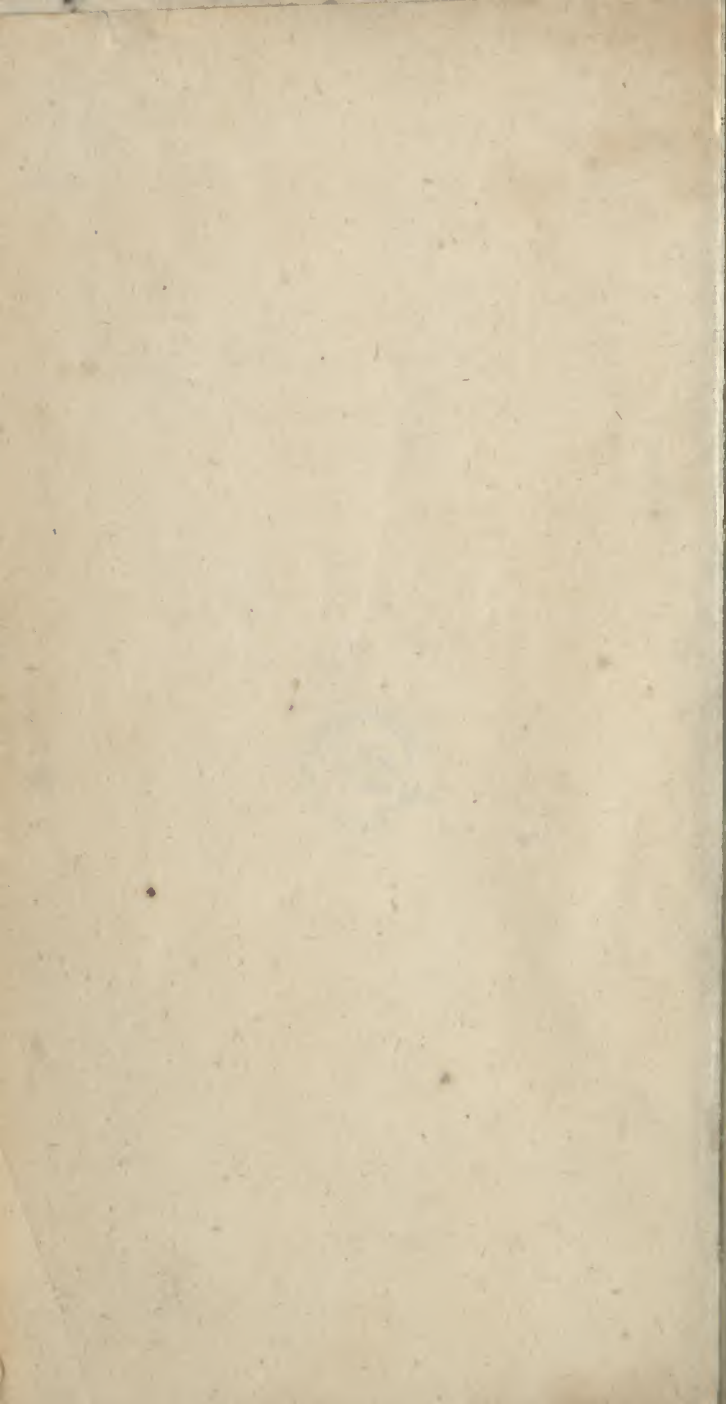




ABS. i. 76. 189 (2-5)

32





THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

[As ACTED UPON THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, EDINBURGH.]

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦—♦♦♦—♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦—♦♦♦—♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tytirus his songs did leer.

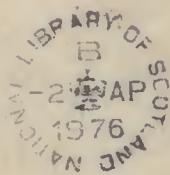
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EDINBURGH:

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M.DCC.LXXXIV.



T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

S U S A N N A

COUNTRESS of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore, I beg leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* protection. If my *Patroness* says, The *shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your *Ladyship's* opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the *Countess* of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, *Madam*, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, hut in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY.

D E D I C A T I O N.

MERY. Be that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personable merit, and the heavenly fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possess'd of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature: but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, *To speak what every body thinks*. Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the *Idalian* registers were of as short duration as life: but the *Bard*, who fondly hopes immortality has a certain praise worthy pleasure, in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters. I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I shall prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning-vapour; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

M A D A M,

Your *Ladyship's*

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

A L L A N R A M S Y.

T O T H E
C O U N T E S S O F E G L I N T O N ,

With the Following

P A S T O R A L :

A Ccept, O EGLINTON ! the ruler lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays :
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, though the verdant meads to stray,
O! come, inok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
In flame the breast that real love inspires !
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise !
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kind or her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And dushing beauties, smiles the kind consent !
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In CHARLOT'S smile, or in MARIA'S frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age ;
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.

His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
 As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the *rural state* bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
 Secure alike from envy and from care;
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
 Nor wants lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair HUMBERTA'S soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost:
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 None to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now *Happiness* forsakes her best retreat,
 The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat:
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race:
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She, invited, came a welcome guest.
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Erib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
 Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
 Then dow'rlless beauty lost the power to move:
 The rust of luxury stain'd the gold of love.
 Bounteous no more, and hospitable good,
 The genial hearth first blust'rd with strangers blood:
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;

The voice of impious mirth is heard around :
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *Happiness* ! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd ?
 Nun sober and devout ! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek content'd head ?
 Virgin of aspect mild ! ah why unkind,
 Fly'st thou displeas'd the commerce of mankind ?
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou ov'lt to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel and to midnight-ball ?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?
 Or, with, th' industrious plauter, dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening-walk ?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold ?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much-lov'd pow'r
 Still musing silent at the morning hour ?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms
 In *STAIR*'s wisdom, or in *ERSKINE*'s charms.

In vain our flat'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtué knows the pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon, we might the precious blessing boast ;
 But many passions must the blessing cost ;
 Infernal malice, indly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in your hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human body nurst,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst ?

Unlike, O EGLINTON! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heav'nly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions free'd
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?
 Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
 And backward *merit* loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by Heav'n, Heav'n's richest grace,
 Confeſt is thine, and early blooming race.
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian-wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to the soul impart?
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace posseſt,
 And sighing youths imploring to the bleſt!
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the swift, or the dance to shine.
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

I can while peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native poet's strains;
 In ancient garb the home bred muse appears,
 The garb our muses wore in former years;
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 Or virtuous love the likenets of thy own;
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious Heav'n,
 To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
 Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
 To enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

PATIE

T H E P E R S O N S.

M E N.

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 bynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *Thought to be Glauds niece'.*
Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*
Maufe, *An old women supposed to be a witch.*
Elspa, *Symon's wife.*
Madge, *Glaud's wife.*

SCENE, *A shepherd's village and fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action, *Within twenty hours.*

PATIE and ROGER:

PASTORAL

Inscribed to

JOSIAH BURGHET, Esq;

SECRETARY of the ADMIRALITY.

THE nipping frosts and driving snaw,
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zeyphrs* blaw;
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay and bra,
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of dzy,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
'To weaker fight,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

11. To weaker fight, set these, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

In truest light may a' that's fine
 In his fair character still shine,
 Sma' need he has of fangs like mine,
 To beet his name;
 For frae the North to Southern line
 Wide gangs his fame. 16

His fame, which ever shall abide,
 While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
 Wha vainly strave upon the tide
 'T invade these lands,
 Where *Britain's* royal fleet doth ride,
 Which still commands. 20

These doughty actions frae his pen,
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,
 How free-born *Britain's* faught like men,
 Their faes like slaves. 24

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
 This country sang, my fancy flew,
 Keen your just merit to pursue;
 But ah! I fear,
 In giving praises that are due,
 I grate your ear. 28

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
 May powers aboon with kindly care,
 Grant you a long an muckle skair
 Of a' that's good,
 Till unto langest life and mair,
 You've healthfu' flood. 32

May never care your blessings fow'r,
And may the muses ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r :
I'm but a callan ;
Yet I may please you, while I'm your

Devoted ALLAN.

T H E

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A

S C O T S

P A S T O R A L C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Beneath the south side of a craggy bield,
Where chrystal springs their halssome waters yield,
Twa youths' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hallow echoes ring:
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. *The wawking of the fauld,*

*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 not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.*

B

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

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I tak doon on a' the town,
 That I lok down uon a crown,
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly.
 It mak's me blyb and bou'd;
 And naething gies me sic delight
 As wauking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae lustly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 Be a' the rest it is cofset,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae lustly,
 A' a' in her sangs are t'uld,
 With unco'nce, the wile or sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.*

P t. **T** His funny morning, Roger, cheers my
 blood,

And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.

How hartome is't to see the rising plants

To hear the birds chirp o'er their pleasing rants?

How naiesome is't to huff the cawler air,

And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care?

What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?

Tell me the cause of thy ill-seasoned pain.

R g. I'm born, O Paie to a thrawart fate!

I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.

Tempests may ceate to jaw the ro'vand flood,

Corbies and tods to grieve for lambskins blood;

But I oppress'd wi' never ending grief,

Maan ay despair of fighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the
hive,

The faugh's on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
'Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rag. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase taul's so sadly out of tune.
You have sae fast a voice, and sli'd a tongue,
You are the darling of bairn auld and young.
If I but ettie at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
And jer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm contus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But albins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rag. My byar tumb'l'd, nine bra' nout were smoor'd
Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter latt my cares were very sma',
'Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly flock'd as mine
Lefs you wad loss, and lefs you wad repine.
He that has just enough can foundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Rag. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may't ihole the pangs of mony a loss.
O may't thou dote on some fair paughy wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou ery dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clut,
At the Well-port, and bought a wintome flut,
Of plume-tree made, wi' iv'ry viris round,
A dainty whistle with a pleaiant soun;

I'll be more canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Rog. 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.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens?
Dast are your dreams, as dastly wad ye hid
Your well seen love, in dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed, now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a squint,
To speak but til her I dare 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 know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me. and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right weel I wat:
He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna loe her:—but in vain;
still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My bauty is cur I dearly like;
E'en while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb tyke.
If I had fil'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauld-rife scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd
Gif she could 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.

Pat. E'en do sic, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn gabbit chuck?

Yonder's a craig since ye have tint a' hope.

Gae till't your ways, and tak' the lover's loun.

Rog I needna mak' sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will

Pat Dast gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;

Seem carelefs, there's my hand ye'il win the day

Hear how I serv'd my las I loo as weell

As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.

Last morning I was gay and early ont,

Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;

I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,

I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me:

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,

And she was close upou me ere she wist.

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw

Her straicht bare legs that whiter were then snaw,

Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek;

Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;

Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;

And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.

Neat, neat she was, in bustine waitcoat clean.

As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.

Blythsome, I cry'd, my boony Meg, come here;

I serly wherefore ye're so soon a-steer:

But I can guess your gawn to gather dew:

She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?

Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'ens ye like,

I carelefs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.

I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,

She came wi' a right thieve's errand back;

Misca'd me first,—then bad me hunt my dog,

To wear up three waffews straw'd on the bog,

I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haite

I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;

About her yielding waist and took a fouth

Ot sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.

White hard and fast I held her in my grips,

My very faul came louping to my lips.

Sae, sair she slet wi' me 'tween alk's snack;

But weel I kend she meant nae as the spak.

Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sue too, and ne'er fash your thumb:
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G II.

Fy gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

*Dear Roger if your Jenny geck
And answer kindness wi' a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For woman in a man delight:
But them despise who're som defeat,
And wi' a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bolaly on, and win the day:
When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they uerer mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue
But tent the language of their e'en:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and hae sic 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 ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her faul! she made it fine)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
Wi' spraings like goud and siller, cross'd wi black;
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't wha ha'e sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat Weel, hald ye there:—and since ye've
frankly made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,

My flute's be your's; and she to that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice

Rog. 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 tist to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks, and ashave of 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 of spice.
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing, t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*A flow'rie burn between twa verdent braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths;
A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peeples sbining smooth and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
While JENNY what she wishes discommend,
And MEG, with better sense, true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

Je. **C**OME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's how,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow,
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and maks a singand din;
A pool-breast deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grafs;
We'll end our washing while the morning cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool

20 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

There wash our fell's—It's beathfu now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come bratling down the brae,
And see us see? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Hith, lass, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lad they're feeding far beyond the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane),
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger looes 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.

Jen. I'd na 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 blew bonnet-lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He files his e'eray down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dafh the lad wi' constant flighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld;
What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?
Like daut d wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some teckless whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or feat anither's leavings at the last.

S A N G III.

P lwart on the green.

*The dorty wae repent,
I the owe's heart grow cauld,
And none her jinnis will tent,
Seen as her juce ticks auld.*

*The dauted bairn thus tak's the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
 Whimpers and tarrow's at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave:
 They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abus'd
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think and dinna fit your time:

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

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

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs; and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
 The chieils may a, knit up themselves for me.

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

Jen. Hey lass! how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
 A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
 You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

S A N G IV.

O dear mother, 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 karder luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married,
 Running to a life destroys
 Hartsome, free, and youths' joys.*

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
 Till I wi' pleasers mount my bridal bed,
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
 There we may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
 And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
 He's get his will: Why no? It's good my part,
 To gife him that, and he li gife me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
 Mak meikle o've, wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut you bith afore souk, and your lane:
 But soon as his newfingleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tcher-itake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang d'ys of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte;
 And may be, in his barlikehoods, ne'er tick
 To lend his loving wife a loundring lick.

Peg. Sic coarte-hun 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 of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music through my heart.
 How biythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
 Ilk day that he's atane 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 ye what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs, compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sence will lang his love secure:
 Ill nature h'its in faul's that's weak and poor

Jen. Hey, lony lass of the branktome! nor't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a lang.
 O! it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne wain'ing gets about your ingle-side,

elping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
 o make them brats then ye maun toil and spin,
 e wean fa's sick, and sca is itself wi' broe;
 he breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 he deel gaes o'er Jock Wabler, hame grows hell,
 hen Pate misca's ye war then tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

SANG V.

How can I be sad on my wedding-day.

ow shall I be sad when a husband I hie;
 et has better sense than any I thae;
 ur weak silly fellows, that stuv, like fools,
 sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 e man who is prudent ne'er lightnes his wife,
 wi' dull re-roaches encour'g'g' strife;
 r praises her virtues, and ne'er wil' abuse
 r for a smaal failing, but find an excuse.

Yes, its a hartsome thing to be a wife,
 hen round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 f I'm fae happy, I thall has delight,
 o hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 ow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
 an see sic wee tot' toolying at your knee;
 hen at they ettle at, ——— their greatest wish,
 to be made of, and obtain a kils?
 n there be toil in eating day and night,
 e like of them, when love maks care delight?
 Jen But poorith, Peggy, is the wart of 'e;
 f o'er your heads ill chance shoud' beggary draw;
 t little love, or can y' cheer can come,
 ac daddy doubtlers, and a puinty toom.
 ur now may die; — the spite may bear away
 e aff the hovms your denty rucks of h' y. —
 e h' ck blaws wrea'hs of snaw, or bluthy thows,
 w' snoor your washers, and may rot your ew's.
 dye u' boys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 t, or the day of payment, breaks and flees;

Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent ;
 It's not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent ;
 His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear
 Syne driv'n frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowke bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd ; let heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lad's shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stor'd room, 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, trone, and fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due ;
 Syne a' behind's our ain——Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the world will steer :
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grow rise,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Sou'd gar your Patie think his half worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg ?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the serly 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 whenfoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
 Its ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi, pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 At ev'n when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.

In winter when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings bye his plaid and 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.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grows auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie
 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 increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single,—(a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

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

S A N G VI.

Nansy's to the green-wood gane.

I yield dear lassie, you have won:
 And there is n e denyin',
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a that we can do or say,
 'Ganst love, nae th icker heeds us:
 They ken us bosoms lodge the sae
 That by the heart, rings leads us.

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

Jen. 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 lafs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*A snug thack house, before the doer a green;
Hens on the miading, ducks in the dubs are seen.
On this side stands a burn, on that a byre;
A peet 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 friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOd-morrow, nibour Symon,—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a the uews in
They tell me ye was in the other day, (town?)
And fould your crummock and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pound of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now auld
boy,

I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether breas.

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah! Symie, rattling chiels ne'er stand

To cleck and spread the groffest lies aff hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or false, let's near.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head:
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Kuple a right flae bagunk,
Restor'd King CHARLES, and iika things in tune;
And Happy says, We'll see Sir William soon.

S A N G VII.

Could kail in Aberdeen.

*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Stung 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.*

Gla. That makes me blyth indeed;—but dinna
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'; (flaw,
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They ha'e 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?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did
grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent:

28 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy 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 fells black cattle?—what gies woo this
year?”

And sic like kindly questions wad he speer,

S A N G VIII.

Mucking of Gordy's byre.

*The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, shuld be kindly and free,*

*Nor rack his poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty;*

*Else like the packet horse that's smother'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint:*

*Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Gla. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen:
The nappy bottle ben, and glässes clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nighbour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner hear wi' me the 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 nielt town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown.
And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it haona first of a' been mine:

For heer yestreen I brew'd a bow of mant,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime and fat:

A firLOT of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reested in the nook:

I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat that scads the why put on,

A mutton-bouk to boil;—and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice;
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weell fung,
 And we've invited nighbours 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 the nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'erfell, auld-birky; never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear.
 Faith we shall 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 good news, then what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey! Madge, come forth:
 d'ye hear?

Enter M A D G E.

Mad. The man's gone gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin. (your row,

Gla. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and burn
 And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,

Since now again we'll soon Sir William see. (o't!

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
 Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands, (coat;
 My white skin-hole and mittons for my hands;
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'rfells as trig, head, feet and waist,
 As ye wad a' to get young lads or e'en;
 or we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym-bedeem.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er
 And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. (the gate
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
 At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
 With falded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see,*

B A U L D Y his lane.

W HAT's this! I canna bear't! it's war than hell,
 To be sae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mawn-hay;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
 Her e'en the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her e'en,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her,—wae's me! and she loes Pate:
 And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a-beast
 That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy,
 It's fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice.
 She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight-hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hamlock low;
 And seven times does ber prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,

Mixt wi' the venom of black taid's and snakes;
 Of this unfonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore the fire;
 Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When ane like me comes running to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
 To speak my errand, faith, amai't I'm fear'd;
 But I maun do't, though I shou'd never thrive;
 They gallop fast that deils and lassies drive. (Exit.)

S C E N E III.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount,
 Where water popland springs;
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

M A U S E.

S A N G XI.

Carle, an' the king come.

*Peggy, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come;
 Thou may 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 of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

Enter B A U L D Y.

Baul. **H**OW does auld honest-lucky of the glen?
 Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore-
 ten.

Miu. E'en twining out a threed wi' little din,
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

32 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul Enough of baith:—but something that re-
quires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mau. My helping hand! alake what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

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

Mou. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess't,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

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

Mau. What fouk say of me, Bauldy let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilka ane talks about ye. but a flaw...

When last the wind made Glau'd a rooffless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
When Watie wandr'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amais't amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright;
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sarah tint a sin od was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And i ka ane here dreads you 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 niest mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' suil'ot o' them mixt wi' pease

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

Baul. Then, I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me }
Peggy likes Pate.—and Pate is bauld and free, }
And loes sweet Meg,—but Neps I downa see.— }

Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me, —I'd be the happiest man.

Mau. 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 things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and groats; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come gif I the road can find
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when its late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may; but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought 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 of fashion and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e aie the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony fit,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;
Because my education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quicky 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,
PATIE and his PEGGY meet ;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearsu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay
We're baith cryed hame, and Jenny she's
away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon ; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane :
They're as content, for oughr I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses th' ckeest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aloon our heads !
How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds !

Peg. The scanted meadows,—birds,—and heal-
thy breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please..

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, ro doubt my being kind ;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind :

Gif I cot'd fancy oughr sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier ;
Thy checks and breast the finest flower appear.
Thy words exce. the maist deligtfu' notes
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darena stax, —ye joker let me gang,
Anther lass may gar ye change your song ;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. 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 clim, — the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love; — I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. 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 dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye need na fear;
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd ye mony a year.
 I mind it well, when thou cou'd st hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words I choos'd you frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the Tansy know, or Rasny strand,
 Thou smiling by my side. — I took delite
 To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white:
 Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood,

Peg. When first thou gae wi' shepherds to the
 hill,

and I to mi k the ew's first try'd my skill;
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bucht at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the heather
 bells

loom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
 Sae birns, or briars, or whin e'er troubled me,
 If I could find blae-berries ripe for thee. (stane,

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
 and wan the day, my heart wa' slightering tain:
 At all these sports thou still give joy to me;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Bacon of Cowden-knows*,
 and Rosie lilt the *Miking of the ew's*,
 here's nane like Nannie, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
 it turns in *Maggie Lawder* Marion dings:

36 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The *Boat man*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Though they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And roos'd by them wi' love, blaws up the fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage 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.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at
the acting as follows.*

S A N G X.

The yellow hair'd ladie.

*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And i at ew milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting sorgather'd wi' thee.*

P A T I E.

*When corn-rigs wv'd yellow, and blue heather-bells,
Bloom'd bonny on moorlands and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the flane.
And eame off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings sestly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosie let sweetly the Milking the ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing;
At Throw-the-wood-laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring*

*But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,
It's many time sweeter and pleasant to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

P E G G Y.

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

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave ;
At naught they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:—
Nae 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 excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's
cry ;
ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly,—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad na be amiss ;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me,

Peg Sing first, syne claim your' hire.——

Pat. ————— Well, I agree!

S A N G XI.

P A T I E sings.

*the delicious warm'ness of thy mouth,
and rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
queens, my lassie that as well as I,
u're made for love, and why should you deny ?*

P E G G Y sings.

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

P A T I E sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine ; and sae may ye.
Red checked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e choi'd and woo'd a lang lass-year.*

P E G G Y singing, falls into Patie'e arms.

*Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But sint your wisbes to this kind embrace,
And munt nae farer till we've got the grace.*

P A T I E (with his left hand about her waist).

*O charming arms ! hence he cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day ;
A' ught I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day comè that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gin soon to bed, and quickly rise,
O lash your steeds post time away,
And haste about your bridal day !
As if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
 And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
 An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pellar-been.
 But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,
 That comes hid in this clud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the leyal sufferer moves
 Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

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 joys, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seats in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah, me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of rap'try all bereft:
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls.
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where, round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
 How do these 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 ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly,
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,

My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n 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 charg'd 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, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free:
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XII.

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 teen betray,
 Like courtely weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfollied with a crime:*

*Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
 In proping of their pride and state:
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day:
 All on he green, in a fair wanting ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 And viffy't round and round;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all 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,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. **W**E anes were young ourfells.—I like to
 see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade
 Amang our lads; he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Essp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:
 God make him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. 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 ye weel ken: a bonnier need na be,
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a
 match;

By Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
 And or he were, for reasons I'll not tell,
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? 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.

Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,

Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;

By and attour, give my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,

And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Es'pa. Ye offer fair kind Glaud; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our deniel difna slight his bairn.

Gla. Well, nae mare o't:—come gie's the other
bend;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

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

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

Enter J E N N Y.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,

Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brow a look;

Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.

His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say:
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear

He kens nae mair of that than my grey-mear.

Gla Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a seat.

S. Wil. I give ye thanks, goodman; I'se no be blate.

Glaud drinks.

Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?

S. Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;—e'en but little way;
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I do gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. Wil. That's kind unfought—Well, gin ye ha'e
a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully be't good or ill.

Symbn, pointing to Patie.

Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e na mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

S. Wil. Young man, let's see your hand;—what
gars ye sneer?

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

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elf. Betouch-us-too!—and weel a wat that's true?
Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

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

Sym. I dinna ken; strange auld man! what art
thou?

Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come, turn the timmer o' laird Patie's health.

Patie's health gaes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs; my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be,
Sae cunning carle ne'er break your joks on me.

Sym. 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 counter-
sits, falls into a trance, while they endeavour
to lay him right.*

Elsp. Preserv's! the man's a warlock, or posselt
Wi' some nae good,—or second-sight, at least.
Where is he now?—

Gla. ——— He's seeing a that's done
In i'ka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elsp. Thae second sighted folk (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 himself!)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—E. spa, halte ye,
gae,
And fill him up a tafs of 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 thousands shares.
But now again the LYON rears
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight retires 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.*

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deil,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep :
Or do ye get them tald you in your sleep ?

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward ;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The whimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

S. Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle ; 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.

Gla. Well be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing mair ;
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Camp ripe for men : I wish you could foresee
Their fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

S. Wil. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat ;
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
Rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,

Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :
And, Glau'd, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;
Well but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syn'e sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

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

Exeunt

S C E N E III.

*JENNY pretends an errand home,
Young ROGER drops the rest,
To whisp'er out his melting flame,
And throw his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, well bid frae sight, they meet :
See, JENNY's laughing ; ROGER's like to greet,
Poor Shepherd !*

R O G E R and J E N N Y.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let
And yet I eigh, ye're ay fae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what would Roger say, if he could speak
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eigh for what I greiv
Bairn by my service, sighs, and langing een.

And I maun out wri't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn
Ah ! cou'd I loo you lass, I'd happy be :
But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but what I may
Ye canna say that e're I said you nay.

Rog. Alake ! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to teil you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

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

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

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
 On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
 Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
 How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
 But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
 Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent:
 When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame.
 Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Reg. That only happens when, for sake o' gear,
 Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mear:
 Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
 Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
 But love, true downright love, eng'g's me.
 I ho' thou shou'd scorn,—stil' to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can sa'!
 But garning marriage comes and ends them a'.
 I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
 And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
 I've seen the filler 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.

Reg. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
 The day unclouded sink in calmest night.
 I've seen the spring rin whimpling thro' the plain,
 Increase, and join the ocean without stain.
 The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
 Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wad love maintain,
 The fewest words my ealy heart could gain;
 For I maun own, since now at last your free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
 And ever had a warmth in my breast,
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Reg. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!
 This gush o' pleasure's like to be my de'd.
 Come to my arms! or strike me! i'm a' fir'd
 Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.

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Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
 And ferly at the quick return o' day.
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
 And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips ro mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

S A N G, XIII. *Leith-wynd.*

J E N N Y.

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

R O G E R.

*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 brifs thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightsu' thought! we'll never part.
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gies way,
 To own thy well-try'd love has won the day.
 Now, by the warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Reg. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
 There shall not be a kindlier dauted wife,
 If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

S A N G XIV.

O'er bogie.

J E N N Y.

Weel I agree ye're sure o' me;
Next to my father gae:
Mak him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
When 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 have nane.
Then never range nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byres rowt;
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammas fell,
 Horn frae my bob tail'd bleeters on the fell.
 Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Ni' meikle care my thrifty mither made.
 A' thing that maks a hartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care' my father's great delight.
 They left me a'; which now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a' my dear to thee:
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
 My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.
 Jen. I'll do my best:—But see wha comes this way
 Katie and Meg;—besides, I mauna ilay:
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
 If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Reg. To where the saugh-tree shades the menin
pool,

I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool ;
Keep triste, and meet me there ;—there let us meet
To kifs, and tell our love ;—there's nought fae sweet.

S C E N E IV.

This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM

*Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim ;
Nor has the baron shown his face,
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

S. Wil. **T**O whom belongs this house, so much
decay'd ?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
hilk fills a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*

*(Sir william draps his masking beard,
Symon transported sees
The welcome knight, with find 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 chear his wishing tenants sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight !

S. Wil. Rife, 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 secret thou'st securely seal'd
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strick 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.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends :—which gies their fauls a cast
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few :
His father sleight his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace ;
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :
Rins in ilk traders debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him trust.

S. Wil. Such uselefs branches of a comonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state mair 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.

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

S. Wil. Your tale much pleases, my good friend
proceed :

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder weel ; for, troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear ;
And he delites in books ;—he reads, and speaks
Wi' sowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books, of hist'ry, fangs or sport:
Nor does he want e' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben,

He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,

And ane ca'd Cowely, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' well, and gars their verses ring,
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,

About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,

Wi' this quoth he, on braes I crack wi kings.

S. Wil. He answer'd 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 inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that see single looks,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;

When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,

Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursell?

S. 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

Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;

Has nae young lassie, with inviting mein,

And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,

Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the sma'est part,

Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet

Wi' Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:

I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,

Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.

A gentleman, enrich'd wi a' these charms,

May bleis the fairest, best born lady's arms.

S. 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.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee!
 There's nane can know, that is not downright me.
Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

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 wish'd 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 rustick business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
 Glau'd's onset.—Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Mad. O UR laird's come hame! and owns young
 Pate his heir.

Mau. That's news indeed!—

Mad. ————— As true as ye stand there,
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book,
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then paukily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething ha'e.

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

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo',
Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou',
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon; Symon knew
His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne, for blythness, grat.
Patrick was sent for;—happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out the secret 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-himself.—
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be sae; wha kens? and may be no.
To list a love that's rooted is great pain;
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain:
And what has been afore may be again.

Mad. Sic nonsense! love tak root but tocher-good,
"Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood;
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be,
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain: }
 Younder he comes, and wow but he looks fain? }
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's a' his ain. }

Mad. He get her! flaverin' doof, it sets him weel.
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil:
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mau. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
 And so wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

JENNY said to JOCKY, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass myself;
 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.—Lassies will come too at last,
 Though for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

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

Mad. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task;
 Pcor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair
 On Pate turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be
 While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prové;
 Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
 Ey! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
 What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?
 The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grae a gate;
 Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest!
 Ye leed, auld roudes—and, in faith, had best

Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can fly the skin o' yer your cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm manfwerd;—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witnesses too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!

*Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—Maufe
endeavours to redd them.*

Mau. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! how't,
Bauldy lean:

I wadna with this toulzie had been seen;
It's sae daft like.————

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Mad.————— It's daster like to thole
An ether-cap, 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 have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have seen.

Mau. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame, }
'To ca' Madge ought but her ain chisten'd name. }

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and nodles finds the same. }

Mad. Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I shall auld ye.

Mau. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farther gae:
Ye maun forgiv'e'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth, now, Maufe, I hae at Madge nae
spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wite
Of what has happen'd; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance hāve.

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows face gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;

Gae or be blasted in your health or gear
 Till ye learn to perform, as-well as swear.
 Yow, and loup back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
 Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY *running off.*

His presence be about us! curst were he
 That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.
Exit aBuldy.

MADGE *laughing.*

I think I've towz'l'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.

Mau. Ye town'd him tightly,—I commend you for't
 His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport:
 For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
 And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
 He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
 To lend him in this case my helping hand.

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

Mau. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
 mine

Obliges fowk resentment to decline;
 Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
 With cunning can the lake of pith supply
 Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
 Yne bad him come, and we should gang to wark:
 I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;
 Ye'll be the witch, and I shall be the ghaist;
 A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
 'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on night,
The westlin clouds shines red wi' setting light.

Exeunt

S C E N E - II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

Rog. **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart
loups light;

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle folk are farrer seen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd, I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. 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 'bqon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest; }
He a' 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 lov'd 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 kind fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my parting breast bedew'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
Rog. How to advise, troth I'm at a stand;
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.
Pat. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdefs excells,
 And part of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, and part of reason

*Plead strong on the parents side,
 Which love so superior calls treason;*

The strongest must be obey'd:

For now, tho' I'm ane of the gentry,

My constancy falsehood repells,

For change in my heart has no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excells.

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

Pat. 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.

Rog. Is not our master and yourself 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?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
 vance,

To London neist, and afterwards to France,

Where I must stay some years, and learn—to
 dance,

And twa three ither monkey tricks.—That done,

I come hame strutting in my red heel'd shoon.

60 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need, nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. They wha ha'e just enough, can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome onty fashes fowk to keep. —

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's
the same :

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest blifs we can procure
Frae 'boon the list. — Without it kings are poor.

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

Pat. Sae Roger thinks and thinks na far amifs :
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the blifs.
The passions rule the toast ; — and, if they're sowr,
Like the lean ky, 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 fowk o'erlaid with ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Rog. LORD, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How get ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
'That I may easier disappointments bear !

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I get some
skill ;

Thae best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't and ye shall teil me whilk to buy :
Faith I've hae books, tho' I should sell my ky.

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

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

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

Exit Roger.

P A T I E solus.

W! what a struggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she looes, and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment. Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red!—————

Enter P E G G Y.

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

Peg. I dare nae 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 all like to be lost?
Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land!

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whillt it with 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.
faulthood hate: come, kifs thy cares away;
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.

82 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Peg. Speak on!--speak ever thus, and still my grief:
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
 New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That wi' 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 blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair-be envy'd by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kifs'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
 And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay;
 As aft times I have sled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
 But hear my vow--'twill help to gi'e me ease;
 My sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVI.

Woes my heart that we shou'd sunder,
Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder;
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose 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 know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear Heav'n while so'emnly I vow,
Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
Tbro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heav'n approves—and be assur'd o' 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 soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sic as hae the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk de-
spair

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.
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
I hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms;
I'll gain on uncle Glau'd;—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;
Where I may manners learn.—

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVII. Tweed-side.

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart 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 soul keep him e'er in sight.*

*With patience I'll wait the lang year
And study the gentlest charms ;*

*Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in these arms.*

*Whil'st thou was a shepherd, I pris'd
No 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, like the gowans in May,*

*But inwardly rooted will keep,
For ever without a decay.*

*Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,*

*If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband ha'e sense to approve.*

*Pat. ————— 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, left in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
Affect a 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 blyth, seem wae :*

Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd ;
Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

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

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best
Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense ;
Then why, ah ! why should 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.

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

Peg. Wi' every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, 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-thaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XVIII. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day, and rising morn,
Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the Birken bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hide my blush,
Wnilst round thou didst insald me.*

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

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

Peg. Were't in my power wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
 Nor wad I if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words, wad border on a crime:
 Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
 When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possess't,
 And rears up Symon frae his kindly rest.
 Bare, leg'd, wi' night-cop, and unbutton'd coat,
 See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early
 hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath it's pow'r?
 Far to the north the scant 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 brittles stand.

Baul. O lend me soon some water, milk, or ale;
 My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' shaking fail;
 I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
 Alake! I'll never be mysell again.

All ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

Symon gi'es him a drink.

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak fae 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.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, your very timeously afeer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth it's very true;
And I come here to mak my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling.

lang to hear't:———

Baul.——— Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd 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 curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,
The very thought ot's like to freeze my blood!
Sais'd 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 wout to be at school.
My heart out o' it's hole was like to loup;
Pithless grew wi' fear and had nae hope,
Till wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Synce I, haff dead wi' anger, fear and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help, to gi'e the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till, in a fat tar-barrel, Maufe be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'ers just shall granted be ;

Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. 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 cantraips that bring up the deil.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good
sport.

What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is, through want of education, blind ?

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae such
thing.

As witches raising deils up through a ring,
Syne playing tricks ? a thousand I could tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
O'er breas and bogs, wi' candles in his doup ;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans or a sow :
Then wi' his train through airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :
Then aft by night bombaze here-hearted fools.
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich :
But Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life ;
That gars me think this hoblefshew that's past
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

S. Wil. I'm sure it will :—but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;

id raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning-air.

S A N G XIX. *Bonny grey'd ey'd morning.*

*The bonny grey ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray :
The hearty bynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day ;
Without a guilty sling to wrinkle his brow ;
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins the concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and peagantry 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 ;
My portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
And a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair ;
And by his morning ingle takes a beck,
The rising sun shines mottly through the reek,
He pipes his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

1. **I** Wish my bairns, it may keep fair till night ;
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
Ye doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
What do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard ?
Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor

But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

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

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means
ought ill,
He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill.

Gla. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair;
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name;
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith
flush'd,

Sync mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser better are than we;
But thinner fawn: 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.

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

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

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

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,

to hear, and help to redd some odd debate
 'tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell
 at Symon's house: the knights sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer door,
 and fetch the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

Exit Glaud.

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?

Now bleer'd and red wi' greeting are her een!
 This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
 to strate a gentle spark at Edinburgh corfs;
 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 hay;
 to leave the green-twaird dance, when we gae milk,
 to rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.

But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
 to tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?

Is no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
 If I the daughter of some laird had been,
 ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?
 He's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
 And then, the like has been, if the decree
 assigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
 Min up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe,
 Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now it's tell'd him that the taz
 Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
 Because he brak good breedings laws,
 And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

S. Wil. **A**ND was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye war
 serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 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 pergury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confes my fault thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mau. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score
 I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. 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 flee and a revengefu'——

And that my some-place finds; but I had best
 Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
 And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
 Sent me, without my wit the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM looking at PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora gown
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
 The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.

Is this your daughter Glaud?—

Gla.—Sir, she's my niece,—

And yet she's not:—But I shou'd hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?

She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud explain.

Gla. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year—

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience—

Pat.—So I'm I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master orders, I obey.—

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,

Close by the lee-side of my door, I found

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of 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 smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: She has past since syne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wea'n,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane:

Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat.—The tale delights mine ear.

S. Wil. Command your joys, young man, till
truth appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;
Peggy may smile;—Thou hast nae cause to blush.

Lang ha e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what
you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

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

Omnes. The story's odd? we wish we heard it out.

S. Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd;
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand!
Yet stronger proofs I'll gie, if you demand.

S. 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.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on, nae music's half sae fine
Or can gie pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd 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 wi' avaritious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a confident confess.

I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!

That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour, the floor I softly prest
 And staw the sleeping innocent away ;
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day :
 All 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 shou'd 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 cove.

Glaud with tears of joy happing down his beard.

I well remember't : Lord reward your love :
 Lang ha'e I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full.
 Wi' due obedience to my parents will.

Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows ; and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. 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.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad live that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM. raises them.

I give you both my blessing : May your love,
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprife.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
'That for me so much generous kindness had !
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e :
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

S. 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 make him reimburse his ill got gains.

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

Sym. What double blythness 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 of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. 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 buffy gard'ners shall new planting rear ;
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

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

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherds sang.

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

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe,—wi' very Madge
I'm gree'd,
Altho' they skelpt me when woodly flied :

Tha' now fu' blyth and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live!* (steek
Mad. Lang may he live;—and Bauldy, learn to
 Your gab a wee, and think before you speak;
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
 And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn—
 And, my good nurse; how shall I greatfu' be,
 For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleasures of this happy day,
 Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud to you,
 And to your heirs I give, in endless feu,
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, 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.

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

S. 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.

Gla. You crowd our 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 your master's right your business mak.
 Please him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise :
 But for my master, father, and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfi'd 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 beguil'd :
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn, with joy, despels our care.
 Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear ?

Peg. When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey :
 I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

S A N G XX.

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 spinning of his een surprise ;
 It's heav'n to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a baw,
 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 loo'd me best of any,
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny.*

*Let lassies of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely shou'd be granting.
 Then I'll comp'y and marry P.A.T.E.,
 And syne my cockernoy,
 He's free to touzel, air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.*

Excant omnes.