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James Arthurs.



ALLAN RAMSAY HOUSE.
CASTLE HILL.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD

A PASTORAL COMEDY

BY
ALLAN RAMSAY



LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1899

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LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



THE author of the following Pastoral proves the truth of the adage, "*poeta nascitur non fit*," for, though well born, he was reared under rather destitute circumstances, and, at an early age, forced to maintain himself by a humble profession. Still, the poetic fire which lay slumbering in his breast could not be extinguished ; and he, like some of Scotland's other bards, gave forth, in his own peculiar dialect, those graphic pictures of Scottish scenery and manners, as they existed in the beginning of the eighteenth century, which still cheer and solace the heart of the peasant and the artisan, and have become equally acceptable to those of higher rank and superior taste.

Whilst the language in which it is written shall continue to be understood, and so long as a

love of the beauties of nature, and truth with innocence be combined—shall the Gentle Shepherd be read and admired.

Allan Ramsay was born on the 15th October 1686 at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire. His parentage was highly respectable—a zealous genealogist has even traced his pedigree up to the noble house of Ramsay, first Earls of Dalhousie, and of this the poet was very proud. His father was manager of the Earl of Hopetoun's lead mines at Crawfordmoor, and his mother, Alice Brown, was the daughter of a gentleman, who had been brought from Derbyshire by Lord Hopetoun, to instruct the miners in their art. His father dying when the poet was in his childhood, and his mother having contracted a second marriage with a small landholder, by which she had a numerous family, young Ramsay is supposed, from these causes, to have been reared amidst great poverty, and to have been employed, till he reached his fifteenth year, with the children of the other miners, in washing and preparing the lead ore for smelting. He seems to have received no other education than what he acquired at the parish school, and we

have unfortunately no particular account of the progress he made in his studies. After his mother's death, Ramsay was, in 1701, sent to Edinburgh by his stepfather, and apprenticed to a wig-maker, with whom he continued until he had finished his apprenticeship, when he commenced business on his own account.

At the age of twenty-six, he married Christian Ross, the daughter of a writer in Edinburgh, who, being an excellent woman, laid the foundation of a lifetime of domestic felicity. His eldest son Allan, the painter, was born the year after their marriage, and seven more children followed. In the parish register of their baptisms, he is called "Allan Ramsay, weeg-maker," until the notice of the last, on the 8th August 1725, when we find him then assuming the designation of "bookseller," one, more congenial to the literary turn of his mind. He, very prudently however, had stuck by his wigs, until his celebrity as an author had insured his success as a bookseller. Ramsay employed the early part of his life in studying nature, and learning his trade. He showed no propensity to poetry until he had passed the in-

itiatory difficulties of life. His social temper led him to court admission into company; and his gaiety and good humour soon made him an acceptable guest at convivial meetings. Clubs were then almost universally frequented, and the taverns and oyster-houses in Edinburgh were every evening filled with men of all ranks. As Ramsay was always ambitious of associating with his superiors, his complaisance and inoffensive humour seconded his wishes, and enrolled him as a member of some of the most respectable clubs in the Scottish metropolis. In one of these called the Easy Club, he first displayed his poetic powers, in a poem which he presented to it in 1712—addressed to “The most happy members of the Easy Club.” Three years afterwards, he was humorously appointed their poet-laureate. In the presence of this club, Ramsay was in the habit of reading his first productions, which were published by, or under the patronage of its members. The humorous “Elegy on Maggie Johnstone,” a famous brewer and vender of ale near Edinburgh, and an elegy on the death of Dr. Pitcairn, in 1713, seem to have been amongst his earliest productions.

Shortly afterwards, he published a second canto to King James' ludicrous poem "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which increased its popularity so much, that a second edition speedily made its appearance with an additional third canto. The rebellion in 1715 put an end to the clubs meeting, and Ramsay, though a keen Jacobite, felt it for his interest to be so in secret. From the year 1715, our poet seems to have written many petty poems, which were published in single sheets at a small price. In this form, his poetry was so attractive, that the women of Edinburgh used to send out their children with a penny, to buy "Ramsay's last piece." In a short time, both the poems and the poet were also appreciated by those in the higher ranks of life.

In 1721, he issued proposals to publish his poems in a quarto volume, and so great was the estimation in which he was now held as a poet, that all those who were eminent for talents, learning, or dignity in Scotland, became subscribers. The volume, handsomely printed by Ruddiman, and ornamented by a portrait of the author, was published in the succeeding year, and sold by

Ramsay, at "the sign of the Mercury, opposite the head of Niddry's Wynd." It is said the fortunate poet realised four hundred guineas by this speculation.

After this, we hear no more of his wigs and razors. He now devoted his whole attention, to the business of "lining" the inside of his customers' "pashes," leaving the outside, to provide "theeking" for itself. His leading sentiment was the pleasure of pleasing, and his ruling passions were vanity and the love of fame. Always gay, always jocular, and sometimes ludicrous; honest, undesigning, obliging, and benevolent, he was equally agreeable to others as to himself. With astonishing versatility he suited himself to every taste, as well as his own, which his productions never failed to flatter and delight. Ramsay, as a favourite author and companion, and respectable bookseller, now numbered among his friends some of the best and wisest men in Scotland. With the families of Duncan Forbes Lord President, Sir John Clerk, Sir Alexander Dick, Sir William Bennet, and others, he lived in friendly intercourse; whilst at the houses of the most of our Scottish nobility, he

was a welcome guest. With cotemporary poets his intercourse was extensive;—to Pope, Gay, Somerville, Hamilton, Miller, and others, he addressed verses, and received friendly poetical salutations in return. The celebrity of Ramsay was attended however, like the other felicities of life, with circumstances of mortification. He had to struggle with envious and disappointed cotemporary contenders for poetic fame. By their attacks in such stanzas as, “A block for Allan Ramsay’s wigs,” or, “Allan Ramsay metamorphosed to a Heather blotter Poet,” he seems not to have been much moved, for, the “Tea-table Miscellany,” a collection of Scottish songs, and the “Evergreen,” a collection of old Scottish poetry, with several popular poems, were, to the delight of his numerous readers, successively published in the year 1724—works which, if they did not greatly add to his fame, must at least have tended greatly to the increase of his wealth—as the first work in a few years, ran through twelve editions.

Some time before the collection of his poems into a volume, Ramsay had published, as usual, in a single sheet, “A Pastoral Dialogue between

Patic and Roger"—which he followed up in the succeeding year with "Jenny and Peggy." So delighted were the public with these two productions, that his friends urged on him to extend the sketches, and add appropriate songs, so as to form a Dramatic Pastoral. This he accomplished with unrivalled success. In 1725, his completed Pastoral was published under the title of the Gentle Shepherd, which met with instant and triumphant success, and its best encomium is, that it still holds its place in the affections, and is universally relished and admired, by that class of people whose habits and manners of life are there described.

As Ramsay had now attained to great poetical fame, he removed from his original shop opposite the head of Niddry's Wynd, to a house in the second floor of a building, now removed, in the High Street, called the Luckenbooths, which commanded a view of the public cross, a place where all the gaiety of the city used to assemble. With this change of situation, he altered his sign from Mercury, to the heads of the two poets, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Ben Jonson, and, in addition

to his business as a bookseller, he commenced that of a circulating library, being the first who set up such an establishment in Scotland. In his shop the wits of Edinburgh used to meet for information and amusement.

It was in this society that Ramsay's passion for the drama was revived, and prompted him, at the age of fifty, to undertake, at a great expense, the building of a play-house in Carrubber's Close. But the spirit of the age, not coinciding with the poet's taste, his play-house was shut up by order of the magistrates, and, in addition to his pecuniary loss, his sufferings were aggravated by several lampoons published against him, entitled "The flight of religious piety from Scotland upon the account of Ramsay's lewd books," and the "Hell-bred Play-House Comedians, who debauched all the faculties of the soul of our rising generation," "The dying words of Allan Ramsay," &c. Among other things, his humble beginning, his upstart vanity, and his fine house, were made the topics of censure as well as of laughter. The poet seems to have taken no farther notice of this outpouring of envy and malice against him, except by his

verses, "Reasons for not answering the Hackney Scribblers." Continuing to prosper in business, he now ceased writing for the public; but, in the enjoyment of his celebrity, and retaining his good humour, he devoted his attention to his shop, his family, and his friends.

His "good auld wife," Christian Ross, died in 1743. Of the three sons and five daughters she had brought him, only one son and three daughters remained. In 1755 he gave up his shop, and about the same time lost one of his daughters. The celebrity of his son Allan, as a painter, appears however, to have been a source of great joy to the poet in his old age. The latter years of his life were spent in a neat house, which he erected on the north side of the Castle hill, commanding one of the finest prospects perhaps in Europe. For twelve years he lived here in a state of dignified retirement and philosophic ease, such as few literary men are ever able to obtain. For some time he had been afflicted with the scurvy in his gums, which had deprived him not only of his teeth, but also of a part of the jaw bone. He died at Edinburgh on the 7th day of January 1758, in the 73d year of his

age, and was buried in the Greyfriar's church-yard. A monument was erected to him some years ago on the walls of the church, having the following inscription and verses.

“ In this Cemetery
was interred the mortal part
of an immortal Poet,

ALLAN RAMSAY

Author of “the Gentle Shepherd” and other
admirable poems in the Scottish dialect.

Was born in 1686, and died in 1758.

“ No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay
No storied urn, no animated bust.
This simple stone, directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.”

“ Tho' here you're buried, worthy Allan,
We'll ne'er forget you, canty callan ;
For while your soul lives in the sky,
Your Gentle Shepherd ne'er can dic.”

The poet, in his epistle to Arbuckill, in 1719, describes his personal appearance as

“ Five feet five inches high,
A black-a-vised, snod, dapper fellow,
Not lean, nor overlaid with tallow.”

As he advanced in years his appearance no doubt changed. He is described by those who remember him as a squat man, with a big paunch, and a smiling countenance, who wore a fair round wig which was rather short—He thus describes his socialness and conviviality.

“ I hate a drunkard or a glutton ;
Yet, I’m nac fae to wine and mutton.
Then, for the fabric of my mind ;
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclined.
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than shew dislike by melancholy.”

As to his religion he honestly avowed his creed.

“ Neist, Anti-Toland, Blunt, and Whiston,
Know positivly I’m a Christian ;

Believing truths, and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties would agree."

With regard to politics, he says,

" Well, I'm neither whig, nor tory,
Nor credit give to purgatory."

He also confesses himself fond of praise.

" I never could imagine't vicious,
Of a fair fame to be ambitious :
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to shew it."

He speaks of his business and means.

" I make what honest shift I can,
And in my ain house am good man ;
I theek the out, and line the inside
Of mony a douse and witty pash,
And baith ways gather in the cash :
Contented I have sic a skair
As does my business to a hair ;

And fain wad prove to ilka Scot
That poortith's no the poet's lot."

As regards his learning, the poet confesses that the beauties of Horace he could only feast on through an English translation, and he is equally explicit in acknowledging his total ignorance of Greek.

Allan Ramsay seems to have possessed, in a high degree, the reputed characteristics of his countrymen, prudent self-control, with a strong desire to acquire wealth, and unpoetic though it may sound, he is one of those few, who, combining poetic pursuits with those of business, realized a competency.

A complete edition of his works, with his life, was published at London, in two volumes octavo, in 1800; and in 1808 there was published at Edinburgh, in two volumes octavo, an edition of the *Gentle Shepherd*, with illustrations of the scenery. In the biographical dictionary of eminent Scotsmen, there is a good portrait and life of the poet.

SCENERY OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.



IF seven cities in Greece contended for the honour of being the birth place of Homer—it is not surprising, that about half a century after Allan Ramsay's death, the actual scene where his pastoral is laid, should be claimed by two places—one, in the sequestered Vale of Glencorse, among the Pentland Hills, on the estate of Logan Bank—six miles south-west from Edinburgh—the other, on the banks of the North Esk, near to New Hall House, six miles further south, and on the slope of the same ridge of hills.

The claims of the Vale of Glencorse were first brought before the public, in the edition of the poet's works, published in London; it is there stated, that, "the proprietor of Woodhouselee, is happily possessed of the supposed scene of the

Gentle Shepherd, where a rustic hut has been erected to the memory of Ramsay, with an inscription, (on what authority is not mentioned), alleging that the poet drew his scenes from the objects round this shrine."

This place, owing to its contiguity to the city of Edinburgh, is much frequented by pleasure parties during the summer months. On visiting the spot, however, great disappointment is felt—as the only point of resemblance to the scenery of the pastoral, is a small stream, falling over a lofty precipice, in the midst of a barren, uninhabited glen. But we look in vain for "the craigy beild"—"the lover's loup"—"the flowrie howm"—"the twa birks"—"the pool breast deep"—or, "the twa elms that grow up side by side."

The editor of the Edinburgh edition of the Gentle Shepherd, published with illustrations of the scenery, says, "that, unfortunately for those who advocate the claims of Glencorse as the scene of the pastoral, it does not appear that Ramsay had any connection with the place—acquaintance with its proprietor—ever was at it—or knew anything concerning it."

It is therefore evident we must go elsewhere, to find scenery more in accordance with the poet's description.

New Hall House, a mansion in the style of the seventeenth century, situated on the banks of the North Esk, immediately under the southern slope of the Pentland Hills, and twelve miles distant from Edinburgh, was, in Ramsay's time, possessed by Mr. John Forbes, advocate, cousin to the distinguished Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; with both of them, the poet lived on terms of intimacy and friendship. In his visits to New Hall, the resort, at that time, of many of the literati from the neighbouring city, Ramsay was heard to recite, some scenes of his then unpublished pastoral. The scenery around New Hall, answers most minutely to the description in the drama. Near the house, by the water's side, are some romantic projecting crags, which give complete "beild" or shelter, and form a most inviting retreat, corresponding with the first scene of the first act—

"Beneath the south side of a craigy beild,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,

Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ac bonny morn o' May."

A crag, rising abruptly at some distance from the house, called "the Harbour craig," and by the country people "the lover's loup," suits Patie's address to Roger—

"Yonder's a craig—sin' yc hae tint a' houp,
Gae till't your wa's, and tak the lover's loup."

Further up the vale, and behind the house, there is a grass plot, of the most luxuriant green, beside the burn, which answers to the description of the second scene—

"A flowric hown, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their clacs ;
A trottin' burnie, wimplin' thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round."

Jenny proposes to Peggy—

"—Let's fa' to wark upon this green."

But Peggy says—

“Gae far’er up the burn to Habbie’s How,
Where a’ the sweets o’ spring and summer grow :
There ’tween twa birks, out ower a little lin,
The water fa’s and maks a singin’ din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi’ easy whirls, the bord’ring grass.
We’ll end our washing while the morning’s cool ;
And when the day grows het, we’ll to the pool,
There wash oursells.”

The delineation of Habbie’s How is the most celebrated of all Ramsay’s descriptive pictures. It is drawn with truth, and though highly finished, each particular feature is an accurate copy of the scene in nature.

At no other place, excepting New Hall, can this beautiful scene be realised—and this circumstance, with the other facts already stated, we think, establishes completely the belief, that the grounds around New Hall, are the scenes of the Gentle Shepherd.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.
SYMON, } two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
GLAUD, }
BAULDY, a hynd, engaged with Neps.
PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.
JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.
MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.
ELSFA, Symon's wife.
MADGE, Glaud's sister.

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

TIME OF ACTION.—Within 24 hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.
Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.
Third act begins at four in the afternoon.
Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.
Fifth act begins by daylight next morning.

HISTORICAL PERIOD.

The Restoration of King Charles II.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

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

PATIE AND ROGER.

SANG I.

TUNE.—“*The wauking o' the fauld.*”

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm nae very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,—
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,—
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delyte,
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,—
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

PATIE.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How heartsome is't to see the rising plants!—
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!

How halesome is't to snuff the cauler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care !
What ails ye, Roger, then ? what gars ye grane ?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie ! to a thrawart fate ;
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great !
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blood ;
But I, opprest wi' never ending grief,
Maun aye despair o' lighting on relief.

PATIE.

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

ROGER.

Sae might I say ; but it's no easy dune
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
You hae sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
That you're the darling o' baith auld and young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglins cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confused wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as weel built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's ee ;
For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, comc farer ben.

PATIE.

But aiblins, neighbour, ye hae not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear ?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbl'd, nine braw nowt werc smoor'd,
Three clif-shot were—yet I these ills endur'd ;
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores o' wathers perish'd in the snaw.

PATIE.

Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less ye wad lose, and less ye wad repine.



Fatic *Were your betn ruines as tholy stroked as mine,
 How you woul loose, and how you woul repine,
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
 The covous only wishes rich to keep.*

He that has just enough can soundly sleep ;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

Sax guid fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
O' plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round—
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound ;
I'll be mair canty wi't—and ne'er cry dool,—
Than you, wi' a' your cash, you dowie fool !

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

Now, to a friend how silly's this pretence,—
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens ;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Tak courage, Roger ; me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

ROGER.

Indeed, now, Patie, ye hae guess'd ower true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
Me, dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I daur hardly mint ;
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate ;
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,—
She fled, as frae a shelly-coated eow.
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy loes not her, right weel I wat :
He sighs for Neps—sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I coud'na loe her—but in vain,
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the pair dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldribe scorn.
Last night, I play'd—ye never heard sic spite!—
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;—
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
“Gif she cou'd tell what tune I play'd?” and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair!

PATIE.

E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluek,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?—
Yonder's a craig—sin' ye hae tint a' houp,
Gae till't your wa's, and tak the lover's loup

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingeing way;—
Seem careless—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gye and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glow'ring about;
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me—
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me c'er she wist—
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she cam skiffing o'er the dewy green:

Blythesome, I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer;

But I can guess—ye're gawn to gather dew."

She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that to you?"

"Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,"

I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.

I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,

She cam wi' a right thieveless errand back;

Misca'd me first, then bade me hound my dog,

To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.

I leugh, and sae did she; then wi' great haste

I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist—

About her yielding waist, and took a fouth

O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.

While hard and fast I held her in my grips,

My very saul came louping to my lips.

Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,

But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.

Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,

Do ye sae too, and never fash your thoom—

Seem to foresake her, soon she'll change her mood;

Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

SANG II.

TUNE—" *Fy! gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*"

Dear Roger, If your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight.
 But them despise wha're soon defcat,
 And wi' a simple face gie way
 To a repulse—then be nae blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language o' their een :
 If these agree, and she persist
 To answer a' your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when it's too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're aye sae caidgy, and hae sic an art
 To hearten ane ; for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,
 My mother, (rest her saul!) she made it fine—

A tartan plaid, spun of good haslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
Wi' spraings like gowd and siller, cross'd wi' black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha hae sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Weel, haud ye there—and since ye've frankly made
To me a present o' your braw new plaid,
My flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;
By that time bannocks, and a shave o' cheese,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please ;

Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health, instead o' spiee.
 When we hae taen the grace-drink at the well,
 I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flow'rie howm, between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trottin' burnie wimplin' thro' the ground,
 Its chaunnel pebbles, shining, smooth and round,
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear—
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 Aud Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

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

PEGGY.

Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:

There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a singin' din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool ;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

JENNY.

Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae ?—that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, " Haith, lasses, ye're no blate !"

PEGGY.

We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our lane),
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw !

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end ;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought agee,
And spreads his gartanes die'd beneath his knee ;
He falds his ourlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair :
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d'ye?"—or, "There's a bonny day."

PEGGY.

Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide :
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld—
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld ?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet :
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And synce the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or seart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.

TUNE—" *Polwart on the Green.*"

The dorty will repent,
If lovers' hearts grow cauld;
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus taks the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laughed at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refused.

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

JENNY.

I never thought a single life a crime!

PEGGY.

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

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sie a tale I never heard him tell.
He glow'rs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themsells for me.

PEGGY.

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

JENNY.

Heh, lass! how can ye loe that rattle-skull?
A very deil, that aye maun hae his wull,
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsum day a year,

Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
 And what we do there's nane daur ca' it rude.
 He's get his will: Why no? it's good my part
 To gie him that, and he'll gie me his heart.

JENNY.

He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
 Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane;
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er stiek
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

TUNE—" *O dear mither what shall I do?*"

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life, destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY.

Sie coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm ower far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sie a smile, or sie twa glaneing een:
And then he speaks wi' sie a taking art—
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feekless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sie a gate,
The rest seem eoofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.

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

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae
 That has better sense than ony o' thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools?
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

JENNY.

Hey, *Bonny lass o' Branksome!* or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fashcous din:
 To mak them brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,—
 Anc breaks his shin,—anither tincs his shoe;
 The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell
 And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell!

PEGGY.

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

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

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a' ;
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty checr can come
Frac duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frac aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheesc,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird secks in his rent ;—
It's no to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour maunna want—he poinds your gear ;
Syne, driven frac house and hald, where will ye steer ?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife!

PEGGY.

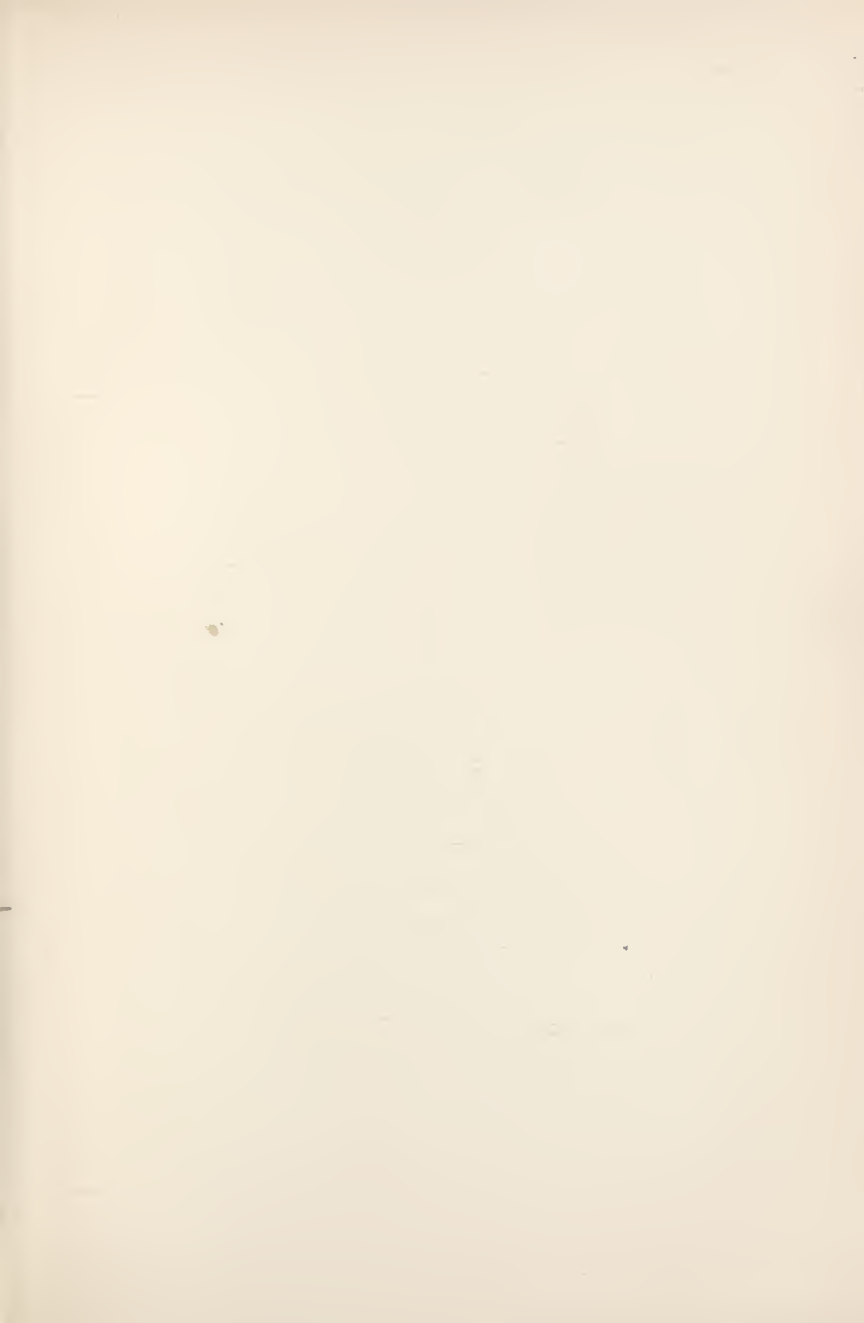
May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears ; for that was never me.
Let fook bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's requir'd, let Heav'n mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my Shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' cannie care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sauld to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behin's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer :
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her ken'd kisses hardly worth a feg ?

PEGGY.

Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him checrfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frac the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff ;





Peggy

*See you two elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose then some years sime, bi-degroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer illa year they're meet.
Till wide their spreading branches are increast.*

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford ;
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind,
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side—
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and
bride ;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest :
This, shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sie as stand single—(a state sae lik'd by you!)—
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

JENNY.

I've done!—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield ;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistaunce of a little fae
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

TUNE.—“ *Nancy's to the greenwood gane.*”

JENNY.

I yield, dear lassie, ye hae won ;
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alake, poor prisoner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air :
 Haste, let him out ; we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

JENNY.

Anither time's as good—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith—If canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

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

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good-morrow, neighbour Symon—come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town ?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' eut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

Wi' a' my heart—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.
I couldna rest till I cam o'er the burn,
To tell ye things hae taken sie a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

GLAUD.

Fy, blaw !—Ah, Symie ! rattling chieks ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand.
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near ;
But loose your poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud ; and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been—
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head ;

Because, ye ken fu' weel, he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.*
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick ; and ane ea'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump a right slee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune ;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William sune.

GLAUD.

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

SYMON.

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

* This was James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, who was executed in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, on the 21st of May 1650, after zealously supporting the royal cause.

SANG VII.

TUNE—" *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*"

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

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

GLAUD.

And may he lang ; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent ;
Nor grumbled, if ane grew rich ; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's elaes.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
" Put on your bannet, Symon—tak a seat.
How's a' at hame ? How's Elspa ? How does Kate ?
How sells blaek cattle ? What gies woo this year ?"
And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

TUNE—" *Mucking o' Geordie's byre.*"

The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To rise aboon poverty:

Else, like the pack-horse that's unfodder'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

GLAUD.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breasts rais'd sic a blythesome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en raised!—Dear neighbour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day?
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught o' ale baith stout and brown;
And gar our cotters a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

SYMON.

I wadna bauk my friend his blythe design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For ere yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime and fat ;
A furlet o' good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reesting in the neuk :
I saw mysell, or I cam o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that seads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil, and ane we'll roast ;
And on the haggis Elspa spares nae cost :
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spiee :
Fat are the puddings—heads and feet weel sung ;
And we've invited neibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :
Bring wi' you a' your family ; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like yoursell, auld birkie ; never fear,
But at your banquet I sall first appear :
Faith, we sall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, said I !—troth I'm younger by a score,
Wi' your guid news, than what I was before.
I'll dance ore'en ! hey, Madge, come forth ; d'ye hear !

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

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

GLAUD.

Spin ! snuff !—Gae break your wheel, and burn
your tow,
And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low ;
Synne dance about the banefire till ye dee,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

MADGE.

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

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest o' my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Syne frae their washing ery the bairns in haste,
And mak yoursells as trig, head, feet, and waist.
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en,
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And see that a' be done as I would hac't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field; a cottage in a glen;
An auld wife spinnin' at the sunny end.
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms, and half-raised looks, ye see

BAULDY HIS LANE.

What's this? I canna bear't! its waur than hell,
To be sae burnt wi' love, yet daurna tell!
O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out owre the knowes;
Straughter than aught that in the forest grows;
Her e'en the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her checks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her—waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow: O! but ane be a beast,
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I daurna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:

Its sair to thole ;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives, a witch that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantrips, and gie me advice :
She can o'er cast the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow ;
Rins withershins about the hemlock low ;
And seven times does her pray'rs backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid and snakes :
O' this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
O' ony ane she hates—and gars expire
Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire ;
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
And yonder's Mause—ay, ay, she kens fu weel,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm fear'd ;
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive ;
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [*Exit.*



Kandly. And yonder's Manan; ay, ay, she bears it well,
 When any like me comes running to the Dell,
 She and her cat sit becking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, both as sweet as I'm heard:

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

SANG IX.

TUNE—"Curle, an the king come."

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the king's come!
Peggy, now the king's come!
Thou shalt dance and I shall sing,
Peggy, now the king's come!

Nac mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
And be a lady o' that ilk,
Now Peggy, since the king's come!

ENTER BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hail and fair at threescore ten.

MAUSE.

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

BAULDY.

Enough o' baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my eares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand ! alake ! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow !

BAULDY.

Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lee.

MAUSE.

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

BAULDY.

The word that gangs, how, ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll maybe tak it ill gif I should tell.

MAUSE.

What folk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear ;
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

BAULDY.

Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane tauks about ye, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn ;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair cam hame ;
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came ;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and couldna stand its lane ;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amaist among the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night ;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green ;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen :
You, Lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about ;
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith ;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith—

But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

MAUSE.

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

BAULDY.

Then, I like Peggy; Neps is fond o' me;
Peggy likes Pate; and Pate is bauld and slee,
And loes sweet Meg;—but Neps I downa see.
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me, I'd be the happiest man.

MAUSE.

I'll try my airt to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple thing prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots; tak ye nae care.

BAULDY.

Weel, Mause, I'll come gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Synne rain and thunder, maybe, when it's late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.

We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like badrans for a jest!
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
There's nanc shall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

It's like I may—but let nae on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

BAULDY.

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

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

MAUSE HER LANE.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild
Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' east o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch!*
This fool imagines, as do many sic,—
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Niek;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.

Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear ;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
here :

Nane kens but me ; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet ;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay ;
Were baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'm laith to part sae soon, now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane ;

They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themsells, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds !

PEGGY.

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

PATIE.

Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind ;
In speaking sae, ye ea' me dull and blind,
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or riper berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

PEGGY.

But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleetch,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I daurna stay; ye joker, let me gang,
Anither lass may gar you change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

PATIE.

Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim, the sheep to yield their fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love—I swear by a' aboon.

PEGGY.

Then keep your aith. But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in hauf a year.
Now, I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anee by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loed you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
O' a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,
Thou smiling by my side. I took delyte
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;
O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

PEGGY.

When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglin was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn grew yellow, and the heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubl'd me
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain ;
At a' these sports thou still gie joy to me—
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

PATIE.

Jenny sings saft the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes ;"
And Rosie lilt the "Milking o' the Ewes ;"
There's nane like Nancy "Jenny Nettles" sings ;
At turns in "Maggy Lauder," Marion dings ;
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The "Boatman," or the "Lass o' Patie's Mill,—
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

PEGGY.

How eith can lasses trow what they desire !
And, roos'd by them we love, blows up that fire ;
But wha loes best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

TUNE—“*The yellow-hair'd laddie.*”

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first say'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting foregather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckans, gae trouble to me,
 Gif I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thon ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And cam aff the victor, my heart was aye fain;
 Thy ilka sport, manly, gae pleasure to me,
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the “Cowden-broom-knowes,”
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the “Milking the Ewes;”
 There's few “Jenny Nettles” like Nancy can sing,
 At “Thro' the Wood Laddie,” Bess gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
 The “Boatman,” “Tweedside,” or the “Lass o' the Mill”
 It's mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire.
Gie me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To mak mysell better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.

Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe;
Be blythe for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
But thou, in better sense without a flaw
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

PATIE.

And let them ferly! Now, a kindly kiss,
Or five-score guid anes wadna be amiss;

Act II Scene IV



D. Allart sculp.

R. Brown del.

Peggy. Agreed—but hark! yon's auld man's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stey.

And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee.
That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, syne claim your hire.

PATIE.

Weel, I agree!

SANG XI.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing een that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as weel as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done;
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,
And I hae thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

PEGGY

(Fa's into Patie's arms).

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a' ;
But stint your wishes to this kind abraec,
And mint nae far'er till we've got the grace.

PATIE,

(Wi' his left hand about her waist).

O charming armfu' ! hence, ye cares, away !
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day !
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain !

Sung by Loth.

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

ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.—
But whisht! it is the knight in mascurad,
That comes, hid in his cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, ance delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM, ALONE.

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

My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That, with each rainy blast, decaying falls ;
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art, makes sweet ;
Where, round the figur'd green and pebbles walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks :
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier
No jaccacincths or cglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and neet'rine branches found a field,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use :
All round in gaps the walls in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd ; and now my joy
Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy,—
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair :
Him, ere the rays of reason elcar'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what ehanging times brought
forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 'Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

SANG XII.

TUNE—"Happy Clown."

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray
 Like courtly weather cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unsullied with a crime.
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great.
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

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

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

It's Symon's hous, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to gie pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet a' is clean—a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons, becch luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it hest,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their cen,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We ance were young oursells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merry lie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strappin' lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade ;

Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the elev'rest o' them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him guid, and hide him aye frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en;
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As weel ye ken—a bonnier needna be,
Nor better, be't she were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch—
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

GLAUD.

What reason can ye hae? There's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may east up that she's but pair;

But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
 Fourseore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
 Five kye, that at ae milking fills a kirn,
 I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By and attour, gif my guid luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
 And twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
 What may be is nae fit ye yet shou'd hear.

SYMON.

Or this day aught-days likely he shall learn,
 That our denial disna slight his bairn.

GLAUD.

Weel, nae mair o't—come gies the other bend;
 We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

SYMON.

But, will ye tell me, Glaud; by some it's said,
 Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid

Down at your hallen-side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

GLAUD.

That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells sie flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

ENTER JENNY.

JENNY.

O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :
He tents our loofs, and syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look ;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard—
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

SYMON.

Gae bring him in ; we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day :

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

GLAUD.

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

JENNY RETURNS, BRINGING IN SIR WILLIAM;
PATIE FOLLOWING.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a seat.

SIR WILLIAM.

I gie ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

GLAUD DRINKS.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge ye, neibour! e'en but little way:
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang:
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gie.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unsought—Weel, gin ye hae a bairn
That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't gude or ill.

SYMON, POINTING TO PATIE.

Only that lad—alack ! I hae nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, let's see your hand ; what gars ye
sneer ?

PATIE.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

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

ELSPA.

Betooch-us-too !—and weel I wat, that's true ;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er grit wi' you !

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

ELSPA.

A laird! Hear ye, gudeman—what think ye now?

SYMON.

I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, it's guid to bode o' wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.]

PATIE.

A laird o' twa guid whistles and a kent,—
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,—
Is a' my great estate, and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

SYMON.

Whisht, Patie!—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand,
then counterfeits falling into a trance,
while they endeavour to lay him right].

ELSPA.

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

GLAUD.

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

ELSPA.

These second-sighted fouk (his peace be here!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb!—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
Howsoon we'll see Sir William? Whisht! he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

SYMON.

He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tass o' usquebæ.

(SIR WILLIAM *starts up and speaks*).

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

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

SYMON.

Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel ;
 But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deil,
 To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep ;
 Or do you get them tauld you in your sleep ?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
 Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;

But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

You prophesying fouks are odd kind men!—
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The whimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

GLAUD.

It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spaeman gives,
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he ev'ns to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

GLAUD.

Weel, be't sae, friend! I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,

Plump ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

SIR WILLIAM.

Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent ;
I hae but ance a-day that gift ;
Sac rest a while content.

SYMON.

Elsa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

SYMON.

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



Tommy. And what would Roger say if he could speak?
Ann. I obli'd to guess when you're to seek.

GLAUD.

I'll out a while, and see the young anes play :
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I fear, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

JENNY.

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

ROGER.

Yes, ye may guess right cith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langin' een.
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn—
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be ;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me !

JENNY.

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

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

I loe my father, cousin Meg I love ;
But, to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move :
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that again ;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free ;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

JENNY.

Ye hae my pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow ! but we're bonny, guid, and ev'ry thing ;
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent,
Than we our daffin' and tint pow'r repent !
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a meir :
Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind,
But love, true downright love, engages me
(Tho' thou shou'dst scorn) still to delyte in thee.

JENNY.

What sugr'd words frae woocers' lips can fa' !
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear !
The bridegroom may rejoyce, the bride may smile ;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light ;
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain :
The bridegroom may be blythe, the bridemay smile ;
Rejoyce thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

JENNY.

Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain :
For I maun own—since now at last your free—
Altho' I jok'd, I loed your company ;

And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'm happy now ! ower happy ! haud my head !—
This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love ! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss ! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day !
O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,
And brizz thy bonny breasts and lips to mine !

[*They embrace.*]

SANG XIII.

TUNE—" *Leith Wynd.*"

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain ;
The easy maid beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart o' mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to loe me, when by vows made ane.

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

Wæel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent—he'll hardly say ye nae;

Ye hae what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld fouks like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

TUNE—"O'er Bogie."

Weel, I agree, ye're sure c' me;
Neist to my father gae;
Mak him content to gie consent—
He'll hardly say ye nae.
For ye hae what he wad be at,
And will commend ye weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena-by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change
Like those in high degree:
And if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nac fau't in me.

ROGER.

My faulds contain twice fifteen furrow nowt,
As mony newealf'd in my byres rout;
Five packs o' woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:

Guid twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', whilk now gies joy to me,
Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours; now haud them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

JENNY.

I'll do my best—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg—besides, I maunna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.

ROGER.

To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool:
Keep tryst, and meet me there—there let us meet,
To kiss, and tell our loves; there's nought sae sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the knight and Sym,
Within a gall'ry o' the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
Nor has the baron shawn his face,
But joking wi' his shepherd leal,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

SYMON.

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

[Sir William draps his masking-beard;
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.]

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith?
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' sight—
 To bless his son, my charge, the warld's delight?

SIR WILLIAM.

Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
 Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

The due obedience to your striet command
 Was the first loek—neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty—since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks bauch and
 blate.

SIR WILLIAM.

And often vain and idly spend their time,
 Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends—which gives their souls a cast,
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Now, weel I wat, Sir, you hae spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's loed by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about, sornin' frae place to place,
As scrimpt o' manners as o' sense and grace,
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gie him trust.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection!—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the langest summer day
Wad be owre short, cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
 That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;
 And when there's ony quarrel or contest,
 Patriek's made judge to tell wha's cause is best;
 And his decreet stands guid—he'll gar it stand—
 Wha daurs to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
 Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale much pleases—My good friend, proceed:
 What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare
 To gie him at the school enugh o' lair;
 And he delytes in books—he reads and speaks,
 Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Grecks.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books o' hist'ry, sangs, or sport :
Nor does he want o' them a routh at will,
And carries aye a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakspeare and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made owre great a fraise
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him ance, a book he brings,
"Wi' this," quoth he, "on braes, I crack wi' kings!"

SIR WILLIAM.

He answer'd well ; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ;
When we a leaf or twa hauf read, hauf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as wecl's oursell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jested, Symon. But one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arrived the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves :
Has no young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart ?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right ormeet :
I had my fears ; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May bless the fairest, best-born, lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now, you the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is nae downright me.

[Exit Symon.]

SIR WILLIAM, ALONE.

When the event of hope's success appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shows its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine :—
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV

TUNE—" *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*"

Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove—
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shows its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine ;—
 Thus learning makes the genius bright. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page.
Glaud's onsett.—Enter Manse and Madge.

MAUSE AND MADGE.

MADGE.

Our laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his
heir!—

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!—

MADGE.

—————As true as ye stand there!
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five neives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us cam, cry'd, "Haud ye merry a'!"



We ferly'd mcikle at his unco look,
 While frae his poutch he whirled out a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his eeu;
 Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

MAUSE.

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

MADGE.

As fast as flacs skip to the tate o' woo,
 Whilk slee tod-lowric hauds without his mow,
 When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In summer days slides backward in a pool!
 In short, he did for Pate brow things forctell,
 Without the help o' conjuring or spell.
 At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd aff his beard to Symon; Symon knew
 His welcome master—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
 Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!—
 Symon tauld Elspa; Elspa tauld it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :
And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell—
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be sae, wha kens ? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain :
Ev'n kings hae ta'en a queen out o' the plain ;
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sie nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher guid,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle bluid !
Sie fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE.

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

MADGE.

He get her! slaverin' doof; it sets him weel
To yoke a pleugh where Patriek thought to till!
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

MAUSE.

Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he?
And sae wad I!—But whisht! here Bauldy comes.

(ENTER BAULDY SINGING).

SANG XVI.

Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good—
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee;
E'en's ye like, quo' Jockey, I can let ye be.

MAUSE.

Weel liltit, Bauldy; that's a dainty sang.

BAULDY.

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

Sings again.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
 I hae sax guid owsen ganging in a pleugh—
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linkin' o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be ;

I hae a guid ha'-house, a barn, and a byre ;
 A peat-stack 'fore the door will mak a rantin' fire—
 I'll mak a rantin' fire, and merry sall we be,
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be ;

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae ! Lasses will come to at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

MAUSE.

Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?——

BAULDY.

———Faith, unco right :
 I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

MADGE.

And wha's th' unlucky ane if we may ask ?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult task :
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patriek, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, gude Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me ;
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove,
Less wilfu', and aye constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :
Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows o' love regard ;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse o' heav'n hings aye aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate ;
Nor will she be advis'd fu' weel I wat.

BAULDY.

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

MADGE.

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

BAULDY.

I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say
That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye're witness, too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And shou'd be serv'd as his gude breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

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

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips;—fy, Madge!—howt, Bauldy,
leen;—
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
It's sae daft like.—

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*]

MADGE.

—It's dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal!
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yct than I hae married been,
And, or they died, their bairns' bairns hae seen.

MAUSE.

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

BAULDY.

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

MADGE.

Auld roudes!—filthy fallow; I sall auld ye!

MAUSE.

Hout, no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgie 'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Act IV Scene I



J. G. Thompson sculp.

W. B. Woodcut sculp.

Maria. Aunt Rouses! Abby fallow I shall smil ye.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Mause, I hac at Madge nae spite :
But she abusing first was a' the wytte
O' what has happen'd ; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

MADGE.

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

BAULDY [RUNNING OFF].

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

MADGE [LAUGHING].

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee ;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

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

MADGE.

A witch ! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear ?

MAUSE.

Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fouk resentment to decline ;
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
Wi' cunning can the lack o' pith supplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we shou'd gang to wark ;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst ; and I cam here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we'll hae, as I protest ;
Ye'll be the witch, and I sall play the ghaist.
A linen sheet wund round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us gae ; for sec, it's hard on night,
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While gude Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leal,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light!
O, Mr. Patrick! aye your thoughts were right!
Sure gentle fouk are far'er seen than we,
That naething hae to brag o' pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn,
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again—
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

PATIE.

I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy!—And yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
"Such were the cyes," he said, "thus smil'd the
 mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth,
Wha set too soon!"—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That speechless lang, my late ken'd sire I
 view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd,
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found
The happy son o' ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids. Ah! this confounds my
 peace,
While thus to beat my heart shall sooner cease.

ROGER.

How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
But were't my ease ye'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE.

Duty and haffin reason plead his cause :
But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws ?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
And part o' my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

TUNE—" *Kirk wad let me be.*"

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

For now, tho' I'm ane o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels ;
For change in my heart has no entry—
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

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

ROGER.

Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here? or arc ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

PATIE.

To E'nburgh straight to-morrow we advance;
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I maun stay some years, and learn to dance,
And twa three ither monkey tricks.—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For twa three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.

But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

ROGER.

“They wha hae just enugh can soundly sleep ;
The o’ercome only fashes fouk to keep.”—
Gude Maister Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

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

ROGER.

But an estate like your’s yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantly on the bent:
Fine claes, saft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Gude cheer, and witty friends, whene’er ye dine ;
Obcysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease:
Wha’s no content wi’ these are ill to please.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiss ;
But mony a cloud hings hov’ring o’er their blist.

The passions rule the roast ; and if they're sour,
Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease ;
While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

ROGER.

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

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill,
Thae best can teach what's real gude and ill.
Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,
To gain thae silent friends, that ever please.

ROGER.

I'll do't and ye sall tell me whilk to buy :
Faith I'se hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my kye.

But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

PATIE.

Then here it lies: his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep ye the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

Pleas'd that you trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frac me, a' the deils defy.

[Exit Roger.]

PATIE ALONE.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
I ken she loes, and her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
O' disappointment. Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care!—
Her eyes are red!——

Act IV Scene II



D. Allan fecit.

W. Wilson sculp.

Patie.

*My Peggy why in tears?
Smile as ye want, allow nae room for tears.
Tho I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.*

ENTER PEGGY.

—————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine!

PEGGY.

I daurna think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost—
Like to be carried by some reever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land?

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my grief ;
But short I daur to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire ;
Then I, poor me ! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate ;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that excelled the rest :
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang :
Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the rucks o' hay ;
As aft-times I hae fled frae thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpose, that I might be tane :
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—t'will help to gie me ease—
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
And warst o' ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife !

SANG XVIII.

TUNE—" *Wae's my heart that we should sunder.*"

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Haud up a heart that's sinking under
 Thae fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder :
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee frae thy Peggy's hosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, wha excell'd
 The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell :—
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder !
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 Around the knowe wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shou'dst prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other !

PATIE.

Sure Heav'n approves; and be assur'd o' me,
I'll ne'er gang baek o' what I've sworn to thee.
And time—tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;—
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,—
If there's a fairer—e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things,
To sic as hae the patience to be kings—
Wherefore that tear?—believe, and ealm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;

And a' the while I'll study gentler charms
To mak me fitter for my traveller's arms ;
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.

SANG XIX

TUNE—" *Tweedside.*"

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break ;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
And my saul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest o' charms :
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for aye in these arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
Nae higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.

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

PATIE.

————— That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid,
 Tho', without a' the little helps o' art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect at times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought
 to say,
 And, for the fashion, when we're blythe, seem wae;
 Pay compliments to them we aft hae scorn'd,
 Then scandalise them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still—but I'll be aught wi' thee.

PATIE.

Na! na! my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes; for still, amangst the best,
Good manners gie integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

PEGGY.

Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;
Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY.

Wi' ev'ry setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n and ask thy safe return.

Under that tree, and on the Suckler-brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play ;
 And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XX.

TUNE—" *Bush aboon Traquair.* "

At setting day and rising morn,
 Wi' saul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask o' Heav'n thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the birkin-bush,
 Where first thou kindly tauld me
 Sweet tales o' love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infald me.

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

PATIE.

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

PEGGY.

Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gie the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'en to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

PATIE.

I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When its wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
And roars up, Symon frac his kindly rest;
Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON AND BAULDY.

SYMON.

What want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glow'r, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

BAULDY.

O' len me soon some water, milk, or ale!
My head's grown dizzy—legs wi' shaking fail;—

I'll ne'er daur venture out at night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

SYMON.

What ails thee, gowk! to mak sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William—he has left his bed—
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd—I hear his tread.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

SYMON.

I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;
He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.

BAULDY.

O ay—dear Sir, in troth it's very true,
And I am come to mak my 'plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM. SMILING.

I lang to hear't—

BAULDY.

Ah ! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night ;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright !
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me gude,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid) !
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk :
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death ;
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down ; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I us'd to be at school.
My heart out o' it's hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae houp,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite ;
Syne I, hauf dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
Houping your help to gie the deil his due,

I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
Till, in a fat tar-barrel, Mause be brunt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be ;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey ;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, e'er she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit.*

SIR WILLIAM.

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

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is, thro' want of education, blind !

SYMON.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women, eraz'd and poor,
Appearing sometimes like a blaek-horn'd eow,
Aft-times like bawty, baudrans, or a sow :
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :
Then oft, by night, bumbase hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, ehairs, and
 stools.

Whate'er's in spclls, or if there witehes be,
Such whimsies scem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

It's true eneugh, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich ;
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quict and very honest life—
That gars me think this hobblesheiw that's past
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm sure it will :—but see, increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

TUNE—" *Bonny Grey-ey'd Morn.*"

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

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud, by his morning ingle, takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY, AND PEGGY.

GLAUD.

I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave o' Patriek or he gang:
But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lassies will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday, he gae us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;
But be advis'd, his company refrain :
Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life ;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sie godly thoughts, and brag o' being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake ! what's that ?—Sure, if it means aught ill,
He'll never be't, else I hae tint my skill.

GLAUD.

Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair ;
Ane young, and gude, and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do such deeds I canna think to name.
Be wary, then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sie as he.

PEGGY.

Sir William's virtuous, and o' gentle bluid ;
And may nae Patriek, too, like him, be gude ?

GLAUD.

That's true ; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner sawn : they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to Heav'n. I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

JENNY.

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

GLAUD.

Doubt ! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
think,
Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, and drink ;
But I'm nae saying this, as if I thought
That Patriek to sie gates will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

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

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

Haste, haste ye ! we're a' sent for ower the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,
At Symon's house : the knight sits judge himsell.

GLAUD.

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

[Exit Glaud.]

MADGE.

Poor Meg ! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen ?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her cen !
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at E'nburgh cross :
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain
For a nice sword and glancing-headed cane ;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay ;

To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay
And tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn?
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had notie'd Patie on the green.
Now, since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for another, he will ne'er be mine;
And then—the like has been—if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, AND MAUSE.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

BAULDY.

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

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kendna that they thought me sic before.

BAULDY.

An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel ;
But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil :
Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a slee and a revengfu' ——,
And that my *some-place* finds :—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
And the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy check
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM, LOOKING AT PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears th' aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks o' lovely brown ?
How sparkling are her eyes ! what's this ? I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud ?——

GLAUD.

————— Sir, she's my niece—
And yet she's not ;—but I shou'd haud my peace.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction !—What d'ye mean ?—
She is, and is not !—pray thee, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I hae kept a secret threteen year——

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak soon ; I'm all impatience !—

PATIE.

————— Sae am I !
For much I hope, and hardly yet ken why.

GLAUD.

Then, since my master orders, I obey.
This *bonny foundling*, ae clear morn o' May,
Close by the lea-side o' my door I found,
A' sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round
In infant weeds, o' rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be—thought I—did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young?—for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonts auld to be.
I took her in my arms—the bairnie smil'd
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story—she has pass'd sinsyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece o' mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's weel worth the pains that I hae tane.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's gude,
And am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid—
O' wham I kenna.—Naething I ken mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

SIR WILLIAM.

This tale seems strange!—

PATIE.

—————The tale delights my ear!

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my task. Now, Sir, bid a' be hush ;
Peggy may smile ;—thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang hae I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gie way ;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim :
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

PATIE.

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

OMNES.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

MAUSE

[GOES FORWARD, LEADING PEGGY TO SIR
WILLIAM.]

Sir, view me weel—has fifteen years sae plow'd
A wrinkled face that you hae aften view'd,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Wha nurs'd her mother that now hauds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gie, if you demand.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

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

[SIR WILLIAM EMBRACES PEGGY, AND MAKES HER
SIT BY HIM.]

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

PATIE.

Gude nurse gae on ; nae music's hauf sae fine,
Or can gie pleasure like thac words o' thine.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang—but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possesst :
All this to me a confidant confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.

A' day I hid me ;—whan the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
 Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

GLAUD

[WI' TEARS OF JOY HAPPING DOWN HIS BEARD.]

I weel remember't—Lord reward your love !—
 Lang hae I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
 Sie knowledge some time should about be brought.

PATIE.

It's now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full,
 Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows ; and wad, tho' still unknown,
 Hae been my wife, whan I my vows durst own.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

[PATIE AND PEGGY EMBRACE, AND KNEEL TO SIR
WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

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

SIR WILLIAM [RAISES THEM.]

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

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm hauf dizzy wi' the blest surprise.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie:
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will tak amends
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

PEGGY.

To me the views o' wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate;

For his sake only, I'll aye thankfu' bow
For sic a kindness, best o' men, to you.

SYMON.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

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

SYMON.

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

GLAUD.

God save the king! and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang!

ROGER.

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

BAULDY.

I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge I'm gree'd,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly flied:
I'm now fu' blythe, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, "Lang may Sir William live!"

MADGE.

Lang may he live—and, Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a-wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
And brag for aye that I was ca'd the aunt
O' our young lady—my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn—
And, my gude nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

MAUSE.

The flowing pleasures o' this happy day
Does fully a' I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES.

The Lord o' Heav'n return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove'

PATIE,

[PRESENTING ROGER TO SIR WILLIAM.]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets e'er I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think na shame!)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame.
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak and won,
And hope's to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir—what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?—
Whate'er your honour wills, I sall obey.
Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing tak,
And still our master's right your bus'ness mak.

Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Sall nod wi' quietness doun among the dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was gude o' speaking a' my days,
Or ever loed to mak ower great a fraise ;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

PEGGY.

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

SANG XXII.

TUNE—" *Corn-riggs are Bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay ;
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay ;
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his walking ;
The shining o' his een surprise ;
It's heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Whare yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a-glowing,
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine.
And loed me best o' ony ;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny !

[*Exeunt omnes.*

GLOSSARY

OR

EXPLANATION OF SCOTTISH WORDS WHICH ARE
RARELY OR NEVER FOUND IN MODERN ENGLISH
WRITINGS.

Some general Rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an *l* after an *a* or *u*, the *l* is rarely sounded.

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
A',	All.	Sma',	Small.
Ba',	Ball.	Sta',	Stall.
Ca',	Call.	Wa',	Wall.
Fa',	Fall.	Fou, or Fu',	Full.
Ga',	Gall.	Pou, or Pu',	Pull.
Ha',	Hall.	Woo, or U,	Wool.

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

Bawn,	Balm.	Goud,	Gold.
Bauk,	Balk.	Haff,	Half.
Bouk,	Bulk.	How,	Hole or hollow.
Bow,	Boll.	Howms,	Holms.
Bowl,	Bolt.	Maut,	Malt.
Caff,	Calf.	Pow,	Poll.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.	Row,	Roll.
Faut,	Fault.	Scawd,	Scald.
Fause,	False.	Stown,	Stolen.
Fowk,	Folk.	Wawk,	Walk.
Fawn,	Fallen.		

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

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

IV. The *o*, *æ*, or *ow*, is changed to *a*, *æ*, or *ai*; as,

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
Ac, or aue,	One.	Law,	Low.
Aiten,	Oaten.	Mac,	More.
Aff,	Off.	Maist,	Most.
Aften,	Often.	Mair,	More.
Aik,	Oak.	Mane,	Moan.
Aith,	Oath.	Maw,	Mow.
Ain, or awn,	Own.	Na,	No.
Alane,	Alone.	Nane,	None.
Amaist,	Almost.	Naithing,	Nothing.
Amang,	Among.	Pape,	Pope.
Airs,	Oars.	Rae,	Roe.
Aits,	Oats.	Rair,	Roar.
Apen,	Open.	Raip,	Rope.
Awner,	Owner.	Raw,	Row.
Bane,	Bone.	Soft,	Soft.
Bair,	Boar.	Saip,	Soap.
Baith,	Both.	Sair,	Sore.
Blaw,	Blow.	Sang,	Song.
Braid,	Broad.	Slaw,	Slow.
Claith,	Cloth.	Snaw,	Snow.
Craw,	Crow.	Strake,	Stroke.
Drap,	Drop.	Staw,	Stole.
Fae,	Foe.	Stane,	Stone.
Frae,	Fro, or from.	Saul,	Soul.
Gae,	Go.	Tae,	Toe.
Gaits,	Goats.	Taiken,	Token.
Grane,	Groan.	Tangs,	Tongs.
Haly,	Holy.	Tap,	Top.
Hale,	Whole.	Thrang,	Throng.
Halesome,	Wholesome.	Wae,	Woe.
Hame,	Home.	Wan,	Won.
Hait, or het,	Hot.	War,	Worse.
Laith,	Loath.	Wark,	Work.
Laid,	Load.	Wame,	Belly.
Lain, or len,	Loan.	World,	World.
Lang,	Long.	Wha,	Who.

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

Anither,	Another.	Ither,	Other.
Bill,	Bull.	Mither,	Mother.
Birn,	Burn.	Nits,	Nuts.
Brither,	Brother.	Nise,	Nose.
Fit,	Foot.	Pit,	Put.
Fither,	Fother.	Rin,	Run.
Hinny,	Honey.	Sin,	Sun.

- ABLINS*, perhaps.
Aboon, above.
Agee, to one side.
Ahint, behind.
Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.
Ails, grief or sickness.
Ain, owu.
Air, long since, early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.
Airt, point of compass, to direct.
Aith, oath.
Anew, enough.
Antrin, occasional.
Arles, earnest of a bargain.
Ase, ashes.
Asteer, abroad, out of doors.
Atains, or *at anes*, at once, at the same time.
Attour, out-over.
Auld-farren, sagacious.
Aumrie, a cupboard.
Aurglebargine, to contend and wrangle.
Ava, at all.
Avon, owing a debt.
Awsome, frightful, terrible.
Aynd, the breath.
Ayont, beyond.
- BACK-SET*, a sirloin of beef.
Badrans, a cat.
Baid, abode.
Bairns, children.
Bair, a boar.
Balan, whale-bone.
Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it *came with a bang*. *A bang* also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang*.
Bangster, a blustering roaring person.
Bunnocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Darken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.
Burlichood, a fit of drunken angry passion.
- Barrow-trams*, the staves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, the colic.
Bauch, sorry, indifferent.
Bauld, bold, intrepid.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Bawsoy, bawsand fac'd, is a cow or horse with a white face.
Bedeem, immediately, in haste.
Beek, to bask.
Beetle, a wooden mell for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
Beild, a shelter.
Best, beaten.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Begud, began.
Begunk, a trick which exposes to ridicule.
Bein, wealthy. *A bein house*, a warm well-furnished house.
Beit, to help, to repair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltane, the 1st of May, O. S. or Rood-day.
Bend, to drink hard; a cant term.
Ben, the inner room of a house.
Bennison, blessing.
Bensell or *Bensail*, force.
Bent, the open field.
Beuke, baked.
Beuk or *buik*, a book.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
Bide, to abide, remain.
Big, build. *Biggit*, built. *Biggings*, buildings.
Bigonet, a lincn cap or coif.
Billy, a brother or companion.
Bink, nest or hive of bees.
Birkie, a lively fellow.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it *birling a bawbee*.
Birn, a burnt mark on the nose of sheep.

- Birns*, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, a force, flying swiftly with a noise.
Birsie, bristly.
Birs'd, bruised.
Black-a-vised, of a dark complexion.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blastum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Blaw, a blast; "to tak a blaw;" to take a whiff of tobacco.
Bleech, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer, to make the eye water.
Bleeze, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse. *Bletherer*, a babbler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.
Blinkin, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Blythe, to make glad.
Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall.
Bob, to dance.
Bock, to vomit.
Bodin, provided or furnished.
Bodle, one sixth of an English penny; two pennies Scots.
Bodword, on ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.
Bogill-bo, hobgoblin or spectre.
Bonnie-walys, toys, gewgaws.
Bonny or bonnie, beautiful.
Boss, empty.
Bouk, bulk.
Bourd, jest or scoff.
Bouze, to drink.
Bowrach, an enclosure; a chamber.
Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting of corn.
- Brander*, a gridiron.
Branken, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.
Brats, rags.
Brattle, noise, as of horse feet.
Braw, brave; fine in apparel.
Brawns, calves of the legs.
Break, to fail, to disappoint.
Breckan, fern.
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead.
Brig, bridge.
Brizz, to press.
Brochen, a kind of water gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Broose, a race on horse-back at a country wedding.
Browden, fond, warmly attached.
Browster, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing.
Brulyement, a broil, brawl, or quarrel.
Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by *thrawn Bucky*.
Buff, nonsense, as, *he blether'd buff*.
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time.
Buirldy, strong; athletic.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide.
Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were, "to the bung."
Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats.
Bunler, a bungler.
Burn, a brook.
Busk, to deck; dress.
Bustine, fustian cloth.

But, often for *without*. As, *but feed or favour*.

But, towards the inner apartment of a house, corresponding to hen. "*But and ben*."

Bygane, hypast.

Byre, a cow-house.

Byword, a proverb.

CADGE, carry. *Cadger* is a country carrier, &c.

Caff, a calf. *Chaff*.

Caidgy, cheerful; sportive.

Cairny, loose heaps of stones called cairns.

Callan, boy.

Camschough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.

Cangle, to quarrel.

Cankeved, angry, passionately, snarling.

Canna, cannot.

Cannie, attentive, wary, gentle, mild.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

Cantrips, incantations.

Cauty, cheerful and merry.

Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured.

Car, fledge.

Carle, a word for an old man

Carline, an old woman. *Gire-*

Carlina, a giant's wife.

Carna, care not.

Cathel, a hot pot, made of ale, sugar, and eggs.

Cauldrife, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address.

Cauler, cool or fresh.

Caw, to drive.

Cawf, a calf.

Cawk, chalk.

Chafst, chops.

Chancy, fortunate, good-natured.

Chappin, an ale measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.

A-char or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out

of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, they're *a-char* or *a-jar*.

Charlewan, the constellation called the plough, *Ursa Major*.

Chat, a cant name for the gallows.

Chiel, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *that chiel*.

Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.

Chucky, a hen.

Clacs, clothes.

Clan, tribe, family.

Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.

Clashes, chat.

Clatter, to chatter.

Clautht, took hold suddenly.

Claver, to speak nonsense.

Claw, to scratch.

Cleek, to catch as with a hook.

Cledding, clothing.

Cleugh, a den hetwixt rocks.

Clink, money, a cant term.

Clinty, hard, stony.

Clock, a heetle.

Cloited, the fall of any soft moist thing.

Closs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.

Clute or *Cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep.

Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when it is wrapt or *snooded* up with a hand or *snood*.

Cockstule, the pillory.

Cod, a pillow.

Coft, bought.

Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.

Coyle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards inclining to fall.

- Coof*, a stupid fellow.
Cooster, a stoned horse.
Coost, did east. *Coosten*, thrown.
Coots, the ankles.
Corby, a raven.
Cosie, warm, sheltered in a convenient place.
Cotter, a sub-tenant.
Cour, to crouch and creep.
Couth, frank and kind.
Cow, a brown cow; a ludicrous designation given to beer or ale, from its colour, as contradistinguished from that of milk.
Cowp, to fall; also a fall.
Cowp, to change or harter.
Cowp, a company of people; as merry, senseless, corky *cowp*.
Crack, to chat.
Craig, the throat.
Craigy, rocky.
Cranreuch, hoar frost.
Creel, basket.
Creesh, grease.
Croil, a crooked dwarf.
Croon or *Crune*, to murmur, or hum over a song. The lowing of bulls.
Crouse, bold.
Crowdie, meal and water.
Crummy, a cow's narac.
Cryne, shrink, or become less by drying.
Cryve, a cottage.
Cuddle, to fondle.
Cudie, a small wooden vessel.
Cudiegh, a bribe or present.
Culzie, entice or flatter.
Cun, to taste, learn, know.
Cunzie or *coonie*, coin.
Curn, a small parcel.
Cursache, a kerchief. A linen dress worn by our *Highland* women.
Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.
- Cutts*, lots. These *cutts* are usually made of straws unequally cut.
Cutty, short.
DAB, a proficient.
Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell with a dad*. He *dadded* his head against the wall, &c.
Daft, foolish; and sometimes wanton.
Daffin, folly, waggery.
Daintiths, delicates, dainties.
Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.
Dale, a valley, plain.
Dander, wander to and fro, or saunter.
Dang, *did ding*, beat, thrust, drive. *Ding, dang*, moving hastily one on the back of another.
Darn, to hide.
Dash, to put out of countenance.
Dawty, a foudling; darling. *To dawt*, to cocker, and caress with tenderness.
Deave, to stun the ears with noise.
Dees, dairy-maids.
Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.
Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.
Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.
Devogs, rags or shapings of cloth.
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.
Dight, decked, made ready; also, to clean.
Dinna, do not.
Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.
Dit, to stop or close up a bolc.
Divot, broad turf.
Dizzy, giddy.
Dochter, daughter.
Docken, a dock (the herb).
Doilt, confused and silly.

- Doited*, dozed or crazy, as in old age.
- Doll*, a large piece, *dole*, or share.
- Donk*, moist.
- Donsie*, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little person.
- Doofart*, a dull heavy headed fellow.
- Dool* or *drule*, the goal which the gamesters strive to gain first (as at foot-ball).
- Dcol*, pain, grief.
- Dorts*, a proud pet.
- Dorty*, proud, not to be spoken to, conceited, appearing as discontented.
- Douf*, a dull stupid fellow.
- Dour*, obstinate, stern.
- Dought*, could, availed.
- Doughty*, stroog, valiant, and able.
- Douks*, dives under water.
- Douse*, solid, grave, prudent.
- Dow*, to will, to incline, to thrive.
- Dow*, dove.
- Dow'd*, liquor that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered plant.
- Doveff*, mournful, wanting vivacity.
- Dowie*, melancholy, sad, doleful.
- Downa*, *dow not*, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it.
- Downa*, inability, not able.
- Dowp*, the buttocks, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. *Better haff egg as toom dowp*.
- Dozend*, cold, impotent.
- Dragle*, to bespatter with mire.
- Drant*, to speak slow, after a sighing manœur.
- Dree*, to suffer, to endure.
- Dreery*, wearisome, frightful.
- Dregy*, the computation of the funeral company after the interment.
- Dreigh*, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts we call *dreigh*, tedious.
- Dribs*, drops.
- Drizel*, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.
- Droning*, sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans.
- Drouked*, drenched, all wet.
- Drouth*, thirst.
- Dubs*, mire.
- Duddy*, ragged.
- Dung*, defeat.
- Dunt*, stroke or blow.
- Dunty*, a doxy.
- Durk*, a poinyard or dagger
- Dynles*, trembles, shakes.
- Dyvoor*, a hankrupt.
- EARD*, earth, the ground.
- Edge*, of a hill, as the side or top.
- Een*, eyes.
- Eerie*, frightened—dreading spirits
- Eggs*, incites, stirs up.
- Eild*, age.
- Eildeens*, of the same age.
- Eith*, easy. *Eithar*, easier.
- Eithly*, easily.
- Elbuck*, elbow.
- Elf-shot*, hewitched, shot by fairies.
- Elritch*, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.
- Elson*, a shoemaker's awl.
- Elwand*, a rod.
- Endlang*, along.
- Ergh*, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a steady resolution.
- Erst*, time past.
- Estler*, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *estler-work*.
- Ether*, an adder.
- Ethercap*, a spider; an ill-humoured person.
- Ettle*, to aim, design.
- Even'd*, compared.
- Eydent*, diligent, laborious.

- FA'*, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.
- Fadge*, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll.
- Fae*, a foe, an enemy.
- Fag*, to tire, to turn weary.
- Fail*, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.
- Fain*, expresses earnest desires; as *fain would I*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.
- Fait*, neat, in good order.
- Fairfa'*, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.
- Fang*, the talons of a fowl. *To fang* to grip, or hold fast.
- Farer*, more distant.
- Fash*, vex or trouble. *Fashous*, troublesome.
- Faugh*, a colour between white and red. *Faugh riggs*, fallow ground.
- Fauld*, fold for sheep.
- Fecht*, fight or fail.
- Feck*, a part, a quantity; as *maist feck*, the greatest number; *nae feck*, very few.
- Feckfu'*, able, active.
- Feckless*, feeble, little and weak.
- Feed* or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.
- Fee*, wages; to hire.
- Fell*, the whole tract of land throughout the Cheviot hills, which is not ploughed, is called the Fells.
- Feil*, many, several.
- Fen*, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. *Make a fen*, fall upon methods.
- Ferly*, wonder.
- Fernzier*, the last or fore-run year.
- Fettle*, low in stature, but well knit.
- File*, to defile or dirty.
- Fireflaught*, a flash of lightning.
- Firrot*, four pecks.
- Fistle*, to stir, a stir.
- Fitsted*, the print of the foot.
- Fizzing*, whizzing.
- Flaffing*, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.
- Flags*, flashes as of wind and fire.
- Flane*, an arrow.
- Flang*, flung.
- Flaughter*, to pare turf from the ground.
- Flee*, to fly.
- Fleetch*, to coax or flatter.
- Fleg*, fright.
- Flewet*, a smart blow.
- Fley*, or *flic*, to affright. *Fleyt*, afraid or terrified.
- Flinders*, splinters.
- Flit*, to remove.
- Flunkie*, a livery servant.
- Flushes*, floods.
- Flyte*, to scold, to chide. *Flet*, did scold.
- Fog*, moss.
- Foodays*, the morning far advanced, fair daylight.
- Forby*, besides.
- Forebears*, forefathers, ancestors.
- Forefairn*, abused, bespattered.
- Forfouchten*, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting.
- Foregainst*, opposite to.
- Forgather*, to meet, encounter.
- Forleet*, to forsake or forget.
- Forstam*, the forchead.
- Fou*, *fu*, full, drunk.
- Fouk*, people.
- Fouth*, abundance, plenty.
- Fozy*, spongy, soft.
- Frae*, from.
- Fraise*, to make a noise. We use to say one *makes a fraise*, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
- Fraise*, a cajoling discourse.
- Fray*, bustle, fighting.
- Freik*, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremyt, strange, not a-kin.

Fristed, trusted.

Frush, brittle, like bread taked with butter.

Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.

Furder, prosper.

Furthy, forward, frank, affable.

Fush, brought.

Fyke, to be restless, uneasy.

GAB, the mouth, to prat, *gab sae gash*.

Gabbing, prating pertly. *To gab again*, when servants give sauey returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

Gaed, went.

Gaffaw, a hearty loud laughter. *To gawf*, langh.

Gait, a goat, a way, a street.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cause, make, or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thiug.

Gartanes, garters.

Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out ehin, we call *gash-gabbet*, or *gash-beard*.

Gate, way.

Gaunt, yawn.

Gawky, an idle, staring, idiotical person.

Gawn, going. *Gane*, gone.

Gavos, galls.

Gawsy, jolly, buxom.

Gear, money; goods of any kind.

Geck, to mock.

Genty, handsome, genteel.

Gett, brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

Gielanger, an ill debtor.

Gif, if, against.

Gilliegacus or *gilliegapus*, a staring gaping fool, a gorman-dizer.

Gilpy, a roguish boy.

Gimmer, a ewe two years old.

GIN, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, snarl. Also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse hair, to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good-for-nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, jingling. When devils, wizards, or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to east *glamour* over the eyes of the spectator.

Glar, mire, ouzy mud.

Glee, to squint.

Gleg, sharp, quick, active.

Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.

Gloamin', the twilight or evening-gloom.

Gloom, to seowl or frown.

Glowr, to stare, look stern.

Glumsh, to hang the brow and grumble.

Goan, a wooden dish for meat.

Gorlings or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds.

Gossie, gossip.

Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.

Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.

Govans, daizies.

Gowd, gold.

Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound hlow on the chops, we call a *gowf on the hassit*.

Gowk, the cuckoo. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one snbject, a *gowk*.

- Gowl*, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Graff, grave.
Graith, suds for washing clothes.
Grane, groin.
Granny, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork, also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Grein, to long for.
Grew, a greyhound.
Grieve, an overseer.
Grip, a grasp.
Groof, to lie flat on the helly.
Grots, milled oats.
Grouch or *glumsh*, to murmur, grudge.
Gruff, gross, coarse.
Grudden, wept.
Gryse, a pig.
Gude or *guid*, good, also used for the name of God.
Gudeman, a husband.
Gully, a large knife.
Gumption, good sense.
Gunk, to give the slip, or jilt.
Gurly, rough, bitter cold weather.
Gusty, savoury.
Gulcher, grandfather.
Gysend, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
Gyte, daft.
Gyllings, young children.
- HAAFFLIN*, half grown.
Haffit, the cheek, side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse table linen.
Haggis, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halesome, wholesome; as, *hale*, whole.
Hallen a screen.
- Hame* or *haim*, home.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
Hawslock, description of the finest wool, being the lock that grows on the lass or throat.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Harigalds, applied to the tearing of one's hair.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the skull.
Harship, ruin.
Hash, a sloven.
Hass, the throat, or fore part of the neck.
Haud, hold.
Hauf, half.
Haugh, valley, or low ground on the sides of rivers.
Haveren, or *harrel*, one who talks nonsense.
Havins, good breeding. *Haviour*, behaviour.
Haws, the fruit of the hawthorn.
Heal or *heel*, health, or whole.
Hechts, promises.
Heepy, a person hypochondriac.
Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *heezy* is a good lift.
Heft, accustomed to live in a place.
Height, promised, also named.
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
Herriet, ruined in estate, broken, spoiled.
Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt. Also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.
Heather-bells, the heath blossom.
Heugh, a rock or steep hill. Also a coal-pit.
Hiddils, or *hiddlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *hiddlings*, i. e. privately.

- Hinny*, honey, a familiar term expressive of affection.
- Hirple*, to move slowly and lamely.
- Hirsel*, to move resting on the hams.
- Hirsell*, a stock of sheep.
- Ho*, a single stocking.
- Hobbleshow*, confused racket, noise.
- Hog*, a young sheep of the second year.
- Hool*, husk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.
- Hooly*, slow.
- Host*, or *whost*, to cough.
- Hou*, or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree.
- How*, low ground, a hollow.
- How!* ho!
- Howderd*, hidden.
- Howdy*, a midwife.
- Howk*, to dig.
- Howlet*, an owl.
- Howms*, plains on river sides.
- Howl*, fy!
- Howlody*, a young hen.
- Hurkle*, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedgehog, or hare.
- Hynd*, a farm servant.
- Hyt*, mad.
- ICESHOGLES**, icicles.
- Ilk*, each. *Ilk*, every.
- Ingan*, onion.
- Ingle*, fire, fireplace.
- Irc*, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy.
- Psc*, I shall; as *I'll* for I will.
- Isles*, ciphers.
- JACK**, Jacket.
- Jag*, to prick as with a pin.
- Jap*, the dashing of water.
- Jaw*, a wave or gush of water.
- Jee*, to incline to one side. To *jee* hack and fore, is to move like a balance up and down, to this and the other side.
- Jeer*, to taunt.
- Jig*, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel, to play the fiddle.
- Jimp*, slender.
- Jip*, a gypsie.
- Jirk*, to turn suddenly.
- Joe*, a sweetheart.
- Jouk*, to yield to any present evil by making the best of it.
- Junt*, a large joint or piece of meat.
- Jute*, sour or dead liquor.
- Jybe*, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.
- KABER**, a rafter.
- Kale*, or *kail*, cole-wort, and sometimes broth.
- Kain*, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
- Kaim*, comb.
- Kanny*, or *canny*, fortunate, also wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
- Kebbuck*, a cheese.
- Keckle*, to laugh, to be noisy.
- Kedgy*, jovial.
- Keek*, to peep.
- Kelt*, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.
- Kemp*, to strive who shall perform most of the same work, in the same time.
- Ken*, to know; used in England as a noun, a thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.
- Kent*, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.
- Keop*, to catch a thing that moves towards one.
- Kiest*, did cast. *Vid. coost.*
- Killed*, tucked up.
- Kimmer*, a female gossip.
- Kintra*, country.
- Kirn*, a churn, to churn.
- Kirtle*, an upper petticoat.
- Kitchen*, all sorts of eatables, except bread.
- Kittle*, to tickle, ticklish.

- Kittle*, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings).
Knacky, witty and facetious.
Knait, to beat or strike sharply.
Knosed, buffeted and bruised.
Knoost, or *knuist*, a large lump.
Knowe, a hillock.
Knublock, a knob.
Knuckles, only used in Scots for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.
Kow, a goblin, or any person one stands in awe to offend, and fears.
Kye, kine or cows.
Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours*.
Kyle, the belly.
- LADDIE**, a boy, or fondling term applied to a young man.
Ladin, a load.
Laggeri, bespattered, covered with clay.
Laird, low.
Laird, landholder.
Laird, loath.
Lails, manners.
Lak, or *lack*, undervalued, contempt; as *he that lacks my mare would buy my mare*.
Landwart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.
Lane or *His lane*, alone.
Lang, long.
Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, i. e. divert him.
Langsum, slow, tedious.
Lankale, colworts uncut.
Lap, leaped.
Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.
Lare, a place for laying, or that has been layn in.
Lare, bog, to stick in the mire.
Lare, the rest or remainder.
Larrock, the lark.
Lawin, a tavern reckoning.
Lawland, low country.
- Lawty*, or *lawtith*, justice, fidelity, honesty.
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal heart never lied*.
Leam, flame.
Learn, learning, to learn.
Lee, untilled ground; also an open grassy plain.
Lee-lang, live long.
Leeze-me, dear is to me; a phrase of self gratulation.
Leglin, a milking-pale with one lug or handle.
Leman, a kept miss.
Lends, buttocks, loins.
Leugh, laughed.
Leo-warm, lukewarm.
Libbit, gelded.
Licht, a light.
Lick, to whip or beat; *item*, a wag or cheat, is called a great *lick*.
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.
Lift, the sky or firmament
Liggs, lyes.
Lills, the holes of a wind instrument of music.
Lill, a ballad, a tunc, to sing.
Lilt it out, take off your drink merrily.
Limmer, a whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a cataract.
Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
Lingle, cord, shoe-maker's thread.
Linkin, walking speedily.
Lire, breasts; the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.
Lisk, the flank.
Lith, a joint.
Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
Loch, a lake.

- Loe*, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the hand.
Looms, tools, instruments in general, vessels.
Loot, did let.
Loun, a rogue or worthless person.
Lounder, a sound blow.
Loup, a leap.
Lout, to bow down, making courtesy, to stoop.
Low, flame. *Lowin*, flaming.
Lown, calm; *keep lown*, be secret.
Luck, to enclose, shut up, fasten; hence, *Lucken handed*, close fasted *Lucken*, gowans, booths, &c.
Lucky, grandmother or goody.
Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lure, rather.
Lyart, hoary or grey-haired.
- MAGIL**, to mangle.
Maik or *make*, to match, equal.
Maikless, matchless.
Mailen, a farm.
Makly, seemly, well proportioned.
Maksna matter, makes no matter, does not signify.
Malison, a curse, malediction.
Mane, moan.
Mangil, galled or bruised, or bruised by toil or stripes.
Mank, a want.
Mant, to stammer in speech.
March or *merch*, a land-mark, border of lands.
Mare, or *mair*, more.
Marh, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.
Mask, to masb, in brewing.
Masking-loom, mash-vat.
Mavis a thrush.
- Maun*, must. *Maunna*, must not, may not.
Meikle, much, big, great, large.
Meith, limit, mark, sign.
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make amends*, to make a grateful return.
Mense, discretion, sobriety, good breeding.
Mensfu', mannerly.
Messen, a little dog, lap-dog.
Menzie, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Mim, affectedly modest.
Minnie or *milther*, mother.
Mint, aim, endeavour.
Mirk, dark.
Misca', to give names.
Mischance or *mischanter*, misfortune.
Misken, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, let alone.
Mistushous, malicious, rough.
Misters, necessities, wants.
Miltans, woollen gloves.
Mizzly, having different colours.
Mony, many.
Mools, the earth of the grave.
Molly, full of motes.
Mou, mouth.
Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.
Mow, a pin or bing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.
Mows, jests.
Muckle, see *Meikle*.
Murgulied, mismanaged, abused.
Mutch, coil.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
- NAE*, no, not any.
Nakl, or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.
Nappy, ale.

- Neb*, the nose, used ludicrously.
Ne'er-do-weel, one whose conduct gives reason to think that he will never do well, a scape-grace.
Neese, to sneeze.
Neist, next.
Neive, the fist.
Nettle, to fret or vex.
Neuk, nook, a corner.
Nevel, a sound blow with the *neive* or fist.
Newfangled, fond of a new thing.
Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated; also as a cant word to drink heartily, as, *He nicks fine*.
Niffer, to exchange or barter.
Niffnaffen, trifling.
Nignays, trifles.
Nip, a bite, a small bit of any thing.
Nither, to straiten. *Nithered*, hungered or half starved in maintenance.
Nocht, nothing.
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.
Nod, sleep.
Noddle, head.
Noit, see *knoit*.
Nuckle, new calved cows.
Nowt, cows, kinc.
Nowther, ueither.
- OE*, a grandchild.
O'er or owe, too much; as *A' o'ers is vice*.
O'ercome, overplus.
Onsell, the messuagc or manor-house of a harony.
Ony, any.
Or, sometimes used for ever or before. *Or day*, i. e. before day break.
Ora, any thing over what is needful.
Orp, to weep with a conclusive pant.
- Oughtlens*, in the least.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Ourlay, a cravat.
Out-owre, out over.
Owk, week.
Owsen, oxen.
Owlhur, either.
Oxter, the arm-pit.
- PADDOCK*, a frog. *Paddock-ride*, the spawn of frogs.
Paiks, chastisement. *To paik*, to beat or helabour one soundly.
Pair, poor.
Patrick, a partridge.
Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pawky, witty or sly in word or action, without any harm or had designs.
Peer, a quay or wharf.
Peels, turf for fire.
Pegh, to pant.
Pensy, finical, foppish, conceited.
Perquire, by heart.
Pell, a favourite or foudling. *To peltle*, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the *pell* is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly *pellts* are when in the least crossed.
Pibrochs, such *Highland* tunes as are played on bagpipes before them when they go out to battle.
Pig, an esrthen pitcher.
Pike, to pick out, or choose.
Pinkin, pimping, mean, scurvy.
Pine, pain.
Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard.
Pirn, the spool or quill within the shuttle, which receives the yarn. *Pirny*, cloth, or a weh of unequal threads or colours, striped.
Pith, strength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English.

Poorlith, poverty.

People or *paple*, the bubbling, purring, or boiling of water. (*Popling*).

Pouss, to push.

Poutch, a pocket.

Pow, the head.

Powny, a little horse or galloway; also a turkey.

Pratrick, practice, art, stratagem.

Priving pratrick, trying ridiculous experiments.

Preen, a pin.

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, *He played me a pret*, i. e. cheated. *The callan's fou o' pret*, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prive, to prove or taste.

Propine, a gift or present.

Pund, a pound.

Putt a stane, throw a big stone.

Pryme or *prime*, to fill or stuff.

QUAIGH, a small shallow drinking cup, with two handles.

Queans, young women.

Quey, a young cow.

RACKLESS, careless. One who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless handed*

Rac, a roe.

Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, a loud sound.

Rair, to roar.

Rak or *Rook*, a mist or fog.

Rampage, to speak and act furiously.

Rant, a merry meeting; to be jovial or jolly in a noisy way.

Rashes, rushes.

Raught, reached.

Rave, did rive or tear.

Rax, to stretch; *raxed*, reached.

Ream, cream. Whence, *reaming*, as, *reaming liquor*.

Redd, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.

Rede, council, advice; as, *I wadna red ye to do that*.

Reek, reach; also smoke.

Reest, to rust, or dry in the smoke.

Reft, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.

Reif, rapine, robbery.

Reik or *rink*, a course or race.

Rever, a robber or pirate.

Rewth, pity.

Rice or *ris*, outrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.

Rife or *ryfe*, plenty.

Rift, to belch.

Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house.

Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins.

Risp, to make a harsh sound.

Rock, a distaff.

Roose or *ruse*, to commend, extol.

Roove, to rivet.

Rottan, a rat.

Roudes, an old wrinkled ill-tured woman.

Roundel, a witty, and often satiric kind of rhyme.

Rousted, rusted.

Rout, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.

Routh, plenty.

Rowin, rolling.

Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corn.

Rude, the red taint of the complexion.

Ruefu', doleful.

- Rug*, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off.
Runkle, a wrinkle; *Runkle*, to ruffle.
Runt, the stem of the cabbage.
Rype, to search.
- SAEBEINS*, secing it is, since.
Saikless, guiltless, free.
Sain'd, blessed.
Sall, shall. Like *soud* for should.
Sand-blind, pur-blind, short-sighted, blind-fair.
Sar, savour or smell
Sark, a shirt.
Saugh, a willow or sallow tree.
Saul, the soul.
Saw. an old saying or proverbial expression.
Saw, to sow seed
Scad, scald.
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rains.
Scart, to scratch.
Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground.
Scan, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock.
Scoup, to leave or move hastily from one place to another.
Scowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Screed, to tear; *screed aff*, to do anything quickly.
Scrimp, narrow, straitened, little.
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briars; *scroggy*, thorny.
Scuds, ale; also, strokes with the open hand, or a rod.
Scunner, to loath.
Second sight, a power of foreseeing future events.
Sell, self.
Seuch, a furrow, a ditch.
- Sey*, to try.
Seybey, a young onion.
Shan, pitiful, silly, poor.
Shackle-bane, the wrist.
Shairn, cow's dung.
Shave, a slice.
Shaw, a wood or forest.
Shawl, shallow.
Shawps, empty husks.
Sheen, shining.
Sheveling-gabbit, baving a distorted mouth.
Shieling, a hut for those who have the care of cattle or sheep.
Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *shire*; also, a clever wag, *a shire lick*.
Shog, to wag, snake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to threaten.
Shottle, a drawer.
Sib, a-kin.
Sic, such.
Sicker, firm, secure.
Sidelins, sidelong, indirectly.
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
Siller, silver, money.
Sindle or *Sinle*, seldom.
Sinsyne, since that time; *lang sinsyne*, long ago.
Skail, to scatter, to spill.
Skair, share.
Skait, hurt, damage, loss.
Skeigh, skittish.
Skelf, shelf.
Skelp, to run. Used when one runs bare-foot. Also a small splinter of wood; to flog with the open hand.
Skiff, to move smoothly away.
Skink, a kind of strong broth made of cows hams or knuc-

- kles; also, to fill drink in a cup.
- Skinkle*, to sparkle, to make a showy appearance.
- Skirl*, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
- Sklate*, slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue slate.
- Sklent*, slant, to look askance.
- Skreed*, a rent, a tear.
- Skybald*, a tatterdemajohn.
- Skyte*, fly out hastily.
- Slade*, or *slaid*, did slide, moved or made a thing move easily.
- Slap*, or *slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills; *slap*, a breach in a wall.
- Slee*, sly.
- Sleek*, smooth.
- Sleet*, a shower of half-melted snow.
- Slerg*, to bedawb or plaister.
- Slid*, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid loon*; *slidry*, slippery.
- Slippery*, sleepy.
- Stocken*, to quench.
- Slonk*, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire.
- Stote*, a bar or bolt for a door.
- Slough*, husk or coat.
- Smaik*, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.
- Smirky*, smiling.
- Smittle*, infectious or catching.
- Smoor*, to smother.
- Snack*, nimble, ready, clever.
- Sned*, to prune, to lop off.
- Sneer*, to laugh in derision.
- Sneg*, to cut; as, *snegged off at the web-end*.
- Snell*, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
- Snib*, to snub, check, reprove, or correct.
- Snifter*, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little stopt.
- Snod*, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
- Snood*, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
- Snool*, one who meanly submits to the authority of another.
- Snoove*, to whirl round.
- Snotter*, snot at a child's nose.
- Snurl*, to ruffle or wrinkle.
- Sod*, a thick turf.
- Sodger*, a soldier.
- Sonsy*, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.
- Soop*, to sweep.
- Sore*, sorrel, redish coloured.
- Sorn*, to sponge.
- Soss*, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
- Sough*, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
- Souter*, a shoemaker.
- Southron*, an old name for an Englishman.
- Sowens*, flummery, or oat-meal sowred amongst water for some time, then hoiled to a consistency, and caten with milk or butter.
- Sowf*, to conn over a tuuc on an instrument.
- Spae*, to foretell or divine; *spacemen*, prophets, augurs.
- Spane*, to wean from the breast.
- Spate*, a torrent, flood, or inundation.
- Spang*, a jump; to overleap.
- Spankie*, sprightly, dashing.
- Spaul*, shoulder, arm.
- Speel*, to climb.
- Speer*, to ask, inquire.
- Spelder*, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder.
- Spence*, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
- Spill*, to spoil, abuse.
- Spoolie*, spoil, booty, plunder.
- Sprains*, stripes of different colours.
- Sprush*, spruce.
- Sprutt'd*, speckled, spotted.

- Spunk*, a match.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Sta' did steal.
Stay, steep; as *set a stout heart to a stay brae*.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.
Stang, did ating; also a sting or pole.
Stank, a pool of standing water; did stink.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety. We say, *ne'er a starn*.
Steek, to shut close.
Stegh, to cram, to gormandise.
Stend, or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a steer or bullock.
Stoit or *stot*, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A stou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, a smarting pain or stitch.
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet; *to stour*, to run quickly.
Stowth, stealth.
Strand, a gutter.
Strappin, clever, tall, handsome.
Strath, a plain on a river-side.
Streek, to stretch.
Striddle, to stride, applied commonly to one that is little.
Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw.
Stroot or *strute*, stuffed full, drunk.
Strunt, a pett; *to take the strunt*, to be petted or out of humour.
Sturdy, giddy-headed, strong.
Sture or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
Styddy, an anvil, or smith's stithy.
- Styme*, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.
Suddle, to sully or defile.
Sumph, blockhead.
Sung, the hair rendered singed.
Sunkan, spleenatic.
Sunkots, aomething.
Swak, to throw, cast with force.
Swankies, clever young fellows.
Swarf, to swoon away.
Swash, squat, fuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swats, small ale.
Swetch, burden, weight, force.
Sweer, lazy, slow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, suffocated, choked to death.
Swith, begone quickly.
Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
Syne, afterwards, then.
- TAE*, the toe.
Tackel, an arrow.
Taid, toad.
Taigle, to detain.
Tane, taken.
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as apinsters put upon the distaff, is called a *lint-tap*.
Tape, to use any thing sparingly.
Tappit-hen, the Scots quart-stoup.
Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.
Tartan, cross striped stuff, of various colours, chequered. The Highland plaids.
Tass, a little dram-cup.
Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.
Tauld, told.
Taunt, to mock.
Tawpy, a foolish wench.
Taws, a whip or scourge.

- Ted*, to scatter, spread.
Tea, a little earth on which gamesters at the *gowf* set their balls before they strike them off.
Teen or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.
Teet, to peep out.
Tensome, the number of ten.
Tent, attention, *tenty*, cautious.
Thack, thatch.
Thae, those.
Thae, these.
Tharms, small stripes.
Theek, to thatch.
Thig, to beg or borrow.
Thir, these.
Thirle, to pass with a tingling sensation.
Thole, to endure, suffer.
Thoom, thumb.
Thow, thaw.
Thowless, inactive, silly, lazy, heavy.
Thrang, a crowd, or constant employment.
Thrawart, forward, cross, crabbed.
Thrawin, stern and cross-grained.
Threep or *threap*, to aver, allege, urge and affirm boldly.
Thrimle, to press or squeeze through with difficulty.
Thrum, to purr as a cat.
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. *Cry'd hech at ilka thud*, i. e. gave a groan at every blow.
Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, *he took the tid*.
Tift, good order, health.
Timmer, timber; to *loom the timmer*; to empty the (wooden) drinking cup.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinsel, loss.
Tip or *tippeny*, ale sold for twopence the Scots pint.
- Tirle* or *tirr*, to uncover a house.
Titty, sister.
Tocker, portion, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Tooly, to fight; a fight or quarrel.
To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed.
Toom, empty, applied to a harrel, purse, house, &c; to empty.
Tosh, tight, neat.
Tosie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.
Tot, a fondling designation for a child.
Touse or *tousle*, to rumple, tease.
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.
Tow, a rope.
Towin, to beat, to maul
Towmond, a year or twelvemonth.
Treves, hose and breeches all of a piece.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Troke, exchange.
Trottin' running.
Trow, to believe.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs; *turs*, truss.
Twa, two.
Twin, to part with, or separate from.
Twinters, sheep of two years old.
Twitch, touch.
Tydic, neat, trim in dress.
Tyke, a dog; a cur; a scfish, odd, or qucer fellow.
Tynd, vid. *Teen*.
Tyst, to intice, stir up, allure.
- UGG*, to detest, hate, nauseate.
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous.
Umquhile, the late, or deceast sometime ago; of old.
Undocht or *wandocht*, a silly weak person.
Uneith, not easy.

- Ungeard*, naked, not clad, un-larnessed.
Unkend, unknown.
Unko or *unco*, uncouth, strange.
Unlusum, unlovely.
Unsonsie, unlucky.
Usquebae, whisky.
- VIRLES**, verrules, small rings put round any body to keep it firm.
Visie, a scrutinizing view.
Vogie, elevated, proud.
- WAD** or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, wound.
Wad, would, a pledge.
Wae, wo, sorrowful.
Wae's me! *waesucks!* *wo is me!* alas!
Waff, wandering by itself, or shabby, worthless.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and choose.
Wolly, chosen, beautiful, large.
Wallop, to move swiftly with much agitation, a severe blow.
Wame, the belly.
Wandought, feeble, contemptible.
Wone, thought, imagined.
Wongrace, wickedness, want of grace.
War, worse.
Ware, to expend.
Warlock, wizard.
Warsel, to wrestle, to strive.
Wat or *wit*, to know.
Waught, a large draught.
Wouking, to awake from sleep.
Waukin' o' the fauld, the act of watching the sheep fold about the end of summer, when the lambs were weaned, and the ewes milked—a custom now gone into disuse.
Waukrife, wakeful, not apt to sleep.
Wean or *wee ane*, a child.
- Wearifu'*, causing pain or trouble.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Weel-hained, well saved.
Weer, to stop or oppose.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weet, rain.
Wench, wo, mischief.
Wersh, insipid to the taste, wanting salt.
Whack, whip, beat, flog.
Whid, to fly quickly.
Whiles, sometimes.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to gull. *Whilly-icha*, a person who deals in ambiguous premises.
Whinding, whining.
Whinge, to whine.
Whins, furze.
Whisht, hush, bold your peace.
Whisk, to pull out hastily.
Whomilt, turned upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active, a man or person.
Wilyart, wild, shy, timid.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winsom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large.
Wirrycow, a bug-bear or goblin.
Wisend, parched, dried, withered.
Wist, hist, hush.
Wistle, to exchange money.
Withershins, motion against the sun.
Woo' or *wo*, wool.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow, denoting admiration or surprise.

<p><i>Wreaths</i>, of snow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.</p> <p><i>Wud</i>, mad.</p> <p><i>Wysing</i>, inclining, to wise, to lead, train.</p> <p><i>Wyson</i>, the gullet.</p> <p><i>Wyte</i>, to blame.</p> <p><i>YAMPH</i>, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.</p> <p><i>Yap</i>, hungry, having a keen appetite for food.</p> <p><i>Yealtou</i>, yea wilt thou.</p> <p><i>Yed</i>, to contend, wrangle.</p>	<p><i>Yeld</i>, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.</p> <p><i>Yerd</i>, earth.</p> <p><i>Yerk</i>, to do anything with celerity.</p> <p><i>Yesk</i>, the hiccup.</p> <p><i>Yestreen</i>, yesternight.</p> <p><i>Yell</i>, gate.</p> <p><i>Yill</i>, ale.</p> <p><i>Yont</i>, beyond.</p> <p><i>Youdith</i>, youthfulness.</p> <p><i>Youden</i>, wearied.</p> <p><i>Yowf</i>, a swinging blow.</p> <p><i>Yowl</i>, to howl.</p> <p><i>Yuck</i>, the itch.</p> <p><i>Yule</i>, Christmas.</p>
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So long as May produces smelling flowers :
So long as bees delight in sunny hours :
So long as Truth with Innocence shall dwell ;
So long THE GENTLE SHEPHERD shall excel.

Prologue by James Forrest. 1807.

“The charm of THE GENTLE SHEPHERD arises equally from the nature of the passions which are there delineated, and the engaging simplicity and truth with which their effects are described. It is in those touches of simple nature—those artless descriptions of which the heart instantly feels the force, thus confessing their consonance to truth—that RAMSAY excels all the Pastoral Poets that ever wrote.”

LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

Essay on the Writings and Genius of Ramsay.

“Green be the pillow of honest ALLAN, at whose lamp BURNS lighted his brilliant torch !”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

