DOMINIE DEPOST.

OR SOMR.

REFLECTIONS

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

WITH THE SEQUEL.

BY WILLIAM FORBES, A. M. Late Schoolmaster at Petercoulter.

Maggy Johnston's Elegy.



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THE PREFACE.

F this offend when ye peruse,
Pray, reader, let this me excuse,
Mysell 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 mysell provided, To keep me frac that, was betide it, That's kent to a', Id staid at hame, or near beside it:

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 naweel
There'll something wamble in your wam
Just like an eel.

DOMINIE DEPOSED.

PART I.

They drink an' rant, an' live fae fast,

To draw a weapon at the last,

That stricks Mess 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 Mess John is slain,
Wi' his ain knife.

'Tis kind, therefore, I winna strive My doughty deeds here to descrive, A lightsome life still did I thrive,

Did never itch,

By out an' in abouts to drive,

For to mak tich.

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 fooner got,
But a my pouches it would plot,
And scorch them fair, it was fae hot;
Then to get clear
Of it, I fwill'd it down my throat,
In all or beer.

Thus a' my failing was my glass, An' anes, to please a bonny lass, I, like a filly amorous as,

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 fae wi' pay and fit,

How durst you try to steal a bit
Forbidden beef?

O then I humbly plead that vos, Would make it your continual mos, Wi' hearts fincere an open os, You'd often pray,

I tali malo libra nos,

O Dominie.

For, hark, I'll tell you what they think, Since I left handling pen and ink:
Wae worth that weary foup o' drink
He lik'd fae weel,

He drank it a', left not a clink His throat to fwill.

Hel ik'd still sitting on his doup,
To view the pint or cutty stoup,
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 injunction Frae kirk or fession.

An' to attend, he was not willing, His school, sae lang's he had a shilling, But lov'd to be where there was silling Good punch or ale,

For him to rife 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,

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 fot 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 fmithy.

Then, Dominies, I you befeech, 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 sae inclin'd,

For proticks past,
She blew me here before the wind:
Cauld 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.

et readers' then tak better heed, for fear they kiss mair than they read, in case they wear the sacken weed,

For fornication,

Or leave the priest-craft shot to dead

The maist o' them, like blind an' lame, Have nae aversion to the game, But better 'twere to tak her hame, Their por to cook,

An' teach his boys to write a theme,

And mind their book.

Then may they fit hame, an' please, Themsells wi' gathering in their sees, While I must sace 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 sair or foul,

Comes o'er their cheeks;

Their mind's not there, 'tis fpinning wool, Or mending breeks. The Kirk then pardons no fuch prots, They must tell down good five pounds Scots, Though they should pledge their petticoats,

An' gae arfe bare;
The least price there is twenty greats,
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; of O wow that ever 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 stones, And broken at the last.

PART II.

Maids, therefore, I do bemoan,
Betwixt the rivers Dec and Don,
If anes they get a lick o' you,
Though by the laird,
The toy-mutch many then gae on.

The toy-mutch maun then gae on, Nae mair bare-hair'd.

Yet wanton Venus, that The-bitch,
Does a' our fenses fee bewitch,
An' fires our blood wi' fic an itch,
That aftentimes,
There is nae help but to commit,

Someill 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 fure to him they'll lay an egg in; This fome 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,

'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 beshit my breek,

That, by her faul, not e'en a week
Young Jack would hold.

She was fae stiff she coudna 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,

Should e'er a touch'd my fic a place, Or kiss' my mou'. O Dominie, you're dispossest, Ye hae beshit your holy nest, The warld sees ye hae transgrest, I'm at my time,

Ye dare nae mair, now do your best,

Let gae the rhyme.

Ohon! how weel I might hae kent, When first to you I gae consent, Wi' me to mak your merriment, How a' would be:

Alas! that e'er my loom I lent
That day to thee.

Wae to the night I first began
To mix my moggans wi' thee, man:
Tis needless now to curse or ban,
But deil hae me,

Ye'll pay an' fit, for fit ye ean, An' that ye'll fee.

I heard her as I heard her not, But time and place had quite forgot, I guels'd my piece was in the pot, For I could tell,

It was too fliort her petticoat, By ha'f an ell.

Wi' blubber'd cheeks, and watry nofe, Her weary story she did close; I faid the best, and aff she goes lust like a thief,

An' took a glass to interpese, 'Twixt mirth and gries.

Yet would hae gien my ha'f year's fee, Had Maggy then been jesting me, Had tartan purry, meal an' bree,

Or butt'ry profe,

Been kilting up her petticoats Aboon her hofe.

But time that tries such proticks past, Brought me out o'er the coals fu' fast; Poor Maggy took a fudden blaft,

An' o'er did tumble,

For fomething in her wame at last Began to rumble.

Our fowk ca'd it the windy gravel, That grips the guts beneath the navel, But laith was the for to unravel

Their gross mistake, Weel kend she, that she was in travail. Wi' little Jack.

But, to put matters out of doubt. Young John within would fain been out. An' butt an' ben made sic a rout

Wi' hands and feet, That she began twa-fauld about

The house to creep.

Then dool an' forrow interveend; For Jack nae langer could be screen'd, My lass upon her breast she lean'd,

An' gae a skirl; The canny wives came there conveened Ane in a whirl.

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

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

Wi' that they blam'd the Session-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,

Our Dominie has now dunk in

His arle a pike.

Ye may weel judge I was right funer, This uncouth meeting to draw near, Yet forc'd I was then to appear.

But listen how, and ye shall hear,

The haggs me vex'd.

The Carlings Maggy had fae cleuked, Before young Jack was rightly hooked, They made her twice as little booked,

O then! how like a fool I looked, Whan I faw John. The Comer then came to me bent,
And gravely did my fon prefent;
She bade me kifs him, be content,
Then wish'd me joy;
An' tald it was what luck had sent,

A waly boy.

In ilka member, lith an' lime,
Its mouth, its nose, its cheeks, its chin,
'Tis a' like daddy, just like him,
His very sel

Though it look'd cankered four and grim, Like ony elf.

Then whisp'ring now to me she harked, Indeed your hips the should be yarked, Nae mair Mess John, nor dare ye Clarkit, Faith ye hae ca'd

Your hogs unto a bonny markit, Indeed my lad.

But telome, man, I should say master,
What muckle deil in your way chas'd her?
Lowrs baith! but I think I hae plac'd her,
Now on her side,

My coming here has not disgrac'd her, At the Tule-tide.

An for yourfell, ye dare na look Hereafter ever on a book, Your mou' about the Psalms to crook; Ye've play'd the fool,

Anither now your post maun bruik, An' you the stool, She bann'd her faul, and then she blest it, In the Kirk-books it would be listed, An' thus the weary wife insisted,

Vill sit whar he will not be pisht at
By dogs some day.

She wrung her hands until they cracked, An' fadly me she sham'd an' lacked. Ah, man! the Priest, how will he tak it,

Whan he hears tell, How Maggy's mitten ye hae glacket, Te ken yourfell.

The Session-Clark to play such prankies, Ye'll stan, I fear, upon your shankies, An' maybe slaver i' the brankies;

It could na mis,
But lifting Maggy's callimankies,

Would turn to this.

A toothless Houdy, auld and teugh, Says, Comer husht, we hae eneugh, Thirsh mony ane has touch't the pleugh, Ash gude ash he,

An' yetch gane backlench o'er the heugh,
Shae let him be.

Hesh no, quoth she, though he'sh be lear'd, That ye ken what, they hae crept near't, Fer you an' I hash aftimes heard

O' nine or ten,
Wha thush the Clergy hash beshmear'd
Wi' their ain Pen.

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 baudy, Bout what hefel.

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 fiuit o' sic a trade, On gue - Yule day.

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

PART III.

The cushle mushle thus gaed roun',

Our bonny Clark,

He'll get the Dud an' Sacken Gown,

That ulgy Sark.

Consider, sirs, now this his crime,
'Tis no like hers, or yours, or mine,
He's just next thing to a divine,

An' wow 'tis odd, Sic men should a' their senses tine, An' fear o' God.

'Tisstrange what maks kirk fouk sae stupit,
To mak or meddle wi' the fuca'it,
Or mint to preach in sic a pu'pit,
The senseless fools,

Far better for them hunt the tyouchet Or teach their schools.

They hunt about frae house to house, Just as a taylor hunts a lonse, Still girding at the barley-juice

They plump into some open sluice, Where a' is sunk.

A plague upo' that oil o' ma't,
That weary drink is a' their fau't,
It made our Dominie to hau't;
The text fulfill,
Which bids cast out the sa'tless sa't,
On the dunghill.

They are sae fed, they lie sae saft,
They are sae hain'd, they grow sae daft
This breeds ill wiles, ye ken fu' aft
In the black coat,

Till poor Mess John, and the Preist-craft, Gaes to the pot.

tald them then, It was but wicked, o add affliction, to the afflicted, but to it they were sae addicted,

They said therefore, the clout about me should be pricked, At the Kirk-door.

But yet nor kirk nor consterie, Quoth they, can ask the taudy fee, Tell them in words just twa or three, The deil a plack,

or tary breeks should ay gae free,
An' he's the Clark.

then was dumb; how I was griev'd, Vhat would I gi'en to be reliev'd! ? They us'd me want than I had thiev'd, Some strain'd their lungs

In' very loud they me mischiev'd,
Wi' their ill tongues.

Iad you been their to hear and see the manner how they guided me, An' greater penance wha could dree!

A Lettergae,

Wi' sic a pack confin'd to be,
On gude Yule-day-

Young Jack wi's kirls he peirc'd the skies, pray'd that death might close his eyes, But did not meet with that surprise,

To my regret,
Sae had nae help but up in cries
Het drinks to get.

This laid their din; the drink was stale, An' to't they gade wi' tooth an' nail, An' wives whase rotten tusks did fail, Wi' bread an' cheese,

They birl'd fu' fast at butter'd ale To gie them ease.

They ca' upon me, then dadda, Come tune your fiddle, play us a Jigg or hornpipe, nac mair SOL FA, My bonny cock;

The Kirk an' you maun pluck a fa' About young Jock.

Play up, Sae merry as we hae been, Or, Wat ye wha we met yestreen, Or, Lass will ye lend me your leem? Or, Sonps o' brandy,

Or, Gin the Kirk wad let's alane, Or, Houghmagandy.

Sic tunes as these, yea, three or four, They call'd for, ill mat they cour, Play, cries the comer, wi' a glour, The wanton toudy.

Wha' did the Dominie ding o'er,

Just heels o'er goudy.

O' music I had little skill, But as I could, I play'd my fill, It was my best to shaw good will,.

Yet a' my drift
Was best how I might win the hill
The wives to shift.

ae leaving them to drink het ale, slipt awa' an' let them rail: hen 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.

Ye ken I neither stole nor reit,
But when I found myself infeft,
In a young Jack,
did resolve to change the haft
For that mistak.

An' reasons mae I had anew,
for 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

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 befals,

God be his guide, He's cur'd a thousand thirsty sauls, An' mine beside.

O had I but that 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 sincewhat ails maun ay befall "The chief that will be prodigal;

"When wasted to the very spaul "He turns his tusk,

"Yor 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, Il wait; cross fortune ares 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 meet, To drown our sorrows in a cup In case we live to sec't

THE END.

ELEGY.

ON

MAGGY JOHNSTON, Who Died Anno 1711.

ULD Reeky mourn in sable hue, Let fouth o' tears dreep like May dew, To bra' tippeny bid adieu,

Which we wi' greed, Bended as fast as she brew could,

But now she's dead.

To tell the truth now, Maggy dang, O' customers she had a bang;
For lairds an' sutors a' did thrang
To drink bedeen;
The barn an' yard was aft sae thrang,
We took the green.

An' there by dizens we lay down,
Syne sweetly ca'd the healths aroun',
To bonny lasses, black or brown,
As we loe'd best;
In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
An' took our rest.

When in our pouch we found some clink An' took a turn o'er Bruntsfield Links Aften in Maggy's, at Hay-jinks,

We guzzl'd scuds,'
Till we could scarce, wi hale-out drink
Cost aff our duds.

We drank an drew, an fill'd again.
O wow! but we were blythe an fain:
When ony had their count mistane,
O it was nice.

To hear us a cry pick your bane, An spell your dice.

Fou close we used to drink and rant, Untill we baith did glowr and gaunt, And pish, and spue, and yesk, and maunt, Right swash trow,

Then aff-auld stories we did chaunt, Whan we were fou. Whan we were wearied at the gouff, Then Maggy Johnston's was our houff, Now a our gamesters may sit douff,

Wir hearts like lead.

Death wis his rung reach'd her a youff,
An sae she's dead.

Maun we be forced thy skill to tine, For which we will right sair repine? Or hast thou left to bairns of thine, The panky knack,

O brewing ale amaist like wine,
That gard us crack?

Sae brawly did a pease-scon tost, Biz i the quaff, and flee the frost, There we gat fu wi little cost,

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 sonn'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

Some said it was the pith of broom, That she stow'd in her masking loom, Which in our heads rais'd sic a foom, Or some wild seed,

Which aft the chappen-stoup did toom.

But fill'd our head.

But now since 'tis sae that we must,
Not in the best ale put our trust,
But when we're auld return to dust,
Without remead;
Why should we tak it in disgust,
Since Maggy's dead.

O' warldly comforts she was rife, An' liv'd a lang and hearty life, Right free o' care, or toil, or strife, Till she was stale;

An' kend to be a canny wife

At brewing ale.

Then fareweel Maggy dowse and fell, O' brevers as ye bore the bell; Let a your gossips yelp and yell, An without feed,

Guess whither ye're in heaven or hell,

They're sure ye're deac

EPITAPH.

O Rare Maggy Johnston!