

THE
DOMINIE DEPOSED,

WITH THE SEQUEL.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

MAGGY JOHNSTON'S ELEGY.



GLASGOW:

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PREFACE.

If 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 mysel' provided,
To keep me frae that wae betide it,
That's kent to a',
I'd stay'd 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 wame
Just like an eel.

THE

DOMINIE DEPOSED.

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 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 i'ther thoughts our Lettergae,
Begins to foster.

Or, laying by baith fear and shame,
They sliely venture on that game,
At Fours, I think, they call't by name,
Baith auld an' rife,
Man in the play, Mess John is slain
Wi' his ain knife.

O then, I humbly plead that *vos*,
 Would make it your continual *mos*,
 Wi' hearts sincere an' open *os*,
 You'd often pray,
A tali malo libera nos,
 O Dominic.

For, hark, I'll tell you what they think,
 Since I left handling pen an' ink :
 Wae worth that weary soup o' drink
 He lik'd sae weel,
 He drank it a', left not a clink
 His throat to swill.

He lik'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,
 And 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, sae lang's he had a shilling,
 But lov'd to be whero there was filling
 Good punch or ale,
 For him to rise was just like killing
 Or first to fail.

If venus does possess your mind,
 Her antics ten times warso ye'll find,
 For to ill tricks she's sae inclin'd,
 For praticks past,
 She blew me here before tho 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 kiss mair than they read,
 In caso they wear the sacken weed,
 For fornication,
 Or leave the priest-craft shot to dead
 For procreation.

The maist o' them, liko 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 at hame, an' please,
 Themselves 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.

Yet wanton Venus, that she-b—h,
 Does a' our senses sae bewitch,
 An' fires our blood wi' sic an itch,
 That aftentimes,
 There is nae help but to commit,
 Some Ill-far'd crimes.

Yet some they are sae very willing,
 At ony time they'll tak' a shilling,
 But he that learnt them first that 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 o' need,
 Nae after-claps :
 Tho' nine months aft brings quick or dead,
 Into their laps.

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

She was sae stiff she cou'd not loot ;
 Your pranks she says, are now found out,
 The kirk and you maun hae a bout ;
 Ill mat you fare,
 'Tis a' your ain, you 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,
 Shou'd e'er hao met me in yon place,
 Or kiss'd my mou'.

O Dominie, you're dispossesst,
 Ye hae defil'd 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' sit, for sit ye can,
 An' that ye'll see.

I heard her as I heard her not,
 But time and place had quite forgot,
 I guess'd Young Jack fell to my lot ;
 For I could tell,
 It was too short her petticoat,
 By half an ell.

Wi' blubber'd cheeks, and watry nose,
 Her weary story she did close ;
 I said the best, and aff she goes
 Just like a thief,
 An' took a glass to interpose,
 'Twixt mirth and grief.

Yet would hae gi'en my ha'f year's fee,
 Had Maggy then been jesting me,
 Had tartan purry, meal an' bree,
 Or buttr'y brose,
 Been kilting up her petticoats
 Aboon her hose.

But time that tries such praticks past,
 Brought me out o'er tho coals fu' fast ;
 Poor Maggy took a sudden blast,
 And o'er did tumble,
 For something in her wame at last
 Began to rumble.

Our folk ca'd it the windy gravel,
 That grips the guts beneath the navel,
 But laith was she 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' but an' ben made sic a rout
 Wi' hands and feet,
 That she began twa-fauld about
 The house to creep.

Then dool an' sorrow interveen'd ;
 For Jack nae langer could be screen'd,
 My lass upon her breast she lean'd,
 An' gao a skirl.
 The canny wives came there conveyen'd,
 An' in a whirl.

They wrought together in a crowd ;
 By this time I was under cloud ;
 Yet byo and byo 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 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 sought me out through thick an' thin,
 Wi' deil hae her, an deil hae him,
 Ho's o'er the dyke ;
 Our Dominie has now dung in
 His arse a pike.

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

The carlings Maggy had sae 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 looked,
 When I saw John.

The Cummer then came to me bent,
 And gravely, did my son present ;
 She bade me kiss him, be content,
 Then wish'd me joy ;
 An' tauld it was—what luck had sent,
 A waly boy.

In ilka member, lith an' lim',
 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 they should be yarked,
 Nae mair Mess John, nor dare ye Clarkit,
 Faith ye hae ca'd
 Your hogs into a bonny markit,
 Indeed my lad.

But tell me, man, (I should say master,)
 What muckle deil in your way chas'd her ?
 Lowns 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 yoursell, 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 saul, and then she blest it,
 That in the Kirk-books it would be lifted,
 An' thus the weary wife insisted,
 Our Lettergae
 Will sit whar he will not be pish't at
 By dogs some day.

She wrung her hands until they cracked,
 An' sadly me she sham'd an' lacked—
 Ah, man! tho Priest, how will ho tak' it,
 Whan he hears tell,
 How Maggy's mitten ye hae glacket,
 Ye ken yoursell.

The Session-Clark to play such prankies,
 Ye'll stan' I fear upon your shankies,
 An' maybe slaver in the brankies ;
 It could na miss,
 But lifting o' tho killimankies,
 Would turn to this.

A toothless Howdy, auld and teugh,
 Says, Cummer husht, we hae eneugh,
 Thirsh mouny ane has touch'd the pleugh,
 As gude ash he,
 An' yetsh gane backlensh o'er the heugh,
 Shae let him be.

Hesh ne, quoth she, though he'sh be lear'd,
 That ye ken what, they hae crept near't,
 Far you an I hash aft-times heard

O' nine or ten,

Wha thush the clergy hath 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' leek'd as leesome as a saint

That kend nae ill.

Then a' the gidgets young and gaudy,
 Sware by their sauls, I might be wady,
 Fer getting sic a lusty laddy,

Sae like mysell;

An' made me blush wi' speaking baudy,

'Bout what befel.

Thus auld an' young their verdict had,
 'Bout Maggy's being brought to bed,
 I thought my fill, yet little said,

Or had to say,

Te reap the fruit e' 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 III.

Now Maggy's twasome in a sween,
 A ceunsel held condemus the loon,

The cushle mushle thus gaed roun',
 Our bonny Clark,
 He'll get the dud an' sarken gown,
 That ugly sark.

Consider, sirs, now this his crime,
 'Tis no like hers, or yours, or mine,
 He's just next thing to a divine,
 An' vow, 'tis odd,
 Sic men should a' their senses tinc,
 An' fear o' God.

'Tis strange what mak's kirk folk 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 tyouchot,
 Or teach their schools.

They hunt about frae house to house,
 Just as a tailor hunts a louse,
 Still girding at the barley-juice
 An' aft get drunk,
 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 hal't ;
 The text fulfil,
 Which bids cast out the sa'rless 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 tho priest-craft,
 Gaes to the pot.

I tald them then, it was but wicked
 To 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 not kirk nor consterie,
 Quoth they, can ask the taudy fee,
 Tell them in words just twa or three,
 The deil a plack,
 For tarry-breeks should ay gae free;
 An' ho's the Clark.

I then was dumb! how I was griev'd!
 What would I gi'en to be reliev'd!
 They us'd me waur than I had thiev'd,
 Some strain'd their lungs,
 An' very loud they me mischiev'd
 Wi' their ill tongues.

Had you been there 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' skirls he pierc'd the skies,
 I pray'd that death might close his eyes,
 But did not meet with that surprise,
 To my regret,
 Sae had nae help, but up an' cries
 Hot drinks to get.

This laid their din ; the drink was stale,
 An' to't they gaed 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 ;
 Tho kirk an' you maun pluck a crow
 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 lean ?
 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, ill mat they cour,
 Play, cries the cummer, 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 played 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 and wives to tak' leg bail,—
 Nae doubt they said.

*The Lettergae has plaid 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.

Now, loving friends I hae you left,
 Ye ken I neither stole nor reft,
 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 flec 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 cured a thousand thirsty sauls,
 An' mine beside.

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

But since that ills 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.

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

Sae, for a time, friends fare ye weel,
 My pot companions, true and leel,
 I wish ye all a merry yule,
 Much mirth and glee
 Nae mair young Jacks into the creel
 That day for me.

*Some other Yule may yet cast up,
 When we again shall meet,
 To drown our sorrows in a cup,
 In case we live to see't.*

ELEGY ON MAGGY JOHNSTON,

Who died Anno Domini, 1711

AULD Reeky mourn in sable hue,
 Let fouth o' tears dreep like May dow,
 To bra' tippeny bid adieu,
 Which we wi' greed,
 Bended as fast as she could brew,
 But now sho'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 lo'ed best;
 In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
 An' took our rest.

When in our pouch we fand some clinks,
 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 drinks
 Cast 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 us'd to drink an' rant,
 Until we baith did glowr and gaunt,
 An' pish, an' spue, an' yesk, an' maunt,
 Right swash I 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,
 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 amaisht like wine,
 That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a pease-scon toast,
 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',
 Among the riggs I gaed to spew,
 Yne down on a green bank I trow,
 I took a nap,
 An' sought a night balillilu,
 As soun's a tap.

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

Some said it was the pith o' 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' wardly 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 farewell Maggy, douce and fell,
 O' brewers a' ye bore the bell ;
 Let a' your gossips yelp and yell,
 An' without feed,
 Guess whither ye're iu heaven or hell,
 They're sure ye're dead.

FINIS.