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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD & C^o
BY ALLAN RAMSAY



MAURICE OGLE & C^o,
GLASGOW.

AITKEN & FAIRIE, LITHOGRAPHERS, GLASGOW.

Alexander Philip

August 29th 1873.

— Bought at St Andrews while on a visit to the
ancient city.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
AND
SELECT SONGS
OF
ALLAN RAMSAY,
CAREFULLY EDITED,
WITH
MEMOIR.



GLASGOW:
MAURICE OGLE AND COMPANY.

1871

DIAPHRAGM MATHS

1974

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MEMORANDUM

TO : [Illegible]

FROM : [Illegible]

SUBJECT : [Illegible]

[The remainder of the page contains several paragraphs of extremely faint, illegible text, likely a memorandum or report.]

MEMOIR.

From the golden age of Scottish Poetry, when Lindsay, Dunbar, Douglas, and others flourished, to the time of Allan Ramsay, there were, with few exceptions, no genuine national poets in Scotland. Arbuthnot, Hudson, Colville, Hume, Zachary Boyd, or Ker, are a poor enough balance to the old Makkars, their names being known only to zealous inquirers into our early Scotch Literature. Drummond of Hawthornden, the Earl of Stirling, or Sir Robert Ayton, are well enough known to lovers of poetry, but except from the accident of their being born north of the Tweed, might be classed as English poets. The Sempills of Beltrees are almost the only known writers of Scotch pieces worth remembering, but they cultivated poetry more as a relaxation from the sports of the country than from any great love or throbbings of the muse.

Allan Ramsay, the father of modern Scotch poetry (as he has been called), was born at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, on the 15th of October, 1686. Some of his biographers waste a wonderful amount of time, talent, and paper, in tracing his ancestry back to one of the Earls of Dalhousie, a matter which we consider of so little moment that we shall not attempt to enlarge upon or try to confute it. His father was Robert Ramsay, who was employed as manager of Lord Hopetoun's mines in Crawford-Muir. He died while Allan was a mere infant, leaving him in charge of his mother, who soon after became the wife of a neighbouring wee laird. Allan grew up rather neglected, and at the age of fifteen he was sent to Edinburgh where he was bound apprentice to a wig-maker.

It is a pity that, instead of spending time in tracing Ramsay's pedigree to so noble a source, his earlier biographers had not tried to collect some information regarding his early life: little anecdotes of boyhood at school or play, would have been more interesting to posterity, and assisted better in forming an estimate of the character of the man than a bald announcement of his being Highland cousin to an earl.

Ramsay served his time as a wig-maker, and then began business on his own account. He married about the same time Christian Ross, the daughter of a lawyer in Edinburgh.

Ramsay was fond of company, and spent a good deal of his leisure time enjoying himself with the wits of the city. The club was an institution greatly in vogue in Edinburgh at this time; all classes, from judges to grave-diggers, having each their society for intercourse and relaxation. Ramsay was connected with the "Easy Club" which held its meetings at a tavern on stated nights of each week. It was before this club that Allan first appeared in the character of a poet; and his pieces were so highly appreciated by the members that he was elected the laureate of the

society. His earliest known production was addressed to "The most happy, the Members of the Easy Club," but was poor enough stuff as may be judged by the first verse:—

Were I but a prince or king,
 I'd advance ye, I'd advance ye!
 Were I but a princee or king,
 So highly's I'd advancee ye!
 Great sense and wit are ever found,
 'Mong you always for to abound;
 Much like the orbs that still move round,
 No ways constrain'd but easy.

He next began printing his effusions under the auspices of the club, on single sheets at small prices, and this method of publication made him so popular that we are told "the women of Edinburgh were wont to send out their children with a penny to buy Ramsay's last piece."

In 1716, he made a greater effort by publishing the old poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green" (attributed to King James I of Scotland), with a second part written by himself. This succeeded so well that, in 1718, he added a third part, which was also so well received that the author had the satisfaction of seeing five editions of his work sold in about four years.

In 1721, he issued a collected edition of his poems in one quarto volume; the sale of which was so great that he is said to have cleared about four hundred guineas from it. Ramsay then abandoned the wig-making, and turned his premises, "at the signe of the Mercury, opposite the head of Niddry's Wynd," into a bookseller's shop.

The circle of his friends had now become large and important. The Lord President of the Court of Session, Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik, Sir Alexander Dick, Sir William Bennett, Hamilton of Bangour, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, Crawford, and others held him in the highest esteem, while Pope, Gay, and Somerville were in poetical communication with him. His rapid rise to fame and fortune, however, was not seen with unjaundiced eyes by his former friends, for many squibs, bearing such titles as "a block for Allan Ramsay's Wig," &c., were industriously circulated in Edinburgh, but they do not appear to have caused much pain in the breast of "Honest Allan."

He now continued publishing his poems, chiefly in small pamphlets and sheets, each with a considerable degree of popularity. He also engaged in compiling a work which has earned him the gratitude of all lovers of the old Songs of Scotland, we mean the "Tea Table Miscellany, a collection of Songs Scotch and English."

This work consists of a collection of old Scotch Songs collected by Allan and others, and pieces written by him to fit favourite airs, the old words to which were not in keeping with the beauty of the music; and also a collection of the favourite English Songs of the day. In the compilation he was assisted by "some ingenious young gentlemen," such as Hamilton of Bangour, Crawford, and others. The first vol. was issued in 1724, and a second and third followed at intervals, a fourth being afterwards added, though it is very doubtful if it ever passed through Ramsay's hands. The work was well received and speedily ran through

several editions, and even to this day it remains a standard work for the student of our native minstrels.

Encouraged by the success of this work, Ramsay issued the "Evergreen, being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious, before 1600." This work must have done an immense amount of good, by bringing before the people of Scotland the works of their early poets; and for a time Ramsay's compilation was the only medium through which these poems could be reached. But it must be confessed that, as an Editor of Old Poems, Ramsay was a failure. He altered, and doctored the poems from the manuscript, inserting words and stanzas as he thought proper, and even inserted poems of his own among those written by the "Ingenious." The spelling was partly modernised, and in some instances the versification was changed.

In 1721, Ramsay had published "Patie and Roger," a pastoral, and in 1723 "Jenny and Meggy," a sequel to it. Both of these pieces were so warmly received that he threw them both together in dramatic form, with additions and songs, and issued the revised work in 1725, under the title of "The Gentle Shepherd," the work by which his fame was most firmly established, and which has more than once been styled "one of the finest pastoral comedies in any language."

He removed his shop about this time from the sign of the Mercury to a building round St. Giles Cathedral, called the "Luckenbooths," where he adopted as his sign, the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. This place being central, and near the Courts, became the meeting place of the Edinburgh wits. Here also Gay, the author of the well-known "Beggars' Opera," delighted to come when in the northern metropolis.

In 1730, he published a "Collection of Thirty Fables," a species of writing of which he appears to have been very fond, but which has not added much to his fame. After this he seems to have almost totally retired from the poetic field; his fame having been firmly established, and his fortune well made by his efforts. He took his ease more than before, and spent his time amongst his family and personal friends, enjoying his early labours as much as possible. One deep disappointment awaited him in his later years. He always had a great love for the drama, and in 1736 he allowed his love to carry him so far that he built a new play-house, "at vast expense," in Carrubber's Close. The theatre was opened amidst great opposition on the part of the Magistrates, and a small but noisy section of the inhabitants, who could not think of allowing such an ungodly thing to flourish in their midst. Ramsay's old envious enemies also took advantage of the crisis to issue their doggerel rhymes against their fortunate brother: "A Looking Glass for Allan Ramsay;" "Allan Ramsay's Dying Words," &c., &c., appeared in profusion. In 1737 the theatre had to be closed.

In 1743, he suffered a great misfortune in the death of his wife, who was truly a faithful helpmate to him. In 1755 he altogether retired from business, and is said to have spent his time between the quaint house he had built for himself on the north side of the Castle Hill, Edinburgh (now properly called, Ramsay Gardens), and the residence of Clerk of Penne-cuik, and Dick of Prestonfield, where he was always a welcome guest. When seventy years of age, we find him hale and hearty, and expecting to add thirty to the seventy, ere he went to

"That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

He, however, soon became severely attacked with scurvy in the gums, and his health fairly broke down. He died on the 7th January, 1758, in his 73rd year, and two days after was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard; the record of mortality of that historical burying-place informing us that, on that day was interred "ALLAN RAMSAY, POET, OF OLD AGE." No stone was ever placed over his remains, but long afterwards, a monument was placed on the walls of the Greyfriars Church. A few years ago, a handsome marble statue by Steel, the celebrated Sculptor, was erected at the North East corner of West Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. It is a beautiful work of art, worthy alike of Poet and Sculptor.

His family consisted of eight sons and daughters, several of whom predeceased him. His eldest son Allan rose to great eminence as a painter, and became portrait painter to the court of George III.

In appearance Ramsay has been described by contemporaries as "a squat man with a big paunch, and a smiling countenance, who wore a fair round wig, which was rather short." This must be a picture taken late in life, for in 1719 he thus describes his own figure:

Imprimis then, for tallness I
Am five feet and four inches high,
A black-a-vised snod dapper fellow,
Not thick, not overlaid with tallow.

He appears to have been good-humoured and contented, fond of good company and conviviality without proceeding to excess; proud of his fame, and vain enough to talk about it.

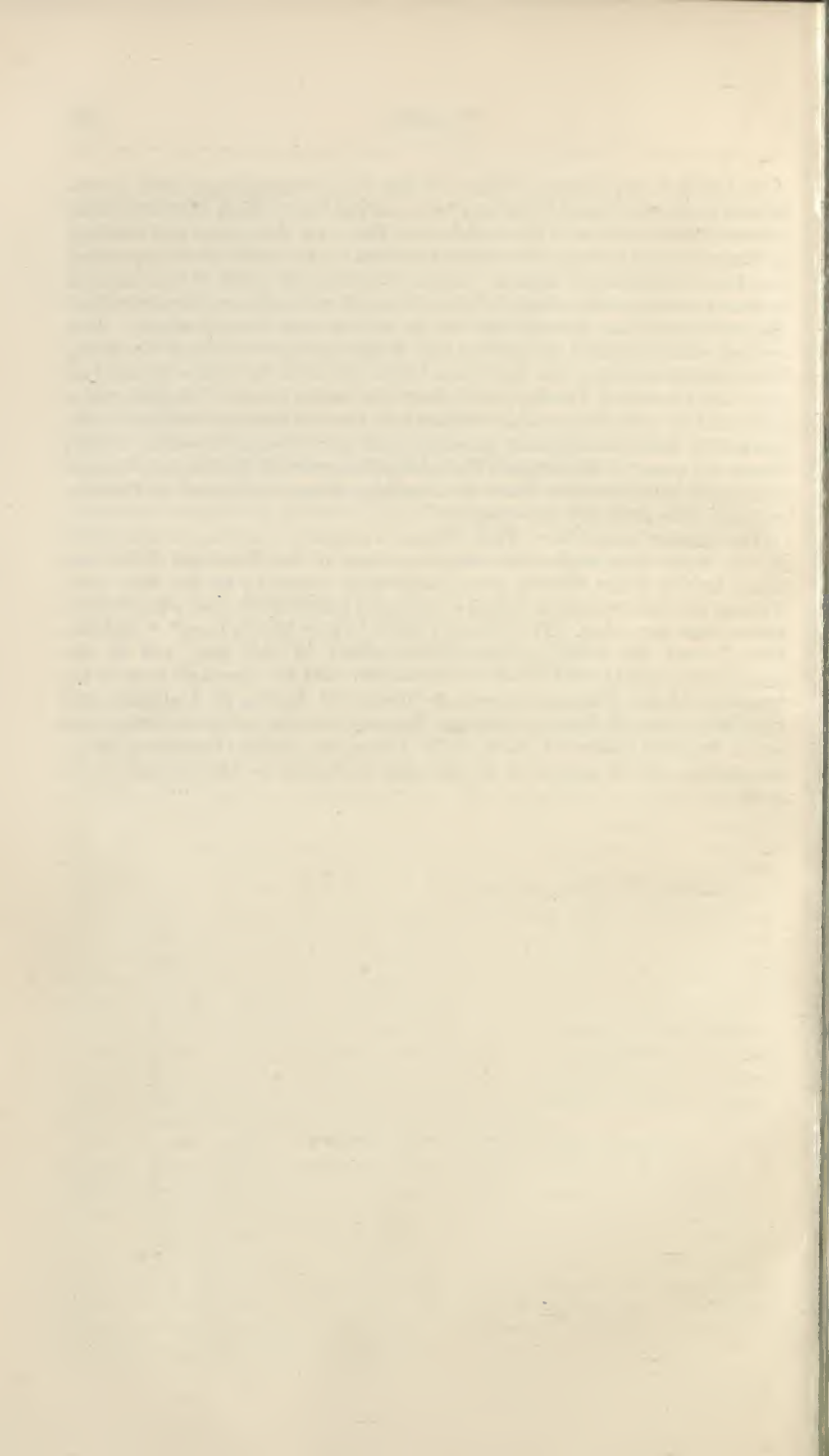
The plot of the Gentle Shepherd belongs to the time of the restoration of Charles II. One of the adherents of the king, Sir William Worthy, had to leave the country in the time of the troubles, leaving his estate to ruin, and his only son, an infant, under the secret charge of a faithful dependant who was to rear the child as his own. The son as he grows to manhood, falls in love with the supposed niece of a neighbouring cottar. The laird on the return of the king comes to his native country again, but anxious to see exactly how his son has fared, comes in disguise; finding all things better than he expected, he reveals himself to his delighted tenantry. His son, now the young laird, is delighted at his sudden good fortune, but his happiness is sadly tempered by his father's refusal to sanction his marriage with his rustic love. She is however soon declared to be a relation of Sir William's, and heiress to a neighbouring estate from which she was dispossessed by treachery. This discovery of course conquers the prejudices of the laird who instantly consents to the marriage, and the drama closes in the good old-fashioned way.

Such is the outline of the story of "The Gentle Shepherd." The language flows simply and freely, and at times, as in the description of Habbies How, and in fact the scenery generally, rises on a level with the highest efforts of descriptive poetry: all the characters are finely and distinctly drawn, that of Patie being—when we remember his position, one of the greatest beauties in the work. The Shepherds speak as such, the women as honest downright country huzzies should. No min-mon'd palavers between Damon and Chloe, as seems to be necessary in ordinary pastoral poetry, but honest out spoken neighbour like passages between Patie and Peggy, or Roger and Jemmy.

In this lies the greatest charm of the play, its simplicity and truthfulness to nature; "and let it here be remarked," says Lord Woodhouselee, towards the conclusion of his well-known Essay on the genius and writings of Ramsay, "as perhaps the surest criterion of the merits of this pastoral as a true delineation of nature—that it is universally relished and admired by that class of people whose habits of life and manners are there described. Its sentiments and descriptions are in unison with their feelings. It is recited with congenial animation and delight at the fireside of the farm, when in the evening the lads and lasses assemble to solace themselves after the labours of the day, and share the rustic meal. There is not a milkmaid, a ploughboy, or a shepherd of the lowlands of Scotland, who has not by heart its favourite passages, and can rehearse its entire scenes. There are many of its couplets that, like the verses of Homer, are become proverbial, and have the force of an adage, when introduced in familiar writing, or in ordinary conversation."

The country round New Hall House, a mansion standing on the banks of the North Esk, under the southern slope of the Pentland Hills, and about twelve miles distant from Edinburgh, seems to be the spot from whence the scenery was sketched; at least it answers the poet's description better than any other. The "Craigy field," the "lover's loup," "Habbies How," and the other objects immortalised in the play, are in the immediate vicinity, and when we remember that in Ramsay's time it belonged to John Forbes, advocate, a brother of Forbes of Culloden, and that with both of these gentlemen Ramsay was on intimate terms, and was a frequent visitor at New Hall House, we think there can be no alternative but to accept it as the spot hallowed by the genius of the poet.

GLASGOW, *May*, 1871.



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young shepherd in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a hynd, engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old woman supposed to be a witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE—A SHEPHERD'S VILLAGE AND FIELDS, SOME FEW MILES
FROM EDINBURGH.

Time of Action within Twenty-four Hours.

ACT I. begins at eight in the morning.

ACT II. begins at eleven in the forenoon.

ACT III. begins at four in the afternoon.

ACT IV. begins at nine o'clock at night.

ACT V. begins by day light next morning.

Act First.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south side of a craigy beild,
 Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
 Twa youthfu' Shepherds on the gowans lay,
 Tenting their flocks ae bouny morn of May.
 Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring:
 But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

SANG I.

TUNE—"The wauking o' the fauld."

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm nae very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It maks me blythe and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delyte
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are fauld,
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

PATIE. This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood,

How heartsome it's to see the rising plants !
 To hear the birds ehirm o'er their pleasing rants !
 How halesome it's to snuff the cauler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care !
 What ails ye, Roger, then ? what gars ye grane ?
 Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate,
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
 Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkins' blood ;
 But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,
 Maun aye despair o' lighting on relief.

PATIE. The bees shall loathe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queans, or loss o' warldly gear,
 Shall spoil my rest, or ever force a tear.

ROGER. Sae might I say ; but it's no easy dune
 By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
 Ye hae sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue,
 Ye are the darling o' baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
 Yet I am tall, and as weel built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye,
 For ilka sheep ye hae, I'll number ten,
 An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

PATIE. But aiblins, neibour, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your eunzie part.
 If that be true, what signifies your gear ?
 A mind that's serimpit never wants some care.

ROGER. My byre tumbl'd, nine braw nowt were smooored,
 Three elf-shot were ; yet I these ills endur'd :
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores o' wathers perish'd in the snaw.

PATIE. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less ye wad lose, and less ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep ;
 The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

ROGER. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss !
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowin' drouth to quench,
 Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou ery dool,
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool !

PATIE. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka elute
 At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute
 O' plum-tree made, with ivory virles round ;
 A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound ;
 I'll be mair eanty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool !

ROGER. Na, Patie, na ! I'm nae sic churlish beast ;
 Some other thing lies heavier at my breast ;
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

PATIE. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens ;
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride ;
 Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

ROGER. Indeed, now, Patie, ye hae guess'd owre true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
 To speak but till her I daur hardly mint :
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate,
 But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,
 She fled, as frae a shelly-coated cow :
 She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

PATIE. But Bauldy loes not her, right weel I wat,
 He sighs for Neps—sae that may stand for that.

ROGER. I wish I cou'dna loe her—but, in vain,
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke ;
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldribe scorn.
 Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite !)
 'O'er Bogie' was the spring, and her delyte ;
 Yet, tauntingly, she at her eousin speer'd,
 Gif she eou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair !

PATIE. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebcins she be sic a thrawn-gebbit ehuek ?
 Yonder's a craig, sin' ye hae tint a' houp,
 Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

ROGER. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon eneugh a-will.

PATIE. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leal.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nac me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;
And, oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she cam skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythesome, I ery'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:
She scour'd awa, an' said, 'What's that to you?'
'Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,'"
I careless ery'd, and lap in o'er the dyke;
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She cam with a right thieveless errand back;
Misca'd me first, then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
I elasp'd my arms about her neek and waist;
About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb,
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gac woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

SANG II.

TUNE—"Fie gar rub her o'er wi' strae."

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geek,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcerned at her neglect;
For women in a man delight;
But them despise wha're soon defeat,
And with a simple faeo gie way
To a repulse—then bo not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind the pretty lying tongue:
But tent the language o' their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae eadgy, and hae sie an art
To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good haslock woo,
Searlet an' green the sets, the borders blue;
Wi' sprains like gowd an' siller, cross'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my baek.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha hae sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE. Weel, haud ye there—and since ye've frankly ma le
To me a present o' your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

ROGER. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
By that time bannoeks, and a shave o' cheese,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat wi' health instead o' spice:
When we hae tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A flowrle howm, between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses used to wash and spread their claes,
 A trottin' burnle whimpling through the ground,
 Its channel peebles, shining, smooth and round :
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear ;
 First please your eye, then gratify your ear :
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
 The water clear, the lift's unclouded blue,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

PEGGY. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How
 Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow :
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and maks a singin' din :
 A pool breast-deep beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses with easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash oursels—'tis healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly eauler on sae warm a day.

JENNY. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

PEGGY. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
 The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,
 That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
 What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

JENNY. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end ;
 A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
 He kaims his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
 Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,
 Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
 And spreads his gartens dieed beneath his knee :
 He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
 And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair :
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except "How d'ye?"—or, "There's a bouny day."

PEGGY. Ye dash the lad wi' eonstant slighting pride,
 Hatred for love is uneo sair to bide;
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow eauld:
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 'That for some feekless whim will orp and greet:
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
 And syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.

TUNE.—“*Polwart on the Green.*”

The dorty will repent,
 If lovers' hearts grow eauld;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn that tak's the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 An's laughed at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

JENNY. I never thought a single life a erime.

PEGGY. Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsel,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell:
 He glours and sighs, and I ean guess the cause,
 But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slavery like and may be free—
 The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY. Heh, lass! how ean ye loe that rattle-skull?
 A very deil, that ay maun hae his will.
 We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechting life
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

PEGGY. I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lay my head:

There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
 And what do we, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
 He's get his will; Why no? 'tis good my part
 To gie him that, and he'll give me his heart.

JENNY. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
 Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise,
 And daut you baith afore folk, and your lane;
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then o' lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
 And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

TUNE.—"O dear mither, what shall I do?"

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling,
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married:
 Running to a life, destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY. Sie coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
 My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread no other skaith.
 There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sie a smile, or sie twa glancin' een;
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
 How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill:
 He is—but what need I say that or this;
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is;
 In a' he says or does, there's sie a gatc,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate,
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.

TUNE—"How can I be sad on my wedding day?"

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony o' thao
Saur weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

JENNY. Hey, 'Bonny lass o' Branksome!' or't be lang
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
whine Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fashous din;
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, an' seads itsel wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The 'Deil gaes o'er Joek Wabster,' hame grows hell,
And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

PEGGY. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sie wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at —— their greatest wish
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight?

JENNY. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or eanty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thiek-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees:
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It's no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour mauna want; he poinds your gear:
Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best :
 Nae mair's required ; let Heav'n mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel-stored roon, unless his wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart ;
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sauld, to pay the laird his due ;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—— Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love an' routh, we through the warld will steer :
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks an' twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
 And her kenn'd kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

PEGGY. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we :
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile ;
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;
 An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff ;
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford ;
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
 An' dosens down to naue, as fouk grow auld.

PEGGY. But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne'er find
 The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
 Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest:
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
 Sie as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

JENNY. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

TUNE—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

JENNY.

I yield, dear lassie, ye hae won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying:
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

PEGGY. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air;
 Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

JENNY. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
 To freath the graith!—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant;
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind. [Exeunt.

Act Second.

SCENE I.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
 Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byre :
 A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
 The house is Glaud's;—there you may see him lean,
 And to his divot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD. Good-morrow, nei'bour Symon;—come, sit down,
 And gie's your crack,—What's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 An' sald your crummoek, an' her bassen'd quey. *with a whistle & jo*
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' eut an' dry; *in his fore head*
 Lug out your box, an' gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON. Wi' a' my heart;—an' tent me now auld boy,
 I've gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.
 I cou'dna rest till I eam o'er the burn,
 And tell ye things hae taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
 And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

GLAUD. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling ehiels ne'er stand
 To eleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand.
 Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near;
 But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

SYMON. Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I have seen
 Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
 Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate to save his head:
 Because, ye ken fu' weel, he bravely chose
 To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ea'd Monk
 Has play'd the Ruple a right slee begunk,
 Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune,
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

GLAUD. That maks me blythe indeed!—but dinna flaw:
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
 And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
 They hae been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

SYMON. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, daur nae mair do't again,
An' good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

TUNE—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Cauld bo the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody ;
I hope we'll see them at the last,
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

GLAUD. And may he lang ! for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent ;
Nor grumbled, if' ane grew rich ; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's claes.

SYMON. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon :—tak a seat.—
How's a' at hame ?—How's Elspa ?—How does Kate ?
How sells black eattle ?—What gies woo this year ?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

TUNE—"Mucking of Geordie's byre."

The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free ;
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To rise aboon poverty :
Else, like the pack-horse that's unfodder'd,
And burden'd will tumble dowu faint :
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tyne their rent.

GLAUD. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breasts rais'd sic a blythesome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear neibour, will ye stay
And tak your dinner here wi' me this day ?
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height :
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught o' ale baith stout and browa ;
And gar our cotters a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

SYMON. I wadna bauk my friend his blythe design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
 For ere yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime and fat ;
 A furlet o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hangs reesting in the neuk ;
 I saw mysel, or I cam o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat, that seads the whey, put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil, and ane we'll roast ;
 And on the haggis Elspa spars nae cost :
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' rice
 The gusty ingans wi' a eurn o' spice :
 Fat are the puddings—heads an' feet weel sung,
 And we've invited neibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best ;
 Bring wi' you a' your family ; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD. Spoke like yoursel, auld birky ; never fear
 But at your banquet I sall first appear ;
 Faith, we sall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I !—troth I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your guid news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en ! hey, Madge, come forth ; d'ye hear ?

Enter MADGE.

MADGE. The man's gane gyte !—Dear Symon welcome here—
 What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din !
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

GLAUD. Spin ! snuff !—Gae break your wheel an' burn your tow,
 And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low ;
 Sync dance about the banefire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

MADGE. Blythe news indeed !—An' wha was't tald you o't ?

GLAUD. What's that to you ?—Gae get my Sunday's coat ;
 Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,
 My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands ;
 Sync frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak yoursels as trig, head, feet, and waist,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en,
 For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeem.

SYMON. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate
 And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The open field———A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the sunnie end.
 At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
 Wi' faulded arms, and half-raised look, ye see

BAULDY his lane.

BAULDY. What's this! I canna bear't! it's waur than hell,
 To be sae burn't wi' love, yet daurna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay:
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out owre the knowes
 Straighter than aught that in the forest grows;
 Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her—waes me! an' she loes Pate;
 And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow: O! but ane be a beast,
 That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
 I daurna speak my mind, else, a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:
 It's sair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.
 Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' prieve
 Can east her eantrips, and gie me advice;
 She can o'ereast the night, and eloud the moon,
 And make the deils obedient to her crune;
 At midnight hours o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 An' howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her pray'rs backward pray,
 Till Ploteock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid and snakes;
 O' this unsonsy pictures aft sho makes
 O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire
 Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire!
 Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt:
 The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
 An' yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She an' her eat sit beaking in her yard:
 To speak my errand, faith, amais I'm fear'd;
 But I maun do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive;
 They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplins spring:
There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX.

TUNE—"Carl an' the king come."

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou shalt dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
And be a lady o' that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY. How does auld honest lueky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fair at threescore ten.

MAUSE. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And becking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh, nae eorn?

BAULDY. Enough o' baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

MAUSE. My helping hand! alake! what ean I do,
That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow?

BAULDY. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

MAUSE. O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

BAULDY. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I should tell.

MAUSE. What fouk says o' me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

BAULDY. Weel, since ye bid me, I sall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw:
When last the wind made Glau'd a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame:
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter eame,
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-checked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane:

When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsel amaist amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green;
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen—
 You, lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
 And ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about;
 And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

MAUSE. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY. Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.
 Peggy likes Pate;—and Pate is bauld and slee,
 And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
 Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

MAUSE. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night;
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple thing prepare,
 Worth a' your pease an' grots; tak ye nae care.

BAULDY. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find,
 But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind!
 Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when it's late,
 Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
 We're a' to rant in Synie's at a feast,
 O will ye come like baudrans for a jest?
 And there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
 There's name shall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE. It's like I may—but let nae on what's past
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle east.

BAULDY. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka night to France, [Exit BAULDY.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
 Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield,
 Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, 'A wrinkled witch.'
 This fool imagines, as do many sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Anld Niek;
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common thought.

Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear ;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here ;
 Nane kens but me :—and if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet ;
 In love without a vicious strain,
 The bonnie lass and cheerfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY. O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay ;
 We're baith cried hame, an' Jenny she's away.

PATIE. I'm laith to part sac soon, now we're alane,
 And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane ;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themsels, I judge, as we.
 Here, where prinroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds !

PEGGY. The scented meadows,—birds, an' healthy breeze,
 For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

PATIE. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind ;
 In speaking sac, ye ca' me dull an' blind ;
 Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sac sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear.
 Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
 That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
 Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
 Or riper berries that our mountains yield ;
 The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

PEGGY. But Patriek, for some wicked end may flectel, *flatter*
 And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
 I daurna stay ; ye joker, let me gang ;
 Anither lass may gar you change your sang ;
 Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

PATIE. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap :
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to elim,—the sheep to yield their fleecce,

Ere ought by me be either said or dono,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

PEGGY. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in haff a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

PATIE. I'm sure I eanna echange; ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loed you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I ehoos'd ye frae the thrang
O' a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,
Thou smiling by my side:—I took delyte
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white
Of which, as my young faney could,
For thee I plet the flowery belt an' snood.

PEGGY. When first thou gaed wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes tried first my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

PATIE. When eorn grew yellow, and the heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rising fells;
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain;
At a' these sports thou still gied joy to me;
For nane ean wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

PATIE. Jenny sings saft the 'Broom o' Cowden-knowes,'
And Rosie lilt the 'Milking o' the Ewes';
There's nane like Naney 'Jenny Nettles' sings,
At turns in 'Maggy Lauder,' Marion dings;
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The 'Boatman,' or the 'Lass o' Patie's Mill,'
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing weel, they eanna sing like thee.

PEGGY. How eith ean lasses trow what they desire!
And roosed by them we love, blows up the fire;
But wha loes best, let time and earriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now; and a' my care shall be
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

TUNE—"The Yellow-hair'd Laddie."

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first say'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting foregathered wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on muirland, and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckans gied trouble to me,
 Gif I found the berries right ripened for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And eam aff the victor, my heart was ayo fain;
 Thy ilka sport, manly, gied pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knowes*;
 And Rosie lilts sweetly the *Milking the Ewes*;
 There's few, *Jenny Nettles*, like Nancy can sing;
 At *Thro' the Wood, Laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
 The *Boatman, Tweedside*, or the *Lass o' the Mill*,
 It's mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
 Gie me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make mysel better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave;
 At nought they'll ferly, senseless tales believe;
 Be blythe for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:—
 Sie ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
 But thou, in better sense without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far exeels them a':
 Continue kind, and a' my eare shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's cry,
 I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

PATIE. And let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,
 Or five-score gude anes wadna be amiss:

And syne we'll sing the sang, wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY. Sing first, syne claim your hire.

PATIE. ————— Weel, I agree.

SANG XI.

To its ane tune.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing een that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as weel as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But gin they hing ower lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine—and sae may ye:
Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
And I hae thol'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGY (*fa's into Patie's arms.*)

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a';
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
An' mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

PATIE *wi' his left hand about her waist.*

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westling skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin you like, a week that night. [Exeunt.]

Act Third.

SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
 And tent a man whaes beard seems bleach'd wi' time,
 An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been,
 But whisht! it is the knight in mascurade,
 That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad,
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
 Thro' his auld avenues, ance delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

SIR WIL. The gentleman thus hid in low disguise
 I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
 With a full view of every fertile plain,
 Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
 Yet, midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
 Without a roof, the gates fallen from their bands,
 The casements all broke down—no chimney left—
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft—
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That, with each rainy blast, decaying falls—
 My gardens, once adorned the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet:
 Where, round the figured green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flowers hang nodding on their stalks:
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and neet'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the withered branches fly.
 These soon shall be repaired; and now my joy
 Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair;
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charged him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,

After his fleecy charge, sercnely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
 Removed from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII.

TUNE—"Happy Clown."

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy;
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unsullied with a crime:
 Unmoved with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives; and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes you gamboling to-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exeunt SIR WILLIAM.]

SCENE II.

It's Simon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet a' is clean—a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green-horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 W' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD. We anee were young oursels—I like to see
 The bairns bob round with ither merrilic.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strappan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bad;

Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.

ELSPA. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him gude, and hide him aye frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD. I trow goodwife, if I be not mista'en,
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en;
And, troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As weel ye ken—a bonnier needna be,
Nor better, be't she were nae kin to me.

SYMON. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel.

GLAUD. What reason can ye hae? There's nane I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her, as my ain Jenny kind.
F'ourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
Five kye, that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, gif my gude luck abide.
Ten lambs at spinning-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What maybe is na fit ye yet shou'd hear.

SYMON. Or this day aught-days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

GLAUD. Weel, nae mair o't—come, gie's the other bend;
We'll drink their healths, whate'er way it end.

[Their healths gae round.

SYMON. But will ye tell me, Glaud; by some it's said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean rowed up, and bedded on dry hay?

GLAUD. That elatterin' Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

JENNY. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang, and gray his beard.

SYMON. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day.
But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my grae mare.

[Exeunt.]

JENNY *returns, bringing in* SIR WILLIAM; *with them,* PATIE.

SYMON. Ye're welcome, honest earle, here tak a seat.

SIR WIL. I gie ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

GLAUD. [drinking.] Come, here's t'ye, friend—How far can' ye the day?

SIR WIL. I pledge ye nei'bour, e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang:
T'wa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

SYMON. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night with me,
And tak sie bed and board as we can gie.

SIR WIL. That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye hae a bairn
That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON. [pointing to Patie.] Only that lad:—alake! I hae
nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

SIR WIL. Young man, let's see your hand; what gars ye
sneer?

PATIE. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

SIR WIL. Ye cut before the point; but, billy, hide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

ELSPA. Betouch-us-too!—and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er grit wi' you;
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scaree ever seen since he first wore a sark.

SIR WIL. I'll tell you mair; if this young lad be spared
But a short while, he'll be a brow rich laird.

ELSPA. A laird! Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now?

SYMON. I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, it's gude to bode o' wealth;
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.]

PATIE. A laird o' twa gude whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning earle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

SYMON. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

SIR WILLIAM *looks a little at PATIE's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

ELSPA. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possest
Wi' some nae good, or second-sight, at least:
Where is he now?—

GLAUD.———. He's seeing a' that's done
I' ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA. These second-sighted fook (his peace be here)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to hinsell,
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

SYMON. He'll soon grow better; Elspa, haste ye gae
And fill him up a tass o' usquebae.

SIR WILLIAM *starts up and speaks.*

A Knight that for a Lyon fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousand shares.

But now again the Lyon rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain;
The Lyon has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.

That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bauld.

He *Mr. Patrick* shall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tauld,
For it shall happen true.

SYMON. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargained wi' the deil,
To tell some tales that fouks wad seeret keep;
Or, do you get them tauld you in your sleep?

SIR WIL. Howe'er I get them never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophecy shall soon appear.

SYMON. Your prophecying fouks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that dinna ken,

The wimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

GLAUD. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spaeman gives
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

SIR WIL. Whisht! doubtfu' earle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD. Weel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wish ye could foresee
Sie fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

SIR WIL. Nae mair thro' seerets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent;
I hae but ance a-day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

SYMON. Elspa, east on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

SIR WILL. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruined tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

SYMON. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire.—
And Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;—
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

GLAUD. I'll out a while and see the young anes play:
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame
And thow his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:
See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I fear, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

JENNY. And what wad Roger say, gif he cou'd speak?
Am I obliged to guess what ye're to seek?

ROGER. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frac my thoughts, baith e'en and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier, far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

ROGER. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whicne'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad mair rich than I,
Hae win your love, and near your heart may lic.

JENNY. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

ROGER. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again?
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

JENNY. Ye hae my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, gude, and ev'ry thing;
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent,
Than we our daffin and tint powers repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

ROGER. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou shou'dst scorn) still to delyte in thee.

JENNY. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa',
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear!
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night.

I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain.
Increase, and join the ocean without stain:
The bridegroom may be blythe, the bride may smile;
Rejoice through life, and a' your fears beguile.

JENNY. Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:
For I maun own, since now at least you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lo'ed your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER. I'm happy now! owre happy! haud my head!
This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wondering love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breast and lips to mine.

SANG XIII.

TUNE—"Leith Wynd."

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wished to be paired with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?——
O let me briss thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine;
Delightfu' thought, we'll never part!
Come, press thy lips to mine.

JENNY. With equal joy my easy heart gives way,
To own thy weel-tried love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

ROGER. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If ye agree with me to lead your life.

JENNY. Weel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent—he'll hardly say ye nay;
Ye hae what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld fouks like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

TUNE—"O'er Bogie."

Weel, I agree, ye're sure o' me;
Neist to my father gae:
Mak him content to gie consent,
He'll hardly say ye nay:
For ye hae what he wad be at,
And will commend ye weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena-by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
And if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fau't in me.

ROGER. My faulds contain twiee fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newealf'd in my byars rout;
Five packs o' woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tailed bleeters on the fell:
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
With meikle care my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', whilk now gies joy to me,
Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee;
And had I fifty tines as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair
My love and a' is yours; now haud them fast,
And gnide them as ye like, to gar them last.

JENNY. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg; besides, I mauna stay;
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn:
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.

ROGER. To where the saugh-tree shades the memmin pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryst, and meet me there;—there let us meet,
To kiss, and tell our love;—there's nought sae sweet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the baron shawn his face,
 But joking with his shepherd leal,
 Aft spears the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WIL. To whom belongs this house so much decayed?

SYMON. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, 'now he's come hame.'

(Sir William draps his masking-beard,
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' sight!
 To bless his son, my charge, the warld's delight.

SIR WIL. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
 Since still the seeret thou'st securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock——neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty——since, without estate,
 A youth tho' sprung frae kings looks bauch and blate.

SIR WIL. And often vain and idly spend their time,
 Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends—which gives their souls a east,
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON. Now, weel I wat, Sir, you hae spoken true;
 For there's laird Kytie's son that's lo'ed by few:
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 And left his heir nought but a gentile name.
 He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
 As serimp o' manners as o' sense and grae,
 Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
 That are within his tenth degree o' kin:
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
 To his ain fam'ly as to gie him trust.

SIR WIL. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection.— Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

SYMON. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be owre short, could I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;
And when there's ony quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best;
And his decret stands gude—he'll gar it stand—
Wha daurs to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

SIR WIL. Your tale much pleses—My good friend proceed;
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON. Baith wonder weel; for, troth! I dinna spare
To gie him at the school enough o' lair:
And he delytes in books—he reads and speaks,
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

SIR WIL. Where gets he books to read? and of what kind?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books o' history, sangs, or sport;
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About anc Shakspeare, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And anc ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made owre great a phrase,
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reproved him ance, a book he brings,
“With this,” quoth he, “on braes, I crack with kings.”

SIR WIL. He answered well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclined.

SYMON. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa hauf read, hauf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursell,

SIR WIL. Well jested, Symon.—But one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Frighter around young hearts like cooing doves.
Has no young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

SYMON. I feared the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi Glau'd's fair nicee, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman enrich'd with a' thae charins,
May bless thè fairest, best-born lady's arms.

SIR WIL. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

SYMON. With how much joy I on the errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is na downright me.

[Exit SYMON.]

SIR WILLIAM solus.

SIR WIL. When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wished-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like thè rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shows its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine:
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV.

TUNE—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen?"

Now from rusticity and love
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn:

As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only shows its light,
Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright. [Exit.

Act Fourth.

SCENE I.

The scene described in former page,
Glaud's onstead.—Enter Mause and Madge.

MAUSE AND MADGE.

MADGE. Our laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!

MAUSE. That's news indeed!—

MADGE. —————As true as ye stand there.
As they were daneing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warloek, wi' a beard
Five nieves in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us eam, ery'd, 'Had ye merry a';
We ferly'd meikle at his uneo look,
While frae his poueh he whirl'd out a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

MAUSE. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him and haud out their loof.

MADGE. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in the pool;
In short he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help o' eonjuring or spell.
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symou; Symon knew
His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne, for blytheness, grat.
Patrick was sent for;—happy lad is he!
Symon tauld Elspa, Elspa tauld it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the seeret story soon:
And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake has lost her jo.

MAUSE. It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no:
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;
Even kings hae tane a queen out o' the plain;
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE. Sie nonsense! love tak root but tocher gude
'Tween a herd's bairn and ane o' gentle bluid!
Sie fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain;
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

MADGE. He get her, slaverin doof! it set him weel
To yoke a pleugh where Patriek thought to teel.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

MAUSE. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And sae wad I. But whisht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.

SANG XVI.

Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher gude.
For my tocher gude, I winna marry thee;
E'en's ye like, quo' Jockey, I can let ye be.

MAUSE. Weel liltet, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

BAULDY. I'se gie ye'd a', it's better than it's lang.

Sings again.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough;
I hae sax gude owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a gude ha'-house, a barn and a byar:
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire:
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,
And gin yo winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free.
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae!—Lasses will come to at last,
'Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

MAUSE. Weel Bauldy, how gaes a'?—

BAULDY. —————Faith unco right :
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but aye this night.

MADGE. And wha's the unlucky aye if we may ask ?

BAULDY. To find out that is nae difficult task :
Poor bouny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, gude Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me :
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Less willfu' and aye constant in my love.

MADGE. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :
Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows o' love regard ;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse o' Heaven hangs ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate ;
Nor will she be advised, fu' weel I wate.

BAULDY. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn and a' the rest !
Ye lied, auld roudies,—and, in faith, had best
Eat in your words ; else, I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

MADGE. Ye'll gat me stand ! ye shevelling-gabbet brock :
Speak that again and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flye the skin o' yer cheeks out o'er your chin.

BAULDY. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn.—I winna let it gae.

MADGE. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!————

[*Flees to his hair like a jury.—A stout battle.—MAUSE endeavours to redd them.*]

MAUSE. Let gang your grips ; fy, Madge ! howt, Bauldy, leer ;
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
It's sae daft liko.————

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with a bleeding nose.*]

MADGE. —————It's dafter like to thole
An ether-eap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I hae married been,
And, or they died, their bairns' bairns hae seen.

MAUSE. That's true; and Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christened name.

BAULDY. My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the same.

MADGE. Auld roudies! filthy fallow; I shall auld ye.

MAUSE. Howt, no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgie 'm; I see the lad looks wae.

BAULDY. In troth now, Mause, I hae at Madge nae spite,
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
O' what has happen'd; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

MADGE. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health or gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell!
Swith, tak him deil; he's owre lang out o' hell.

BAULDY. [running off.] His presence be about us—curst
were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee. [*Exit* BAULDY.]

MADGE. [laughing.] I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't,
His bluiding snout gae me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that seant o' grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hoped I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

MADGE. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

MAUSE. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fouk resentment to decline:
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
Wi' cunning ean the lack o' pith supply.
Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark.
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I cam here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE. And special sport we'll hae, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I sall play the ghaist.
A linen sheet wund round me like aue dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.

We'll fleg him sac, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

MAUSE. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on night:
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While gude Sir William is to rest retired,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,
Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leal,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

PATIE AND ROGER.

cherish
ROGER. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart low light:
O, Mr. Patrick! ay, your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fouk are farer seen than we,
That naething hae to brag o' pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again;—
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE. I'm glad to hear't.—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said; thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy loved mother, blessing of my youth:
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus o'er a' my thoughts prevail,
That speechless lang, my late kend sire I viewed,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedow'd.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease,

ROGER. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
But were't my ease, yc'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE. Duty, and haflen reason, plead his cause :
But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws ?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

TUNE,—“*Kirk wad let it be.*”

Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason ;
The strongest must be obey'd :
For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constaney falsehood repels ;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won ;
Your Peggy's bonny ;—you're his only son.

PATIE. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love ;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else ; thro' life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER. Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here ?—or, are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts ?

PATIE. To E'nburgh straight, to-morrow we advance ;
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
There I maun stay some years, and learn to dance,
And twa three ither monkey tricks.—That done
I come hame strutting in my red-heeled shoon.
Then it's designed whan I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor earts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sie news, shall hear my death.

ROGER. 'They wha hae just enough can soundly sleep ;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep'—
Gude Maister Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

PATIE. What was my morning thought, at night's the same ;
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frac 'boon the lift ;—without it, kings are poor,

ROGER. But an estate like yours yields braw content
 When we but pick it scanty on the bent;
 Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
 Gude cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease:
 Wha's no content wi' these are ill to please.

PATIE. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiss,
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the bliss.
 'The passions rule the roast;—and, if they're sour,
 Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
 'The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 'The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest with foulk o'erlaid wi' ease;
 While o'er the muir, the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

ROGER. Lord man! I wonder aye, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights,
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain would hear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear?

PATIE. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill,
 These best can teach what's real guid and ill,
 Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,
 To gain these silent friends, that ever please.

ROGER. I'll do't, and ye sall tell me whilk to buy:
 Faith, I'se hae books, tho' I should sell my kye.
 But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move,
 Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

PATIE. Then here it lies:—his will maun be obeyed,
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
 But I some time this last design maun hide,
 Keep ye the secret close, and leave me here:
 I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

ROGER. Pleased that ye trust me wi' the secret, I
 To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. [Exit ROGER.]

PATIE. [solus.] Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
 My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
 I ken she loes, and her saft saul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the bated brink
 O' disappointment.—Heaven support my fair,
 And let her comfort elaim your tender care.—
 Her eyes are red——

Enter PEGGY.

———My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wout, allow nae room for fears
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY. I daurna think sae high:—I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made na me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some reever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land.

PATIE. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate; come kiss thy eares away
I ken to love as weel as to obey
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me
'To mak strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief:
But short I daur to hope the fond relief,
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
'That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
'Then I, poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that exeell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the rucks o' hay;
As aft-times I hae fled frae thee right fain,
And fa'n, on purpose that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gie me ease—
May sudden death or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

SANG XVIII.

TUNE—"Wae's my heart that we should sunder."

Speak on, speak thus and still my grief,
Haud up a heart that's sinking under
Those fears that soon will want relief,
When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:

A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspiro
 To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, wha excell'd
 The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder!

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the knowe wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shou'dst prove a wandering lover,
 Thro' life to thee I will prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE. Sure Heaven approves; and be assured of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid;
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
 To sie as hae the patience to be kings—
 Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms
 To mak me fitter for my traveller's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn.

SANG XIX.

TUNE—"Tweedside."

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care;
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my saul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest o' charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear
 To lock thee for aye in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 Nae higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade liko the gowans in May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep,
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can e'er quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrained in the wife,
 And the husband hae sense to approve.

PATIE.———That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid,
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart.
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect at times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the fashion, when we're blythe, seem wae;
 Pay compliments to them we aft hae seorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY. If this is gentry I had rather be
 What I am still—but I'll be ought wi' thee.

PATIE. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes; for still, amangst the best,
 Good manners gie integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

PEGGY. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expense,
 My lad frae books can gather sicean sense;
 Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?

Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

PATIE. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY. With ev'ry setting and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler-brae,
Where aft we wout, when bairns, to rin and play:
And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers.
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

[Exeunt.]

SANG XX.

TUNE—"Bush aboon Traquair."

At setting day and rising morn,
Wi' saul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask o' Heaven thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly tauld me
Sweet tales o' love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To greenwood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
Frae thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

PATIE. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample o' each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY. Were't in my power wi' better boons to please,
I'd gie the best I eou'd wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'en to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

PATIE. I doubt it nae; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest.

[Exeunt.]

Act Fifth.

SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possess,
 And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest;
 Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON AND BAULDY.

SYMON. What want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
 While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power?
 Far to the north the seant approaching light
 Stands equal twixt the morning and the night.
 What gars ye shake, and glowr, and look sae wan?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

BAULDY. O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head's grown dizzy—legs wi' shaking fail,
 I'll ne'er daur venture out at night my lane;
 Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
 I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

SYMON. What ails thee, gowk! to make sae loud ado?
 You've wak'd Sir William—he has left his bed—
 He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd—I hear his tread.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WIL. How goes the night? Does daylight yet appear?
 Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

SYMON. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturbed your rest,
 But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;
 He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.

BAULDY. O say,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true,
 And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

SIR WIL. [smiling.] I lang to hear't—

BAULDY.—Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
 That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
 First promised that she'd help me, wi' her art,
 To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
 As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
 But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!

For the curst hag, instead o' doing me gude,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)
 Raised up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk;
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death;
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I used to be at school,
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
 I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae houp,
 Till wi' an eldritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
 Syne I, haulf dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you;
 Houping your help to gie the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e ower to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

SIR WIL. Well, Bauldy, whate'er 's just shall granted be;
 Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast ere she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

[Exit.

SIR WIL. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt.
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is, thro' want of education, blind!

SYMON. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
 As witches raising deils up thro' a ring,
 Syne playing tricks? a thousand I could tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

SIR WIL. Such as the devils dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women, crazed and poor,
 Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and loup
 O'er bras and bogs, with candles in his doup;
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow
 Aft-times like bawty, baudrans, or a sow:
 Then with his train through airy paths to guide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride,
 Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
 Then oft, by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and stools,
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be.
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me,

SYMON. It's true enough; we ne'er heard that a witch
Had cither meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hobbleshaw that's past
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

SIR WIL. I'm sure it will:—but see, increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

TUNE—"Bonny grey-eyed morn."

The bonny grey-eyed morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plough,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Placed at a due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue snood, Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud, by his morning ingle, taks a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun intervane.

GLAUD, JENNY, AND PEGGY.

GLAUD. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye dinna use sac soon to see the light.
Na doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak you leave o' Patrick or he gang:
But do you think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lassies will regard?

JENNY. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has nair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yesterday, he gae us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advised his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag o' being a rake.

PEGGY. A rake! what's that?—Sure, if it means aught ill,
He'll never be't, else I hae tint my skill.

GLAUD. Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair;
Ane young, and gude, and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graeeless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like o' us thinks sin to name:
Sic are sae void o' shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they hae had the elap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith flush'd
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sie as he.

PEGGY. Sir William's virtuous, and o' gentle blood;
And may na Patrick, too, like him be good?

GLAUD. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are then we,
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

JENNY. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

GLAUD. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor thin's,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:
But I'm no saying this as if I thought
That Patrick to sie gates will e'er be brought.

PEGGY. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her faee some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

MADGE. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witeheraft spell,
At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

GLAUD. Lend me my staff; Madge, lock the outer door
And bring the lassies wi' ye: I'll step before. [Exit.

MADGE. Poor Meg! Look Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at E'nburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hey;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! man wi' the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

PEGGY. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn:
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born,
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had noticed Patie on the green.
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE. A bonny story, trowth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [Exit.

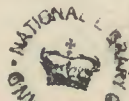
SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Rodger, Glaud, and Mause
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the taws
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak guid-breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense raised their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, AND MAUSE.

SIR WIL. And was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye was served
No otherwise than what ye well deserved.
Was it so small a matter, to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY. Sir, I confess my fant thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.



MAUSE. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kendna that they thought me sic before.

BAULDY. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But, trowth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil:
Yet wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a slee and a revengefu'—,
And that my some-place finds;—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch, whase rosy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

SIR WIL. [looking at Peggy] Whose daughter's she that
wears the Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks o' lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon deprived of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?—

GLAUD. ————— She's my niece,—
And yet she's not—but I should haud my peace.

SIR WIL. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear:
What I hae kept a secret thirteen year—

MAUSE. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WIL. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

PATIE. ————— Sae am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet ken why.

GLAUD. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—
This 'bonny fundling,' ae clear morn o' May,
Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,
A' sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, o' rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha warse than brutes, cou'd leave exposed to air
So much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms; the bairnie smiled
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story; she has pass'd sinsyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece o' mine;

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's weel worth the pains that I hae tane.
 Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's gude,
 And am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid—
 O' wham I kenna.—Naething I ken mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

SIR WIL. This tale seems strange!—

PATIE. —————The tale delights my ear!

SIR WIL. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be lush,
 Peggy may smile; thou hast nae cause to blush.
 Lang hae I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
 He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
 His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

SIR WIL. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what ye say;
 It's dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant
 I every thing that looks like reason want.

OMNES. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

SIR WIL. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt,

[*Mause goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

MAUSE. Sir, view me weel; has fifteen years sae plow'd
 A wrinkled face that you have aften view'd,
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Wha nursed her mother that now hauds my hand?
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

SIR WIL. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before!
 I know thy faithfulness, and need no more:
 Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
 But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

PATIE. Gude nurse gae on: nae music's hauf sae fine,
 Or can gie pleasure like thae words o' thine,

MAUSE. Then, it was I that saved her infant life,
 Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, with avaricious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a confident confest.
 I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
 That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 A' day I hid me;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little ernve.

GLAUD. [wi' tears of joy happing down his beard.]
 I weel remember't: Lord reward your love!
 Lang hae I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

PATIE. It's now a erime to doubt,—my joys are full,
 With due obedieence to my parent's will.
 Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows; and wad, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

SIR WIL. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
 Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
 My boy receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

PATIE. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

SIR WIL. [raises them.] I give you both my blessing; may
 your love
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

PEGGY. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm hauf dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE. Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie:
The estate be yours, my Peggy's anc to me.

GLAUD. I hope your honour now will tak amends
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WIL. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And mak him reimburse his ill-got gains.

PEGGY. To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only, I'll aye thankfu' bow
For sic a kindness, 'best o' men,' to you.

SYMON. What double blytheness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
E'en Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taws, and pauky Mause's plot.

SIR WIL. Kindly old man! remain with you this day;
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restored, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON. That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

ROGER. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

BAULDY. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge I'm greed,
Altho' they skelpit me when wudly fley'd:
I'm now fu' blythe, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, "Lang may Sir William live."

MADGE. Lang may he live :—and, Bauldy, learn to steek
 Your gab a-wee, and think before you speak;
 And never ea' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
 And brag for aye that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn,—
 And, my gude nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
 For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

MAUSE. The flowing pleasures o' this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

SIR WIL. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
 And to your heirs, I give, in cndless feu,
 The mailens ye possess as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES. The Lord of Heaven return your honour's love,
 Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove!

[*Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

PATIE. Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shared
 My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
 Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, think na shame)
 Raised, and maintains, in him a lover's flame.
 Lang was he dumb; at last he spak and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
 Be pleased to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent

SIR WIL. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me crave,
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
 With frank consent; and, while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD. You erowd your bounties, Sir; what can we say,
 But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
 Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
 Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
 And still our master's right your bus'ness mak.
 Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

ROGER. I ne'er was gude o' speaking a' my days,
 Or ever lo'ed to mak o'er great a fraise:
 But for my master, father, and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of a' my life.

SIR WIL. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous; soon or late you'll find
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
 And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguiled.
 Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care:
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

PEGGY. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
 I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

SANG XXII.

TUNE—"Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's comely in his wauking:
 The shining o' his een surprise;
 It's heaven to hear him tauking.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lo'ed me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they'ro wanting:
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastely shou'd be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate;
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air and late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[Excunt omnes.]

THE END.

SELECT SONGS.

SONGS.

EDINBURGH KATIE.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my joe?
My mistress, in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe!
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the nicht
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Sin' ye're out o' your mither's sicht,
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome toun a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaun to smile.
The mavis, nichtingale, and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Sune as the clear gudeman o' day
Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flouirs to busk your brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken-gowans frae the bog;
Between hands, now and then, we'll lean
And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's, up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft, and flowery den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bower.
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the caller shade remove;
There will I lock thee in my arm,
And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

My mither's aye glowrin' ower me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look at my love,
 Or else she'd be like to devour me.
 Right fain wad I tak' your offer,
 Sweet sir—but I'll tyne my tocher;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your puir Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.
 For though my father has plenty
 Of silver, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweir
 To twine wi' his gear;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.
 'Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

BONNIE CHIRSTY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green;
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
 Compar'd wi' those of Chirsty.
 When wandring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No natural beauty wanting;
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark
 And birds in concert chanting!
 But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts wi' ecstasies rejoice,
 And drap the hail creation.
 Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:

But, dubious o' my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 Wi' secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Chirsty did o'er-hear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But, ere he wist, drew near him.
 She spak' her favour wi' a look,
 Which left nac room to doubt her:
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty! witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising!
 I wish this may na be a dream
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tauk
 This point of a' his wishes,
 He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

OLD LONGSYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintanee be forgot,
 Though they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang sync.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay.
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang sync.

Despise the court and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slavery great,
 While bounded like a ball:

But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline ;
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.
 O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blythe bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.
 The hero, pleased with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the powers above.
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 They approach'd the sacred shrine,
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And, O! she's wondrous bonnie.
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money.
 The tutors watched the motion
 Of this young honest lover :
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depths discover !
 He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel but unaffected.
 The collier's bonnie lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lilie,
 Aye sweet, and never saucy,
 Secured the heart o' Willie.
 He loved, beyond expression,
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession ;
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her ;
 In softest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus telled her ;

My bonnie collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye;
 It's no your scanty tocher,
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:
 For I have gear in plenty;
 And love says, it's my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

G'IE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither;
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane 's nae worth a shilling;
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her's killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes; but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, though bonnie, to meddle.
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and bags;
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows;
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

FROM THE TEA TABLE MISCELLANY (with the exception of the first verse), marked X, signifying that it is a modern song by an unknown author. The air has been traced as far back as 1657. The present version of the words are doubtless of Ramsay's own time, if not by himself.

An thou were my ain thing,
 I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;
 An thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I lo'e thee!

I would clasp thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms;
 For above mortal thou hast charms:
 How dearly do I lo'e thee!
 An thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee,
 So I must still presumptuous be,
 To show how much I lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O, for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
 What man can more, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

WRITTEN as a continuation of the song already given.

LIKE bees that suck the morning dew
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
 And gar the gods envy me.
 An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in saft whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I lo'd thee.
 An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but mysel' aboon thee.
 An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.
 An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay,
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.
 An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Ha'e there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.
 An thou were, &c.

POLWARTH, ON THE GREEN.

At Polwarth, on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lads and lasses do convene
 To dance around the thorn;
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Fra her, wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee—
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang's na to be free.

At Polwarth, on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the live-lang day.
 At night, if beds be ower thrang laid,
 And thou be twined of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony a day been;
 To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
 No tempest ean equal the storm in my mind;
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my exeuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,
 I gang whare love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robbie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand aye,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my nian command aye ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That mak's ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band aye.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gar ruh her ower wi' strae,
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time :
 Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay,
 Watch the saft minutes o' delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
 On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark neuk.
 Her lauch will lead ye to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want ;
 And plainly tell ye to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
 And sweetly tuiylie for a kiss ;
 Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
 As taiken o' a future bliss.
 These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant ;
 Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whinin' cant !

THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

THE widow can bake, an' the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, an' the widow can sew,
 An' mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.

With courage attack her, baith early and late,
 To kiss her an' elap her ye maunna be blate:
 Speak well, an' do better; for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good shair
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,

An' has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With, naething but—draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow, my laddie!

Then till her, and kill her with courtesie dead,
 Though stark love and kindness be all you can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'ts het, if ye'd have it to wald;
 For fortune aye favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and eauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

BESSIE BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

O, BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lasses;
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theekit it ower wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thoecht I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
 She smiles like a May mornin',
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adornin';
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty,
 With ilka grace she can command:
 Her lips, O, wow! they're denty.

An' Mary's locks are like the crow,
 Her een like diamonds' glances;
 She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and brow;
 She kills whene'er she dances.
 Blythe as a kid, wi' wit' at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is,
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
 O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas!
 Dear Bessie Bell, and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
 To ane by law we're stentit;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be wi' ane contentit.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.
 There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn:
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.
 The shepherd thus sung: "Though young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
 Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the spring.
 "That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.
 "That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

HAP ME WI' THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain;
 When night returns, I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, while thou art warm ;
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wander's o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.
 But waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel thou decline
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fall, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine ;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine ;
 Or loose my chains and set me free
 From every charm of thine.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O! they're vain and idly gaudy ;
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming, Highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak' young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
 In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
 Compared to him, he's but a clown,
 He's finer far in 's tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad
 Behind a bush in 's Highland plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
 I ea' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rowa me in beneath his plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie, &c.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun's gaen out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France.

Up in the air

On my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon

Is earousing aboon,

D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.

The man, &c.

Tak' your glass to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,
 It drives away care,
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
 Come, Willy, gi'es about ye'r toast,
 Till't lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bowt.

Up wi't, there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

I WILL AWA' WI' MY LOVE.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll ower Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae;
 Though ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,
 And wordy o' my hand;
 And, weel I wat, we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonnie face.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air;
 The saul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare;
 Her flowin' wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms

There blythely will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I'll range;
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.
 A kiss of Betty, and a smile
 A beit ye wad lay down,
 The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
 And offer me yer eroun.

BONNIE SCOT-MAN.

Ye gales, that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae henee, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonnie Scot-man.
 In haly bands we joined our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.
 But I loor eluse, in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 Ere I could for sie little ends,
 Refuse my bonnie Scot-man.
 Wae worth the man, wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion!
 Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hause thee.
 Love gi'es the word; then, haste on board
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,
 My blythe, by bonnie Seot-man.

BRAES OF BRANKSOME.

As I cam' in by Teviot side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonnie bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.
 Her skin was safter than the down,
 And white as alabaster;
 Her hair, a shining, waving brown;
 In straightness nane surpass'd her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising :
 Nae silken hosc with gushats fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her bare leg, forbad to shine
 Weel-shapen native graces.

Ae little coat and bodicc white
 Was sum o' a' her claithing ;
 E'en these o'er muckle ;—mair delight
 She'd given clad wi' naething.
 We lean'd upon a flowery brae,
 By which a burnie trotted ;
 On her I glowr'd my soul away,
 While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had searce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And, bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurried by love, close to my breast
 I clasp'd this fund of blisses,—
 Wha smiled, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nocht but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I couldna want her ;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 O' hers pled I should grant her.
 Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her ;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

THE LAST TIME I CAM' OWRE THE MUIR.

THE last time I cam' owre the muir,
 I left my love behind me :
 Ye powers, what pains do I endure
 When soft ideas mind me !
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wand'ring stream,
 And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing ;
 Until the sun's last setting beam
 Was in the ocean glowing.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.
 Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me ;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.
 In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter :
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.
 The neist time I gang over the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me ;
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she !
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee ;
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.
 Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen ?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee ?
 Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears frae these een
 That look with indifference on poor dying me ?

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me :
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and eannie,
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.
 Ah ! should a new manteau or Flanders laee head,
 Or yet a wee eoatie, though never so fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anee had some hope of purchasing thine ?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer your flageeries to me ;
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be solid and eannie,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.
 Shall a Paris edition of newfangled Sawney,
 Though gilt o'er wi' laees and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be adored by fair Annie,
 And aim at those benisons promised to me ?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And never prefer a light daneer to me ;
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and eannie ;
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.
 Oh ! think, my dear eharmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,
 Ere squirrels, or beaux, or foppery, had power
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And let thy desires a' be eentred in me ;
 Oh ! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and eannie,
 And love ane wha lang has been loving to thee.

MARY SCOTT THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn,
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Seott the flower of Yarrow ?
 Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distanee due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish.
 With success crown'd I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky:
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

 JEAN.

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart maun bleed.
 The smiling boy with art divine,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonnie Jean.

Nae mair the nymph, wi' haughty air,
 Refuses Willie's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes show nae care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 Nae mair the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonnie Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind;
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on wi' disdain;
 The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonnie Jean.

The day he spends in amorous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, wi' glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 A' charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen;
 Wi' breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be wi' bonnie Jean.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

O, SANDY, why leave thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Though woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing;
 Yet nane o' them pleases my cye or my ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their seornin'
 Baith e'enin' and mornin';
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.
 Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away;
 But, quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

TIBBIE HAS A STORE O' CHARMS.

TIBBY has a store o' charms
 Her genty shape our fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waste,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.
 Nelly's gawsy, soft and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey,
 She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.
 Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear thegither.

O love! why does thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious sauls immense desires,
 And aye be in a hankerin' swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine:
 But since they canna baith be minc,
 Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect *plano* and fruition.

FAIR WIDOW ARE YE WAKIN'.

O WHA'S that at my chamber-door?
 "Fair widow, are ye wakin'?"
 Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking.
 Gi'c me the lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow;
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in?
 I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 And come of a right gentle kin;
 I'm little more than fifty."
 Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
 That powerfully plead clinkan,
 And if they fail my mouth I'll steek,
 And nae mair love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tonguc, sir.

I'LL OWRE THE MUIR TO MAGGY.

AND I'll owre the muir to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call mc;
 There to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me:

If she loves mirth, I'll learn to sing
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclined,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her;
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding,
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonnie Maggie's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom bleazes.

WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

With broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
 Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
 From thee with pain I'm forced to go;
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.
 Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present though we sunder.
 Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me though we sunder.
 Ye gods! take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again and never sunder.

THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee,
 And as your constant slave regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it.
 'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonnie,
 Receive it, then, with a kiss and smily;
 There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are!
 Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
 That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin',
 O gin I had thee on a mountain!
 Though kith and kin and a' should revile thee,
 There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry howes I daunder,
 Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll daute thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin',
 To haud thy wooer up niff-naffin':
 That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely;
 O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

YE WATCHFUL GUARDIANS.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a eare,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love, and truth;
 Till I return, her passions soothe,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me who knew how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than ane who's ten times rieber.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools rin an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition ;
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distancee lie,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in fruition :

But cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tuned reeds to please her.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of a' my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When teddin' out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love mid her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.
 Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spak' or smiled :
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguiled ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.
 Oh ! had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured lang life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That nane but bonnie she,
 The lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Shculd share the same wi' me.



Vocabulary

grien to long for

dib to caress

leglen a milk pail

eithly easily. cunzie ^{may (p. 2)} a corner

paunty

mint to intimate

shelly-coated - a spirit w^ho rides in water

thrown gabbit - peewick

chuck a marble

waff moving hastily - strayed

cadgy cheerful. barlocks fine wool

sprungs. stripes. sit - not to accept

barlockhood a fit of obstinacy

keft to confine or to be confined

daddy ragged.

thows thaws blarky a rainy

mows a joke

stend spring bezant chest

stend to stretch. bedem quickly

foolst to go bold bunk a carcase



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