

THE  
DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

OR SOMR.

REFLECTIONS

On his Intrigue with a Young Lass, and what hap-  
pened thereupon; intermixed with Advice to all  
Precentors and Dominies.

WITH THE SEQUEL.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

*Maggy Johnston's Elegy.*



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## THE PREFACE.

**I**F this offend when ye peruse,  
Pray, reader, let this me excuse,  
Myself I only here accuse,

Who am the cause,  
That e'er ye had this piece of news  
To split your jaws.

For had I right the gully guided,  
And wi' a wife myself provided,  
To keep me frae that, wae betide it,  
That's kent to a',  
Id staid at hame, or near beside it;  
Now that's awa'.

Be wiser then, and do what's right,  
And mind your business wi' might,  
Lest unexpected gloomy night,  
Should you surround  
An' mingle a' your pleasure bright,  
Wi' grief profound.

And, bonny lasses, mind this rhyme,  
As true as three and sax mak nine,  
If ye commit ye ken what crime,  
And turn onweel  
There'll something wamble in your wame  
Just like an eel.

THE  
DOMINIE DEPOSED.

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PART I.

SOME Dominies are sae bias'd,  
That o'er the dyke themsells they cast,  
They drink an' rant, an' live sae fast,  
This drives them on,  
To draw a weapon at the last,  
That sticks Mefs John.

Thus going on from day to day,  
Neglecting still to watch and pray,  
And teach the little anes A, B, C,  
An' Pater Noster,  
Quite ither thoughts our Lettergae,  
Begins to foster.

For, laying by baith fear and shame,  
They slyly venture on that game,  
*All Fours*, I think, they call't by name,  
Baith auld an' rife,  
That in the play Mefs John is slain,  
Wi' his ain knife.

'Tis kind, therefore, I winna strive  
My doughty deeds here to describe,  
A lightsome life still did I thrive,  
Did never itch,  
By out an' in abouts to drive,  
For to mak rich.

I ne'er laid money up in store,  
 Into a hole behind the door,  
 A shilling, penny, less or more,  
   I did it scatter,  
 'Tis just, now, I should drink, therefore,  
   Sma' beer or water.

I never filler sooner got,  
 But a' my pouches it would plot,  
 And scorch them fair, it was fae hot;  
   Then to get clear  
 Of it, I swill'd it down my throat,  
   In ale or beer,

Thus a' my failing was my glafs,  
 An' anes, to please a bonny lass,  
 I, like a silly amorous ass,  
   Drew forth my gully,  
 An' through an' through at the first pass,  
   Ran Mr. Willy.

Sae for this mad, tho' merry fit,  
 I was fair vex'd and forc'd to flit,  
 They plagu'd me sae wi' pay and fit,  
   Quo' they, You thief,  
 How durst you try to steal a bit  
   Forbidden beef?

O then I humbly plead that *vos*,  
 Weuld make i. your continual *mos*,  
 Wi' hearts sincere an open *os*,  
   You'd often pray,

*I tali mælo libra nos,*  
   O Dominie.

THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D

For, hark, I'll tell you what they think,  
Since I left handling pen and ink:

Wae worth that weary sroup o' drink

He lik'd fae weel,

He drank it a', lett not a clink

His throat to swill,

Hel ik'd still sitting on his doup,

To view the pint or cutty-sroup,

And sometimes lasses overcoup,

Upo' their keels,

This made the lad at length to loup,

An' tak' his heels.

Then was it not a grand presumption;

To ca' him doctor o' the function;

He dealt too much in barley-unction

For his profession;

He never took a good injuncheon

Frae kirk or session.

An' to attend, he was not willing,

His school, fae lang's he had a shilling,

But lov'd to be where there was silling

Good punch or ale,

For him to rise was just like killing

Or first to fail.

His fishing wand, his sneeshing box,

A fowling piece, to shoot muir-cocks,

An' hutning hare through craigs an' rocks,

This was his game,

Still left the young anes, so the fox

Might worry them,

THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D

When he committed a' these tricks,  
For which he weel deserv'd his licks,  
Wi' red-coats he did intermix,

When he foresaw  
The punishment the kirk inflicts  
On fowks that fa'

Then to his shrift he bade adieu,  
When wi' his tail he stopp'd his mou',  
He changed his coat to red and blue,

An' like a sot  
Did the poor Clerk convert into  
A Royal Scot.

An' now fowks use me at their wills,  
My name is blawn out o'er the hills,  
At banquets, feasts, a' mouths it fills,

'Twixt each, *Here's t' thee,*  
'Tis fore traduc'd at kilns and milns,  
And common smithy.

Then, Dominies, I you beseech,  
Keep very far from Bacchus' reach,  
He drown'd a' my cares to preach,

Wi' his ma't-bree,  
'I've wore fair banes by mony a bleech  
O' his tap-tree :

If Venus does possess your mind,  
Her anticks ten times warse ye'll find,  
For to ill tricks she's fae inclin'd,

For proticks past,  
She blew me here before the wind :  
Could be her cast.

Within years less than half a dizen,  
She made poor Maggy lie in jizen,  
When little Jock brake out of prison,  
On gude Yule-day,  
This of my quiet cut the wisen',  
Whan he wan gae.

Let readers' then tak better heed,  
For fear they kifs mair than they read,  
In case they wear the sacken weed,  
For fornication,  
Or leave the priest-craft shot to dead  
For procreation.

The maist o' them, like blind an' lame,  
Have nae aversion to the game,  
But better 'twere to tak her hame,  
Their pot to cook,  
An' teach his boys to write a theme,  
And mind their book.

Then may they sit hame, an' please,  
Themfells wi' gathering in their fees,  
While I must face mine enemies,  
Or shaw my dock ;  
There's odds 'twixt handling pens wi' ease  
An' a firelock,

Sae shall they never mount the stool,  
Whereon the lasses greet an' howl,  
Tho' deil a tear, scarce fair or foul,  
Comes o'er their cheeks ;  
Their mind's not there, 'tis spinning wool,  
Or mending breaks.

The Kirk then pardons, no such prots,  
 They must tell down good five pounds Scots,  
 Though they should pledge their petticoats,  
     An' gae arse bare ;  
 The least price there is twenty groats,  
     An' prigging fair.

If then the lad does not her wed,  
 Poor Meg some feigned tears maun shed  
 Her minny crooks her mou' and dad,  
     They fart an' fling ;  
 " O wow that e'er I made the bed,"  
     Then does she sing.

*Thus for her Maidenhead she moans,  
 Bewailing what is past ;  
 Her pitcher's dash'd agninst the stanes,  
 And broken at the last.*

## PART II.

**A**' Maids, therefore, I do bemoan,  
 Betwixt the rivers Dee and Don,,  
 If anes they get a lick o' yon,  
     Though by the laird,  
 The toy-mutch maun then gae on,  
     Nae mair bare-hair'd.

Yet wanton Venus, that the-bitch,  
 Does a' our senses see bewitch,  
 An' fires our blood wi' sic an itch,  
     That aften times,

There is nae help but to commit,  
 Some ill-sar'd crime.



Yet some they are sae very willing,  
 At ony time they'll tak a shilling,  
 But he that learnt them first their spelling,  
     Or Meg or Nell,  
 Be sure to him they'll lay an egg in;  
     This some can tell.

Unthinking things! it is their creed,  
 If some sic things be done wi' speed,  
 They're safe, 'tis help in time of need,  
     Nae after-claps  
 Tho' nine months aft brings quick or dead,  
     Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me speak,  
 I anes was hooked wi' the cleek,  
 I almost had besnit my breck,  
     When Maggy told,  
 That, by her faul, not e'en a week  
     Young Jack would hold.

She was sae stiff she couldna loot;  
 Your pranks, she says, are now found out,  
 The Kirk and you maun hae a bout;  
     Ill mat ye fare,  
 'Tis a' your ain, ye need na doubt,  
     Ilk hilt an' hair.

Alas that e'er I saw your face,  
 I can nae langer hide the case;  
 Had I foreseen this sad disgrace,  
     Nae man nor you,  
 Should e'er a touch'd my sic a place,  
     Or kifs' my mou'.





They wrought together in a croud ;  
 By this time I was under cloud ;  
 Yet bye and bye I understood,

They made one more,  
 For Jack he tun'd his pipe, and loud  
 Wi' cries did roar.

Wi' that they blam'd the Sesion-Clark ;  
 Where is the lown hid in the dark ?  
 For he's the father o' this wark :

Swear to his mither,  
 He's just as like him as ae lark .  
 Is like anither.

About me then there was a din,  
 They fought me out through thick an' thin  
 Wi' deil hae her, an' deil hae him,  
 He's o'er the dyke ;  
 Our Dominie has now dunk in  
 His arle a pike.

Ye may weel judge I was right swer,  
 This uncouth meeting to draw near,  
 Yet forc'd I was then to appear.  
 Although perplex'd ;  
 But listen how, and ye shall hear,  
 The hags me vex'd.

The Carlings Maggy had fae cleuked,  
 Before young Jack was rightly hooked,  
 They made her twice as little booked,  
 But to gae on,  
 O then ! how like a fool I locked,  
 Whan I saw John.





The auld mou'd wives thus did me taunt,  
 Though a' was true, I must needs grant,  
 But ae thing maistly made me faint,  
     Poor Meg lay still,  
 An' look'd as loesome as a saint  
     That kend nae ill.

Then a' the giglets young and gaudy,  
 Sware by their sauls, I might be wady,  
 For getting sic a lusty laddy,  
     Sae like mysell ;  
 An' made me blush wi' speaking bawdy,  
     Bout what befel.

Thus auld and young their verdict had,  
 'Bout Maggy's being brought to bed,  
 I thought my fill, yet little said,  
     Or had to say,  
 To reap the fruit o' sic a trade,  
     On gu' - Yule day.

*What sometimes in the mou' is sweet,  
 Turns bitter in the wame ;  
 I grumbled sair to get the geet,  
 At sic a merry time.*

## PART III.

**N**OW Maggy's twasome in a swoon,  
 A counsel held condemns the lown,  
 The cushle mushle thus gaed roun',  
     Our bonny Clark,  
 He'll get the Dud an' Sacken Gown,  
     That ulgy Sark.









ae leaving them to driak het ale,  
 slipt awa' an' let them rail :  
 Then running till my breath did fail,  
     I was right glad  
 'rae Kirk an' Wives to tak leg bail,—  
     Nae doubt they said.

*The Lettergae has play'd the fool,  
 And shifted the Repenting-Stool,  
 To Kirk and Session bids good-day,  
 He'll o'er the hills and far away.*

---

 THE

## SEQUEL.

**N**OW, loving friends, I hae you left  
 Ye ken I neither stole nor rest,  
 But when I found myself infest,  
     In a young Jack,  
 I did resolve to change the haft  
     For that mistak.

An' reasons mae I had anew,  
 'or I had neither horse nor cow ;  
 My stock took wings an' aff it flew ;  
     Sae a' was gone,  
 An' deil a flee had I was new  
     Except young John.

Too aft my thirsty throat to cool,  
 I went to visit the punch bowl,  
 Which makes me now wear reddish wool  
                                   Instead o' black ;  
 Or I must foot the cutty stool  
                                   Wi' deil a plack.

The chappen-stoup, the pint an' gill,  
 Too aft I caused for to fill,  
 Ay loving those wha would sit still,  
                                   An' wet the mouth,  
 Ne'er minding that the TULLO HILL,  
                                   Leads people south.

O but that loving laird Kingswells  
 My blessings flow where his foot swells,  
 Lang life to him whate'er befalls,  
                                   God be his guide,  
 He's cur'd a thousand thirsty sauls,  
                                   An' mine beside.

O had I but thae days again,  
 Which I sae freely spent in vain,  
 I'd strive some better for to ken,  
                                   What future chance  
 Should blaw me here out o'er the main,  
                                   An' sae near France-

“ But since what ails maun ay befall  
 “ The chiel that will be prodigal ;  
 “ When wasted to the very spaul  
                                   “ He turns his tusk,  
 “ For want o' comfort to his saul,  
                                   “ On hungry husk.”

ow since I'm aff' sae mony a mile,  
 here's naething got without some toil,  
 ll wait; cross fortune anes may smile  
                   Come want, come wealth  
 n' tak a pint in the mean while,  
                   To Heilden's health.

ae, for a time, freinds, fare ye weel,  
 ly pot companions, true and leel,  
 wish ye a' a merry Yule,  
                   Much mirth and glee,  
 ae mair young Jacks into the creel,  
                   That day for me.

*Somo ither Yule may yet cast up,  
 When we again shall mee;  
 To drown our sorrows in a cup  
 In case we live to see't*

THE END.

---

E L E G Y

ON

MAGGY JOHNSTON,

*Who Died Anno 1711.*

**A**ULD Reeky mourn in sable hue,  
 Let foutho' tears dreeplike May dew,  
 To bra' tippeny bid adieu,  
                   Which we wi' greed,  
 Bended as fast as she brew could,  
                   But now she's dead.



Whan we were wearied at the gouff,  
Then Maggy Johnston's was our bouff,  
Now a' our gamesters may sit douff,  
    Wi' hearts like lead.  
Death wi' his ring reach'd her a youff,  
    An' sae she's dead.

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine,  
For which we will right sair repine?  
Or hast thou left to bairns o' thine,  
    The panky knack,  
O brewing ale amaist like wine,  
    That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a pease-scon tost,  
Biz i' the quaff, and flee the frost,  
There we gat fu' wi' little cost,  
    An' muckle speed;  
Now wae worth death, our sport's a' lost,  
    Since Maggy's dead.

Ae summer night I was sae fu',  
Amang the riggs I gaed to spew,  
Syne down on a green bank I trow,  
    I took a nap,  
An' sought a night Balillilu,  
    As soon's a tap.

An' whan the dawn began to glow,  
I hirsled up my dizzy pow,  
Frae 'mang the corn like worry-kow,  
    Wi' banes fu' sair,  
An' kend nae mair than if a yow,  
    How I came there

