3425 And never speer'd your leave, when her I fand,
 In the wide forrest full at my command.
 But let her tell gin onie wrang I gae."
 " Indeed," quo Nory, " that I dare na say."

3406 teeth . . . it sud be) tooth . . . to have it, 1778

3408 ruddy, plump) cherry-cheek'd, 1778

3412 we) ye, 1778

3421 It is not fere for fere, sae dinna joke, 1778

3422 eekfull) equal, 1778. *See note.*

3423 Says squire, for joking gin I had been set, 1778

- " Sae, Colen, I'm in earnest ; piece that I
 3430 Cud nolens volens carry aff my prey
 I fand so free, yet it's my choice to speer
 Yours and your wife's good will 'bout Nory here."
 " A well, an't like your honor," Colen says,
 " Gin that's the gate, we need na mak gryte fraze.
 3435 The credit's ours, an' we may bless the day
 That ever keest her i' your honor's way.
 But ye'll hae o' her but a silly prize,
 An' soon be like to her an' hers despise :
 A witless littleane, bred to herd the ews,
 3440 Or, whan they're fu', to pu' a birn o' cows :
 That or sick like's the maist that she can do,
 An' sae I reed she'll no be fit for you.
 But come o' her what likes, I'm twice content
 That Lindy's to his bargain geen consent.
 3445 'Twill ablins help to dem the tide of ire
 That burns 'mong the Sevitians like a fire.
 For up they'll be upon a wond'rous steer,
 An' gueed's the hap we hae your honor here ;
 Gin ye'll but byde amon's a day or twa,
 3450 To help's a hitch afore ye gang awa',
 'Twill calm them sair sick part-takers to see
 Among so poor an' feckless fouk as we."
 " A' that I grant," reply'd the wylie squire,
 " An' I's be glad what help I can to share.
 3455 Anes mak me sure my Nory is my ain,
 An' ye nor I sall hae nae further pain."
 " Out, out," quo he, " an' ye be baith content
 To gang together, ye's hae my consent."
 " An' well I wat," quo Jean, " an' ye's get mine,
 3460 An' benysons my poor consent to line.
 An' tho' I say't, she's just as gueed an aught,

3430 nolens volens) nill ye will ye, 1778

3438 be like to) belike may, 1778

3445 For that may help perhaps to quench the ire, 1778

3453 wylie) gallant, 1778

3460 And my best benisons the same to line, 1778

3461 aught) child, 1778

- As wysse an' fu' of seelfu'ness an' saught,
 As onie she that ever yeed on bean,
 Gentle or semple, except I now will nane.
 3465 'Tis true indeed she's nae a maik for you,
 Piece she be well enough for hide an' hue ;
 But maks na, 'tis a' ane, syn ye're content,
 I hope ye's never o' your choice repent.
 Altho' her father there, fool sensless man,
 3470 Says that the lassie has na skill nor can,
 He kens na better, an' is far mista'en :
 But nae lang syne she made a keek her lane, }
 An' never got a lesson but bare ane.
 She'll shape to onie cast your honor likes ;
 3475 O'erwedded fouks are ready to loup dikes."
 " A well, goodwife, that's true, I'm o' your mind.
 I wad hae gotten anew of my ain kind,
 An' courting me as hard as they cud do,
 Tho' Lindy scares at lasses, when they woo.
 3480 But on my Nory here my fancy's sett ;
 She's get the hap that they expect to get.
 Now, Nory, tell me, Nory, will ye hae
 A swinging laird, an' let the shepherds gae ?
 Ye's be as happy as the day is lang,
 3485 An' there about us too shall be a sang,
 That shall be heard as far as ' Bony Jean ',
 That anes was a' the burden o' the glen."

 " Syn they're content to fum I do belang,"
 She blushing said, " that I wi' you sud gang, }
 3490 To say you nay I think I wad be wrang.
 For gryt's the kindness ye did kyth on me,
 When me ye did in the wild forrest see ;

3462 Wise, and kind hearted, chearful, meek, and mild, 1778

3464 except I now will) exception mak I, 1778

3471 far) sair, 1778

3475 O'erwedded) Conceited, 1778

3481 hap that they expect) fortune that they wish'd, 1778

3485 too) two, 1778

3488 they're, 1778 ; there, 1768

- An' kind the lady was of BONY-HA',
 Frae fum I came o'er recklessly awa'.
 3495 But fainness to be hame, that burnt my breast,
 Made me to tak the ettle when it keest.
 But yet I fear I'll stand you little stead,
 Either to wash your sark, or mak your bed,
 Or sickan warks as to a woman lie ;
 3500 An' yours, I fear, wad need a cast forby."
 " Syn ye're content, it's just enough to me.
 Were we anes hame, your wark sall easie be,"
 The squire reply'd, an' twin'd his willing arms
 About her waist, an' kist her lovely charms.
 3505 " Of your consent," says he, " I'm mair nor fain,
 An' vowky that I can ca' you my ain.
 Your bony cheeks that first I sleeping saw,
 Just as ye lay, quite aff my feet me sta'.
 Frae then till now I brook'd na peace nor rest,
 3510 Sae wrought your sweet remembrance in my breast.
 Hae ye nae dread 'bout washing o' my sark,
 Or making of my bed, or sick-like wark ;
 At hame afore you ye'll find fouks anew
 Ready to keep that burden aff o' you.
 3515 To eat your meat, an' that's be o' the best,
 An' wear your claiths frae head to foot well drest ;
 Thro' gardens fine to walk, an' apples pu',
 Or henny pears to melt into your mou ;
 Or on the camawine to lay you down,
 3520 Wi' roses red an' white a' busked round,
 Shall be the height o' what ye'll hae to do,
 An' nane to quarrel or find faut wi' you.

3493 BONY-HA') Bounty-ha', 1778. *See note.*

3494 recklessly) racklessly, 1778

3497-3500 *not in* 1778

3502 we . . . wark) ye . . . life, 1778

3509 till) tell, 1778

3510 wrought . . . remembrance) stack . . . resemblance, 1778

3511-14 *not in* 1778

3517 gardens fine) bonny yards, 1778

3518 into) within, 1778

3519 lay) lean, 1778

- My cousin Betty, whom ye ken an' saw,
 An' left fu' dowie down at BONY-HA',
 3525 For coming aff, shall your companion be,
 An' like twa sisters ye will live an' gree.
 An' farther, lest my Nory sud think lang,
 Colen an' Jean wi' us maun also gang.
 Ye's hae nae ought to do but tell your beads ;
 3530 Your meat an' claith sall be bound to your heads."
 " Indeed," quo Colen, " syn my litlean's gaing,
 An' on her feet so happly has fa'en,
 I'm e'en content it be as ye wad hae't ;
 Your honor winna miss our bit an' baid."
 3535 " Well, honest Colen, there's my hand to yours.
 There's be nae word at hame of yours an' ours ;
 At hake an' manger Jean an' ye sall live,
 Of what ye like wi' power to tak an' give.
 But that we loss nae time, we'll call the priest,
 3540 An' see what can be gotten for a feast.
 For I hae drink a fouth, an' o' the best,
 As onie living needs to hae or taste."
 Quo Colen : " I hae yet upo' the town
 A new-bull'd quoy, gaing three, a berry-brown,
 3545 A tyddie beast, an' glettering like a slae,
 That by gueed hap escaped frae the fae.
 Well will I think it wair'd at sick a tide,
 Now when my dather is your honor's bride,
 She's get the mell, an' that sall be right now ;
 3550 As well's a quoy altho' she were a cow."

3524 BONY-HA') Bounty-ha', 1778. *See note on 3493.*

3525 For coming) When you came, 1778

3526 live) sort, 1778

3529-30 *not in* 1778

3531 litlean's) lassie's, 1778

3536 word . . . of) odds . . . 'bout, 1778

3541 I hae . . . a fouth) I've brought . . . enough, 1778

3542 Of gryte or sma', that well may please your taste, 1778

3544 new-bull'd quoy) quoy, just, 1778

3545 a) the, 1778

3546 escaped frae the) escap'd the greedy, 1778

3548 dather) lassie, 1778

3550 altho') as though, Longmuir. *See note.*

- " Fair fa' you, Colen ! ye speak like yoursell.
 She's be a well-paid quoy, an' I had heal,"
 Says the young squire. " Meantime we'll tak a
 glass,
 An' drink a health to my sweet shepherdess,
 3555 Until the priest be come to gee's the grace ;
 An' syne we's birle it bauld wi' cheerfu' face.
 Call in by Lindy an' his Bydby here,
 That they may get a share of our good cheer.
 But hear ye, first my Nory maun be drest,
 3560 An' that, I 'sure you, maun be o' the best."
 Says Colen : " Hearie, haste ye an' rin o'er ;
 Your bridal sark is yet unto the fore ;
 It was na on, I wat, this seven year,
 An' well I wat it anes was clean an' clear.
 3565 Put that upon her, an' what mair ye hae.
 Ye canna mak her bra enough the day."
 Quo Jean : " I shall do that intil a stound ;
 An' hail an' feer beside's my brydal gown ;
 A' sall gang on, the lassie'll tak it now ;
 3570 Gueed stuff it is, an' looks as gin 'twere new.
 Attour I hae a ribbon two ell lang,
 As bread's my loof, an' nae a thrum o't wrang ;
 Gin it hae monie marrows I'm beguil'd ;
 'Twas never out o' fauld syn she was swyl'd.
 3575 A' this I hae, an' she sall get it a' ;
 An' gin 'twere on, she'll e'en be brydal bra'."
 The squire reply'd : " Ye've been a noble guide,
 But these are out o' fesson for my bride.
 They'll fit you best, put ye them on yoursell ;
 3580 Ye well deserve for thrift to bear the bell.
 My Nory shanna want." Then gae a cry

3559 hear ye, first) hear ye first, 1778

3566 bra) *normalised from* brae, 1768

3568 brydal) wedding, 1778

3572 bread's) broad's, 1778

3574 swyl'd) swayl'd, 1778

3576 'twere) *normalised from* 't 'twere, 1768 (*misprint*)

An' gin 'twere) Were they anes, 1778

- Upon twa waiting maids to come in by ;
 Then says to them : “ Ye’ll tak this angel sweet,
 An’ dress wi’ claithing for your mistris meet,
 3585 My love, my bride ; an’ spare no pains nor care,
 For chap an’ choice of suits ye hae them there ;
 An’ when ye do’t, mind ye your mistress dress,
 Nor let your havins than to sick be less.”
 The maids obey, an’ Nory’s taken in,
 3590 An’ of her cuinray dress stript to the skin ;
 Syne with sweet washes wrought from tap to tae—
 The halesome smell spread out thro’ a’ the brae—
 Then with clean servits dry’d her up an’ down,
 An’ then to dress her made them quickly bown.
 3595 But o’ the bony things that they had there,
 Of silks an’ camricks, costly, fine an’ rare,
 I canna name the half ; but o’ them they
 Busk’d up a bony Nory there that day ;
 So white an’ clean, that when she came again
 3600 Her mithier Jean did hafins her misken.
 Now by the time that Nory comes in by,
 Like Venus from a scamper thro’ the sky,
 Fleeing wi’ silks, an’ ruddy like the morn
 That casts a glow upo’ the yellow corn,
 3605 Lindy an’ Bydby frae their quiet crack,
 Right well content an’ blythsome like came back.
 The squire observes them, an’ says, “ Come awa’ !
 I’m glad ye look sae free, an’ butt a’ ga’.
 Your scruples, Lindy, by your face I find,
 3610 Are at a close, an’ answer’d to your mind.”
 Quo Lindy : “ Sir, indeed, I canna say
 But I an’ Bydby may together gae ;

3582 Whereat twa well-drest lasses came in-by, 1778

3584 claithing) havins, 1778

3588 Nor than to such let your regard be less, 1778

3590 dress) claiths, 1778

3591-94 *not in* 1778

3595 o’) O, 1778

3596 silks) gowns, 1778

3599 an’ clean) so neat, 1778

3608 I’m fain to see you look sae, but a ga’, 1778

- But there is ae thing I'd hae dunted out,
 An' I nae mair sall say this threap about ;
 3615 An' that's that Nory own afore you a'
 That on my side the bargain didna fa' ;
 For, for my coat, I wad na wiss 'twere said
 That I of jamphing lasses made a trade."
 " Well, Lindy, I believe," reply'd the squire,
 3620 " Nory'll be frank to do you justice there ;
 For what between you twa has ever been,
 (As I believe ye've been baith frank an' keen) }
 Nane to the ither will cast up, I ween.
 But quite to mak you easy, try hersell
 3625 Afore this rout, and let her freely tell."
 " If anes I saw her, I sud frankly speer ;
 By what I see, I think she is na here."
 Her change o' dress sae pat her out o' ken,
 That he misken'd her now wi' open eyn.
 3630 Then Nory smiles, an' says : " I's no come o'er
 'Tweesh you an' me what happen'd has before.
 That's past an' gane, an' things, ye see, have ta'en
 Anither cast, an' maun be latten alane.
 But a' before here standing, I avow
 3635 That naething wrang I hae to lay to you.
 An' as a taeken that I hae nae grudge,
 Ye's ay be welcome where I byde to lodge,
 An' fare as I do ; an' what I can spare,
 I's ever mak you welcome to a share."
 3640 " Now, Lindy," says the squire, " you're easie now ;
 My Nory says naething but gueed of you ;
 An' what she here has shapen, I shall sew : }

3617 wiss 'twere) *normalised from* wiss't 'twere, 1768

3618 lasses) maidens, 1778

3624 try hersell) let her tell, 1778

3625 Afore this fouk, what she thinks o't hersell, 1778

3626-29 *not in* 1778

3630 smiles, an' says : " I's no) says, 'tis needless to, 1778

3635 lay) say, 1778

3637 Where'er I win yese welcome be to lodge, 1778

3641 of) to, 1778

Bring ilka year, as lang's ye dow an' live,
 A lamb, an' to your auld acquaintance give,
 3645 An' i' your loof ye's get as aft down tauld
 The worth of a' that suck into your fauld."

An' now the priest to join the pairs is come,
 But first is welcom'd wi' a doze of rum ;
 An' now the hearts that chance together cast,
 3650 By wedlock's bands are linked hard an' fast.
 An' then the dishes o' the demas green
 Are ranked down wi' proper space between ;
 While honest Jean brang forward in a rap
 Green horn cutties rattling in her lap,
 3655 An' frae them wyl'd the sleeketest was there,
 An' thumb'd it round, an' gae't unto the squire ;
 Then round the ring she dealt them ane by ane,
 Clean in her pearlin keek an' gown alane.
 The priest said grace, an' a' the thrang fell too,
 3660 An' ca'd their cutties at the smervy bree ;
 Then on the beef of the new-slaughter'd quoy
 Baith thumbs an' knives an' teeth they did employ ;
 Sometimes the beer, sometimes the wine yeed round,
 For what the squire desir'd was snaply done,
 3665 While all the knows wi' musick sweetly rang,
 An' honest Colen knack'd his thumbs an' sang.
 When dinner's o'er, the dancing neist began,
 An' throw an' throw they lap, they flang, they ran ;
 The cuintray dances an' the cuintray reels

3646 into) within, 1778

3647 pairs) pair, 1778

3648 doze) glass, 1778

3649 hearts that chance) pairs, by choice, 1778

3652 ranked down) set in rank, 1778

3653 brang . . . rap) brings . . . clap, 1778

3654 Green horn) The green-horn, 1778

3655 sleeketest) sleekest that, 1778

3660 ca'd . . . bree) ply'd . . . broo, 1778

3664 desir'd) bade do, 1778

3655 knows) green, 1778

3670 Wi' strecked arms yeed round, an' nimble heels.
 The squire ordain'd nae rander to be kept,
 An' roos'd him always best that heighest leapt ;
 Lest Nory, seeing dancing by a rule,
 Shou'd blush, as never having been at school.

3675 While thus the gamesome mirth goes round,
 Colen's behading o' the green,
 An' mair nor pleas'd, turns in a stound,
 An' couthily says unto Jean :
 " What think ye, 'oman, o' this day ?
 3680 May we no think our pains well wair'd,
 An' that it is right blythsome play,
 When our young Nory's gotten a laird ? "

Jean says, " I thought ay good o' her wad come,
 For she was with the foremost up, an' some."
 3685 Says Colen then : " Come, heary, gee's a sang,
 An' let's be hearty wi' the blythsome thrang."
 " Awa' ! " she says, " fool man, ye're growing fu'.
 Wha ever's daft the day, it setts na you."
 As they're at this, the squire came dancing by,
 3690 An' speers what cracks their tongues did occupy.
 Quo Colen : " Sir, an't like your honor, we
 'Bout Nory's happy luck were cracking free ;
 An' I was bidding Jean e'en gee's a sang,
 That we amo' the lave might mix our mang ;
 3695 But she but jamphs me, telling me I'm fu'.
 An' gin't be sae, I's now be judge to you."
 " I join you, Colen," then the bridegroom says ;
 " Come, honest Jean, gee's FLAVIANA'S BRAES."

3670 yeed) bobb'd, 1778

3672 heighest) lightest, 1778

3675 gamesome) blythsome, 1778

3685 heary) deary, 1778

3686 blythsome) merry, 1778

3690 cracks . . . tongues) thoughts . . . mind, 1778

3696 I's now be judge to) Sir, Ise be judg'd by, 1778

Quo Jean, " My steven, sir, is blunted sair,
 3700 An' singing frae me frighted aff wi' care ;
 But gin ye'll tak it as I now can gee't,
 Ye're welcome till't, an' my sweet blessing wi't."

Jean sings " The Braes of FLAVIANA "
 to the tune of " The Lass of Pattie's Mill."

" Of all the lads that be
 On FLAVIANA'S braes,
 3705 An' Colen bears the gree,
 An' that a thousand ways :
 Best on the pipe he plays,
 Is merry, blyth an' gay ;
 An' ' Jeany fair,' he says,
 3710 ' Has stow'n my heart away.

2. Had I ten thousand pounds,
 I'd all to Jeany gee ;
 I'd thole a thousand wounds
 To keep my Jeany free ;
 3715 For Jeany is to me
 Of all the maidens fair
 My jo, and ay shall be ;
 With her I'll only pair.

3. Of roses I will weave
 3720 For her a flow'ry crown ;
 All other cares I'll leave,
 An' busk her haffets round ;
 I'll buy her a new gown,
 Wi' strips of red an' blew,
 3725 An' never mair look brown,
 For Jeany'll ay be new.'

after 3702 Jean . . . FLAVIANA *not in* 1778
 3705 An') My, 1778

4. My Jeany made reply :
 ' Syn ye hae chosen me,
 Then all my wits I'll try
 3730 A loving wife to be
 If I my Colen see,
 I'll lang for naething mair ;
 Wi' him I do agree
 In weal an' wae to share.'
- 3735 Now, sir ye hae our FLAVIANA's Braes ;
 An' well, ye see, our gossip did me praise ;
 But we're forfairn, an' right sair alter'd now ;
 Sick youngsome sangs are sareless frae my mou."
 " Hale be your heart ! " the merry squire replies ;
 3740 " Nae to the worse is alter'd yet the guise.
 An' hale too, Colen, be your heart ! butt you,
 This merry sang we a' had wanted now."
 Then Colen said : " The carline made it nice,
 But well I kend she cud it tightly dyce ;
 3745 Afttimes, unbidden, she's lilted it to me,
 An' o'er the fire has blinked i' my eye."
 To fill a glass the cheerfu' squire commands,
 An' wi' the honest seelfu' pair shakes hands,
 An' drank their healths, an' gar'd it gae about ;
 3750 An' O ! the beer was pithy, brown an' stout.

As thus the dancing an' the mirth gaes on,
 Ane looks about an' says, " See, sirs ! What's yon ?
 A knott of men advancing at full dreel,
 An' O ! the foremost looks a fearsome cheel."
 3755 A' look about, an' Lindy says : " Ho, ho !
 Yon's the Sevitians, what shall we do now ?
 An' yon's black Tom, that's gaing alane before.
 There'll be amon's right now a dowie hour."

3742 merry) blythsome, 1778

3750 beer was pithy) drink was nappy, 1778

3753 knott) heap, 1778

- Then Colen says : " Alas ! the tale's o'er true :
 3760 Our mirth will a' be turn'd to mourning now ;
 'Tis now come till our hand what Bydby tauld :
 We'll naething be afore yon bangsters bauld."
 The squire observes their fright ; says, " Never fear !
 We's meet them wi' as sharp an' trusty gear.
 3765 Come, friends, wi' courage let us meet the crew,
 An' that there's men in FLAVIANA shew.
 Meanwhile, till we prepare—" he turns him till
 The stout an' stalwart laird of Aikenhill ;
 Says : " Forward gae in a' your armour sheen,
 3770 An' ask yon highland kettrin what they mean ;
 Charge them to halt, nor move on foot-bred more,
 Or they shall at their peril cross the score."
 The knight obeys, wi' glancing sword in hand,
 Wi' stately steps, an' brows shap'd to command ;
 3775 His man behind him buir his massy targe,
 Well boss'd wi' steel, an' out o' measure large.
 When he was full within their hearing got,
 Wi' daring meen, frae aff a rising mot,
 He cry'd to stop, an' crying stamp't the ground,
 3780 Until the hillock gae a trembling sound.
 The men, tho' bauld, yet at the fearsome sight
 An' manly call were some put in a fright,
 An' stopt a wee, syne up mair saftly came ;
 The knight enquir'd what was their country's name.
 3785 " Sevitia," they reply'd. " What seek ye here,"
 He says, " clad in sick weed an' warlike gear ? "
 " Our sister," they reply'd, " is stown away,

- 3767-69 Meanwhile, he says to stalwart Aiken-hill,
 Till we be ready, you step forward will ;
 With your habiliments and armour sheen, 1778
 3775 His man behind him buir) On his left arm he bore, 1778
 3778 daring meen) dreadful voice
 3779 cry'd . . . crying stamp't) call'd . . . calling struck, 1778
 3780 Until the hillock gae) Till all the yerd return'd, 1778
 3781 fearsome) daring, 1778
 3786 In sic a band, and in sic warlike gear, 1778
 3787 they reply'd) we suppose, 1778

- An' by the FLAVIANIANS made a prey ;
 Her at all hazards we intend to claim,
 3790 An' on the havers of her fix the blame."
 An' now the squire is ready to advance,
 An' in his hand takes up a glitt'ring lance,
 An' bids the stoutest of the trusty throng
 Gird on their brands, an' briskly come along.
 3795 Nory at this is suddenly agast,
 An' to her squire with both her hands grips fast,
 Crying, " Ye shanna, nay, ye maunna gang !
 Yon kettrin, sure, will work you deadly wrang.
 For onie thing wi' you I'll never part,
 3800 For fear's already like to break my heart."
 " Fear na, my Nory, fear na," said the squire ;
 " At sight of us yon kettrin will retire."
 " Retire or no," says Nory, " if you'll go,
 But onie further speaking, I'll do so."
 3805 " Then come along," the smiling squire reply'd ;
 " We'll look the better that we hae our bride.
 Ye want not arrows that can wound an' kill ;
 Ye know ye shot me, sleeping i' the hill ;
 Your glancing eyn will mak their heads to reel,
 3810 An' melt their arrows, tho' of beaten steel."
 Sae hand in hand the squire an' she set out,
 Attended by a brave an' gallant rout.
 The squire comes up, an' says to Aiken-hill,
 " Have these intruders bauld obey'd your will ? "

3790 of her fix the) fix the riefing, 1778

3792 takes . . . glitt'ring) holds . . . shining, 1778

3793 trusty) gather'd, 1778

3794 brands, an' briskly) bulziement, and 1778

3796-98 Crying, Dear Sir, you shall not, must not go,

Yon Kettrin's bows will surely shoot you thro', 1778

3801 na, my Nory, fear na) not, dear Nory, softly, 1778

3802 At . . . yon kettrin will) The . . . will mak them fast, 1778

3803-4 Retire or no, poor Nory made reply,

If you go any further, so will I, 1778

3805 the smiling squire reply'd) since with me ye'll abide, 1778

3810 beaten) forged, 1778

3811 squire an' she) new knit pair, 1778

- 3815 "So far," he says, "that they have stopt their course ;
 But say from here springs o' their rage the source."
 The squire steps forward, and enquires the cause
 They thus sae bauldly brak the standing laws,
 By breaking in upo' their neighbours' bounds,
 3820 Like baited bears, or like blood-thristy hounds.
 Did they imagine FLAVIANA'S braes
 Had no protectors frae their bloody faes ?
 He'd let them see they widely were mista'en,
 An' sud be met with as hard match again ;
 3825 Tho' they of late unquarrell'd wan awa',
 When they these honest people's gueeds did ca',
 That they sud find the guise was alter'd now,
 An' reason have this reckless race to rue.
 Then the Sevitiens made this bauld reply :
 3830 "We never thought it wrang to ca' a prey.
 Our auld forbears practis'd it a' their days,
 An' ne'er the worse for that did sett their claise ;
 But we ne'er heard that e'er they steal'd a cow,
 Sick nesty tricks they wad hae scorn'd to do ;
 3835 But tooming faulds, or ca'ing of a glen,
 Was ever deem'd the deed of protty men ;
 So we for that need not cast down our brow,
 But is a thing that we may well avow."
 The squire consider'd 'twas na best to fight
 3840 Wi' men 'bout things that they accounted right,
 But tries wi' reason to reduce their wills,
 An' show the wrang of what they judg'd not ills ;
 An' thus began : "Your auld forbears, ye say,
 Taught you to toom a fauld, an' drive a prey ;
 3845 They thought it was a doughty deed, and ye
 To do the like right well intitl'd be ;
 But tell me this, how would you like the case
 If on yoursells shou'd others turn the chase ? "

3816 But say, that here is of their march the source, 1778

3818 They thus adventure to break thro' the laws, 1778

3834 nesty tricks) dirty things, 1778

3835 ca'ing) scouring, 1778

3838 But) It, 1778

- Say they, " We know no reason but they might ;
 3850 The strongest side has ay the strongest right ;
 If we our side unable are to guard,
 Let them the booty have for their reward."
 The squire reply'd, " My lads, ye judge amiss,
 For of the weak the law protector is."
 3855 " It may be," said the kettrin, " but if true,
 We have like reason to complain of you :
 Ye've stollen a lass, an' frae us forc'd awa',
 An' ere we want her, we shall pluck a craw."
 " O, then," reply'd the squire, " is that the case ?
 3860 Come forward, and ye soon shall have redress.
 The lass is safe an' sound, an' marry'd leal,
 An' free to tell that her we did na steal ;
 Stark love and kindness made her to come here,
 When we to have her were not quite so clear ;
 3865 But we've inclin'd the lad that wan her heart
 To gee himsell to cure her langing smart."
 " If that's the case," say they, " our mind's at rest ;
 We wiss they o't may hae a merry feast."
 " A merry feast," he says, " they hae, an' ye
 3870 Come forward, an' the truth thereof sall see."
 An' now the fead is softn'd, an' alang
 They march, an' mix themselves amo' the thrang ;
 The face o' things is alter'd in a snap,
 An' as they came they sang, they danc'd, they lap.
 3875 Colen an' Lindy now, that fear'd the worst,
 This change observing, come amo' the first,
 Wi' Bydby hadding Lindy by the hand,
 To welcome the Sevitians to their land ;
 An' merry was their meeting o' the green,
 3880 An' O the shaking hands that there was seen !
 All forward now in merry mood they went,
 An' a' the day in mirth and ranting spent.
 Well were they pleas'd wi' Lindy, when they saw
 Wi' him the yoke how Bydby loo'd to draw.
 3885 When they had eat an' drunk unto the full,
 3885 drunk unto the full) drank and danced their fill, 1778

- Then says the squire : " My lads, it is my will,
 As by this marriage ye are linked here,
 That ye restore this honest people's gear,
 An' live like friends, and each stand by the other,
 3890 As close as ye wad do to any brother ;
 Give o'er your herships, and improve your lands,
 Nor more a-strolling go with reefing bands.
 So shall ye hence be held in good esteem,
 An' your lost reputation much redeem."
- 3895 Then the Sevitians gae this saft reply :
 " Your just request we canna well deny.
 Syn Lindy has wi' Bydby chapped hands,
 They's hae their gear again at your command.
 Chap out as monie yonkers frae your glen
 3900 As ilka horn an' hoove o' yours may ken,
 An' we sall them a redy taeken gee
 That sall frae us let a' their gueeds gae free."
 Accordingly the lads are weal'd an' sent,
 Their taeken shown, which butt a host was kent ;
 3905 An' a' the beasts in course of time came hame,
 An' ilka cow was welcom'd by her dame.
 Then a' the afternoon they danc'd an' drank,
 An' were wi' ither hearty, free an' frank.
 At night the wedded pairs, on beds of hay,
 3910 Confirm'd the publick consent o' the day.
 Now when the morn was gilt with Phoebus' beams,
 An' reek in streaming tow'rs frae lumb-heads leams,
 The squire an' all his sightly friends are seen
 In good array upo' the dewy green ;
 3915 An' straight wi' the Sevitians sealed a band,
 In aftertimes unchangeably to stand,
 To witt : That they with FLAVIANA's braes
 Shou'd ever mair hae common friends an' faes.
 Attour, the squire to Lindy does bequeath
 3920 To brook all Colen's gear till his last breath ;

3897 chapped hands) join'd his hand, 1778

3910 Did ratify the business of the day, 1778.

- An' to his bairns after him, as now
 Colen with these wou'd hae nae mair to do,
 As he an' Jean wi' him were now to gang,
 For a' their life-time, be it ne'er so lang.
- 3925 To the Sevitians here we bid adieu,
 An' leave them feasting with their allies new.
 An' now the squire his hameward course intends,
 An' aff a message to auld mammy sends ;
 Anither forward unto BONY-HA',
- 3930 To tell that there things be red up an' bra'.
 Upon a milk-white steed is Nory set,
 By livery men attended in great state ;
 Sae girt she was in strong and gallant graith,
 As she cud neither fa' nor meet wi' skaith ;
- 3935 An' then sae bra' that she hersell misknew,
 Sae i' the wind her silks an' scarlets flew.
 Ane led her reins, wi' siller knaps fu' clear ;
 On ilka side twa yeed by her right near ;
 The squire himsell, upon a silver gray,
- 3940 Rade close afore her to direct the way ;
 Behind her, and on ilka side, his friends
 On stately steeds most carefully attends.
 Colen was mounted in a gentle suit,
 Wi' hatt an' wig an' riding gear compleat ;
- 3945 An' Jean wi' orange silk is a' clad o'er,
 Wi' mantle blue, an' siller clasps afore ;
 An' baith were mounted on a sturdy brown,
 An' footmen order'd them to wait upon.
 Then on they scour, an' by the day was hy
- 3950 They reach'd the glens where mammy kept the ky ;
 An' on the green they light before the sheal,
 An' mammy comes, an' welcomes them " All hail ! "
 " Well, lucky," says he, " hae you try'd your hand

3921 bairns) children, 1778

3923 wi' him were now) were with the squire, 1778

3927 hameward) hamewith, 1778

3941-42 *not in* 1778

3947-48 *not in* 1778

3952 And mammy them receives with welcome hail, 1778

- Upo' your milk as I gae you command ? "
- 3955 " An't like your honor," quo she, " that I hae ;
 An' in a glent, my cheeld, ye's find it sae.
 Gang in, an' seat you o' the sunks a' round,
 An' ye's be sair'd wi' plenty in a stound."
 Sae down they sat, an' by himsell the squire
- 3960 To set his Nory took a special care.
 An' fan they're set, auld lucky eyes them a',
 An' " Sick a rout," says, " here I never saw.
 Well mat ye a' be, an' well gae ye hame !
 But I afore you a' maun tell a dream
- 3965 I had last night, when I lay here my lane,
 That yet alive I had seen bony Jean."
 Then says the squire : " Pray, lucky, wha was she,
 Wi' whom in sleep ye bight sae busie be ? "
- " A friend o' yours," she says, " but yet I fear
- 3970 That ye o' her cud scarcely ever hear ;
 Ere ye was born her fate was past an' gane,
 An' she almaist forgot by ilka ane.
 An' that sweet face by you I'd say were she,
 Were't no she now cud not sae young like be.
- 3975 An' yet 'tis sair born o' me that she may,
 Frae what I dream'd, in midlert be the day."
 " Tell on your tale," reply'd the squire, " for I
 To hear it out am in perplexity."
 Then said she : " Frae this back near thirty year,
- 3980 Which is as yesterday to me as clear,
 Frae your ain uncle's gate was nipt awa'
 That bony bairn, 'twas thought by Junky Fa,
 That famous gypsee, that steal'd monie ane ;
 An' o' her since was notice never nane.
- 3985 I at that time her wordy father sair'd,
 An' monie a tear the matter cost the laird ;
 Great search for her was made, baith far an' near,

3956 cheeld) child, 1778

3968 bight) might, 1778

3975-76 *not in* 1778

3978 perplexity) anxiety, 1778

- But tint nor tryal never cud appear."
 To this auld Colen glegly gan to hark,
 3990 Wha with his Jean sat butwards i' the mark,
 An' says " Goodwife, I reed your tale is true,
 An' I ne'er kent my wife's extract till now ;
 'Tis she had sae been stown by Junky Fa,
 An' I can tell you how she wan awa' ;
 3995 My father an' some neipers spy'd the rout
 Of gypsies strolling, as they're early out ;
 They dreaded sair they meith ca' aff some prey,
 An' gae them chase, about the brak of day ;
 The bony bairn they i' the hurry tint ;
 4000 Our fouks came up, an' fand her in a glent ;
 'Bout six or seven she looked then to be ;
 Her face was smear'd wi' some din-colour'd gree.
 They fuish her hame, an' an auld man ca'd Dick,
 A wealthy herd that kent the gypsies' trick
 4005 Of stealing bairns an' smearing o' their skin,
 That had na bairns himsell, first took her in ;
 Weesh aff the gree, an' then her bony face
 Tauld she bóot be come of some gentle race ;
 An' Dick thought now that he had fand a fidle,
 4010 Wha never brak his shins upo' the cradle.
 Syne meat he gae, the best he cud command,
 An' says, " Ye hae your deddie by the hand.
 How ca' they you, my bairn, gin ye but ken ? "
 She answer maks, an' says, " They ca' me Jean."
 4015 Some ither questions mair he speer'd, but she
 Cud o' hersell nae proper cuttance gee ;
 He only frae some hints cud eathly learn
 That butt a' doubt she was some gentle bairn.
 Gin he was fain, far fainer was his wife ;
 4020 An' 'tweesh them she liv'd a contented life ;

3990 Jean, 1778, and subs. edd. ; Jane, 1768

3992 extract) descent, 1778

4008 Told, that she must be come of gentle race, 1778

4010 Wha) And, 1778

4012 deddie) daddie, 1778

4016 nae proper cuttance) but little quittance, 1778

- A little time made her her chance forget,
 Quite pleas'd in being dedd an' minnie's pet.
 Just as their ain she's fashen up, an' ta'en
 For Dick's ae dather now by ilka ane ;
 4025 An' blyth he was that she e'en thought it sae,
 An' a' his wealth at last unto her gae.
 Whan she an' I forgether'd, I mysell
 Kend nought of a' this strange, but cuthie tale.
 Dick an' my father's now baith at their rest ;
 4030 Dick's wife alane the verity kent best,
 An' tauld it me, an' then I speer'd at Jean ;
 She said about it she did little ken ;
 Something of stairs an' beds ran in her mind,
 Than these at hame of a quite other kind,
 4035 Yet a' but like a dream, an' when at last
 She's half perswaded of her antercast,
 She said, ' What signifies't ? We'll never ken
 Oursells the richer either butt or ben ;
 Upon our side we need na ly, an' lippen
 4040 To what to us may frae our gentrie happen.'
 An' sae thought I, but yet was something vain
 That sick an aught I now cud ca' my ain ;
 An' vain may I be now, when a' that's past,
 By unko twines has fa'en sae well at last."
 4045 Then says to Jean, " Come out afore the gawd,
 An' lat fouk see gin ye be what ye're ca'd."
 " I sall," she says, an' comes ben to the light.
 Auld mammy looks, an' says, " I'm right, I'm right !
 My dream is read, an' this is bony Jean,
 4050 Her lady mither o'er an' o'er again
 In face an' feature, an' muckle about her eild,
 When she to ruthless dead was forc'd to yield.
 Bad was your luck, we thought, when ye was stollen,
 But it wad look ye o' your feet had fallen,
 4055 When your goodman himsell, an' also ye

4022 dedd) dadd, 1778

4026 wealth) gear, 1778

4029 their) a, 1778

Do look sae like the thing that ye sud be."
 Then Jean reply'd : " I sud be right content
 For the kind cavel that to me was lent ;
 But it's nae lang since I hae been sae bra' ;
 4060 What I hae maistly had, hail claise was a' ;
 Gueed luck, an' mair na gueed, I now may ca't,
 An' thankfu' sud I be, gin I cud shaw't."

" Ye're welcome, mother,—sae I call you now.
 Well wair'd I think a' that I geen to you,
 4065 An' wad hae thought it due, now when I ken,"
 Replies the squire, " that ye are just my ain."
 Then he to mammy says : " Do ye na mind
 That to some travelling lasses ye was kind ?
 That ane o' them ye roos'd sae won'drous sair,
 4070 An' sonnets made upon her face so fair ?
 Think ye that ye that bony face wad ken,
 In case that ye sud chance to see't again ? "
 " Her looks," quo she, " sae gar'd my heart-strings beat,
 I reed 'twas they that me a-dreaming set.
 4075 An' I almaist wad swear that same were she
 That blinks beside you wi' her bony eye,
 'Cept that she's bra'er far ; but what ken I,
 But she has chang'd her claise syn she yeed by ? "
 " Ye're right, goodwife," says Nory, " chang'd indeed,
 4080 Syn I yeed by, is baith my mind an' weed.
 I'm i' your debt for your gueed cruds and ream,
 An' ere lang days I hope to pay you hame.
 Your dream indeed has made me mair nor fain,
 Now what I am when I begin to ken."
 4085 " My benisons upo' your bony face ! "
 Auld lucky says ; " I wiss you muckle grace.
 That ye are bony Jean's I'm certain now,
 An' look as spitted just out at her mou."
 Then says the squire to lucky : " Do ye mind
 4090 That what to do you wish't I were inclin'd ?

4064 I geen) I've gien, 1778

4088 Your eyes, nose, mouth, are just the same, I vow, 1778

- That was to take a wife ere I came hame.
 I've done your will, an' ta'en this charming dame,
 This bony lassie that now sits by me,
 An' my ain flesh an' blood now proves to be.
 4095 Lang may you dream, for I am twice content,
 That ane yet lives the verity that kent,
 An' has so seasonably letten me ken,
 That I hae match'd, an' that amo' my ain.
 But this I'll say, tho' she had been nae mair
 4100 But just my ain sweet country lassie there,
 I never wad my happy choice repent,
 Tho', as she's what she is, I'm as content.
 If she her luck may prize, I also may,
 I hope, prize mine unto my dying day."
- 4105 Thus has this strange adventure ended right,
 An' every scene in due time come to light :
 Jean from her lot obscure is now retri'd,
 An' honor due on Nory is deriv'd ;
 Her comely face, that look'd aboon her lot,
 4110 A chance becoming her descent has got.
 All home they mount, an' led a blythsome life,
 Happy as yet were ever man an' wife,
 A blooming offspring frae this marriage sprang,
 That honour'd virtue, an' discourag'd wrang.

CONCLUSION.

- 4115 Now Reader, lest thou thinkst the time ill spent,
 Thou on the reading of this tale hast lent,
 Or should'st upon review be apt to say
 I'd thrown my paper, pains and time away ;
 Be pleas'd to see, couch'd in this harmless tale,
 4120 Some useful lessons try'd in reason's scale :
 As love's a nat'ral passion of the mind,
 To which all ranks are more or less inclin'd,

- Care has been taken, while we paint it here,
 That nothing base nor vicious should appear,
 4125 But what is chaste and virtuous all the while,
 And only meets thee with a cheery smile.
 See also the plain past'ral life describ'd,
 Before it had oppressive views imbib'd,
 And judge how sweet and harmless were the days
 4130 When men were acted by such springs as these.
 See also the reverse of this fair plan,
 After oppressive measures first began ;
 And from the havoc that this practice brought,
 Be taught to hate it ev'n in very thought.
 4135 If any arts thou find'st are here practis'd,
 To gain some ends unlawfully devis'd,
 Be not surpris'd, but turn thy views within,
 And let him first throw stones that wants the sin.
 'Tis not for practice, tho' too much the way,
 4140 That it's allow'd a place in our essay,
 But rather to evince, when we pretend
 To gain by slight, that we shall lose our end.
 Nought, in a word, is here at all design'd
 To misconduct, or to debauch the mind ;
 4145 But to amuse it when too earnest bent,
 Or recreate a spirit over spent ;
 To help to pass a lonesome winter's night,
 But saving room for graver subjects right.
 No line is for the critic here design'd,
 4150 To find him work or please his captious mind ;
 For me he all his pains and time shall waste,
 As careless in the least to please his taste.
 Enough my brains I have already beat,
 4154 And judge it time to sound my loud retreat.

THE END.

4137 surpris'd, but . . . views) offended ; . . . eyes, 1778
 4152 I do not mean at all to please his taste, 1778

SONGS.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

- There was an auld wife an' a wee pickle tow,
 An' she wad gae try the spinning o't ;
 She louted her down, an' her rock took a low,
 An' that was a bad beginning o't.
- 5 She sat an' she grat, an' she flet an' she flang,
 An' she threw an' she blew, an' she wrigl'd an' wrang,
 An' she choaked an' boaked, an' cry'd like to mang,
 " Alas for the dreary spinning o't !
- I've wanted a sark for these eight years an' ten,
 10 An' this was to be the beginning o't ;
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinning o't ;
 For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
 Did sick a mishap an' misanter befa' me ;
- 15 But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me an' draw me,
 The neist time I try the spinning o't.
- I hae keeped my house for these threescore o' years,
 An' ay I kept free o' the spinning o't ;
 But how I was sarked foul fa' them that speers !
 20 For it minds me upo' the beginning o't.

But our women are now-a-days grown sae bra',
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, an' some hae twa,
 The warlds were better when ne'er ane awa'
 Had a rag but ane at the beginning o't.

- 25 Foul fa' her that ever advis'd me to spin,
 That had been so lang a-beginning o't !
 I might well have ended as I did begin,
 Nor have got sick a skair with the spinning o't.
 But they'll say, she's a wyse wife that kens her ain weerd ;
 30 I thought on a day it should never be speer'd
 ' How loot ye the low take your rock by the beard,
 When ye yeed to try the spinning o't ? '

- The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sob,
 When I think upo' the beginning o't ;
 35 I thought ere I died to have anes made a wob,
 But still I had weers o' the spinning o't.
 But had I nine dathers, as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I cud gee
 Is that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 40 For fear of a bad beginning o't.

- Yet in spite of my counsel if they will needs run
 The drearysome risk of the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
 And there venture o' the beginning o't.
 45 But to do as I did, alas, and awow !
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of the low,
 Says that I had but little wit in my pow,
 And as little ado with the spinning o't.

- But yet after a', there is ae thing that grieves
 50 My heart to think o' the beginning o't :

22 ilk ane, 1778 ; ilka an, 1768 (*unmetrical, and bad spelling*)

23 ane, 1778 ; an, 1768 (*bad spelling*)

35 wob, 1778 ; web, 1768

50 beginning, 1778 ; beginng, 1768 (*misprint*)

Had I won the length but of ae pair o' sleeves,
 Then there had been word o' the spinning o't ;
 This I wad ha washen an' bleech'd like the snaw,
 And o' my twa gardies like moggans wad draw,
 55 An' then fouk wad say that auld Girzy was bra',
 An' a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I wad shog about till a new spring,
 I should yet hae a bout of the spinning o't ;
 A mutchkin of linseed I'd i' the yerd fling,
 60 For a' the wanchansie beginning o't.
 I'll gar my ain Tammie gae down to the how,
 An' cut me a rock of a widdershines grow
 Of good rantry-tree, for to carrie my tow,
 An' a spindle of the same for the twining o't.

65 For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
 This morning just at the beginning o't ;
 She was never ca'd chancy, but canny an' slim,
 An' sae it has fair'd of my spinning o't.
 But an' my new rock were anes cutted an' dry,
 70 I'll a' Maggie's can an' her cantraps defy,
 An' but onie sussie the spinning I'll try,
 An' ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't."

Quo Tibby her dather : " Tak tent fat ye say ;
 The never a ragg we'll be seeking o't.
 75 Gin ye anes begin, ye'll tarveal's night an' day,
 Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
 Since Lambas I'm now gaing thirty an' twa,
 An' never a dud sark had I yet gryt or sma' ;
 An' what war am I ? I'm as warm an' as bra'
 80 As thrummy-tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labour the lint-land an' then buy the seed,
 An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,

57 wad) could, 1778

72 ye's a') ye shall all, 1778

78 gryt) great, 1778

An' syne loll amon't an' pike out ilka weed,
 Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't ;
 85 Syne powing and ripling an' steeping, an' then
 To gar's gae an' spread it upo' the cauld plain ;
 An' then after a' may be labour in vain,
 When the wind and the weet gets the fusion o't.

But tho' it shou'd anter the weather to byde,
 90 Wi' beetles we're set to the drubbing o't ;
 An' then frae our fingers to gnidge aff the hide,
 With the wearisome wark o' the rubbing o't.
 An' syne ilka tait maun be heckl'd out-throw ;
 The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow ;
 95 Syne on on a rock wi't, an' it taks a low.
 The back o' my hand to the spinning o't ! "

Quo Jenny : " I think, 'oman, ye're i' the right,
 Set your feet ay a-spar to the spinning o't.
 We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright
 100 That she gat, when she try'd the beginning o't.
 But they'll say that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
 An' sae she has kythed it, but there's nae need
 To sickan an amshack that we drive our head,
 As lang's we're sae skair'd frae the spinning o't."

105 Quo Nanny the youngest : " I've now heard you a',
 An' dowie's your doom o' the spinning o't ;
 Gin ye, fan the cow flings, the cog cast awa',
 Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.
 But I see that but spinning I'll never be bra',
 110 But gae by the name of a dilp or a da',
 Sae lack where ye like, I shall anes shak a fa',
 Afore I be dung with the spinning o't.

For well I can mind me when black Willie Bell
 Had Tibbie there just at the winning o't,

- 115 What blew up the bargain, she kens well hersell,
 Was the want of the knack of the spinning o't.
 An' now, poor 'oman, for ought that I ken,
 She never may get sick an offer again.
 But pine away bit an' bit like Jenkin's hen,
 120 An' naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

- But were it for naething but just this alane,
 I shall yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't.
 They may cast me for ca'ing me black at the bean,
 But nae 'cause I shun'd the beginning o't.
 125 But be that as it happens, I care not a strae ;
 But nane of the lads shall hae it to say,
 When they come till woo, ' She kens naething avae,
 Nor has onie can o' the spinning o't.'

- In the days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouks had but won
 130 To a surcoat hough-side for the winning o't,
 Of coat raips well cut by the cast o' their bun,
 They never sought mair o' the spinning o't.
 A pair of gray hoggers well clinked benew,
 Of nae other lit but the hue of the ew,
 135 With a pair of rough rullions to scuff thro' the dew,
 Was the fee they sought at the beginning o't.

- But we maun hae linen, an' that maun hae we,
 An' how get we that but the spinning o't ?
 How can we hae face for to seek a gryt fee,
 140 Except we can help at the winning o't ?
 An' we maun hae pearlins an' mabbies an' cocks,
 An' some other thing that the ladies ca' smokes ;
 An' how get we that gin we tak na our rocks,
 And pow what we can at the spinning o't ?

124 shun'd), shun, 1778

138 the) by, 1778

139 gryt) great, 1778

- 145 'Tis needless for us for to tak our remarks
 Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't ;
 She never kend ought o' the gueed of the sarks,
 Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
 Twa-three ell of plaiden was a' that was sought
 150 By our auld-warld bodies, an' that boot be bought ;
 For in ilka town sickan things was na wrought,
 So little they kend o' the spinning o't."

*After 152 three stanzas follow in Longmuir which are not in 1768, 1778,
 nor any other edition examined.*

WILT THOU GO AND MARRY, KETTY ?

To the Tune of " Mullachard's Reel."

- Wilt thou go and marry, Ketty ?
 Could'st thou, think'st thou, take a man ?
 'Twere a pity, you so pretty
 Should not do the thing you can.
 5 You're a pretty, charming creature,
 Wherefore should you ly alone ?
 Beautie's of a fading nature,
 Has a season to be gone.
 Therefore, while ye're blooming, Ketty,
 10 Listen to the loving swain ;
 Take example by fair Betty,
 Once the darling o' the men ;
 Who with her coy and haughty nature
 Kept them off, till she grew old ;
 15 Now she's hiss'd by every creature,
 Let not this of you be told.

And yet, my dear and lovely Ketty,
 I hae this one thing to tell :

*Title (and throughout) Ketty) Katie, 1778
 8 to be) and is, 1778
 15 hiss'd) scorn'd, 1778*

20 I wad wish no man to get ye,
 Save it were my very sell.
 Therefore take me at my offer,
 Or behad, an' I'll tak you.
 He's worth no mistris that would scoff her.
 Marry, Ket, an' then we'll woo.

25 Many words are useless, Ketty,
 You do want, and so do I ;
 Sure you want that one should get ye,
 And this want I can supply.
 Say then, Ketty, so you take me
 30 As your only choice of men,
 Never after to forsake me,
 And the priest will say Amen.

An' then, an' then, an' then, O Ketty,
 Then we're marri'd, what comes then ?
 35 Then no other man will get ye,
 For ye'll be my very ain.
 Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
 Nor take notice of envy,
 Once I've got my lovely treasure,
 40 Let the world gaze and die.

24 Ket) Kate, 1778

37 clap) dawt, 1778

40 the world gaze) repiners pine, 1778

TO THE BEGGING WE WILL GO.

Of a' the trades that ever was,
 The begging is the best ;
 When I am tyr'd begging,
 I will ly down and rest.
 5 *To the begging we will go, will go, will go,*
To the begging we will go.

3 tyr'd) tired with, 1778

6 will, 1778 ; well, 1768

An' first I'll have a meal-pock,
 Of good aum'd leather made,
 To had at least a firloot,
 10 An' room for beef and bread.
To the begging, &c.

I'll next unto the turner,
 An' cause him turn a dish,
 To had at least three chopins,
 15 For less I wad na wish.
To the begging, &c.

I'll then unto the cobbler,
 An' cause him sole my shoon
 An inch thick i' the boddom,
 20 An' clouted well aboon.
To the begging, &c.

I'll carry to the taylor
 A web of hoding gray,
 That he may mak a clock of it,
 25 To hap me night and day.
To the begging, &c.

Then I'll unto some greasy cook,
 An' buy frae him a hat,
 That is baith stiff and weather-proof,
 30 An' glitt'ring o'er wi' fatt.
To the begging, &c.

Then with a pike-staff i' my hand,
 To close my begging stock,
 I'll go unto some lucky wife,
 35 To hansel my new pock.
To the begging, &c.

24 clock) cloak, 1778. See note on H. 2618

32 pike-staff) pike-stiff, 1778

But yet ere I begin my trade,
 I'll let my beard grow strang,
 Nor pair my nails for year and day,
 40 For beggars use them lang.
To the begging, &c.

I'll put no water o' my hands,
 As little o' my face,
 For still the lowner like I am,
 45 The more my trade I'll grace.
To the begging, &c.

When I the men at work espie,
 I'll hirple to the house ;
 If nane be in but the goodwife,
 50 Then I'll crack wondrous crouse.
To the begging, &c.

I'll seek frae her my lodging,
 Tho' it be far frae night,
 Then to let me be trudging,
 55 She'll sair me right an' tight.
To the begging, &c.

At ilka house I'll play the same,
 Till it be growing mark,
 And the goodman be sitten down,
 60 And come in frae his wark.
To the begging, &c.

Then saftly leaning o'er my staff,
 I'll say wi' hat in hand,
 " Will the poor man get lodging here ?
 65 Alas ! I dow na stand."
To the begging, &c.

Then lucky happily will say,
 " Poor man, we hae na room :
 Ere a' our fouks be set about,
 70 We wadna had your thumb."
To the begging, &c.

" Then well-I-wat, goodwife," I'll say,
 " I's no seek near the fire ;
 Let me but rest my weary banes,
 75 Behind backs at the spire.
To the begging, &c.

I'll seek but bree out of the pot,
 Frae 'mang your boiling kail,
 To be my supper brose, for I
 80 My sell hae cap an' meal."
To the begging, &c.

" Hout ay, poor man, come ben your wa',"
 The gossip syne will say ;
 " We'll ca' a wedge to make you room ;
 85 'T'as been a cauldriif day."
To the begging, &c.

When at the fire I'm set a wee,
 Then I'll begin and sing,
 An' do my best to make them gauf
 90 All round about the ring.
To the begging, &c.

I'll pick up a' the merry tales,
 That I hear anywhere ;
 An' all the news of town and land,
 95 And O ! I'll tell them clare.
To the begging, &c.

When the goodwife begins to rise,
 And ready make the kail,
 Then I'll bang out my beggar dish,
 100 An' stap it fou o' meal.
To the begging, &c.

Then may be the goodwife will say,
 " Poor man, let be your meal.
 105 Ye're welcome to your brose the night,
 And to your bread an' kail."
To the begging, &c.

And then I will be sure to pray,
 To had them a' their heal,
 And wish that never they nor theirs
 110 Want either milk or meal.
To the begging, &c.

But then I'll never mind when the
 Goodman to labour cries ;
 The thivel on the pottage pan,
 115 Shall strick my hour to rise.
To the begging, &c.

And when I'm tursing at my pocks,
 If the goodwife shall say,
 120 " Stay still, an' get your morning meal ;
 What maks your haste away ? "
To the begging, &c.

O then, what bony words I'll gee !
 And roose her out of wit,
 And pray, as lang as I do gang,
 125 That still she there may sit.
To the begging, &c.

When I of any weddings hear,
 I'll cast me to be there ;
 And pray my hearty benison
 130 Unto the winsome pair.
To the begging, &c.

Then with my cap into my hand,
 My hat into the other,
 Wherever fouk are drinking bauld,
 135 Then I'll come bobbing thither.
To the begging, &c.

Then I will to the minstrel say—
 For they are never scant—
 “ Wi' leave o' the good company,
 140 Play me the beggar's rant.”
To the begging, &c.

Then will I wallop out a dance,
 Or tell some merry tale,
 Till some good fellow in my dish
 145 Turn o'er the stoup and ale.
To the begging, &c.

Then I will drink their healths about,
 And wish them a' good heal ;
 And pray they never want enough,
 150 Nor yet a heart to deal.
To the begging, &c.

But I am o'er lang frae my trade,
 If things shall answer sae ;
 'Tis time that I were at the gate,
 155 An' tursing up the brae.
To the begging, &c.

132 my hand) one hand, 1778

135 Then I'll come) I will go, 1778

137 minstrel) minstrels, 1778

148 a') all, 1778

If things shall answer to my scheme,
 I's come again and tell ;
 But if I hae mistane my trade,
 160 I's keep it to my sell.
To the begging, &c.

158 I's) I'll, 1778

MARRI'D AND WOO'D AN' A'.

Marri'd an' woo'd an' a',
 Marri'd an' woo'd an' a',
 The dandilly toss of the parish,
 Is marri'd and woo'd an' a'.
 5 The wooers will now ride thinner,
 And by when they wanted to ca'.
 'Tis needless to speer for the lassie
 That's marri'd an' woo'd an' a'.

 The girss had na freedom of growing,
 10 As lang as she was na awa' ;
 Nor i' the town could there be stowing,
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.
 For drinking an' dancing an' brulzies,
 An' boxing an' shaking o' fa's,
 15 The town was forever in tulzies ;
 But now the lassie's awa'.

 But had they but kend her as I did,
 Their errand it wad hae been sma' ;
 She neither kend spinning nor carding,
 20 Nor brewing nor baking ava'.

Title 1, 4, 8, 80 marri'd an' woo'd an' a') woo'd and married and a',
 1778

3 toss) toast, 1778

12 wanted) wanted, 1778

But the wooers ran a' mad upon her,
 Because she was bony an' bra',
 An' sae I dread will be seen on her,
 When she's by hand and awa'.

- 25 He'll roose her but sma' that has marri'd her,
 Now when he's gotten her a',
 And wish, I fear, he had miscarri'd her,
 Tocher and ribbons an' a'.
 For her art it lay a' in her dressing,
 30 But gin her bras anes were awa',
 I fear she'll turn out o' the fesson,
 An' knit up her muggans wi' straw.

- For yesterday I yeed to see her,
 An' O! she was wonderous bra',
 35 Yet she cry'd till her husband to gee her
 An ell of red ribbons, or twa.
 He up, and he set down beside her
 A reel and a wheelie to ca';
 She said, Was he this gate to guide her?
 40 An' out at the door, an' awa'.

- Her neist rode was hame till her mither,
 Who speer'd at her, Now how was a' ?
 She says till her, " Was't for nae ither,
 That I was marry'd awa',
 45 But gae an' sit down till a wheelie,
 An' at it baith night an' day ca',
 An' then hae it reel'd by a cheelie
 That ever was crying to draw ? "

- Her mither says till her : " Hegh, lassie,
 50 He's wyssest, I fear, o' the twa ;

31 fesson) fashion, 1778

32 muggans) moggans, 1778

34 wonderous, 1778; wond'rous, 1768

47 then hae it), hae the yarn, 1778

Ye'll hae litle to put i' the bassie,
 Gin ye be awkward to draw.
 'Tis now ye should work like a tyger,
 An' at it baith wallop an' ca',
 55 As lang's ye hae youthit an' vigor,
 An' littleanes an' debt are awa'.

Your thrift it will look little bouked,
 An' ye had a red weam or twa ;
 An' think yoursell stress'd when ye're souked,
 60 Tho' ye sud do nae mair ava',
 But sit i' the flet like a midden,
 An' for your necessities ca'.
 An' sae ye had best to do bidding,
 As lang's ye hae feauto to ca'.

Sae swyth awa' hame to your hadding,
 Mair fool than when ye came awa' ;
 Ye maunna now keep ilka wedding,
 Nor gae sae clean-finger'd an' bra' ;
 But mind wi' a neiper ye're yoked,
 70 And that ye your end o't maun draw,
 Or else ye deserve to be docked,
 Sae that is an answer for a'."

Young luckie now finds hersell nidderd,
 An' wist na well what gate to ca',
 75 But wi' hersell even consider'd,
 That hamewith were better to draw ;
 An' e'en tak her chance o' her landing,
 However the matter might fa'.
 Fouk need no on fraits to be standing,
 80 That's marry'd and woo'd an' a'.

52 awkward) backward, 1778

55 youthit) youthead, 1778

57-64 *not in* 1778

79 fraits) frets, 1778

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME ?

To the Tune " An' the Kirk wad let me be."

- I am a batchelor winsome,
 A farmer by rank and degree,
 An' few I see gang out mair handsome
 To kirk or to market than me.
- 5 I have outsight and insight and credit,
 And from any eelist I'm free ;
 I'm well enough boarded and bedded,
 And what ails the lasses at me ?
- 10 My boughts of good store are no scanty,
 My byrs are well stocked wi' ky,
 Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,
 An' twa or three easments forby.
 An' horse to ride out when they're weary,
 An' cock with the best they can see,
- 15 An' then be ca'd dawty and deary—
 I fairly what ails them at me.
- Behind backs, afore fouk, I've woo'd them,
 An' a' the gates o't that I ken ;
 An' when they leugh o' me, I trow'd them,
 20 An' thought I had won, but what then ?
 When I speak of matters they grumble,
 Nor are condescending and free,
 But at my proposals ay stumble.
 I wonder what ails them at me.
- 25 I've try'd them baith highland an' lowland,
 Where I a good bargain cud see ;
 But nane o' them fand I wad fall in
 Or say they wad buckle wi' me.

13 An') A, 1778

27 fand) found, 1778

30 With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them,
 Been with them baith modest and free ;
 But whatever way I caress'd them,
 There's something still ails them at me.

O, if I kend but how to gain them,
 How fond of the knack wad I be !
 35 Or what an address could obtain them,
 It should be twice welcome to me.
 If kissing and clapping wad please them,
 That trade I should drive till I die ;
 But however I study to ease them,
 40 They've still an exception at me.

There's wratacks an' cripples an' cranshaks,
 An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
 No sooner they speak to the wenches
 But they are ta'en far enough ben.
 45 But when I speak to them that's stately,
 I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
 An' get the denial right flatly.
 What think ye can ail them at me ?

I have yet but ae offer to make them,
 50 If they wad but hearken to me ;
 And that is, I'm willing to tak them
 If they their consent wad but gee.
 Let her that's content write a billet,
 An' get it transmitted to me.
 55 I hereby engage to fulfill it,
 Tho' cripple, tho' blind she sud be.

33 but how) how but, 1778

37 clapping) dawting, 1778

40 an) some, 1778

BILLET BY JEANY GRADDEN.

- Dear batchleour, I've read your billet,
 Your strait an' your hardships I see ;
 An' tell you it shall be fulfilled,
 Tho' it were by none other but me.
 5 These forty years I've been neglected,
 An' nane has had pity on me ;
 Such offer should not be rejected,
 Whoever the offerer be.
- For beauty, I lay no claim to it,
 10 Or may be I had been away ;
 Tho' tocher or kindred could do it,
 I have no pretensions to thae ;
 The most I can say, I'm a woman,
 An' that I a wife want to be ;
 15 An' I'll tak exception at no man
 That's willing to tak nane at me.
- And now I think I may be cocky,
 Since fortune has smurtl'd on me ;
 I'm Jenny, an' ye shall be Jockie ;
 20 'Tis right we together sud be ;
 For nane of us cud find a marrow,
 So sadly forfairn were we,
 Fouk sud no at any thing tarrow,
 Whose chance looked naething to be.
- 25 On Tuesday speer for Jeany Gradden.
 When I i' my pens ween to be,
 Just at the sign of The Old Maiden,
 Where ye shall be sure to meet me.

12 thae, 1778 ; they, 1768

19 Jenny) Jeany, 1778

26 ween) mean, 1778

30 Bring with you the priest for the wedding,
That a' things just ended may be,
An' we'll close the whole with the bedding,
An' wha'll be sae merry as we ?

A cripple I'm not, ye forsta' me,
Tho' lame of a hand that I be ;
35 Nor blind is there reason to ca' me,
Altho' I see but with ae eye ;
But I'm just the chap that you wanted,
So tightly our state doth agree ;
For nane wad hae you, ye have granted ;
40 As few, I confess, wad hae me.

30 just) then, 1778

THE BRIDE'S BREAST-KNOT.

O tight and bony was the bride,
When she got on her breast-knot ;
Her father that sat her beside,
That it was Peggy wist not ;
5 Her head with lawn was cover'd o'er,
With edgings fine all set before,
And kissing strings three yards and more,
But naething like the breast-knot.

O the bony, O the bony, O the bony breast-knot !
10 The lad thought he was far behind
That her that had it kist not ;
With specks of gold it was o'er laid,
And was baith massy, long and bred,
And many a loop and twining had,
15 Ere it became a breast-knot.

The Bride's Breast-Knot and the two English songs of 1768 not in
1778

When in the morning she was drest
 In her new gown, she mist not
 To bid her maid put on the rest,
 Especially the breast-knot ;
 20 She was a seamstress to her trade,
 And wondrous dressy fike she made ;
 At last her ignorance betraid,
 For right the knot she keest not.

The bride stood up afore the glass,
 25 And what to do she wist not,
 Because her maid mistook the place
 Of her new bridal breast-knot.
 She plac'd it up, she plac'd it down,
 Threw off and then put on her gown ;
 30 At last she fell into a swoon,
 'Twas lucky that she burst not.

When she o'ercame, with tears she cry'd,
 " Alas my bony breast-knot !
 I better ne'er had been a bride,
 35 Than thus to slip the first knot."
 The taylor, that was there all night,
 Came in and said he'd set it right.
 You'd laugh to see the monky pight,
 How he set up the breast-knot.

40 Now of her pain the bride is eas'd,
 But at the bodie keest not
 A sixpence, that her mind had pleas'd
 In placing of her breast-knot.
 He looked sair, that she should do't,
 45 And downward to his pocket bow'd ;
 But yet she never understood
 The clinking of his waistcoat.

APPENDIX.

(1) NOTES ON HISTORY OF SONGS IN
1768 EDITION.

NINE songs were printed in this edition: "The Rock and the wee pickle Tow"; "Wilt Thou go and Marry, Ketty"; "To the Begging we will go"; "Marri'd and woo'd an' a'"; "What ails the Lasses at me"; "Billet by Jeany Gradden"; "The Bride's Breast-knot"; "A Song made at the taking the Havana"; "To the Tune of the Trewsars." The last two are English, the rest Scots.

These songs had various fortunes: the two English ones were deservedly dropped after the first edition and I have not reprinted them here. "The Bride's Breast-knot" was also dropped. During the first half of the nineteenth century most of the numerous editions of *Helenore* which appeared omitted all the songs. But in the song-books of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Scots songs of the 1768 edition of *Helenore* were printed over and over again, with the result that their text shows a great deal of variation. To record all the versions of the song-books would be an endless task, and it would throw light on the workings of oral tradition and of time rather than on Ross's songs.

Nor are the later nineteenth century editions of *Helenore* to be regarded as authorities for the text of the songs, since they rely not on the early editions but on oral tradition and probably on the song-books themselves. So that the song collections and these later editions need not be distinguished when the text is under consideration. The same process is seen at work in both groups—levelling-down; the replacing of difficult words¹ and the vulgarisation of expression (not always for the worse).²

¹ *E.g.*, Rock 133 *clinked* of 1768 is *cloutit* in 1856; Rock 128 *can* (noun) of 1768 is *knack* in 1789.

² *E.g.*, in Johnson, line 11 of "Marry, Ketty" reads: "Tak a mark by auntie Betty;" line 23: "We'se mak nae din about your tocher," line 26: "Ye're a wanter, sae am I."

Without labouring, therefore, to trace the history of each variation in the wording, I append a few general remarks on each of the 1768 Scots songs.

The four important early collectors were Ramsay, Herd, Johnson, Thomson. Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany* appeared forty-four years before *Helenore*. But Herd published his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Song* in 1769, the year after *Helenore* appeared, and his new and enlarged edition in 1776. (The latter is the edition cited below as Herd.) Moreover, Ross's songs had been circulating in MS. and orally. So that it is not surprising that all the Scots songs of the 1768 *Helenore* appear in Herd, and then in Johnson and Thomson, with the exception of "To the Begging." Many modern collections of songs depend on Chambers. I have therefore consulted also his *Scottish Songs* (abbreviated as Chambers 1) and his *Songs of Scotland* prior to Burns (abbreviated as Chambers 2).

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

In Herd, Johnson (No. 439), Thomson IV., Chambers 1 and 2; also in all editions of *Helenore* except 1796, 1804 Edinburgh, 1811 to 1842, and 1873. In the 1866 *Helenore* Longmuir prints three additional stanzas at the end, ascribing them to the first edition. They do not, however, appear in 1768, nor in any other edition before Longmuir's which I have examined, nor in the song-books cited. I do not know where they come from.

Nineteen stanzas of eight lines are too long for singing, and the song-books use abbreviated versions. Herd, Johnson, Thomson print five stanzas (1, 3, 4, 5, 6), Chambers and later editions of *Helenore* (those of 1851, 1856, 1860) six—namely, the first three and the last three.

The song existed in some shape before Ross. Stenhouse says in his notes to Johnson's *Museum* that the old set of verses to this tune is "rather coarse for insertion." Ramsay wrote a song to the same air, "I have a green purse wi' a wee pickle gowd," which appeared in the *Tea-table Miscellany*.

WILT THOU GO AND MARRY, KETTY.

Only in Johnson (No. 459), Herd (1776, not 1769), and first four editions of *Helenore*. Stenhouse incorrectly attributes the song to Burns. The words are adapted to an old reel, "Will ye go and marry, Kettie?" or simply (as in Neil Gow's *Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c.*) "Marry, Ketty."

TO THE BEGGING WE WILL GO.

This excellent song seems to be entirely original. I can find no trace of it nor of its tune in Herd, Johnson, Thomson, Chambers 1, 2. It appears in the first four editions of *Helenore*, in the 1804 Aberdeen edition, and in Longmuir's two editions of 1866, 1868.

MARRI'D AND WOO'D AN' A'.

In all editions of *Helenore* except 1796, 1804, 1812, 1851, 1856, 1860, 1873. The eighth stanza is peculiar to the 1768 edition. It is not Ross's version, but the old song of this name (see below (2)) which appears in Herd, Johnson, Thomson, Chambers. Stenhouse has this note: "The following verses to the same air . . . were written by Mrs Scott of Dumbartonshire," and he gives, with variations of wording, stanzas 2, 3, 5-7, 9, 10 of Ross's song. In Thomson, above the old song is another song, written by Mrs Grant of Laggan, with this note: "This song was written on seeing a modern Scottish one, beginning 'The grass had na freedom for growing,' which the editor intended to give also; but not having room for both, he preferred the one that appeared to him the best." This song is a paraphrase of Ross's, the matter of each stanza being much the same as his, but differently expressed.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME?

Not in Herd, Johnson, Thomson. In Chambers 1, not Chambers 2, in the first four editions of *Helenore*, and in all after 1842 except 1873. This song and its answering "Billet by Jealy Gradden" are entirely original. The tune "An the Kirk wad lat me be" was used by Johnson for "The Blythsome Bridal" (No. 58).

THE BRIDE'S BREAST-KNOT.

This feeble song is founded on an old refrain (see (2) below). It is not found in the song-books, nor in any except the first edition of *Helenore*.

(2) NOTES ON THREE OTHER SONGS.

Three songs not in the first edition of *Helenore* appear in those of 1851, 1856, 1860: another "Woo'd and Married and A'"; another "Breast-knots"; and "The Bridal o't." Their attribution to Ross in these editions gives the excuse to print them which their merit implores. There is no other evidence that they are his. A faithful reader of *Helenore* will feel that the last of them, at least, is in Ross's own manner.

Like the Scots songs of the first edition they appeared in song-books throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, so that their text also shows much variation. I have chosen Johnson's version in each case.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A', II.

In remarking on Ramsay's omission of this excellent song from the Tea-table Miscellany, Stenhouse says that it was current in the Border districts long before Ramsay's time.

It appears in Herd, Johnson (No. 10), Thomson (Vol. III.), Chambers 1, 2. All have roughly the same text, except Thomson and Chambers 2, which have only five stanzas.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

(1)

The bride came out of the byre,
 And O as she dightd her cheeks !
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blankets, nor sheets,
 5 Has neither blankets, nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too.
 The bride that has a'thing to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 10 Woo'd and married and a',
 And was nae she very weel aff,
 That was woo'd and married and a' ?

(2)

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough,
 15 O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
 And ye's get gear enough ;
 The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
 And our bra' basin'd yade
 Will carry ye hame your corn ;
 20 What wad ye be at, ye jade ?
 Woo'd and married, &c.

(3)

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d—I needs a' this pride !
 I had nae a plack in my pooch
 25 That night I was a bride ;
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava ;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 30 Woo'd and married, &c.

(4)

What's the matter ? quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas :
 35 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo ;
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths anew.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

(5)

40 Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie,
 Poor Willie had ne'er a tane ye,
 Had he kent ye as well as I ;
 For you're baith proud and saucy,
 45 And nae for a poor man's wife ;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

(6)

50 Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O gin I were but married !
 It's a' that I desire :
 But we poor fo'k maun live single,
 And do the best we can ;
 55 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

BREAST-KNOTS, II.

The Breast-knot is an old song, as is apparent from stanza 11 below, and the last line. This version cannot safely be attributed to Ross. The rhymes in stanza 2 suggest, and those in stanza 3 prove, that the song was written in north-eastern Scots. (Stenhouse calls it "broad Buchan dialect.") The 1851 attribution to Ross appears in some modern song-books ; for instance, Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, new edition, Paisley.

The tune given in Johnson is not the one commonly found in modern song-books ; for instance, Ford's, or Cameron's *Selection of Scottish Songs*, Glasgow, 1862.

In Johnson (No. 214), Chambers 1, not Herd, Thomson, nor Chambers 2.

According to Stenhouse's note, this song was received, along with its air, from an anonymous correspondent. There are fifteen stanzas with the refrain between. An abbreviated version, consisting of the refrain and stanzas 1, 3, 5, appears in 1851, 1856, 1860, and in Chambers 1.

THE BREAST-KNOTS.

Hey the bonny, hey the bonny,
O the bonny breast-knots ;
Tight and bonny were they a',
When they got on their breast-knots.

(1)

5 There was a bridal in this town,
And till't the lasses a' were boun',
With mankie facings on their gown,
And some of them had breast-knots.
Hey the bonny, &c.

(2)

10 And there was mony a lusty lad,
As ever handled grape and gaud,
I wat their manhood well they shaw'd
At ruffling of the breast-knot.
Hey the bonny, &c.

(3)

15 At nine o'clock they did convey,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancing buckles in their sheen,
And flowers upon their waist-coat.
Hey the bonny, &c.

(4)

20 The bride by this time was right fain,
When that she saw sae light a train,
She pray'd the day might keep frae rain,
For spoiling of their breast-knots.
Hey the bonny, &c.

(5)

25 Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they of her claihs,
And specially the breast-knots.
Hey the bonny, &c.

(6)

- 30 Forth spake the mither, fan she saw,
The bride and maidens a' sae bra',
Wi' cackling clouts, black be their fa',
They have made a bonny cast o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(7)

- 35 Next down their breakfast it was set,
Some barley lippies of milk meat,
It leiped them it was sae het,
As soon as they did taste o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(8)

- 40 Till some frae them the spoons they threw,
And swore that they had burnt their mou
And some into their cutty blew,
I wat their will they mist not.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(9)

- 45 When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,
The piper lad he looked blate
Altho' they said that he should eat,
I trow he lost the best o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(10)

- 50 Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
O'er creels and deals and a' did coup,
The piper said, wi' them d—l scoup,
He'd make a hungry feast o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(11)

- 55 Syne off they got a' wi' a fling,
Each lass unto her lad did cling,
And a' cry'd for a different spring,
The bride she sought the breast-knot.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(12)

- 60 Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,
 At the bridegroom's they neist did land,
 Forth came auld Madge wi' her split mawn
 And bread and cheese a hist o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(13)

- 65 She took a quarter and a third,
 On the bride's head she gae a gird,
 Till farls flew athort the yird,
 And parted round the rest o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(14)

- 70 The bride then by the hand they took
 Twice, thrice they led her round ye crook,
 Some said goodwife well mat ye brook,
 And some great count they cast not.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

(15)

- 75 All ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
 Some sat on deals, and some on planks,
 The piper lad stood on his shanks,
 And dirlled up the breast knot.
 Hey the bonny, hey the bonny,
 80 O the bonny breast knots ;
 Tight and bonny were they a',
 When they got on their breast knots.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

In Johnson (No.269), Chambers 1, not Herd, Thomson, nor Chambers 2. This song is attributed to Ross by Stenhouse and Chambers. It is the sort of thing Ross knew about and liked to write about, and it is repetitive and dancing in the style of "The Rock." It is written in north-eastern Scots; or rather, the version printed has signs of north-eastern dialect, such as the spellings *fald*; *fan*, *furl*, stanzas 5 and 6; *teemest*, stanza 3; the rhymes *gane-seen*, *conveen-alane*, stanzas 1 and 5; and it was apparently current in the north-east up to the middle of last century, since the last four lines are quoted (without any attribution) by Mrs Beaton.

Johnson and the 1851 Helenore give the tune as 'Lucy Campbell.' "In Angus Cumming's 'Collection of Old Reels and Strathspeys' it is called 'Acharnac's Reel' but in Gow's Collection it goes under the name of 'Lucy Campbell's Delight'." (Stenhouse).

THE BRIDAL O'T.

(1)

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
 They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
 For he grows brawer ilka day ;
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.
 5 For yesternight nae farder gane,
 The backhouse at the sidewa' o't
 He there wi' Meg was mirden seen,
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

(2)

An we had but a bridal o't,
 10 An we had but a bridal o't,
 We'd leave the rest unto gude luck
 Altho' there should betide ill o't ;
 For bridal days are merry times
 And young folks like the coming o't,
 15 And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes
 And Pipers they the bumming o't.

(3)

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't,
 Their brows maun be in rank and file
 20 Altho' that they should guide ill o't :
 The boddom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up unto the immost o't,
 The end that held the keeks sae clean
 Is now become the teemest o't.

(4)

The bangster at the threshing o't,
 The bangster at the threshing o't,
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain
 And ilka day's a clashing o't ;
 He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
 30 His linder for anither o't,
 And ere he want to clear his shot,
 His sark'll pay the tither o't.

(5)

35 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 Can smell a bridal unco far
 And like to be the middlers o't :
 Fan thick and threefald they convene
 Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
 40 And wishes nane but him alane
 May ever see anither o't.

(6)

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
 For dancing they gae to the green,
 And aiblins to the beating o't :
 45 He dances best that dances fast,
 And louns at ilka reesing o't,
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
 And furls about the feezings o't.

THE FORTUNATE SHEPHERD,
OR
THE ORPHAN.

Now Lords & Ladies, Knights & Gentlemen,
That have so roos'd the labours of my pen,
As well's ye lesser fouks that lent your lift,
An' keest into my lap your wellcome gift,
5 May a' the thanks a gratefu' heart can gee
Be your reward, and take them here from me.
For forth as soon's my blushing bookie went,
And that therefrae the Author boot be kent,
What fear an' dridder fluster'd i' my veins
10 There's nae flesh living but mysell that kens.
But when your friendly verdict anes came out,
That I was fidging fain, ye need na doubt.
Sonse fa' me, but my very heartstrings dirl'd
As blyth as his, that at het whisky birl'd ;
15 Ilk new account that I had done sae well
Made a' my passions dance into a reel.
What needs me heal't ? It's better to be plain
Than say that I about it was not fain,
For fain I was, and e'en it cost me pains

No title in MS. See footnote to line 115.

1 Now) torn off in MS.

7 as) MS. a.

- 20 To keep in rander my ambitious veins.
 That storm, I own, is in great measure past,
 And now my pulses do not brawl sae fast.
 Yet many a time I find a glad'ning twang
 Wi' a broad-side out-throw my bosome bang.
- 25 As well's I can, I strive to keep them in,
 An' still am feezing down the saucy pin ;
 But poets may be vain, auld Allan says't ;
 So I maun thole wi' others to be prais't.
 Happy, thrice happy has my Nory been,
- 30 And mony a bony fairly has she seen ;
 An' has her place, nae doubt, in closets fine,
 Where goud and turkey wi' sweet mixture shine ;
 In noble bosoms aftimes ta'en her nap,
 Or saftly lien upon my Ladie's Lap,
- 35 Parting the happy spot 'twixt her and Poll,
 And even lien beside him, cheek for joll.
 O gin I knew what way I could reward
 This public mark of unforsair'd regard,
 How to the task would I myself address,
- 40 And a' the Muses flatter for success !
 Wou'd Scot a, wou'd kind Scot a but anes mair
 (That to my sleeping Nory led the Squire)
 Lend me a lift, as well I ken she can,
 My neist essay should make A HAPPY MAN ;
- 45 A FORTUNATE SHEPHERD next should be my theme,
 Wou'd she but cast me in a driv'ling dream.
 Well, Scot a, wale of Muses ! must I now
 Anes mair begin and make my court to you ?
 Well are ye worth what homage I can gee,
- 50 For kind ye've been, an' mair nor kind to me.
 Lend but your lug this anes, and if ye sud
 Denzie yoursell to mine to gee a thud,
 I care no by tho' I oblige mysell
 Hyne never mair question whare ye dwell.

24 bang) g torn off in MS.

47 Well) Wel torn off in MS.

54 mair question) altered in MS. from anes to speer.

- 55 Attour the Muses that have lang been nine
 Shall now be ten, & ye the foremost shine.
 What wad ye mair ? Auld Allan never bade
 You sick a bode, altho' your dauted lad.
 Gryte is the heeze ye've geen unto my fame,
 60 And 'mong the poets registr'd my name.
 Hence lang, perhaps, lang hence may cotted be
 My auld proverbs well lined wi' blythsome glee :
 As when the jampher i' my former tale
 O'ertook a cabbrach knibblack with his heel,
 65 And headlins stoited o'er into the moss ;
 Some reader then may say, " Fair fa' thee, Ross ! "
 When ablins I'll be lang, lang dead an' gane,
 An' few remember there was sick a ane.
 That's something, sirs, but few 'cept poets wou'd
 70 Confes't indeed to be a real good.
 But well fell them, poor fouk, for they can fare
 How snug with the cameleon on the air !
 It's nae the prospect of uncertain gain,
 (At least wi' me) that makes them half so vain,
 75 But the fain kitling of a canty thought,
 By some kind Muse into their bosoms wrought.
 That claws their back, hence springs their purest glee ;
 Then Fame suggests, " This is a chance for me."
 For when baith sense and ryme together meet,
 80 The happy writer has a feast compleat.
 'Tis true, when a poor penny comes at last, }
 The empty pouch admits the canny cast, }
 Come to relieve a long poetic fast. }
 Now honest Scotas, wi' my seelfu' sports
 85 I hope I have no gar'd you take the dorts ;
 Nor have misca'd your leed, but done my best
 To make appear our language wants not taste.
 Sae yet anes mair blaw throw my chattr'd reed,
 For now if ever is my time of need.
 90 When last my pen ye favour'd with a puff,
 I ran no likely risk of speaking buff,

- Because before me there was widely spread
 All nature's stores in their pure artless bed ;
 Where at my wiss I might gae throw and cull,
 95 Gae by the warst, and up the fairest pull.
 But I that field have rang'd, nor maun again,
 Where I before had done't, set down my pen.
 O help me, Scots ! here's a pinching strait ;
 For you can only bauk this threat'ning fate :
 100 If I be found to copie o'er mysell,
 " That's Flaviana o'er again," they'll tell.
 So let me not my readers disappoint,
 Nor tell an idle story out of joint.
 Her answer was : " Syn ye hae doon sae well,
 105 I'll help you yet to shape another tale ;
 Perconon that ye by your text abide,
 And take pure nature for your trusty guide ;
 And use my leed, as ye did i' the last ;
 Sae doing, ye may get a canny cast."
 110 O might I yet anes mair your pulses try,
 And of your roosing prove the verity !
 If but a pig ye've got into your pock,
 You'll ablins say, " Again he shall na mock ;"
 And ablins some wha do not mind their pence
 115 Are easie, tho' they have not given't for sense.
 Lang syne, in troublesome times, in Cromwell's days,
 When weers and mister had harass'd the braes,
 When gryte an' sma', wi' pinching want opprest,
 Were forc'd to seek their bit where they coud best ;
 120 When housholds haill took a' the gate at anes,
 And where there were na mair, set out them lanes ;
 And sick as had gar'd fouk bareheaded stand
 Stood now at poorer doors wi' cap in hand ;
 'Mang sick's were forc'd to this mishap to bow,
 125 Young Kenneth's case I here present to you.

104 Syn) *normalised from MS. Syne.*

110-15 *are an addition, written in a smaller hand below a line drawn after 109.*

115 *After this line the MS. has the title, beginning a new page.*

116 Cromwell's) *altered in MS. from Malcom's, from Donald's.*

- A blooming boy was he, roundfac'd and fair,
 And like the threeds of goud his yellow hair ;
 Stout limbs and round, an' firm as ony tree
 Were his, an' of a' seeming eelist free ;
 130 No linen kind had ever toucht his skin,
 As few thir days had can that claith to spin ;
 A linder coorse, cut out of hodin gray
 Neist to his skin as white's the paper lay ;
 A blanket of the same his shouders clad,
 135 A spacious brutch before its fastning made ;
 On shoon or hose for him was wair'd no cost,
 To save his youthfu' limbs from snow or frost,
 Thro' which with all indifference he wade,
 Nor of his rode the least distinction made.
 140 'Twixt five and six his eeld then seem'd to be,
 His leed black Earse, his carriage bald & free.
 Him from some island or far northern nook
 Alang wi' her some beggar woman took.
 Far had they gane thro' mony a wilsom glen,
 145 And aft been forc'd to quarter in a den,
 Sair spent wi' faut, with hardly pith to stand,
 When they fell in at last on Murray land.
 Want there had not got leave to show his face,
 And bread was to be had in ilka place.
 150 Upon some gentle Place the wand'ring twa,
 Baith weet and weary, on a night did fa'.
 Well were they sair'd in meal & lodging there,
 And got what they coud eat of halesome fare.
 Young Kenneth now, to weakning fastings us'd,
 155 Unto his hurt his present wealth abus'd ;
 Grew sick upon't, & almost swarft awa'.
 His guide took fright, & did for caurance ca'.
 The lady kind some halesome things apply'd,
 So that untill he caur'd, wi' her he stay'd.
 160 His wyllie guide thinks this a canny cast.
 Ae morning up she gets, and aff she past ;

- And leaves young Kenneth horn-hard asleep,
 Weening the lady wou'd the Orphan keep.
 And well she guess'd. Soon he regains his heal,
 165 And gets what he cou'd take of milk & meal.
 Few days anes past, he never minds his guide,
 But peaceably doth at the Place abide.
 Some couch within the kitchin nook he got,
 And never dreamt the changing of his lot ;
 170 Stumps out and in with quite indiff'rent air,
 Baith happy in his pastime and his fare.
 His guide herself unto her chance betakes,
 Yet of her pett her observation makes,
 But so as never to approach the Place,
 175 Or look the house or orphan in the face ;
 Lest she thereby meith change the happy lot
 That Kenneth by his coming there had got.
 Yet in the country still she made her round,
 But in her circle never touched the town ;
 180 Content to learn her little pett was there,
 And that he was so happy in his fare.
 By now my man is frank and hearty grown,
 And travels out and in about the town ;
 And by degrees begins the leed to learn,
 185 And very soon becomes a household bairn.
 The lady finds, by Mashley's morning trip,
 That she had meant to gee the boy the slip
 And leave him there, perswaded well that they
 Wou'd never put him frae the town away.
 190 And so it fared, he grows a common pett,
 And a' the house is for his wellfare sett.
 New claise he got, was sair'd wi' hose and shoon ;
 Of these right fain he rambles up an' down.
 At last, whan he had been a towmont there,
 195 He's set to go about with the young squire,
 That by a year or twa had shorter eeld,
 But was by nature a camstery chield ;
 And mony a pingel fell atweesh the twa,
 An' aft young master's back did Kenneth cla' ;

- 200 Knew na distinction 'twixt himsell an' nane
 Of Adam's race that day that yeed on bane ;
 Was frae the town at last like to be driven,
 To monky-tricks he was sae oddly given.
 But as he looked ay so brisk and crouse,
 205 He's favour'd by the gentles o' the house ;
 But 'boon them a' young Henny height by name
 Pled the importance of her last night's dream,
 Quhilk was : their castle just was like to fa',
 And Kenneth with a large sustain'd it a' ;
 210, Sae it were best he 'bout the house should bide,
 An' be at hand whatever meith betide.
 " His bit an' baid," adds she, " will ne'er be mist,
 And fouk, they say, that help the poor are blest."
 " Well," says the lady, " Henny, that may be.
 215 But he an' Rory never will agree.
 He is not couthy, neither is he kind ;
 Nor minds him mair than tho' he were not mine.
 That cools my heart unto the billy sair,
 And I hae frae him ta'en aback my care.
 220 But since o' him ye seem to hae conceit,
 That he get here his bit I sanna let ;
 But let the shepherd take him ilka day
 Unto the hill, there let him herd or play.
 In course of time he may the herding learn,
 225 And to the house become a usefu' bairn.
 For since he's fa'en here, we'll be to blame
 Gin we his mind do not to something frame.
 Dick maun be tell'd to learn the spark to read,
 An' to a sober carriage strive to breed.
 230 For as he is an honest chield himsell,
 He'll be the fitter unto him to tell ;
 An' as he can about but hardly creep,
 An' scarcely watch ilk corner of the sheep,
 His travel he can Kenneth gar had in,
 235 Till he to ken the trade himsell begin ;

- And ablins when auld Dick gees o'er the post
 The youth himsell may can to rule the rost.
 To cauld an' hunger well has he been bred,
 Whilk i' this case may stand in meikle stead.
 240 Sae, if the shepherd him shall rightly frame,
 'Tmay come to prove the reading o' your dream.
 For aftentimes the right increase of store
 Has fashen fouk again just frae the door."
 But litle ken'd the lady Cupid had
 245 His monky-tricks upon her daughter plaid.
 As litle kent hersell that it was love
 That did for Kenneth sae her pity move ;
 Sae saft, sae deep, sae sleeketly the dart
 Was witter'd i' the bottom o' her heart.
 250 Poor honest youngling, only gaing her nine,
 Ne'er dream'd she was in love 'cause she was kind.
 But whether love or kindness was the sort,
 She loot it out & never stroove to smor't.
 Neist morning Dick is fashen to the Ha',
 255 An' bidden take the youth to help to ca',
 An' gar him turn as he should chance to need,
 An' to the herding-trade exactly breed ;
 Frae his ill laits to see to had him in,
 And to a sober course of life begin.
 260 Young miss heard this, and as she did na ken
 What 'twas about him that had made her sae fain,
 Began to greet, an' said that she wad gae
 Unto the hill, if Kenneth sud do sae.
 For fa wi' her, she said, wad play at hame ?
 265 Beside, she dridder'd something 'bout her dream.
 The lady, seeing the poor youngling's mind
 Sae browden sett, & to the boy inclin'd,
 And fearing Cupid might have try'd his art
 Upon the thoughtless lassie's tender heart,
 270 Resolv'd that she would crush it i' the bud,
 Before it gather'd strength, as well's she coud.
 But thinks that it wou'd be o'er kittle wark
 Just all at anes to brake her frae the spark,

- As kenning that her temper was na jest,
 275 Nor coud endure a conter i' the least.
 Sae she resolves piece-meal to wear't awa',
 Nor to the head the nail at anes to ca'.
 Then to the shepherd says: "Ye may no mird
 Throw the out glens some days the sheep to hird ;
 280 But near the Place, upo' the sunny braes,
 Ay row them in, at least a stound o' days ;
 An' gar young Kenneth ever run about
 To hadd them in as they are starting out."
 Then says to Henny: "When ye hae read your book,
 285 I'll lat you gang about the store to look,
 An' play a while with Kenny o' the green,
 Syne come again unto your seam bedeen."
 When some few days were in this manner spent,
 And the young fondling was right well content,
 290 The sheep again are order'd to the bent.
 First day they're gane, young Henny at her hour
 Unto the sunny braes straight makes her tour ;
 Looks round for herds and sheep, and missing them,
 All in a roar she galloping comes hame.
 295 The mother speers, What ? had she got a fa' ?
 "Na, na," she says, "but Kenny is awa'.
 Ye've pitten him frae the town, right well I ken ;
 An' gryt's my fear he'll never come again."
 "Na, bairn," she says, "the store are to the bent.
 300 They'll come at e'en, sae had yoursell content.
 Ye'll then see Ken. Ill something till his head !
 For he has rais'd a bony steer indeed.
 But I'm surpris'd that ye, a lady born,
 To play 'mang beggar geets yoursell wad scorn.
 305 For tho' I own 'tis well done that ye sud
 Unto the poor do a' the good ye coud,
 But as to you a better chance is given,
 Unto yoursell ye them sud never even.
 Wi' your ain sort you sud yoursell take up,
 310 Nor denzie anes with them to bite or sup,
 Or any ways be free, but let them ken

- Nae day they rise, wi' you they can come ben.
 For, Henny, ye are nae sae young a bairn
 But ye by now to ken yoursell may learn.
 315 For we that's gentle fouks for ever sud
 Kinsprekle be for ilka thing that's good.
 And when we to the poor folk's manners fa',
 It looks as gin our ain were worn awa'.
 But maist of a', young ladies sud tak care
 320 They dinna fa' into this shamefu' snare.
 For says the proverb, ' Sick as ye wad be
 Yoursells, to sick see that ye draw you too.' "
 Shame now begins o'er Henny's face to spread ;
 Yet soberly she to her mother said :
 325 " It may be true indeed that geets of kairds
 May not come near to sick as come of lairds,
 But Kenny's nane of thae, as far's we ken,
 And ablins come of very honest men.
 Want put him to the pock, with mony mae,
 330 An' even gentles boot to beg, they say.
 An' how ken we but Kenny's of that sort ?
 I'm sure his bony skin pleads stoutly for't.
 He does not ban nor swear, but o ! he's keen
 At ony warpling game upo' the green.
 335 Nae other bairns are here about but he,
 'Cept Rory, and he's ay aur sair for me ;
 An' wert na Kenny, he wad be my dead,
 Wi' mony a weary dird upo' the head ;
 But he ay takes my part, for Rory kens
 340 That he's his master, and cou'd beat his beans."
 " But," says the mother, " ye have a' the wyte,
 An' that gars Rory aftimes bear the syte ;
 An' he's your brither, and ye sud tak care
 He for your sake fall not into a snare.
 345 Besides, ye're muckle grown, an' it's a shame
 To see you tumbling o' the green wi' them.
 Nae mair ye maun be geen to sickan pranks,
 Or I assure you Ken maun tak his shanks.
 Your book an' seam maun now tak up your hand,

- 350 An' sae ye maun sick comerads disband.
 Your cousin Peg is now come frae the school ;
 I'll wad, like you she sanna play the fool.
 I'll send for her, an' ye sall play thegither,
 An' of companions ye sall need nae ither.
 355 I'll wad that she sall not tak up wi' Ken,
 Nor whare she is allow him to come ben."
 Now Henny gees it o'er to rink and range,
 When Peggy comes, newfangle of the change.
 Her glegly hears a' day, at night she dreams
 360 About her cod, her bobbins, books an' seams.
 But soon lost dinto of her sareless tales,
 And still the langor for dear Ken prevails.
 But shame had got the better o' her heart,
 And she maun try to gain her ends by art :
 365 Unto her mother saftly says : " We'll gae
 To see the lambs come binn'ring down the brae.
 To Cousin Peg 'twill bra diversion be,
 That has na chance ilk day the like to see."
 The mother yields, nor Henny's cunning heeds,
 370 Nor the intention of her question dreads.
 Sae in an ev'ning fair the nymphs gang out,
 And thro' the braes baith scamper round about.
 At last the sheep in strings come frae the glen,
 And in the reer young Henny spies her Ken
 375 Whistling and dancing hame behind the store,
 That spread amo' the bents by mony a score.
 The sight o' him gar'd a' her heartstrings dreel,
 An' she begins to sing, to dance and reel,
 And round her cousin loup like ony lamb
 380 That for a souk e'en to its minny came.
 Peg is astonish'd at her suddain glee,
 As she no proper ground thereof coud see,
 An' to her says : " What ails thee, lassie ? Tell !
 For, troth, I think ye are beside yoursell."
 385 She never minds, but plays her merry pranks,

- Till Kenny's now come past the benty banks,
 And coming very near ; then hadds her hand,
 And leaving aff her sports, begins to stand.
 Ken now by Dick's good care was grown right feat,
 390 His head well kaim'd, his gartens ty'd full neat,
 His face well washen, and frae head to foot
 Was nae wrang prin, nor yet misus'd his coat ;
 In his ae hand he held his lesson book,
 His ither held a trigg, well-whittl'd crook.
 395 His snug appearance drew Peg's eyes aside,
 An' " O ! This is a bony hird," she cry'd.
 This claw'd young Henny's back, yet was na fain
 That she sud sae commend him o'er again.
 Yet she insists, an' says, Where had we gat
 400 So trig, so tight a litle hird as that ?
 " Some years ago, when famine pincht the poor,"
 Young Henny says, " he just came to the door,
 Led by some beggar wife, that slipt her wa'
 When on his feet she saw the billy fa'.
 405 Lang time with us he travell'd out an' in,
 Till he to strive with Rory does begin.
 My mother then gars take him to the glen,
 That he frae Dick the herding trade may ken.
 Now Dick's a dainty couthie bodie there,
 410 An' has of Kenny ta'en an unko care ;
 Lears him to read an' featly wyre his claise,
 To kaim his head & sicklike things as these.
 An' gin he likes, can lear him too to write,
 An' in a thousand other things perfite ;
 415 For he's among our formest scholars here,
 An' a' the parson's questions has perqueer."
 As true's she said, young Kenny gae his ear
 To ilka thing that honest Dick coud lear.
 Nae duns he was, for he had heart an' sprite,
 420 An' in short time turn'd out a lad compleat.
 An' tho' he Henny with his heart did like,
 Yet did no offer unto her to speak.
 Shame now wi' Dick's injunctions witley join'd

- Had pow'r to stem the ardor o' his mind.
 425 And Peg's gleg glowr, just like to look him thro',
 Nae litle helpt his bashfu'ness to grow.
 But yet the lyth about his heart that lay
 By some sma inklings shaw'd itsell that day.
 For to the lambs while Peggy gees a look,
 430 In Kenny's hand Hen snatches at the book,
 And with a smiling smurtle ca'd it bra ;
 Baith quat the grip, and loot the bookie fa' ;
 As fast baith lout to tak it up, but Ken
 Mistook the glamp, an' left the book to Hen.
 435 She takes it up, an' turns it o'er & o'er,
 An' at trig Kenny lets the other glowr.
 At last she says : " Ye dinna now come hame—"
 Nor was she able mair to say for shame.
 Ken says : " I'm not at my ain freedome now ;
 440 Nor think I lang for anything but you.
 For Dick gees lessons to me ilka day,
 An' I my questions now right well can say.
 I scour the hills, the howms, the glens with care,
 An' mony a bony burn and strype is there ;
 445 Bra lang green haughs by ilka burn & strype,
 An' hazel-nute heughs, an' hawthorne berries rype ;
 Here in thick spots the ripe blae-berries grow,
 The bralans there like very scarlet glow ;
 An' were ye there, the bliss wad be compleat,
 450 An' ilka toil an' trouble wad be sweet.
 But as it is, I maun mysell content,
 To help to herd the gueeds upo' the bent.
 For Dick's now stiff an' auld, an' gars me rin
 An' had insides a'maist frae sin to sin.
 455 An' tho' he be baith kind an' mair nor kind—
 Lears me to read, an' sometimes write a line—
 With the laird's bairns he me forbids to mird,
 An' tells for that that I was sent to hird.
 It's true indeed I dinna grudge the trade,
 460 An' thinks that I had for the same been made.
 We get our meal frae Lucky i' the glen,

- That lives fu' snuggly wi' a butt an' ben ;
 Wi' earthen sunks a' round about the wa',
 An' heather beds a' sett on end and bra.
- 465 She milks the ewes an' tents the same wi' care,
 An' mony times gees me a hindbacks share.
 I want for nought, 'cept that I see na you ;
 That's a' my want, an' I maun bear it now.
 Anes ev'ry ouk we lat the gueeds wear down
- 470 To pike the braes just up aboon the town.
 Coud you get leave that time your walk to take,
 'Twou'd do me gueed, altho' we sud na speak."
 "Gin I can win," says Henny, "dinna fear
 But I mysell sud straiten to be there.
- 475 For I'm as fain of you, an' wad be glade
 That ilk a day a sight of you I had."
 Just as they're thrang, wha loupin comes but Peg ?
 An' Henny wisht, nae doubt, she'd broke her leg ;
 For she o'erheard part o' their serious crack,
- 480 And Henny fear'd that she wad prove her wrack.
 For Peg was cunning, and the other fear'd
 That she wad tell her mother what she heard.
 Nor was poor Henny in her guesses wrang,
 For clatt'ring Peg soon blabbed out their thrang.
- 485 The wyllie lady did na seem to mind,
 Nor challeng'd Henny for her being kind ;
 And says it was no wonder, for that they
 At hame had plaid together many a day ;
 That it nae fairly was, that they were fain
- 490 To crack together when they met again.
 This laid Peg's tongue, & help't to hush the din
 That by her clatter threaten'd to begin.
 But still an eye the lady keeps on Hen,
 And at her scoold, whene'er she spak of Ken ;
- 495 Spake very slightly of the servant's state,
 And swell'd the odds betwixt them & the great,
 And said that gentles were for gentles made,

479 o'erheard) *MS.* o'erhead.

483 Henny) *normalised here and hereafter from MS.* Heny.

- And servants but to servile stations bred ;
 Nae mair with them that gentles had to do
 500 But take their wark, or at them skaul the brow
 Whene'er they sloth'd their task, & let them ken
 That they maun byde their butt, an' they their ben ;
 But says : " When we speak o' them, we maun ken
 Tho' they be servants, yet that they are men.
 505 We must na wrang them, but their wages pay,
 And mind they bear the toil an' heat of day ;
 When we, whose luck is to abide within,
 Do feed upon what they do work an' win.
 An' since to us that providence is kind,
 510 Wha works it for us we sud keep in mind ;
 But ay keep up the diff'rence heav'n has made,
 Nor make them partners at our boord or bed."
 Henny, by now grown up in wyles an' years,
 Right paukily her mother's lessons hears,
 515 And says : " My bookie tells another tale,
 And what's in print can surely never fail :
 ' When Adam carded and when Eva span,
 Inform me where were a' the gentles than.' "
 " That's true, my bairn," her mother softly said ;
 520 " Fouk then were few, but after that they spread ;
 Some o' them rich, an' some o' them were poor,
 The stronger sought the weaker to devour.
 Some o' them wysse, and some o' them were fools,
 An' to the strong the weaker were made tools.
 525 Ilk ane was like another to o'ergang,
 Nor was there way of righting o' their wrang.
 So full was a' their way of cracks & flaws,
 That they were forc'd to make what we call laws.
 The wiser made them, & the rest obey'd,
 530 Or if they fail'd, their skins were soundly paid.
 Frae this, distinction 'mangst fouk began,
 An' gear was paid unto the wisest man.
 Of sick, when fouk began to widely spread,
 Ilk tribe chese one, an' him their leader made.
 535 Sae by degrees there grew baith great and sma,

- An' all was held in order by the law.
 The law forbade the great to wrang the poor,
 Or it wad make the best o' them to stour.
 Thus when of law ilk ane saw the intent,
 540 All studied with their state to be content.
 Sick as had wealth an' witt were counted great,
 The poorest sort were of the other state.
 But mony times amo' the poor were found
 Some wyllie heads that did with witt abound.
 545 Sick for their witt were parted frae their race,
 An' 'mang the better sort obtain'd a place.
 This gate at first the gentles gat their name,
 And gin they blot it, grytly are to blame."
 "How blot it, mother? As I blott my book?
 550 Or the hill-moss in spate defiles our brook?"
 "Just sae, my bairn, the simile will hadd,
 An' that you've anter'd on't I'm unko glad.
 Your copie's clean ere ye lat fa' a blott,
 But anes it fa'es, then ye hae slipt a knott.
 555 Scaip what you like, it never sall be clean,
 Nor be the thing again that it has been.
 Sicklike, when gentles fa' in a mistake,
 Or in their curpin sud there prove a crack,
 That sair, wi' a' our art, will never heal,
 560 But ay at ilka sae lang brake an' beal.
 Sae we had best ay keep among our rank,
 Lest for our name we only hae a blank."
 "But mother," says she, "since ye do allow
 Ane may be gotten 'mang the vulgar crew
 565 That may be meet to fit a gentle place,
 As weel for wit an' havins as for face,
 When sick we chuse, we sud na be condemn'd,
 Nor yet, as if we'd wrang'd our fame, be blam'd."
 "Ay, Henny, sick are only speckle birds,
 570 An' aften times mista'en by giglet flirds

550 spate) *normalised from MS. speat.*558 there) *normalised from MS. their.*566 havins) *normalised from MS. heavins.*

- That eye vain fellows for their airy dress,
 And on appearances lay a' their stress."
 "And gentles ay," says Henny, "are not good,
 Tho' they by blood may differ frae the crowd.
 575 An' as unhappy we meith be with them
 As with the crowd, that sett not up for fame."
 "That may be too," her mother says, "but yet
 They're less to wyte that hadd the even gate.
 Wi' ane frae 'mang the crowd get we a byte,
 580 Nane pities us, we hae oursells to wyte.
 But if we're wrang, when we our equal take,
 They hae na shame to bind upon our back."
 Whatever Henny thought, she said nae mair,
 But as well sa she coud she smor'd her care.
 585 But still a hanker had her Ken to see,
 Albeit she own'd him under her degree.
 'Twas love, not marriage, ran into her mind ;
 She sought, she meant no more but to be kind.
 Sae stack trig Kenny's shape within her breast,
 590 That ilka thought about him was a feast.
 Now when this pair were come unto that pass
 As to be raxed out to lad an' lass,
 An' she a fair an' statly lady grown,
 An' woo'rs dingdang frequenting now the town ;
 595 Tho' to their profers she gae nae consent,
 Altho' they a' were come of high descent ;
 Yet 'mangst her suiters there keest up at last
 A gallant squire of freely gentle cast,
 Of sweet address, an' skill'd in courting art,
 600 That well coud ettle Cupid's winning dart ;
 Sae frush, sae frank, that she coud scarce gainsay,
 An' fouk were speaking o' her wedding day.
 The news brake out, an' flew unto the glen,
 An' pat an unko stammagast to Ken,
 605 Who thinks : " I now maun try my utmost art
 To see if I have room in Henny's heart."
 An' as frae Dick he learnt had to write,
 He then sits down, an' to her thus can dite :

- " Dear Mrs Henny, dowy is the knell
 610 Has hit my ears, worse than a burial bell :
 You're to be married now, I hear, on haste,
 An' I'm quite banish'd frae your bony breast.
 I'm nae your maik, I ken, but yet I thought
 Ye wad na yield at first, piece ye were sought.
 615 Bade ye unmarri'd, it some hopes wad gee,
 An' frae the warst of fates preserve poor me.
 But sud the dreary tidings whilk I fear,
 That ye are gane, but ring upo' mine ear,
 Then the first news sud blaw down frae the glen
 620 Wad be the death of poor unhappy Ken,
 That loo'd, it seems, what was not safe to do,
 An' yet, it seems, maun die of love for you."
 This he folds up the best way that he mought,
 And to his trusty Lucky saftly brought ;
 625 And says : " When ye gae down unto the Place—
 Altho' ye need no be upon a chase—
 But when ye gang, ye'll this bit paper gee
 To Mrs Hen, but let no body see."
 The wyllie wife, nae doubt that smell'd a rat,
 630 A proper season for her errand wat ;
 Yeed aff to get a new supply of meal,
 Or sicklike things the lady us'd to deal,
 Baith for her ain an' Ken the shepherd's buird,
 That ay to them the fam'ly did afford.
 635 When she comes there, the town is in a thrang,
 An' gentles gaing out and in ding-dang.
 Bess nicks her chance, to Henny's chamber trips,
 An' fast into her hand the paper slips ;
 Then gaes her wa, an' waits about the Place
 640 For things to which she well cud had her face.
 When Bess yeed out, then Henny clos'd her door,
 An' read her Kenny's letter o'er an' o'er.
 She read and grat, said till hersell, " Wae's me
 That Kenny sae in pain for me sud be !
 645 How sad's my heart, that likes him like my life,
 Yet have no hope to ever be his wife !

- This waefu' chance of gentle blood, foul fa't!—
 I wat I canna sair enough misca't—
 Stands i' the gate. I maunna quyte my rank,
 650 Or I among my kin be but a blank.
 My parents, I confess, maun be obey'd,
 Tho' I hae nature's right upo' my side.
 To marry gentles none can me compell ;
 Yet sure I am they cannot force mysell
 655 To marry 'gainst mysell, tho' I confess
 My will they may keep frae me ne'r the less."
 Nail'd down by the bewitching pow'r of love
 Some time she sat, nor had she pow'r to move.
 At last she reads her letter o'er again,
 660 Then up, an' looks for paper, ink and pen.
 And now at last her first love letter writes,
 And love himsell the pleasing subject dites ;
 An' sae begins : " Alas ! my honest Ken,
 For me first banish'd to the wilsome glen ;
 665 An' now, wae's me ! thro' the mistake of fame,
 Made to believe I've quite forgot your name.
 That's nae the case, dear Ken. My parents may
 Prevent of you and me the happy day,
 And I believe they shall ; but mortal man
 670 From loving of you ne'er prevent me can.
 That is a thing I think within my pow'r,
 Tho' I sud never get my paramour ;
 No man of me sall ever get consent,
 Altho' the getting you they may prevent.
 675 Love on, and sae sall I, an' never fear
 You'll of my marriage with another hear.
 Love wou'd, but time forbids me to say mair.
 So live at ease, and dinna foster care."
 This she falds up, an' waits a canny kyle ;
 680 Gees't unto Bess, wi' something and a smile.
 Bess takes't, an' hameward makes unto the glen,
 An' at the sheal, wha meets her there but Ken ?

- The note she gees him fast, but naething said.
 Unto a bield as fast the shepherd sled ;
 685 An' read, an' kist, an' grat, an' read again,
 An' says : " My blessing o' my bonny Hen,
 That's been sae good as write to me this line !
 Indeed, dear Mrs Hen, it's mair nor kind.
 An' will ye for my sake not marry nane ?
 690 Nor I, atweel, except yoursell alane."
 And to himsell he farther gladly says :
 " An' wad she chuse a shepherd frae the braes,
 An' leave the gentlemen of hy renown
 I hear are daily flocking to the town ?
 695 God's blessing light upon her face, an' mine !
 As far's I can, upon't she sall na tyne.
 Sick kindness on the likes of me's ill wair'd.
 But for her sake, o gin I were a laird !
 Had I my thousands coming in, yet nane
 700 Wad I think wordy o't but her alane.
 That's easie said, she unto me meith say,
 As sick a chance I'm never like to hae.
 But I'll do more : sall never woman kind
 Except hersell, get harb'ry in my mind.
 705 Tho' I sud live till me a midge sud fell,
 This to the world I'm vowable to tell."
 Thus happy, thus resolv'd, the shepherd gaes
 And tents his thriving flock upon the braes.
 For Dick's now dead a towmont an' a day,
 710 An' at whase death young Kenneth was right wae ;
 For he had been the best sight e'er he saw,
 An' miss'd him sair, now whan he was awa'.
 Before, he had him 'tweesh him an' the wind,
 When any faults the laird or lady found.
 715 But now the charge lies a' upon himsell,
 An' to tell truth, he mannag'd it fu' well.
 Well throove the flock, an' well increas'd the store,
 An' ev'ry year grew mair by many a score.
 And with his laird he did at last engage
 720 To have a lamb of twenty for his wage ;

- Half wedder, and half ew, he gat his wyle,
 An' he grew rich within a litle while.
 Soon ev'ry year he had a cast to sell,
 An' laid up siller mair nor tongue can tell.
 725 The happy herd now brooks an easy mind,
 'Cause to her shepherd Henny proves so kind ;
 Takes out his chanter on the sunny braes,
 An' gars the rocks rebound his mirthfu' lays ;
 Nae music in his ears like Henny rings,
 730 And unto very nathings sings down kings ;
 While Henny's ay the burthen o' his sang,
 And ever keeps his mind frae thinking lang.
 Weet, cald, and jurgin' feet he never minds,
 Snow, sleet, slush, frost, green grow, or piping winds,
 735 A' weather's just alike upo' the bent,
 An' how the warld gaes, he's ay content.
 As lang's he thinks his Henny is his ain,
 Naething can gae against him o' the plain.
 But fickle fortune is not ay the same ;
 740 She pleasure takes to play her tott'ring game.
 Poor honest Kenneth now maun tidings hear
 That louder knell than thunder on his ear.
 His mirth was marr'd by a mischancy cast,
 When he had thought it wou'd for ever last :
 745 Ae day young Rory, now too grown a man,
 Into his sister's chamber rambling ran.
 She's reading at a paper, an' what's this,
 Think ye, but Kenneth's line to her, alas !
 Nae ill was in his mind, but yet a claught
 750 At it he loot, an' frae her fingers caught.
 Poor Henny at it loot a hasty glamp,
 An' roov't in twa, as it was weak an' damp.
 Aff he scours wi' his ha'f, but will-a-day !
 E'en that same ha'f o'er muckle had to say.
 755 It had to say—what needs there ony mair ?—
 What brake her peace, an' bred her muckle care.
 Aff to his mother he the paper bears,

- And leaves poor Henny bludder'd o'er wi' tears ;
 And says : " What think ye have I gotten now ?
 760 'Tis nae for noth that Henny winna woo.
 She's other ways ta'en up—look, read ye here ;
 Her bony spark's nae o' the wale of gear.
 Ken's thrang an' hers ye'll find's nae done awa',
 Tho' frae the town ye him forherded ca'."
 765 The mother said what for the time was best,
 An' unto silence rattling Rory prest ;
 Said she that matter mannage wad hersell,
 And pray'd he meith it not to others tell.
 But as the proverb says, what we forbid
 770 Is what, we may resolve, will not be hid.
 An' sae it far'd wi' this. Rash Rory's tongue
 Soon blabbed a' that story out ere lang.
 The dowy news even unto Kenny flew,
 An' dreary damps o'er all his comforts drew.
 775 What shall he do ? He's driv'n to dark despair ;
 His breast he bett, an' roove out at his hair.
 His chanter he with indignation takes,
 An' in a fit all into pieces breakes—
 His chanter, that upon the sunny braes
 780 Had plaid him many sweet & mirthful lays.
 His crook against a rugged rock he drew,
 Till far and wide it into splinters flew.
 Then sat he down beneath this birn of wae,
 An' dool'd an' mourn'd, an' thus can sadly say :
 785 " An' can the warld now our secret tell ?
 My heart before got never sick a knell.
 How will they guide my bonny Henny now ?
 Her peace is gane as well as mine, I trow.
 For me, I dinna care tho' I were dead,
 790 Nor ever frae this hillock rais'd my head ;
 But for poor her, my heart is like to bleed
 I cannot help her at this time of need.
 O all ye pow'rs that pity honest love,
 To pity her her angry mother move !
 795 She'll neither be, I ken, to had nor bind,

- But wi' her tongue misuse her out an' in.
 Support poor Henny in her suff'ring hour,
 An' some kind comfort in her bosome pour !
 O gee her patience, help her now to bear
 800 This sad, this dowy, weighty birn of care !
 May a' my patience, a' my pity be
 This day, dear Henny, helpful unto thee !
 I dinna farther crave your honest love,
 But biddable unto your parents prove ;
 805 Take some young gentle, an' good mat he be !
 And think nae mair, my bonny Hen, on me.
 For me, I soon sall take a rackless race,
 An' gae where I had never kend a face ;
 An' sall be happy, cou'd I anes but ken
 810 That ye are free frae care, my lovely Hen.
 But yet some glimpse of hope blinks in my breast :
 Your mother anes will hear you, at the least.
 Tell her, if ever love was worth the name,
 Sure yours an' mine deserves the least of blame ;
 815 When nae wrang thoughts coud in our bosoms be,
 My heart was fixt on you an' yours on me.
 How it began sure nane of us can tell.
 So then to you she never can be fell.
 My honest tutor Dick, 'tis very true,
 820 Tauld me with gentles I had nought to do.
 But what ken I of that distinction ? When
 Love linked us together with his chain,
 And when it once was fixed in our heart,
 And we baith happy with the tender smart,
 825 As little cud we then forbear to love
 As we coud lett it, at the first, to move.
 I think I'm even speaking unto you,
 And yet I ken ye dinna hear me now ;
 But if you did, I wot that yet once more
 830 Our hearts wad be as warm's they were before.
 But why sud I upon this subject dwell ?
 It is but heaping sorrow on mysell.

- For while I think that ye your sorrow dree,
 No peace on earth can ever be to me.
- 835 But gang I maun awa', 'cause for your sake
 I dread your foulks will seek my life to take.
 An' that, I ken, wad be mair pain to you,
 Sae that 'tis better I prevent it now.
 But whan I'm gane, my heart will still remain.
- 840 O gin it could but ease you o' your pain !
 Wi' pleasure I the warld wide wad range,
 Tho' ilka day I sud my quarters change.
 If I have any love of life, 'twill be
 To think you're sometime thinking upon me.
- 845 This I in write shall leave with honest Bess,
 To succour you beneath your sad distress.
 But ere it comes, I surely will be gane,
 So after it you are to look for nane.
 Not but my will is good, but canna see
- 850 How word to you coud mair transported be.
 Farewell, dear Mrs Henny, lang farewell !
 If ever we shall meet no tongue can tell."
- An' now poor Ken is on his travels keen.
 But first he ranks his herdshal o' the green ;
- 855 Counts ev'ry soul, and tightly sets them down,
 That all in ane made out a number round.
 To keep them right wi' might an' main he stroove,
 An' wond'rously beneath his hand they throove.
 Then says to Bess : " The morn I gang awa',
- 860 An' a' my ain poor beasts maun wi' me ca'.
 Where I can best I will of them dispose,
 Tho' I the hauf sud on the other lose.
 Neist day, whan I am gane, ye will gae down,
 An' this bit note ye'll carry to the town ;
- 865 Gee to the lady, this will lat her ken
 Her ilka sort o' sheep into the glen.
 Tho' I to herd them never sud come back,
 At my poor hand she sanna tyne a plack.

- Four ewes, good honest Bess, I've left to you ;
 870 In a short time they may be worth a cow.
 This letter, too, you'll to Miss Henny gee—
 The last, I reed, she'll ever get frae me. }
 But upon haste wi' it ye needna be. }
 Well mat ye thram ! For happy I hae been
 875 These many summers now upon the green."
 At this Bess' heart is like to brake in twa ;
 An' says : " Wae's me ! an' are ye gaing awa' ?
 Well maat ye gang, an' may ye ever hae
 Your friends before you ilka gate ye gae !
 880 But yet, o Kenny ! I would think your case
 Not hauf so ill's it looks you i' the face.
 Ye yet meith bide some days, untill ye see
 Gin laird or lady at you angry be.
 'Twill soon be kend, an' gin I chance to hear
 885 Afore yoursell, I'll tell, ye needna fear.
 Nae doubt, they'll Mistris Henny's pulses try.
 An' gin to them she ilka thing deny,
 They'll likelylike lie dark, for afttimes we
 Things latten alane to dwindle to naething see.
 890 Attour they hae her ever i' their pow'r,
 Nor frae their sight can she be hauf an hour.
 Sae what hae they to fear ? The worst that they
 'Bout a' your cushelmushel hae to say,
 That ilk to ilk a lasting favour had,
 895 But canna tell how at the first it bred.
 That now the dinn o' it wad soon dill down,
 An' but a story at the last be found."
 " That's easie said," says Ken, " but yet when I
 Beneath the sad an' heavy birthen ly,
 900 'Tis quite another story, for naething me—
 —But taking of my heels—from it can free.
 That's my design, sae arguments are vain,
 An' that I maun gang aff as light is plain."

894 *The MS. originally had That ye ilk to ilk . . .). ilk to ilk was then erased, and something illegible written above. Since I cannot guess the second version, I have put back the first, erasing the hyper-metrical ye.*

- Now Ken had grown conceity in his claise,
 905 Nor coud the common country fashion please,
 But something by the by 't boot be his hue :
 Fine colour, red, sea-green an' double blue,
 Wi' skyring lumbs thro' a trig tartan ran
 Of his ain wool, that honest Bessy span.
 910 A good clashbardy, too, he boot to hae ;
 A durk, a pistol, an' sick things as thae ;
 A steethed belt, wi' brasen knaps as thick
 As ane coud just beside the other stick.
 All these, when on, did on the other clash,
 915 And baith at kirk and market keest a dash.
 A tight four quarters to the boot was he,
 His maik ye hardly ony gate cud see.
 Sae drest and feat he was ae bony morn,
 An' from a hillock blew his touting horn ;
 920 Conven'd his flock, an' left them o' the plain,
 An' then before him ca'd awa' his ain,
 But just's he stood, he naething took awa',
 An' a' the rest loot wi' auld Bessy fa',
 Wha mony a blessing pray'd, an' wiss'd that he
 925 Might be a laird, afore that he sud die.
 When he is gane & gone, then honest Bess
 With the note left her, traddles to the Place ;
 An' as good Ken had geen her in command,
 Right dowielike slips't i' the ladie's hand.
 930 " An' what means this ? " to her the lady says.
 " Your sheep's account," quo Bess, " upo' the braes."
 " I see it is," she says, " and it's nae sma.
 But what need was there sick account to shaw ? "
 Bess answer maks : " Alas ! poor Kenny's gane,
 935 An' his ain beasts along wi' him has ta'en.
 For him I fear anither herd ye'll need,
 For he'll come never back again, I read."
 " Gae he nae reason for this hasty step ? "
 " Nane that I ken, except the country claip,"
 940 Said Bess, " 'bout Mrs Henny an' himsell.
 Nor gin that be the thing I canna tell.

- Ae thing, I'm sure, to a' that kent him's kent :
 No better lad e'er herded o' the bent."
 " That he was sae I canna well deny,
 945 But wiss, whan he came in, he had gane by.
 Poor Henny for him had some liking ta'en ;
 But now I hope 'twill fa', as he is gane.
 Left he with you for her nae new commands ?
 I doubt their messages came thro' your hands."
 950 " Since Mrs Henny's scash wi' the young laird,
 I fear that he frae sick commands was skair'd.
 Nae hopes has now, whatever he may have had,
 He ever sud be partner o' her bed.
 I heard him say, howe'er wi' him it fair'd,
 955 He wisst that she were marry'd wi' a laird.
 An' I think haleumly he's ta'en the road
 That in her gate he may not be a clod.
 He'll push his fortune, unko faces may
 Frae out his mind sick fancies wear away.
 960 Sweet Mrs Henny'll join some gentle hand—
 Well is she worth the foremost o' the land."
 An' tho' poor Henny's yet into the mist,
 Nor that her lad was aff an' left her, wist ;
 Yet she wi' grief was hard enough bestead,
 965 Frae anes she fund that their intrigue was spread.
 'Tis true her mother yet kept on her mask,
 Nor for the story had her ta'en to task ;
 Yet ilka minute she expects the worst,
 An' is wi' neaty grief just like to burst.
 970 In this sad plight whan eight lang days are gane,
 Than which mair dowy she had never nane,
 Her mother says : " What is the matter now,
 That sorrow sains sae runcles o' your brow ?
 If't be for Ken, 'tis time to lay't aside,
 975 When to a laird ye soon can be a bride.
 For him, he's aff baith bag and baggage gaen,
 An' left his herdshal on the plain alane.
 Ne'er mind him mair, he's casten his heels at you,
 Sae ye at him the like may safely do,

- 980 E'en put the case he meith your equal be ;
 An' as he's not, ye're mair nor doubly free."
 " Gane ! gane ! an' is he gane ? Then joy be wi'm !
 He has my heart, tho' I sud never see him,
 Nor likely will I," Henny sobbing says.
- 985 " Aff now is gane the pow of a' the braes.
 But since ill fortune does our persons part,
 She has nae pow'r, I hope, upon our heart.
 In spite of fate, I'll like him till I die,
 An' I'm persuaded he thinks sae to me.
- 990 It is a virtue, surely, to be true,
 However mean it may appear to you.
 You may indeed cast meanness up to me,
 That coud wi' ane beneath my rank be free ;
 But at that time no odds of rank I knew,
- 995 And gin I ony blame, it sud be you,
 Wi' sick that loot me pass my early time,
 An' now finds faut, as gin the wyte was mine.
 But letting you be right, an' me be wrang,
 When with poor barefoot Kenneth I grew thrang,
- 1000 Afore I wist gin I the like sud do,
 I dare na say that I repent it now.
 But tho', dear mother, I be thus inclin'd.
 It comes not frae nae stubbornness of mind.
 I ken that I my parents sud obey,
- 1005 An' without asking questions comply,
 In things within my pow'r ; but gin aboon't,
 I'm nae to blame altho' I hae not done't.
 For I nae mair can cease of Ken to think
 Than my eye-lids can now forbear to wink.
- 1010 So let the braest, gentlest wooer come,
 Within my heart for him there is nae room.
 Ken has possest it a', an' let him hae't,
 An' binna angry at me when I say't.
 I hae nae hopes I'll ever be his wife,
- 1015 But I'll contented lead a single life.
 On you nor me this winna fix a stain,
 An' I'll for ane frae a' mankind refrain."

- Her mother says : “ I’ll, Henny, let you be.
 ’Tis time alane that can your bosome free.
- 1020 You’ll quyte your chamber, & converse wi’ fouk,
 Or they’ll had out ye’re grown a sensless gouk ;
 Keep company, and let na them conclude
 Your father’s herd sud ever you delude.
 Sae let me see that ye my bidding do,
- 1025 An’ skail the clouds that’s gather’d o’ your brow.
 Good company unto this house resorts,
 That can divert you wi’ their harmless sports.
 An’ nane but sick, you ken, are welcome here,
 An’ for yoursell are ever fier for fier.
- 1030 To gentle havins sick are ever bred,
 An’ frae a’ country clownish fessons freed.
 An’ as I said afore, sae say I now—
 Sick are the only company for you.
 Good books ye hae, an’ sall, as aft’s ye need ;
- 1035 On them ye may at proper seasons read.
 But not the books for the daft stage design’d ;
 Sick rather poison than instruct the mind.
 Young fouks but now o’er mony read o’ thae,
 Whilk to their virtue aften proves a fae.
- 1040 We’ll send for Cousin Peg. She has the art
 A melancholly body to revert.
 Wi’ her, my child, ye can be frank an’ free ;
 An’ she, ye ken, a gueed advice can gee ;
 Wi’ her ye can or work or read or play,
- 1045 An’ please yoursells the live-lang summer’s day ;
 Nane dare to say ’tis ill done that ye do.
 Sae ken yoursell, an’ do my bidding now,
 An’ in a clap ye’s hae a new silk gown,
 Piece I for it sud send to London-town.
- 1050 Nae thing ye’s want that can be gueed or bra,
 If ye frae country thoughts an’ fessons fa’.

1030 havins) *normalised from MS. heavins.*

1031 freed) *normalised from MS. fred*

1038 thae) *normalised from MS. thea.*

1041 melancholly) *normalised from MS. melansolly.*

- Some mithers on you wad hae fa'en right foul,
 An' never looked o' you butt a scoul ;
 But I that kens that Kenny's thrang & yours
 1055 Grew when ye cud do nought but gather flours,
 With pity treat you, hoping reason shall
 You from this foolish childish thought recall.
 Sae brisk you up, wi' pains prin on youre claise,
 That fouk may think your mind is now at ease.
 1060 Wi' company be couthy, frank an' free,
 An' take a harmless share of cheerfu' glee.
 An' when young gentlemen comes to the town,
 Be sure ye trig yoursell i' your best gown.
 I'm far frae bidding you gae daft or light,
 1065 But nae to gae mair hobby than ye might.
 When ye get offers made you by the men,
 Gee civil talk, nor treat then wi' disdain.
 'Twill gee fouk wordy sentiments of you,
 Tho' to their suits ye sud na chance to bow.
 1070 An' tho' I wish't, an' wish't wi' a' my heart
 You wou'd frae mean an' vulgar thoughts depart,
 Yet far am I from thinking you sud take
 This or that laird to you that love sud make ;
 Unless his person an' his manners please
 1075 As well's the shape an' glitter o' his claise.
 Yet by my saying sae I dinna mean
 That fouk sud take a frack an' marry nane.
 Let reason guide your choice, an' this may prove
 A good foundation for a lasting love.
 1080 Be wise, my bairn, an' mind a mother says't,
 'Tis a virtue this, an' virtue'l ay be prais't."
 At this poor Henny's calm as ony saint,
 An' this her mither takes for half a grant ;
 Gaes aff contented, leaving Hen alane,
 1085 That to hersell thus made her heavy main :
 " My mither's gane, an' thinks she's win the day,
 'Cause to her lessons I did not say nay.
 Nor did it set me ; but I'm hamper'd sair,
 An' see nae chance for me but endless care.

- 1090 She has indeed the right end o' the string,
 When neuter fouk sit judges o' the thing ;
 But when I it as my ain story tell,
 'Tis aboon my pow'r to gee't against mysell.
 An' yet I ken few will my choice approve,
 1095 'Cept sick as are, as I am, blind in love.
 These whae or hear or see me sae beset
 Will, maybe, to me be a tear in debt.
 An' mair, I fear, will say I've plaid the fool,
 That took my lesson at so poor a school.
 1100 Well, I maun e'en be doing ; time maun try
 My rakless race, and read my destiny.
 But something whispers to me i' my ear
 As honesty that nothing is so dear.
 So I resolve, tho' fouk my choice may blame,
 1105 They shallna me of fickleness condemn.
 Poor Kenny's maybe hard enough bestead,
 And to a mischief forc'd to run his head,
 An' a' for me. An' shall I not at least
 For him unpoison'd keep his lippn'd feast, }
 1110 Tho' he thereof sud never chance to taste ? }
 'Tis a' I can do for him. This I'll do,
 Tho' me the best in Murryland sud woo."
 In a few days auld Bessy comes again
 About her rural charge down frae the glen ;
 1115 An' with her brings poor Kenny's last propine,
 An' gees to Henny as she's gaing to dine.
 Sae wyllily the wyllie wife behav'd
 That not an eye the canny hint perceiv'd.
 Poor Henny's dinner yeed but bauchly down,
 1120 Piece she that day had on a Sunday's gown,
 To please her mother, tho' her tender heart
 Wi' grief was wrung as wi' a poison'd dart,
 To think what Kenny for her sake meith dree,
 Or in what dowie plight or hardships be.
 1125 But as soon as the dinner's past an' gane,
 She slips awa', in pain to be her lane,

- That she meith ken what Bessie's packet said,
 Or gin it ony glimpse of comfort had.
 Out thro' the trees she scours wi' a' her might,
 1130 An' in a glent she's safe an' out o' sight ;
 Then reads an' finds it's Kenny's last farewell
 He left for her afore he took his heels.
 Now Cousin Peg wi' her some days had been,
 An' kend her wonted haunts out thro' the green.
 1135 Her in a glent the wyllie cummer mist,
 An' in a clap was on her e'er she wist.
 Now Henny's at her reading unko thrang ;
 Peg laughing says, " Is that a bra new sang ? "
 " The dowiest sang that ever yet I read
 1140 For poor unhappy me," she answer made.
 " I need no heal't frae you, that kens my pain.
 This is the last farewell of bonny Ken.
 An' this he left wi' Bess to me to gee,
 An' she, poor woman, gae't right now to me."
 1145 Sae down they sat aneath a birkin shade,
 An' dowie Henny sigh'd an' grat an' read ;
 An' Peg of sympathy a tear loot fa',
 Till baith their hearts were like to gang awa'.
 At last Peg says : " Ye need no make sick main ;
 1150 Maybe your Kenny will come back again.
 When he has sell'd his sheep he'll maybe rue—
 I'm sure he will, sae be his love be true."
 " Na, na," says Henny, " Rorie's in a rage,
 An' wad take Kenny's blood his wrath to swage.
 1155 He's proud an' clanish, an' can naething thole
 That in his gentrice looks to bore a hole.
 Poor Kenny better, maybe, is awa'.
 I hope he yet upon his feet sall fa'.
 He's good himsell, an' he'll ay kindness won,
 1160 Tho' fortune sud him force to take the gun.
 'Tis born o' me sair he'll take that shift,
 As a' his beasts yeed wi' him in a drift—
 A sign to me he'll never come again,
 Or ever tent a beast upo' the plain.

- 1165 Wi' guns an' swords he ever had a fike,
 An' that he'll wyre tham now is mair nor like.
 Attour, he is so likely and so feat,
 That they'd gee goud to get him i' the net.
 An' tho' he had na chanc'd to gang awa',
- 1170 Nae hope there was he to my cast wad fa' ;
 For a' thing was against me : he was mean,
 His best pretence to herd upo' the green ;
 I gentle-born, an' friends wad ne'er consent
 That I sud tak a shepherd aff the bent.
- 1175 He'll get his luck—I wiss it may be gueed—
 An' ride as high as ever the king's steed.
 For me, altho' he wis't I had a laird,
 I's never, for his cause, wi' ane be pair'd.
 'Tis a' for him is i' my pow'r to do,
- 1180 An' whilk, poor man, I reckon is his due.
 We're nae the first, an' may be nae the last
 That has for other a' the warld past."
 " True, true's that tale, a tale o'er true indeed !
 The saying of it makes my heart to bleed.
- 1185 Ye're nae the first, I fear, nor yet the last ;
 I've got a plaid of that same very cast :
 There's ane I like, an' he, I ken, likes me,
 An' neither o's to own it dare be free.
 For hope that we sud e'er thegither gae
- 1190 Is out o' sight an' very far away."
 Then says sweet Henny : " Ye my story ken,
 An' wha I've fixt to be my choice of men,
 Altho' nae hopes I hae he'll e'er be mine,
 Unless I wad my parents' blessing tyne,
- 1195 Whilk I am laith to do, altho' I may
 Indeed ne'er come to win it in their way.
 Whae is this lad has got of you the start,
 An' frae the gentle fouks scor'd by your heart ? "
- 1200 To this good hour, but I sall tell't to you,"
 Says forward Peg ; " a lad whase hair's like silk,
 An' his clean fingers just as white's the milk,

- Tho' he himsell is but a poor man's son,
 But tight and handsome, an' his name's Mess John.
 1205 Well can he lear us a' to read an' write,
 An' in book lair of ilka sort perfyte.
 At the boord end he is allow'd a place,
 At ilka meal stands up an' says the grace.
 But 'boon them a' he kindness kythes to me,
 1210 But wyles well on that him nae bodie see.
 He led my hand, when I to write began,
 An' dos't, I'm sure, as well as ony man.
 His hand is couthy, an' his voice is sweet,
 An' a' his language perfectly discreet.
 1215 Gryte pity were't he were na gentle born,
 Or that the want of it shou'd be a scorn.
 Nae better lad or hat or cape puts on
 In a' my kenning than our ain Mess John.
 But wae's me ! Now he's gaing far awa'
 1220 To pouss his fortune in America.
 For there, he says, fouks casten o'er again,
 An' come out o' the caumse right gentlemen ;
 That fan he's casten, he'll again come hame,
 An' marry me, as sure's a dream's a dream ;
 1225 That I may lippen till him haleumlie.
 But sair I dread the dangers of the sea,
 An' that my wisses never sall be crown'd,
 But hear at last that he is dead or drown'd."
 Quoth Henny, " Cousin Peg, I've heard your tale,
 1230 An' ye, nae doubt, conclude it tells for hail.
 But I about it do not want my fears,
 Tho' for my ain I had, an' yet hae tears.
 Fouk that's soon ta'en have aftimes cause to rue,
 An' sick I fear may be the case wi' you.
 1235 Your fond Mess John but makes a feint to gae ;
 But does na wiss ye wad believe him sae,
 But in gryte earnest take whate'er he says.
 Sick tales as that are litle o' their ways.
 They're ay ta'en up in reading tales of love,
 1240 An' at the wooing trade bra masters prove ;

- But are not ay to ride the water on,
 And sick a sliddery beast may be Mess John.
 Their sleeket tongues gar fouk think ae thing's twa,
 An' where 't's nae biting, leaves fouk aft to cla.
 1245 I'd sooner trow a lad that hadds the plough,
 That 'bout his likings makes na sick a sough,
 Than sick slim sparks that i' your face can smile
 Till they out o' your sense shall you beguile.
 An' binna angry that I am sae free,
 1250 For out o' gueed to you it comes frae me."
 Now Kenny's gane unto some far-aff fair,
 There to put aff an' toom his hand o' gear ;
 Whilk soon he did, & gat his cash in hand,
 Nor mickle did on the prig-penny stand.
 1255 As thus he's free, and glow'ring him about,
 Of fresh recruits he meets a merry rout,
 Led by a sturdy serg'ant trim'd wi' lace,
 Quite clean, an' calling wi' a winning grace.
 Then handsome Kenny spying thro' the thrang,
 1260 He is up with him in a very bang.
 With all the dextrous art that cunning can,
 He claps his shouder, saying, " Here's my man !
 Come, come along, my lad, here's gold in hand.
 Sick lads as you do honour to command.
 1265 With men like you, our king may hadd his ain,
 An' well bestow'd on you may think your gain."
 Poor willing Kenny was na ill to court,
 But ere the serg'ant bad, was ready for't ;
 Accepts the goud, and joins the raw recruits ;
 1270 An' makes a swagger o' the market streets.
 He's now resolv'd this way his chance to take,
 And any risk to run for Henny's sake ;
 An' frae the first down sets it for a rule
 Never by foolish pranks to play the fool ;
 1275 Persuaded that a soldier on the road
 As well's a priest at home might serve his God.
 For Dick's advice, with which he first began,
 Had not yet left him now when grown a man.

In service abroad Kenneth is distinguished for looks, intelligence, courage, zeal and sobriety. After some years he returns to Scotland with a train of servants and the command of a company. As Captain True, he pays court to Henny, who remains constant, however, to the memory of her shepherd boy. The captain then reveals himself, and the wedding is celebrated.

But here Ross's fancy for dividing happy couples goes to work again. A wasting disease, occasioned or invigorated by jealousy, carries Henny off, and after a period of misery Ken goes back to service abroad, and finally engages himself to a lady whose advances he had rejected in the past.

At this point Ross perhaps remembered that objection had been made by many, including the Duchess of Gordon, to the want of poetic justice in the conclusion of *Helenore*. Overcoming his aversion from the commonplace romantic ending he goes back (on page 106), and takes up the story just before the wedding of Henny and Kenneth. After the celebrations Kenneth sends, in this new version, for the old woman who had brought him as a child to Murray-land. She tells him the secret of his birth, that he is son to the laird of Pomona, a northern island; that his uncle seized the estates when Ken's father fell in battle, and that she snatched him away from possible harm. Ken rides north to Pomona, finds his aged uncle willing to hand over the estates forthwith, and finds, moreover, that this uncle's son, who had departed in anger after a family quarrel thirty years before, is no other than Ken's colonel. The colonel is fetched back to Pomona and reconciled with his father, and the poem breaks off with Ken's refusal to take back the estates, on the ground that he owes all he is and has to his cousin.

NOTES.

Abbreviations: H. = Helenore, O. = Orphan, J.G. = Billet by Jeany Gradden, D.O.S. = Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue, S.N.D. = Scottish National Dictionary, E.D.D. = English Dialect Dictionary, Jam. = Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language. And see Bibliography, pp. lxi-lxii above.

NOTES ON BEATTIE'S VERSES.

31. *Allan*. Allan Ramsay.
 93-4. *Cairn-a-mounth*. See note on H. 40.
 96. *Drousty*. Once a well-known ale-house in Lochlee. According to Longmuir the parish manse was built on its site in 1803.

NOTES ON HELENORE.

1. *Scota*. Ross's use of *Scota* suggested to Burns the name of his muse in "The Vision." In a letter to Mrs Dunlop (Letters, vol. 1, No. 219) he writes of Ross ". . . his muse *Scota*, from which, by the by, I took the idea of *Coila*."
18. *The Shepherd's Tale*. Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd.
 21. *what wad I geen*. On this construction see Lang., p. lvii, 2.
 25, 26. *Habbi*. Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, celebrated in a famous popular elegy by Robert Semple of Beltrees.
Ga'in on Virgil. Gavin Douglas's translation of Virgil. Both Habbie and Douglas are mentioned in Ramsay's Seven Familiar Epistles, Answer I., stanzas 6 and 10.
 34. "The blind horse is hardiest," Fergusson, Sc. Pr.; ". . . ay the hardiest," Hislop, Pr. Sc.
 36. "All the corne in the cuntrie is not shorne be kempers," Fergusson, Sc. Pr.; "A' the corn's no shorn by kempers," Henderson, Sc. Pr.
 40. *Kairn*. The Cairn o' Mounth is one of the roads over the mountains from Deeside to the south, running from Strachan to Fettercairn. Ramsay mentions it in his Seven Familiar Epistles, Answer II., stanza 6.
 60. *confeerin'*. Cp. J. Gibb, XVIII.: "Their han'iwork winna be confeerin wi' their teels."

79. A popular account of the trade of "riefing hereship" is given in *Waverley*, XV.

90. *wean*. Here, in lines 92 and 105 certainly, and in 95 probably a dissyllable. So also in Scott's Poems—e.g., "*wean—deen'*," p. 119. It is to be regarded as two words, "*wee one*." South of the Grampians these have now coalesced (but not in the eighteenth century—see Oxf. E.D.), giving the form [we.n]. *Littleen* (see gloss. s.v. *litleane*) is now preferred to *wean* in the north-east.

92. *Helenore*. Ross seems to have got the name from the Faerie Queene. Beattie is scathing on Ross's proper names (see Introduction, p. xviii). But compare for want of dignity Dory and Branky in Shirrefs' "*Jamie and Bess*." Dignity was not Shirrefs' nor Ross's aim.

96. *rantree leaves*. A specific against witchcraft. Chambers, P.R.S., p. 328, quotes the couplet:—

"Rowan tree and red thread
Make the witches tyne their speed."

A variant is quoted in Beaton, p. 214. The couplet is still current in the north-east.

101. An example of "*unco words*" sung *before* a birth is Meg Merrilies' chant (Guy Mannering, III.).

121. *ta'en the rode*. This phrase is regarded as a unit equal to "*gone to the road, going about, able to walk*"; hence the use of *was* instead of the grammatically normal *had*.

122. *Rosalind*. To use a girl's name for a boy seemed to Beattie highly offensive. It is certainly strange.

123. *the play*. For examples of the idiomatic use of *the*, see Language, p. lix.

143. *buckie*. So called because it was twisted out of rushes in the shape of a shell (buckie), holding a nut or some other hard object to rattle. "Two 'herdies' would . . . pull 'rashes' and make them into caps or 'buckies'." Beaton, p. 79.

145. *snood*. Worn by unmarried girls.

146. *curcuddoch*. "Squatting down"? Chambers, P.R.S., p. 139: "*Curcuddie*. This is a grotesque kind of dance, performed . . . sitting on one's hams. . . ."

149. *the reefu' rair*. For other examples of allit. phrases, see Lang., p. lx, 4. For use of *the*, cp. Scott, Poems, p. 4, "*She gae the roar*," and see Lang., p. lix, 2. Skinner uses the form *rierfu'*, and the word may be connected with *verde*, noise, shouting; O.E. *reord*.

158-59. The rel. pron., subject of its clause, is omitted. See Lang., p. lviii, 4.

162. *distract*. I take this to be the past participle of the verb *distrack*, here used as a noun, "a person distracted." For the loss of *-t* in *distrack*, cp. quotation in note on 182 below, and common Scots *objek*, *affek*, &c.

168. *little wee*. This combination is not, now at least, current in n.e. Scots. *wee* is used as a noun, but alone, not with *little* prefixed.

172. *onbeast*. *on-* has pejorative force.

182. *are come alist*. "Have recovered consciousness." Cp. J. Gibb, XLIX.: "He was feerious far gane in a swarf the tither day an' hardly expeckit to come alist again."

187. *try gin ye'll creep*. "Try if you can creep." The use of the future is odd.

190. *stench-girss*. Cp. Holland, Pliny: "Stanch-bloud, a kind of yarrow." (From Oxf. E.D. *stanch*, vb. 8).

214. *kibble*. Cp. J. Gibb, XVIII.: "There comes up a bit gey kibble, fersell mannie . . . gyaun at an unco flaucht."

220. *much about a pass*. "Much about the same height." *pass* apparently means "stage, point of development." Cp. O. 591.

232. *greedy gled*. Some game of catch. "In the games Tig, Hide-and-seek, Hide-ye, and others of a similar character, . . . while he (the tig) goes about searching for whom he may catch, many voices from different quarters are heard exclaiming:—

'Keep in, keep in, wherever ye be,
The greedy gled is seeking ye!'

Chambers, P.R.S., p. 122.

warpling o' the green. A game presumably involving wriggling or twisting of the body (warple = twist). Cp. O. 334.

235-36. This observation is unromantic and truthful.

envy'd. As in many French words, the stress is on the second syllable. *Envy* rhymes with *die* in Ketty 38, and *practis'd* with *devis'd* in H. 4135. Cp. current *mis'chief*.

fare. Any of several meanings is possible here: "lot, fate, behaviour, disposition."

242. *to blow up the horn*. "To call attention, to make a disturbance, to taunt"?

251. *like to eat their thumb*. "Furiously angry, envious."

261. *fleuk*. This unexpected comparison evidently refers to the characteristic attitude of the flatfish, buried at the bottom of the sea. Cp. Scott, Poems, p. 81: "An' there he has him down as flat's a fleuk."

265-66. *which, this her*. Affected English poetic diction.

275. *geeglits*. Used as verb by Scott, Poems, p. 127: of girls who go about the streets and "giglet wi' a set o' blades."

278. *as light as ever the queen's plack*. This is apparently a reference to the circulation in Queen Mary's reign of numerous counterfeit placks. See Ed. Burns, Coinage of Scotland (Edinburgh, 1887), vol. ii., p. 314. The matter must have made a deep impression on the public mind, since this unexplained reference to it was current two centuries after.

294. *frae ither*. Cp. 586, 829, &c. The use of *ither* by itself after a preposition where English uses "each other" is still common—e.g., *The bits jist fell frae ither*.

296. *scouth*. Cp. J. Gibb, XXXVII.: "There wud a' been richt scouth for the sax shift."

297. *for as well as*. "However well." A common idiomatic use of *for*, an extension of *for* + noun or pronoun, meaning "in spite of," as in "for all that." Cp. Heart of Midlothian, XVIII.: "I want naething frae nane o' ye, for as grand's ye are."

318. *merry day*—i.e., their marriage day. Cp. *happy day*, O. 668, which occurs with same meaning in Richardson—e.g., *Clarissa* III., letter 26 (Shakespeare Head Ed., 1930).

329-30. Cp. "When my head's down my house is theekit," Henderson, Sc. Pr.

346. *blunty* (also 905). Cp. Ramsay, Rise and Fall of Stocks: "'He looks just like Jack Blunt himsel'. Note: this is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment"; Burns (Globe Ed.), O, for Ane and Twenty, Tam: "They snool me sair, and haud me down, And gar me look like bluntie, Tam."

354. *their ain crack*. "A private talk." Cp. Guy Mannering, XLV.: "Ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o' our ain cracks."

355-56. *they began an' spak*. Cp. English "try and do," "go and see."

358. *heary*. The etymology "hear ye" is tempting. Cp. Lancashire dialect "yer thee" (see E.D.D. s.v. *herie*). E.D.D., following Jam., derives from O.E. *hearva*, lord, which is impossible. Moreover, it is frequently used, as here, in addressing a woman.

362. *synteen*. For the contracted form cp. *sennight*.

368. *dainta*. A rare word. E.D.D., following Jam., interprets as "no matter," giving no derivation. It is more likely to be a term of endearment. The adj. *dainty* means in Scots "fine, good, kindly"; *daint*, noun, means "liking," and the form *dinto*, noun, liking, occurs in O. 361.

370. *and o'er bauld to complain*. "To complain . . . would be too bold in us."

386. *well can draw*. "Is worth a great deal." Cp. the trans. use of *draw* in Burns, Inventory 27: "He (a colt) 'll draw me fifteen pun at least."

391. *stivage*. For *-age* instead of *-ish*, cp. *townage*, Dunbar, S.T.S. ed., xlii. 39; and see Oxf. E.D. s.v. *staffish*.

409. *awa*. According to S.N.D. (see *ava*) this variant of *ava* is north-easterly ("mid-north Scots"). Sir William Craigie suggests that it may represent *o' a'*. The only quotation given is from Ross, but a Banffshire correspondent reports himself "familiar with *ata*, *ava*, *awa*; the last is growing less and less common."

430. *maughty*. This reading from 1778 is to be preferred to *naughty* of 1768, though the latter might be defended as meaning "useless, vain."

432. *mair nor master* is here the cateran.

461. *what less cud lift*. "As fast as she could go." For other examples of this use of *what*, see glossary.

468. *thud for thud*. English "thud upon thud." Cp. "dunt for dunt," 1809.

492. *bit an' bit*. English "bit by bit." Cp. 542, 2246, 3277.

500. *at hersell*. "In her right senses." Cp. English "came to herself."

518. *till yet*. "Before then."

522. *fear o' Lindy*. Obj. gen., "fear about Lindy." Cp. 2172 *Lindy's story*, "the story about Lindy."

525. *dwebell*. Cp. J. Gibb, XLVII: "grown as dwebble an' fushionless as a wallant leaf."

539. *swarft*. Cp. J. Gibb, XLIX: "He was feerious far gane in a swarf the tither day."

541. *elf-arrow*. A reference to the ancient belief that the neolithic flint

arrow-heads were fairy weapons. Isabel Gowdie the witch (see Pitcairn's Scott. Hist. Crim. Trials, Vol. III.) when she was in Elfland saw the elf boys "whyttling and digthing them." Kirk (see note on 1814 below), p. 77, says these weapons are "cut by Airt and Tools it seems beyond humane." They caused internal wounds without breaking the skin.

559. *in cauld bark*. "In a coffin" or possibly "in a cold skin"—i.e., "dead." Cp. the common phrase *cauld-deid*, and J. Gibb, XXI.: "caul i' the mools."

570. *putt an' row*. Cp. J. Gibb, XVIII.: "Wi' ae put an' row Johnny wan throu' the edick" (which he was reading aloud).

584. *cauts* (see also 2672). This is to be preferred to *cauls* of 1768, which is not recorded in dictionaries. According to a native of Glenesk, the phrase *simmer cautties* is still in use.

592. *a canness bred*. "A canvas breadth." Cp. J. Gibb, XVI.: "one end of a 'but an' a ben' cottage, with a 'cannas-breid' of a garden."

596. *hand*. *Head*, 1768, is nonsense, and is probably a mistaken repetition of *head* in the line above.

608. *stending*. "Leaping, springing." Cp. J. Gibb, XXXIV.: "climbing over fences and 'sten'in' through turnip and potato drills."

645. *huly*. Cp. the famous opening of J. Gibb: "Heely, heely, Tam, ye glaiket stirk!"

659. *unforsair'd*. The meaning wanted is "undeserved." 1768, 1778, &c., read *unforsain'd*, which I attempted to connect with *sain*, bless ("unhallowed," "dreadful"), until I found *unforsair'd* in O. 38, which is surely the right word here (*sair*, "deserve"—see glossary).

673. *I mind to hear*. "I remember hearing."

674. *neirish*. Possessive without -s, the word ending in a sibilant. So also in 2958.

722. *for me*. "So far as I am concerned." Cp. Old Mortality, XXIX.: "He may be as fair as a farthing candle, for me."

737. *anter'd*. "Ventured." The verb *anter* is current now in the north-east only in the word *antrin* (pres. part.), used as an adj.—e.g., *at an antrin time*, "occasionally."

773. *tune*. Cp. J. Gibb, XVI.: "The maister was in a terrible ill teen jist."

791. *onie ways*. Adv. gen.

802. *pout*. For *pout* as a term of endearment, cp. 2866 and Scott, Poems, p. 121: "I wadna like to want my pout," said of a young wife by her husband.

824. *to yours*. "In comparison with yours."

825. Cp. J. Gibb, II.: "Weel fells the sin (son) for that."

830. *squire*: = [skwe.r]. Cp. 2906, 3128, 3208, &c., O. 42, 195, &c. In one rhyme only (*retire*, H. 3801) it has Anglicised pronunciation.

836. *hadds you*. This seems to be the 1st person of the verb, with older -s ending which is still used under certain conditions (see Lang., p. liii). The meaning is "I hold you to the bargain." Cp. such phrases as *chaps me*, *chips me*, *bags I*.

842. *gar me trow*. An exclamation of incredulity. Cp. Beaton, p. 201: "A rale gar-me-true—A false person."

859. *cha' fause*. Apparently 'suffer.' As in biting the tongue by mistake? Or are we to connect with *chaw*, noun, "snub, insult, something disagreeable"?

871. *warlds gear*. Cp. J. Gibb, XIX.: "aw wudna tell't to my nain sister for warl's gear."

873. *kirk an' merkat*. The two foci of social life.

887. *by far*. We should expect *nearly*, thinking of the negative. Ross is thinking of *wadna been four feet* as if it were *was short of four feet*.

889. This graphic figure is traditional. "Ye wold causs tuo paps fecht upon ane breist bone," Fergusson, Sc. Pr.

905. *blunty*. See note on 346.

923, 924. *he* and *ye* have been interchanged in the 1768 edition, making nonsense of the passage.

940. *mak o'*. Cp. Chambers, P.R.S., p. 148: "Them that gant Something want—Sleep, meat, or makin' o'."

944. *in in earnest*. The double *in* is emphatic. The first has adverbial force. Cp. 2816; also *aff o'*, 3514, *on on*, Rock 95.

956. *cheek for chew*. English *cheek by jowl*. Cp. current n.e. Scots *cheekie for chowie*, and *cheek for joll*, O. 36.

960. *bimme sooth I*. Cp. *bimmy troth it*, 2573. The *I* and *it* have no grammatical place, but serve for emphasis. They refer forward to the following clause, the pronoun used varying according to the subject of that clause.

963. *lump*. "Large portion." There are several quotations for the fig. use in Oxf. E.D.—e.g., *lumpes of sorowes*, Coverdale; *lumps of pain*, Leigh Hunt—but none of them is an exact parallel. The whole phrase means "I've nearly been killed."

970. *snifler*. 1778 has *snifter*, which is possibly to be preferred. See both words in E.D.D., Oxf. E.D.

993. *but yet as near*. "But still as close, as affectionate."

999. *piece I sud creep*. Refers back to *I maun be hame*.

1003. *come behind*. "Fail."

1012. *cut an' dry*. "Agreed, settled." Transferred from the plan made to those making it. So also in 1502.

1023. *a' nails to ca'*. "To try everything." As it were hitting every nail, either in hopes of hitting the right one, or with a resolve to leave nothing undone.

1050-51. Loose colloquial syntax.

1072. *keep her in tune*. "Keep her in good humour." Cp. Heart of Midlothian, XVII.: "I can keep her in tune."

1088. *upo' the catch*. "On the watch." Cp. 1488. Oxf. E.D. quotes Richardson, Pamela IV., 170 (1742): "I saw he was upon the catch, and look'd stedfastly upon me whenever I mov'd my lips."

1098. *let you an' yours*. The use of *let*, equivalent to "may," is common in the poem. Cp. 2140, 2916.

1109. *wyse*. This rhyme with *advice*, repeated in 2796, together with the spelling *wysse* (see glossary) indicates the Scots pronunciation with voiceless s.

1110. *but*. An elliptical expression, equal to "but that's because."

1120. *washing at*. This common idiomatic use of *at* occurs also in

1140, 1943, 2903. It adds a sense of continuance to the idea expressed by the verb.

1138. *ourlach*. Cp. J. Gibb, XVIII.: "oorlich shoo'ers o' drift an' hail scoorin' across the kwintra."

1140. *digthing at*. See note on 1120.

1158-59. Loose syntax again. The relative is not repeated, though there is a change from passive to active.

1166. *by your favour*. Cp. 3104. Similar in effect to the rhetorical "if you please" in English.

aboon his thumb. "Beyond his powers."

1182. *jot*. Cp. J. Gibb, XIX.: "'Liza, gae an' see that Betty's nae nislippenin' 'er jots i' the kitchie."

1184. In this expression *again* is the adverb of place, "against." *Had again* means "hold against, oppose, stop." If you see a runaway horse you shout, "Had again, there!" The use here is figurative: "six and thirty stopped her, was the end of her years, was her age and no more." Cp. 3068.

1190. *peace be therein*. The conventional greeting. Cp. 2416.

1226. *hert*. Uninflected genitive, in fixed phrase. O.E. *heortan* became M.E. *herte*, later *hert*. Cp. Mod. Eng. "Lady Day, Lady Chapel."

1236. *wyne and onwyne*. *Wyne* is the order for a horse or ox to turn left, coming from the verb "wind." "The first pair (of a twelve-ox plough) were termed the on-wyner and the wyner ox", J. Grant, Agriculture in Banffshire 150 Years Ago, p. 12. I suggest therefore that *wyne and onwyne* means "left and right, in every direction, everywhere."

1291. A common proverb. Cp. J. Gibb, XXXIV.: "They gae far about that disna meet ae day," Scott, Poems, p. 93: "An' fouk gang far about that never meet."

1321. *a sair paid skin*. Cp. Scott, Poems, p. 136: "a well pay'd skin."

1344. *meked*. 1778 *nicked*, which may be the real reading. In Ross's hand, *nic* could be mistaken for *me*.

1346. *we maun be doing*. "We must put up with things as they are." Cp. J. Gibb, V.: "we'se be deen for a day till we see."

1355. *wi*. "By." *Wi* often has this meaning in current Scots.

1412. *perconon*. Perhaps a corruption of *precognition*, Lat. *præcognitio*. J. Gibb has the form *precunnance* with the same meaning—e.g., XXXVIII.

1427. Cp. Henderson, Sc. Pr.: "When petticoats woo, breeks may come speed."

1429. *wert na she*. A conflation of the older idiom *were na she* and modern *were it not for her*. Cp. O. 337.

1441. *blame*. "Accuse."

1446. *pass my skill*. "Give my opinion."

1453. *wi*. Here and in line 1581 the 1768 reading is *we*, a possible phonetic spelling. Cp. Scott, Poems, p. 120: "Gin I but 'neeze we ower high noise." Conversely, *wi* for *we* (pron.) occurs in lines 2115, 2221. In all these cases I have normalised for convenience in reading.

1500. *ichie or ochi*. Cp. J. Gibb, VII.: "Johnny . . . said he 'kent nedder aucht nor ocht about it.'"

1502. *cut an' dry*. See note on 1012.

1516. *birn*. Cp. J. Gibb, XLIV.: "his project 'liftit a birn aff o' her min'."

1542. *but*. Equivalent to "that . . . not"; "I'll go on and see that they are not thereabouts." Cp. 2431, 3612.

1563. Cp. "Ye've ca'd yer hogs till an ill market," Beaton, p. 219; Henderson, Sc. Pr.

1580. *yape*. Cp. J. Gibb, II.: "Gie the bairns a bit piece noo, 'oman . . ., the like o' them's aye yap."

1581. *we*. See note on 1453.

1603. *well*. *Will*, 1768, is possibly a phonetic spelling of *weel* ([wi.l]), but I have normalised for convenience.

1646. *o' you*. More emphatic than *your*. Cp. *the sel' o' ye*, "your very self"; *the tongue, the face o' ye*, &c., all current.

1647. Cp. "Kiss a sclate stane, and that winna slaver you," Henderson, Sc. Pr.

1650. *kniblack*. Cp. J. Gibb, I.: "through hillocks of slippery ware and 'knablick stanes'"; XLIV.: "I min' . . . fat like ilka knablich an' ilka sheugh an' en' rig was"; Scott, Poems, p. 88: "A wayward knablach tripit Joseph's heel."

1657. *lean'd her down*. "Sat down." Common. Cp. J. Gibb, XL.: "'Come awa' ben an' lean ye down.'"

1660. *eaten* [etp]. "*Juniper*," Gaelic *aitionn*. This form Jamieson wrongly labels "misprint for *etnagh*." It is used again by Ross in the Orphan. "Ring-ouzens, . . . because they are often found in places where juniper, called aiten, is abundant, . . . are in all this district called aiten-chackarts", Macgillivray, Natural History of Deeside, 1885, p. 200 (a chapter describing Glengairn in Upper Deeside).

1666. *lythe*. Cp. J. Gibb, XI.: "They're fine lythe parks . . .; beasts mith live i' them throu' the winter naar."

1669. *living*. Cp. J. Gibb, XIX.: "dinna mention't to nae leevin'."

1682. *cuinray*. Here, and in 2225, means "inhabited, cultivated land" as opposed to hills and moors. A similar usage is recorded by Morris, Yorkshire Folk-Talk, 2nd ed., 1911, p. 159. He says that the inhabitants of the wild moors north of Helmsley used to speak of the more lowland parts round Helmsley as "t' coontthry."

1755. *atweesh the e'en*. Cp. Legend of Montrose, IV.: "I wish I had never seen them between the een."

1814 ff. The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns and Fairies (Stirling, 1933), written in 1691 by Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, gives a most interesting, because oddly unemotional account of the fairy lore then current in the parts of Scotland he knew. Ross's description has nothing peculiarly local about it; it is drawn from the common stock.

1820 ff. What Kirk calls "Paroxisms of antic corybantic Jolity" (p. 75).

1830. Cp. Kirk "as thick as Atoms in the Air" (p. 82).

1836-39. A reference to the fairy practice of stealing away mortal women for nurses to the fairy children.

1903. *cutpock*. The 1812 edition has *gutpock*—i.e., "gutbag, belly." For the interchange of [k] and [g] cp. the two forms *cleg* and *gleg*, "horse-fly," and *darg* from "day-work."

1908. *mourn*. Pronounced, as it still is, [marn].

1920. *funabeis*. Probably [fən'a : bi.z] = "when all is, nevertheless." E.D.D. quotes only Ross, but S.N.D. slips supply this quotation from Andrew Shirrefs (Poems, 1790, p. 355): "Tho I'm a poet, and but poor, / Yet, fu' na (*sic*) be, I dinna jeer, / Whate'er the skaith." The variant *be* bears out the suggestion that the last part of the word is the present subjunctive of "be." See S.N.D. s.v. *beis*.

1943. *taking at*. See note on 1120.

1969. There is no grammatical subject for this impersonal expression.
Forn : a strong p.p. of *fare*, for which E.D.D. (Supplement) cites only Ross.

1991. *gan'e't*. It is presumably a sort of cognate object, "gone that distance."

2024. "All is not in hand that helps." Fergusson, Sc. Pr.

2046. *gnap*. Cp. J. Gibb, II.: "That's to lat 'imself get a *gnap* no."

2098. *i' the best*. "For the best."

2114. *hear me this*. Double object. Cp. 2944.

2115. *we*. See note on 1453.

2118. *but* is redundant. Its use is due to the preceding *doubtless*.

2140. *lat you never ken*. See note on 1098.

2158. *to had nor bind*. A very common expression.

2172. See note on 522.

2199. *thinking* is equivalent to "wondering," as also in 2253.

baut : phonetic for *bowt*, "bolt." Cp. notes on O. 157, 159, 336.

2209. *lodge*. Now, and apparently (from this rhyme with *budge*) in Ross's time, pronounced [ladz]. Cp. 3637.

2221. *we*. See note on 1453.

2225. *cuin'tray*. See note on 1682.

2241. *inwith*. Cp. 2667. The original meaning is (adv.) "in towards (the farm)," (adj.) "near, belonging to (the farm)," the opposite of *outwith*, "away from (the farm)." In a mountainous country it is not surprising that *inwith* developed the meanings of (adv.) "downhill" (towards the cultivated land), (adj.) "downhill, low-lying, cultivated, inhabited." The meanings "inhabited" and "downhill" are respectively suitable in these two passages.

2244. *still an' on*. *On* adv. A more emphatic form of *still*. Cp. Scott, Poems, p. 135: "But still an' on I maun conceal, / Some mair or less."

2253. See note on 2199.

2262. The word order of the direct question is kept in the indirect. So also in 2639, 2881, 3053.

2294. *milk out*. "Finish milking." Cp. English "have your sleep out."

2297. *ca' your wa'*. "Go your way." This form *wa'* occurs also in Begging 82, O. 403 (rhyming with *fa'*), O. 639, and Scott's Poems, p. 128 (rhyming with *claw*); but it is more commonly found in the compound *awa'*. See Dieth, sec. 42, and note.

2309. In the "Orphan" (see 463-65), old Lucky of the Glen lives in the same sort of sheal, with heather bed and earthen *sunks* (as in H. 3957).

2356. *milkness*. Cp. J. Gibb, X.: "takin' chairge o' bestial, and milkness."

2364. *loot na wit*. Longmuir prints the *wit* of 1768, 1778 as *wi't*, "with it", which does not seem sensible. *Lat wit*, "let know," is a reasonable expression. Cp. Galt, *Last of the Laids*, 1826, p. 37: "I'm no so hardhearted as I let wot."

2365. *at her*. *At* is the preposition used in Scots of the person asked. *Awa*: this is merely a freakish spelling of the English "away," used here instead of *awa* for the rhyme.

2402. *they'll say*. Cp. Rock 29. A sort of consuetudinal use of future: "Whenever the occasion arises, this will be the remark made." "Every-one who has read Uncle Remus will remember—why 'will,' I wonder?—the story of the race between Brer Rabbit and Brer Tarrypin." YY, *New Statesman and Nation*, 7th October 1933.

2416. *peace be here*. See note on 1190.

2431. *but*. See note on 1542.

2498. "Give never the wolf the wedder to keip," Fergusson, Sc. Pr.; "Ye hae gien the wolf the wethers to keep," Henderson, Sc. Pr.

2519. *hilt an' hair*. This expression is used by other writers—e.g., Galt, Crockett. Beaton (p. 208) has the interesting variant, in negative use, *hint nor hair*. This is comprehensible—*hint* = "smallest vestige"; but it is impossible to say whether *hilt* is a corruption of *hint*, or *hint* an alteration of *hilt*. No derivation has been suggested for *hilt*.

2522. *to tell*. "By telling."

2525. This obscure remark seems to be equivalent to: "although you now say to me 'Play, bairns' (putting me off like a child), I will not be made a fool of by you." Or could *say* be a misprint or a freakish spelling for *sae*, "so"? Line 1768 has the converse spelling *sae* for the verb *say*. In that case the sentence would mean simply: "So, children, play—i.e., this is mere childishness, I won't be made a fool of by you." But all editions I have seen have *say*.

2530, 2828. Cp. Scott, *Poems*, p. 79: "I'll tell ye ae thing man, an' that's nae twa."

2539. *it*. I have preferred the reading of 1778 to the 1768 *at*, which does not make good sense.

2558. *our part*. "On our side." Cp. Scott, *Poems*, p. 120: "It wad be ill my part indeed."

2562. *vaunt*. Here misused for "vow, promise."

2573. *bimmy troth it*. See note on 960.

2579. *premunire*. *Premuire*, the reading of 1768, seems more likely to be a misprint than a genuine shortening of *premunire*. Moreover the line will not scan whichever form is used, if *sick a* is retained. I have therefore deleted these two words and replaced the normal form *premunire*.

2586. *there's nae a word behind*. "That's my last word."

2591-92. "If we make an end of the bargain, if we quarrel in the future, we shan't proclaim it in public?"

2597. "Ane still sow eatis all the draff," Fergusson, Sc. Pr.; "The still sow eats up the draff," Henderson, Sc. Pr.; "... sooks up . . .," Beaton, p. 216.

2600. *mooling*. *Mool* in n.e. Scots is [mi.l], often spelt *meal*,—e.g., "A body I widna meal in wi' (trust)," Beaton, p. 203.

2608. *maugre*. J. Gibb, VII, has "i' maugre o'."

2618. *closs*. This spelling, like *clock* for "cloak," Begging 24, probable represents the half-close back short vowel now used in n.e. Scots [klos, klok].

2629. *day nor door*. This phrase is used by several authors—e.g., Scott, *Old Mortality*, VIII.: "We canna mak her hear day nor door." Jam. offers two explanations: (1) D. nor Door, as it is said of a stupid person that he disna ken a B frae a Bull's fit; (2) Day nor Doer—i.e., neither the time nor the agent of an action."

2646. *with heart as gryt's a peat*. The expression in 2419, *with heart . . . heavy like a stane*, is reasonable, for a stone is obviously heavy; but a peat is not obviously large. Possibly *gryte* here means "hot, glowing with emotion."

2667. *inwith*. See note on 2241.

2672. *cauts*. See note on 584.

brae frae brae. "From brae to brae."

2697. *a' night*. Belongs in sense to the next clause.

2711. *what needs mair*. The older use of this impersonal verb without grammatical subject. So also in 3069.

2732. "The mother of mischief is no mor nor a midges wing," Fergusson, *Sc. Pr.* (which the 1778 version resembles more closely).

2748. *in gnapping earnest*. Still current—e.g., Alexander, *Mains and Hilly*, p. 144. Used also by Beaton, p. 129.

2762. *root-hewn*. The timber nearest the root is tougher than the rest, therefore "desperately tough, ferocious."

2764-65. Cp. J. Gibb, XVII.: "as much worldly prudence . . . as to 'jouk an' lat the jaw' of Sir Simon's wrath 'gae owre.'"

2796. *wyse*. See note on 1109.

2800. *we'se lay the lines*. Is this a schoolmaster's figure of speech—"we'll set the copy"?

2803. *humdrums*. Cp. Roxburghshire, "hummel-drummel," meaning "morose, taciturn."

2804. My namesake was a traditional character: "Ye looked to me as Wat did to the worm," Fergusson, *Sc. Pr.*; but his history is unknown to me.

2816. *in in*. See note on 944.

2828. See note on 2530.

2829. *the Scot of Galloway*. A proverbial expression for a wild person. Cp. line 1577 and Henderson, *Sc. Pr.*: "He's as hard wi' me as I had been the wild Scot o' Galloway."

2856. *I lear by far*. "I'd far rather."

Jinken's hen: cp. Rock 119. "Jinken's hen, that niver sa' the cock," is still known on Tarfside and on Deeside. Jinken himself has passed into complete oblivion.

2866. *pout*. See note on 802.

2903. *milking at*. See note on 1120.

2909. *havings*. Cp. *haiveless*, "unmannerly," J. Gibb, XIX.

2944. See note on 2114.

2958. *noorise*. See note on 674.

2968. *in a breast*. Cp. 3381. *Breast* is here a noun, "row." In 3381 the construction may be the same, or *abreast* may be taken together as adverb, and *in* also as adverb.

- 2978, 2988. *height*. Archaism.
3042. *jest*. [dʒɪst], as in 3097 and 3313 also, where it rhymes with *priest*.
3068. *hadd again*. See 1184.
3069. See note on 2711.
3077. *blaws on me the horn*. Apparently "urges me to pursue," perhaps from the blowing of the herdsman's horn when a sheep is strayed.
3097. *jest*. See note on 3042.
3104. *by your favour*. See note on 1166.
3187. *steal't a dint*. An odd phrase. Apparently equivalent in meaning, though not in idiom, to "stolen a march."
3188. Cp. "slippet awa' like a knotless threed," Beaton, p. 215. An ancient comparison, found in Chaucer, *Troilus*, V., 768: "For bothe Troilus and Troye toun Shal knotteles through-out hir herte slyde."
3199. *judge to*. Cp. 3696. Sir William Craigie suggests a misunderstanding of *judget o'*, "judged by."
3202. *i' the yerd*. "To the earth."
3211. *a mends*. Cp. 3352. Two words. "From sixteenth century to nineteenth century, Scottish plural as sing. *mens(e)*," Oxf. E.D. s.v. *mend*, sb. Cp. "There's naething for misdeeds but mends," Hislop, *Sc. Pr.*
3222. *sareless*. Cp. J. Gibb, XXXVIII.: "he was aye a sauchen, saurless breet."
3242. *frae wigg to wa'*. Cp. Alexander, *Mains and Hilly*: "The place was packit frae wig to wa'." And fig., Scott, *Poems*, p. 190: "There's naething now frae wig to wa' But light and reformation."
3264. *to keam*. The old voiceless infinitive. Cp. *to throw*, 3269.
3276. *for Nory's sake*. "Because of Nory."
3282. *to mak*. Loose syntax. The construction after *think* is changed from noun clause to infinitive.
3306. *wi' Lindy*. "In Lindy's direction."
3313. *jest*. See note on 3042.
3314. Cp. 3613, and J. Gibb, XIII.: "Johnny's principle of action, as regarded differences between himself and others, was always to 'dunt it oot' as he went along."
3352. See note on 3211.
3364. Cp. Henderson, *Sc. Pr.*: "Shame is past the shed o' your hair." It means, she was past feeling shame.
3381. *in a breast*. See note on 2968.
3382. *Bydby* is looking happy. Cp. Ramsay, *Christ's Kirk*, III., stanza 6: "She leugh as she had fan a nest."
- 3393-94. Cp. Scott, *Poems*, p. 8: "Syne ye can court till ye be rivin' fu', An' never ane dare say it's ill ye do."
3422. *eekefull*. Apparently represents a variant pronunciation of *equal* (which is substituted in 1778). Cp. *stalwart* 3768, and the common *lavyer* for *lawyer*.
3434. *fraze*. Cp. J. Gibb, XXXVIII.: "Mrs Birse begood wi' a fraise about foo aw hed been keepin', an' this an' that;" XLI: "She's managin' to coort the fawvour o' this minaster lad wi' makin' a fraise about a manse till 'im."

3475. 1778 has *conceited* instead of *o'erwedded*. "People on whom excessive marital affection is lavished are ready to do anything"?

3493. Here and in 3524 Bonyha' is the house of the Squire's aunt, where Nory stayed; but Ross has made a slip (corrected in 1778), since we gather from 2360 and 3929 that Bonyha' is the Squire's own home, from which he fled to escape marriage.

3500. "And to do the duties of your wife would require special additional qualities."

3506. *vowky*. Cp. J. Gibb, XXXVII.: "In the mood described as 'vokie'"; XVIII.: "gin it war lawfu' to be vyokie owre sairious maitters."

3514. *aff o'*. See note on 944.

3525. *for coming aff*. "On account of your going off."

3550. *altho'* is apparently equal to, and may be a misprint for, *as though*. But 1778, 1804, 1812, 1851 read *altho(ugh)*. Longmuir alters to *as though*.

3553. *glass*. [gles], as now.

3612. *but*. See note on 1542.

3613. See note on 3314.

3637. *lodge*. See note on 2209.

3654. *green horn cutties*. Ramsay's *green horn-spoons*, Gentle Shepherd, III. ii., Prol. 7; J. Gibb's *horn speens*, XL.

3696. See note on 3199.

3768. *stalvari*. See note on 3422.

3831. *practis'd*. See note on 235.

3835 ff. "He that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird, is a gentleman rover," Waverley, XVIII.

3836. *protty*. Cp. J. Gibb, XL.; "protty horn speens."

3846. *be*. Presumably for rhyme.

3904. *butt a host*. "Without any trouble." The development of this sense of *host* from the original meaning of "cough" is seen in such sentences as: "Aw ken at jobs o' that kin' never cost ye a host," Alexander, Mains and Hilly (p. 16).

3943. *suit* [fi.t] or [swi.t]. See Grant and Dixon, Part I., Sec. 97, 1.

4002, 4007. *gree*. This appears to mean "grease" or "dye." Dictionaries quote Ross alone. The only homophone with any resemblance in meaning is the Shetland and Orkney *gree*, "fish-fat," for which no etymology is suggested in the dictionaries. There is a word *grue*, but it means "melting ice, slush," and is not, so far as I know, pronounced like *gree* in the north-east.

4012. *deddie*. Cp. J. Gibb, XL.: "my lucky deddy."

4045. *afore the gawd*. E.D.D. interprets this as "to the front" (*afore*, prep. of place), the idea being, I suppose, "in front of the gawds-man," who is at the front with the team of oxen. Could it mean, alternatively, "before I prick you, compel you" (*afore*, prep. of time)? Cp. *upon the gad*, "suddenly," Lear I. ii. 26.

4060. Colloquial syntax. "All that I had, for the most part, was whole clothes."

4135. *practis'd*. See note on 235.

NOTES ON SONGS IN 1768 EDITION.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

14. *misanter*. Cp. J. Gibb, XLVI.: "There's sae mony mishanthers't we hear o' happenin'."

22, 23. *an*. Bad spelling for *ane*.

23. *awa*. See note on H. 409.

26. *a beginning*. "In beginning." *a* = "on," as in "a-hunting."

29. *they'll say*. See note on H. 2402.

Cp. Henderson, Sc. Pr.: "She's a wise wife that kens her ain weird."

54. *moggans*. Cp. J. Gibb, XXXVIII.: "I've a pair or twa of stoot moggans."

62. *widdershines*. "Counter-sun-wise." This direction is generally connected with malicious witchcraft, but may be only vaguely magical. In this case it will nullify Maggy's powers as a witch.

70. *can and her cantraps*. "Skill and tricks"—i.e., her powers as a witch; her evil eye, for example.

74. *the never a ragg*. Much more emphatic than it would be without *the*. Cp. Guy Mannering, XXV.: "The feint a bit o' that!"

78. *a dud sark*. Cp. Scott, Poems, p. 4: "hae ye draggl't a' your wee dud sark?" Linen or fine shirt, as opposed to coarse woollen? To this day *dud*, "cloth, clout," is applied to a linen or cotton rag rather than to woollen.

81-95. This faithful enumeration of processes is interestingly identical with one written 250 years earlier, which its editor (Gregory Smith, Scottish Text Society edition) labels "the earliest known account in verse":—

The Lint ryipit, the Carll pullit the Lyne,
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
It steipit in the burn, and dryit syne,
And with ane Betill knokkit it and bet,
Syne swingillit it weill, and hekillit in the flet;
His wyfe it span, and twynit it into threid.

Henryson, The Preiching of the Swallow, stanza 30.

81 ff. *to labour . . . powing and ripling . . .* Colloquial syntax. These infinitives and verbal nouns have no predicate. We may understand something like "are not what I fancy at all" or "are what we should have to do."

89. *tho'*. The train of thought is: "tho' it should survive the weather, that is not the end of our work, for . . ."

95. *on on*. See note on H. 944.

96. *the back o' my hand*. The translation into words of a forcible gesture of contempt. Cp. Heart of Midlothian, XII.: "The back of my hand to your Court o' Session!" Old Mortality, XIV.: "The outside o' the loof to them!"

98. *a-spar*. "In a firm position so as to resist force." Cp. Burns (Globe edition), There was a Lad was born in Kyle: "Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir, Ye gar the lasses lie aspar."

107-8. "If you throw away the pail when the cow kicks, you will have for your gains only a puddle of milk to lick up"—*i.e.*, "If you make bad worse you will gain nothing." Cp. "Dinna cast away the cog when the cow flings," Henderson, Sc. Pr.

111. *shak a fa'*. "Have a bout, make an attempt." A phrase from wrestling, used figuratively here, literally in H. 214.

119. *Jenkin's hen*. See note on H. 2856.

123. *cast* here means "reject." If *for ca'ing* is to be taken as two words, the phrase must mean "for calling, because of calling, because they call me"; but this is strained. Possibly *forca'ing* is one word, a pres. partic., "speaking ill of me as, abusing me as." Oxf. E.D. s.v. *forecall* has one quotation "perhaps for *forcall = forspeak", one meaning of which is "speak ill of."

black at the bean. "Bad at the core, worthless"?

127. *avae*. This form of *ava*, so far as I know unique, may have been invented for the sake of the rhyme.

130. *surcoat*. Worn above the shirt like a pullover.

hough-side. Cp. "ane garmont . . . fute syde," Douglas, Æneid, 229, 35.

for the winning o't seems to be a meaningless tag.

131. *coattraips*. "Coat-tails"? E.D.D. s.v. *rope* gives: "'any . . . dress of considerable length.' Banff glossary."

bun. Presumably "bum."

133. *clinked*. E.D.D., foll. Jam., gives "mended" as the meaning in this passage; but there seems to be no reason for departing from the usual sense of "fastened." Like most other forms of gaiter, the "hogger" had a strap passing under the foot which kept it in place.

141. *cock*. Some sort of cap, perhaps turned up, cocked up. E.D.D. gives only this quotation, but cp. *cock-up*, "a cap or hat turned up in front," used by Sir Walter Scott.

WILT THOU GO AND MARRY, KETTY.

38. *envy*. See note on H. 235.

TO THE BEGGING WE WILL GO.

23. *hoding*. The ending *-ing* (most often occurring in pres. partic. and verbal noun) was at one time almost universally pronounced with [n], as it still is in dialectal speech. Hence the interchange of *-ng* and *-n* in spelling. *hoding* was never pronounced with [ŋ].

24. *clock*. See note on H. 2618.

34. *lucky wife*. "Old wise woman."

67. *happily*. "Haply, perhaps."

82. *wa'*. See note on H. 2297.

94. *land*. "Country." Cp. *landert*, H. 218.

123. *out o' wit*. "Out of knowledge, extravagantly."

MARRI'D AND WOO'D AN' A'.

In later editions this song and the other song with the same tune (see Appendix) have the order "Woo'd and Married and A'."

23. I take this line to refer partly to 19 and 20 above. "That she cannot spin and that she was courted only because she was bonny will, I fear, be seen once she is married."

24. *by hand*. Here, "securely married." *Get that by han'* means "get that completed, done with."

48. *draw*. Perhaps "to make money." See note on H. 386.

64. *feauto*. The sense required is "ability." The only etymology I can suggest is O.Fr. *feaulié*, "fealty," with a change in sense. For the final -o cp. *dinto*, O. 361.

JEANY GRADDEN.

26. *i' my pens*. This appears to be equal to *pensy*, "spruce, neat." See Jam. s.v. *pens*(e, *pence*, vb., *pensie*, adj.; Oxf. E.D. s.v. *pensy*. From O.Fr. *pensif*, pl. *pensis*.

33. *forsta*. This word has been interpreted as "understand." See Ellis, Early English Pronunciation, V. 803. It was given to S.N.D. as an Aberdeen fisher word, ? from Danish *forstaae*. But although Oxf. E.D. gives this quotation from Ross under *forstand*, *sta* is the Scots form of "stall"; and Sir William Craigie suggests "forestall," in the sense of "anticipate what one is going to say, anticipate it wrongly, mistake it."

THE BRIDE'S BREAST-KNOT.

9. This is the first line of the refrain of the old song "The Bonny Breast-Knots."

NOTES ON THE ORPHAN.

27. *auld Allan*. Allan Ramsay.

42. *squire*. See note on H. 830.

53-54. *I.e.*, I am willing to promise never to trouble you again.

54. *question*. Three syllables, a pronunciation for which the metrical psalms supply a precedent. So also in 1005.

63-65. The episode referred to is H. 1606-53.

69. *sirs*. [sirs] is used to-day, and perhaps here, as an exclamation without regard to its original meaning.

91. *buff*. *Buff and nonsense* is still current.

106. *perconon*. A noun in H. 1412, here turned into a conjunction by ellipsis (= *on the perconon*).

110. *your*. *I.e.*, the readers'.

116. Ross's vacillation (see footnote to text) between different periods for his setting is interesting. The final, sensible choice is a

period even nearer Ross's own than that of Helenore—compare the guns of the Orphan (1165) with the bows and lances of Helenore (603, 3811).

140. The choice of ages for his characters troubled Ross (see footnote to text, and cp. footnotes to Helenore 362-63).

141. *Earse*. Throughout the poem Ross conceives of Kenneth's native land as Highland and Gaelic-speaking, although towards the end he labels it Pomona, the old name for Orkney, and seems from the beginning to have the geographical position of Orkney in his mind. The knowledge which he must have had of the Highland dress and manners is not displayed anywhere in Helenore, where it would have been appropriate, but is introduced inappositely, though amusingly into the Orphan, in the description of the old Highland laird—of Pomona! and of the Highland festivities held there.

147. *Murray land*. Presumably Moray.

157, 159. *courance, caur'd*. Phonetic for *cowrance, cowr'd*. Cp. 336.

179. *town*. Used in this poem even more often than in Helenore with the meaning of "farm town, homestead, house."

201. *yeed on bane*. "Walked in human form, lived."

208. *quhilk*. Archaic spelling.

237. *can*. Not now current as infinitive in n.e. Scots.

243. *I.e.*, has brought them back from the edge of poverty.

277. Cp. H. 2564.

301. *Ill something till his head*. *Ill something* is possibly a euphemistic substitute for "a curse on."

304. *scorn*. Apparently "humiliate, lower."

312. *come ben*. "Be intimate." Cp. 356 and H. 8, &c.

316. *kinsprekle*. Now current as *kenspeckle*. A form with *-r* is recorded in E.D.D. for Durham. For such a variation, cp. O.E. *specan* and *sprecen*; see Oxf. E.D. *speckle* and *spreckle*.

329. *to the pock*. "To the beggar's bag." Cp. Begging, stanza 2.

334. See note on H. 232.

336. *aur*. Phonetic spelling of Scots *ower*, over, which Ross generally spells *o'er*. Cp. *baut*, H. 2199; *caurance*, O. 157; *caur'd*, O. 159.

337. *wert na Kenny*. See note on H. 1429.

345. *muckle*. Here and in several other places the form might be *muckle* or *meikle*. The commonest form in H. is *meikle*, but *muckle* does occur; and both [mɪk] and [mak] are now current in n.e., so that it is impossible to say which is intended here.

356. See note on 312.

361. *her*. Peggy's.

391-92. *foot-coat* is an assonantal rhyme in Scots as well as in English; n.e. Scots [fɪt]—[kwɔɪt].

392. *misus'd*. Sc. *was*.

397. *yet was*. Sc. *she*.

398, 399. *she*. *I.e.*, Peggy.

403. *wa'*. See note on H. 2297.

411. *wyre* = [wi : r]?

436. *lets the other glowr*. *Glowr* is a noun. "Gives another glance." For *other* in this sense of "one more, additional," see Oxf. E.D. s.v. *tother* 2b, E.D.D. *other* 4.

454. *had inside(s)*. Keep the sheep "in about."
 463. Cp. the description of the sheal in H. 2305-10, 3957.
 517. This wording presents a more domestic picture than the usual :
 "When Adam delved . . ."
 582. *I.e.*, we have no shame to carry about like a load.
 591. *pass*. See note on H. 220.
 598. For this use of *freely*, cp. J. Gibb, XI. : "I wud like freely weel
 to see them."
 609. *Mrs.* Up to Ross's time a title of courtesy given to unmarried
 girls.
 609-10. *the knell Has hit*. See Lang., p. lviii, 4.
 639. *wa*. See note on H. 2297.
 640. "On which she could put a bold face."
 650. *be*. For "would be," *metri causa*.
 668. *happy day*. See note on H. 318.
 695. *mine*. My blessing, of course.
 712. *an' miss'd*. See Lang., p. lix, 2.
 720. *a lamb of twenty*. "One lamb out of every twenty."
 721. *half wedder*. "Half of them wethers."
 736. *how*. "However."
world. Dissyllable.
 748. *alas*. Evidently, as now, [ə'lis].
 762. *nae o' the wale of gear*. "Not among the choicest of specimens."
gear is a vague, wide-ranging word like "things."
 770. "Is what, we may make up our minds to it, will not be hid."
 804. *biddable*. I can make nothing of the MS. word, which looks
 like *beaskable*. I have substituted *biddable*.
 849. *canna*. Sc. *I*. See Lang., p. lix, 2.
 906. *by the by't*. "Beyond it."
 912. *steethed*. See Oxf. E.D. *stooth*, where there are two fifteenth
 century Yorkshire uses of the word to describe belts : "double stothed
 girdilles" and "A blak gyrdill . . . with vij stuthes." For the form
steeth, see Language, p. xlvii.
 962. *into the mist*. "In the dark."
 1005. *questions*. See note on 54.
 1047. *ken yoursell*. "Recover yourself, come back to your right
 mind."
 1161. *born*. Dissyllable ?
 1220. Cp. Old Mortality, XIV. : "You and me wad gang and
 pouss our fortunes."
 1230. *tells for hail*. "Sounds right, plausible."
 1241. *I.e.*, are not to be trusted.
 1244. Make people scratch where there is no bite—*i.e.*, mislead them.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS.

Abbreviations in etymologies :—

A. = Anglo-.	Lat. = Latin.
D.O.S. = Dictionary of Older Scottish. See Bibliog.	M. = Middle.
Da. = Danish.	Med. = Medieval.
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norman.
E. = English.	O. = Old.
Fr. = French.	Oxf. E.D. = Oxford English Dictionary.
Fris. = Frisian.	S.N.D. = Scottish National Dictionary. See Bibliog.
G. = German.	Sax. = Saxon.
H. = High.	
L. = Low.	

Other abbreviations :—

B. = Beattie's verses.	O. = The Orphan.
H. = Helenore.	Phonol. = The section on phonology in Introduction.
J. = Jamieson's Dictionary. See Bibliog.	

The titles of the Songs are quoted in abbreviated form—*e.g.*, J.G. = Jeany Gradden, Br.-K. II = second version of The Breast-Knots. The numbers refer to the lines.

† means that so far as can be ascertained this word is found, or this form or meaning is found, in modern times—after 1700—only in north-eastern Scots. †† means that this word, form, or meaning is found after 1700 only in Ross.

The occasional pronunciations in phonetic script are based on present-day north-eastern Scots, and are intended to approximate to north-eastern pronunciations in Ross suggested by rhyme or spelling.

The meaning of an *etymology* is given only when it is not obvious, or not the same as the meaning, or the first meaning, of the entry being glossed.

GLOSSARY.

a. See **hae**.

a', *pron., adj., adv.*, all, 59 B., H. 36, &c., O. 5, &c.; **a'thing**, everything, H. 515, &c., O. 1171. [O.E. *al(l)*.]

aback, *adv.*, back, O. 219; of time, H. 845, 3009, 3064, Rock 148. [O.E. *on bæc*.]

††**abily**, *n.*, strength, H. 1249. [O.Fr. *ableté*.]

ablins, **aiblins** ['e.blinz], *adv.*, perhaps, possibly, H. 184, 1268, &c., Bridal o't 44, O. 67, &c. [O.Fr. *able* + *adv. suff.*]

aboon, *adv., prep.*, above, H. 418, 1125, 1248, &c., O. 470; **'boon**, O. 206, 1209. [O.E. *abufan*.]

aconter. See **conter**.

†**adi**, *n.*, ado, trouble, H. 1336; **ado**, to do, Married II 8. [O.N. *at*, to, + O.E. *dōn*.]

ae, *adj.*, one, H. 322, 332, &c., O. 161, &c. [O.E. *ān*.]

aefauld, *adj.*, simple, H. 74. [O.E. *ānfald*.]

aff, *adv., prep.*, 82 B., H. 132, 283, 590, &c., O. 161, &c. [O.E. *of*.]

aff-sett, *n.*, excuse, putting-off, H. 2584, 2813, 2818. [O.E. *of* + O.E. *settan*.]

†**a-fiedlert**, *adv.*, afield, away from home, H. 737, 1772, 3265. See Phonol. 5. [O.E. *on*, *a(n)* + O.E. *fēld* + *adv. suff.*]

afore, *adv., prep.*, before, H. 441, 696, 1002, &c., O. 885, &c.; **afor's**, before us, H. 1328. [O.E. *on foran*.]

aft, **after**, **aftimes**, *adv.*, often, H. 70, 263, 638, &c., O. 33, &c. [O.E. *oft*.]

again, *adv.*, against, H. 1184. See note. [O.E. *ongegn* + O.N. *t gegn*.]

agast = **aghastr**, H. 850, 2069, &c.

ahind, *adv., prep.*, behind, H. 1541, 2006, &c.; **ahind the hand**, too late, H. 2018. [O.E. *on*, *a(n)* + O.E. *hindan*.]

ain, *adj.*, own, H. 39, 53, &c., O. 309, &c. (O.N. *eiginn*, O.E. *ægen* (rare).]

airth, *n.*, direction, H. 1568, 2659. [Form of **aftr**, which is of obscure origin.]

alane, *pred. adj. and adv.*, alone, H. 2347, &c. [O.E. *al* + O.E. *ān*.]

†**albuist** ['ə'pis], *conj.*, albeit, although, H. 2040. [See S.N.D. Appar. **al**, although, + **beis**, 3rd sg. subj. of **be**, + **it**. See below **piece**.]

†**alist**, in **come alist**, recover consciousness, H. 182. See note. [?]

a(l)maist, *adv.*, almost, H. 583, 1512, &c., O. 454. [O.E. *al(l)* + O.E. *māst*.]

ambry, *n.*, cupboard, press, H. 6. [O.Fr. *almarie* fr. Lat. *armarium*.]

amind, *adj.*, minded, inclined, H. 485. [O.E. *on*, *a(n)* + O.E. *ge mynd*.]

amo', **amon**, *prep.*, among, amidst, H. 9, 430, &c., O. 376, &c.; **amon's**, among us, H. 3449; **amon't**, amidst it, Rock 83. [O.E. *on(ge)mang*.]

†**amshack**, *n.*, misfortune, Rock 103. [?]

an', *conj.*, if, H. 314, 333, &c. [O.E. *and*.]

- ane**, *pron.*, one, H. 40, 257, &c., O. 68, &c. [O.E. *ān*.]
aneath. See **aneth**.
anes ([ens]), *adv.*, once, 32 B, H. 1, 4, &c., O. 51, &c. [O.E. *ānes*.]
aneth, **aneath**, *prep.*, beneath, H. 310, 707, 1487, &c., O. 1145. [O.E. *beneoðan*, with **a-** after **aboon**.]
anew. See **enew**.
anoner, *prep.*, under, H. 148. [O.E. *on*, *an* + O.E. *under*.]
†anter, *vb. intrs.*, venture, chance, H. 737, Rock 89, O. 552. [O.Fr. *aventurer*.]
antercast, *n.*, chance, fortune, H. 1773, 3012, 4036. [Prec. + O.N. *kasta*.]
apen, *vb.*, open, H. 939. [O.E. *openian*.]
arslins, *adv.*, on his arse, H. 1167. [O.E. *earsling* + *adv. -s*.]
asa, **assa**, *adv.*, as, H. 851, 2168, [O.E. *alswā*. See D.O.S. *alsa*, S.N.D. *alse*, *adv.*?]
ase, *n.*, ashes, H. 3051. [O.E. *asce*, O.N. *aska*.]
aspar (to), *adv.*, in straddling wise (against), firmly (against), Rock 98. [O.E. *on*, *a(n* + **spar** (in sense of "spoke" or "cross-bar"), from Du. *spar* or O.N. *sparri*, &c.]
assa. See **asa**.
asteer, *pred. adj.*, astir, in(to) commotion, H. 1202, 1552, &c. [O.E. *on*, *a(n* + O.E. *styrian*.]
athort, *prep.*, across, Br.-K. II [67. [O.E. *on*, *a(n* + O.N. *pvert*, across.]
attour ([-aur]), *adv.*, besides, moreover, H. 3290, &c., O. 890, &c.; *prep.*, besides, O. 55; **mair attour**, moreover, H. 1170, 3118, &c. [Prob. O.E. *ūt*, out, + O.E. *ofer*.]
at weel. See **witt**.
atweesh, **'tweesh**, **'tweish**, *prep.*, between, H. 156, 293, 1599, &c., O. 713. [O.E. *betweox*, with **a-** after **aboon**, **aneth**.]
at weel. See **witt**.
aught, *n.*, being, creature, H. 870, 3461, 4042. [O.E. *āht*.]
auld, *adj.*, old, 26 B., 62 B., H. 16, 56, &c., O. 1113. [O.E. *ald*.]
auldfarran, *adj.*, old-fashioned, 44 B. [O.E. *ald* + pres. partic. of O.E. *faran*.]
auld-mou'd, *adj.*, wise in discourse, H. 2720. [O.E. *ald* + O.E. *mūp*, mouth, + p.p. suff.]
auld-warld, *adj.*, old-world, 3 B., H. 191, Rock 150. [O.E. *ald* + O.E. *w(e)or(o)ld*.]
aum'd, *ppl. adj.*, alumed, H. 824, Begging 8. [O.Fr. *alum* + p.p. suff.]
ava, **†awa**, **††avae**, *adv.* after *negs.*, at all, H. 409, 3337, Rock 23, 127 (see note), Marri'd I 20. [O.E. *of* + O.E. *al(l)*.]
averen (['e.-]), *n.*, cloudberry, H. 547. [Of Gael. origin.]
awa', *adv.*, away, 57 B., H. 35, 105, &c., O. 276, &c. [O.E. *aweg*.]
awa. See **ava**.
ay, *adv.*, always, ever, H. 125, 157, &c., O. 204, &c. [O.N. *ei*, *ey*.]
ayont, *prep.*, *adv.*, beyond, H. 1137, 1276, &c. [O.E. *on*, *a(n* + O.E. *geond*.]
ba', *n.*, ball, H. 933. [O.N. *böllr*.]
babee, *n.*, halfpenny, H. 1767. [Appar. from the name **Sille-bawbe**. See D.O.S. **bawbe**.]
back-birn, *n.*, burden (borne on back), H. 479. [O.E. *bæc* + O.E. *byrðen*.]
bad(e, pa. t.), offered, O. 57, 1268. [O.E. *bæd* from *biddan*, ask, confused in meaning with O.E. *bēad* from *bēodan*, offer.]
bade. See **byde**.
†baid, *n.*, lodging, H. 3534, O. 212. [Northern N.E. *bād*, conn. with O.E. *bīdan*—*bād*, remain.]
bailch, *n.*, in ***bursen bailch**, *lit.* burst belly, fat and breathless person, H. 207. [O.N. *belgr*, bag.]
bair = bare, H. 13, 1429, &c.
bairn, *n.*, child, H. 39, 231, &c., O. 185, &c. [O.E., O.N. *barn*.]
baith, *pron.*, *adj.*, *adv.*, both, H. 95, 110, 134, &c., O. 79, &c. [O.N. *baðer*, *baðar*.]
bald. See **bauld**.
ban, *vb.*, curse, O. 333. [O.N. *banna*.]

band, *pa. t.*, bound, H. 437, 3086. [O.E. *band*, from *bindan*.]

bane, †**bean**, ([be : n, †bi : n]), *n.*, bone, H. 468, 889, 3463, Rock 123, Begging 74, O. 340. See Phonol. 4. [O.E. *bān*.]

bang, *vb. intrs.*, start, spring, H. 150, 643, 1087. [Prob. O.N. *banga*.]

bang, *n.*, spring, dash, H. 3022 ; on or in a bang, in an instant (cf. use of **clap**), H. 2061, O. 1260. [Prec.]

bangster, *n.*, violent person, bully, H. 2736, 3762 ; ? thresher, Bridal o't 25, 26. [**bang**, *vb.* + noun suff.]

bannock, *n.*, flat cake of meal, H. 1362, 1480, 1575. [O.E. *bannuc* (once).]

bardach, **bardoch**, *adj.*, bold, fearless, H. 1670, 2465. [Prob. Gael. *bàrd* (see Oxf. E.D. **bard**) + *adj.* suff.]

bargain, *n.*, struggle, controversy, H. 2864, 3068. [O.Fr. *bargaine*.]

basind, *adj.*, (of an animal) having a white patch on the face, Married II 18. [O.Fr. *bausant*, *piebald*.]

bassie, *n.*, wooden bowl (for mixing meal), Marri'd I 51. [? conn. with **basin**, O.Fr. *basin*.]

†**bauchly**, *adv.*, indifferently, uneasily, O. 1119. [? O.N. *bágr*, uneasy, + *adv.* suff.]

bauk, *n.*, cross-beam, H. 1886. [O.N. *bálkr*, beam ; O.E. *balca*, ridge.]

bauk, *vb.* = **bauk**, H. 1430, O. 99.

bauld, *adj.*, bold, H. 370, &c. ; **bald**, O. 141 ; **bauld**, **bauldly**, *adv.*, H. 3556, 3818. [O.E. *bald*.]

baut ([baut]), *n.*, thunder-bolt, H. 2199. [O.E. *bolt*.]

bawaw, *n.*, side glance, H. 2490. [?]

beal, *vb. intrs.*, swell, H. 2092 ; suppurate, O. 560. [Obscure. See S.N.D. **beal**.]

bean. See **bane**.

bear, *vb.*, bear ; **buir**, *pa. t.*, H. 3249, 3775 ; **bear**, **buir** upon, restrain(ed), H. 790, 2160 ; **born** o' me, borne in upon me, H. 663, 2271, 3975, O. 1161. [O.E. *beran*, with new *pa. t.*]

beard, *n.*, length of flax on a distaff, Rock 31. [O.E. *beard*.]

beasts, *n. pl.*, cattle or sheep, H. 732, 734 ; sheep, O. 860, 935, 1162. [O.Fr. *beste*.]

bedeen, *adv.*, forthwith, straightway, H. 1485, O. 287. [Obscure. See Oxf. E.D. **bedene**.]

beeld, **beild**, **bield**, *n.*, shelter, refuge, H. 125, 707, 777, &c., O. 684. [O.E. *beldo*, security.]

beet, *vb.*, amend, keep up, H. 622 ; **bet**, *pa. t.*, H. 239. [O.E. *bētan*.]

befa', *vb. intrs.*, befall, H. 368, Rock 14. [O.E. *befallan*.]

†**beff**, *n.*, blow, buffet, 27 B. [Cp. **haff**, blow, **beft**, struck, D.O.S.]

begeck, *vb.*, deceive, trick, H. 236, 2588. [O.E. *be* + *geck*, q.v. ; or M.Du., M.L.G. *begecken*, deride.]

beguile, *n.*, cheat, trick, H. 2077, 2304. [O.E. *be* + O.Fr. *guile*.]

behad [bə'ha:d], *vb. intrs.*, hold back, wait, H. 389, Ketty 22 ; *vb. trs.* and *intrs.*, behold, H. 1824, 1888, &c. [O.E. *behalðan*.]

beho, *vb.*, be obliged to, H. 521 ; **boot**, *pa. t.*, had to, H. 284, 1250, &c., O. 8, 330 ; †**beight**, †**bight** ([bit]), H. 1386, 3968. [O.E. *behófan*, with contracted *pa. t.*]

beight. See **beho**.

beild. See **beeld**.

belang, *vb. intrs.*, belong, H. 679, 684, &c. [O.E. *be* + *lang*, *vb.* fr. O.E. *gelang*, *adj.*]

belyve, *adv.*, quickly, H. 767, 1067. [O.E. *be lifē*, with life.]

ben, *the ben*, *adv.*, in or into the inner room of a house (opp. of **butt**), H. 805, 821, &c. ; **their ben**, in their place inside, O. 502 ; **ben**, *fig.*, into favour, H. 8, 252, What ails 44, O. 312 ; **bare the ben**, *fig.*, bare of possessions, in a poor state, H. 1429, 1775, 2123 ; **wi' a butt an' ben**, with an inner and outer room, with a two-roomed house, O. 462. [O.E. *binnan*, inside.]

†**benew** ([-nɛʊ]), *adv.*, beneath, Rock 133. [O.E. *beneoðan*. See **new**, *vb.*, and D.O.S. **beneuth**, **neuth**, S.N.D. **benew**.]

- bent**, *n.*, bare field, grassy plain, O. 1174. [O.E. *beonet*, bent-grass.]
- benty**, *adj.*, covered with bent-grass, O. 386. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- bespeak**, *vb.*, address, speak to, H. 2984. [O.E. *besprecan*.]
- bet**. See **beet**.
- bet**(t, *pa. t.*, beat, H. 134, 2194, 2249, O. 776. [New *pa. t.* of O.E. *bēatan*.]
- between**, *prep.*, between, H. 880, 2459, 3283. [O.E. *betwix*.]
- bicker**, *vb. intr.*, fight, H. 1286. [?]
- biddable**, *adj.*, obedient, O. 804. See note. [**bid**, O.E. *bēodan*, order, and *biddan*, ask; + *adj. suff.*]
- bidden**, **bide**. See **byde**.
- bield**. See **beeld**.
- bigging**, *n.*, building, H. 2404. [O.N. *byggja* + *vbl. noun ending*.]
- bight**. See **behave**.
- billy**, **billie**, *n.*, young fellow, boy, H. 124, 215, 934, O. 218. [?]
- bimme**, **bimmy**, = by my, H. 960, 2573.
- bink**, *n.*, bank, H. 528. [O.E. *benc*.]
- binna**, *pres. indic. pl.*, are not, H. 2111, 2949; *pres. subj. 3rd sing.*, be not, H. 2769; *imperative*, be not, H. 2941, O. 1013, 1249. [Parts of O.E. *bēon* + *neg.*]
- binner**, *vb. intrs.*, gallop, rush, O. 366. [? *Echoic.*]
- birk**, *n.*, birch tree, 50 B. [O.E. *berc*.]
- birken**, **-in**, *adj.*, birchen, H. 310, 1303, 1802, O. 1145. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- birle**, *vb.*, to pour out (drink), to pass round (drink), H. 3556; **birle at**, O. 14 (see note on H. 1120). [O.E. *byrelian*.]
- birn**, *n.*, charred stem (of burnt heather, &c.), H. 569, 2302. [O.E. *beornan*, *biornan*, to burn.]
- birn**. See **birthen**.
- burst**, *vb. intrs.*, burst, H. 893, 1759. [O.E. *berstan*.]
- birthen**, **birn**, *n.*, burden, H. 1516, 1571, 3440, O. 783, 800, 899. [O.E. *bryðen*.]
- bit**, *n.*, morsel; of food, H. 3534, O. 119, 212, 221; with *folll. noun*, without **of**, O. 627, 864. [O.E. *bita*, piece bitten off.]
- Blackmore** = Blackamoor, H. 2162.
- blac**, *adj.*, livid; **blue an' blac**, black and blue (with blows), H. 1297. [O.N. *blár*.]
- blaeberry**, *n.*, bilberry, whortleberry, O. 447. [Prec. + O.E. *berige*.]
- blate**, *adj.*, timid, shy, backward, H. 801, 899, &c.; dull, unpromising, H. 1563; taken aback, Br.-K. II 46. [? O.E. *blāt*, livid.]
- blaw**, *vb.*, blow, 54 B., H. 7, 2848, O. 88, 619; pant, H. 453; **blaw (up) the horn**, H. 242, 3077 (see notes). [O.E. *blāwan*.]
- bleech'd**, = bleached, H. 2302, Rock 53.
- †bleed**, *n.*, blood, H. 167, 189, &c. [O.E. *blōd*.]
- bleer**, *n.*, film (over the eye), *fig.*, H. 2811. [?]
- bleeze**, *n.*, blaze, H. 2302, 2314. [O.E. *blæse*.]
- blind**, *n.*, cheat, deception, H. 2320. [O.E. *blind*, *adj.*]
- bludder'd**, *ppl. adj.*, besmeared, H. 616, O. 758. [*Echoic.*]
- blunty**, *n.*, blockhead, H. 346 (see note), 905. [**blunt**, of obscure origin, + *noun suff.*]
- boak**, *vb. intrs.*, retch, belch, Rock 7. [Prob. *echoic.*]
- bob**, *n.*, taunt, H. 1968. [Poss. O.Fr. *bobe*, deception.]
- †bobby**, *n.*, grandfather, H. 110. [Gael. *boban*, godfather, &c. Cp. M.Irish *bobba*, master.]
- boddard**, *n.*, insult, H. 1643. [? = **bad word** (1778 reads *bad-dord*), conflated with **bod(e)-word**, q.v. in Oxf. E.D., E.D.D.]
- boddom**, *n.*, bottom, H. 2736, Begging 19. [O.E. *botm*.]
- bode**, *n.*, offer, H. 1448, O. 58. [O.E. *bod*.]
- body**, **bodie**, *n.*, person, H. 1312, 1643, &c. [O.E. *bodig*.]
- bodylike**, *pred. adj.*, in the body, corporeally, H. 1896. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]

bonny, bony, *adj.*, pretty, handsome, H. 90, 95, &c., O. 30, &c. [?]

bonyness, *n.*, beauty, H. 86. [Prec. + noun suff.]

boon. See **aboon**.

boonmest, *adj.*, uppermost, H. 1722. [Aphetic form of **aboon**, q.v., + superl. suff.]

boot, *n.*, remedy, cure, H. 947, 1674, 3092. [O.F. *bōt*.]

boot. See **behove**.

born o' me. See **bear**.

boss, *adj.*, empty, poor, H. 387. [?]

bought, boucht, *n.*, sheep-fold, H. 2273, 2276, 2286, What ails 9. [L.G. *bucht*.]

bought, *vb.*, fold (cattle, sheep), H. 735. [Prec.]

bouked, ([*bukit*]), *ppl. adj.*, in little **bouked**, of small size, little, Marri'd I 57. [Confusion of O.E. *būc*, belly, and *bulk*, ? O.N. **bulki*, O.Icel. *búlki*, heap, cargo.]

boun, bown ([*bu.n*]), *adj.*, ready, prepared, H. 65, 1920, &c. [O.N. *búinn*.]

bout ([*baut*]), *vb. intrs.*, leap, spring, H. 472. [O.E. *boltt*, arrow.]

boutgates, *n. pl.*, roundabout ways, H. 2379. [Aphetic form of **about**, O.E. *onbūtan* + O.N. *gata*, way.]

bowden(*'d*), *ppl. adj.*, swollen, H. 1759, 2194. [Conn. w. O.E. *belgan*, O.N. *bolgna*, swell. See Oxf. E.D. **bolden**.]

bown. See **boun**.

bowster, *n.*, bolster, H. 1487, 1493. [O.E. *bolster*.]

bra(w), *adj.*, fine, handsome, 56 B., H. 796, 1841, &c., O. 367, &c.; **bras**, *n. pl.*, fine things (clothes, ornaments), H. 627, Marri'd I 30. [O.Fr. *brave*.]

brae, *n.*, slope, hill, H. 416, 419, &c., O. 280, &c. [O.N. *brá*, eyebrow.]

brak, *vb.*, break, 82 B., H. 2154, &c.; break into, H. 1961; **brake**, O. 273, 560, &c.; **brak**, *pa. t.*, H. 2201, 4010; **brake**, O. 603, 756; **broke**, *p.p.*, O. 478. [O.E. *brecan*.]

brak, *n.*, break (of day), H. 1361, 1541, &c. [Prec.]

brake. See **brak**, *vb.*

braking, *vbl. n.*, breaking, H. 1219. [O.E. *brecan* + *vbl. noun* suff.]

†† **bralans**, *n. pl.*, the trailing strawberry plant, O. 448. [Gael. *bracilean*, same as *bracileag*, with diff. suff.]

braly, brawly, *adv.*, finely, 38 B., H. 1377. [*bra*, q.v., + *adv. suff.*]

brang, *pa. t.*, brought, H. 3653. [New *pa. t.* of O.E. *bringan*.]

brattle, *n.*, clatter, rush, H. 2957. [Echoic.]

braw, brawly. See **bra, braly**.

bread. See **bred**.

breast, *n.*, in **in a breast**, abreast, H. 2968 (see note), 3381. [O.E. *brēost*.]

bred, bread ([*bre.d*]), *adj.*, broad, H. 3572, Br.-K. I 13. [O.E. *brād*.]

bree, *n.*, broth, H. 1862, 3660, Begging 77. [?]

bree, *n.*, brow, eyebrow, H. 2197. [O.E. **brēw*, *brēg*.]

breeks, *n. pl.*, breeches, H. 1427. [O.E. *brēc*, *pl.* + *pl. suff.*]

brither, *n.*, brother, H. 742, 1487, &c. [O.E. *brōðor*.]

brook, *vb.*, enjoy, use, H. 29, 93, &c., O. 725. [O.E. *brūcan*.]

brose, *n.*, oatmeal mixed with liquid, Begging 79, 104. [? O.Fr. *broetz*, broth. But see D.O.S.]

browden(*'d* (o')) ([*braudn(t)*]), *ppl. adj.*, attached (to), intent (on), H. 1112, 2389; **browden sett**, fixed in attachment, O. 267. [? O.E. *brogden*, from *bregdan*.]

brown, *adj.*, dull, gloomy, H. 3725. [O.E. *brūn*, dark.]

brown, ([*braun*]), *p.p.*, brewed, H. 248, 1753, 2815. [O.E. *browen*, from *brēowan*.]

browst, *n.*, brewing, *fig.*, H. 248, 1753. [Stem of prec.]

brulzie (? [*brulji*]), *n.*, quarrel, broil, Marri'd I 13. [O.Fr. *brouiller*, disturb.]

brunt, *pa. t.*, burned, H. 3043; *p.p.*, H. 103, 2777. [O.N. *brinna*.]

brutch, *n.*, brooch, O. 135. [Fr. *broche*.]

- buckie**, *n.*, shell; *used* for a shell-shaped rush rattle, H. 143. See note. [? Lat. *buccinum*, whelk.]
- buff**, *n.*, nonsense, O. 91. [?]
- ††**buik**, *pa. t.*, bowed, H. 1933. [? Strong *pa. t.* for weak verb **beck**, O.E. *bēcnan*, make a sign.]
- buir**. See **bear**.
- buird**, *n.*, board, O. 633. [O.E. *bord*.]
- bumbazd**, *p.p.*, confounded, bewildered, 28 B., H. 2606, 2976. [Poss. intensive of **baze**, but cp. **bamboozle**. See Oxf. E.D.]
- bumming**, *n.*, humming, droning, Bridal o't 16. [Echoic.]
- burn**, *n.*, stream, brook, H. 572. [O.E. *burne*.]
- burnie**, **burny**, *n.*, streamlet, 50 B., H. 565, &c. [Dim. of *prec*.]
- burrach'd**, *p.p.*, clustered, H. 1928. [?]
- bursen**, *ppl. adj.*, burst, *used fig.*, H. 207. See **bailch**. [O.E. *borsten*, from *berstan*.]
- busk (up)**, *vb.*, array, H. 3520, 3598, &c. [O.N. *búask*, prepare oneself.]
- buskin**, *n.*, half-boot, Married II 28. [Obsc. See Oxf. E.D.]
- buss**, *n.*, bush, H. 417, 1659, 1788. [O.N. *buskv*.]
- but(t)**, *prep.*, without, H. 35, 48, &c.; *adv.*, to or in the outer room of a house (opp. of **ben**), H. 1697, 2480; **their butt**, in their place outside, O. 502; **butt the floor, butt the house**, towards the outside door, to the outer room, H. 2420, 2482; **wi' a butt an' ben**, see **ben**. [O.E. *būtan*, outside, without.]
- ††**butwards**, *adv.*, towards the outside, H. 3990. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*]
- by**, *conj.*, by the time that, when, H. 3949. [O.E. *bī*.]
- by**, *adv.*, in **I care no by**, I do not care about it, O. 53; *prep.*, in **by the by 't**, beyond it, O. 906. [O.E. *bī*.]
- byde**, **bide**, *vb. intrs.*, delay, stay, H. 445, 646, &c.; *trans.*, endure, experience, H. 1968, 2654, &c.; **bade**, *pa. t. intrs.*, H. 1946, O. 615; *trans.*, H. 2654; **bidden**, *p.p.*, stayed, H. 703, 2703. [O.E. *bīdan*.]
- bydings**, *n. pl.*, experiences, H. 2654. [Prec. + *vbl. noun suff.*]
- by hand**, set aside, disposed of, Marri'd I 24.
- byr(e)**, *n.*, byre, cowhouse, What Ails 10, Married II 1. [O.E. *býre*.]
- ca'**, **caw**, *vb.*, call, 85 B., H. 58, &c.; drive, H. 729, 1023, &c., Marri'd I 38, etc., O. 277, &c.; **drink . . . was caw'd about**, drink was sent round vigorously, H. 1850; **ca' your wa'**, go your way, H. 2297; **ca' a glen**, plunder a glen, H. 3835. [O.N. *kalla*.]
- ca'**, *n.*, (act of) driving, H. 425. [Prec.]
- cabbrack**, **cabbrach**, *adj.*, evil, unpleasant, H. 2762, O. 64. [?]
- cadge**, *vb.*, toss, upset, H. 1596. [?]
- cackling**, *n.*, defecation, Br.-K. II 32. [Lat. *cacare* + *noun suff.*]
- caff**, *n.*, chaff, H. 234. [O.E. **cæf*, *cæaf*.]
- cald**, **cauld**, *adj.*, *n.*, cold, H. 559, 1252, &c., O. 733. [O.E. *cald*.]
- calland**, *n.*, boy, lad, H. 122. Nthn.Fr., Du., Flem. *caland*, customer, chap.]
- calour**, *adj.*, fresh, refreshing, H. 114, 229, &c. [?]
- camawine** = *camomile*, H. 3519.
- camricks**, *n. pl.*, cambrics, H. 3596. [Flem. *kameryk*, Cambrai.]
- camstery**, *adj.*, unruly, wilful, O. 197. [?]
- can**, *auxil. vb.*, did, H. 463, 751, 1495, O. 608, 784. [North. form of **gan**, q.v.]
- can**, *vb.*, know how to, be able, O. 237; 3rd sing., knows, O. 1261. [O.E. *cann*.]
- can**, *n.*, skill, ability, knowledge, H. 191, 239, &c., O. 131. [Prec.]
- cankardly**, *adv.*, ill-naturedly, H. 2041. [N.Fr. *cancre*, ulcer, + *p.p. suff.* + *adv. suff.*]
- †**canness-bred**, *n.*, canvas-breadth, H. 592. [N.Fr. *canevas* + O.E. *brædu*.]
- cannily**, *adv.*, prudently, cunningly, H. 718. [Foll. + *adv. suff.*]

canny, *adj.*, skilful, cunning, prudent, H. 15, 193, 1037, Rock 67, O. 679, 1118; lucky, O. 82, 109, 160. [O.E. *cann*, know how, + *adj. suff.*]
cant, *vb.*, sing., H. 1915. [N.Fr. *canter*.]
cantrap, *n.*, charm, witch's trick, Rock 70. [?]
canty, *adj.*, cheerful, brisk, lively, 2 B., H. 199, &c., O. 75. [Cp. Du. *kant*, neat, clever, L.G. *kantig*.]
cap ([ka. p]), *n.*, wooden bowl, Begging 80. [O.E. *copp*.]
capernoited, *ppl. adj.*, crabbed, 64 B. [?]
careless, *adj.*, regardless, unconcerned, H. 2826. [O.E. *carlēas*.]
cark, *n.*, care, trouble, H. 741, 2425. [A.Fr. *kark*(e).]
carl(e), *n.*, (old) fellow, 7 B., H. 1876, &c. [O.N. *karl*.]
carling, **carline**, *n.*, old woman, H. 1869, 3743. [O.N. *kerling* with vowel of *karl*.]
cast, *vb.*, throw; reject, Rock 123; **cast me**, plan, set myself, Begging 128; *intrs.* clear (of the sky), H. 1898, 2117; **cast out**, quarrel, H. 889; **keest**, *pa. t.*, threw, H. 1124, 3436, Br.-K. I 41, O. 4; threw up, vomited, H. 1595; tied (a knot), Br.-K. I 23; **keest a dash**, cut a dash, O. 915; *intrs.*, **keest (up)**, appeared, turned up, H. 3496, O. 597; **casten**, *p.p.*, thrown, O. 978; cast (as of metals), O. 1221, 1223; tied, H. 3316; reckoned, H. 2826. [O.N. *kasta*.]
cast, *n.*, turn of direction, H. 1586; turn of circumstance, fortune, H. 1064, 1743, O. 82, 109, &c.; quality, H. 3500; turn of appearance, H. 787, Br.-K. II 33, O. 1186; yield of lambs in a season, O. 723. [Prec.]
††castings, *n. pl.*, cast-off clothes, H. 1838. [**cast**, *vb.*, q.v., + *vbl. noun suff.*]
catch, *n.*, in **upo'**, **o' the catch**, on the watch, H. 1088 (see note), 1488. [N.Fr. *cachier*.]
catcht, *p.p.*, caught or chased, H. 496, 3242. [As *prec.*]
cauld. See **cald**.

cauldriif, *adj.*, chilly, Begging 85. [O.E. *cald* + O.E. **rīfe*, *rȳfe*, rife.]
caumse, *n.*, mould for casting metal, *fig.*, O. 1222. [?]
caur. See **cowr**.
††caurance, *n.*, aid to) recovery, O. 157. [As **cowr**, q.v., + *noun suff.*]
†caut, *n.*, heat-haze, H. 584 (see note), 2672. [?]
cavel, *n.*, lot, chance, H. 4058. [M.Du. *cāvele*, lot.]
caw. See **ca'**, *vb.*
cha', **chaw**, *vb.*, chew, H. 2914, 3307; **cha'** fause, suffer, H. 859 (see note). [O.E. *cēðwan*.]
chafits, *n. pl.*, jaws, H. 884. O.N. *kjapt*.]
chair. See **chare**.
chancy, *adj.*, lucky, auspicious, Rock 67. [O.Fr. *cheance* + *adj. suff.*]
chandler-chafited, *ppl. adj.*, lantern-jawed, H. 5. [A.Fr. *chandeler* + **chafit**, q.v., + *p.p. suff.*]
chanter, *n.*, pipe, O. 727, 777, 779. [O.Fr. *chanterior*.]
chap, *n.*, choice, in **††chap and choice**, H. 3586. [Conn. with **chap**, *vb.*, q.v.]
chap, *n.*, fellow; used facetiously of a woman, H. 891, J. G. 37. [Abbrev. of O.E. *cēapmann*, merchant.]
chap, *vb.*, strike; **chapped hands**, struck hands in concluding a bargain, *fig.*, H. 3897; **chap out**, call out with a tap, choose out, H. 3899. [Form of **chop**, of obscure origin. See D.O.S. **chap**, **chop**.]
chapin, **chopin**, *n.*, quart, H. 1872, Begging 14. [O.Fr. *chopine*.]
††chare, **††chair**, *n.*, in **cheel n)** or **chare**, chick nor child, H. 2182, 3348. [?]
chatter'd, *ppl. adj.*, splintered, broken, O. 88. [? var. of **shattered**, of obscure origin.]
chaw. See **cha'**.
cheek o' the low, *n.*, side of the fire, chimney-corner, Rock 46. [O.E. *cēce*.]
cheel(d), **chiel(d)**, *n.*, child, H. 2182, 2367, &c., O. 197, &c.; man, fellow, 37 B., &c., H. 341, &c., O. 230, &c. [O.E. *cild*.]

- cheelie**, *n.*, fellow, Marri'd I 47.
[Dim. of prec.]
- chese**, *pa. t.*, chose, O. 534. [O.E. *cēas*, from *cēosan*.]
- chew**, *n.*, jaw, in **cheek for chew**, cheek by jowl, H. 956. See note. [Perh. by-form of **jaw**, infl. by **chaw**, O.E. *cēowan*. See Oxf. E.D. **jaw**, **chaw**, **jowl**.]
- childer**, *n. pl.*, children, H. 59. [O.E. *cildru*.]
- chirm**, *vb. intrs.*, chirp, sing, H. 509. [O.E. *cirman*.]
- chopin**. See **chapin**.
- chuckens**, *n. pl.*, chickens, H. 131. [O.E. *cicenu*.]
- cla(w)**, *vb.*, scratch, H. 1509; *fig.*, O. 1244; scrape clean, Br.-K. II 45; **claw the back** (of someone), (*a*) please, delight, H. 3300, O. 77, 397; (*b*) beat, H. 1365, O. 199. [O.E. *clawian*.]
- clade** = **clad**, H. 602.
- claip**, *n.*, chatter, O. 939. [= **clap**, echoic.]
- claise**. See **claiht**.
- claiht**, *n.*, cloth, clothing, 60 B., H. 328, 1480, &c.; **claihts**, **claise**, *pl.*, clothes, H. 1042, 2690, &c., O. 192, &c. [O.E. *clāð*.]
- claihting**, *n.*, clothing, H. 6, 3584. [O.E. *clāðian*, clothe, + noun suff.]
- clamb**, *pa. t.*, climbed, H. 531, 2712. [O.F. *clamb*, from *climban*.]
- clanish** = **clannish**, O. 1155.
- clank**, *n.*, blow, H. 1283. [Echoic.]
- clap**, *n.*, blow; in **a clap**, in an instant, H. 1830, 1852, &c., O. 1048, 1136. [Echoic. Cp. Du. *klap*, O.N. *handaklapp*, &c.]
- clapping**, *vbl. n.*, patting, What ails 37. [Prec. + *vbl. noun* suff.]
- †**clare**, ([kle : ər]), *adj.*, clear, certain, H. 1987; *adv.*, clearly, Begging 95. See Phonol. 10, note 1. [O.Fr. *clair*.]
- ††**clashbardy**, *n.*, some sort of weapon, or armour, O. 910. [? **clash**, strike (echoic), + ?]
- clashing**, *n.*, gossiping, Bridal o't 28. [Echoic.]
- clatter**, *vb. intrs.*, chatter loudly, O. 484. [O.E. **clatrian*.]
- clatter**, *n.*, loud chatter, O. 492. [Prec.]
- claught**, *pa. t.*, seized, H. 148, 644. [M.E. *claught*, *pa. t.* of *cleken*, O.E. **clēcan*, **clēhte*.]
- claught**, *n.*, clutch, H. 1129, 1878, 2690, O. 749. [Prec.]
- claw**. See **cla'**.
- clean**, *adv.*, altogether, quite, H. 630, 1126. [O.E. *clāne*.]
- cleugh**, **clough**, *n.*, ravine, narrow glen, H. 523, 575, &c. [O.E. **clōh*, *clōges*.]
- clinked**, *p.p.*, fastened, Rock 133. See note. [O.E. *clenc(e)an*.]
- clock** ([klok]) = cloak, Begging 24.
- clod**, *n.*, obstruction, hindrance, H. 3283, O. 957. [O.E. *clod-*.]
- closs** ([klos]), *adj.*, close, H. 2618. See note. [O.Fr. *clos*.]
- cloud**, *n.*, crowd, H. 243. [O.E. *clūd*.]
- clough**. See **cleugh**.
- clout** ([klut]), *n.*, cloth, Br.-K. II 32; blow, H. 216. [O.E. *clūt*, piece, lump, &c.]
- clouted**, *ppl. adj.*, patched, H. 3299, Begging 20. [O.E. *clūt, ge)clūtod*.]
- clung**, *ppl. adj.*, shrunk, empty, hungry, 9 B., H. 4, 1580. [O.E. *clungen*, from *clingan*, shrink.]
- co**. See **quo**.
- coat raips**, *n. pl.*, ? coat tails, Rock 131. See note. [O.Fr. *cote* + O.E. *rāp*, rope.]
- cock**, *n.*, cap, Rock 141. See note. [? O.E. *cocc*, a cock.]
- cock**, *vb. intrs.*, sit up jauntily, What ails 14. [As prec.]
- cocker up**, *vb.*, soothe, pet, H. 291. [?]
- cod**, *n.*, cushion (in lace-making), O. 360. [O.N. *koddi*.]
- cog**, *n.*, wooden pail, H. 2305, Rock 107. [?]
- coll**, *n.*, (hay) cock, H. 1483. [? Icel. *kollr*, top.]
- collyshangie**, *n.*, quarrel, uproar, H. 2607. [?]
- conceit**, *n.*, good opinion, liking, O. 220. [Formed from **conceive** after **deceit**.]
- conceity**, *adj.*, neat, tasteful, O. 904. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- †**confeerin'**, *pres. p.*, conforming, H. 60. See note. [Lat. *conferre*, bring together.]

conjur'd, *p.p.*, enchanted, bewitched, H. 785. [O.Fr. *conjurver*.]

conter, *n.*, reverse, H. 2843, O. 275; **a conter** (**a** = O.E. *on*, *a(n)*), in opposition to, in reply to, H. 2784. [Fr. *contre*, against.]

convene, **-veen**, *vb. intrs.*, come together, Br.-K. II 15, Bridal o't 37. [Fr. *convenir*.]

cood, *n.*, cud, H. 2914, 3307. [O.E. *cwidu*, *cudu*.]

coolriff, *adj.*, cool, H. 597. [O.E. *cōl* + O.E. **rife*, *rȳfe*, rife.]

coorse, **course** ([kurs]), *adj.*, coarse, 69 B., O. 132. [See Oxf. E.D. **coarse**.]

coot ([kwit]. 1778 has *queets*), *n.*, ankle, leg, H. 1168. [Of L.G. origin. Cp. M.Du. *cōte*, O.Fris. *kote*, &c.]

††**corsy-belly**, *n.*, child's first shirt, H. 104. [? **cross**, + O.E. *bælg*, *belg*.]

cottar, *n.*, cottager, 35 B. [O.E. *cot* + noun suff.; also Med. Lat. *cotarius*, from *cota*, *cot*.]

cotted, *p.p.*, quoted, O. 61. [Med. Lat. *quotare*. Cp. **co'**, form of **quo'**.]

coup ([kaup]), *vb.*, overturn, H. 1143, 1739, 1870, 2821. [? O.Fr. *co(u)per*, strike. See Oxf. E.D. *cope*, *v.*]

course, *adj.* See **coorse**.

couthie, **couthy**, **cuthie**, *adj.*, homely, friendly, agreeable, H. 397, 1323, 4028, &c., O. 216, &c. [O.E. *cūð*, familiar, + *adj. suff.*]

couthily, **couthly**, **cuthiely**, *adv.*, kindly, pleasantly, 39 B., H. 2229, 2984, &c. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*]

cow, *n.*, stick (of heather, &c.), H. 2299, 3440. [Obscure. Poss. cp. **cow**, *vb.*, earlier **coll**, to cut, trim.]

†**cowr**, †**caur** ([kaur]), *vb. intrs.*, recover, H. 941, O. 159. See note on O. 157. [O.Fr. *co(u)urer*, get.]

cra', *n.*, crow, cry, H. 1672. [O.E. *crāwan*, *vb.*]

crack, **crak**, *vb. intrs.*, chat, talk, H. 9, 1090, &c., O. 490. [O.E. *cracian*.]

crack, *n.*, chat, talk, H. 394, 773, &c., O. 479. [Prec.]

craig, *n.*, crag, rock, H. 1783, 2281. [Gael. *creag*, *craig*.]

crak. See **crack**.

††**cranshak**, *n.*, cripple, What ails 41. [? Cp. **shach**, **sha(u)chle**, distort.]

crap, *pa. t.*, crept, H. 492, 1336, &c. [New past tense of O.E. *crēopan*.]

crap, *n.*, sprout, in **crap an' root**, the whole thing, H. 1018. [O.E. *crop*.]

craw, *n.*, crow (bird), H. 2531. [O.E. *crāwe*.]

creek o' day, *n.*, break of day, H. 1418. [See Oxf. E.D. **creek**, sb.².]

creel, *n.*, basket, Br.-K. II 57. [?]

creize, *n.*, crisis, H. 1461. [Fr. *crise*.]

crook, *n.*, hook in chimney for pot or kettle, Br.-K. II 71. [O.N. *krókr*.]

crowds, **cruds**, *n. pl.*, curds, H. 1376, 2315, &c. [? Conn. with O.E. *crūdan*, to press.]

crouse, *adj.*, cheerful, 2 B., O. 204; *adv.* cheerfully, Begging 50. [Of L.G. origin.]

cruds. See **crowds**.

cry, *vb.*, call, summon, H. 812, 2800; *intrs.*, cry out, call, H. 1237, 1248, &c. [Fr. *crier*.]

cud, *pa. t. auxil. vb.*, could, H. 186, 189, &c., O. 640, &c. [O.E. *cūðe*, from *cann*.]

†**cuinray** ([kwintrī]), *n.*, country, H. 1567, 1682 (see note), &c. [O.Fr. *cuntrée*.]

cummer, *n.*, woman, girl, H. 2644, O. 1135. [Fr. *commère*, god-mother. For development of meaning cp. **gossip**.]

cunzie, *n.*, coin, money, H. 409. [O.Fr. *cuigne*.]

curcudduch, *adj.*, squatting down close together, H. 146. See note. [?]

curfuffle, *vb.*, disarrange, ruffle, H. 282. [**fuffle** is prob. echoic.]

curpin, *n.*, rump, O. 558. [O.Fr. *croupon*.]

curr, *vb. intrs.*, crouch down, H. 1808. [Perhaps Norse.]

†**cushel-mushel**, *n.*, whispering,

- muttering, H. 3042; whispering together, secret intimacy, O. 893. [Echoic.]
- cuthie, cuthiely.** See **couthy, couthily.**
- ††**cut-pock**, *n.*, stomach, H. 1903. See note. [O.E. *guttas*, plur., + O.N. *poke*, bag.]
- cuttance**, *n.*, quittance, account, H. 4016. [O.Fr. *quittance*.]
- cutted**, *pa. t.* and *p. p.*, cut, H. 708. Rock 69. [?]
- cuttie, -y**, *n.*, short-handled spoon, H. 3654, 3660, Br.-K. II 42. [cut, *vb.* + adj. suff.]
- da**, *n.* (= daw), slattern, Rock 110. [O.E. **dawe*, jackdaw.]
- dacker**, *n.*, haggling, wrangling, H. 664. [?]
- †**dacker**, *vb. intrs.*, search (for stolen goods), H. 2783. [?]
- daffry**, *n.*, folly, H. 2758. [daff, *vb.*, of obscure origin + noun suff.]
- dainty**, *interj.*, H. 368. See note. [As *dainty*.]
- dainty**, *adj.*, worthy, excellent, O. 409; **dentyest**, *superl.*, most thriving, finest, H. 90. [O.Fr. *daint(i)é*, *de(i)ntié*, titbit, delicacy.]
- dale**, *n.*, part, H. 2771. [O.E. *dāl*.]
- dameist**, *ppl. adj.*, stunned, dazed, H. 500. [Poss. variant of **damage**, O.Fr. *damag(i)er*.]
- dandilly**, *adj.*, petted, spoiled, Marri'd I 3. [dandle, *vb.*, see Oxf. E.D. + adj. suff.]
- †**dather**, †**dauther**, *n.*, daughter, H. 812, 2161, &c. See Phonol. 7. [O.E. *dohtor*.]
- daut**, ([da : t]), *vb.*, caress, pet, H. 307, 936, &c., O. 58. [Gael. *dalta*, foster son.]
- dauther**. See **dather**.
- dawty**, *n.*, darling, What ails 15. [As *daut*, q.v.]
- day nor door**, nothing at all, H. 2629. [See note.]
- dead** ([di : d]), *n.*, death, H. 478, 963, &c. [O.E. *dēað*.]
- deare**, *n.*, injury, harm, H. 2819. [O.E. *daru*, *n.*, with vowel of O.E. *derian*, *vb.*]
- deave** ([di : v]), *vb.*, deafen, H. 50. [O.E. *dēafian*.]
- dedd, deddie**, *n.*, dad, daddy, H. 4012, 4022.
- †**dee**, *vb.*, do, H. 2052; †**dene**, **doon**, *p. p.*, H. 2016, 2945, &c. [O.E. *dōn*.]
- deed**, *interj.*, indeed, H. 3005. [Aphetic form of **indeed**, O.E. *in* + O.E. *dēd*.]
- deil**, *n.*, devil, H. 2788. [O.E. *dēofol*.]
- dem**, *vb.*, dam, H. 3445. [O.E. *demman*.]
- demas**, *adj.*, damask, like damask, H. 3651. [O.Fr. *Damas*.]
- dene**. See **dee**.
- dentyest**. See **dainty**.
- denzie**, *vb.*, deign, O. 52, 310. [O.Fr. *de(i)gnier*.]
- derf**, *adj.*, bold, fierce, H. 2762. [Appar. O.N. *djarfr*.]
- dey**, *n.*, dairywoman, H. 2282, 2386. [O.E. *dæge*, O.N. *deigja*, servant.]
- ††**dibberder(r)y**, *n.*, wrangle, debate, H. 2460, 3392. [? Echoic.]
- dight**, *vb.*, wipe, H. 1140, Married II 2; *pa. t.*, prepared, H. 2959. [O.E. *dihthan*, put in order.]
- dighting**, *vbl. n.*, putting in order; *fig.*, thrashing, beating (*cp. sort*), H. 440; sifting (of grain), what is left after sifting, refuse, *fig.*, H. 875. [Prec. + *vbl. n.* noun suff.]
- dike**, *n.*, wall, H. 3475. [O.E. *dīc*.]
- dill down**, *vb. intrs.*, subside, O. 896. [Conn. with **dull**. Cp. also O.N. *dilla*, lull.]
- dilp**, *n.*, thriftless housewife, Rock 110. [?]
- din-colour'd**, *ppl. adj.*, dun-coloured, H. 4002. [O.E. *dunn* (from Celtic) + O.Fr. *colorer* + *p. p.* suff.]
- ding**, *vb.*, beat, H. 818, 819; **dung**, *p. p.*, H. 166, 2729, Rock 112. [Cp. O.N. *dengja*.]
- dinna**, *imperat., indic. pres. pl.* and 1st sg., do not, H. 2272, 2339, &c., O. 320, 459, 473, &c. [O.E. *dōn* + neg.]
- ††**dinto**, *n.*, liking, pleasure, O. 361. [As *dainty*, q.v.]
- dird**, *n.*, jarring blow, H. 165, O. 338. [? Echoic.]
- dirl**, *vb. intrs.*, thrill, tingle, O. 13; **dirled up**, struck up, Br.-K. II

78. [Modif. of **thirl**, O.E. *þyrlian* + Du. *drillen*, pierce.]
- disjune**, *n.*, breakfast, H. 1589, 2045. [O.Fr. *desjun*.]
- distract**, *ppl. adj.*, distracted; used absol. = a distracted person, H. 162. [**distrack**, from Lat. *distract-*, + *p.p.* ending.]
- †**dock**, *vb.*, beat, flog, Marri'd I 71. [**dock**, *n.*, rump, see Oxf. E.D.]
- doited**, *ppl. adj.*, foolish, dazed, 66 B., H. 2976. [Poss. var. of **doted**. See Oxf. E.D. **dote**, *v.* 1.]
- dool**, *vb.*, lament, O. 784. [O.Fr. *doleir*, *dolōir*.]
- dool**, *n.*, woe, grief, H. 467, 1578, &c. [O.Fr. *do(e)l*.]
- doolfu'**, *adj.*, doleful, wretched, H. 1211. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- doom**, *n.*, judgment, Rock 106. [O.E. *dōm*.]
- doon**. See **dee**.
- door in day nor door**. See **day**.
- dort**, *n.*, **dorts**, *n. pl.*, sulks, H. 789, 973, O. 85. [?]
- dorty**, *adj.*, pettish, haughty, H. 2491. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- douce**, *adj.*, quiet, sedate, H. 1015. [O.Fr. *dous*, fem. *douce*.]
- douff**, *adj.*, dull, spiritless, H. 38. [O.N. *ðauf*, deaf.]
- dow**, *vb.*, be able to, be able to do, H. 436, 470, &c.; thrive, prosper, H. 106, 3643. [O.E. *dugan*.]
- dowie**, **dowy**, *adj.*, dismal, melancholy, H. 427, 749, &c., O. 609, &c. [Prob. O.E. *dol*, foolish, + *adj. suff.*]
- down of**, less than, H. 2370.
- down-look**, *n.*, displeased look, disapproval, H. 2572, 3244. [O.E. *dūne* + O.E. *lōcian*.]
- downwith**, *adv.*, downwards, H. 2208. [O.E. *dūne* + *adv. suff.*]
- dowy**. See **dowie**.
- doze**, *n.*, dose, draught, H. 3648. [Fr. *dose*.]
- dozn'd**, *p.p.*, benumbed, H. 1168. [Prob. Scand., verb in *-na* from stem of **doze**, *vb.*, stupefy.]
- draff**, *n.*, refuse grains of malt, refuse, H. 233, 2597. [Prob. O.E. **draf*. Cp. M.Du., Icel., Swed. *draf*.]
- dram**. See **drum**.
- drap**, *vb. intrs.*, drop, H. 1051, 1705. [O.E. *drop(p)ian*.]
- drap**, *n.*, drop, drink, H. 3089. [O.E. *dropa*.]
- draught**, *n.*, draft, order for money, H. 860; lineament, trait, H. 781. [Root of O.E. *dragan*, draw.]
- draw**, *vb. intrs.*, proceed, go, H. 1497, Marri'd I 76; pull (as draught animals), *fig.*, H. 386, Marri'd I 52; ? same meaning or spin, Marri'd I 48. [O.E. *dragan*.]
- dree**, *vb.*, endure, suffer, H. 741, 1159, &c. [O.E. *dreogan*.]
- dreel**, *vb. intrs.*, hasten, speed, H. 1583, 1588, O. 377. (Du. *drillen*, pierce, run hither and thither, &c.)
- dreel**, *n.*, speed, H. 3753. [Prec.]
- dreep**, *vb. intrs.*, drip, H. 1130. [O.E. *dryppan*, *drōpan*.]
- dreigh** ([*drīç*]), *adj.*, slow, difficult, H. 977. [O.N. *drjúgr*, enduring.]
- dridder**, *n.*, dread, H. 2231, 3309, O. 9. [O.E. *on*] *drēdan*, *vb.*, + *noun suff.*]
- dridder**, *vb.*, dread, H. 333, O. 265. [Prec.]
- drift**, *n.*, drove, O. 1162. [O.N., O.Fris., M.Du. *drift*.]
- dring**, *adj.*, slow, H. 2859. [?]
- drone**, *n.*, back, H. 1707. [Gaelic *dronn*.]
- drouket**, *ppl. adj.*, drenched, H. 1138. [See Oxf. E.D. **drouk**.]
- drouth**, **drowth** ([*druθ*]), *n.*, drought, thirst, 34 B., H. 402, 1790, 1798. [O.E. *drūgoð*.]
- drug**, *n.*, tug, pull, H. 1305. [Appar. variation of **drag**. See Oxf. E.D.]
- drum**, **dram**, *adj.*, cool, indifferent, reserved, H. 2491, 3278. [?]
- dud**, *adj.*, ? made of linen, Rock 78. See note. [Foll.]
- duds**, *n. pl.*, (ragged, shabby) clothes, rags, H. 13, 1050. [?]
- dung**. See **ding**.
- duns** = dunce, O. 419.
- dunt**, *n.*, blow, thump, H. 1809, 3044. [Variant of **dint**, *q.v.*]
- dunt**, *vb.*, beat, thrash, H. 3314, 3613 (both *fig.*). [Prec.]
- durk**, *n.*, dirk, dagger, O. 911. [?]
- dwam**, *n.*, qualm, sudden fit of faintness, H. 542. [Conn. with O.E. *dwolma*, confusion, O.H.G. *twalm*, M.Du. *dwelm*, giddiness; &c.]

dwebell, dweble, *adj.*, pliant, feeble, H. 525, 1605. [?]

dyce, *vb.*, ? manage, do well and neatly, H. 3744. [?]

†earn-bleater, *n.*, snipe, H. 1672. [See Oxf. E.D.]

Earse, *n.*, Erse, Gaelic, O. 141. [Variant of **Irish**. See Oxf. E.D.]

eastard, *n.*, eastward, H. 1270. [O.E. *easteward*, *adv.*]

eastlins, *adv.*, eastward, H. 1680. [O.E. *ēast* + *adv. suff.*]

eated, *pa. t.*, ate, H. 549, 709; **eat**, *p. p.*, H. 3885. [O.E. *etan*, with new weak parts.]

††eaten ([*etn*]), *adj.*, juniper, H. 1660 (see note), 1799. [Gael. *aitionn*.]

eathly. See **eith(ly)**.

ec, *vb. intrs.*, ? look up, open the eyes, H. 2249. [O.E. *ēge*, *n.*]

eek, *n.*, increase, addition, H. 621, 2048. [O.E. *ēca*.]

eek, *vb.*, increase, H. 1581, 1791, 2314. [O.E. *ecan*.]

eekfull (?[-v]), *n.*, equal, H. 3422. See note. [Lat. *æqualis*.]

eeld, *eild*, *n.*, age, H. 776, 4051, O. 140, 196; **†yeeld** ([*j-*]), H. 124 (see Phonol. 15). [O.E. *eldo*.]

eelist, *n.*, defect, What ails 6, O. 129. [O.E. *ēge* + O.N. *lostr*, *flaw*.]

eery, *adj.*, frightening, frightened, fearful, H. 1749, 1793, 2658. [? as **ergh**, *q. v.*]

eild. See **eeld**.

eith(ly, eathly), *adv.*, easily, H. 3251, 3269, 4017. [O.E. *eaðe*, easily, + *adv. suff.*]

elderen, eldren, *adj.*, elderly, H. 1999, 2282. [O.E. *ældra*, *eldra*, older, + *adj. suff.*]

enew, anew, *plur. adj. and pron.*, enough, 71 B., H. 1593, 3477, &c. [O.E. *genōge*, *plur.*]

ergh, *adj.*, backward, lazy, 48 B. [O.E. *erg*, cowardly.]

ettle, *vb.*, aim, 38 B., H. 132, O. 600. [O.N. *ætla*.]

ettle, *n.*, chance, opportunity, H. 3496. [Prec.]

extract, *n.*, descent, lineage, H. 3992. [Lat. *extract-*.]

eyn ([*i: n*]), *n. pl.*, eyes, H. 212, 615, &c. [O.E. *ēgan*.]

†fa, wha, *pron.*, who, 77 B., H. 63, &c., O. 264, &c.; **whae**, O. 1096, 1197; **whase**, whose, O. 710, 1201; **†fum**, whom, H. 2156, 2353, &c. [O.E. *hwā*.]

fa', *vb. intrs.*, fall, H. 104, 126, &c.; befall, betide, H. 2425, 3551, &c., O. 13, &c.; **hence**, fare, 55 B., H. 2362; **fa'en**, **fa'n**, *p. p.*, fallen, H. 164, 1341, &c. [O.E. *fallan*.]

fa', *n.*, fall, H. 151, O. 295; wrestling-bout, H. 214, *fig.* Rock 111; portion, income, H. 408. [Prec.]

fack. See **faick**.

fae, *n.*, foe, 47 B., H. 2653, 3080, &c. [O.E. *fāh*, *fā-*.]

†fae, frae, *prep.*, from, 35 B., &c., H. 59, 2663, &c., O. 8, &c. [O.N. *frá*.]

fa'en. See **fa'**, *vb.*

fag, *vb. intrs.*, fail, falter, H. 587. [? = foll. See Oxf. E.D.]

faick, fack, *vb. intrs.*, fail from weariness, falter, H. 501, 2165. [See Oxf. E.D. **faik**, *vb.*³.]

fail, *n.*, turf, H. 2310. [Gael. *fàl*.]

fain, *adj.*, glad, eager, desirous, H. 110, 139, 791, &c., O. 18, &c. See also **fidge**. [O.E. *fæg(e)n*.]

fair, *n.*, gift from a fair, fairing, H. 831. [O.Fr. *feire*, fair.]

fair, *vb.* = fare, Rock 68, O. 954.

fairly, *adv.*, truly, indeed, H. 3039. [O.E. *fæger* + *adv. suff.*]

fairly, *n.*, wonder, marvel, H. 230, 253, &c., O. 30. [O.E. *færlic*, prob. + O.N. *ferliki*.]

fairly, ferly, *vb. intrs.*, wonder, marvel, H. 851, 1049, &c. [Prec.]

fald, *vb.*, fold, O. 679. [O.E. *faldan*.]

fallow ([*fala*]). See Dieth, § 46 (*d*), *n.*, fellow, H. 1648. [O.E. *féolaga*, from O.N. *félagi*, partner.]

†fan, whan, *adv.*, when, H. 99, 126, 231, &c. [O.E. *hwanne*.]

fa'n. See **fa'**, *vb.*

fand, fund, *pa. t.*, found, H. 176, 782, 1099, &c., O. 965; **foun**, *p. p.*, H. 3365. [O.E. *fand*, *funden*, from *findan*.]

farder, *adv.*, further, Bridal o't 5. [Form of **further**, O.E. *furðor*, infl. by **far**.]

- fare**, *n.*, chance, lot, H. 235, O. 171, 181. [O.E. *faru*.]
- farer** ([*farer*]), *adv.*, farther, H. 2891. [O.E. *feor*(*r* + compar. suff.)]
- farl**, *n.*, fourth part of oatcake; fragment of oatcake, Br.-K. II 67. [O.E. *fēorða dæl*.]
- fash**, *vb.*, annoy, trouble, H. 313; **fash your thumb**, annoy yourself, H. 269, 2854. [O.Fr. *fascher*.]
- fash, fashen**. See **fesh**.
- fasten**, *vb. intrs.*, attach oneself, H. 3317. [O.E. *fæstnian*.]
- †**fat**, *pron.*, what, H. 171, 287, &c. [O.E. *hwæt*.]
- faucit**, *n.*, falsehood, H. 75, 1441. [O.Fr. *fauset*.]
- fauld**, *n.*, (sheep) fold, H. 1641, 3646, &c. [O.E. *fald*.]
- fauld**, *n.*, fold (of stuff), H. 3574. [O.E. *faldan*.]
- fause**, *adj.*, false, H. 3216. [O.E. *fals*.]
- faut**, *n.*, want, distress, H. 524, 588, &c., O. 146; fault, defect, offence, H. 2348, 2522, &c., O. 997. [O.Fr. *faute*.]
- favour**, *n.*, appearance, beauty, H. 258. [O.Fr. *favour*.]
- fead**, *n.*, hostility, enmity, H. 2742, 3871. [O.Fr. *fe(i)de*.]
- feam**, *vb. intrs.*, foam, H. 1711. [O.E. *fām*, *n.*]
- feat**, *adj.*, neat, H. 606, O. 389, 918, 1167. [O.Fr. *fait*, made.]
- featly**, *adv.*, neatly, O. 411. [Prec. + adv. suff.]
- ††**feauto**, *n.*, ? ability, Marri'd I 64. See note. [? O.Fr. *feauté*, fidelity.]
- feckless**, *adj.*, feeble, incapable, worthless, H. 246, 534, &c. [O.Fr. *effect* + *adj. suff.*]
- fecklie, feckly**, *adv.*, mostly, H. 410, 459, 3403. [O.Fr. *effect* + *adv. suff.*]
- fee**, *n.*, payment, reward, Rock 136, 139. [O.Fr. *fé*.]
- feer**, *adj.*, sound, whole, H. 3568. [O.N. *fērr* or O.E. **fēre*, able to go.]
- feer, fier**, *n.*, companion, equal, match, *in feer for feer*, equally matched, H. 84, 388, &c., O. 1029. [O.E. *ge*(*fēra*)]
- feeze**, *vb.*, screw, twist, O. 26. [?]
- feezing**, *n.*, twisting, turning, Bridal o't 48. [Prec.]
- fegs**, *n.*, faith, in **o' my fegs**, on my faith, truly, 25 B. [Distortion of **fay**, faith, O.Fr. *fei*.]
- †**fell**, *n.*, fate, chance, H. 1316. [Root of **fall**.]
- fell**, *vb. intrs.*, befall, betide, H. 825, 1474, &c., O. 71, &c. [As prec.]
- felter**, *vb.*, entangle, encumber, H. 1785. [O.Fr. *feltrevr*.]
- ferly**. See **fairly**, *vb.*
- fesh, fash**, *vb.*, fetch, H. 2946, 3295; **fuish** (see **Dieth**, p. 162, footnote), *pa. t.*, H. 90, 647, &c.; **fashen**, *p.p.*, H. 557, 802, &c., O. 243, &c. [O.E. *fecc(e)an*, with new strong *pa. t.* + *p.p.*]
- fesson**, *n.*, fashion, manner, H. 935, 2953, &c., O. 1031, 1051. [O.Fr. *façon*.]
- fidge**, *vb. intrs.*, fidget, H. 200; **fidding fain**, restless with pleasure, H. 110, O. 12. [?]
- fier**. See **feer**, *n.*
- fiercelin(g)s**, *adv.*, fiercely, violently, H. 637, 960, &c.; **fircelins**, *adj.*, violent, H. 3022. [O.Fr. *fiers* + *adv. suff.*]
- fike**, *vb. intrs.*, fuss, trifle, H. 2760. [? O.N. *fīkja*, be restless.]
- fike**, *n.*, fuss, trouble, H. 108, 249, &c., O. 1165. [Prec.]
- fiky**, *adj.*, finicking, H. 817. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- file**, *vb.*, accuse, condemn, H. 2467. [O.E. *-fylan*, befoul.]
- fircelins**. See **fiercelin(g)s**.
- fire-flaught**, *n.*, lightning, H. 2190. [O.E. *fȳr* + **flought**, *q.v.*]
- firlot**, *n.*, measure of corn, quarter of a boll, Begging 9. [O.N. *fiórðe hlotr*, fourth part.]
- fisle**, *n.*, bustle, commotion, H. 108. [Echoic.]
- fit** ([*fīt*]), *foot*, H. 3079. [O.E. *fōt*.]
- fix**, *vb.*, ? secure, keep fixed, H. 1067. [Ultimately from Lat. *fixus*, *p.p.*]
- ††**fix-fax**, *n.*, height (of a commotion), H. 2473. [Echoic.]
- fiz**, *n.*, face (used contemptuously), H. 883. [Abbrev. of O.Fr. *fiznomie*.]

- flang**, *pa. t.*, flung, H. 150, 1849, &c. [Apparently related to O.N. *flengja*.]
- flaught**, *n.*, lock, H. 1559. [O.E. **flæht* or O.N. **flahtr*, Icel. *fláttir*.]
- †**flaught-bred**, *adv.*, with outstretched arms, at full length, H. 152, 1124, 2482. [**flought**, *q.v.*, + O.E. *brædu*, breadth.]
- †**flaunt'ring**, *ppl. adj.*, quivering, H. 2479. [?]
- flea**, *vb.*, flay, H. 322. [O.E. *flēan*, O.N. *flá*.]
- flee**, *vb. intrs.*, fly, H. 2132, 3603. [O.E. *fleōn*.]
- flet**, *pa. t.*, scolded, Rock 5. [O.E. *flāt*, from *flitan*.]
- flet**, *n.*, inner part of house, H. 2735, Marri'd I 61. [O.E. and O.N. *flet*, floor, hall.]
- fleuk**, *n.*, flatfish, flounder, H. 261. [O.E. *flōc*.]
- flighter**, *vb. intrs.*, flutter, H. 1811; *trs.*, pinion, H. 1302 (? same word). [O.E. *flyht*, flight, + freq. *vbl. suff.*]
- flied**, *n.*, ? flirt, O. 570. [? Echoic.]
- †**floan o'**, *vb. intrs.*, show love to, hang about, H. 276. [?]
- float**, *n.*, in at the float, floating, afloat, H. 1126. [O.E. and O.N. *flot*, O.Fr. *flote*.]
- †**floer** ([*fi : r*]), *n.*, floor, H. 1190. [O.E. *flōr*.]
- flought**, *n.*, flutter, H. 494; **a-flought**, *a-flutter*, H. 2648. [O.E. **flohta*. Cp. O.E. *flyht*, flight.]
- ††**floughtrous**, *adj.*, fearsome, frightening, H. 1694. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- fly**, ([*flæi*]), *vb.*, frighten, H. 451, 1671, &c. [O.E. **flēgan*, O.N. *fleyja*.]
- flyte**, *n.*, scolding, H. 184. [O.E. *flit*.]
- fool**, *adj.*, foolish, H. 3469, 3687. [O.Fr. *fol*.]
- foot-bred**, *n.*, a footbreadth, step, H. 3771. [O.E. *fōt* + O.E. *brædu*.]
- forbears**, *n. pl.*, ancestors, H. 3831, 3843. [O.E. *for(e)*, before, + O.E. *bēon*, be, + *noun suff.*]
- forboore**, *pa. t.*, forbore, O. 1305. [O.E. *for-* + new *pa. t.* of O.E. *beran*.]
- forby**, *adv.*, besides, H. 3500, What ails 12. [O.E. *fore* + O.E. *bī*.]
- ? **forca'**, *vb.*, speak ill of, Rock 123. See note. [O.E. pejorative *for* + O.N. *kalla*.]
- forderds**, *adv.*, further, forward, H. 3214. [Appar. O.E. *forðor*, further, and O.E. *foreweard*, forward, + *adv. suff. -s*.]
- forelins**, *adj.*, ? forward, H. 1596. [O.E. *fore* + *adv. suff.*]
- forfairn**, *ppl. adj.*, worn-out, destitute, forlorn, H. 1770, 3737, J.G. 22. [O.E. *forfaren*, from *forfaran*, destroy.]
- forgather**, **forgether**, *vb. intrs.*, come together, begin to keep company, H. 364, 3275, 4027. [O.E. *for* + O.E. *gaderian*.]
- forgimme**, forgive me, H. 1970, 1976.
- forherded**, *ppl. adj.*, herded away or driven away to be a herd, O. 764. [O.E. *for*, away, + O.E. *heord*(e).]
- forhow**, *vb.*, forsake, H. 3241. [O.E. *forhogian*.]
- formest**, *adj.*, foremost, H. 3684, O. 415. [O.E. *formest*.]
- ††**form**, *p.p.*, fared, H. 1969. [New *p.p.* of O.E. *faran*.]
- forret**, *adv.*, forward, H. 945, 1585, 2244. [O.E. *foreweard*.]
- forspeaker**, *n.*, one who speaks for another, supporter, H. 3243. [O.E. *for* + O.E. *sp(r)ecan* + *noun suff.*]
- forsta**, *vb.*, mistake, J.G. 33. See note. [O.E. *forestall*.]
- forthersome**, *adj.*, active, pushing, forward, H. 52, 2901. [O.E. *forð*, forward, *furðor*, further, + *adj. suff.*]
- ††**forthert**, *adv.*, further, forward, H. 157. [See **forderds**.]
- forthnight** = fortnight, H. 1012.
- fou**. See **fu'**.
- fouk(s)**, *n.*, folk, people, 69 B., H. 63, 191, &c., O. 3, &c.; **fouls**, O. 836. [O.E. *folc*.]
- foukies**, *n. pl.*, little people, H. 1818. [Prec. + *dimin. suff.*]
- fouls**. See **fouk(s)**.
- foun**. See **fand**.
- fouth**, *n.*, plenty, 17 B., H. 58, 719, &c. [O.E. *full* + *noun suff.*]

fowsome, *adj.*, fulsome, H. 38.

[O.E. *full* + *adj. suff.*]

frack, *n.*, fit of fancy, whim, O. 1077. [?]

frae. See *fae*, *prep.*

fraits, *n. pl.*, superstitions, observances, trifles, Marri'd I 79. [O.N. *frétt*, augury.]

frame, *vb.*, train, discipline, O. 227, 240. [O.E. *framian*, to profit, + O.N. *fremja*, perform.]

frankly, *adv.*, freely, willingly, H. 1220, 1226, &c. [O.Fr. *franc* + *adv. suff.*]

fra't = for all that, H. 1323.

fraught, *n.*, freight, load, H. 871, 1879. [Prob. M.Du. or M.L.G. *vracht*.]

fraze, *phrase*, *n.*, fuss, ado (in talk), H. 3434, Br.-K. II 25. [?]

fred = freed, O. 1031.

free, *adj.*, generous, open, candid, H. 32, 352, &c., O. 1060; **free to speer**, over-free in asking, H. 1619. [O.E. *frēo*.]

freely, *adv.*, very, O. 598. [O.E. *frēolice*.]

fremmet, **fremmit**, *adj.*, strange, foreign, H. 63, 1576. [O.E. *frem(e)de*.]

friend, *n.*, relation, H. 3969, O. 1173. [O.E. *frēond*.]

frightsome, *adj.*, frightening, frightful, H. 2206, 2658. [O.E. *fryhto* + *adj. suff.*]

†**frush**, *adj.*, frank, bold, O. 601. [? O.Fr. *fruiissier*.]

fry, *n.*, commotion, H. 274, 2972. [? O.Fr. *effrei*.]

fu', **fou**, *adj.*, full, H. 213, 226, &c., Begging 100; drunk, H. 3687, 3695; *adv.*, very, H. 144, 299, &c., O. 462, &c. [O.E. *full*.]

fuish. See *fesh*.

full (?[fal]), *n.*, fill, H. 614. [O.E. *fylo*, *fyllan*. See Dieth, § 63 and N. 1.]

fum. See *fa*, *pron.*

†**fumper**, *vb. intrs.*, whimper, H. 497, 639. [Echoic.]

†**fump'ring**, *vbl. n.*, whimpering, H. 1146. [Prec. + *vbl. n. suff.*]

†**funabeis** (?[fɪn'a : biz]), *adv.*, nevertheless, however, H. 1920. [See note.]

fund. See *fand*.

†**fupshaft**, *n.*, whipshaft, H. 346. [*whip*, see Oxf. E.D., + O.E. *scæft*.]

†**furl**, *vb. intrs.*, whirl, Bridal o't 48. [Prob. O.N. *hvirfla*.]

furth ([fɪrθ]), *adv.*, forth, H. 2634. [O.E. *forþ*, forward, and *furðor*, further.]

fusion ([fu.ʒɪn]), *n.*, strength, pith, H. 1220, Rock 88. [O.Fr. *foison*, resources.]

†**fusle**, *n.*, whistle, 54 B. [O.E. *hwistle*.]

†**fyle**, *n.*, while, H. 400. [O.E. *hwil*.]

ga', *n.*, gall, bitterness, H. 1595, 3608. [O.E. *galla*, O.N. *gall*.]

gab, *n.*, mouth, H. 885. [Echoic.]

gabby, *adj.*, eloquent, 7 B. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]

gae, *vb. intrs.*, go, H. 50, 70, &c., O. 94, &c.; **gane**, **ga'en**, *p.p.*, H. 89, 2670, &c., O. 144, &c. [O.E. *gān*.]

gae. See *gee*.

gainest, *adj.*, nearest, straightest, H. 463, 1244. [O.N. *gegn*.]

gaing. Pres. part. of **gae**, *vb.*

'gainst, *prep.*, towards, before (of time), H. 1272. [As **again**, + *adv. suff.* and *excrement -t*.]

gan, *auxil. vb.*, did, H. 1907. See also **can**, *auxil. vb.* [O.E. *gan*, from *ginnan*.]

gane. See **gae**, *vb.*

gang, *vb. intrs.*, go, walk, 9 B., 56 B., H. 154, &c., O. 285, &c. [O.E. *gangan*.]

gangrel, *n.*, vagabond, H. 12; toddler, young child, H. 116. [O.E. *gang*, going, or *gangan*, go, + *noun suff.*]

††**gank**, *n.*, ? trouble, set-back, H. 2665. [?]

gantry, *n.*, wooden stand for barrels, 16 B. (See Oxf. E.D.)

gar, *vb.*, cause, force (to do something), 69 B., H. 2, 154, &c., O. 85, &c. [O.N. *ger(v)a*, *gør(v)a*.]

gardie, *n.*, arm, H. 3025, Rock 54. [?]

garten, *n.*, garter, H. 630, O. 390. [O.Fr. *gartier*.]

gat, *pa. t.*, got, H. 92, &c.; *p.p.*, O. 399; **gotten**, *p.p.*, H. 111, &c., O. 759. [O.N. *geta*.]

- gate**, *n.*, way, road, H. 460, 463. &c., O. 120, &c.; often in adv. phrases, as **this**, **that gate**, in this, that way, H. 1687, 2451, &c., O. 547; **ilka gate**, **ilka get**, everywhere, H. 705, O. 879; **half gates**, half way, H. 3356; **another gate**, in another way, H. 3424. [O.N. *gata*.]
- gatelins to**, *adv.*, in the direction of, H. 3119. [Prec. + adv. suff.]
- gatewards**, **getwards to**, *adv.*, in the direction of, H. 751, 1278. [**gate**, q.v. + adv. suff.]
- gaud**. See **gawd**.
- gauf**, *vb. intrs.*, laugh loudly, Begging 89. [Echoic.]
- gauff**, *n.*, loud laugh, H. 3388. [As prec.]
- gawd**, **gaud**, *n.*, goad, ? H. 4045 (see note), Br.-K. II 11. [O.N. *gaddr*.]
- gear**, **geer**, *n.*, possessions, property, H. 16, 348, 871, 2571, &c., O. 532, 762 (see note), 1252; array, H. 3764, 3786, 3944. [O.N. *gervi*.]
- geck**, *vb.*, cheat, H. 2565. [Prob. L.G. *gecken*.]
- gee**, **gie**, *vb.*, give, 62 B., &c., H. 31, 202, &c., O. 5, &c.; **gae**, *pa. t.*, H. 149, &c., O. 595, &c.; **geen**, *p. p.*, H. 21, 783, &c., O. 59, &c. [O.N. *gefa*.]
- gee**, *n.*, sulks, pique, What ails 46. [?]
- geeglit**, **giglet**, *n.*, wanton, giddy girl, H. 275; *attrib.*, O. 570. [?]
- geen**. See **gee**.
- geer**. See **gear**.
- geet**, *n.*, child (in contemptuous use), brat, H. 321, O. 304, 325, [O.N. *geta*, *get*.]
- gelore**. See **gilore**.
- gentle**, *adj.*, well-born, noble, H. 254, 714, 796, &c., O. 150, &c.; *pl. as n.*, gentlefolks, H. 2967, O. 205, &c. [O.Fr. *gentil*.]
- gentrie**, *n.*, noble birth, H. 4040, O. 1156. [Appar. altered form of *gentrice*, O.Fr. *genterise*.]
- get**, **getwards**. See **gate**, **gatewards**.
- gie**. See **gee**.
- giglet**. See **geeglit**.
- gilore**, **gelore**, *adv.*, galore, copiously, H. 1463, 1850. [Gael. *gu leòir*.]
- gimme**, give me, H. 2546, 3148.
- gin**, *conj.*, if, H. 17, &c., O. 37, &c. [? *p. p.* of **gee**, give.]
- gin**, *prep.* and *conj.*, before (of time), H. 1012, 2279, 2699. [Appar. as **gainest**, q.v.]
- gird**, *vb.*, hit (at, *fig.*, H. 2577, 2717. [?])
- gird**, *n.*, sharp stroke, blow, Br.-K. II 66. [?]
- girnel**, *n.*, meal-chest, What ails 11. [O.Fr. *gernier*, granary.]
- girss**, *n.*, grass, H. 195, Marri'd 19. [O.E. *græs*.]
- gizzen**, *vb.*, dry up, 14 B. [O.N. *gisna*, become leaky.]
- †**glack**, *n.*, handful, morsel, H. 201. [Gael. *glac*.]
- glaid**, *n.*, kite (bird), H. 131, 232 (see note). See also **greedy-glaid**. [O.E. *ghida*.]
- glamp**, *vb. intrs.*, grope, clutch, H. 1144. [?]
- glamp**, *n.*, clutch, grasp, O. 434, 751. [?]
- gleg**, *adj.*, quick, smart, acute, H. 2795, O. 425. [O.N. *gleggv*.]
- glegly**, *adv.*, sharply, attentively, H. 2540, 3989, O. 359. [Prec. + adv. suff.]
- glent**, *n.*, in in a **glent**, in an instant, in a flash, H. 2913, 3956, 4000, O. 1130, 1135. [Prob. Scand. Cp. Swed. dial. *glinta*, gleam; &c.]
- glittering** (prob. [*glitren*]), *ppl. adj.*, glittering, H. 3545. [Prob. O.N. *gliitra*.]
- gloem**, *vb. intrs.*, grow dusk, H. 794; **glowm'd**, *p. p.*, grown dusk, H. 1205. [Back formation from O.E. *glōmung*, *n.*]
- gloff**, *n.*, sudden shock, H. 1127. [? Echoic.]
- †**gloff**, *vb. intrs.*, start with fright, H. 1869. [? Echoic.]
- gloovs**, *n. pl.*, gloves, H. 834. [O.E. *glōf*.]
- glowm'd**. See **gloem**.
- glow'r**, *vb. intrs.*, stare, gaze, H. 1700, 1907, O. 1255. [?]
- glowr**, *n.*, stare, O. 425, 436. [Prec.]
- gnap**, *n.*, bite, morsel, H. 2046; *pl.*, mincing, affected speech, H. 57. [Echoic.]
- gnapping**, *ppl. adj.*, in †in **gnapping** earnest, in fierce, dead earnest, H. 2748. [Prec.]

gnaw, *pa. t.*, gnawed, H. 1161, 1334, 1761. [O.E. *gnōg*, from *gnagan*.]
gnib, *adj.*, quick, sharp, H. 1876. [?]
†gnidge, *vb.*, rub, bruise, crush, H. 1295, Rock 91. [? Conn. with O.E. *gnīdan*, rub.]
gossip, *n.*, familiar acquaintance, crony, H. 5; goodman, H. 1193, Begging 83. [O.E. *godsibb*, person related in God.]
gotten. See **gat**.
goud, *n.*, gold, H. 221, 2897, O. 32, &c. [O.E. *gold*.]
gouk, *n.*, cuckoo; fool, H. 3127, O. 1021. [O.N. *gaukr*, cuckoo.]
goup, *vb. intrs.*, gape, H. 3017. [Cp. O.Sax. *galpōn*, boast, Du. *galpen*, yelp, &c. Cogn. with O.E. *gielpān*, boast.]
gowan, *n.*, daisy, H. 127. [Appar. variant of **golland**, related in some way to **gold**.]
gowany, **gow'ny**, *adj.*, daisied, H. 415, 1804. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*.]
gowsty, *adj.*, dreary, desolate, 21 B. [?]
grain, *n.*, groan, H. 1308. [O.E. *grānian*.]
graith, *n.*, equipment, harness, H. 3933. [O.N. *greiðe*.]
grandy, *n.*, grandmother, H. 97, 109. [Dim. formed on **grandam**, A.Fr. *graund dame*.]
grat. See **greet**.
graymercies, *int.*, thanks, H. 702, 831. [O.Fr. *grant merci*.]
gree, *n.*, grease, H. 4002, 4007. [See note.]
gree, *vb.*, agree, H. 2600, 3526; arrange, settle, H. 2774. [O.Fr. *agréer* or O.Fr. *gré*, goodwill.]
gree, *n.*, mastery, victory, prize, H. 28, 3705. [O.Fr. *gré*, step, degree.]
greedy-glaid, *n.*, (= greedy kite) a children's game, H. 232. See note. [**greedy** + **glaid**, *q.v.*.]
green, *vb. intrs.*, long, yearn, H. 3255. [Perhaps O.N. *girna*.]
greet, *vb. intrs.*, weep, H. 170, 1182, O. 262; **grat**, *pa. t.*, H. 1357, Rock 5, O. 643, &c.; *p.p.*, H. 1554. [O.E. *grētan*, with new *pa. t.* and *p.p.*.]
†grow ([*grau*]), *n.*, growth, Rock 62, O. 734; **on the grow**, growing, H. 624. [O.E. *grōwan*, *vb.*]

growthy, *adj.*, promoting growth, H. 1901. [O.E. *grōwan*, *vb.* + *noun suff.* + *adj. suff.*.]
grudge, *vb.*, murmur at, bear grudge against, O. 459. [O.Fr. *groucher*.]
†gryt(e) ([*græit*]), *adj.*, great, H. 13, 94, 1132, &c., O. 59, &c. See Dieth, § 69 and N. 2. [O.E. *grēat*.]
†grytly, *adv.*, greatly, H. 1469, 2398, O. 548. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*.]
†gueed ([*gwi.d*]), *adj.*, good, H. 56, 60, &c.; *pl. as noun*, livestock, cattle, and sheep, H. 445, 455, &c., O. 452, &c. See Phonol. 1, note 1. [O.E. *gōd*.]
guide, *vb.*, treat, use, 65 B., H. 1947, 2041, &c., O. 787; save, spare, H. 1113, Bridal o't 20. [Fr. *guider*.]
guide, *n.*, manager, H. 3577. [Fr. *guide*.]
guiding, *vbl. n.*, treatment, H. 1037. [**guide**, *vb.*, *q.v.* + *vbl. noun suff.*.]
guideship, *n.*, treatment, H. 2043. [Prec. + *noun suff.*.]
guise, *n.*, style, H. 2844, 3740, 3827. [O.Fr. *guise*.]
gully, *n.*, a knife, H. 1040, 2727, 3379. [?]
ha. See **hae**.
ha', *n.*, hall, laird's house, O. 254. [O.E. *hall*.]
hab'ry. See **harb'ry**.
had(d) ([*had*]), *vb.*, hold, H. 270, 279, &c., O. 283, &c.; **hads you**, I'll hold you (to your promise), H. 836 (see note); **na** or **neither to had nor bind**, not to be restrained, H. 2158, O. 795; **had again**, check, stop, H. 1184 (see note), 3068; **had in**, reduce, O. 234; **hadd on**, put on, H. 2299; **had out**, maintain, O. 1021; **had**, *intrs.*, continue on one's way, go, H. 2101, 2671. [O.E. *haldan*.]
hadding, *vbl. n.*, holding (of land), farm, H. 316, Marri'd I 65. [Prec. + *noun suff.*.]
hae, **ha**, **a**, *vb.*, have, 37 B., H. 19, 224, &c., O. 284, &c.; **hanna**, have not, H. 1009, 1105; **ha'en**, *p.p.*, H. 94. [O.E. *habban*, *haf-*.]

- ha'f.** See **hauf**.
haffet, *n.*, temple of the head, H. 596, 3722. [O.E. *half hēafod*.]
haflin(g)s, *adv.*, half, H. 1754, 2011, &c. O.E. *half* + *adv. suff.*
hail(l, hale, adj., whole, H. 568, 3739, &c., O. 120. [O.E. *hāl*.]
hailse, *vb.*, greet, salute, H. 962, 1932, 2284. [O.N. *heilsa*.]
hake, *n.*, wooden frame (for drying cheeses, &c.), H. 2307; rack for fodder, *fig.* in **at hake an' manger**, luxuriously, H. 3537. [? by-form of **heck**, O.E. *hec*.]
hale, *n.*, ? goal, *fig.*, H. 2079. [App. O.N. *heill*, health. See Oxf. E.D. **hail**, sb.⁴.]
hale. See **hail(l)**.
hale, vb. intrs., pour, flow, H. 2188. [O.Fr. *haler*.]
halesome, *adj.*, wholesome, H. 113, 195, 3592, O. 153, 158. [O.E. *hāl* + *adj. suff.*]
††haleumlie, -ly, adv., wholly, H. 176, &c., O. 956, 1225. [O.E. *hāl* + ?]
halie, adj., holy, H. 83. [O.E. *hālig*.]
hallach'd, ppl. adj., wild, crazy, H. 500. [?]
hame, n., adv., home, H. 90, 283, 335, &c., O. 264, &c. [O.E. *hām*.]
hame-bred, ppl. adj., homely, H. 2992. [O.E. *hām* + O.E. *brēdan*.]
hamely, adj., homely, 3 B., H. 818, 2941. [O.E. *hām* + *adj. suff.*]
hamewith, adv., towards home, H. 1177, 2083, Marri'd I 76. [O.E. *hām* + *adv. suff.*]
hamper o', vb., hinder from, keep from, H. 1383; **hamper't, ppl. adj.**, confined, H. 1450. [?]
††hamphis, vb., surround, hem in, confine, H. 1831, 2477, 2579, 3065. [? Root **ham**—restrain, clog. Cp. **hamper**, **hamstram**.]
††hamstram, n., ? struggle, difficulty, H. 2633. [Obscure. See *prec.*]
hang. See **hing**.
hanna. See **hae**.
hansel, vb., inaugurate with a gift, Begging 35. [O.E. *hand-selen*, giving into another's hands, or O.N. *handsall*, giving of the hand, promise.]
hap, vb., wrap, H. 330, 1483, Begging 25. [?]
harash, vb., harry, devastate, O. 117. [Fr. *harasser*.]
harb'ry, hab'ry, n., shelter, lodging, H. 3106, O. 704. [O.N. *herbergi*, perhaps with noun suff.]
hauf, haf, n., adv., half, H. 1814, 2616, &c., O. 753, &c. [O.E. *half*.]
haver ([he : vər]), *n.*, owner, possessor, H. 3790. [O.E. *hab-ban*, *haf* + noun suff.]
havings ([he : vɪnz]), *n. pl.*, manners, behaviour, H. 2909, 3588, O. 566, 1030. [O.E. *habban*, *haf* + noun suff.]
haw, adj., pallid, wan, H. 453. [O.E. *hāwi*, &c.]
he, n., man, H. 254. [O.E. *hē*.]
headlins, adv., headlong, H. 1867, O. 65. [O.E. *hēafod* + *adv. suff.*]
heal, n., health, H. 270, 333, &c., O. 164, &c. [O.E. *hāl(o)*.]
heal, vb., hide, H. 294, 297, &c., O. 17, 1141. [O.E. *hel(i)an*.]
hearie. See **heary**.
†heart-bleed, n., heart's blood, H. 1226, 1715. [O.E. *heorte* + O.E. *blōd*.]
heart-crack, n., suffering, distress, H. 2641. [O.E. *heorte* + O.E. *cracian*.]
heartless, adj., spiritless, dejected, forlorn, H. 484, 2400, 2717. [O.E. *heorte* + *adj. suff.*]
heartning, vbl. n., encouragement, comfort, H. 388, 690. [O.E. *heorte* + *vbl. suff.* + noun suff.]
heary, hearie, interj., H. 358, 367, 3561, &c. [See note on H. 358.]
heeze, n., lift, aid, H. 1460, O. 59. [See Oxf. E.D. **heeze**, **hoise**.]
heigh, hy, adj., high, H. 1786, 2369, 3949, &c. [O.E. *hēh*.]
height, ppl. adj., called, named, H. 2978, 2988, O. 206. [O.E. *heht*, pa. t. of *hātan*.]
hell(z)ier, n., half-year, H. 219, 1513. [O.E. *half* + O.E. *gēr*.]
henny-beik, n., bees' nest, H. 3369. [O.E. *hunig*, honey, + North. M.E. *bike*, obscure.]
henny pears, n. pl., honey pears (a specially sweet kind), H. 3518. [O.E. *hunig* + O.E. *pere*.]

- herdshal**, flock under a shepherd, stock of sheep on one farm, O. 977. [O.N. *hirzla*, custody.]
- hesp**, *n.*, hank of yarn, worsted, &c.; *fig.*, H. 2806. [O.E. *hæpse*.]
- her(e)ship**, *n.*, foray, booty, plunder, H. 79, 458, 1267, &c. [O.E. *here*, raiding force, + noun suff.]
- het(t** ([he.t, het]), *adj.*, hot, H. 102, 344, &c., O. 14. [O.E. *hāt*; O.E. *hætte*, from *hætan*.]
- hetly**, *adv.*, hotly, severely, H. 1596. [Prec. + adv. suff.]
- heugh** ([hjuχ]), *n.*, rugged height, crag, H. 2821, O. 446. [O.E. *hōh*, heel, promontory.]
- hew**, *n.*, hue, complexion, H. 3339. [O.E. *hēow*.]
- hey**, *hy*, *vb. intrs.*, hasten, H. 747, 1546, 1932, &c. [O.E. *higian*.]
- hight**, *n.*, promise, H. 833. [O.E. *heht*, pa. t. of *hætan*.]
- hilt**, *n.*, in *ilka hilt an' hair*, every part, H. 2519. [See note.]
- hindbacks**, *adj.*, surreptitious, O. 466. [O.E. *hind-* + O.E. *bæc*.]
- hing**, *vb.*, hang, H. 1887, 2307; *hang*, *pa. t.*, H. 210, 628, &c. [O.N. *hengja*.]
- hint**, *n.*, instant, H. 3024, 3186, &c., O. 1118. [Prob. conn. with *hent*, O.E. *hentan*, lay hold of.]
- hippen**, *n.*, baby's napkin, cloth wrapped round hips, H. 100. [O.E. *hype* + noun suff.]
- hird**, *n.*, herdsman, H. 241, 662, &c., O. 396, 400. [O.E. *heorde*.]
- hird**, *vb.*, herd, O. 279, 458. [Prec.]
- hirple**, *vb. intrs.*, stumble, limp, H. 1173, 1179, Begging 48. [?]
- hist**, *n.*, large quantity, Br.-K. II 63. [?]
- hitch**, *n.*, a little help, H. 2566, 3450. [?]
- hitten**, *p.p.*, hit, H. 3130. [New strong p.p. of O.E. *hyttan*, from O.N. *hitla*.]
- hizzie**, *n.*, hussy, 30 B. [O.E. *hūs* + O.E. *wif*.]
- hobbleshaw**, *n.*, hubbub, uproar, H. 2722. [?]
- †hobby**, *adj.*, ? stiff, stupid, awkward, O. 1065. [?]
- hodin(g** = hodden, Begging 23 (see note), O. 132. [?]
- hog(g**, *n.*, young sheep, H. 324, 1563. [?]
- hogger**, *n.*, stocking without foot, Rock 133. [?]
- hool**, *n.*, husk, shell, H. 1143, 1739. [O.E. *hulu*.]
- hoove**, *n.*, hoof, H. 3900. [O.E. *hōf*, inflected with [v].]
- horn-hard asleep**, very sound asleep, H. 1498, O. 162. [O.E. *horn* + O.E. *hearde*.]
- horse**, *n. pl.*, horses, H. 34. [O.E. *hors*, sg. and pl.]
- host**, *n.*, cough; *fig.* trouble, difficulty, H. 3904. See note. [O.N. *hōste*, cough.]
- hough**, *n.*, thigh, leg, H. 10, 1304. [O.E. *hōh*.]
- †hough-side**, *adj.*, reaching down to the thigh, Rock 130. See note. [Prec. + O.E. *sīd*, large.]
- hover**, *n.*, suspense, uncertainty, H. 2093. [? M.E. *hove*, hover, of obscure origin.]
- how**, *adj.*, *n.*, hollow, 49 B., H. 141, 1787, &c. [O.E. *hol(l)*.]
- howlet**, *n.*, owl, H. 487. [Appar. from Fr. *hulotte*.]
- howm**, *n.*, flat ground (gen. beside river), H. 795, O. 443. [O.N. *holmr*.]
- howsoever**, *adv.*, however, nevertheless, H. 168. [O.E. *hū* + Scand. *som*, as, that, + O.E. *æfre*.]
- howsoon**, *adv.*, as soon, H. 89. [O.E. *hū* + O.E. *sōna*.]
- hulgie-backed**, *ppl. adj.*, hump-backed, H. 878. [Foll. + O.E. *bæc*.]
- hulgy**, *adj.*, humped, H. 958, 2351. [? Conn. with *hunch*. See Oxf. E.D. *hulch*, *hunch*.]
- huly**, *interj.*, softly, gently, H. 645, 1102. [O.N. *hōfliga*.]
- †humdrums**, *n. pl.*, sulks, H. 2803. See note. [hum, imit., + ?]
- hunker'd**, *pa. t.*, squatted, H. 2635. [?]
- hurle**, *n.*, rush, rattle, H. 2192, 2206. [? Imit.]
- hy**, *adj.* See **heigh**.
- hy**, *vb.* See **hey**.
- hyne**, *adv.*, hence, henceforth, O. 54. [? O.N. *heðan*.]

- i**, *prep.*, in H. 151, 263, &c., O. 9, &c. [O.E. *in*.]
- ichie**, *n.*, in **ichie or ochi**, jot nor tittle, (not) anything at all, H. 1500. [? Made up from **ocht**, anything, O.E. *ō(wi)ht*.]
- ilk**, *adj.*, each, 23 B., H. 447, &c., O. 15, &c. [O.E. *ylc*.]
- ilka**, *adj.*, each, 91 B., H. 9, &c., O. 149, &c. [O.E. *ylc ān*, each one.]
- ill**, *adj.*, bad, hard, difficult, H. 2598, 2719, O. 258, 301, 1267. [O.N. *illr*.]
- ill-fa'r'd** ([-fa:rt]), *pl. adj.*, ill-favoured, ugly, 68 B. [Prec. + O.Fr. *favo(u)r*.]
- immost**, *adj.*, uppermost, Bridal o't 22. [O.E. *ymest*.]
- in by**, *adv.*, in, near, close, H. 796, 900, &c. [O.E. *inne* + O.E. *bī*.]
- ingle-mids**, *n.*, the midst of the fire, H. 103. [Gael. *aingeal* + O.E. *mid* + *adv. suff.*]
- input**, *n.*, contribution, help, H. 2799. [O.E. *inne* + O.E. *putian*, &c.]
- insight**, *n.*, household goods (opp. of **outsight**), What ails 5. [?]
- intil(I)**, *prep.*, into, H. 166, 473, 781; in, H. 323, 684, &c. [O.E. *inne* + O.E., O.N. *til*.]
- into**, *prep.*, in, H. 66, 354, &c., O. 112, 866, &c. [O.E. *inne* + O.E. *ið*.]
- inwith**, *adj.*, inhabited, H. 2241; downhill, H. 2667. See note on H. 2241. [O.E. *inne* + *adv. suff.*]
- I's**. See **-s**.
- ither**, *pron., adj.*, other, H. 370, 1210, &c., O. 354, &c.; one another, H. 294, 829, &c. [O.E. *ōðer*.]
- I well I wat**. See **witt**.
- jamph**, *vb.*, mock, jilt, H. 2747, 3618, 3695. [?]
- jampher**, *n.*, mocker, scoffer, H. 1653, O. 63. [Prec. + noun *suff.*]
- jamphing**, *vbl. n.*, mockery, trickery, H. 1545. [**jamph** + noun *suff.*]
- jaw**, *n.*, surge, breaker; *fig.*, H. 2764. [?]
- jimp**, *adj.*, scanty, bare, H. 89. [?]
- jizzen-bed**, *n.*, child-bed, H. 96. [O.Fr. *gesine*, lying, + O.E. *bedd*.]
- jo**, *n.*, sweetheart, H. 264, 511, &c. [Fr. *joie*, joy.]
- joak**, **jock**, *vb.*, chaff, cheat, deceive, H. 2813, 3421, 3423. [? Lat. *jocāri*, to jest.]
- joll**, *n.*, jaw, in **cheek for joll**, cheek by jowl, O. 36. See note on H. 956. [See Oxf. E.D. **jowl**, sb. 1 and 2.]
- jook**, *n.*, bob, bow, H. 1932, 2999, What ails 29. [Obscure. Cp. **jouk**, *vb.*]
- jot**, *n.*, small task, job, H. 1182. [Lat. *iota*, *jota*.]
- jouk**, *vb. intrs.*, duck, bob down, H. 2764. [?]
- jurge**, *vb. intrs.*, squelch, O. 733. [? Imit.]
- kaim**, **keam**, *vb.*, comb, H. 2730, 2845, &c., O. 390, &c. [O.E. *camb*, *n.*]
- kaird**, **kard**, *n.*, tinker, H. 1958, 1965, &c., O. 325. [Gael. *ceàrd*.]
- kane** = cane, H. 1281.
- kard**. See **kaird**.
- keam**. See **kaim**.
- kebbock**, *n.*, a cheese, H. 1480, 2308. [?]
- †keek**, *n.*, woman's head-dress, H. 626, 629, &c. [?]
- keest**. See **cast**, *vb.*
- kemper**, *n.*, competitor, esp. reaper who tries to outdo others, H. 36. [M.E. *kemp*, contend, M.Du. *kempen*, O.N. *kempa*, &c.; + noun *suff.*]
- ken**, *vb.*, know, H. 80, &c., O. 235, &c. [O.E. *cennan*, make known, O.N. *kenna*, know.]
- kent**, *n.*, staff, H. 1242. [?]
- kep**, *vb.*, catch, meet with, H. 2691. [Form of **keep** (cp. **kept**), O.E. *cēpan*.]
- kettrin**, *-en*, *n. sg.* and *pl.*, = cateran(s), band of Highland robbers, H. 423, 660, &c. [Gael. *ceatharn*, troop, collect. noun.]
- kibble**, *adj.*, strong, active, H. 214. [?]
- kie**. See **ky**.

kinspreckle, *adj.*, conspicuous, O. 316. See note. [Oxf. E.D. **kenspeckle**. ? Cp. Norw. *kjen-nespak*, which is active, however. And see **speckle** below.]

kirk, *n.*, church, H. 313, 873, O. 915. [O.N. *kirkja*.]

kissing strings, *n. pl.*, strings tied under the chin, H. 834, Br.-K. I 7.

kist, *n.*, chest, Bridal o't 21. [O.N. *kista*, O.E. *cest*.]

kitling, *vbl. n.*, tickling, O. 75. [Poss. Scand., but see Oxf. E.D. **kittle**, *vb. i.*]

kittle, *adj.*, ticklish, difficult, 47 B., H. 1777, 2726, O. 272. [As prec.]

knack, *vb.*, snap, H. 3666. [Echoic.]

knap, *n.*, knob, stud, H. 3937, O. 912. [O.E. *cnæp(p)*.]

kneef, *adj.*, brisk, H. 1819. [?]

knet. See **knit**.

knib(b)lack, *n.*, small stone or clod, H. 1650, O. 64. [Perhaps **knob**, ? M.L.G. *knobbe*, + dim. suff.]

††**knible**, *adj.*, nimble, H. 1848. [?]

knit, *vb.*, fasten, H. 2023, Marri'd I 32; weave, *fig.*, H. 2930;

knit, **knet**, *p.p.*, fastened, H. 1332, 3219, &c. [O.E. *cnyttan*, fasten.]

knitting, *vbl. n.*, fastening, H. 1877. [Prec. + *vbl. noun* suff.]

know, *n.*, knoll, 53 B., H. 1237, &c. [O.E. *cnoll*.]

kurch, *n.*, woman's head-dress, H. 209, 467. [O.Fr. *couvrechef*, = cover the head.]

ky, **kie**, *n. pl.*, cows, H. 1835, 2279, &c., Married II 41. [O.E. *cȳ*.]

††**kyle**, *n.*, chance, turn, H. 2303, 2546, 2710, O. 679. [Jam. suggests that **kyle** is the same word as **cavel**, q.v. This is phonetically quite possible: v drops before syllabic l (see Dieth, § 122) and the vowel instead of stopping at [e:] goes on to [əi]. Cp. **styth**, **swyle**. See Phonol. 10 Note 2; Dieth, § 69.]

kyth, *vb.*, reveal, show, H. 431, 3491, Rock 102, O. 1209. [O.E. *cȳðan*.]

lack, *vb.*, find fault with, disparage, H. 2323, Rock 111. [M.L.G. *lak*, *n.*, blame.]

laid, *ppl. adj.*, gone to bed, H. 353. [O.E. *lecgan*, *leg-*.]

laigh, *adj.*, low, H. 2215; **the laigh**, *n.*, the low ground, H. 1276. [O.N. *lāgyr*.]

lair, *n.*, learning, O. 1206. [O.E. *lār*.]

lair, *n.*, rest, lying, H. 1602. [O.E. *leger*.]

lair, *vb. intrs.*, become bogged, stick fast, H. 323. [O.N. *leir*, mud.]

laird, *n.*, landed proprietor, 35 B., H. 30, &c., O. 326, &c. [North. form of **lord**, O.E. *hlāford*.]

lairdship, *n.*, property, estate, H. 931. [Prec. + *noun* suff.]

laith, *adj.*, loth, H. 2692, 2823, 2839, O. 1195. [O.E. *lāð*.]

laits, *n. pl.*, manners, behaviour, O. 258. [O.N. *lāt*.]

lambas, *n.*, Lammas, Rock 77. [O.E. *hlāfmæsse*, loaf mass.]

landert, *n.*, countryside, H. 218. [From **landward**, *adj.*, belonging to the country, O.E. *land* + *adj. suff.*]

landgates, *adv.*, into the country, H. 1204, 2871. [O.E. *land* + O.N. *gata* + *adv. suff.*]

lane, used as *n.* and *adj.*, self, alone; in combination with poss. *adj.* or pers. pron., as: **my lane**, H. 949, 1212; **your lane**, H. 186, &c.; **him lane**, H. 121; **him alane**, H. 1163; **her lane**, H. 451, 579, O. 1126; **her leefu' lane**, quite by herself, H. 1181; **it lane**, H. 2260; **them lanes**, O. 121. [= **alane**, O.E. *al* + O.E. *ān*.]

lang, *adj., adv.*, long, 19 B., H. 93, &c., O. 61, &c.; *n.*, in this many a **lang**, for many a long day, H. 731; **at ilka sae lang**, every now and then, H. 2173, O. 560; **at last an' lang**, at length, H. 2210; **think lang**, grow weary, long, H. 1077, O. 440, 732. [O.E. *lang*, *adj., lange*, *adv.*]

lang, *vb. intrs.*, long, yearn, H. 1469. [O.E. *langian*.]

langlins, *prep.*, along, H. 1769. [O.E. *lang* + *adv. suff.*]

- langsome**, *adj.*, wearisome, tedious, H. 1333, 1683, 1935. [O.E. *langsum*.]
- lap**. See **loup**.
- lappert**, *ppl. adj.*, clotted, H. 167. [? O.N. *hloup*, coagulation, + *-er*, suff. + *p.p. suff.*]
- ††**largue**, *n.*, ?, O. 209.
- last day**, yesterday, H. 375.
- lat**, *vb.*, let, allow, H. 361, &c., O. 285, &c.; **loot**, *pa. t.*, let, H. 790, &c., O. 253, &c.; aimed, delivered (a blow, &c.), H. 1305, 1648, 1878, O. 436, 750, 751; **loot on**, **loot wit**, betrayed (the fact), H. 2168, 2364; **latten**, **letten**, *p.p.*, let, H. 104, 392, &c., O. 889. [O.E. *létan* and O.N. *lǽta*, with new past *t.*]
- latting**, *vbl. n.*, letting, H. 1696. [Prec. + *vbl. noun suff.*]
- lave**, **leave**, *n.*, rest, remainder, H. 1844, 3694. [O.E. *lāf*, inflected with [v].]
- lavrock**, *n.*, lark (bird), H. 1677. [O.E. *lāferce*.]
- lawty**, *n.*, loyalty, H. 77. [O.Fr. *le(a)uté*.]
- leal**, **leel**, *adj.*, loyal, faithful, H. 293, 2093, 2402; *adv.*, truly, certainly, H. 398, 3861; *n.*, in the lands of leal, the realm of the faithful, heaven, H. 942. [O.Fr. *leel*, *leal*.]
- leam**, *vb. intrs.*, shine, H. 1550, 3912. [O.E. *lēoma*, ray.]
- lear**, *vb.*, teach, H. 1447, &c., O. 411, &c. [O.E. *lǽran*.]
- lear**, *adv.*, rather, H. 2856. [O.E. *lēofre*.]
- learn**, *vb.*, teach, H. 2035, O. 228. [O.E. *leornian*.]
- leave**. See **lave**.
- led**, *n.*, load, H. 2435. [O.E. *lād*, carriage, and O.E. *hladan*, to load.]
- lee**, *vb. intrs.*, tell lies, H. 289, 2402. [O.E. *lēogan*.]
- leed**, *n.*, speech, language, 43 B., H. 8, 56, O. 86, 141. [O.E. *læden*, Latin, and O.E. *lē(o)den*, language.]
- leefu'**, *adj.*, in her **leefu' lane**, see **lane**. [**leefu' lane** is sometimes substituted, without regard to its original meaning of "allowable" (O.E. *lēaf*, *n.*, leave, + *adj. suff.*), for **lee-lane**, where **lee** is of doubtful origin.]
- leel**. See **leal**.
- leesh**, *n.*, liberty, H. 1472. [O.Fr. *lesse*, leash.]
- leglin**, *n.*, milk-pail, H. 2312. [? var. of **laggin**, O.N. *lǽgg* + ?]
- leip**, *vb.*, scald, Br.-K. II 37. [?]
- let**(*t*, *n.*, hindrance, delay, H. 1071, 1445. [Foll.]
- let**(*t*, *vb.*, hinder, H. 1443, O. 221, 826. [O.E. *lettan*.]
- letten**. See **lat**.
- leugh**, *pa. t.*, laughed, H. 1652, 2011, What ails 19. [O.E. *hlōh*, from *hlæhhan*.]
- lewder**, *vb. intrs.*, move heavily, plod, H. 1706. [?]
- lien**. See **ly**.
- lift**, *n.*, help, assistance, H. 1035, O. 3, 43. [O.N. *lypta*, to lift.]
- lightsome**, *adj.*, light, cheerful, H. 2148. [O.E. *liht* + *adj. suff.*]
- like**, added to *adjs.* and *advs.*, modifying (sometimes very slightly) their force; as: **blythesome like**, H. 3606; **couthy like**, H. 2693; **dowie like**, O. 929; **heartless like**, H. 2400; **likely like**, H. 2465, O. 888; **rais'd like**, H. 453, 747. [O.E. *ge)līc*, O.N. *líkr*.]
- likly** [? *līkle*]. See Deith, § 77 (a), *adj.*, *adv.*, probable, probably, H. 1352, 1757. [O.N. *líkligr*.]
- †**linder**, *n.*, vest, Bridal o't 30, O. 132. [? Cp. O.N. *kindi*, belt, girdle.]
- link**, *vb. intrs.*, step out briskly, H. 2164, 3100. [Perhaps Scand. Cp. Norw. *linka*, fling.]
- lint**, *n.*, flax, H. 210, 2003. [Rel. to O.E. *līn*, flax.]
- lippen**, *vb.*, trust, H. 1435, 2012, &c., O. 1109, 1225. [?]
- lippie**, *n.*, quarter of a peck; vessel holding this quantity, Br.-K. II 36. [O.E. *lēap* + *dim. suff.*]
- list**, *pa. t.*, pleased, H. 2078. [O.E. *lystan*.]
- lit**, *n.*, dye, colour, Rock 134. [O.N. *littr*.]
- lith**, *n.*, joint, in **limb and lith**, H. 507, 1249, 1525. [O.E. *līp*.]

litlean(e), **litleane** ([lɪtlɛn]), *n.*, child, H. 1050, 2839, &c. [O.E. *lytling*. (Spelt as if from **little** + **ane**.)]

living, *n.*, living creature, human being, H. 1669, O. 1199. [O.E. *libban*, *lif-* + *adj. suff.*]

loo, *vb.*, love, H. 1755, 3884, O. 621. [O.E. *lufian*.]

loof, *n.*, palm of the hand, hand, H. 1768, 3572, 3645. [O.N. *lofe*.]

look, *vb.*, look after, inspect, H. 204. [O.E. *lōcian*.]

loot. See **lat**.

loss, *vb.*, lose, H. 3342, 3539. [O.E. *losian*, be lost, infl. in sense by O.E. *lēosan*, lose.]

loup ([laup]), *vb.*, leap, H. 3475, O. 379, 477; **lap**, *pa. t.*, H. 1883, &c. [O.N. *hlupa*.]

loup, *n.*, leap, H. 3245, Br.-K. II 50. [Prec.]

lout, *vb. intrs.*, bend, O. 433; with *pron.*, Rock 3. [O.E. *lutan*.]

low ([lau]), *n.*, flame, Rock 3, 31, &c. [O.N. *loge*.]

low, *vb. intrs.*, flame, blaze, H. 1399, 1798. [Prec.]

lown, *adj.*, quiet, H. 2814. [O.N. **lugn*, Swed. *lugn*, &c.]

lown, *n.*, rascal, sturdy beggar, H. 78, 739, &c.; **lowner-like**, more like a "lown," Begging 44. [?]

lowrie, *n.*, dimin. of Laurence, name for the fox, H. 147. [Lat. *Laurentius*.]

luckie, **lucky**, *adv.*, more than enough, too, H. 2488, 2514. [L.G. *luk* + *suff.* For sense, see Oxf. E.D. **lucky**, *adj.*, 5, and E.D.D. **lucky**, 8, *adv.*]

luckie, **lucky**, *n.*, old woman, dame, good-wife, H. 2311, 2915, &c., Marri'd I 73, O. 461, &c. [As *prec.*]

lug, *n.*, ear, H. 222, &c., O. 51, &c. [Perhaps Scand. Cp. Swed. *lugg*, forelock.]

? **lumb**, *n.*, ?, O. 908.

lumb-head, *n.*, chimney-top, H. 1553, 1929, 3912. [**lum**, of obscure origin, + O.E. *hēafod*.]

ly, *vb. intrs.*, lie, H. 2702; **ly too**, conform, agree, H. 2590,

2619, 2797; **lien**, **lyen**, *p.p.*, lain, 27 B., H. 1094, &c., O. 34, 36. [O.E. *liegan*, *lig-*, with new *p.p.*]

lyn, *n.*, waterfall, H. 567. [O.E. *hlynn*, torrent.]

lyn, *vb.*, = line (put lining in), H. 607; *fig.*, H. 62.

lynth, *adj.*, eleventh, H. 2186. [O.E. *endleofan* + ordinal ending -**th**.]

†**lyth(e)**, *n.*, shelter, comfort, H. 1666, 3310, Rock 43, O. 427. [O.E. *hlēowð*, *n.*, shelter, or O.E. *līðe*, *adj.*, mild.]

maat. See **mat**.

mabbie, *n.*, woman's cap, Rock 141. [Obscure. Cp. **mob**.]

mack, *n.*, make, shape, sort, H. 881. [O.E. *macian*, to make.]

mac, *pron.*, more (in number), 80 B., H. 3411, Married II 29, O. 329. [O.E. *mā*.]

maik, *n.*, match, equal, H. 888, &c., O. 613, &c. [O.E. *ge)maca*, prob. infl. by O.N. *make*.]

mail, *n.*, meal, repast, H. 1374, 1382, 3232. [O.E. *mæl*.]

mailen, *n.*, rent, H. 330. [O.N. *māl*, agreement, and O.N. *māle*, stipulated payment, wages; + *noun suff.*]

mail-payer, *n.*, rent-payer, H. 3249. [Prec. + O.Fr. *payer* + *noun suff.*]

main, *n.*, moan, lament, H. 554, &c., O. 1085, 1149. [O.E. **mān*. Cp. *mēnan*, *vb.*]

mair, *adj.*, *adv.*, more, H. 4, 47, &c., O. 41, &c.; as *n.* in **nae mair**, but **mair**, no more ado, without more ado, H. 3298, 3350. [O.E. *māra*.]

maist, *n.*, most, H. 3441, O. 319. [O.E. *māst*.]

maistly, *adv.*, most of all, H. 3224; for the most part, H. 4060. [O.E. *māst* + *adv. suff.*]

mak, *vb.*, make, H. 15, &c.; **mak o'**, make much of, H. 940; **mak out**, manage, H. 1366; **mak** + *infin.*, attempt to, begin to, H. 546, 639; **mak(e)sna**, **maks na matter**, it maks naething, it doesn't matter, H. 175, 248, 2022, 2328, &c. [O.E. *macian*.]

- makine** ([-a: -]), *n.*, hare, H. 1808. (Dim. of *Maud*.)
maksna. See **mak**.
mament, *n.*, moment, H. 2115. [Lat. *momentum*.]
mang, *n.*, chorus, H. 574, 1915, 3694. [? O.E. *gemang*, mingling.]
mang, **mangst**, *prep.*, among, amidst, H. 408, 1187, &c., O. 531, &c. [Aphetic form of **among**, O.E. *on gemang*, + adv. suff.]
mang, *vb. intrs.*, go mad, H. 3049, Rock 7. [?]
mankie, *adj.*, made of calamanco, Br.-K. II 7. [Obsc. See Oxf. E.D.]
manna. See **maun**.
mark. See **merk**.
marrow, *n.*, match, equal, H. 3573, J.G. 21. [See Oxf. E.D. **marrow**²; Dieth, p. 32, footnote 3.]
mat, **maat**, *vb.*, may, H. 29, 399, &c., O. 874, &c. [O.E. *mōt*.]
mauchtless, *adj.*, powerless, feeble, H. 247. [Foll. + adj. suff.]
maughts, *n. pl.*, might, power, H. 18, 428, &c. [Appar. O.N. **mahr*, Icel. *mattr*.]
maughty, *adj.*, powerful, H. 430. See note. [Prec. + adj. suff.]
maugre, *prep.*, in spite of, H. 2608. [O.Fr. *maugré*.]
maun, *vb.*, must, H. 44, &c., O. 28, &c.; **ma(u)na**, must not, 55 B., H. 371, &c., O. 649. [O.N. *man*.]
maw, *vb.*, mow, H. 432. [O.E. *māwan*.]
mawn, *n.*, basket, Br.-K. II 62. [Prob. O.Fr. *mande*.]
mazerment, *n.*, amazement, confusion, H. 449, 1907. [O.E. **masian*, stupefy, + *r* of obscure origin, + noun suff.]
meal-pock, *n.*, meal-bag, Begging 7. [O.E. *melo* + **pock**, q.v.]
meen, **mein**, *n.*, show, appearance, H. 784, 3778. [O.Fr. *demener*, infl. by Fr. *mine*.]
meeth, **meith**, *adj.*, hot, exhausted with heat (of persons), H. 2188; hot, sultry (of weather), H. 2671, 2883. [?]
†meethness, *n.*, heat, sultriness, H. 588. [Prec. + noun suff.]
mei(c)kle, **mi(c)kle**, **muckle** ([-a-]) see Dieth, § 63 (c), and Note 1), *adv.*, much, great(ly), 86 B., H. 741, 2073, 2553, &c., O. 239, &c. [O.E. *mycel*.]
mein. See **meen**.
meith ([m¹θ]) see Phonol. 7), *pa. t.*, might, H. 19, 30, &c., O. 176, &c. [O.E. *mihle*, *pa. t.* of *mæg*, may.]
meith, *n.*, landmark, H. 514, 2217, &c. [App. O.N. *mið*.]
meith. See **meeth**, *adj.*
meked, *p.p.*, humbled, H. 1344. [O.N. *miúkr*, meek, + *p.p.* suff.]
mell, *n.*, (blow with) mallet, H. 3549. [O.Fr. *mail*.]
meltet, *n.*, meal, food, H. 550, 807, 1368. [O.E. *mēl*, repast, + O.E. *tīd*, time.]
mends, *n.*, amendment, H. 3211 (see note), 3352. [O.Fr. *amendes*, *amender*.]
mense, *n.*, propriety, 87 B. [O.N. *mennska*, humanity.]
mensworn, *ppl. adj.*, perjured, H. 3216. [O.E. *mānswearian*.]
merk, **mark**, *adj.*, dark, H. 486, 504, &c.; *n.*, darkness, H. 314, 3990. [O.E. *mirce*, O.N. *myrkr*.]
merket, **merkat**, *n.*, market, H. 832, 873. [N.Fr. *market*.]
mettle, *adj.*, spirited, H. 3250. [Form of *metal*, O.Fr. *meta(i)l*.]
mickle. See **mei(c)kle**.
midden, *n.*, dung-heap, H. 130, 2592, Marri'd I 61. [Of Scand. origin.]
midders, *n.*, in the **midders o't**, *adv. phr.*, in the middle of it, Bridal o't 36. [? = **middlewards**, O.E. *middel* + adv. suffs.]
midlert, *n.*, the world, the earth, H. 1687, 3976. [O.E. *middangeard*, middle dwelling, earth, with substitution of O.E. *middel*, *midl*- for *middan*-.]
†miels ([mi.lz]), *n. pl.*, soil for a grave, grave clods, H. 1445. [O.E. *molde*, earth.]
mikle. See **mei(c)kle**.
milkness, *n.*, produce of dairy, H. 2356. [O.E. *milc* + noun suff.]
milks, *n. pl.*, dishes made out of milk, H. 2959. [O.E. *milc*.]
mim, *adj.*, prim, demure, H. 3305. [Imit.]

- mind**, *vb.*, remember, heed, H. 307, &c., O. 166, &c.; remind, H. 2322, 2899. [O.E. *ge*)mynd, memory.]
- minny, minnie**, *n.*, mother (pet name), H. 1377, 4022, O. 380. [?]
- mird**, *vb.*, meddle, H. 2810, O. 457; make love, Bridal o't 7; attempt, O. 278. [?]
- misanter**, *n.*, misfortune, Rock 14. [O.Fr. *mesaventure*.]
- misca'**, *vb.*, miscall, abuse, O. 86, 648. [O.E. *mis* + O.N. *kalla*.]
- miscarry**, *vb.*, fail to obtain, Marri'd I 27. [O.E. *mis* + N.Fr. *carier*.]
- mischancy**, *adj.*, unlucky, O. 743. [O.Fr. *mesch(e)ance* + *adj. suff.*]
- mischief**, *n.*, mishap, harm, H. 339, 2732, O. 1107. [O.Fr. *mesch(i)ef*.]
- miscook**, *vb.*, mismanage, H. 1875. Rock 146. [O.E. *mis* + O.E. *cōc*.]
- misgrown**, *ppl. adj.*, misshapen, stunted, H. 207. [O.E. *mis* + O.E. *grōwen*, from *grōwan*, to grow.]
- misguided**, *ppl. adj.*, spoilt, damaged, H. 1784. [O.E. *mis* + Fr. *guider*.]
- miskén**, *vb.*, mistake, not recognise, H. 3600, 3629. [Prob. after O.N. *miskenna*.]
- misknew**, *pa. t.*, mistook, did not recognise, H. 3935. [O.E. *mis* + O.E. *cnēow*, from *cnāwan*.]
- mislu(c)k**, *n.*, misfortune, H. 1579, 2198. [O.E. *mis* + L.G. *luk*.]
- miss**, *n.*, fault, offence, injury, H. 2809, 3211, 3352. [O.E. *missan*, to miss; infl. by O.E. *mis*-, amiss, in compounds.]
- missworn**, *p.p.*, perjured, H. 3273. [O.E. *mis* + O.E. *sworen*, from *swerian*.]
- mista'en, mistane**, *p.p.*, mistaken, H. 41, 1074, &c., O. 570. [O.E. *mis* + O.N. *taka*.]
- mister**, *n.*, need, want, H. 13, 524, &c., O. 117, &c. [O.Fr. *mest(i)er*.]
- mistris**, *n.*, mistress, H. 46, 65. [O.Fr. *maistresse*.]
- mithér**, *n.*, mother, H. 20, 109, &c., O. 1052, &c. [O.E. *mōdor*.]
- moggan, muggan**, *n.*, footless stocking, Rock 54, Marri'd I 32. [?]
- mony, monie**, *adj.*, many, 15 B., H. 556, &c., O. 30, &c. [O.E. *monig*.]
- mooling in** (?[mi.lən]. See **mields**), *vbl. n.*, crumbling bread into a basin together; *fig.*, associating intimately, H. 2600. See note. [O.E. *molde*, earth.]
- moss**, *n.*, peat-bog, O. 65, 550. [O.E. *mos*.]
- mot**, *n.*, mound, H. 3778. [O.Fr. *mot(i)e*.]
- motty**, *adj.*, full of motes, H. 1830. [O.E. *mot* + *adj. suff.*]
- mou'**, *n.*, mouth, 68 B., H. 167, 285, &c. [O.E. *mūp*.]
- mouband**, *vb.*, mention, H. 1073. [mouband, *n.*, halter, O.E. *mūp* + O.N. *band*.]
- mought**, *pa. t.*, might, could, H. 531, 1495, &c., O. 623. [Late O.E. *muhle*, *pa. t.* of *mæg*, may.]
- mount up**, *vb.*, lift up, H. 1523. [O.Fr. *munter*.]
- mows** [maus], *n. pl.*, joke, jest, H. 216. [Pl. of O.Fr. *moue*, grimace.]
- muckle**. See **mei(c)kle**.
- muggan**. See **moggan**.
- muir**, *n.*, moor, H. 2216. [O.E. *mōr*.]
- murther**, *n.*, in **mak murther**, cry murder, make an outcry, H. 2155. [O.E. *morðor*.]
- mutcbkin**, *n.*, measure (prop. liquid, quarter of an old Scots pint), Rock 59. [Du. *mudseken*.]
- na**, *conj.*, than, H. 2541, 4061. [Obsc. Cp. **nor** in same sense.]
- na(e)**, *adv.*, not, 71 B., H. 30, 32, &c., O. 12, 73, &c.; often suffixed to verbs, as **binna**, **dinna**, **manna**, which see. [O.E. *nā* and O.E. *ne*.]
- nae**, *adj.*, no, 31 B., H. 47, &c., O. 10, &c. [O.E. *nān*.]
- naething**, *n.*, nothing, H. 81, 158, &c., O. 738, &c. [O.E. *nān* + O.E. *þing*.]
- nane**, *pron.*, none, H. 184, &c., O. 200, &c. [O.E. *nān*.]
- ††**naip**, *n.*, (chimney-) top, H. 2258. [?]

- neaty.** See **nettie**.
neeper. See **neiper**.
neest, neist, adj., next, H. 181, 937, &c., O. 44, &c.; **the neest,** the other, H. 1999. [O.E. *nē(h)st*.]
nefo, n., nephew, H. 800, 972, 1046, 1060. [O.Fr. *nev(e)u, nevo*.]
†neiper, †neeper, n., neighbour, H. 71, 1320, &c.; used as *adj.*, H. 118, 231, &c.; **neiper-like,** neighbourly, 45 B. [O.E. *nēh(ge)būr*.]
†neirish, noorise, n., nurse, H. 674, 2934, 2958. [O.Fr. *nuri(s)ce, noriche*.]
neist. See **neest**.
nesty, adj., ill-natured, H. 3834. [= **nasty**, cp. Du. *nestig*, dirty.]
†nettie, neaty, adj., mere, very, H. 2397, O. 969. [O.Fr. *net* + suff.]
neuter, adj., neutral, impartial, O. 1091. [Fr. *neutre*, Lat. *neuter*.]
†new, vb., subdue, humble, H. 1327, 2845. [See **benew**.]
newfangle, adj., fond of novelty; used with a tautology in **newfangle o' the change**, carried away by the change, O. 358. [O.E. *nēowe* + O.E. **fangol*, from stem *fang-*, take.]
newlins, adv., newly, H. 1858. [O.E. *nēowe* + adv. suff.]
nice, adj., fastidious, finicking, H. 1425, &c.; *adv.*, 56 B.; **made it nice,** showed reluctance, H. 3743. [O.Fr. *nice*.]
nick, vb., catch, seize, H. 982, O. 637. [?]
nidder'd, p.p., oppressed, H. 1428, Marri'd I 73. [O.E. *nīderian*.]
no, adv., not, H. 1141, &c., O. 53, &c. [O.E. *nā*.]
nook, n., corner (of cloth), H. 1861. [?]
nook, vb., ? corner, H. 2863. [? **nook, n.**]
noorise. See **neirish**.
nor, conj., than, H. 301, &c., O. 50, &c. [Obsc. Cp. *na* in same sense.]
northert, adv., northward, H. 1566. [O.E. *norþweard*.]
northlins, adv., northward, H. 2254, 2371. [O.E. *norþ* + adv. suff.]
†noth (see Phonol. 7), *n.,* nothing, O. 760. [O.E. *nō(wi)ht*.]
nourice-fee, n., nurse's fee, H. 1838. [O.Fr. *nuri(s)ce* + O.Fr. *fé*.]
nout, n., cattle, H. 2270. [O.N. *naut*.]
o', prep., of, H. 11, &c., O. 205, &c. [O.E. *of*.]
o', prep., on, in, H. 7, &c., O. 286, &c. [O.E. *on*.]
ochi. See **ichie**.
oddly, adv., remarkably, greatly, O. 203. [O.N. *odda* + adv. suff.]
o'er by, adv., over there, H. 2293. [O.E. *ofer* + O.E. *bī*.]
o'ercame, pa. t., recovered, revived, H. 553, Br.-K. I 32. [O.E. *ofercuman*.]
o'ergane, ppl. adj., overcome, H. 75; past (of time), H. 2649. [O.E. *ofergān*.]
o'ertook, pa. t., caught, O. 64; **o'erta'en, p.p.,** taken in, deceived, H. 345; overcome, H. 2983. [O.E. *ofer* + O.N. *taka*.]
o'erweddied, ppl. adj., H. 3475. See note.
offer, vb. intrs., make a movement (to do something), O. 422; without infin., but with adv. of motion towards, H. 2083. [O.Fr. *offrir*; N.Fr. *offrir*.]
oman ([Λmən]. See Phonol. 14), *n.,* woman, H. 171, 450, &c. [O.E. *wīfmān*.]
†onbeast, n., wild beast, monster, H. 172 (see note), 488. [? + O.Fr. *beste*.]
onie, ony, adj., any, H. 40, 209, &c., O. 334, &c. [O.E. *ænig*, infl. by *mony*, O.E. *monig*.]
onwyne. See **wyne**.
or, prep., before (of time), H. 986, 1477, &c. [O.N. *ár*.]
ought, pron., anything, H. 161, 458, &c. [O.E. *ō(wi)ht*.]
ouk ([uk]. See Phonol. 14), *n.,* week, O. 469. [O.E. *wucu*.]
†ourlach, adj., chilly, dismal, H. 1138. [Perhaps conn. with **ourie**. ? Icel. *úríg*, wet.]
out, adv., past (of time), H. 358, 362, 363; worn out, ruined, H. 630. [O.E. *ūt*.]

- out by**, *adv.*, a long way off, H. 3358. [O.E. *ūt* + O.E. *bī*.]
- outmost**, *adj.*, utmost, H. 449, 2965. [O.E. *ūt(e)mest*, reformed after **out** and **-most**.]
- out o'er**, *prep.*, beyond, over, H. 697, 1375, &c. [O.E. *ūt* + O.E. *ofer*.]
- outred**, *n.*, settlement, termination, H. 2591. See note. [O.E. *ūt* + **red**, *vb.*, q.v.]
- outright**, *n.*, goods used out of doors (opposite to **insight**, q.v.), What ails 5. [?]
- outthrow** ([*-θrau*]), *adv.*, through and through, thoroughly, quite, H. 4, 86, &c.; *prep.*, through-out, H. 566, 883, &c. [O.E. *ūt* + O.E. *ðurh*.]
- outwith**, *adv.*, outside, away, H. 2538. [O.E. *ūt* + *adv. suff.*]
- oxter**, *n.*, armpit, H. 2478, 2483. [Appar. O.E. *ōxta*.]
- oye**, *n.*, grandchild, H. 111. [Gael. *o(gh)a*.]
- paction**, *n.*, compact, agreement, H. 2444. [O.Fr. *paction*.]
- paid**. See **pay**.
- paik**, *n.*, great blow, H. 1296. [?]
- pang**, *vb.*, stuff, cram, H. 1468, 1952, 2133. [?]
- part**, *n.*, portion (sc. of goods), H. 3127. [O.Fr. *part*.]
- pass**, *n.*, state, condition, H. 220 (see note), O. 591. [Fr. *passer*, *passer*.]
- pat**. See **put**, 1.
- paukily**, *adv.*, shrewdly, shyly, O. 514. [Foll. + *adv. suff.*]
- pawky**, *adj.*, shrewd, sly, 76 B. [?]
- pay**, *vb.*, in **pay hame**, reward, H. 4082; **ill paid (hame)**, poorly rewarded, H. 1440, 2664; **sair, soundly paid**, *fig.*, sorely, soundly rewarded—*i.e.*, beaten, H. 1321, O. 530. [O.Fr. *payer*.]
- ††**pead**, *n.*, steep path, H. 590. [?]
- pearlin**, *n.*, lace edging, Rock 141; **pearlin keek**, lace-edged cap, H. 3658. [Form of **purl**, of obscure origin, + *noun suff.*]
- peat**, *n.*, in ††**heart as gryt's a peat**, heart ready to burst, H. 2646. [?]
- peice**. See **piece**, *conj.*
- †**penny**, *vb. intrs.*, eat heartily, feed, H. 1662. [?]
- penny stanes**, a game played with flat round stones thrown like quoits, H. 244, 1287. [O.E. *penig* + *stān*.]
- pens**, *n.*, in **in my pens**, spruce, neat, J.G. 26. See note. [? *noun* formed from **pensy**, *adj.*, O.Fr. *pensif*, pl. *pensis*, thoughtful.]
- ††**perconon**, *n.*, prior understanding, condition, H. 1412 (see note); *ellipt.*, on the understanding, O. 106. [Lat. *præcognitio*.]
- perfite**, **perfyte** ([*pər'fəit*]), ? *vb.*, perfect, O. 414, 1206. [O.Fr. *parfit(e)*.]
- perqueer**, *adv.*, by heart, H. 968, O. 416. [Fr. *par cœur*, O.Fr. *queur*.]
- pettle**, *n.*, plough-staff, 41 B. [Appar. form of **paddle**.]
- phrase**. See **fraise**.
- pick**, *n.*, pitch, H. 2651. [O.E. *pic*.]
- pick-black**, *adj.*, pitch-black, H. 1806. [Prec. + O.E. *blæc*.]
- pickle**, *n.*, small quantity; foll. **immed. by n.**, **Rock tittle** and 1. [?]
- piece**, *n.*, piece of bread, food (often food eaten between regular meals), H. 821, 1233, 1421, &c. [O.Fr. *pece*.]
- †**piece**, †**peice**, *conj.*, although, H. 29, 78, 3040, &c., O. 614, &c. [Prob. same as **albuist**, q.v. For forms intermediate between the two, see S.N.D. **albuist**.]
- †**pight**, *n.*, small, puny creature. Br.-K. I 38. [? = **Pict**.]
- pike**, *vb.*, pick, Rock 83, O. 470. [O.E. **pician* or *pic(i)an*.]
- pingel**, *n.*, struggle, contest, O. 198. [?]
- pingling**, *vbl. n.*, striving, struggling, H. 1335. [Conn. with **prec**.]
- pink**, *vb. intrs.*, trickle, drip, H. 667. [Appar. *echoic*.]
- pith**, *n.*, strength, vigour, H. 238, 538, &c. [O.E. *þida*.]
- pithy**, *adj.*, strong, H. 3750. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- ††**pitlens**, *adv.*, steeply, H. 1787. [**pead**, q.v., + *adv. suff.*]

- pitten.** See **put**, 1.
plack, *n.*, smallest coin, farthing, 33 B., H. 278, 1767, O. 868. [Prob. Flem. *placke*.]
plaiden, *n.*, coarse woollen cloth, Rock 149. [?]
play, *n.*, sport, H. 1021, 1849. [O.E. *plega*.]
plenish, *vb.*, furnish, fill, 18 B. [O.Fr. *plenir*, *pleniss-*.]
plett, *vb.*, fold, bend, H. 1912. [O.Fr. *pleit*, *n.*]
pleugh ([*pljux*]), *n.*, plough, H. 3287. [O.E. *plōh*.]
ploy, *n.*, business, affair, H. 2726. [? O.Fr. *emploi*.]
plump, *n.*, cluster, clump, H. 547. [?]
pock, *n.*, pouch, bag, Begging 35, O. 112, 329. [Cp. O.N.Fr. *pogue*, Icel. *poki*, Gael. *poca*, O.Northumbr. *pocca*.]
pooch, *n.*, pocket, Married II 24. [O.N.Fr. *pouche*.]
poortith, *n.*, poverty, H. 323. [O.Fr. *pouerteit*.]
port, *n.*, passage, H. 1725. [O.Fr. *porte*.]
pouss, *vb.*, push, O. 1220. [Fr. *pousser*.]
pout, *n.*, young of game bird, *fig.*, H. 802 (see note), 815, 2866. [Fr. *poulet*.]
pow, *n.*, head, H. 45, Rock 47, O. 985. [Of Low German origin.]
pow. See **pu'**, *vb.*
pree, *vb.*, taste, H. 3369. [O.Fr. *preuv-*, *proev-*, accented stems of *prover*, test.]
preen, **prin**, *n.*, *vb.*, pin, H. 57, O. 392, 1058. [O.E. *prēon*, *n.*]
premunire, **premonire**, *n.*, predicament, difficulty, H. 2579 (see note), 2581. [Lat. *præmunire*, conflated with *præmonēre*. See Oxf. E.D. sv. *præmunire*.]
††prig-penny, *n.*, in **††stand on the prig-penny**, drive a hard bargain, haggle, O. 1254. [**prig**, *vb.*, of obscure origin, haggle, and O.E. *penig*.]
prin. See **preen**.
proof, *vb.*, prove, H. 2785. [O.Fr. *prover*.]
propine, *n.*, gift, H. 555, O. 1115. [O.Fr. *propine*, tip.]
protty, *adj.*, pretty, valiant, stout, H. 3836. [O.E. *prættig*, wily.]
pu', **pow**, *vb.*, pull, H. 2152, 3440, &c. [O.E. *pullian*.]
pu', *n.*, pull, effort of force, H. 2741. [Prec.]
purchase, *n.*, acquisition, gains, H. 2120. [O.Fr. *po(u)rchas*.]
put, *vb.*, put; **put aff**, cause to pass, H. 2379; **pat**, *pa. t.*, put, H. 2302, 3628, O. 604; **pitten**, **putten** ([*pātn*, *pātū*]), *p. p.*, put, H. 318, 1735, Rock 94, O. 297. [O.E. *putian*.]
put (o') ([*pāt*]), *vb.*, push (at, H. 1147; **putt an' row**, *lit.* (with) push and roll, with difficulty, H. 570. [See Oxf. E.D. **put**, *vb.* 2.]
putten. See **put**, 1.
putting-stane, game of hurling a heavy stone, H. 244. [**put**, 2, q.v., + noun suff. + O.E. *stān*.]
††py, *n.*, ? agreement, ? plan, H. 3109. [?]
quat. See **quyte**.
quhilk. See **whilk**.
quo', **co'**, *pa. t.*, said (usually proclitic), H. 315, 331, 2027, &c., O. 931. (Form of **quoth**, O.E. *cwæð*, from *cwēðan*.)
quoy, *n.*, heifer, H. 3544, 3550, 3552, 3661. [O.N. *kviga*, app. from *kú*, cow.]
quyte, *vb.*, give up, abandon, quit, H. 2453, O. 649, 1020; **quat**, *pa. t.*, O. 432. [O.Fr. *quiter*.]
ra(c)kless, *adj.*, rash, reckless, O. 807, 1101. [O.E. *reccelēas*.]
††racklidge, *n.*, ? accident, chance, H. 2756. [?]
rade, *pa. t.*, rode, H. 2973, 3940. [O.E. *rād*, from *rīdan*.]
rae, *n.*, roe (deer), H. 228, 1036. [O.E. *rā(ha)*.]
ralf, *n.*, plenty, abundance, H. 2929. [Cp. O.Fr. *rig et raf*, one and all, every bit.]
raip, *n.*, rope, H. 437, 895, &c. [O.E. *rāp*.]
rair, *n.*, roar, cry, H. 149, 457, &c. [O.E. *rārian*, *vb.*]
rais'd, *ppl. adj.*, excited, agitated, H. 453, 747, &c. [O.N. *reisa*.]
raise, *pa. t.*, rose, H. 383, 417, &c. [O.E. *rās*, from *rīsan*.]

- raith**, *n.*, quarter of a year, H. 89. [Gael. *ràith*.]
rake, *n.*, pace, speed, H. 2963. [O.N. *rák*.]
rakless. See **rackless**.
††rander, *n.*, order, H. 3671, O. 20. [?]
rank, *adj.*, stout, fierce, H. 660. [O.E. *ranc*.]
rant, *n.*, lively, noisy tune, Begging 140. [Obsol. Du. *ran(d)ten*, rave.]
ranting, *vbl. n.*, revelling, H. 3882. [Prec. + noun suff.]
rantree, *adj.*, rowan-tree, H. 96;
rantry-tree, *tautologous*, Rock 63. [rowan, of Scand. origin, + O.E. *trêo*.]
rap, *vb. intrs.*, patter, H. 2088. [Echoic.]
rashen, *adj.*, made of rushes, H. 143. [North. and Scots **rash**, **rashen**, poss. come from O.E. *resce*, which occurs once beside *risc*, *rysc*, &c. See Oxf. E.D.]
rate, *n.*, degree, extent, in **at sick a rate**, to such a degree, so much, H. 1157. [O.Fr. *rate*, amount.]
rax, *vb.*, reach, stretch, O. 592. [O.E. *raxan*.]
read. See **reed**, *vb.*
ream, *n.*, cream, H. 734, 1376, &c. [O.E. *rēam*.]
ream, *vb.*, skim (cream off), H. 2306, 2313. [Prec.]
red, *vb.*, put in order, tidy, H. 2542, 2807, 3058; *p.p.*, tidied, H. 3930; disentangled, rid, H. 3101. [M.L.G. and Du. *redden*, to tidy, perhaps also O.E. *hreddan*, rescue; in some cases poss. also O.N. *ryðja*, rid.]
red-wood, *adj.*, raging mad, H. 1882. [O.E. *rēad* + O.E. *wōd*.]
redy, *adj.*, handy, convenient, H. 3901. [O.E. *ge)rāde* + *adj. suff.*]
reed, **read**, *vb.*, suppose, think, H. 2122, 3107, &c., O. 872, 937;
read, *p.p.*, interpreted, explained, H. 4049. [O.E. *rēdan*.]
††reed, *conj.*, lest, in case that, H. 717, 1828, &c. [? Prec., = "on the supposition that."]
reef. See **reif**.
reefu', *adj.*, loud, in **reefu' rair**, H. 149, 457, 2206, 3070. [? O.E. *reord*, voice (see note on H. 149, and Oxf. E.D. *rerde*), + *adj. suff.*]
reek, *n.*, smoke, H. 1553, 1929, &c. [O.E. *rēc*.]
reek, *vb. intrs.*, smoke, H. 1842. [O.E. *rēcān*.]
reel, *vb.*, wind, Marri'd I 47. [O.E. *hrēol*, *n.*, reel.]
reel, *vb. intrs.*, whirl, roll, dance, H. 585, 1720, 1885, O. 378. [Perhaps conn. with prec.]
reel, *n.*, dance, H. 1820, O. 16. [Perhaps as prec.]
†reemish, *n.*, crash, H. 1890. [? Form of **rummage**, Fr. *arrumage*.]
reesing, *vbl. n.*, noisier part, crescendo, Bridal o't 46. [?]
reif, **rief**, **reef**, *vb.*, rob, plunder, H. 79, 1261, 3892. [O.E. *rēafian*.]
revert, *vb.*, restore (to cheerfulness), O. 1041. [O.Fr. *revertir*, return.]
rew, *vb.*, rue, H. 2860. [O.E. *hrēowan*.]
riddle, *n.*, sieve, H. 1855. [O.E. *hriddel*.]
rief. See **reif**.
rig(g), *n.*, ridge between each pair of furrows; lands, H. 926, 930. [O.E. *hrycg*.]
rigging, *n.*, roof-beams, rafters, H. 2307. [O.E. *hrycg* + *vbl. noun suff.*]
rin, *vb. intrs.*, run, H. 470, 474, &c., O. 453. [O.E. *rinnan* (rare), O.N. *rinna*.]
rin, *n.*, run, H. 1648, 2713. [Prec.]
†rink, *vb. intrs.*, run, scamper, O. 357. [?]
running, *vbl. n.*, running, H. 151. [rin, *q.v.*, + *vbl. noun suff.*]
ripe, *vb.*, ransack, rifle, H. 2226. [O.E. *rȳpan*.]
ripling, *n.*, removal of seeds from flax with comb, Rock 85. [Of Low German origin.]
rive, *vb.*, tear, H. 466, 469;
roov(e), *pa. i.*, tore, H. 462, 1559, O. 752, 776. [O.N. *rifa*.]
rock, *n.*, distaff, Rock *tiile*, 3, 31, &c. [See Oxf. E.D.]

- rode**, *n.*, road, H. 121, 1208, &c., O. 139, &c. [O.E. *rād*.]
room, *n.*, place, stead, H. 2954. [O.E. *rūm*.]
roose, *vb.*, praise, H. 678, &c., O. 2. [O.N. *hrósa*.]
roosing, *vbl. n.*, praising, O. 111. [Prec. + *vbl. noun suff.*]
††root-hewn, *ppl. adj.*, tough, H. 2762. See note. [O.N. *rót* + O.E. *hēawan*.]
roove. See **rive**.
rost, *n.*, in to rule the roost, to have full authority, to be master, O. 237. [O.Fr. *rost(e, n., roast)*.]
rouling, *ppl. adj.*, rolling, H. 2233. [O.Fr. *rol(l)er, rouler*.]
roun, *n.*, circuit, roundabout course, H. 147. [O.Fr. *round*.]
roupe, *n.*, hoarseness, 13 B. [Prob. imit.]
roust, *vb.*, rust, 13 B. [O.E. *rūst*.]
rusty, *adj.*, rusty, H. 1878. [O.E. *rūstig*.]
route ([ru.t]), *n.*, crowd, company, H. 439, 1331, 3017, &c., O. 1256; way, route, H. 2167, 2253. [O.Fr. *route*.]
roust, *vb.*, beat, thrash, H. 1367. [O.E. *hrūtan*.]
row ([rau]), *vb.*, roll, 50 B., H. 485, &c., O. 281; *intrs.*, H. 222. [O.Fr. *rol(l)er, rouler*.]
††rozered (? ro.zərd), *adj.*, rosy, H. 2321. [rose, O.E. *rōse*, O.Fr. *rose* + ?]
rullion, *n.*, shoe of undressed hide, Rock 135. [O.E. *rifeling*.]
rumble, *n.*, commotion, uproar, H. 3253. [Echoic.]
rumgumption, *n.*, common-sense, resource, 90 B. [? Cp. **gumption** and **rumble gumption**.]
runkle, *n.*, wrinkle, O. 973. [Prob. Scand.]
†ruther, *n.*, noise, outcry, H. 466. [?]
ryffe = rife, H. 299.
's, 'se, attached to personal pronoun, = **sall**, shall; I's(e, H. 31, 33, &c.; thou's, H. 398, 399, &c. [O.E. *scæl*.]
sadly, *adv.*, ? seriously, ? steadfastly, H. 2605. [O.E. *sæd*, sated, + *adv. suff.*]
sae, *adv.*, so, 2 B., &c., H. 51, &c.; **sae, sae be**, *conj.*, provided that, H. 1227, 1390, 2057, 3095. [O.E. *swā*.]
saf, *adj.*, soft, 52 B., H. 1096, &c. [O.E. *sōfte*.]
safly, *adv.*, softly, H. 650, 3783, O. 34, &c. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*]
sain, *vb.*, cross, bless, H. 96, 1906, 2875, O. 973. [O.E. *segnian*.]
sair, *adj.*, sore, severe, hard, O. 336; *adv.*, sorely, earnestly, very much, H. 59, 170, &c., O. 218, &c.; *n.*, sore, H. 196, 198, O. 559. [O.E. *sār*.]
sair, *vb.*, serve, satisfy, H. 285, 718, &c., O. 152, &c. [O.Fr. *servir*.]
sair, *vb.*, deserve, H. 2087. [As prec., or O.Fr. *deservir*.]
sairing, *vbl. n.*, serving, fill, H. 225. [sair, serve, q.v., + *vbl. noun suff.*]
sakeless, *adj.*, innocent, H. 155, 426, &c. [O.E. *saclēas*, from O.N. *saklauss*.]
sall, *auxil. vb.*, shall, H. 767, &c., O. 354, &c.; **sanna**, shall not, H. 465, &c., O. 352, &c.; **shanna**, H. 1232; **sud**, *pa. t.*, should, H. 717, &c., O. 672, &c.; **shud**, H. 343. [O.E. *scæl*.]
sang, *n.*, song, 22 B., &c., H. 3, 20, &c., O. 731, &c. [O.E. *sang*.]
sanna. See **sall**.
†sareless, *adj.*, tasteless, H. 3222, 3738, O. 361. [O.Fr. *sav(o)ur* + *adj. suff.*]
sark, *n.*, shirt, H. 3498, 3511; shift, H. 3562, Rock 9, 22, &c. [O.E. *serc*, O.N. *serkr*.]
sarked, *ppl. adj.*, dressed in a shirt, Rock 19. [Prec. + *pp. ending*.]
sa't, *n.*, *adj.*, salt, H. 61, 98. [O.E. *salt*.]
saught, *n.*, peace, H. 780, 872, &c. [Late O.E. *sæht*, prob. from O.N. **saht*, O.Icel. *sátt*.]
sax, *numeral*, six, H. 1184. [O.E. *sex*. But see Dieth, § 46, Note 2.]
say, *n.*, saying, H. 1055. [O.E. *secgan*, *seg-*, *vb.*]
say'n, *p.p.*, said, H. 2512. [New strong p.p. of O.E. *secgan*, *seg-*.]
scaff, *n.*, food, provisions, H. 2226. [?]

- scare**, *vb. intrs.*, take fright, H. 3479. [O.N. *skirra*.]
scash, *n.*, wrangle, squabble, O. 950. [? O.Fr. *escasser*, break.]
sconfise, *vb.*, stifle, H. 903; *scunfest*, *p.p.*, H. 583. [O.Fr. *desconfis-*, destroy.]
scoold, *pa. t.*, scolded, O. 494. [O.N. *skáld*, poet.]
score, *n.*, mark, line, H. 1769, 3051, 3772; limit, H. 1375, 2758, 3267; account, record, H. 2507. [Late O.E. *scoru*, from O.N. *skar*.]
score by, *vb.*, put aside, H. 2459, O. 1198. [Prec.]
scoup, *vb. intrs.*, leap, skip; **deil scoup**, the devil run off, Br.-K. II 52. [?]
scouth, *n.*, room, freedom, H. 296. [?]
scrab, *n.*, stump of heather, root, H. 569, 1655, &c. [Cp. *scrub*, poss. var. of *shrub*, O.E. *scrybb*. Cp. Norw. *skrubbe*.]
scrap, **scraip**, *vb.*, scrape, H. 3412, O. 555. [O.E. *scrapian* or O.N. *skrapa*.]
scrap, *n.*, scrape, low bow, What ails 29. [Prec.]
screek, *vb. intrs.*, screech, H. 487. [Echoic. Cp. O.N. *skrækja* and *skrech*.]
scrimp, *adj.*, scant, H. 308, 1362, 1359. (See Oxf. E.D.)
scrimpt, *p.p.*, stinted, H. 2924. [Prec.]
scuff, *vb. intrs.*, shuffle, Rock 135. [?]
scunfest. See **sconfise**.
'se. See **'s**.
seelfu, *adj.*, happy, blessed, H. 54, 76, &c., O. 84, &c. [O.E. *sēl* + *adj. suff.*.]
sel(l, sells, n., adj., self, selves, 45 B., H. 286, &c., O. 10, &c. [O.E. *self(a)*.]
sample = simple, H. 254, 3464.
servit, *n.*, napkin, H. 3593. [Fr. *serviette*.]
set(t, vb., suit, become, H. 273, 3688, 3832, O. 1088; **set aff**, *p.p.*, put off, turned aside, H. 2448. [O.E. *settan*.]
sett, n., set-back, shock, H. 1223, 1913, 2081, 2437; position, H. 1333, 2667. [Prec.]
setting, *ppl. adj.*, taking, handsome, H. 1385, 2900. [**set**, *vb.*, *q.v.*.]
shafe ([fe.f]), *n.*, sheaf, H. 605. [O.E. *scēf*.]
shaking of a fa' or fa's, wrestling-bout, H. 214, Marri'd I 14. [O.E. *scacan* + *noun suff.* + **fa'**, *n.*, *q.v.*.]
shame, *n.*, modesty, shamefastness, H. 240, 352, O. 363; **think shame**, feel ashamed, H. 351, 2687, 3152. [O.E. *scamu*.]
shamefu, *adj.*, modest, bashful, H. 706, 712, &c. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*.]
shank, *n.*, leg, Br.-K. II 77. [O.E. *sc(e)anca*.]
shanna. See **sall**.
shapen. See **shoop**.
sharger, *n.*, stunted or weakly person, H. 2734. [Prob. Gael. *searg* + *noun suff.*.]
shaw, *n.*, grove, wood, H. 1229. [O.E. *seāga*.]
shaw, *vb.*, show, H. 4062, O. 428. [O.E. *scedwian*.]
sheal, shiel, shealing, n., sheiling, herdsmen's summer hut, H. 2257, 2290, &c., O. 682. [Prob. conn. with O.N. *skále*.]
sheal, vb. intrs., live in a sheiling, H. 2274. [Prec.]
shedding, vbl. n., parting (of hair), H. 3364. [O.E. *scādan* + *vbl. noun suff.*.]
sheen. See **shoon**.
shey, adj., distrustful, reluctant, H. 2487. [O.E. *scēoh*.]
shiel. See **sheal**.
shode, *ppl. adj.*, shod, tipped, H. 605. [O.E. *scōgan*.]
shog about, vb. intrs., jog along, Rock 57. [Prob. rel. to O.H.G. *scoc*, swing; Du. *schock*, shake, &c. Echoic.]
shoon, †sheen, n. pl., shoes, H. 630, 1784, Begging 18, Br.-K. II 17, O. 136, 192. [O.E. *scōh*.]
††shoop(e, pa. t., shaped; attempted, set oneself, H. 157; *reflex.*, H. 1172; **††shoops**, as if pres. tense (false formation), H. 2717; **shapen, p.p.**, fashioned, cut out (as cloth), *fig.*, H. 3642. [O.E. *scæppan*, shape, make.]

- shoot**, *vb.*, shoot; **shoot by**, delay, put off, H. 349; **shot**, *p.p.*, shot up, grown tall (as of a plant), H. 390. [O.E. *scēotan*.]
- shortsyne** ([*-sain*]), *adv.*, a little time ago, H. 2038. [O.E. *scort* + *syne*, *q.v.*]
- shot**, *n.*, in †**came shot**, succeeded, H. 1704. [O.E. *gesceot*.]
- shouder** ([*fudr*]), *n.*, shoulder, H. 2002, O. 134, 1262. [O.E. *sculdor*.]
- showd**, *vb. intrs.*, sway, H. 1706. [?]
- shud**. See **sall**.
- shure**. See **sure**.
- sib**, *adj.*, related, akin, H. 14, 685. [O.E. *sibb*.]
- sick**, **sic**, **sik**, *adj.*, such, H. 41, 68, 967, &c., O. 58, &c. [O.E. *swilc*.]
- sickan**, *adj.*, such, H. 2130, &c., Rock 103, &c. [O.E. *swilc*, such, + O.E. *cynn*, kind, sort.]
- sicker**, *adj.*, sure, reliable, H. 2725. [O.E. *sicor*.]
- sicklike**, *adj.*, such, H. 2511, &c., O. 412; *adv.*, in the same way, O. 557. [O.E. *swilc* + O.E. *līc*.]
- side**, *prep.*, beside, H. 1640. [O.E. *be sīdan*.]
- sidlings**, **sydlings**, *adj.*, sidelong, H. 609, 3276. [O.E. *sīde* + *adv. suff.*]
- sik**. See **sick**.
- siller**, *adj.*, silver, H. 3937, 3946; *n.*, money, H. 407, O. 724. [O.E. *siolfor*.]
- silly**, *adj.*, trifling, worthless, H. 2754, 3437. [O.E. **sēlig*, blessed, in *gesēlig*, *sēliglice*.]
- simmer** ([*smer*]), *n.*, summer, H. 2345, Married II 35. [O.E. *sumor*.]
- sin**, *n.*, son, H. 765. [O.E. *sunu*.]
- sin** ([*sɪn*]), *n.*, sun, H. 1830, O. 454. [O.E. *sunne*.]
- †**sinacle**, *n.*, sign, H. 180. [O.Fr. *sinacle*.]
- sindle**, **synle**, *adv.*, seldom, H. 245, 3041. [O.E. *seldan*.]
- sirs**, *interj.*, Married II 3, O. 69. [O.Fr. *sire*.]
- sitten**, *p.p.*, sat, H. 2735, Begging 59. [New *p.p.* of O.E. *sittan*.]
- skail**, *vb.*, disperse, O. 1025. [See Dieth, *p.* 26, footnote 1.]
- skair**, *n.*, share, H. 1466. [Var. of share, O.E. *scaru*.]
- skair** = scare, H. 634, 1142, Rock 28, O. 951.]
- skaith**, *n.*, injury, harm, 58 B., H. 370, 721, &c. [O.N. *skaðe*.]
- skeigh**, *adj.*, shy, coy, H. 712, 976. [Rel. to **shey**, *q.v.*]
- skelf**, *n.*, shelf, H. 2305. [Prob. L.G. *schelf*.]
- skilly**, *adj.*, skilful, H. 2936. [O.N. *skil* + *adj. suff.*]
- skirl**, *vb. intrs.*, screech, H. 507. [Prob. Scand. Cp. Norw. dial. *skrylla*.]
- sklent**, *n.*, slope, H. 416. [Var. of **slent**, O.N. **slent*, Norw. *slent*, Swed. *slänt*.]
- skonner** ([*skaner*]), *n.*, disgust, 70 B. [Cp. O.E. *scunian*, shun.]
- skrech** ([*skre.ç*]), *vb. intrs.*, screech, H. 2170. [Echoic. Cp. **screek**.]
- skreeding**, *vbl. n.*, tearing, rending, H. 467. [Var. of **shred**, O.E. *scrēade*, + *vbl. noun suff.*]
- skyring**, *ppl. adj.*, bright, O. 908. [?]
- slae**, *n.*, sloe, H. 1592, 1661, 3545. [O.E. *slā*.]
- sled(e)**, *pa. t.*, slid, H. 410, O. 684. [O.E. *slād*, from *slīdan*.]
- slagg**, *vb.*, wet, H. 1647. [? As foll.]
- slaik**, *n.*, wet kiss, H. 904. [O.N. *sleikja*, smear.]
- sleeket**, *ppl. adj.*, sleek, smooth, H. 3655; artful, H. 147, O. 1243. [O.E. **slician* in *nigslīcod*. Cp. Icel. *slikja*, Norw. *slikja*.]
- sleeketly**, *adv.*, artfully, O. 248. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*]
- sleely**, *adv.*, slyly, H. 3203. [O.N. *slāgr* + *adv. suff.*]
- sleept**, *pa. t.*, slept, H. 1091. [O.E. *slēpan*.]
- sliddery**, *adj.*, slippery, O. 1242. [O.E. *slid(e)rian* + *adj. suff.*]
- slim**, *adj.*, cunning, malicious, Rock 67, O. 1247. [Of Low German origin.]
- sloth**, *vb.*, neglect, O. 501. [O.E. *slāw*, slow, + *noun suff.*]
- slouming**, *ppl. adj.*, dozing, H. 1812. [O.E. *slūma*, *n.* Cp. M.Du. *slūmen*, &c.]
- sma**, *adj., adv.*, small, little, 58 B., H. 335, &c., O. 118, &c. [O.E. *smæl*.]

- smak**, *n.*, loud kiss, H. 959, 3417. [Echoic.]
- †**smearless**, *adj.*, feeble, H. 250. [Foll. + *adj. suff.*]
- smersh**, *n.*, pith, vigour, 46 B. [?]
- smervy**, *adj.*, savoury, H. 3370, 3660. [? Conn. with *prec.*]
- smirtle**. See **smurtle**, *n.*
- smoar**, **smore**, *vb.*, smother, H. 1402, 1403, &c., O. 584. [O.E. *smorian.*]
- smoke**, *n.*, smock, Rock 142. [O.E. *smoc.*]
- smore**. See **smoar**.
- smurtle**, *vb. intrs.*, smirk, smile, J.G. 18. [See Oxf. E.D. **smirtle**, *vb.*]
- smurtle**, **smirtle**, *n.*, smirk, smile, H. 202, O. 431. [As *prec.*]
- snaker**, *n.*, glass of brandy, 10 B. [?]
- snably**, *adv.*, quickly, H. 1307, 1419, 1612, 3664. [M.Da. *snap* + *adv. suff.*]
- sneck**, *n.*, cut, H. 2728. [?]
- sneck**, *vb.*, latch, fasten, H. 1106. [?]
- sneevling**, *ppl. adj.*, snivelling, H. 885. [O.E. **snyflan* in *snyflung*, *vbl. noun.*]
- snell**, *adj.*, sharp, acute, quick, keen, H. 213, 2708, 2812; *adv.*, severely, H. 503, 2041, 3085. [O.E. *snel(l).*]
- snib**, *n.*, check, set-back, H. 325. [Of Scand. origin. Cp. Da. *snibbe*, *vb.*]
- snifler** or **snifter**, *n.*, blast of wind, H. 970. See note. [? Conn. with **sniff**, *echoic.*]
- snood**, *n.*, fillet, hair-band, H. 145, 150, 283. [O.E. *snōd.*]
- sob**, *n.*, in **summer sob**, a brief summer storm, H. 2238. [Echoic.]
- some**, *adv.*, somewhat, a little, H. 1152, 3782; †**and some**, and more than that, H. 2326, 3684. [O.E. *sum.*]
- something**, *adv.*, somewhat, a little, H. 1070, 1136. [O.E. *sum* + O.E. *ping.*]
- sonse**, *n.*, luck, prosperity; **sonse fa'**, a wish for prosperity, O. 13. [Gael. *sonas.*]
- sonsie**, *adj.*, bonny, H. 82. [*Prec.* + *adj. suff.*]
- sot**, *n.*, fool, H. 923. [O.Fr. *sot(e).*]
- sough** ([*sux*]), *n.*, noise, H. 1816, O. 1246. [O.E. *swōgan*, *resound.*]
- souk** ([*suk*]), *vb.*, suck, Marri'd I 59. [O.E. *sūcan.*]
- souk**, *n.*, suck, O. 380. [*Prec.*]
- soupet**, *ppl. adj.*, wearied, exhausted, H. 491. [See Oxf. E.D. **sowp**, *vb.*, and **sopit.**]
- souple** ([*supl*]), *adj.*, supple, nimble, H. 228, 1525, 1582. [O.Fr. *souple.*]
- southren**, *adj.*, southern, H. 57. [O.E. *sūðerne.*]
- spak**, *pa. t.*, spoke, H. 356, 772, &c. [O.E. *sp(r)æc*, from *sp(r)e-can.*]
- speal**, *vb. intrs.*, climb, H. 1900. [?]
- speckle**, *adj.*, ? rare, ? showy, O. 569. [? Cp. **kinspreckle**, *q.v.*]
- speer**, **speir**, *vb.*, ask, 32 B., H. 161, 2340, &c., O. 295. [O.E. *spyrian.*]
- spill**, *vb.*, destroy, spoil, H. 2119. [O.E. *spīllan.*]
- spire**, *n.*, chimney post, Begging 75. [? M.L.G. *speer*, *sparwork.*]
- sta'**, **stealt**, **steald**, *pa. t.*, stole, H. 1692, 1856, 3508, &c.; **stown**, **stollen**, **stealt**, *p.p.*, stolen, H. 1640, 2251, 2783, &c. [**sta'** is from O.E. *stæl*, *pa. t.*, **stown**, **stollen** from O.E. *stolen*, *p.p.* of *stelan*; rest new weak formations.]
- stack**, *pa. t.*, stuck, H. 779, O. 589; **stuck**, *pa. t.*, hesitated, scrupled, H. 1375. [New past tenses for O.E. *stician.*]
- stale**, *adj.*, old and strong (of ale), H. 1871. [See Oxf. E.D.]
- stalwart**, *adj.*, stalwart, H. 3768. See note on H. 3422. [O.E. *stælwyrðe*, *serviceable.*]
- stammack** ([*stamæk*]), *n.*, stomach, H. 1597; (as seat of the emotions), H. 852, 995. [O.Fr. *estomac.*]
- ***stammagast**, *n.*, disagreeable surprise, O. 604. [? *Prec.* + **gust**, Lat. *gustus*, *taste.*]
- stanch**. See **stench**.
- stane**, *n.*, stone, H. 185, 544, &c. [O.E. *stān.*]
- stang**, *pa. t.*, stung, H. 133. [O.E. *stang*, from *stingan.*]

- stank**, *n.*, ditch, H. 1867. [O.Fr. *estanc*.]
stap, *vb.*, stuff, Begging 100; stop, H. 285, 2505, 2740. [O.E. **stoppian* in *forstoppian*.]
stark, *adj.*, strong, H. 1662, 2763; sheer, H. 3863. [O.E. *stearc*.]
stated, *p.p.*, circumstanced, placed, H. 3124. [O.Fr. *estat*, *n.*]
stay, *adj.*, steep, H. 520. [Root of O.E. *stigan*, climb; cp. O.E. *stægel*, steep.]
stead, *adv.*, instead, H. 1430. [Aphetic form of **instead**, O.E. *in* + O.E. *stede*, place.]
steald, *stealt*. See **sta'**.
steer, *vb. intrs.*, stir, H. 160. [O.E. *styrian*.]
steer, *n.*, commotion, H. 2630, 2761, &c., O. 302. [Prec.]
steerin', *vbl. n.*, stirring, H. 734. [O.E. *styrian* + *vbl. noun suff.*]
††steethed, *ppl. adj.*, studded or barred, O. 912. See note. [? O.E. *stūðu* or O.N. *stoð*, nouns, + *p.p. suff.*]
stench, **stanch**, *vb.*, staunch, H. 189, 197. [O.Fr. *estanchièr*.]
††stench-girss, *n.*, yarrow (used for staunching blood), H. 190. See note. [Prec. + O.E. *græs*.]
stend, *vb. intrs.*, leap, spring, H. 608. [?]
steven, **stevin**, *n.*, voice, 19 B., H. 3699. [O.E. *stefn*.]
stiff, *adj.*, packed, full, H. 1234. [See Oxf. E.D.]
still, *vb. intrs.*, keep silent, H. 321. [O.E. *stillan*.]
still an' on, *adv. phr.*, nevertheless, H. 2244. [O.E. *stille* + O.E. *on*.]
stirrah, *n.*, stripling, lad, H. 120. [Perhaps corruption of **sirrah**, lengthened form of **sir**, O.Fr. *sire*.]
†stivage, *adj.*, firm, strong, H. 391. See note. [**steeve**, ? cp. O.E. *stæf*, staff, Du. and L.G. *stevig*, firm, strong; + *adj. suff.*]
stocking, *vbl. n.*, furnishing of a farm, H. 335. [O.E. *stocc* + *vbl. noun suff.*]
stoit, *vb. intrs.*, stumble, O. 65. [? From Du. *stuiten*, bounce; ? = **stot**, of obscure origin.]
stollen. See **sta'**.
store, *n.*, live-stock, H. 406, 661, &c., O. 285, &c. [O.Fr. *estor*.]
stound ([*stun*]), *n.*, short time, moment, H. 2884, 3567, &c., O. 281; pang, thrill, H. 134. [O.E. *stund*.]
stoup ([*stau*]), *n.*, cup, bowl, Begging 145. [O.N. *stau*.]
stoupfu', *n.*, cup-ful, H. 1376. [Prec. + O.E. *full*.]
stour, **stowr** ([*stur*]), *n.*, tumult, uproar, H. 2532, 2722, 3259. [O.Fr. *estour*.]
stour, *vb.*, ? to move swiftly, to run away, O. 538. [?]
stown. See **sta'**.
stowr. See **stour**, *n.*
strae, *n.*, straw, H. 227, 912, 1598, Rock 125. [O.N. *strá*.]
straik, *n.*, a small quantity, a whit, H. 2600. [= **stroke**, O.E. **strāc*.]
strak. See **strick**.
strang, *adj.*, strong, H. 412; *adv.*, strongly, H. 664. [O.E. *strang*.]
streak, *vb. intrs.*, hasten, H. 1585. [O.E. *streccan*, *strec*, extend.]
strecked, *ppl. adj.*, out-stretched, H. 3670. [As prec.]
strick, **strike** ([*stri*]), *vb.*, strike, H. 344, 928, 933, 2127; **strike up**, *fig.*, join with, H. 927; **strak**, *pa. t.*, H. 503. [O.E. *strīcan*, with new *pa. t.*]
strip, *n.*, stripe, H. 2684, 3724. [From, or cogn. with, M.L.G. *strippen*.]
stripped, *ppl. adj.*, striped, H. 1141. [Prec.]
strive, *vb. intrs.*, struggle, quarrel, O. 406; **stroove**, *pa. t.*, H. 242, 426, &c., O. 253, &c. [O.Fr. *estriver*.]
stroove. See **strive**.
strype, **strypie**, *n.*, rill, H. 187, 616, 691, 1953, O. 444, 445. [? Cogn. with **strip**, *q.v.*]
stuck. See **stack**.
sturt, *n.*, contention, strife, H. 75, 2604, 3332. [Conn. with O.E. *strūtian*, struggle.]
style, *n.*, appellation, title, H. 2359, 2360. [O.Fr. *stile*.]
styth, *n.*, place, H. 174. [O.E. *stæð*.]
sud. See **sall**.

- sunk**, *n.*, seat of turf, H. 3957. O. 463. [?]
- sure**, **shure**, *vb.*, assure, H. 1053, 3085, 3560. [O.Fr. *aseurer*.]
- surcoat**, *n.*, garment worn over the shirt, Rock 130. See note. [O.Fr. *surcote*.]
- ††**sussie**, *n.*, trouble, hesitation, Rock 71. [O.Fr. *soussy*.]
- swa(c)k**, *adj.*, supple, nimble, H. 208, 228, 229. [Appar. Flem. *zwak*.]
- swage** (?[swadz]), *vb.*, assuage, O. 1154; retain, digest, H. 1597. [A.Fr. *suag*(?)*er*.]
- swak**. See **swa(c)k**.
- swarf**, *vb. intrs.*, swoon, H. 539, O. 156. [? O.N. *svarfa*, upset, cogn. with **swerve**.]
- swaver**, *vb. intrs.*, totter, H. 546, 1174. [Conn. with **swayve**; cp. O.N. *sweifla*, swing, *svifa*, swerve, &c.]
- sweer**, *adj.*, reluctant, H. 808. [O.E. *swēr(e)*, heavy, indolent.]
- swelt**, *vb. intrs.*, die, swoon, H. 2673. [O.E. *sweltan*.]
- swidder**, *vb. intrs.*, waver, be undecided, H. 2858. [?]
- swidder**, *n.*, indecision, perplexity, doubt, H. 2779, 3308. [Prec.]
- swinging** ([-dʒ-]), *adj.*, great, 'thumping,' H. 931, 3483. [O.E. *swengan*, strike, + pres. part. suff.]
- swippert**, *adj.*, quick, nimble, H. 2690. [Var. of **swipper**, O.E. *swipor*, crafty.]
- †**swyl'd**, *p.p.*, swaddled, H. 3574. [Contraction of **swedde**, swaddling clothes, O.E. **sweðel*. (Cp. O.E. *swapian*) + p.p. suff.]
- swyth**, *adv.* used as *interj.*, quick! hence! Marri'd I 65. [O.E. *swiðe*, very.]
- sydlings**. See **sidlings**.
- syn** ([sɪn]), *conj.*, since, H. 25, &c., O. 104, &c. [As foll. Unstressed form.]
- syne** ([sɔɪn]), *adv.*, then, since, H. 197, &c., O. 116, &c. [O.E. *sīðan*; O.N. *sīðan*.]
- synle**. See **sindle**.
- synsyne** ([sɪnsɔɪn]), *adv.*, since then, H. 3201. [syn + syne.]
- ††**synteen**, *n.*, seventeen (years), H. 362. See note. [O.E. *seofontene*.]
- †**syte**, *n.*, grief, suffering, punishment, H. 1537, 3345, O. 342. [O.N. **sýt*, var. of *sút*.]
- tabetless**, *adj.*, numb, without feeling, H. 539. [?]
- taeken**, *n.*, token, H. 3636, 3901, 3904. [O.E. *tāc(e)n*.]
- ta'en**. See **tak**.
- tait**, **teat**, *n.*, lock, tuft, H. 628, Rock 93, Married II 36. [Prob. Norse. Cp. Icel. *tæta*, shred.]
- tak**, *vb.*, take, H. 460, 529, &c.; **ta'en**, **tane**, *p.p.*, H. 102, 105, 2051, &c.; **tak at**, H. 1943 (see note on H. 1120); **tak in**, cover (ground), H. 2375; **ta'en**, gone, come, H. 2369; **ta'en about**, taken care of, H. 2698. [O.N. *taka*.]
- takin**, *vbl. n.*, plight, H. 1098. [Prec. + vbl. noun suff.]
- tald**. See **tauld**.
- talesman**, *n.*, author of a tale, source of news, H. 844. [O.E. *talū* + O.E. *man*.]
- tane**, *pron.*, in **the tane**, the one, H. 1625. [Wrong division of O.E. *ðæt ān*. Cp. **tither**, q.v.]
- tane**. See **tak**.
- tangs**, *n. pl.*, tongs, H. 102. [O.E. *tang(e)*.]
- tap**, *n.*, tuft, H. 210; top, H. 3591. [O.E. *topp*, top.]
- tapsie-turvy**, *adv.*, topsy-turvy, H. 52. [See Oxf. E.D.]
- tarrow**, *vb. intrs.*, feel reluctance, shrink, H. 1753, J.G. 23. [Appar. parallel form to **tarry**. Prob. O.E. *tergan*, **terwian*, vex.]
- †**tarveal**, *vb.*, ? plague, ? set to work, Rock 75. [? O.Fr. *travailler*. ? Cp. **torvayle**, hard task, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight 1540. O.N. *torveldi* + O.Fr. *travail*.]
- tauld**, **tell'd**, *pa. t.*, told, H. 749, 3057, &c.; **ta(u)ld**, **tell't**, **tell'd**, *p.p.*, told, H. 22, 1365, 2080, 3365, &c. [O.E. *tellan*.]
- teat**. See **tait**.
- teazle** *n.*, teasel; *fig.*, unpleasant encounter, 'brush,' H. 967. O.E. *tāws(e)l*.]
- teem**. See **toom**, *adj.*
- tell't**, **tell'd**. See **tauld**.

- tenement**, *n.*, holding of land, H. 119. [O.Fr. *tenement*.]
tensome, *n.*, set of ten, H. 2952. [O.E. *tēn(e)* + O.E. *sum*.]
tent, *n.*, heed, Rock 73. [O.Fr. *atente*.]
tent, *vb.*, take care of, H. 107, 131, O. 465, &c.; *absol.*, mind flocks, herd, H. 142. [Prec.]
tently, **tentyly**, *adv.*, carefully, H. 196, 1482. [Foll. + *adv. suff.*, or form of **tentively**, O.Fr. *tentif* + *adv. suff.*.]
tenty, *adj.*, careful, heedful, H. 125, 129, 2017. [O.Fr. *tentif*.]
tentyly. See **tently**.
†tesment, *n.*, testament, will, H. 895. [O.Fr. *testement*, Lat. *testamentum*.]
tough, *adj.*, tough, H. 437; *adv.*, stubbornly, H. 3113. [O.E. *tōh*.]
thae, *dem. pron.*, those, J.G. 12, O. 327, 911. [O.E. *ðā*.]
than, *adv.*, then, H. 78, 2161. [O.E. *ðanne*, *ðænne*.]
†thaut, *n.*, sob, H. 473. [?]
the hen. See **ben**.
the day, *adv.*, to-day, H. 963, 2708. [Def. art. + O.E. *dæg*.]
the forth, *adv.*, abroad, out-of-doors, H. 2892. [Def. art. + O.E. *forð*, forward, away, *furðor*, compar.]
thegither, *adv.*, together, Married II 33, O. 353, 1189. [O.E. *toġædere*, with substitution.]
their. See **thir**.
the morn, *adv.*, to-morrow, H. 1068, 1085, O. 859, &c. [Def. art. + O.E. *morgen*.]
then-a-days, *adv. phr.*, at that former time, H. 2842. [O.E. *ðænne* + O.E. *on* + O.E. *dæg* + *adv. suff.*; formed after **now-a-days**.]
the night, *adv.*, to-night, Begging 104. [Def. art. + O.E. *niht*.]
the year, *adv. phr.*, this year, H. 358, 387. [Def. art. + O.E. *gēr*.]
thir, **their**, *adj.*, *pron.*, these, H. 64, 815, O. 131, &c. [Obscure. For objections to derivations from O.N. *ðeir*, see Oxf. E.D.]
thirl, *vb.*, pierce, H. 506, 2655. [O.E. *ðyrlian*.];
thivel, *n.*, porridge stick, Begging 114. [?]
thole, *vb.*, endure, H. 1329, 2813, &c., O. 28, 1155; *ironic*, H. 1589, 2296. [O.E. *ðolian*.]
thoughty, *n.*, in a **thoughty aff**, a little distance off, H. 2686. [O.E. *ge)ðoht*, thought, + *dim. suff.*.]
thou's. See **-s(e)**.
†thram, *vb. intrs.*, thrive, prosper, H. 399, 1099, &c., O. 874. [?]
thrang, *n.*, throng, crowd, H. 2633, 3018, &c., O. 635, 1259; intimacy, H. 273, O. 484, 763, 1054. [O.E. *ge)ðrang*.]
thrang, *vb. intrs.*, throng, crowd, H. 2537, 3016. [Prec.]
thrang, *adj.*, busy, intimate, H. 144, 373, &c., O. 477, 999, 1137. [Root as prec. Cp. O.N. *ðrongr*, crowded, close.]
thrapple, *n.*, throat, 14 B., H. 1898. [?]
thrawart, *adj.*, perverse, stubborn, reluctant, H. 265, 900; adverse (of fortune), H. 1345, 1908. [Appar. for earlier **fraward** (O.N. *frá*, from, + O.E. *-weard*), perhaps under influence of **thraw**, O.E. *ðrāwan*, to twist.]
threap, *vb.*, insist, assert, H. 2786. [O.E. *ðreapian*, rebuke.]
threap, *n.*, argument, dispute, quarrel, H. 856, 2466, &c. [Prec.]
threed, *n.*, thread, H. 221, 1218, &c. [O.E. *ðrēd*.]
threed-hair, *adj.*, thread-bare, H. 6. [Prec. + O.E. *bær*, *bar*.-]
thrift, *n.*, success, prosperity, H. 2621, 3272. [O.N. *þrifa*, *vb.*, + noun *suff.*; O.N. *þrifi*, *n.*.]
thrimbl'd, *pa. t. intrs.*, pressed, squeezed, H. 2633. [Appar. from **thrum**, with same meaning, prob. related to **thrum**, noun. ? O.E. *þrymm*, crowd, power.]
thrust, *n.*, thirst, 14 B. [O.E. *ðurst*, *n.*, infl. by O.E. *ðyrstan*, *vb.*.]
thristled, *ppl. adj.*, (of a coin) stamped with a thistle, 33 B. [O.E. *ðistel*.]
thristy, *adj.*, thirsty, H. 3820. [O.E. *þyrstig*.]

- throove**, *pa. t.*, throve, H. 113, O. 717, 858. [O.N. *ðrifa*.]
throw ([θraʊ]), *prep.*, *adv.*, through, H. 7, 620, &c., O. 279, &c. [O.E. *ðurh*.]
thrum, *n.*, thread, H. 2930, 3219, 3572. [O.E. *ðrum*.]
thrummy-tail'd, *ppl. adj.*, ragged-tailed, Rock 80. [Prec. + *adj. suff.* + O.E. *tæg(e)l* + *pp. suff.*]
††thry, *adj.*, adverse, reluctant, H. 1325, 2879, 2966. [App. form of **thra(w)**, shortened from **thrawn**, O.E. *þrāwen*, from *drawan*, to twist.]
tide, *n.*, time, H. 3547. [O.E. *tīd*.]
tight, **tightly**, *adv.*, properly, well, H. 3744, Begging 55, J.G. 38, O. 855. [O.N. **ðeitr*, *ðeitr*, tight, + *adv. suff.*]
till, *prep.*, to, H. 159, 328, &c. [O.Northumbr. *tīl*, O.N. *tīl*.]
tint, *n.*, trace, H. 1188, 1350, 3988. [? Var. of **tent**, trial, from Lat. *tentare*.]
tint. See **tyne**.
tit, *n.*, tug, twitch, H. 1862. [?]
tither, *adj.*, *pron.*, in the tither, the other, H. 260, 1625, &c. [Wrong division of O.E. *ðæt ōðer*. Cp. **tane**, *pron.*, q.v.]
tittle, *n.*, title, H. 3151. [O.Fr. *titile*.]
tocher, *n.*, dowry, Marri'd I 28, J.G. 11. [Gael. *tochar*.]
tocher-gueed, *n.*, dowry, H. 2566, 2570. [Prec. + O.E. *gōd*.]
toment. See **towmont**.
too = to, H. 160, 1612, 1934 (= †[ti :]), 2807.
toom, †**teem** ([ti.m]), *adj.*, empty, H. 2079, 2400, Bridal o't 24, [O.E. *tōm*.]
toom, *vb.*, empty, H. 661, 3835, 3844, O. 1252. [Prec.]
toom-handed, *ppl. adj.*, empty-handed, H. 32. [**toom**, *adj.*, q.v., + O.E. *hand* + *p.p. suff.*]
toss, *n.*, toast, Marri'd I 3. [O.Fr. *toster*, *vb.*]
tour, *n.*, expedition, journey, H. 2533, O. 292. [Fr. *tour*.]
tour, *vb. intrs.*, take one's way, H. 1005. [Prec.]
touting, *ppl. adj.*, tooting, sounding (of a horn), H. 1822, O. 919. [Echoic.]
towmont ([taumin]), **toment**, *n.*, twelve month, H. 392, O. 194, 709. [O.N. *tólfmánuðr*.]
town, *n.*, farmstead, dwelling, H. 117, 1616, &c., O. 179, 183, &c. [O.E. *tūn*.]
tract, *n.*, trace, mark, H. 1260, 1269. [Lat. *tractus*, course, conflated with O.Fr. *trac* and Fr. *trace*, trace.]
traddle, *vb. intrs.*, trudge, O. 927. [? O.E. *tredan*, tread, + *freq. suff.*]
trade, *n.*, occupation, business, H. 250, 3125, &c. [M.L.G. *trade*.]
trade, *pa. t.*, trod, H. 87, 1819. [O.E. *træd*, from *tredan*.]
trantlims, *n. pl.*, knick-knacks, trifles, gear (here riding-gear), H. 961. [Appar. extension of **trantles** = **trentals**, med. Lat. *trentāle*, series of thirty masses for dead, taken as type of trifling ceremonies.]
treated, *pa. t.*, entreated, H. 1465. [O.Fr. *tretier*.]
trial, **tryal**, *n.*, evidence, trace, H. 1188, 1210, &c. [O.Fr. *trier*, sift, try, + *noun suff.*]
trindle, *vb. intrs.*, roll, trickle, H. 405. [Cp. **trendle**, *n.* and *vb.* O.E. *trendel*, circle, *trendlian*, roll. Cp. also O.E. *trinde*, ball.]
trock, *vb. intrs.*, trade, traffic, H. 407. [Fr. *troquer*.]
truff, *n.*, turf, grave, H. 1688, 2196. [O.E. *turf*.]
truncher, *n.*, trencher, H. 877. [N.F. *trencheor*.]
tryal. See **trial**.
tryst, *n.*, appointment, H. 847; journey undertaken together, H. 2110, 2265, 2376. [O.Fr. *trist(r)e*, appointed station in hunting.]
tuggle, *vb. intrs.*, tug repeatedly, H. 1158. [**tug**, *conn.* with O.E. *tēon* - *tugon* - *togen*, pull, + *freq. vbl. suff.*]
tulzie, *n.*, broil, fight, Marri'd I 15. [O.Fr. *tooil*, *touil*.]
tulzie, *vb. intrs.*, struggle, fight, H. 664. [O.Fr. *to(u)illier*.]
tune, *n.*, mood, temper, H. 773, 862; good mood, H. 1072. [O.Fr. *ton*.]

- turner**, *n.*, small copper coin, farthing, 33 B. [Poss. Fr. *Tournois*, of Tours.]
- turse**, *vb.*, pack up, H. 1520, 1678; **turse at**, Begging 117; *absol.*, pack up, get ready, H. 2390; be off, depart, Begging 155. [O.Fr. *trousser*.]
- tut'ry**, *n.*, protection, care, H. 94. [O.Fr. *tut(e)rie*.]
- twa**, *adj. pron.*, two, H. 109, &c., O. 150, &c.; **twae**, *pron.*, H. 1241, 2828. [O.E. *twā*.]
- tweesh**, **tweish**. See **atweesh**.
- twine**, *n.*, twist, H. 2021, 4044. [O.E. *twīn*.]
- tyddie**, *adj.*, plump, in good condition, H. 3545. [O.E. *tīd*, time, + *adj. suff.*]
- tyne**, *vb.*, lose, H. 946, &c., O. 696, &c.; **tint**, *pa. t.*, H. 284, &c.; *p.p.*, H. 630, &c. [O.N. *týna*.]
- tyte**, *adv.*, directly, H. 964. [O.N. *titt*.]
- ugertfu'**, *adj.*, proud, fastidious, 63 B. [See Oxf. E.D. **ogart**, **angard**.]
- unchancy**, *adj.*, unlucky, H. 1722, 3202. [O.E. *un-* + O.Fr. *cheance* + *adj. suff.*]
- unco**, **unko** ([*Ankə*]), *adj.*, unknown, strange, H. 515, 1048, &c., O. 958; strange, uncanny, H. 101; very great, H. 107, 951, &c.; *adv.*, very, H. 373, 846, &c. [O.E. *uncūð*.]
- uncouthy**, *adj.*, unfriendly, dreary, H. 2223. [O.E. *uncūþ*, strange, + *adj. suff.*]
- ††unforsair'd**, *ppl. adj.*, underserved, H. 659 (see note), O. 38. [O.F. *un-* + *sair*, *vb.* 2, *q.v.*, + *p.p. suff.*]
- ††ungang**, *vb.*, go beyond, H. 2768. [O.N. *um(b)* + O.E. *gangan*.]
- unko**. See **unco**.
- ††unquarrell'd**, *ppl. adj.*, unchallenged, H. 3825. [O.E. *un* + O.Fr. *querelle(r)* + *pp. suff.*]
- up by**, *adv. phr.*, up there, H. 174. [O.E. *up(p)* + O.E. *bī*.]
- upo'**, *prep.*, upon, H. 22, 130, &c. [O.E. *up(p)* + O.E. *on*.]
- use**, *n.*, need, H. 730. [O.Fr. *us*.]
- utter**, *adj.*, outer, H. 2071. [O.E. *utt(e)ra*.]
- vaunty**, *adj.*, boastful, 63 B. [O.Fr. *vanter*, *vb.*, + *adj. suff.*]
- vively**, *adv.*, clearly, H. 1905, 2824. [O.Fr. *vive*, lively, + *adv. suff.*]
- vivres**, *n. pl.*, victuals, 17 B. [O.Fr. *vivres*.]
- vousty**, *adj.*, boastful, proud, 94 B. [?]
- ††vowable**, *adj.*, ? devoted by a vow, O. 706. [O.Fr. *vou* + *adj. suff.*]
- vowky**, *adj.*, gay, elated, H. 3506. [?]
- wa'**, *n.*, way, H. 2297 (see note), Begging 82, O. 403, 639. [O.E. *weg*.]
- wa'**, *n.*, wall, H. 613, 2298, &c. [O.E. *wall*.]
- wad**, *pa. t.*, would, H. 21, 24, &c. [O.E. *walde*.]
- wad**, *vb.*, bet, wager, H. 925, 936, &c. [O.E. *weddian*.]
- wad(e)**, *pa. t.*, waded, H. 2212, O. 138. [New *pa. t.* for O.E. *wadan*, *go*.]
- wae**, *n.*, woe, 30 B., H. 163, &c.; *adj.*, sorry, H. 978, 2043, 3409, O. 710. [O.E. *wā*, *adv.* and *interj.*]
- waefu'**, *adj.*, woeful, O. 647. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
- wag(g)**, *vb. intrs.*, wave, shake, H. 1911; flap, H. 1050; go, move, H. 2846. [Root of O.E. *wagian*, *move*.]
- wair**. See **ware**.
- †waith**, *n.*, cloth, H. 1481, 2430, 2434. [? O.N. *vād*.]
- wake** ([*wa:k*]), *n.*, walk, H. 1943. [O.E. *walcan*, to roll.]
- wakrify**, *adv.*, wakefully, H. 1489. [O.E. *wacian*, *vb.*, -*waco*, *n.*, + *ryffe*, *q.v.* + *adv. suff.*]
- wale** ([*wē.l*]), *wyle* ([*wēil*]), *n.*, choice; best, 1 B., O. 47, 721, 762. [O.N. *val*. Cp. **wyle**, *vb.*, *q.v.*]
- wallop**, *vb. intrs.*, plunge, go at (*fig.*), Marri'd I 54; **wallop out**, *trs.*, plunge clumsily through (a dance), Begging 142. [N.Fr. **waloper* = Fr. *galoper*.]
- wan**. See **win**, *gain*.
- wanchansie**, *adj.*, unlucky, Rock 60. [O.E. *wan-*, *neg. pref.*,

- + O.Fr. *cheance* + adj. suff.
Cp. *unchancy*, q.v.]
- wando(u)ght**, *n.*, puny creature, H. 207, What ails 42. [O.E. *wan-*, neg. pref., + *dought*, cp. *doughty*, O.E. *dyhtig*, mighty, infl. by O.E. *dohte*, was strong.]
- wanrest**, *n.*, disquiet, H. 990. [O.E. *wan-*, neg. pref., + O.E. *ræst*.]
- war(r)**, *adj.*, *n.*, worse, H. 2788, Rock 79. [O.N. *verri*.]
- ward**, *n.*, guard, H. 727. [O.E. *weard*.]
- ware**, **wair**, *vb.*, spend, H. 1220, 1226, &c.; **war'd**, *pa. t.*, 33 B.; **wair'd**, **wair't**, *p. p.*, H. 1475, 3030, &c., O. 136, &c. [O.N. *verja*.]
- wark**, *n.*, work, H. 45, 732, &c. [O.E. *werc*.]
- world**, *n.*, world, H. 304, 562, &c. [O.E. *w(e)or(o)ld*.]
- worldly**, *adj.*, worldly, H. 2351. [Prec. + adj. suff.]
- warpl'd**, *p. p.*, intertwined, tangled, H. 2611. [Perhaps connected with O.E. *weorpan*, throw.]
- warpling**, *n.* and *adj.*, twisting, H. 232 (see note), O. 334. [As prec.]
- warr**. See **war(r)**.
- warse**, *n.*, worse, H. 289, 368, &c. [O.E. *wyrsa*, infl. by **war(r)**, q.v.]
- †**warsel**, *n.*, in ††**ward** and **warsel**, guard and surety, H. 727. [O.N. *varzla*.]
- warst**, *adj.*, *n.*, worst, H. 487, 949, 1211, &c. [O.E. *wyrsta*, infl. by **warse**, **warr**, *which see*.]
- washen**. See **weesh**.
- waste**, *adj.*, empty, H. 1949. [O.Fr. *wast*.]
- wat(t)**. See **witt**.
- waught**, *n.*, draught, H. 2882. [?]
- waiking**, *vbl. n.*, keeping watch, H. 1641. [O.E. *wacian* + *vbl. noun suff.*]
- weal**. See **wyle**, *vb.*
- weam**, *n.*, belly, H. 1580, 2193, 2661, Marri'd 158. [O.E. *wamb*.]
- weamfu'**, *n.*, belly-full, H. 2315. [Prec. + O.E. *full*.]
- wean**, *n.*, child, H. 90 (see note), 92, &c. [O.E. *wēg(e)*, see **wee**, + O.E. *ān*.]
- wear**, *vb.*, pass, H. 1813; *intrs.*, come slowly, O. 469; **weer**, *pa. t. intrs.*, came slowly, H. 1930. [O.E. *werian*, wear.]
- weason**, *n.*, gullet, throat, 13 B. [O.E. *wāsend*, **wāsend*.]
- wedder**, *n.*, wether, O. 721. [O.E. *wēðer*.]
- wee**, **wie**, *adj.*, little, H. 590; *n.*, in a (little) **wee**, a short time, H. 168, 389, 502, &c. [O.E. *wēg(e)*, weight; from M.E. phrase a little *wei*, **wee** came to mean "a bit, a little, little."]
- weer**. See **wear**.
- weerd**, *n.*, fate, Rock 29. [O.E. *wyrd*.]
- weerd-wife**, *n.*, fortune-teller, H. 1765. [Prec. + O.E. *wif*.]
- †**weers**, *n. pl.*, doubts, Rock 36. [? as **wiers**, q.v.]
- weesh**, *pa. t.*, washed, H. 4007; **washen**, *p. p.*, H. 98, Rock 53, O. 391. [O.E. *wascan*.]
- weet**, *adj.*, *n.*, wet, H. 964, 1251, &c., O. 151. [O.E. *wēt*.]
- well a wat I**. See **witt**.
- westlins**, *adv.*, westward, H. 1259. [O.E. *west* + *adv. suff.*]
- wha(e)**. See **fa**, *pron.*
- whan**. See **fan**, *adv.*
- whare**, *adv.*, where, O. 356. [O.E. *hwar(a)*.]
- whase**. See **fa**, *pron.*
- what**, *interrog. pron.*, who, H. 1318, 2262. [O.E. *hwæt*.]
- what**, *indef. rel. pron. of degree*, as much as, as fast as, as far as, &c.; in *adv. clauses*: **rinning up what they could hey**, H. 747; **scaip what you like**, O. 555; **what legs could lift**, H. 461, &c.; **what he could**, H. 1457; **what she, they mought**, H. 1495, 1694; **what she, they dow**, H. 1610, 2164; **what we, they cud ca'**, H. 2067, 2211; **what-e'er they may**, H. 2187; **what I can see**, H. 3248. [O.E. *hwæt*.]
- whiles**, *adv.*, at times, sometimes, H. 1812. [O.E. *hwil* + *adv. suff.*]
- whilk**, *pron.*, which, H. 272, 1742, O. 239, 617, &c.; **quhilk** (archaic spelling), O. 208. [O.E. *hwilc*.]

whiloms, *adv.*, sometimes, H. 142. [O.E. *hwilum*, at times, + *adv. suff.*]
whisht, *vb. intrs.*, be quiet, H. 274. [Imit.]
whither, *conj.*, whether, H. 2663, 2825. [O.E. *hwæder*.]
whittle, *n.*, knife, H. 44. [Var. of **thwittle**, O.E. *þwitan*, cut, + noun suff.]
wi', *prep.*, with, 23 B., H. 62, &c. [O.E. *wið*.]
widdershines, *adj.*, counter-sun-wise, of a direction opposite to the usual, Rock 62. See note. [a. M.L.G. *weddersin(ne)s*, *adv.*, in the opposite direction.]
wie. See **wee**.
wiers, *n. pl.*, wars, O. 117. [O.Fr. *werre*.]
wife, *n.*, woman, H. 2285, 2360, &c.; **wives**, *pl.*, H. 235. [O.E. *wif*.]
wigg, *n.*, wall, in **frae wigg to wa'**, from pillar to post, H. 3242. [O.N. *veggr*.]
will, *adj.*, astray, H. 535, 1758, &c. [O.N. *villr*.]
will-awa, **will-a-day**, *interj.*, well-a-way, alas, H. 1869, O. 753. [O.E. *weglāweg*, from O.N. *vei*, woe, and O.E. *lā*, int.]
wil(l)som(e), *adj.*, wild, dreary (of places), H. 761, 1177, &c., O. 144, &c.; astray (of people), H. 535, 1758. [O.N. *villsumr*.]
wimme, with me, H. 1021.
wimpl'd, *ppl. adj.*, intricate, complicated, H. 45, 3056. [? O.E. *wimpel*, streamer, + *p.p. suff.*]
win, **won**, *vb.*, gain, H. 2788, O. 1159; **wan**, *pa. t.*, H. 11, 1795, 2385, &c.; **win**, *p.p.*, O. 1086; *intrs.*, get, succeed in coming, H. 546, 571, 1135, 1364, &c.; **was won awa'**, had got away, H. 1022. [O.E. *winnan*.]
win, *vb. intrs.*, dwell, H. 40, 1577, &c. [Var. of **won**, O.E. *wunian*.]
windlestrae, *n.*, stalk of dry grass, H. 1605, 1868, 1910. [O.E. *windelstrēaw*, with subst. of O.N. *strá*.]
winna, will not, H. 334, 705, &c.
wirry-cow, *n.*, hobgoblin, H. 2171. [O.E. *wyrgan*, worry, + **cow**, goblin, of obscure origin.]

wiss, *vb.*, wish, H. 27, 236, &c.
wist, *pa. t.*, H. 2518, 2615, O. 1177. [O.E. *wýscan*.]
wiss, *n.*, wish, H. 1461, 2559, O. 94, 1227. [Prec.]
wist. See **wiss**, *vb.*; **witt**.
wit(t), *vb. infin.* and *pres. plur.*, know, H. 2364, 3342; **I wat(t) na**, I don't know, H. 1966, 2266, 2834; **wist**, *pa. t.*, knew, H. 262, 1126, &c.; the following phrases, meaning literally "I know, I know well," are each equivalent to an intensive adverb, "truly," "indeed": **I wat**, H. 398, O. 648; **well I wat**, H. 2076; **at well**, **at weel**, H. 366, O. 690; **a well I wat**, H. 359; **I well I wat**, H. 2938; **well a wat I**, H. 1194. [O.E. *witan*, *wāt*.]
withouten, *prep.*, without, H. 1071. [O.E. *wiðutan*.]
witly, *adv.*, discreetly, wisely, O. 423. [O.E. *wit(t)ig* + *adv. suff.*]
witter'd, *p.p.*, ? barbed, stuck with barbs, O. 249. [?]
wives. See **wife**.
won. See **win**, gain.
woo, *n.*, wool, Married II 36. [O.E. *wull*.]
wood, *adj.*, mad, H. 1195. [O.E. *wōd*.]
wordy, *adj.*, worthy, H. 11, 3985, O. 700, 1068. [O.E. *w(e)ord* + *adj. suff.*]
wouf, *n.*, wolf, H. 2498. [O.E. *wulf*.]
wrack, *n.*, destruction, injury, H. 435, 1629, &c., O. 480. [O.E. *wræc*.]
wraking, *n.*, harm, H. 236. [? prec. + *vbl. noun suff.*]
wrang, *pa. t. trs.*, wrung, H. 1559, 2483; *intrs.*, ? wrung the hands, ? writhed, H. 862, Rock 6. [O.E. *wrang*, from *wringan*.]
wrang, *adj. n., vb.*, wrong, H. 99, 145, 1976, &c. [O.N. **wrangr*, *rangr*.]
wrangous, *adj.*, wrongful, H. 2833; falsely-aimed, H. 246. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
wrat, *n.*, wart, H. 882. [O.E. *wearte*; or M.L.G., *wratte*.]
†† wratack, *n.*, ? dwarf, ? misshapen creature, What ails 41. [?]

- wrate**, *pa. t.*, wrote, H. 848. [O.E. *wrāt*, from *writan*.]
write, *n.*, writing, O. 845. [O.E. *writan*, *vb.*; or O.E. *writ*, *n.*, infl. by *writan*.]
wyle ([*wæl*]), *weal, vb.*, choose, H. 835, 1585, &c.; **wyles well on**, takes great care, O. 1210. [O.N. *val*, choice. Cp. *wale, n.*, q.v.]
wyle, n. See *wale, n.*
wyle, n., wile, trick, H. 239, O. 513. [See Oxf. E.D.]
wyl(l)ie, *adj.*, wily, H. 147, 3453, &c., O. 160, &c. [Prec. + *adj. suff.*]
wyllily, *adv.*, wilely, cunningly, O. 1117. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*]
†wyne and onwyne, right and left, everywhere, H. 1236. See note. [O.E. *windan*.]
wyre, *vb.*, wear, O. 411, 1166. [O.E. *werian*.]
wyse, wysse ([*wæis*]), *adj.*, prudent, sensible, H. 1109 (see note), 1774, &c., Marri'd I 50, O. 523. [O.E. *wis*.]
wyte, *n.*, blame, H. 1536, 1863, O. 341, 997. [O.E. *wīte*.]
wyte, vb., blame, Rock 120, O. 578, 580. [O.E. *witan*.]
yade, *n.*, mare, Married II 18. [O.N. *jalda*.]
yamour, *vb. intrs.*, cry out, 24 B. [O.E. *gēomrian*, lament, infl. by Low German *jammeren*.]
yape ([*ja.p*]), *adj.*, hungry, sharp-set, H. 548, 1580. [O.E. *gēap*, cunning.]
yaply, *adv.*, eagerly, hungrily, H. 2230. [Prec. + *adv. suff.*]
yarring, *pres. part.*, snarling, 47 B. [Echoic.]
yaumer, *n.*, outcry, H. 154. [As **yamour, vb.**, q.v.]
†yeed, *pa. t.*, went, H. 123, 141, &c., O. 201, &c. [O.E. *ēode*.]
†yeeld. See *eild*.
yerd, yird, n., earth, H. 504, 1821, &c., Br.-K. II 67. [O.E. *eorðe*, perhaps conflated with O.E. *eard*, dwelling.]
ye's. See **-s(e)**.
yird. See **yerd**.
yoke to, *vb. intrs.*, set to work at, begin, H. 548, 2636. [O.E. *geocian*, yoke.]
yon, *adj.*, that, those, H. 917, 1032, &c. [O.E. *geon* (rare).]
yonker, *n.*, youngster, H. 3899. [N.Du. *jonckher*, young lord.]
yont, *prep.*, beyond, 93 B., H. 25, 1432; *adj.*, far, H. 1353, 1467. [O.E. *geond*.]
yonter, *adj.*, far, distant, H. 1521. [Cp. prec. and see Oxf. E.D., **yonder**.]
††youngsome, *adj.*, youthful, H. 3738. [O.E. *geong* + *adj. suff.*]
youthit, *n.*, youth, Marri'd I 55. [O.E. *geogoð*, youth, + *noun suff.*]
yowl, *n.*, howl, H. 2655. [Echoic.]

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