

THE
C H E R R I E

AND THE
S L A E,

WITH
O T H E R P O E M S,

BY
C A P T. A L E X A N D E R M O N T G O M E R Y,

WITH LARGE NOTES SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE PUBLISHER.

TOGETHER WITH

A Memoir of the Author's Life.

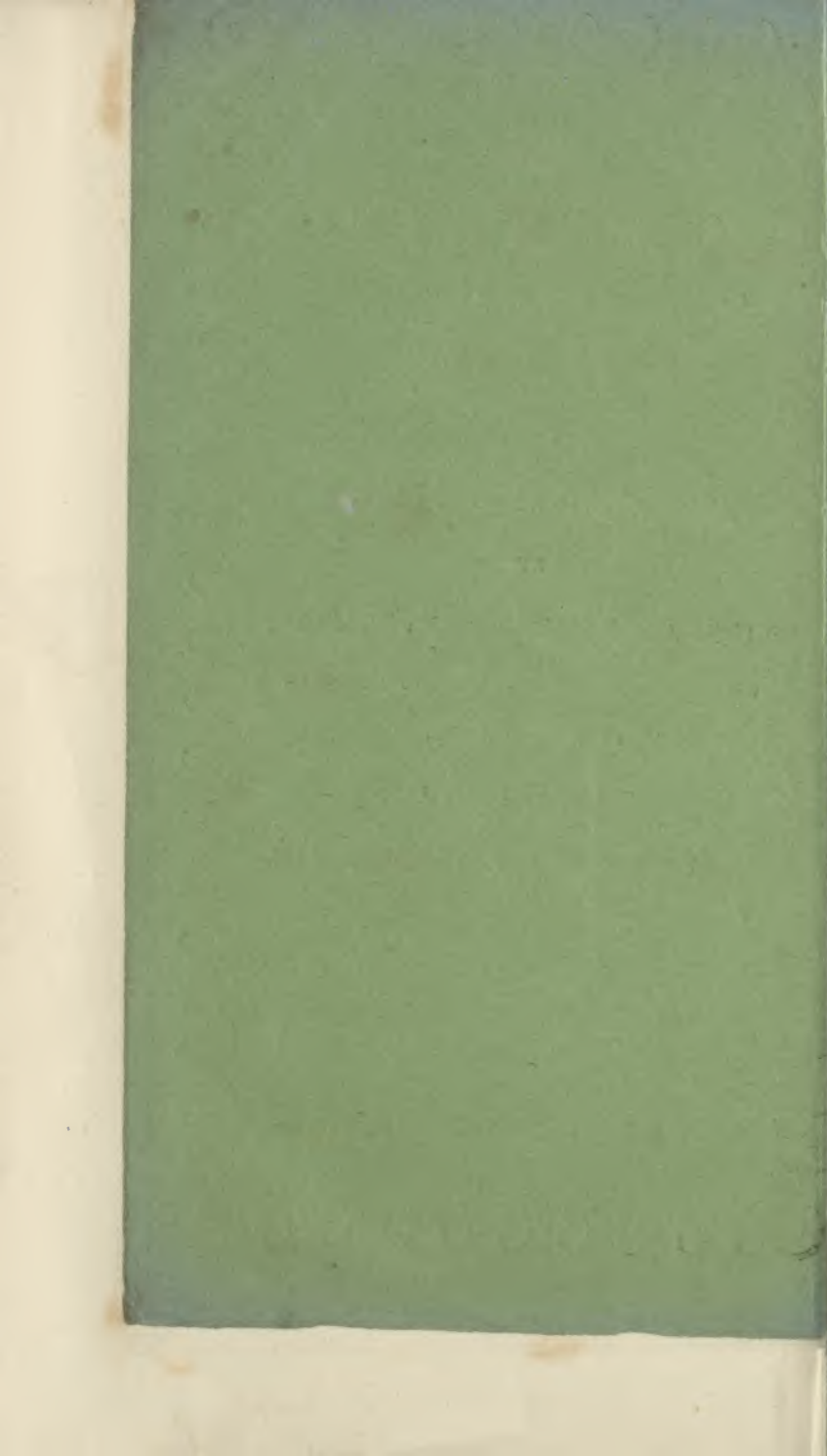
KIRKCUDBRIGHT:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

JOHN NICHOLSON.

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THE HISTORY OF

THE

ROYAL

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

AND ARTS

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND

IRELAND

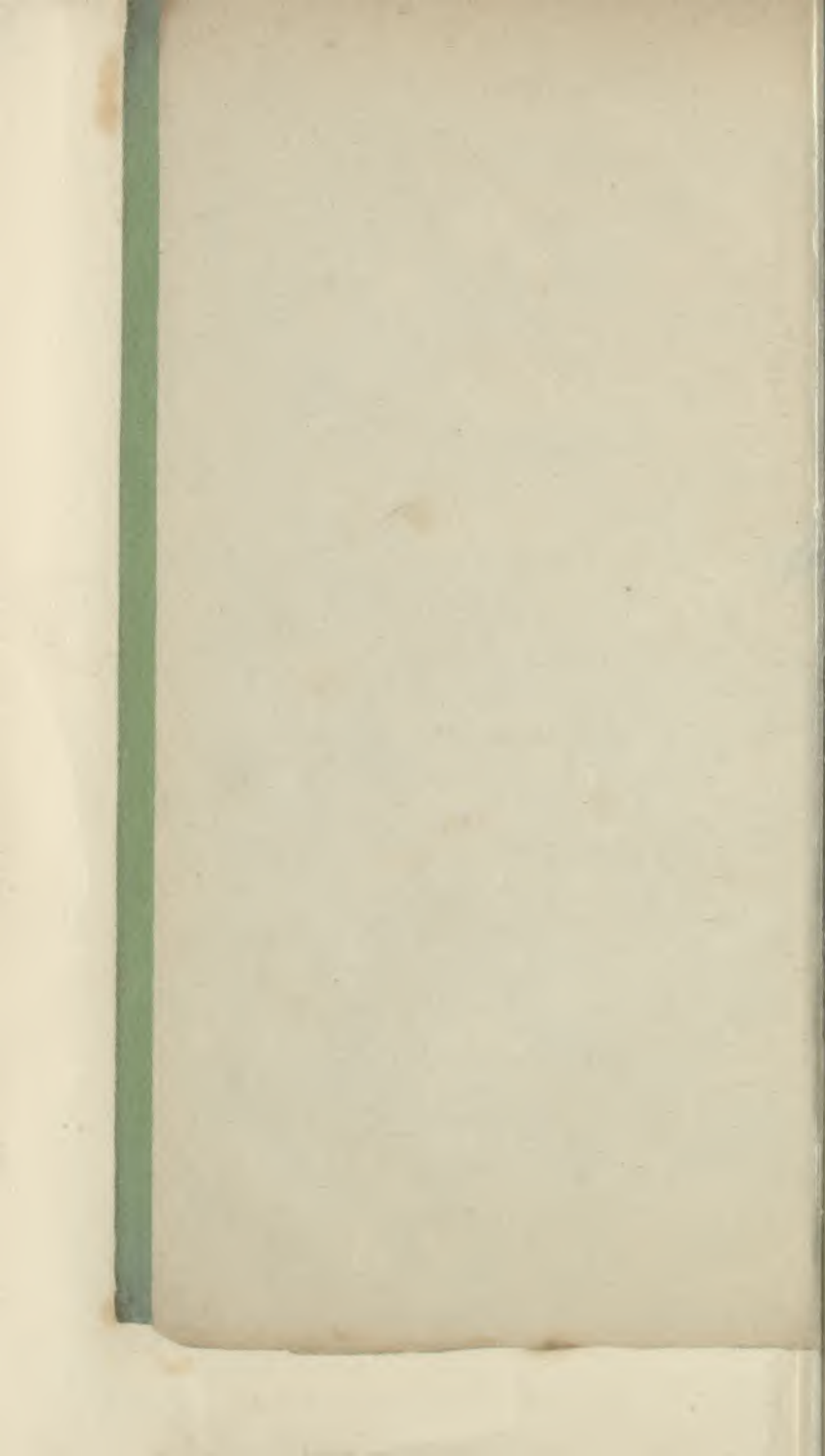
IN THE YEAR 1781

LONDON

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

TO the lovers of Scottish poetry no apology is necessary for a new edition of **THE CHERRY AND THE SLAE**. Although composed nearly three hundred years ago, it still continues in forcible language to illustrate its love moral—"that there is no object so much above our reach, but may be attained by Hope and Courage, guided by Reason, Wit, Experience, and Skill. The enduring fame of this pleasing poetical Allegory is evinced by the fact of its having been published from time to time, in various parts of the country, in a cheap and popular form. But although it is understood to have been written at Cumston Castle, in the immediate neighbourhood of Kirkeadbright, and to describe the romantic scenery of the Dec, no edition of the poem has hitherto been published in the South of Scotland, and copies of the former editions have become exceedingly rare.

These circumstances have induced the

Publisher to prepare the present edition, which he has prefixed a Biographical Memoir of the Author, extracted from Chambers Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotchmen. He has also added a selection from the minor productions of Montgomery, which are only to be found in Dr Irving's Lives of the Scottish Poets, and Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry—works so rare and expensive as to be confined to the hands of few.

The orthography of a few of the more obsolete and antiquated words has been modernised; and notes have been added, drawn from the best works on Mythology, explanatory of the Heathen Deities alluded to in the text.

A tradition is still current in this neighbourhood, that the prototypes of the CHERRY and the SLAE dwelt at a place, yet pointed out, in the parish of Tongland.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, }
APRIL, 1842. }

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

THE AUTHOR.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, an early poet of considerable fame, appears to have been a younger son of Montgomery of Hazlehead Castle, in Ayrshire, a branch of the noble family of Eglintoune. He flourished in the reign of James VI., but probably wrote verses at an antecedent period, as some of his compositions are transcribed in the Bannayne Manuscript, which was written in 1568. The date of his birth—further than that it was upon an Easter-day—the place and nature of his education, and the pursuits of his early years, are all involved in obscurity. He is said to have been brought up in the county of Argyle; a fact which seems to gather some confirmation from a passage in Dempster—"eques Montanus vulgo vocatus,"—as if he had acquired some common nickname, such as "the Highland trooper;" for Montgomery never was knighted. There is some reason to suppose that he was at one time a domestic or commander in the guard of the regent Morton. His most familiar title, "Captain Alexander Montgomery," renders it probable that the latter was the nature of his office, for the word Captain seems to have been first used in Scotland, in reference to officers in the immediate service of the sovereign. Melville, in his Diary, mentions that when Patrick Adamson was promoted to the archbishopric of St. Andrews, (an event which occurred in the year 1577,) there was then at court "captain Montgomery, a good honest man, and the regent's domestic," who, recollecting a phrase which the new primate had been accustomed to use in his sermons, remarked

to some of his companions, "for as often as it was reported by Mr Patrick, *the prophet would meet this*, I never understood what the prophet meant till now.

Montgomery appears afterwards to have been in the service of king James, who, in his *Rewles and Cautelis*, published in 1582, quotes some of the poems of the subject of this memoir. His services were acknowledged by a pension of five hundred merks, chargeable upon certain rents of the archbishopric of Glasgow, which was confirmed in 1585 and again in 1589. Various places throughout Scotland are pointed out by tradition, as having been the residence of Montgomery, particularly the ruins of Compston Castle, near Kirkeudbright, now involved in the pleasure grounds connected with the modern mansion of Mr Maitland of Dundrennan. In 1586, the poet commenced a tour on the continent. After his return, he was involved in a tedious and vexatious lawsuit respecting his pension, which has drawn from him some severe remarks upon the lawyers and judges of that time. Of his principal poem, "The Cherry and the Slae" the first known edition was printed by Robert Waldegrave, in 1607.* The poet appears, from a passage in a memoir of Mure of Rowallan, his nephew, to have died between this date and 1611.

"The poems of Montgomery," says Dr Irving, "display an elegant and lively fancy; and his versification is often distinguished by a degree of harmony, which most of his contemporaries were incapable of attaining. He has attempted a great variety of subjects, as well as of measures, but his

* Mr Chambers has overlooked the edition revised by the Author, published by the same person in 1517. See *Lives of Eminent Scotemen*, by the Society of Ancient Scots, London 1821, also *The Cherry and the Slae*, Glasgow, 1746.

chief beauties seem to be of the lyric kind. It is highly probable that his taste was formed by the study of the Italian poets: he has left many sonnets constructed on the regular model, and his faint conceits seem not unfrequently to betray their Italian origin. The subject of love, which was afforded so fertile a theme to the poets of every age and nation, has furnished Montgomery with the most common and favourite topic for the exercise of his talents. . . . His most serious effort is, 'The Cherry and the Slae,' a poem of considerable length, and certainly of very considerable ingenuity. . . . The images are scattered even with profusion; and almost every stanza displays the vivacity of the author's mind. In this, as well as in his other productions, Montgomery's illustrations are very frequently and very happily drawn from the most familiar objects; and he often applies proverbial expressions, in a very pointed and pleasing manner. . . . The true explanation of the allegory may perhaps be, that virtue, though of very hard attainment, ought to be preferred to vice: virtue is represented by the cherry, a refreshing fruit, growing upon a tree, and that tree rising from a formidable precipice; vice is represented by the sloe, a fruit which may easily be plucked, but is bitter to the taste."

'The Cherry and the Slae' has longer retained its popularity than any other poetical composition of the reign of James VI. It continued to be occasionally printed, for popular use, till a recent period; and in 1822, this, as well as the other poetical works of Montgomery, appeared in a very handsome edition, under the superintendance of Mr David Laing. Dr Irving contributed to the publication a biographical preface, from which we are chiefly derived the present memoir.

THE
NOTABLE AND ANCIENT
HISTORY

OF THE

CHERRY AND THE SLAE.

Being a young Man's Love and Courtship to two young Girls named by him, the one the Cherry and the other the Slæ; his love for the Cherry, and his courtship to the Slæ at the same time. With a particular account of his counsellors, named Courage, Hope, Desire, and Experience: against him was Dread, Danger and Despair, who always told him that the Cherry-tree was too high above his reach, and hang over such stupendous rock and precipice, that he never could come near to pull the Cherry, yet when it was ripe it fell from the tree, which cured all his love pain, and over-looked the Slæ

Compiled into Metre, by
Captain ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

THE
CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

I.

ABOUT a bank with balmy bews,
Where nightingales their notes renews
With gallant goldspinks gay ;
The mavis, merle, and PROGNE proud,
The lintwhite lark, and laverock loud,
Saluted mirthful May :
When PHILOMEL had sweetly sung,
To PROGNE she deplor'd,
How TEREUS cut out her tongue,
And falsely her deflower'd ;
Which story, sae sorry,
To shew herself she seem'd ;
To hear her, sae near her,
I doubted if I dream'd.

The Publisher has carefully consulted Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, from which the rest of Montgomery's Poems are taken. Ramsay's Evergreen, and two copies of the Cherrie and the Slae, one printed at Kilmarnock in 1782, by John Wilson, and the other by Robert Foulis the celebrated Printer Glasgow, 1746.

The following note is taken from a copy of the Cherrie and the Slae, in Ramsay's Evergreen.

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himself, the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the Title Page to be newly corrected, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quatuorzeims, not long before the Author's Death,

II.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries,
 The cuckoo cuks, the prattling pyes,
 To geck her they begin :
 The jargon of the jangling jays,
 The craicking craws, the keckling kays,
 They deav'd me with their din.
 The painted pawn with ARGUS eyes
 Can on his Mayock call,
 The Turtle wails on wither'd trees,
 And ECHO answers all,
 Repeating with greeting,
 How fair NARCISSUS fell,
 By lying and spying
 His shadow in the well.

III.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
 In hidlings hirpling here and there,
 To make their morning mänge :
 The con, the coney, and the cat,
 Whase dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stiff mustachis strange.
 The hart, the hind, the dae, the rae,
 The fulmart, and false fox,
 The bearded buck clamb up the brae,
 With birsie boars and brocks :
 Some feeding, some dreading
 The hunter's subtle snares,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They play'd them all in pairs.

IV.

The air was sober, saft and sweet,
 Nae misty vapours, wind nor weet,
 But quiet, calm and clear ;
 To foster FLORA'S fragrant flou'r's,
 Whereon APOLLO'S paramours
 Had trinkl'd mony a tear ;
 The which like silver shakers shin'd
 Embroid'ring beauty's bed,
 Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd
 In May's colours clad :
 Some knopping, some dropping,
 Of balmy liquour sweet,
 Excelling and smelling,
 Through PHŒBUS' whalsome heat.

V.

Methought an heav'nly heartsome thing .
 Where dew like diamonds did hing,
 Owre-twinkling all the trees,
 To study on the flurist twists,
 Admiring nature's alchymists,
 Laborious busy bees ;
 Whereof some sweetest honey sought,
 To stay their lives frae starve,
 And some the waxy vessels wrought,
 Their purchase to preserve :
 Sae heaping, for keeping
 It in their hives they hide,
 Precisely and wisely,
 For winter they provide.

VI.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
 How every blossom, branch and bark,
 Against the sun did shyne,
 I pass to poets to compile,
 In high, heroic, stately stile,
 Whase MUSE surmatches myne.
 But as I looked myne alane,
 I saw a river rin
 Out owre a steepy rock of stane,
 Syne lighted in a lin,
 With tumbling and rumbling
 Amang the rocks around,
 Devalling and falling
 Into a pit profound.

VII.

Thro' routing of the river rang,
 The roches sounding like a sang,
 Where descant did abound,
 With treble, tenor, counter, mein,
 And ECHO blew a base between,
 In diapason sound,
 Set with the C-Sol-Fa-Uth Clief,
 With lang and large at list,
 With quaver, crochet, semibrief,
 And not a minum mist :
 Compleatly mair sweetly
 She fired down, flat and sharp,
 Than MUSES which uses
 To pin APOLLO's harp,

VIII.

Wha would have tir'd to hear that tune
 Which birds corroborate aye aboon,
 With lays of lovesome larks,
 Which climb sae high in crystal skies,
 While CUPID wak'nes with the cries
 Of Nature's Chapel-clerks ;
 Wha leaving all the heav'ns above
 Alighted on the eird,
 Lo, how that little Lord of Love
 Before me there appear'd !
 Sae mild like, and child like,
 With bow three quarters scant,
 Syne moyly, and coyly,
 He looked like a Saut.

IX.

A cleanly crisp hang owre his eyes,
 His quiver by his naked thighs
 Hang in a silver lace ;
 Of gold between his shoulders grew
 Twa pretty wings, wherewith he flew,
 On his left arm a brace.
 This god soon aff his gear he shook
 Upon the grassy ground,
 I ran as lightly for to look
 Where ferlies might be found :
 Amazed I gazed,
 To see his gear so gay,
 Perceiving mine haveing
 He counted me his prey.

X.

His youth and stature made me stout,
 Of doubleness I had nae doubt,
 But bourded with my boy :
 Quoth I, How call they thee, my child ?
 Cupido, Sir (quoth he,) and smil'd,
 Please you me to employ :
 For I can serve you in your suit,
 If you please to impire,
 With wings to flee, and shafts to shoot,
 Or flames to set on fire :
 Make choice then of those then,
 Or of a thousand things ;
 But crave them, and have them :
 With that I woo'd his wings.

XI.

What would you give my friend, quoth he,
 To have these wanton wings to flee,
 To sport thy sp'rit a while ?
 Or what gif I should lend thee here
 Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting gear,
 Some body to beguile ;
 That gear (quoth I) cannot be bought,
 Yet I would have it fain :
 What if (quoth he) it cost thee nought,
 But rendering all again ?
 His wings then, he brings then,
 And binds them on my back :
 Go flee now, quoth he now,
 And sae my leave I tak.

XII.

I sprang up with CUPIDO's wings,
 Wha bow and shooting gear resigns
 To lend me for a day ;
 As ICARUS with borrow'd flight,
 I mounted higher than I might,
 Owre perilous a play :
 Then forth I drew the double dart,
 Which sometime shot his mother,
 Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
 In hope to hurt another ;
 It hurt me, or burnt me,
 While either end I handle :
 Come see now, in me now,
 The butter-flie and candle.

XIII.

As she delights into the low,
 Sae was I browden of my bow,
 As ignorant as she ;
 And as she flies while she is fir'd,
 Sae with the dart that I desir'd
 Mine hand has hurt me too :
 As foolish PHÆTON by suit
 His father's car obtain'd ;
 Sae langed I in Love's bow to shoot,
 Not marking what it mean'd ;
 Mair wilful, than skilful,
 To flee I was sae fond,
 Desiring, aspiring,
 And sae was seen upon't.

XIV.

Too late I knew, wha hews too high,
 The spail shall fall into his eye,
 Too late I went to schuils,
 Too late I heard the swallow preach,
 Too late *Experience* doth teach,
 The schuil-master of fuils ;
 Too late to find the nest I seek,
 When all the birds are flown ;
 Too late the stable door I steek,
 When all the steeds are stown :
 Too late aye, their state aye,
 All foolish folk espy ;
 Behind sae, they find nae
 Remead, and sae do I.

XV.

If I had ripely been advis'd,
 I had not rashly enterpris'd
 To soar with borrow'd pens ;
 Nor had essay'd the archer craft,
 To shoot myself with sik a shaft,
 As reason quite miskens,
 Frae wilfulness gave me my wound,
 I had nae force to flee :
 Then came I graining to the ground,
 Friend, welcome hame, quoth he,
 Whare flew ye ? whom slew ye ?
 Or wha brings hame the booting ?
 I see now, quoth he now,
 Ye ha'e been at the shooting.

XVI.

As scorn comes commonly with skaith,
Sae I behov'd to bide them baith ;

. Sae staggering was my state,
That under cure I got sic check,
Which I might not remove nor neck,
But eyther stail or mait :

Mine agony was sae extreme,
I swelt and swoon'd for fear ;
But ere I waken'd of my dream,
He spoil'd me of my gear :
With flight then, on height then,
Sprang CUPID in the skies,
Forgetting, and setting
At nought, my careful cries.

XVII.

Sae lang with sight I follow'd him,
While baith my dazzled eyes grew dim,
With staring on the starns ;
Which flew sae thick before my een,
Some red, some yellow, blue and green,
Which troubled all my harns,
That every thing appeared twae
To my bamboozled brain ;
But lang might I lie looking sae,
Ere CUPID came again :
Whase thund'ring, with wond'ring,
I heard up through the air ;
Through cluds sae, he thuds sae,
And flew I wist not where.

XVIII.

Then frae I saw that god was gane,
 And I in languor left alane,
 And sair tormented too ;
 Sometime I sighed, while I was sad,
 Sometime I mus'd, and maist gane mad,
 I wist not what to do ;
 Sometime I rav'd, half in a rage,
 As ane into despair,
 To be oppressed with sic a page,
 Lord, but my heart was sair !
 Like DIDO, CUPIDO,
 I widdle and I warie,
 Who rest me, and left me,
 In sic a feire-farie.

XIX.

Then felt I *Courage* and *Desire*
 In flame my heart with uncouth fire,
 To me before unknown :
 But now nae blood in me remains,
 Unburnt, unboil'd within my veins
 By Love his bellows blown ;
 To quench it ere I was devour'd
 With sighs I went about :
 But aye the more I strave to smoor't,
 The baulder it brak out ;
 Ay pressing, but ceasing,
 While it might break the bounds,
 Mine hue sae, forth shew sae,
 The dolour of my wounds.

XX.

With deadly visage pale and wan,
 Mair like an Atomy-than man,
 I wither'd clean away :
 As wax before the fire, I felt
 My heart within my bosom melt,
 And piece and piece decay ;
 My veins with brangling like to break,
 My pulse it lap wi' pith ;
 Sae fervency did me infect,
 That I was vex'd therewith :
 Mine heart aye, did start aye,
 The fiery flames to flee :
 Aye houping, through louping,
 To leap at liberty.

XXI.

But (O alas !) it was abus'd,
 My careful corpse kept it inclos'd
 In prison of my breast ;
 With sighs so sowpit and ower-set,
 Like to a fish fast in a net,
 In dead-thraw undeceast ;
 Wha though in vain she strives by strength
 For to pull out her head ;
 Which profits nothing at the length,
 But hast'ning to her dead :
 With thristing, and wristing,
 The faster still is she :
 There I sae, did lie sae,
 My death advancing tae.

XXII.

The mair I wrestled with the wind,
 The faster still myself I find,
 Nae mirth my mind could ease ;
 Mair pain than I had never nane,
 I was sae alter'd and ower-gane,
 Through drought of my disease ;
 Yet weakly, as I might, I raise,
 My sight grew dim and dark,
 I stagger'd at the windlestraes,
 Nae token I was stark :
 Baith sightless and mightless,
 I grew almaist at ance ;
 In anguish, I languish,
 With many grievous granes.

XXIII.

With sober pace I did approach
 Hard to the river and the roche,
 Whereof I spake before :
 The river sic a murmur made,
 As to the sea it softly slade,
 The craig high, stay and shore :
 Then pleasure did me sae provoke,
 There partly to repair ;
 Betwixt the river and the rock,
 Where hope grew with despair :
 A tree then, I see then,
 Of cherries on the braes ;
 Below too, I saw too,
 A bush of bitter slaes.

XXIV.

The Cherries hang aboon my head,
 Like twinkling rubies, round and red,
 Sae high up in the heugh :
 Whase shadows in the river shew
 As graithly glancing as they grew,
 On trembling twists and teugh ;
 Which bow'd through burden of the birth,
 Declining down their tops :
 Reflex of PHŒBUS in the Firth
 New colour'd all their knops ;
 With dancing, and glancing,
 In tyrls as dornick champ ;
 Which streamed, and leamed,
 Through lightness of that lamp.

XXV.

With earnest eye, while I espy
 The fruit betwixt me and the sky,
 Half-gate almaist to heaven ;
 The craig sae cumbersome to climb,
 The tree sae tall of growth and trim,
 As ony arrow even ;
 I call'd to mind how DAPHNE did
 Within the laurel shrink,
 When from APOLLO she her hid,
 A thousand times I think,
 That tree there, to me there,
 As he his laurel thought,
 Aspyring, but tiring,
 To get that fruit I sought.

XXVI.

To climb that craig it was nae buit,
 Let be to press to pull the fruit,
 In top of all the tree ;
 I saw nae way whereby to come
 By ony craft to get it clum,
 Appearandly to me ;
 The craig was ugly, stay and dreigh,
 The tree lang, sound and small,
 I was afraid to climb sae hich,
 For fear to fetch a fall ;
 Affrayit to say it,
 I looked up aloft,
 Whiles minting, whiles stinting,
 My purpose changed oft.

XXVII.

Then *Dread*, with *Danger* and *Despair*
 Forbade my minting ony mair
 To rax aboon my reach.
 What ! tush (quoth *Courage*) man, go to
 He is but daft that hath to do,
 And spares for every speech :
 For I have oft heard sooth-men say,
 And we may scc't oursells,
 That fortune helps the hardy aye,
 But poltroons aye repells :
 Then fear nocht, nor hear nocht,
 Dreid, *Danger*, nor *Despair*,
 To fazards, hard hazards
 Is death ere they come there.

XXVIII.

Wha speeds, but such as high aspires?
 Wha triumphs not but sic as tyres
 To win a noble name?
 Of shrinking what but shame succeeds?
 Then do as thou would have thy deeds
 In register of fame.
 I put the case, thou nocht prevail'd,
 Sae thou with honour die,
 Thy life, but not thy courage, fail'd,
 Shall poets pen of thee:
 Thy name then, from fame then,
 Shall never be cut aff;
 Thy grave aye, shall have aye,
 That honest epitaph.

XXIX.

What can thou lose when honour lives?
 Renown thy virtue aye revives,
 If valiantly thou end:
 Quoth *Danger*, Huly, friend, take heed,
 Untimeous spurring spills the steed,
 Take tent what ye pretend.
 Though *Courage* counsel thee to climb,
 Beware thou kep nae skaith;
 Have thou nae help but *Hope* and him,
 They may beguile thee baith.
 Thysell now, may tell now,
 The counsel of the clerks;
 W harethrow yet, I trow yet,
 Thy breast doth bear the marks.

XXX.

Burnt bairns with fire the danger dreads,
 Sae I believe thy bosom bleeds,
 Since last that fire thou felt :
 Besides that, seldom times thou sees,
 That ever *Courage* keeps the keys
 Of knowledge at his belt :
 Though he bid forward with his guns,
 Small powder he provides :
 Be not a novice of that nuts,
 Wha saw not baith the sides :
 Fule haste aye, almaist aye,
 Owresails the sight of some ;
 Wha huiks not, wha luiks not,
 What afterward may come.

XXXI

Yet Wisdom wisheth thee to weigh
 This figure in philosophie,
 A lesson worth to lear ;
 Which is, in time for to tak tent,
 And not when time is past, repent,
 And buy repentance dear.
 Is there nae honour after life,
 Except thou slay thysell ?
 Wherefore hath ATROPOS that knife ?
 I trow thou cannot tell.
 Wha but it, wald cut it,
 Which CLOTHO scarce hath spun,
 Destroying thy joying,
 Before it be begun.

XXXII.

All owres are repute to be vice,
 Owre high, owre low, owre rash, owre nice,
 Owre het, or yet owre cauld ;
 Thou seems unconstant by thy signs,
 Thy thought is on a thousand things,
 'Thou wots not what thou wald.
 Let fame her pity on thee pour,
 When all thy banes are broken ;
 Yon slae suppose thou think it sour,
 May satisfy to slocken
 Thy drouth now, of youth now,
 Which dries thee with desire :
 Asswage then thy rage man,
 Foul water quenches fire.

XXXIII.

What fuil art thou to die of thirst,
 And now may quench it gif thou list,
 Sae easily but pain ?
 Mair honour is to vanquish ane,
 Than fight with ten-some and be tane,
 And owther hurt or slain.
 The practice is to bring to pass,
 And not to enterprize ;
 And as good drinking out of glass,
 As gold in ony wise.
 I'd rather, have ever,
 A bird in hand, or tway,
 Than seeing ten flying
 About me all the day.

XXXIV.

Look where thou light before thou loup
 And slip not *Certainty* for *Hope*,
 Wha guids thee but be-guess.
 Quoth *Courage*, Cowards take nae cure
 To sit with shame, sae they be sure :
 I like them all the less ;
 What pleasure purchas'd is but pain,
 Or honour won with ease ?
 He will not lie where he is slain,
 Wha doubts before he dies.
 For fear then, I hear then,
 But only ane remead,
 Which late is, and that is,
 For to cut aff the head.

XXXV.

What is the way to heal thy hurt ?
 What is the way to stay thy sturt ?
 What means may make thee merry ?
 What is the comfort that thou craves ?
 Suppose these sophists thee deceives,
 Thou know's it is the *Cherrie* ;
 Since for it only thou but thirsts,
 The *Slae* can be nae buit :
 In it also thy health consists,
 And in nae ither fruit.
 Why quakes thou, and shakes thou ?
 And studies at our strife ?
 Advise thee, it lies thee
 On nae less than thy life.

XXXVI.

Gif any patient would be panc'd,
 Why should he lowp, when he is lanc'd ?
 Or shrink, when he is shorn ?
 For I have heard chirurgeons say,
 Oft-times deferring of a day
 Might not be mend the morn.
 Tak time in time, ere time be tint,
 For time will not remain ;
 What forceth fire out of the flint,
 But as hard match again ?
 Delay not, nor fray not,
 And thou shall see it sae :
 Sic gets aye, wha sets aye,
 Stout stamaks to the brae.

XXXVII.

Though all beginnings be maist hard,
 The end is pleasant afterward,
 Then shrink not for a shower ;
 Frae ance that thou thy greening get,
 Thy pain and travail is forgot,
 The sweet exceeds the sour.
 Gae to then quickly, fear not thir,
 For *Hope* good hap hath heicht.
 Quoth *Danger*, be not sudden, Sir,
 The matter is of weight.
 First spy baith, then try baith,
 Advisement doth nane ill :
 You may then I say then,
 Be willful when you will.

XXXVIII.

But yet to mind the proverb call,
 Wha uses perils perish shall,
 Short while their life them lasts,
 And I have heard (quoth *Hope*) that he
 Should never shape to sail the sea,
 That for all perils casts.
 How many through despair are dead,
 That never perils prieve'd ?
 How many also if you read
 Of lives have we reliev'd ?
 Wha being even dieing
 But *Danger* have despair'd ;
 A hunder, I wonder
 But thou hast heard declar'd.

XXXIX

Gif we wha hald not up thine heart,
 Which is the chief and noblest part,
 Thy wark will not gang weil :
 Considering these companions can
 Dissuade a silly, simple man,
 To hazard for his heal.
 Suppose they have deceived some,
 Or they and we might meet ;
 They get nae credence whare we come,
 With any man of sp'rit :
 By reason, their treason
 By us is first espied,
 Revealing their dealing,
 Which dow not be deny'd.

XL.

With sleikit sophisms seeming sweet,
 As all their doings were discreet,
 They wish thee to be wise :
 Postponing time frae hour to hour,
 But, faith, in underneath the flow'r
 The lurking serpent lies ;
 Suppose thou see'st her not a stime
 Till that she sting thy foot,
 Perceiv'st thou not what precious time
 Thy slewthing doth overshoot ?
 Alas, man, thy case, man,
 In ling'ring I lament !
 Go to now, and do now,
 That *Courage* be content.

XLI.

What if melancholy come in,
 And get a grip ere thou begin ?
 Then is thy labour lost ;
 For he will hald thee hard and fast,
 Till time, and place, and fruit be past,
 And thou give up the ghost :
 Then shall be grav'd upon the stane,
 Which on thy grave is laid,
 Sometime there lived sic a ane,
 But how shall it be said ?
 Here lies now, but praise now,
 Into dishonour's bed,
 A coward, as thou art,
 Wha from his fortune fled.

XLII.

Imagine, man, if thou wert laid,
 In grave, and syne might hear this said ;
 Wouldst thou not sweat for shame ?
 Yes, faith, I doubt not but thou would :
 Therefore if thou have eyes behold,
 How they would smoir thy fame.
 Go to, and make nae mair excuse,
 Or life and honour lose ;
 And either them or us refuse,
 There is no other chose :
 Consider, together
 That we can never dwell :
 At length aye, by strength aye,
 The pultrons we expel.

XLIII

Quoth *Danger*, since I understand,
 That counsel can be nae command,
 I have nae mair to say ;
 Except, if that ye think it good,
 Take counsel yet, ere ye conclude,
 Of wiser men than they ;
 They are but rackless, young and rash,
 Suppose they think us fleit ;
 If of our fellowship ye fash,
 Gang with them hardly be it :
 God speed you, they lead you.
 Wha have not meikle wit ;
 Expel us, ye'll tell us,
 Hereafter comes not yet.

XLIV.

While *Danger* and *Despair* retir'd,
Experience came in and speir'd
 What all the matter mean'd?
 With him came *Reason*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
 Then they began to spier at will,
 Where make ye to, my friend?
 To pluck yon lusty cherry loe,
 Quoth he, and quite the slae.
 Quoth they, is there nae mair ado,
 Ere ye win up the brae;
 But to it, and do it,
 Perforce the fruit to pluck?
 Well, brother, some other
 Were better to conduct.

XLV.

We grant ye may be gude eneuch,
 But yet the hazard of yon heuch
 Requires a graver guide:
 As wise as ye are may gae wrang,
 Therefore take counsel ere ye gang,
 Of some that stand beside.
 But wha were yon three, ye forbade
 Your company right now?
 Quoth Will, three preachers, to persuade
 The poison'd *Slae* to pow:
 They trattled, and prattled,
 A long half hour and mair;
 Foul fall them, they call them,
Dread, *Danger* and *Despair*.

XLVI.

They are mair fashious than to seek,
Yon fazards durst not for their neck,

Climb up the craig with us :

Frae we determined to die,

Or else to climb yon *Cherrie-tree*

They baid about the bush ;

They are condition'd like the cat,

They would not weet their feet :

But yet if ony fish ye gat,

They would be fain to eat.

Though they now, I say now,

To hazard have nae heart ;

Yet luck we, and pluck we,

The fruit they would have part.

XLVII.

But fate we get our voyage wun,

They shall not then a *Cherrie* cun,

Wha would not enterprize :

Well (quoth *Experience*) ye boast ;

But he that counts without his host,

Aft-times has counted twice.

Ye sell the bear's skin on his back,

But bide while ye it get :

When ye have done, it's time to crack.

Ye fish before the net.

What haste, Sir. ye taste, Sir,

The cherry, ere ye pow it :

Beware yet, ye are yet,

Mair talkative than trowit.

XLVIII.

Call *Danger* back again, (quoth *Skill*)
 To see what he can say to *Will*,
 We see him shod sae strait :
 We may not trow what ilk ane tells,
 Quoth *Courage*, we concluded ells,
 He serves not for our mait ;
 For I can tell you all perquier,
 His counsel ere he come. [here, ?
 Quoth *Will*, wherefore should he come
 He cannot hald him dumb ;
 He speaks aye, and seeks aye,
 Delay of time be drifts,
 He grieves us, and dieves us,
 With sophistries and shifts.

XLIX

Quoth *Reason*, why was he debarr'd ?
 The tale is ill may not be heard,
 Yet let us hear him anes :
 Then *Danger* to declare began,
 How *Hope* and *Courage* took the man,
 To lead him all their lanes :
 For they would have him up the hill,
 But either stop or stay ;
 And wha was welcomer than *Will*,
 He would be foremost aye.
 He could do, and should do,
 Whoever would or nocht,
 Sic speeding, proceeding
 Unlikely was I thought.

L.

Therefore I wish'd them to beware,
 And rashly not to run owre far,
 Without sic guides as ye.
 Quoth *Courage*, friend, I hear you fail,
 Take better tent unto your tale,
 Ye said, it could not be :
 Besides that ye would not consent,
 That ever we should climb.
 Quoth *Will*, for my part I repent,
 We saw them mair than him :
 For they are the stayer
 Of us as weel as he ;
 I think now, they shrink now,
 Go forward, let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naething do but gucks,
 They say the voyage never lucks,
 Where ilka ane has a vote.
 Quoth *Wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,
 We were nae worse your vote to want ;
 Some sentence here I note ;
 Suppose ye speak it but beguess,
 Some fruit therein I find,
 Ye would be forward I confess,
 And comes aft times behind.
 It may be, that they be
 Deceiv'd that never doubted :
 Indeed Sir, that head Sir,
 Hath meikle wit about it.

LII.

Then wilful Will began to rage,
 And sware he saw naething in age,
 But anger, ire and grudge:
 And for mysell (quoth he) I swear
 To quat all my companions here,
 Gif they admit you judge.
Experience is grown sae auld,
 That he begins to rave;
 The laive, but *Courage*, are sae cauld,
 No hazarding they have:
 For *Danger* far stranger
 Has made them, than they were;
 Gae frae then, we pray then,
 Wha neither dow nor dare.

LIII.

Why may not these three lead this ane?
 I led an hundred mine alane,
 But counsel of them all.
 I grant (quoth *Wisdom*) you have led,
 But I would speir how mony sped,
 Or furdur'd but a fall?
 But either few, or nane, I trow
Experience can tell.
 He says, the man may wyte but you,
 The first time that he fell,
 He kens then, whose pens then,
 Thou borrow'd him to flie:
 His wounds yet, that stounds yet,
 He gat them then through thee.

LIV.

That (quoth *Experience*) is true,
Will flatter'd him when first he flew,
Will set him in a low ;
Will was his counsel and convoy,
 To borrow frae the blinded boy
 Baith quiver, wings and bow :
 Wherewith before he 'say'd to shoot,
 He'd neither yield to youth,
 Nor yet had need of any fruit
 To quench his deadly drouth ;
 Which pines him, and dwines him
 To death I wat not how :
 If *Will* then, did ill then,
 Himsell remembers now.

LV.

For I *Experience* was there,
 (Like as I use to be all where)
 What time he wyted *Will*,
 To be the ground of all his grief ;
 As I myself can be a prief,
 And witness thereuntil ;
 There are nae bounds but I have been
 Nor hidlings from me hid
 Nor secret things but I have seen,
 That he, or ony did :
 Therefore now, nae mair now,
 Let him think to conceal't :
 For why now, even I now,
 Am debt bound to reveal't.

LVI.

My custom is for to declare
 The truth, and neither eek nor pare,
 For ony man a jot;
 Gif wilful *Will* delights in lies,
 Example in thyself thou sees,
 How he can turn his coat,
 And with his language would allure
 Thee, yet to break thy banes:
 Thou know'st thyself, if he be sure,
 Thou us'd his counsel anes.
 Wha would yet, be bauld yet,
 To wreck thee, were not we:
 Think on now, on yon now,
 (Quoth *Wisdom* then to me.)

LVII.

Weel (quoth *Experience*) if he
 Submits himself to you and me,
 I wot what I should say,
 Our gude advice he shall not want,
 Providing always that he grant
 To put yon *Will* away;
 And banish baith him and *Despair*,
 That all good purpose spills:
 Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
 Let them twa flyte their fills,
 Sic coissing but lossing,
 All honest men may use;
 That change now, were strange now,
 Quoth *Reason*, to refuse.

LVIII.

Quoth *Will*, fy on him, when he flew,
That pow'd not *Cherries* then anew,
For to have stay'd his sturt.

Quoth *Reason*, though he bear the blame
He neither saw nor needed them,
Till he himself had hurt.

First when he mister'd not, he might,
He needs, and may now :

Thy folly when he had his flight,
Empeshed him to pow.

Baith he now, and we now,
Perceive thy purpose plain ;
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

LIX.

Quoth *Skill*, why suld we langer strive
Far better late than never thrive,

Come, let us help him yet :

Tint time we may not get again,
We waste but present time in vain,

Beware with that quoth *Wit* :

Speak on, *Experience*, let's see,
We think ye hold you dumb.

Of by-ganes I have heard, quoth he,
I know not things to come.

Quoth *Reason*, the season

With slouthing slides away :

First take him, and make him
A man, if that you may.

LX.

Quoth *Will*, if he be not a man,
I pray you, sirs, what is he than?

He looks like ane at least.

Quoth *Reason*, if he follow thee,
And mind not to remain with me,
Nought, but a brutal beast.

A man in shape doth not consist,
For all your taunting tales ;
Therefore, Sir *Will*, I would you wist,
Your metaphysic fails :

Gae lear yet, a year yet,

Your logic at the schuils ;

Some day then, you may then,

Pass master with the muils.

LXI.

Quoth *Will*, I marvel what ye mein,
Should I not trow my own twa een,

For all your logic schuils,

If I did not I were not wise :

Quoth *Reason*, I have told you thrice,

None farlies mair than fules :

There be mae senses than the sight,

Which you o'er-hale for haste ;

To wit, if ye remember right,

Smell, hearing, touch and taste :

All quick things, have sic things,

I mean baith man and beast ;

By kind aye, we find aye,

Few lack them at the least.

LXII.

Sae by that consequence of thine,
 Or Syllogism said like a swine,
 A cow may teach thee lair :
 Thou uses only but thine eies,
 She touches, tastes, smells, hears, and see
 Which matches thee and mair.
 But since to triumph you intend,
 As presently appears,
 Sir, for your clergy to be kend,
 Take you twa ass's ears.
 No mitre, perfyter
 Got MIDAS for his meed :
 That hude, Sir, is gude, Sir,
 To hap your brain-sick head.

LXIII.

Ye have no feel for to define,
 Though you have cunning to decline
 A man to be a mule.
 With little work yet ye may vow'd,
 To grow a gallant horse and gude,
 To ride thereon at Yule.
 But to our ground where we began,
 For all your gustless jests :
 I must be master to the man,
 But thou to brutal beasts :
 So we twa maun be twa,
 To cause baith kinds be known :
 Keep thine then, from mine then,
 And ilk ane use their own.

LXIV.

Then *Will* as angry as an ape,
 Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,
 Saw he none other shift ;
 He wald not want an inch of will,
 Whether it did him gude or ill,
 For thirty of his thrift :
 He wald be foremost in the field,
 And master, if he might ;
 Yea, he should rather die than yield,
 Though *Reason* had the right ;
 Shall he now, make me now
 His subject or his slave,
 No, rather my faither
 Shall quick gang to his grave.

LXV.

I hecht him, while my heart is heal,
 To perish first, ere he prevail,
 Come after what so may ;
 Though *Reason* doubt you not indeed,
 You hit the nail upon the head,
 It shall be as you say :
 Suppose you spur for to aspire,
 Your bridle wants a bit :
 That mare may leave you in the mire
 As sicker as you sit ;
 Your sentence, repentance,
 Shall learn you I believe,
 And anger you langer,
 When you that practic prieve.

LXVI.

As you have dyted your decreet,
 Your prophecy to be compleat,
 Perhaps and to your pains.
 It hath been said, and may be sae,
 A wilful man wants never wae,
 Though he gets little gains.
 But since you think it easy thing
 To mount above the moon,
 Of your ain fiddle tak a spring,
 And dance when ye ha'e done,
 If then Sir, the man, Sir,
 Likes of your mirth, he may,
 But speir first, and hear first,
 What he himself will say.

LXVII

Then altogether they began,
 To say, come on, thou martyr'd man,
 What is thy will, advise.
 Abas'd a bony while I bade,
 And mus'd or I mine answer made,
 I turn'd me anes or twice,
 Behalding ilka ane about,
 Whase motions mov'd me maist ;
 Some seem'd assur'd, some dread for dou
Will ran red-wod for haste :
 With wringing and flinging,
 For madness like to mang
Dispair too, for care too,
 Would needs himself go hang.

LXVIII.

Which when *Experience* perceiv'd,
 Quoth he, remember gif we rav'd,
 As *Will* alleg'd of late :
 When that he sware, he naething saw
 In age, but anger slack and slaw,
 And canker'd of conceit ;
 Ye could not luck, as he alleg'd,
 Who all opinions speir'd ;
 He was so frak and fiery edg'd,
 He thought us four but fear'd.
 Who panses what chances,
 Quoth he, no worship wins,
 'To some best, shall come best,
 Wha hap well, rap well rins.

LXIX

Yet (quoth *Experience*) behald,
 For all the tales that he hath tald,
 How he himself behaves.
 Because *Despair* could not come speed,
 Lo here he hings all but the head,
 And in a widdie waves ;
 Gif you be sure ance, you may see,
 To men that with them mells,
 Gif they had hurt or helped thee,
 Consider by themselves
 Then chuse thee to use thee
 By us, or sic as yon ;
 Say soon now, have done now,
 Mak either aff or on.

LXX.

Perceiv'st thou not, wharefrae proceeds
 That phrantic fantasy that feeds
 Thy furious flaming fire,
 Which doth thy baleful breast combure,
 That nane but we (quoth they) can cure
 Nor help thy heart's desire?
 The piercing passion of thy sp'rit
 Which wastes thy vital breath,
 Has hol'd thy heavy heart with heat,
Desire draws on thy death.
 Thy puncis renounces
 All kind of quiet rest,
 That fever hath ever
 Thy person so opprest.

LXXI.

Couldst thou come once acquaint with ski
 He kens what humours do thee ill,
 And how thy care contracts;
 He knows the ground of all thy grief,
 And recipies for thy relief,
 All medicines he maks.
 Quoth *Skill*, come on, content am I,
 To put my helping hand,
 Providing always he apply
 To counsel and command.
 While we then, quoth he then,
 Are minded to remain,
 Give place now, in case now,
 Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

Assure thyself, if that we shed,
 Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,
 Take tent, we have thee tald ;
 Have done and drive not off the day,
 The man that will not when he may,
 He shall not when he wald.
 What wilt thou do? I would we wist ;
 Accept or give us owre.
 Quoth I, I think me more than blest
 To find such famous four
 Beside me, to guide me,
 Now when I have to do,
 Considering the swiddering
 Ye found me first into.

LXXIII.

When *Courage* crav'd a stomach stout,
 And *Danger* drave me into doubt,
 With his companion *Dread* :
 Whiles *Will* would up above the air,
 Whiles I was drown'd in deep *Despair*,
 Whiles *Hope* held up my head.
 Sic pithy reasons and replies
 On ilka side they shew,
 That I, who was not very wise
 Thought all their tales were true :
 Sae mony and bony
 Old problems they propon't
 Baith quickly and likely,
 I marvel'd meikle on't.

LXXIV.

Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the field,
 Though *Dread* and *Danger* neir wald yie
 But fled to find Refuge;
 Sai, fra you four met, they were fain.
 Because ye gart us cum again,
 They greind to get ye judge:
 Whar they were fugitive before,
 You made them frank and free,
 To speak and stand in awe nae mair,
 Quoth *Reason* sae should be:
 Aft tymes now, but crymes now,
 But even perforce it falls
 The strang ay, with wrang ay,
 Put weaker to the walls.

LXXV.

Which is a fault ye maun confess,
 Strength is not ordained to opress
 With rigour, by the richt;
 But on the contrair, to sustain
 The weak-anes that owerburdened been,
 As meikle as they nicht.
 Sae *Hope* and *Courage* did quoth I,
 Experimented lyke
 Schaw skill'd and pithy reasons why
 That *Danger*, lap the dyke.
 Quoth *Dread* sir, tak heed, sir,
 Lang speiking part maun spill,
 Insist not, ye wist not
 We went against our will,

LXXVI.

With *Courage* ye were sae content,
 Ye never saught our small consent,
 Of us ye stood nae awe :
 Thair logick lessons ye allowt
 Ye were determin'd to trowit,
 Alledgence past for law ;
 For all the proverbs we perus'd,
 Ye thocht them skantly skill'd,
 Our reasons had been as weel rus'd,
 Had ye been as weel will'd
 Till our syde, as your syde,
 Sae trewlie I may term it,
 We see now, in thee now,
 Affection doth affirm it.

LXXVII.

Experience then smyrkling smil'd,
 We are na bairns to be begyl'd,
 Quoth he and shook his heid ;
 For authors wha alledges us,
 They wald not gae about the buss
 To foster deidlie feid :
 For we are equal for ye all,
 Nae person we respect,
 We have been sae are yet, and shall
 Be found sae in effect.
 Gif we were, as ye were
 We had cum unrequired,
 But we now, ye see now,
 Do naething undesyred.

LXXVIII.

Thair is a sentence said be sum,
 Let nane uncall'd to counsell cum
 That welcum weins to be ;
 Yea I have heard anither yet,
 Wha cum uncall'd unserv'd should sit,
 Perhaps, sir, sae may ye.
 Gudeman, gramercy for your geck,
 Quoth *Hope*, and lawly louts,
 Gif ye were sent for, we suspect,
 Because the doctour douts :
 Your years now appear now
 With *Wisdom* to be vext,
 Rejoycing in glossing,
 Till ye have tint your text.

LXXIX

Whare ye were sent for, let us see
 Wha wald be welcomer than we,
 Pruve that, and we are pay'd.
 Well, quoth *Experience*, beware,
 Ye ken not in what case ye are,
 Your tongue has you betrayed :
 The man may ablens tyne a stot
 That cannot count his kinsch,
 In your awn bow ye are owre-shot
 Be mair than half an inch :
 Wha wats, sir, if that, sir,
 Be sour which seemeth sweet ;
 I fear now, ye heir now
 A dangerous decretit.

LXXX.

Sir, by that sentence ye have say'd.
 I pledge, or all the play be play'd,
 That sum shall lose a laike ;
 Sen ye but put me for to prave,
 Sic heids as halp for my behuve,
 Your warrand is but waik :
 Speir at the man yourself and see,
 Suppose ye strive for state,
 Gif he regarded not how he
 Had learned my lesson late ;
 And granted he wanted
 Baith *Reason, Wit* and *Skill*,
 Compleining and meining
 Our absence did him ill.

LXXXI.

Confront him furder face to face,
 Gif yet he rews his rackless race,
 Perhaps and ye shall heir ;
 For ay since A^cam and since Eve,
 Wha first thy leisings did believe,
 I sald thy doctrine deir :
 What has been done, even to this day
 I keep in mind allmaist,
 Ye promise furder than ye pay,
 Sir, *Hope* for all your haist ;
 Promitting, unwitting,
 Your hechts you nevir huiked,
 I shaw you, I knaw you,
 Your byganes I have buiked.

LXXXII.

I could, in case a count were cravit,
 Schaw thousands thousands thou desair
 Whare thou was trew to ane;
 And by the contrair I may vaunt, [gra
 Which thou maun, though it grieve t
 I trumpit nevir a man,
 But trewly tald the nakit trnth
 'To men that mell'd with me,
 For nowther rigour nor for rueth,
 But only laith to lie:
 To sum yet, to cum yet,
 Thy suckour will be slight,
 Whilk I then maun try then,
 And register it richt.

LXXXIII.

Ha, ha! quoth *Hope*, and loudlie leuch
 Ye are but a prentise at the pleuch,
Experience ye prieve;
 Suppose all byganes as ye spak,
 Ye are nae prophet worth a plack,
 Nor I bund to believe.
 Ye should not say, sir, till ye see,
 But when ye see it say;
 Yet, quoth *Experience*, at thee
 Mak mony mints I may,
 By signs now, and things now
 Which ay before me beirs,
 Expressing by guessing
 The peril that appeirs.

LXXXIV.

Then *Hope* reply'd, and that with pith,
 And wyselie wey'd his words thairwith,
 Sententiouslie and short ;
 Quoth he I am the anchor grip
 That saifs the sailours and their ship,
 Frae peril to thair port.
 Quoth he, aft tymes the anchor dryves,
 As we have fund befoir,
 And loses mony thousand lyves,
 By shipwrack on the shore.
 Your grips aft, but slips aft
 When men have maist to do,
 Syne leivs them and reivs them
 Of thy companions to.

LXXXV.

Thou leaves them not thyself alane,
 But to thair grief when thou are gane,
 Gars *Courage* quat them as
 Quoth *Hope*, I wald ye understude,
 I grip fast gif the grund be gude,
 And flee't whare it is fause ;
 There should nae fault with me be fund ;
 Nor I accus'd at all,
 Wyte sic as should have plum'd the grund,
 Before the anchor fall,
 Their leid ay at neid ay,
 Micht warn them if they wald,
 Gif they thair, wald stay thair,
 Or have good anchor hald.

LXXXVI.

Gif ye reid richt it was not I,
 But only ignorance whereby
 Their carvells all were cloven,
 I am not for a trumper tane,
 All, quoth *Experience*, is ane,
 I have my process proven,
 To wit, that we were call'd ilk ane
 To come before we came ;
 That now objection ye have nane,
 Your self may say the same :
 Ye are now, owre far now,
 Come forward for to flie ;
 Persave then ye have then,
 The warst end of the trie.

LXXXVII.

When *Höpe* was gawd into the quick,
 Quoth *Courage*, kicking at the prick,
 We let ye weil to wit.
 Make he you welcomer than we,
 Then byganes, byganes, fareweil he,
 Except he seek us yet :
 He understands his awn estate,
 Let him his chieftains chuse ;
 But yet his battle will be blate,
 Gif he our force refuse ;
 Refuse us or chuse us,
 Our counsell is he clim :
 But stay he or stray he,
 We haif nae help for him.

LXXXVIII.

Except the *Cherrie* be his chose ;
 Be ye his friends we are his foes,
 His doings we dispyte ;
 Gif we persave him settled sae,
 To satisfy him with the *Slae*,
 His companie we quyte :
 Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew full glad,
 And wont that they had won ;
 They thocht all seild that they had said,
 Sen they had first begun ;
 'They thocht then they moucht then,
 Without a party pleid,
 But yit thair, with wit thair,
 They were dung down with speid.

LXXXIX.

Sirs, *Dread* and *Danger* then, quoth *Wit*,
 Ye did yoursells to me submit,
 Experience can prove.
 That, quoth *Experience*, I past,
 Thair ain confessions make them fast,
 They may nae mair remove ;
 For gif I richt remember me,
 This maxime then they made,
 To wit, the man with wit sould wey
 What philosophs haif said ;
 Which sentance repentance
 Forbad him dier to buy,
 'They knew then how trew then,
 And press'd not to reply.

XC.

Though he dang *Dread* and *Danger* do
 Yit *Courage* could not be owrecum ;
 Hope hecht him sic a hyre ;
 He thocht himsell, how soon he saw,
 His cnemies were laid sac law,
 It was nac tyme to tyre :
 He hit the iron whyle it was het,
 In case it sould grow cauld ;
 For he esteem'd his faes defeat,
 When anes he found them fald ;
 Though we now, quoth he now,
 Haif been sae fric and frank,
 Unsocht yit he mocht yit,
 For kyndness cund us thank.

XCI.

Suppose it sae as thou hast said,
 That unrequired we proffer'd aid,
 At least that came of love.
Experience ye start owre sone,
 Ye naithing dow till all be done,
 And then perchance ye prove,
 Mair plain than pleasant to perchance.
 Sum tell that have you tryt,
 As fast as ye your self advance ;
 Ye cannot weil denyt,
 Abyde then your tyde then,
 And wait upon the wind,
 Ye knaw Sir, ye aw Sir,
 To hald ye ay behind.

XCII.

When ye have done some duchtie deeds,
 Syne ye should see how all succeeds,
 To write them as they were ;
 Friend, huly, haste not half sae fast
 Least quoth *Experience*, at last,
 Ye buy my doctrine deir ;
Hope puts that haste into your heid,
 Which burns your barmy brain ;
 Howbeit fulis hast cums huly speid,
 Fair hechts will mak fulis fain.
 Sic smyling begyling
 Bids feir not any freits ;
 Yet I now deny now,
 That all is gold that gleits.

XCIII.

Suppose not silver all that shines,
 Aftymes a tentless merchand tines,
 For buying geir begess ;
 For all the vantage and the winning,
 Gude buyers get at the beginning,
 Quoth *Courage* nocht the less.
 Whyles as gude merchants tines as wins,
 Gif auld men's tales be trew,
 Suppose the pack cum to the pins,
 Wha can his chance eschew.
 Then gude sir, conclude, sir,
 Gude buyers have done baith,
 Advance then, take chance then,
 As sundrie gude ships hath.

XCIV.

Wha wist what wald be cheip or deir,
 Should need to traffick but a year,
 Gif things to cum were kend :
 Suppose all bygane things be plain,
 Your prophesie is but prophane,
 Ye had best behald the end ;
 Ye wald accuse me of a cryme,
 Almaist befoir we met,
 Torment you not befoir the tyme,
 Since dolour pays nae debt,
 What's bypast that I past,
 Ye wot gif it was weil,
 To cum yet by dume yet,
 Confess ye have nae feil.

XCV.

Yet quoth *Experience*, what then,
 Wha may be meitest for the man,
 Let us his answer have ;
 When they submitted them to me,
 To *Reason* I was fain to flee,
 His counsell for to crave.
 Quoth he since ye yoursells submit,
 To do as I decreit ;
 I shall advyse with *Skill* and *Wit*,
 What they think may be meit ;
 They cry'd then, we byde then,
 At *Reason* for refuge ;
 Allow him and trow him,
 As governor and judge.

XCVI.

Then said they all with ane consent,
 What he concludes we are content
 His bidding to obey ;
 He hath authoritie to use,
 Then take his choice whom he will chuse,
 And langer not delay :
 Then *Reason* raise and was rejoyc'd ;
 Quoth he, myne hearts cum hither,
 I hope this pley may be compos'd,
 That we may gang together ;
 To all now I sall now
 His proper place assign,
 That they heir sall say heir,
 They think nane uther thing.

XCVII.

Come on, quoth he, companion, *Skill*
 Ye understand baith gude and ill,
 In physick ye are fyne,
 Be mediciner to the man,
 And schaw sic cunning as ye can,
 To put him out of pyne ;
 First gaird the grund of all his grief,
 What sickness ye suspect,
 Syne look what laiks for his relief,
 Or further he infeck.
 Comfort him, exhort him,
 Give him your gude advice,
 And pance not, nor skance not,
 The perril nor the price.

XCVIII.

Tho' it be cummersom what reck,
 Find out the cause by the effect,
 And working of his veins ;
 Yet while we grip it to the ground,
 See first what fashion may be found,
 To pacify his pains ;
 Do what ye dow to have him haile,
 And for that purpose preise,
 Cut aff the cause, the effect maun fail
 Sae all his sorrows ceise.
 His fever shall never
 Frae thencefurth have a force,
 Then urge him, to purge him,
 He will not wax the worse.

XCIX.

Quoth *Skill*, his senses are sae sick,
 I know nae liquor worth a leik
 To quench his deidlie drouth,
 Except the Cherrie help his heat,
 Whas sappy slockning sharp and sweet,
 Micht melt into his mouth.
 And his melancholy remove,
 To mitigate his mind,
 Nane hailsomer for his behove,
 Nor of mair cooling kind.
 Nae NECTAR directar,
 Could all the gods him give,
 Nor send him to mend him,
 Nane like it I believe.

C.

For drouth decays, as it digests :
 Why then, quoth *Reason*, naithing rests,
 But how it may be had ?
 Maist trew, quoth *Skill*, that is the scope,
 Yet we maun have sum help of *Hope*.
 Quoth *Danger* I am red ;
 His hastiness bred us mishap ;
 When he is highly horst ;
 I wish we looked or we lap.
 Quoth *Wit*, that were not worst.
 I mean now convene now
 The counsell ane and all,
 Begin then, call in then ;
 Quoth *Reason*, sae I shall.

CI.

Then *Reason* raise with gesture grave,
 Belyve conveyin'g all the lave,
 To hear what they wald say,
 With silver scepter in his hand,
 As Chieftain chosen to command,
 And they bent to obey.
 He paused lang before he spak,
 And in a studie stude,
 Syn he began and silence brak,
 Cum on, quoth he, conclude
 What way now we may now
 Yon *Cherrie* cum to catch,
 Speak out 'sirs, about sirs,
 Have done let us dispatch.

CII.

Quoth *Courage* seurge him first that see
 Much musing memorie but mars,
 I tell you mine intent.
 Quoth *Wit*, wha will not partlie panse
 In perils perishes perchance,
 Owre rackles may repent.
 Then, quoth *Experience* and spak,
 Sir, I have seen them baith,
 In braidieness and lye aback,
 Escape and cum to skaith :
 But what now of that now,
 Sturt follows all extremes ;
 Retain then the meîn then,
 The surest way it seems.

CIII.

Whare some has funder'd, some has fail
 Whare part has perish'd, part prevail'd
 Alike all cannot luck ;
 Then owther venture with the ane,
 Or with the other let alane,
 The Cherrie for to plnck.
 Quoth *Hope*, for feir folk maun not fa
 Quoth *Danger* let not licht ;
 Quoth *Wit*, be neither rude nor rash ;
 Quoth *Reason* ye have richt :
 The rest then, thocht best then,
 When *Reason* said it sae,
 That roundlie and soundlie
 They suld together gae.

CIV.

To get the *Cherrie* in all haste,
 As for my safety serving maist,
 Tho' *Dreid* and *Danger* fear'd
 The peril of that irksome way,
 Lest that thairby I should decay,
 Wha then sae weak appear'd :
 Yet *Hope* and *Courage* hard beside,
 Wha with them wont contend,
 Did tak in hand us all to guide,
 Unto our journeys end,
 Implaidging and waidging
 Baith twa their lives for myne,
 Providing the guiding
 To them were granted sync.

CV.

Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeal,
 Alledging it could ne'er be weil,
 Nor yet wald they agree ;
 But said they should sound their retreat,
 Because they thocht them nae ways meet
 Conducters unto me ;
 Nor to no man in my estate,
 With sickness sair opprest ;
 For they took aye the nearest gate,
 Omitting of the best.
 Thair neirest perqueirest,
 Is always to them baith,
 Whair they, Sir, may say, Sir
 What recks them of your skaith.

CVI.

But as for us twa now we sweir,
 Be him befoir we maun appeir,
 Our full intent is now
 To have ye hale, and always was,
 That purpose for to bring to pass,
 Sae is not thairs I trow :
 Then *Hope* and *Courage* did attest,
 The Gods of baith these parts,
 Gif they wrocht not all for the best
 Of me with upright hearts :
 Our chieftain then listen
 His scepter did enjoyn
 Nae mair thair uproar there ;
 And sae there strife was done.

CVII.

Rebuking *Dread* and *Danger* sair,
 Suppose they meant weil evirmair
 To me as they had swore ;
 Because their neighbours they abusit
 In sae far as they had accusit.
 Them, as ye heard before:
 Did he not els, quoth he consent
 The *Cherrie* for to pou ?
 Quoth *Danger*, we are weil content,
 But yet the manner how ?
 We shall now, even all now,
 Get this man with us thair,
 It rests then, and's best then
 Your counsell to declair.

CVIII.

Weil said, quoth *Hope* and *Courage*, now,
 We thairto will accord with you,
 And shall abide by them ;
 Like as before we did submit,
 Sae we repeat the same yet,
 We mind not to reclaim :
 Whom they shall chuse to guide the way,
 We shall them follow straight,
 And furder this man, what we may,
 Because we have sae hecht ;
 Promitting, bot flitting,
 To do the thing we can,
 To please baith, and ease baith
 This silly sickly man.

CIX.

When *Reason* heard this, then, quoth he,
 I see your chiefest stay to be,
 That we have nam'd nae guide :
 The worthy counsel has therefore,
 Though gude that *Wit* should gae before,
 For perils to provide.
 Quoth *Wit*, there is but aue of three,
 Which I shall to you show,
 Whairof the first twa cannot be,
 For ony thing I know :
 The way here sae stay here,
 Is that we cannot clim,
 Even owre now, we four now
 That will be hard for him.

CX.

The next, gif we gae down about,
 While that this bend of craigs rin out,
 The stream is there sae stark,
 And also passeth waiding deep,
 And braider far than we dow leap,
 It should be idle wark,
 It grows aye braider to the sea,
 Sen owre the lin it came,
 The rinning deid does signify
 The deepness of the same :
 I leive now to deive now,
 How that it swiftly slids,
 As sleeping and creeping,
 But nature sae provids.

CXI.

Our way then lies about the lin,
 Whairby I warrand we shall win,
 It is sae straight and plain,
 The water also is sae schald,
 We shall it pass even as we wald,
 With pleasure, and bot pain :
 For as we see a mischief grow
 Aft of a feckless thing,
 Sae likewise does this river flow
 Forth of a pretty spring ;
 Whose throat Sir, I wot Sir,
 Ye may stap with your neive,
 As you Sir, I trow, Sir,
Experience can preive.

CXII.


That, Quoth *Experience*, I can
 And all ye said sen ye began,
 I ken to be a truth.
 Quoth *Skill*, the same I approve ;
 Quoth *Reason*, then let us remove,
 And sleep nae mair in sleuth :
Wit and *Experience* quoth he,
 Shall go before a pace,
 The man shall cum with *Skill* and me
 Into the second place ;
 Attowre now, you four now
 Shall come into a band,
 Proceeding and leading
 Ilk other be the hand.

CXIII.

As reason order'd, all obey'd,
 Nane was owre rash, nane was affray'd,
 Our counsell was sae wise,
 As of our journey *Wit* did note,
 We fand it true in ilka jot,
 God bless the enterprize :
 For ev'n as we came to the tree,
 Which as ye heard me tell
 Could not be clum thair suddenlie,
 The fruit for ripeness, fell ;
 Which haisting and taisting,
 I fand myself reliev'd
 Of cares all and sares all
 That mind and body griev'd.

CXIV.

Praise be to God my Lord therefore,
Wha did mine health to me restore,
 Being sae lang time pynd ;
And blessed be his holy name,
Wha did frae death to life reclaim,
 Me wha was sae unkynd.
All nations also magnifie
 This everliving Lord
Let me with you and you with me,
 To laud him aye accord ;
 Whas love aye we prove aye
 To us above all things,
 And kiss him and bless him,
 W has gloreeternal rings.



EXPLANATORY NOTES.
FROM THE HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

*Mythology is the Basis of History, the Standard of Criticism ;
and a guide to the studies of youth.*—BRYANT.

PAGE 1.—STANZA I.

When PHILOMEL had sweetly sung,
To PROGNE she deplor'd,
How TEREUS cut out her tongue,

TEREUS was the son of Mars and the nymph Bistonis; who after he had married with PROGNE King Pandion's daughter, ravished PHILOMELA his wife's sister, and cut out her tongue, that she might not discover it; which nevertheless PROGNE understood by PHILOMELA's letter, written with her own blood; this caused her to kill her only child Itys, which she bore to TEREUS, and boil him for his supper; he being enraged at this horrid wickedness, ran at his wife with his naked sword, but he was turned into a swallow, and so escaped him; and he in a lapwing, but PHILOMELA into a nightingale.

PAGE 2.—STANZA II.

The painted pawn with ARGUS eyes.

ARGUS, a king of Argos, who reigned 70 years.—A son of Arestor, whence he is often called Arestorides. He married Mene, the daughter of Asopus. As he had an hundred eyes, which only two were asleep at one time, Juno set him to watch Io, whom Jupiter had changed into a heifer; but Mercury, the order of Jupiter, slew him, by lulling all his eyes asleep with the sound of his lyre. Juno put the eyes of ARGUS to the tail of the peacock, a bird sacred to her.

PAGE 2.—STANZA II.

And ECHO answers all.

ECHO, a daughter of the Air and Tellus, who chiefly resided in the vicinity of the Cephisus. She was once one of Juno's

attendants; and became the confident of Jupiter's amours. Her loquacity however displeas'd Jupiter; and she was deprived the power of speech by Juno, and only permitted to answer the questions which were put to her. Pan had formerly been one of her admirers, but he never enjoy'd her favours. Echo after she had been punished by Juno, fell in love with Narcissus.

PAGE 2.—STANZA II.

How fair NARCISSUS fell.

NARCISSUS, was a fair youth, the son of Cephisus the River and of the nymph Liriope; as soon as the child was born, Cephisus was told by the soothsayer Tiresias, that so long as his son could refrain from the sight of his own face, so long he should live; when NARCISSUS came to be of fifteen or sixteen years of age, he was doted upon by divers of the nymphs, and chiefly Echo herself, but he slighted them all; at last being very hungry and dry, he came to a fountain of clear water to drink, when seeing his own face, he was so much enamour'd with himself that with grief, because he could not obtain his love, he pin'd away and died; and was turn'd into a flower of his own name.

PAGE 3.—STANZA IV.

To foster FLORA's fragrant flow'rs.

FLORA, was supposed to be a common courtesan, who by her wantonness, acquired a considerable property, and, when she died, bequeath'd it to the city of Rome, except a part which she left to be bestow'd in an annual celebration of her nativity, which was spent in all kinds of excesses. The Romans being, at last, ashamed of this rite from the infamy of the patroness, made her the goddess of flowers; whom they pretended, thus, to worship, that their plants and trees might flourish in their respective seasons with beauty and plenty. Her image was expos'd in the temple of Castor and Pollux, dress'd in a close coat and holding in her right hand the flowers of beans and peas. When these sports were celebrated, the officers or ædiles scatter'd beans and other pulse among the people. These games were proclaimed by sound of trumpet as we find mention'd in Juvenal.

PAGE 3.—STANZA IV.

Whereon APOLLO's paramours.

APOLLO, one of the false gods of the heathens, to whom the

tributed oracles, and the art of divination: He is said to be the son of Jupiter and Latona, and brother of Diana, born at Delos. He is also said to have killed the serpent Pitho, because the heat of the sun dries up the pestilential vapours of the earth: he was represented to wear long hair, in imitation of the sunbeams; the laurel was consecrated to him, because the heathens believed, that a laurel leaf being laid under a sleeping man's pillow, made him dream truly. The fable of his feeding Admetus's sheep was to denote, that all creatures receive particular benefit from the nourishing warmth of the sun; and his killing the Cyclops for forging Jupiter's thunderbolts, alluded to the sun's dispersing those vapours, that occasion the changes of the air and various distempers in human bodies. He is called the sun in heaven, Bacchus on earth, and APOLLO in hell; and is represented with a harp to shew us the harmony of the spheres; with a buckler, to signify he is the defender of the earth; and with a scythe to denote his power of life and death.

PAGE 3.—STANZA IV.

Through PHŒBUS whalsome heat.

PHŒBUS, a name given to Appollo, or the Sun. This word expresses the brightness and splendour of that luminary.

PAGE 4.—STANZA VI.

Whase MUSE surmatches myne.

The MUSES are the mistresses of the Sciences and the Goddesses of all poets and musicians, over whose works they are supposed to preside. They are the daughters of Jupiter, and were born on the mountain Pierius. Their mother was the nymph Mnemosyne, which in Greek, signifies memory. Their general name signifies inquiring. They are nine in number, and each distinguished for a particular accomplishment.

PAGE 5.—STANZA VIII.

While CUPID wak'nes with the cries.

CUPID, various are the origins which this god is said to have had. But the most general is, that he was born of Venus by Mars. He is pictured as armed with two darts: the one of gold which procures love, and the other of lead which causes

hatred. He presides over pleasure as well as love. He is scribed to be naked, to shew the power of beauty requires embellishment. And his having a fillet over his eyes, not only indicates that love is blind, but that he wounds all mankind without having the power of aiming his shafts at any particular individual. He is called CUPID from Cupiendo, which signifies the desire with which all his votaries are possessed to attain the object of their affection. His chief emblems are the bow in his hand, the quiver on his shoulders, and the torch in his hand. His wings denote the speed with which love assails the human breast, whenever an object is presented that is capable of exciting this universal passion. His being described as an unicorn is to shew that love requires more government than any passion that heaven has rendered the heart of man capable of feeling.

PAGE 7.—STANZA XII.

' As ICARUS with borrow'd flight.

ICARUS, a son of Dædalus, who, with his father, fled with wings from Crete to escape the resentment of Minos. His flight being too high proved fatal to him, and the sun melted the wax which cemented his wings, and he fell into that part of the Ægean sea which was called after his name.

PAGE 7.—STANZA XIII.

As foolish PHÆTON by suit.

PHÆTON was the son of Sol and Clymene, who taking occasion by his father's rash promise, entreated and obtained of him leave to guide his chariot for one day; but for want of strength and experience in him, the horses grew unruly and ran so near the earth, that had not Jupiter struck him down with his thunderbolt, the earth had been burned up.

PAGE 10.—STANZA XVIII.

Like DIDO, CUPIDO.

DIDO, called also Elisa, a daughter of Belus king of Tyre who married Sichæus, or Sicharbas, her uncle, who was priest of Hercules. Pygmalion, who succeeded to the throne of Tyre after Belus, murdered Sichæus, to get possession of the immense

es which he had; and Dido, disconsolate for the loss of her husband whom she tenderly loved, and by whom she was equally esteemed, set sail in quest of a settlement, with a number of followers, to whom the cruelty of the tyrant became odious.

PAGE 13.—STANZA XXV.

I call'd to mind how DAPHNE did.

DAPHNE, a daughter of the river Peneus, or of the Ladon, by the goddess Tarra, of whom Appollo became enamoured. This passion had been raised by Cupid, with whom Appollo, proud of his late conquest over the serpent Python, had disputed the superiority of his darts. Daphne heard with horror the addresses of the god, and endeavoured to remove herself from his importunity by flight. Appollo pursued her, and Daphne, fearful of being caught, entreated the assistance of the gods, who changed her into a laurel. Appollo crowned his head with the leaves of the laurel, and for ever ordered that that tree should be sacred to his divinity.

PAGE 16.—STANZA XXXI.

Wherefore hath ATROPOS that knife.

ATROPOS, one of the Parcae, daughter of Nox and Erebus.—According to the derivation of her name, *immutabilis*, she is inviolable and inflexible, and her duty among the three sisters is to cut the thread of life without regard to sex, age, or quality. She was represented by the ancients in a black veil, with a pair of scissors in her hand.

PAGE 16.—STANZA XXXI.

Which CLOTHO scarce hath spun.

CLOTHO, the youngest of the three Parcae, daughters of Jupiter and Themis, was supposed to preside over the moment that we are born. She held the distaff in her hand, and spun the thread of life. She was represented wearing a crown with seven points, and covered with a variegated robe.

PAGE 50.—STANZA XCIX.

Nae NECTAR directar,

NECTAR, the drink of the gods, according to the fiction of the poets, which had the property not only of being exceed pleasant and agreeable to the drinker, but also rendered a man immortal. &c., in common speech, it signifies any pleasant agreeable liquor whatever; with the Physicians, it is a medicinal drink, but of a most delicious smell, taste, and colour.

THE FIRST PSALM.

I.

WELL is the man,
 Ye blessed than,
 By grace that can
 Eschew ill counsals and the godless gaits,
 Wha walks not in
 The way of sin,
 Nor doth begin
 To sit with mockers in thair shameful saits,
 But in JEHOVAH'S law
 Delights aricht,
 And studys it to know
 Baith day and nicht.
 That man shall be like to ane tree
 That planted by the rining river grows,
 Which fruit doth beir in time of year,
 Whas leaves shall never fade, nor root unlowse.

II.

His actions all
 Ay prosper sall :
 So sall not fall
 To wicket men ; but as the chaff and sand,
 Which day by day
 Winds drive away :
 Thairfore I say
 The wicket in thair judgment sall not stand,
 Nor sinners cum nae mair,
 Whom GOD disdains,

In the assembly where
The just remains.

For why? the LORD wha beirs record,
He knows the righteous conversation ay,
But godless gait, which he so hates,
Sall quickly perish, and bot dout decay.

THE TWENTY THIRD PSALM.

I.

The LORD maist hie,
I knaw will be
An hird to me:
I cannot lang haif stress; nor stand in ne
He makes my lair,
In fields maist fair,
Whare I bot cair,
Reposing at my pleasure safely feid.
He sweetly me convoys
To pleisand springs,
Whare naething me annoys,
But pleasure brings:
He brings my mind, fit to sic kind,
That force or fear of fae cannot me grieve
He does me lead in perfect freid,
And for his name he will me never leave.

II.

Though I wald stray,
Ilk day by day,
In deidly way,
Yet will I not despair, I fear none ill;

For why thy grace,
 In every place,
 Does me embrace,

Thy rod & shepherd's cruik comfort me still.

In dispite of my foes,
 My table grows.

Thou balms my head with joy,
 My cup owreflows.

Kindness and grace, mercy and peace,
 Il follow me for all my wretched days,
 And me convoy to endless joy
 Heaven, whare I sall be with thee always.

SONET TO HIS MAJESTIE.

bright Apollo staineth every star
 ith golden rayis when he begins to ryse,
 hase glorious glance yit stoutly skailis the
 skyis,

her with a wink we wonder whare they war,
 fore his face for feir they said so far,
 nd vanishes away in such a wayis,
 at in their spehirs they dar not interpryse
 r to appeir lyk planeits as they are.

as the Phoenix with hir fedrum fair
 cels all foulis in diverse heviny heuis,
 hase nature contrair nature so reneuis,
 only, but companion or compair:
 quintessenst of Kings! when thou compyle,
 ou stanis my versis with thy staitly style.

TO HIS MAJESTIE. *From the same MS.*

HIR, clenge your cuntrie of thir cruel crymis

Adultries, witchcrafts, incests, sakeles blud
 Delay not, bot as David did betymes
 Your company of such men soon secluid.
 Out with the wicked;—garde ye with
 gude;

Of mercy and of judgment sey to sing.
 When ye suld stryk, I wald ye understud
 When ye suld spair, I wish ye war bening
 Chuse godly counsell; leirn to be a King
 Beir not thir burthens longer on your bac
 Jump not with justice for no kind of thin
 To just complantis gar gude attendance ta
 Thir bluidy sarks cryis alwayis in your eit
 Prevent the plague that presentlie appeir

THE POET'S COMPLANTE AGAINST THE
 UNKINDNESS OF HIS COMPANIONS WHEN
 HE WAS IN PRISON.

No wonder thocht I waill and weip,
 That womplit am in woes.
 I sigh, I sobbe, when I suld sleip,
 My spreit can not repose.
 My persone is in prisone pynit,
 And my companions so unkind,
 Melancholie mischeivis my mind,
 That I cannot reiose.

Sae lang I lookit for releif,
 While trewlie now I tyre;
 My guttis are grippit so with greif,
 It eitis me up in yre.
 The fremmitnes that I haif felt,
 For fyte and sorrow garris me swelt.

And maks my heart within me melt
Lyk wax before the fyre.

When men or women vesites me,
My dolour I disguyse,
By outward sights that nane may see
Whare inward languor lyis.

As patient as my part appears,
With heavy heart when no man heirs,
For baill then burst I out in tears,
Alane with cairfull cryis.

All day I wot not what to do,
I lothe to see the licht ;
At evin then I am trublit to ;
So noysum is the nicht.

When natur most requyrs to rest,
With pansing so I am opprest,
So many things my mind molest,
My sleiping is but licht.

Remembering me whare I have been,
Baith lykit and belov't,
And now sen syne what I have seen,
My mind may be commov't.

Gif ony of my dolour dout,
Let ilkane sey thair time about :
Perhaps whose stomok is most stout,
Its patience may be prov't.

I see, and namely now a days
All is not gold that gleitis ;
Nor to be seal'd what ilkane says,
Nor water all that weitis.

Sen fristed goods are not forgivin,
When cup is full, then hold it evin ;

For man may meet at unsetstevin,
Thocht mountains nevir meits.

Then do as ye wald be done to,
Belovit brethren all ;

For, out of doubt, what so ye do,
Resaif the lyk ye sall.

And with what mesur ye do mett,
Prepare again the lye to gett.

Your feet are not so sicker sett,
Bot fortun ye may fall.

CHRISTEN LINDESAY TO ROBERT HUDSON

OFT have I heard, but efter fund it trew,
That courteours kindness lasts bot for a whi
Fra once your turnes be sped, why then ade
Your promeist friendship passes into exile.
But, Robene, faith ye did me not beguyle,
I hopit ay of you as of the lave.

Gif thow had wit, thow wald haif mony a wy
To mak thy self be knawing for a knaive.
Montgomerie, that sic hope did once concea
Of thy gude will, now finds all is forgottin.
Thocht nocht but kindness he did at th
craive,

He finds thy friendship as it rypis is rotten
The smeikie smeiths cairis not his passit trave
Bot levis him lingering dcing of the gravel.

A POEME ON A LADY.

I.

YE hevins abone, with heavenlie ornament
Extend your curtins of the cristall air ?

asuir colour turn your elements,
 and soft this season, which has been schairp
 and fair.

Command the cluds that they dissolve nae
 mair;

nor us molest with mistie vapours weit.

For now she comes the fairest of all fair,
 the mundane mirrour matchless Margaret.

II.

the myldest May; the mekest, and modest

the fairest flower, the freshest flourishing;

the lamp of licht; of youth the lustiest;

the blythest bird, of bewtie maist bening;

foundit with grace, and godlie governing,

a *per se*, abone all elevat.

whom comparit is nae earthlie thing;

nor with the gods so heichlie estimate.

III,

the goddess Diana, in hir heavinlie throne,

sat at the full of all hir majestie,

when she belevit that danger was thair none,

but in hir sphere ascending up maist hie,

on this nymph fra that she cast her ee,

blushing for shame, out of her schyne she

slippis,

thinking she had been Phoebus verilie,

whose depairt she fell into th' eclippis.

IV.

the asters cleir, and torches of the nicht,

which in the sterrie firmament were fixit,

Fra they persavit Dame Phœbus los hir licht
 Lyk diamonds with cristall perls mixit,
 They did discend to schyne this nymph a
 next;
 Upon her shoulders twinkling everie on,
 Which to depaint it wald be owre prolixit,
 How they in ordour glister on hir gown.

v.

Gif she had been into the dayis auld,
 When Jupiter the shape of bulls did tak,
 Befoir Europe when he his feet did fauld,
 While she throw courage clam upon his back
 Sum greater mayck; I wat, he had gart ma
 Hir to have stolin be his slichtis quent;
 For to have past abone the zodiak,
 As quein, and goddes of the firmament.

vi.

With golden schours, as he did Clemene,
 He wald this virgine furteously desave
 Bot I houp in the goddes Hemene,
 Which to hir brother so happie fortoun ga
 That she shall be exaltit, by the laif,
 Baith for hir bewtie, and hir noble bluid.
 And of myself ane servand she sall haif
 Unto I die: and so I do conclude.

THE INVECTIONE AGAINST FORTUN; CONTAINING AN ADMONITION TO HIS FRIENDS AT COURT.

NOT Clio nor Calliope I chuse:
 Alleggra! thou must be my mirthles Muse,
 or to inspire my spreit with thy despite,
 and with thy fervent furie me infuse.
 What epithets or arguments to use
 With fals and feinyed FORTUN for to flyte.
 That wey my words, and waill my verse to
 wryte,
 That curst inconstant captive till accuse,
 These variance of all my woes I wyte.

She is mair moible mekle nor the moon;
 keeps a course, and changis not so soon;
 that in ane ordour waxes ay and wanes,
Bacre lu and *B moll* far abone.
 mesur not a moment she remanes,
 she gives by gess, she weyis no gold by grains;
 her doings all are undiscreitly done
 without respect of persons or of pains.

For men of merit she no matter maks;
 that when a toy intill her heid she taks,
 that ryme or reason, or respect to richt,
 the worthiest and valiantest she forsaks,
 and honours out-waills for unworthie acts,
 of a kitchen knaive to mak a knicht.
 That witch! that warlok! that unworthie
 wicht
 lays ay the best men soonest on thair backs,
 she settis up sic as some tym war but slycht,

When with a whisk she whirls about her
wheel,

Rude is that rattil running with a reill,
Whill top ower tail goes honest men atains
Then spurgald sporters they begin to speill
The cadger clims, new cleikit from the creil
And lads uplouns to Lordships all thair lair
Doun goes the bravest, brecking all thair
banes.

She works her will, God wot if it be weill;
She stoyts at strais, syne stumblis not a
stanes.

How she should hurt or help, she never
huiks:

Luk as it lyks, she laughs and never luiks,
But wavers like the weddercock in wind.
She counts not Kings nor Cazards mair
cuiks;

Reid but how she has bleikit Bocus buiks
Thairin the fall of princess sall ye find
That bloodie bitch! that buskit belly blin
Dings downwards ay the duchtienst lyk duik
Wha hopped highest oft tymes comes behin

I neid not now to nominate thair names
Whom she has shent and dayly shifts a
shames.

That longsome labour would be ou'r prolix
Your selfis may see I think a thousand
shames,

Which peets, as her pursevants, proclaime
Her fickle friendship is not firmly fixt;

Whair ane is now, his nichtbour may be nixt:
 he causles culzies, and but falt defames;
 hir mirrines with mischief ay is mixt.

Thairfore, my friends! wha nevir fears to
 fall,

hesaiv my eirnest admonition all.

Whiles ye are weill, I wish you to be war;
 remember, shirs, that somtyme ye war small,
 and maybe yit, I will not say ye sall;
 for, I confess, that war a fut too far.

Howbeit ye think my harrand some thing har;
 When ye leist wein, your backs may to the
 wall,

things byds not ay in ordour as they are.

Tak tyme in tyme, and to my tail tak tent;
 let ye it pas, perhaps, ye may repent,

and with it war when ye may want your will.
 Had Cæsar seen the cædule that was sent,
 he wat he had not with the wicked went,

Wha war concludit causles him to kill,
 not in his bosome he put up that bill,
 he which at last, though lait, maid him re-
 pent

his unadvertence only did him ill.

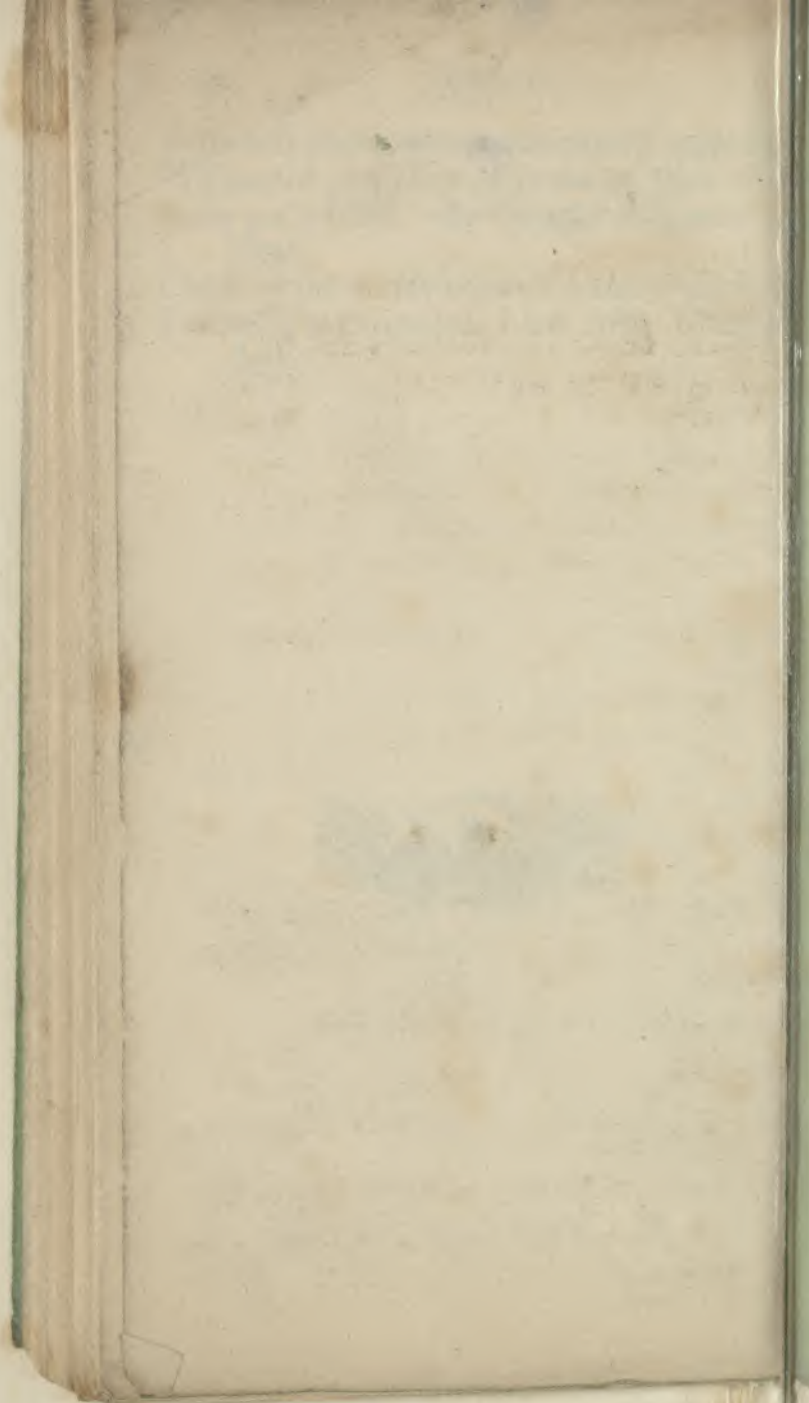
Judge of yourself by Julius, my joyes!
 Whase fenyed freinds were worse than open
 faes.

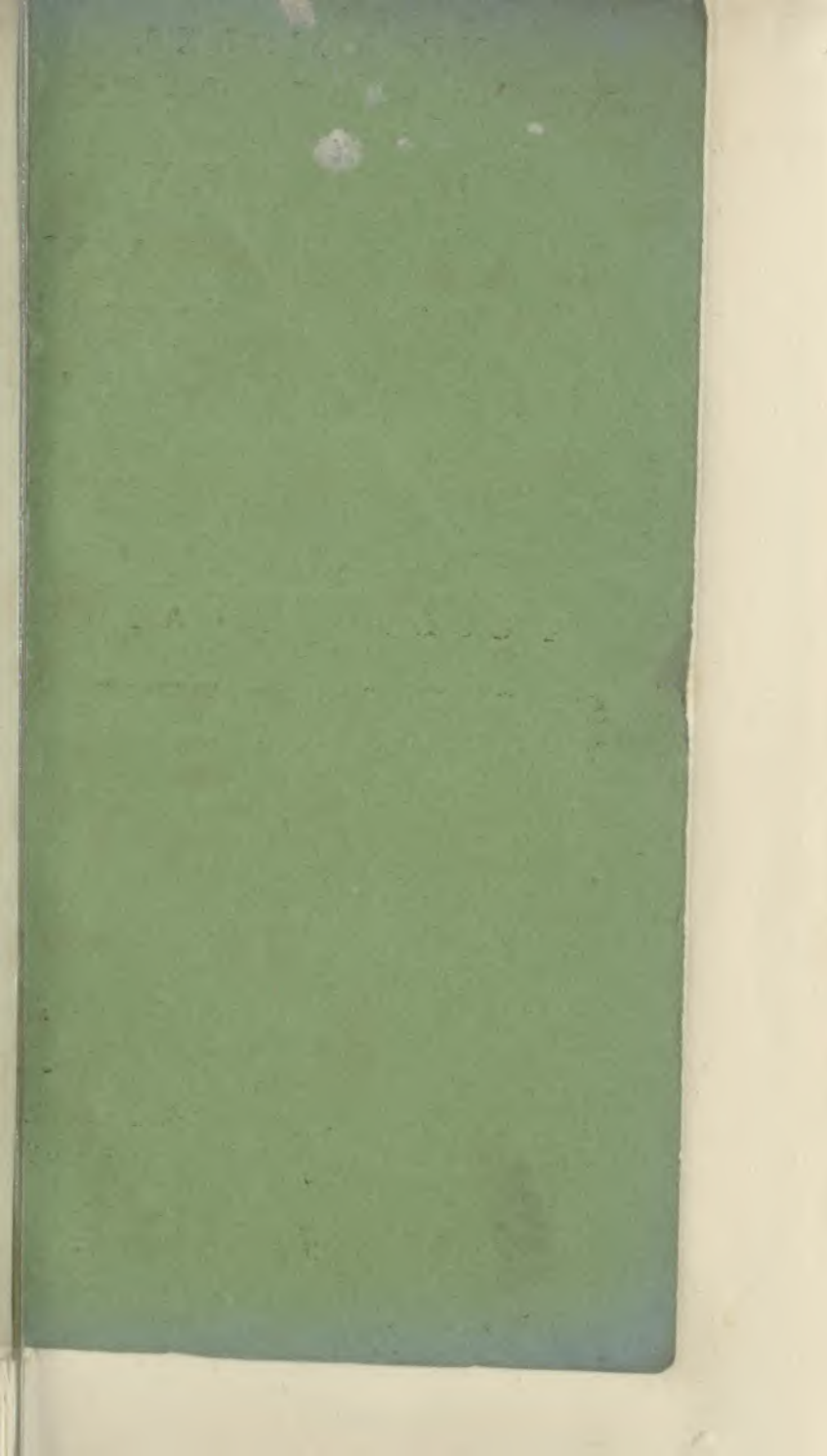
If that ye stand not in a staggering stait,
 think ye that she will thole you more than
 those,

Wha war your auin companions I suppose,
 Whom she gart slide or ye sat on thair sea.
 Some got a blind, who thought they were n
 bleat.

Chuse or refuse my counsel,—tak your chos
 Fairweill, my friends! I bot with FORTU
 fleet.







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