

THE  
DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

OR SOME

REFLECTIONS

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 unweel  
There'll something wamble in your war  
Just like an eel.







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', left 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 overcroup,

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 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 filling

Good punch or ale,

For him to rise was just like killing

Or first to fail.

His fishing wand, his snaeshing 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.



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 kiss 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 tees,  
While I must face mine enemies,  
Or shaw my dock;  
There's odds 'twixt handling pens wi' e  
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 cheek  
Their mind's not there, 'tis spinning-we  
Or mending breeks.

THE DOMINIE DETOS D  
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.

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.

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

## PART II.

A<sup>2</sup> Maids, therefore, I do bemoan,  
Betwist the rivers Dee and Don,  
Anes they get a lick o' yon,

Though by the laird,  
The toy-mutch maun then gae on,  
Nae mair bare-hair d.

It wanton Venus, that she-bitch,  
Bes a' our senses fae bewitch,  
It fires our blood wi' sic an itch,  
That aftertimes,  
Sere is nae help but to commit,  
Some ill-far'd crime.





THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

The  
Th  
Thominie, you're dispossest,  
Hae beshit your holy nest,  
Th' warld fees ye hae transgrest,  
I'm at my time,  
Dare nae mair, now do your best,  
Let gae the rhyme.

o  
en! how weel I might hae kent,  
In first to you I gae consent,  
I me to mak your merriment,  
How a' would be:  
! that e'er my loom I lent  
That day to thee.

to the night I first began  
Mix my moggans wi' thee, man:  
Needless now to curse or ban,  
But deil hae me,  
I pay an' fit, for fit ye can,  
An' that ye'll see.

ard her as I heard her not,  
Time and place had quite forgot,  
Wes'd my piece was in the pot,  
For I could tell,  
As too short her petticoat,  
By ha'f an ell.

I blubber'd cheeks, and watry nose,  
Weary story she did close;  
I'd the best, and aff she goes  
Just like a thief,  
Took a glass to interpose,  
'Twixt mirth and grief.







The Comer then came to me bent,  
 And gravely did my son present;  
 She bade me kiss him, be content,  
                                   Then wish'd me joy;  
 An' tald it was—what luck had ient,  
                                   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 self,  
 Though it look'd cankered sour and grim,  
                                   Like ony elf.

Then whisp'ring now to me she harked,  
 Indeed your hips the should be yarked,  
 Nae mair Mefs John, nor dare ye Clarkit,  
                                   Faith ye hae ca'd  
 Your hogs unto a bonny markit,  
                                   Indeed my lad.

But tell me, man, I should say master,  
 What muckle deil in your way chas'd her?  
 Lown's baith! but I think I hae plac'd her,  
                                   Now on her side,  
 My coming here has not disgrac'd her,  
                                   At the Yule-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 bruiik,  
                                   An' you the stool,



The auld mon'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.

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

His auld and young their verdict had,  
 bout Maggy's being brought to bed,  
 thought my fill, yet little said,  
     Or had to say,  
 to reap the fruit o' sic a trade,  
     On gude-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 II.

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







This laid their din; the drink was sta  
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, nae 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, Soups o' brandy,  
Or, Gin the Kirk wad let's alane,  
Or, Houghmagandy.

Sic tunes as these, yea, three or four,  
They call'd for, iil mat they cour,  
Play, cries the comer, wi' a glour,  
The wanton tondy,  
Wha' did the Dominie ding o'er,  
Just haels 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.

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

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

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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,  
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 wo  
                                   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 swell  
 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 spout 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 man 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.”







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 rung 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 pauky knack,  
O brewing ale amaist like wine,  
    That gar'd us crack?

Wae 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,  
yne down on a green bank I trôw,  
    I took a nap,  
An' sought a night Balillilu,  
    As soun's a tap.

An' whan the dawn began to glow,  
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

