



FRONTISPIECE.



Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,  
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn in May;  
Poor Roger granes till hollow echoes ring,  
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD;

A

Scots Pastoral.

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By ALLAN RAMSAY.



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THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD;

A  
Tragic Pastoral.

BY  
ALEX. HARRIS.



Published by  
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1854.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

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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 choose some honourable shade.

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

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd 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, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending 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 does not in paying what is due to merit, but 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: Be that the care of the herald and historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be expected, 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 possessed 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 ye to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and see 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 Italian registers were of as short duration as life: But the Bard who fondly hopes for immortality, has a 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 classed with TASSO and GUARINI; and sing, with OVID,

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

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient, and

Most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY:

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## Dramatis Personae.

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### *Men.*

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY,

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

ROGER, *A rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*  
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *A Hind, engaged with Neps.*

### *Women.*

PEGGY, *Thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *An old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

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

TIME OF ACTION, *within twenty-four hours.*

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# THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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## *Act I. Scene I.*

*Beneath the southside of a craigy bield,  
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,  
Two youthfu' 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 RODGER.

SANG I.—Tune, *The wauking o' the Fauld.*

*Pat.* My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay ;  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm nae very auld,  
Yet weel I like to meet her  
At the wauking o' the fauld.

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

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

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

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

*Pat.* THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blude,  
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.

How heartsome is't to see the rising plants!  
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!  
 How halesome it's to snuff the cauler air,  
 And a' the sweets it bears, whan void o' care!  
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?  
 Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

*Reg.* I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!  
 I'm born to strive wi hardships sad and great.  
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin flude,  
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blude;  
 But I, opprest wi never-ending grief,  
 Mann ay despair o' lighting on relief.

*Pat.* The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit the hive,  
 The sanghs on boggy grund shall cease to thrive,  
 Ere scornfu' queens, or loss of warldly gear,  
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

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

*Pat.* But ablins, neibour, ye hae not a heart,  
 And downie eithly wi your canzie part.  
 If that be true, what signifies your gear?  
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

*Reg.* My byar tumb'd, nine hraw nout were smour'd,  
 Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:  
 In winter last my cares were very sma',  
 Tho' scores o' wethers perish'd in the spaw.



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

*Reg.* May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,  
 That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mony a loss !  
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,  
 That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,  
 'Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,  
 And awn that anc may fret that is na fool !

*Pat.* Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute,  
 At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,  
 O' plum-tree made, wi iv'ry virls round ;  
 A dainty whistle, wi a pleasant sound :  
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,  
 Than you, wi a' your cash, ye dowie fool !

*Reg.* 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 anc wha you and a' your secrets kens !  
 Daft as your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
 Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride :  
 Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,  
 And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

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

*Pat.* But Bauldy looes not her, right weel I waf  
 He sighs for Neps :—sae that may stand for that.

*Reg.* I wish ! cou'dna looe her—but, in vain,  
 I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.  
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,  
 'Till he yowl'd sair, she strak the poor dumb tyke ;

Gif I had fil'd a nook within her breast,  
 She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast,  
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,  
 Wi a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.  
 Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite !)  
 O'er *Begie* was the spring, and her delyte ;  
 Yet, tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,  
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—  
 Flocks wander where you like, I dinna care,  
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

*Pat.* E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,  
 Saebiens she be sic a thrown-gabbit chuck ?  
 Yonder's a craig ; since ye hae tint a' houp,  
 Gae til't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

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

*Pat.* Daft gowk I leave aff that silly whinging way ;  
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.  
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel  
 As ye do Jenpy, and wi heart as leal.  
 Last morning I was gye and early out,  
 Upon a dyke I lean'd glowring about,  
 I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee ;  
 I saw my Meg, but Maggy saw nae me ;  
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,  
 And she was close upon me ere she wist :  
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw  
 Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw ;  
 Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,  
 Her haffet-locks hang wavin on her cheek ;  
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear,  
 And oh ! her mouth's like any linny pear.  
 Neat, neat she was, in buskin waistcoat clean,  
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :  
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg come here,—  
 I ferly wharefore ye're sae soon asteen ;  
 But I can guess, ye're gaun to gather dew :  
 She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you ?  
 'Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,  
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke ;  
 I trow, whan that she saw, within a crack,  
 She came wi a right thieveless errand back :

Misca'd me first,—then bade me hund my dog,  
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.  
 I laugh, and sae did she; then wi great haste  
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;  
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth  
 O' sweetest kisses frae her glowin mouth.  
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,  
 My very saul cam loupin to my lips.  
 Sair, sair she flet wi me 'tween ilka smack,  
 But weel I kent she meant nae as she spak.  
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,  
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thum;  
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;  
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wude.

SANG II.—Tune, *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 women in a man delight.  
 But them despise, who're soon defeat,  
 And wi a simple face gie way,  
 To a repulse then be na blate,  
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.

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

Reg. Kind Pat'e, 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 sin' ye began to speak.  
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,  
 (My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine.)  
 A tartain plaid, spun o' gude hawselock woo,  
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,  
 Wi spraigns like gowd and siller, cross'd wi black;  
 I never had it yet upon my back.

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

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

*Reg.* 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;  
By that time bannocks, and a whang o' cheese,  
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;  
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise  
To season meat wi health instead o' spice.  
When we hae tane the grace-drink at the well,  
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysel. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II.

*A flow'rie hotom between twa verdant braes,  
Where lassies use to wash and spread their claes;  
A trotting burnie whipling thro' the ground,  
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round;  
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;  
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
And Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.*

### PEGGY and JENNY.

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

*Peggy.* Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,  
Where a' the sweets o' spring and simmer grow;  
Between twa binks, out o'er a little lin,  
The water fa's and maks a singan din:  
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,  
Kiss's wi easy whirls the bord'ring grass.  
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,  
And whan the day grows het, we'll to the pool;  
There wash oursel's—it's healthfu' now in May,  
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

*Jenny.* Daft lassie, whan we're naked, what'll ye say,  
Gif our twa herds come brattlin down the brae,  
And see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,  
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're nae blate.

*Peggy.* We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight,  
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height ;  
But tell me now dear Jenny, (we're our lane.)  
What gars ye plague your wooer wi disdain ?  
The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,  
That Roger 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.

*Jenny.* I diinna like him, Peggy, there's an end ;  
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.  
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,  
Wi ribbon knots at his blue bann t lug,  
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,  
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee ;  
He falds his o'erlay 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.*

*Peggy.* Ye dash the lad wi constant slighting pride,  
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide ;  
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow could :  
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld ?  
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,  
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet :  
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,  
And sync the fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,  
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.—Tune, *Polwart on the Green.*

The dorty will repent,  
If lover's heart grows could ;  
And nane her smiles will tent,  
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,  
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,  
Whimpers and tarrows 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've refus'd.

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

*Jenny.* I never thought a single life a crime.

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

*Jenny.* If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel,  
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.  
 He glows, 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'xe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.  
 They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free ;  
 The chieks may a' knit up themsels for me.

*Peggy.* Be doing your wa's; for me, I hae a mind  
 To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

*Jenny.* Hech, lass! how can ye looe that rattle-skull ?  
 A very deil, that ay maun hae his will ;  
 We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life  
 You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

*Peggy.* I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,  
 But rather think ilk langsome day a year,  
 'Till I wi pleasure mount my bridal-bed,  
 Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.  
 There we may kiss, as lang as kissing's gude,  
 And what we do, there's nane daur ca' it rude.  
 He's get his will : why no? its gude my part  
 To gie him that, and he'll gie me his heart.

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

SANG IV.—Tune, *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 harder luck betide you.  
 Lasses, when their fancy's carried,  
 Think of nought but to be married;  
 Running to a life destroys  
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

*Peggy.* Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to  
 My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love. [move X  
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,  
 But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.  
 There's nane o' 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 thro' my heart.  
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,  
 And jest at freckless fears that fright the lave!  
 Ilk day, that he's alane upon the hill,  
 He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill;  
 He is—but what need I say that or this;  
 I'd spend a month to tell 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 sense will lang his love secure;  
 I'll-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.—Tune, *How can I be sad at my Wedding?*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,  
 That has better sense than ony of thae  
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,  
 To sink their ain joys, and mak their wives snools.

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

*Jenny.* Hey bonny lass o' Branksome! or't be lang,  
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

O 'tis a pleasing thing to be a bride;  
 Syne whingin getts about your ingle-side,  
 Yelping for this or that, wi' fashious din;  
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.  
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsel wi' broe,  
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines its shoe;  
 The *diel gaes a'er Jock Webster*, hame grows hell,  
 And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

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

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

*Peggy.* May sic ill luck befa' that silly she  
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.  
 † I let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best,  
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n mak out the rest.  
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,  
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pr'y;  
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get  
 A weel-stor'd room unless his wife wad let:



Therefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,  
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :  
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi canny care,  
 And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,  
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.  
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,  
 Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due ;  
 Syne a' behin's our ain. — Thus, without fear,  
 Wi love and rowth, we thro' the warld will steer ;  
 And when my Pate, in bairns and gear grows rife,  
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

*Jenny* But what if some young giglet on the green,  
 Wi dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,  
 Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,  
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg.

*Peggy* Nae mair o' that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,  
 There's some men constanter in love than we :  
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind  
 Has blest them wi solidity o' mind,  
 They'll reason calmly, and wi kindness smile,  
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.  
 Sae, whansoc'er they slight their maiks at hame,  
 It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.  
 Then I'll employ wi pleasure a' my art  
 To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart.  
 At e'en, whan he comes weary frae the hill,  
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,  
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane :  
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,  
 The scething 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.  
 Gude humour and white bigonets shall be  
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

*Jenny*. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,  
 And dozens down to nane, as fook grows auld.

*Peggy*. But we'll grow auld the girher, and ne'er find  
 The loss o' youth, whan love grows on the mind ;  
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,  
 Than aught 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 eastlin 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 airt, maun bow.

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

SANG VI.—Tune, *Nancy's to the Green-wood gane.*

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

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

*Jenny.* Another time's as gude;—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 whan we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;  
 For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind. [Exit.

### Act II. Scene I.

*A snug thack-house, before the door a green:  
 Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen.  
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byre:  
 A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.  
 The man is Gland's...Twa' ye may see him lean,  
 And to his deot seat invite his friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

*Gland.* Gude-morrow, neighbour Symon;—come, sit down,  
 And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,  
 And said your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.  
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut and dry;  
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

*Symon.* 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 cam o'er the burn,  
 To tell ye things hae taken sic a turn,  
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flags,  
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

*Glaud.* Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattlin chiefls ne'er stand,  
 To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand,  
 Whilk soon flies round, like wilfire, far and near:  
 But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's bear.

*Symon.* Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I hae seen  
 Hab, that abroad has wi our master been;  
 Our brave gude master, wha right wisely fled,  
 And left a fair estate, to save his head:  
 Because ye ken fu' weel, he bravely chose  
 To stand his Liege's friend wi great Montrose.  
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and anc ca'd Monk  
 Has play'd the Rump a right slee begunk,  
 Bes-or'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;  
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII.—Tune, *Could hail in Aberdeen.*

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

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

*Symon.* They that hae rid us till our guts did grane,  
 The greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
 And gude Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

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

*Symon.* Nor wad he lang, wi senseless saucy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare;

“Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat.—

“How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does Kate?”

“How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?”

And siclike kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.—Tune, *The mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*

The laird, wha in riches and honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free;  
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour  
To rise aboon poverty.

Else like the packhorse that's unfother'd,  
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;  
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,  
And racker's aft tine their rent.

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his butler bring bedcen  
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,  
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,  
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.  
My heart's e'en rais'd:—Dear neibour, wilt ye stay,  
And tak your dinner here 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 neist town,  
And bring a draught o' ale haith stout and brown;  
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,  
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

*Symon.* I wadna hauk my friend his blithe design,  
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:  
For here yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,  
Yestreen I slew twa wethers prime and fat;  
A furlot o' gude cakes my Elspa beuk,  
And a large ham hangs reesting i' the neuk:  
I saw mysel, or I cam o'er the loan,  
Our meikle pat. that scads the whey, pat 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 o' spice;  
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel sung,  
 And we've invited neibours auld an' young,  
 To pass this afternoon wi glee and game,  
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.  
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,  
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.  
 Bring wi you a' your family; and then,  
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi you again.

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

*Enter MADGE.*

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

*Glaud.* Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel and burn  
 And set the meik'est peat-tack in a low; [your tow,  
 Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,  
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

*Madge.* Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tald you o't?

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

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

## Scene II.

*The open field.— A cottage in a glen,  
 An auld wifie spinning at the moolie end.  
 At a small distance, by a blasted tree,  
 We' falded arms, and half-ris'd looks, ye see*

*BAULDY his line.*

WHAT'S this! I canna bear't! 'Tis waur than hell,  
 To be sac brunt wi love, yet darena tell!

O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,  
 Sweeter than gowany glens or new-maun hay,  
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knowes;  
 Straughter than aught that in the forest grows:  
 Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;  
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines:  
 Her legs, her arms, her checks, her mouth, her een,  
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!  
 For Pate looes her,—waes me! and she looes Pate;  
 And I wi Neps, by some unlucky fate,  
 Made a daft vow: O but ane be a beast,  
 That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest:  
 I darena speak my mind, else a' the three,  
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:  
 Its sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,  
 To break wi ane and win the ither's heart.  
 Here Mausey lives, a witch, that for sma price  
 Can cast her cantrips, and gie me advice:  
 She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,  
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune:  
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,  
 And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;  
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:  
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;  
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,  
 Till Plotecock comes wi lumps o' Lapland clay,  
 Mix'd wi the venom o' black etails and snakes:  
 O' this, unsonsy pictures aft she makes  
 O' ony ane she hates,—and gars expire  
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire:  
 Stuck fu' o' prius, the deevilish pictures melt;  
 The pain by fouk they represent is felt.  
 And yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,  
 When ane like me comes rinnin' to the diel.  
 She and her cat sit beckin' in her yard;  
 To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm feard;  
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;  
 They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.

[Exit.

### Scène III.

*A green kail-yard; a little fount,  
 Where water-poppin springs;  
 There sits a wife wi' wrinkl'd front,  
 And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX.—Tune, *Carle and the King come.*

Peggy, now the king's come,  
 Peggy, now the king's come ;  
 Thou may dance, and I sall sing,  
 Peggy, since the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,  
 But change thy plaiden coat for silk,  
 And be a lady o' that ilk,  
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

*Enter BAULDY.*

*Bauldy.* How does auld honest Lucky o' the glen ?  
 Ye look baith hale and fair at threescore ten.

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

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

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

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

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

*Bauldy.* The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,  
 Ye'll maybe tak it ill gif I should tell.

*Mouse.* What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear ;  
 Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

*Bauldy.* Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a',  
 That ilk ane talks about ye, hut a' flaw.  
 When last the wind made Glau'd a' roofless barn ;  
 When last the burn bore down my mather's yarn ;  
 When Brawney, elf-shot, never mair came hame ;  
 When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came ;  
 When Bessy Prectock's chuffy checked wean  
 'To a' fairy turned, and cou'dna stan' its lane ;  
 When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,  
 And tint himsell amaist among the snaw ;  
 When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,  
 When he brought east the howdy under night ;

When Bawsey shot to dead upon the green,  
 And Sarah tint a snood was nae mair seen;  
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out;  
 And ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about;  
 And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;  
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;  
 But when I neist mak grots I'll strive to please  
 You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

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

*Bauldy.* Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.  
 Peggy likes Pate;—and Pate is bauld and slec,  
 And loots sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see.—  
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then  
 Peggy's to me—I'd be the happiest man.

*Mause.* I'll try my art to gar the howls 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 grots; tak ye nae care.

*Bauldy.* Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;  
 But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;  
 Syne rain and thunder, may be, when its late,  
 Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.  
 We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast;  
 O will ye come like Badrans for a jest?  
 And there ye can our different 'naviours spy;  
 'There's nane sall ken o't there but you and I.

*Mause.* Its like I may—but let nae on what's past  
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

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

MAUSE *ber lane.*

Hãrd luck, alake! when poverty and eild  
 Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield,  
 Wi a sma cast o' wiles, should in a twitch,  
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*  
 This fool imagines, as do many sic,  
 That I'm a wretch in compact wi Auld Nick;  
 Because by education I was taught  
 'To speak and act aboon their common thought.  
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;  
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;



Nane kens but me;—and if the morn were come,  
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. *[Exit.*

*Scene IV.*

*Behind a tree upon the plain,  
Patie and his Peggy meet,  
In haste without a vicious stain,  
The bonny lass and cheerful swain  
Change words and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

*Peggy.* O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay;  
We're baith cried hame, and Jenny she's away.

*Pat.* I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,  
And Roger he's zwa wi Jenny gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themselves, I trow, as we.  
Here, whare primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark, how the lav'rocks chaunt aboon our heads,  
How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds!

*Peg.* The scented meadows,—birds,—and healthy breeze,  
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

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

*Peg.* But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,  
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach. x  
I darena stay:—ye joker, let me gang;  
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;  
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 gait to elim,—the sheep to yield their fleece,

Ere aught 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 hauf a year.  
Now I believe you like me wonder weel ;  
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,  
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,  
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

*Pat.* I'm sure I canna change ; ye needna fear ;  
Tho' we're but young, I've looed you mony a year.  
I mind it weel, when thou couldst hardy gang,  
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang  
O' a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,  
Aft on the tansey knowe, or rashy strand,  
Thou smiling by my side :—I took delyte  
To pou the ra-hes green wi' roots sae white ;  
O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

*Peg.* When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,  
And I to milk the ewes first tried my skill ;  
To bear a legien was nae toil to me,  
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

*Pat.* When corns grew yellow, and the beather-bells  
Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rising fells,  
Nae birns, or briars, or whins, e'er troubled me,  
Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

*Peg.* When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,  
And wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain :  
At a' thae sports thou still gae joy to me ;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt, wi' thee.

*Pat.* Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowden knowes*,  
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Faves* ;  
There's nane like Nancy Jenny Nettles sings ;  
At turns in *Maggie Louder* Marion dings ;  
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,  
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mil*,  
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;  
'Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

*Peg.* How eith can lasses trow what they desire !  
And, roos'd by them we love, blows up that 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.

SANG X.—Tune, *The yellow-bair'd Laddie*.

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

*Pat.* When corn-riggs wa' d yellow, and blue hether-bells  
Bloom'd bonny on murland, and sweet rising fells,  
Nae birns, briars, or breckens, gae trouble to me,  
Gif I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

*Peg.* When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,  
And cam aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;  
Thy iika sport manly gae pleasure to me;  
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

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

But when my dear Peggy sings, wi better skill,  
The *Boatman*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the Mill*,  
Its mony times sweeter, and pleasing to me;  
For tho' they sing sweetly, they cannot like thee.

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

*Pat.* Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,  
That little better than our nowt behave;  
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe;  
Be blythe for silly heghts, for trifles grievè:—  
Sic 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 harken! yon's auld aunty's cry,  
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

*Pat.* And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,  
Or five-score gude anes wadna be amiss;  
And syne we'll sing the sang wi tuncfu' glee,  
That I made up last owk on you and me.

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

*Pat.* ————— Weel, I agree.

SANG XI.—

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

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

*Pat.* But gin they hing owre lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.  
Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,  
And I hae thol'd and woo'd a lang hauf year.

*Peggy, singing, falls into Patie's arms.*

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

*Patie, with his left hand about her waist.*

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

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

## Act III. Scene I.

*No we turn your eyes beyond yon spreading line,  
 And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd w<sup>th</sup> time;  
 An upward fills his hand, his habit mean,  
 Noe doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.  
 But whisht! it is the Knight in masquerade,  
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.  
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves  
 Thro' his auld ar'nues, 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 ev'ry fertile plain,  
 Which once I lost—which now are mine again.  
 Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,  
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.  
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands  
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;  
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;  
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.  
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,  
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls;  
 My gardens, once 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 flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:  
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,  
 No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.  
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,  
 Where peach and nect'rine branches found a field,  
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce  
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:  
 Ail round in gaps, the most in rubbish lye,  
 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.  
 X Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;  
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully  
 A calm contented mortal spends his time,  
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII.—Tune, *Happy Clown*.

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

Life happy, from ambition free,  
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,  
 Where truth and love with joy agree,  
 Unsullied 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 the green, in a fair wanton ring.  
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing. [Exit.

Scene II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,  
 And view't round and round;  
 There's naught superfluous to gie pain,  
 Or costly to be found.  
 It a' is clean: a clear peat-ingle,  
 Glances amidst the floor:  
 The green horn spoons, hesh luggies mingit,  
 On skerfs forginist the door.  
 While the young brood spart on the green,  
 The ruid ones think it best  
 If the broom coots clear their een,  
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

*Glaud.* We auns were young ourselves.—I like to see  
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic.

Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,  
 And better looks than his I never bade ;  
 Amang our lads he bears the grec awa',  
 And tells his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.

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

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

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

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

*Eli. ps.* Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but diinna speer  
 What may-be is nae fit ye yet should hear.

*Symon.* Or this day aught-days, likely, he sill learn,  
 That our denial disna slight his bairn.

*Glaud.* Weel, nae mair o't :—come, gie's the other bend.  
 We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

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

*Glaud.* That clatterin Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,  
 Whane'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jenny.* O father, there's an auld man on the green,  
 The fell'est fortune-teller e'er was seen :

He tents our loofs, and syne whups out a book,  
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look ;  
Synce tells the oddest tales that e're ye heard.  
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

*Symon.* Gae bring him in ; we'll hear what he can say,  
Nae shall gae hungry by my house this day. [*Exit Jenny.*]  
But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,  
He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

*Glaud.* Spae men ! the truth o' a' their saws I doubt ;  
For greater liars never ran thereout.

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

*Symon.* Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak a seat.

*Sir Wil.* I gie ye thanks, gudeman, I'se no be blate.

*Glaud* [*drinks*]. Come, t'ye, friend—How far cam ye the day ?

*Sir Wil.* I pledge ye, neibour, e en but little way :  
Rousted wi eild, a wee piece gae seems lang ;  
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

*Symon.* Ye're welcome here to stay a night wi me,  
And tak sic hed and board as we can gie.

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

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

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

*Patie.* Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

*Sir Wil.* Ye cut before the point ; but, billy, bide,  
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

*Elspa.* Betooch-na-too !—and weel-l-wat that's true ;  
Awa, awa, the diel's owre girt wi you ;  
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,  
Scaree ever seen since he first wote a sark.

*Sir Wil.* I'll tell ye mair ; if this young lad be sper'd  
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird. [*now ?*]

*Elspa.* A laird ! Hear ye, gudeman—what think ye

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

[*Patie's health gass round.*]



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

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

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

*Elspa.* Preserve's! the man's a warlock, or possess  
Wi some nae gude, or second-sight at least :  
Whare is he now?— —

*Gland.* — — — He's seeing a' that's done,  
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

*Elspa.* Thae second-sighted fouk (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 himsel.)  
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,  
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

*Symon.* He'll soon grow better;—Elspa, haste ye, gae  
And fill him up a toss o' usquebae.

*SIR WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.*

A knight, that for a *Lion* fought,  
Against a herd of bears,  
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,  
In which some thousands shares.  
But now again the *Lion* rires,  
And joy spreeds o'er the plain :  
The *Lion* has defeat the bears,  
The knight returns again.  
That knight, in a few days, shall bring  
A shepherd frae the fauld,  
And shall present him to the 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 tald,  
For it shall happen true.

*Sym.* Friend, may your spacing happen soon and wee  
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi the deil,  
To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep :  
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep?

*Sir Wil.* Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,  
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;  
But I'll lay ten to ane wi ony here,  
That a' I prophecy sall soon appear.

*Symon.* You prophesying fouks are odd kind men !  
They're here that kens, and here that disna ken,  
The whimpel'd meaning o' your unco tale,  
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

*Glaud.* Its nae sma sport to hear how Sym believes,  
And taks for gospel what the spaeman gives  
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :  
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

*Sir Wil.* Whisht ! doubtfu 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.

*Glaud.* Weel be't sae, frien' ; I sall say naething mair !  
But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,  
Plump, ripe for men ; I wish ye could foresee  
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

*Sir Wil.* Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,  
Till darkness black the bent ;  
I hae but anes a-day that gift ;  
Sae rest a while content.

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

*Sir Wil.* Delay a while your hospitable care ;  
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,  
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk  
Wi' you, kind friend, to hae some private talk.

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

*Glaud.* I'll out a while and see the young anes play.  
My heart's still light albeit my locks be grey. [Exit.

### Scene III.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame ;*

*Young Roger drags the rest,  
To whisper out his melting flame,  
And throw his lassie's breast,*

*Ahind a bush, waeel hid frae sight, they meet ;  
See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

*Enter Shepherd !*

## ROGER and JENNY.

*Reg.* DEAR Jenny I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let:  
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu set.

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

*Reg.* Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grien,  
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.  
And I maun out wi't tho' I risk your scorn;  
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith een and morn.  
Ah! could I looe ye less, I'd happy be;  
But happier far! could ye but fancy me.

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

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

*Jen.* I looe my father, cousin Meg I love;  
But to this day nae man my mind could move;  
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;  
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

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

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

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

*Jen.* What sugar'd words frae wooers' lips can sa',  
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.

X I've seen, wi shining fair, the morning rise,  
 And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.  
 I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,  
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear :  
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;  
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

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

*Jen.* Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,  
 The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain :  
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,  
 Altho' I jok'd, I looed 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 ! haud my head !  
 This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead.  
 Come to my arms ! or strike me ! I'm a' fir'd  
 Wi wond'ring love ! let's kiss till we be tir'd.  
 Kiss, kiss ! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,  
 And ferly at the quick return o' day !  
 O Jenny ! let my arms about thee twine,  
 And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

SANG XIII.—Tune, *Leith Wynd.*

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

*Reg.* I'm happy now ! ah, let my head  
 Upon thy breast recline ;  
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;  
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?——  
 O let me briss thee to my heart !  
 And round my arms entwiae :

Delytifu thought, we'll never part!

Come, press thy mouth to mine.

*Jen.* Wi equal joy my easy heart gies way,  
To own thy weel-tryed love has won the day.  
Now, by the warmest kisses thou hast tane,  
Swear thus to looe me, whan by vows made ane.

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

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

SANG XIV.—Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

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

Should he deny, I carena by,  
He'd contradict in vain:  
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
But thee I will hae none.  
Then never range, nor learn to change,  
Like those in high degree;  
And if you prove faithfu in love,  
You'll find nae fau't in me.

*Reg.* My faulds contain twice fifteen furrow-nowt,  
As mony newcal in my byars ront;  
Five packs o' woo I can at Lammas sell,  
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:  
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,  
Wi meikle care my thrifty mither made;  
Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight,  
Was still her care, my father's great delight.  
They left me a', whilk now gies joy to me,  
Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee:

And had I fifty times as meikle mair,  
 Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.  
 My love and a' is yours; now haud them fast,  
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

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

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

### Scene IV.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,  
 within a gallery of the place,  
 where a' looks ruinous and grim;  
 Nor has the Baron shown his face,  
 But joking wi' his shepherd leet,  
 As spiers the gate he lens fu' sweet.*

*Sir Wil.* To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

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

*(Sir William drops his masking beard;*

*Symon, transported, sees*

*The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,*

*And grasps him round the knees.)*

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

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

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

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

*Symon.* Now, weel I wat, Sir, you hae spoken true;  
For there's laird Kytie's son that's loosed by few;  
His father steght his fortune in his wame,  
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.  
He gangs about, sorman frae place to place,  
As scrip't o' manners as o' sense and grace,  
Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin,  
That are within his tenth degree o' kin:  
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust  
To his ain family as to gie him trust.

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

*Symon.* To speak his praise, the longest simmer day  
Wad be owre short,—cou'd I them right display.  
In word and deed he can sae weel believe,  
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;  
And when there's ony quarrel or contest,  
Patrick's made judge, to tell wha's cause is best;  
And his decreet stands gude;—he'll gar it stand;  
Wha dars to grumble, finds his correcting hand;  
Wi a firm look, and a commanding way,  
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

*Sir Wil.* Your tale much pleases;—my good friend pro-  
What learning has he? Can he write and read? [ceed:

*Symon.* Bath wonder weel; for, troth! I didna spare  
To gie him, at the school, enugh o' lair;  
And he delytes in books:—he reads and speaks,  
Wi fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

*Sir Wil.* Where gets he books to read—and of what kind,  
Tho' some gie light, some blindly lead the blind.

*Symon.* Whene'er he drives our sheep to E'nburgh port,  
He buys some books o' hist'ry, sangs, or sport:  
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,  
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakspur, and a famous Ben,  
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best o' men.  
 How sweetly Ha'thronden and Stirling sing,  
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,  
 He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

}

I sometimes thocht he made owre great a fraise  
 About fine poems, histories, and plays.  
 When I reprov'd him anes,—a buik he brings,  
 Wi this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi kings.

*Sir 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.

*Symon.* What ken we better, that sae sindle look,  
 Except on rainy Sabbaths, on a buik;  
 When we a leaf or twa hauf read, hauf spell,  
 Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursel.

*Sir Wil.* Well jested, Symon.—But one question more  
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The youth's arriv'd at 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?

*Symon.* I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,  
 Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet  
 Wi Glaud's fair niece, than I thocht right or meet:  
 I had my fears; but now hae nocht to fear,  
 Syne like yoursel your son will soon appear.  
 A gentleman enrich'd wi a' thae charms,  
 May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

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

*Symon.* Wi how much joy I on this errand flee,  
 Their's nane can ken that is nac downright me.

[Exit.



SIR WILLIAM, *salvo.*

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 rustic 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.

SANG XV.—Tune, *Wat ye wba I met yestreen.*

Now from rusticity and love,  
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,  
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,  
 His soul must take another turn:  
 As the rough diamond from the mine,  
 In breakings only shews its light,  
 Till polishing has made it shine,  
 Thus learning makes the genius bright. [Exit.]

*Act IV. Scene I.*

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

MAUSE and MADGE.

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

*Mause.* That's news indeed! ———

*Madge.* ——— As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,  
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi a beard  
 Five nieves in length, and white as driven sna',  
 Amang us came, cry'd, *Haud ye merry a'.*  
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,  
 While frae his pouch he whistled forth a book.  
 As we stood round about him on the green,  
 He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een;

Then pawkily pretended he could spae,  
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

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

*Madge.* As fast as fleas skip to the tate o' woo,  
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mou',  
When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,  
In simmer days slides backwards in a pool;  
In short, he did for Pate bra' things foretell,  
Without the help o' 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,  
Hung at his coat, and syne, for blytheness, grat.  
Patrick was sent for;—happy lad is he!  
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' 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 muckle as to Pate himsel.  
Our Meg, poor thing, alake, has lost her jo.

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

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

*Mause.* Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain:  
Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fa  
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

*Madge.* He get her! slaverin' coof; it sets him weel  
To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teil.  
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

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

*Enter BAULDY, singing.*

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

*Mause.* Weel litrit Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

*Bauldy.* Ise gie ye'd a', it's better than it's lang.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,

I hae sax gude owsen ganging in a pleugh;

Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,

And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a gude ha' house, a barn, and a byre;

A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;

I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,

And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,

Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;

Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;

Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae!—Lasses will come to at last,

Tho' for a while they maun their sna'-ba's cast.

*Mause.* Weel Bauldy, how gaes a'—

*Bauldy.* ————— Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but aye this night.

*Madge.* And wha's the unlucky aye, if we may ask?

*Bauldy.* To find out that is nae difficult task:

Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair

On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, gude Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me;

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,

Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

*Madge.* As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,  
Whare mony a time to her your heart was sworn:

Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows o' love regard;

What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd!

The curse o' heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate;

Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.

*Bauldy.* Sae grey a gate! mansworn! and the rest!

Ye lied, 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.

*Madge.* Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit block  
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,  
Can flype the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

*Bauldy.* I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say  
That I'm mausworn--I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,  
▲And should be serv'd as his gude-breeding claims.

Ye filthy dog!-----

[*Flees to his bair like a fury—A stout battle—MAUSE  
endeavours to redd them.*] [leen;

*Mause.* Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy  
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,  
It's sae daft like.-----

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

*Madge.* -----Its dafter like to thole  
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.  
It sets him weel, wi vile unscraipit tongue,  
To cast up whether I be auld or young;  
They're aolder yet than I hae married been,  
And or they died, their bairns' bairns hae seen.

*Mause.* That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame, }  
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christen'd name. }

*Bauldy.* My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the same. }

*Madge.* Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I sall auld ye.

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

*Bauldy.* In troth now, Mause, I hae at Madge nae spite;  
But she abusing first was a' the wyte  
O' what has happen'd; and should therefore crave  
My pãrdon first, and sall acquaintance have.

*Madge.* I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,  
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;  
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,  
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.

Vow, and loup back!--was e'er the like heard tell?  
Swith tak him, deil! he's o'er lang out o' hell. [were he

*Bauldy.* (*running off.*) His presence be about us!--curst  
That is condemn'd for life to live wi thee. [Exit.

*Madge* (*laughing.*) I think I've towz'd his harigakds a wee;  
He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.  
He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve  
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

*Mause.* Ye taws'd him tighly—I commend ye for't;  
His bluiding snout gae me nae little sport;  
For this forenoon he had that scant o' 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.

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

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

*Madge.* And special sport we'll hae, as I protest;  
Ye'll be the witch, and I sall play the ghaist.  
A lincn sheet won'd round me like ane dead,  
I'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.

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

## Scene II.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

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

*Pat.* I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change  
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,  
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.  
 Wi looks 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 kend sire I view'd,  
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.  
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,  
 Whilst I myself, wi rising raptures, found  
 The happy son o' anc 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.

*Reg.* How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :  
 But were'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 shepherdess excels,  
 And part o' my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI.—Tune, *Kirk road let me be.*

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

*Reg.* 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 o' 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.

*Reg.* Is not our master and yourself to stay  
Among us here?—or, are ye gaun away  
To London court, or ither far aff parts,  
To leave your ain poor us wi broken hearts?

*Pat.* To E'nbrugh straight, to-morrow, we advance; }  
To London neist, and afterwards to France, }  
Where I maun stay some years, and learn to dance, }  
And twa three other monkey tricks.—That done, }  
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon. }  
Then it's design'd, when I can weel behave, }  
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave, }  
For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel, }  
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel. }  
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath, }  
Sooner, than hear sic news, shall hear my death. }

*Reg.* *They who hae just enough can soundly sleep;*  
*The o'ercome only fashen fouk to keep.*———

Gude Master Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

*Pat.* What was my morning thought, at night's the }  
The poor and rich but differ in the name. [same:] } X  
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure }  
Frae 'boon the lift:—without it, kings are poor. }

*Reg.* But an estate like your's yields bra' content,  
When we but pick it scanty on the bent:  
Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,  
Gude cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;  
Oheysant servants, wealth and ease:  
Wha's no content wi thae are ill to please.

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

*Reg.* Lord man! I wonder ay, and it delights  
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights. X  
How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad hear,  
That I may easier disappointments bear!

*Pat.* Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill;  
Thae best can teach what's real gude and ill.  
Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheeste,  
To gain thae silent friends that ever please.

*Rog.* I'll do't, and ye sall tell me whilk to buy;  
Faith I'ae hae books tho' I shou'd sell my kye:  
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 ye 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.]

*Pat.* (*solus*) Wi what a struggle maun I now impart  
My father's will to her that hauds my heart!  
I ken she looes, and her saft saul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated brink  
O' disappointment.—Heav'n support my fair,  
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—  
Her eyes are red!————

*Enter PEGGY.*

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

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



*Peg.* Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief:

But short I daur to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,

That 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 kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:

Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,

And rin hauf breathless round the rucks o' hay;

As aft-times I hae fled frae thee right fain,

And fa'n on purpouse that I might be tane.

Nae mair around the foggy knowes I'll creep,

To watch and stae upon thee while asleep.

But hear my vow—'twill help to gie me ease!

May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,

And warst o' ills attend my wretched life,

If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVII.—Tunc, *Wae's my heart.*

*Peggy.* 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 maun 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 frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd

The rest, whase wit made them to wonder

Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows whare we aften stray'd;

Ye banks whare we were wont to wander;

Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,

You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep

Around the knowe wi' silent duty,

Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lov  
 Thro' 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 o' our faithfu' love.  
 If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,  
 To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid !  
 For thee I'd soon leave thae 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 despair  
 Made me think life was little worth my care :  
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see  
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.  
 Wi patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,  
 Hope time away, till thou wi joy appear ;  
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,  
 To mak 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.—

SANG XVIII.—Tunc, *Tweedside.*

When hope was quite sunk in despair,  
 My heart it was going to break ;  
 My life appear'd worthless my care ;  
 But now I will save't for thy sake.  
 Where-e'er my love travels by day,  
 Where-e'er he lodges by night,  
 Wi me his dear image shall stay,  
 And my saul keep him ever in sight.  
 Wi patience I'll wait the lang year,  
 And study the gentlest o' charms ;

Hope time away till thou appear,  
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.  
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd  
 Nae higher degree in this life;  
 But now I'll endeavour to rise  
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,  
 Must fade 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 has sense to approve.

*Pat.* ————— That's wisely said,  
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.  
 Tho', without a' the little helps o' art,  
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:  
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,  
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;  
 Affect at times to like the thing we hate,  
 And drap sincerity to keep up state;  
 Laugh when were sad, speak when we've nocht to say,  
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;  
 Pay compliments to them wi aft hae 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 aught wi thee.

*Pat.* Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest  
 Wi gentry apes: for still amangst the best,  
 Gude manners gie integrity a bleeze,  
 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,  
 Nor watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

*Pat.* There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;  
 Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love.  
 But soon as I've shook aff 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 wont, when bairns, to rin and play;  
 And on the Missel-Shaw, where first ye vow'd  
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,  
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,  
 Wi joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's.

SANG XIX.—Tune, *Bush aboon Traquair.*

At setting day, and rising morn,  
 Wi soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask o' 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 hid my blush,  
 Whilst round thou didst infald me.

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act V. Scene I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like one possit,  
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.  
Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,  
See the wild man comes forward to the set.*

SYMON and BAULDY.

*Symon.* WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,  
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its 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 sac wan ;  
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

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

*[Symon gives him a drink.]*

*Symon.* What ails thee, gowk ! to mak sae loud ado ;  
You've wak'd Sir William ; see he's left his bed ;  
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd : I hear his tread.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM.*

*Sir Wil.* How goes the night ? does day-light yet appear :  
Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

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

*Bauldy.* O ay,—dear Sir, in troth its very true,  
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

*Sir Wil.* (*smiling.*) I long to hear't——

*Bauldy.* —— Ah, Sir ! the witch ca'd Mause,  
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 her this night ;  
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright !  
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me gude,  
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid !)  
Rais'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 us'd to be at school :  
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,  
 I pithless grew wi fear, and had nae houp ;  
 Till, wi an eldritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :  
 Syne I, hauf dead wi anger, fear, and spite,  
 Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,  
 Houping your help to gie the deil his due ;  
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,  
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

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

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

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

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

*Sir Wil.* Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,  
 Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,  
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup  
 O'er brats and bogs, with candles in his doup ;  
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,  
 Aft-times like bawty, badrans, or a sow :  
 Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,  
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-sticks ride ;  
 Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,  
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :  
 Then oft, by night, bombaze hard-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.

*Symon.* Its true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch  
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich :  
 But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,  
 And lives a quiet and very honest life.

That gars me think this hobbleshew that's past,  
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

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

SANG XX.—Tune, *Bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
Wi' a blue snood, Jenny binds up her hair ;  
Glaud by his morning ingle tak's a heik,  
The rising sun shines molly through the reek :  
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,  
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD, JENNY, and PEGGY.

*Glaud.* I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,  
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.  
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,  
Totak your leave o' Patrick or he gang.  
But do ye think, that now, whan he's a laird,  
That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

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

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

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

*Glaud.* Daft lassie! ye ken nocht o' the affair ;  
 Ane young, and gude, and gentle's unco rare.  
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame  
 To do what like o' us thinks sin to name :  
 Sic are sae void o' shame, they'll never stap  
 To brag how often they hae had the c——.  
 They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' yondith flush'd,  
 Syne mak them a' their jest whan they're debauch'd.  
 Be wary then, I say, and never gie  
 Encouragement, or bour'd wi' sic as he.

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

*Glaud.* That's true ; and mony gentiy mae than he,  
 As they are wiser, better are than we,  
 But thinner sawn : they're sae puft up wi' pride,  
 There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,  
 That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard mysel,  
 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.

*Glaud.* Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,  
 nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, and drink ;  
 But I'm nae saying this, as if I thocht  
 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.*

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

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



*Madge.* Poor Meg! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?  
 How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!  
 This day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,  
 To strut a gentle spark at Enbrugh cross;  
 To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plane,  
 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-sward dance, whan we gae milk,  
 To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.  
 But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,  
 And tak what God will send, in hoddin-grey.

*Peg.* Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi your scorn;  
 Its nae my fault that I'm nae gentler born.  
 Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,  
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.  
 Now, since he rises, why should I repine?  
 If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;  
 And then, the like has been, if the decree  
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

*Madge.* A bonny story, troth!—But we delay;  
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [ *Exeunt.*

### Scene III.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,  
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mause,  
 Attend, and wi loud laughter hear  
 Daft Bauldy blunty plead his cause:  
 For now it's tell'd him that the tax  
 Was handled by revengeful Madge,  
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,  
 And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

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

*Sir Wil.* AND was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was  
 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 perjury, an innocent young maid.

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

*Mause.* Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score;  
 I kendna that they thocht me sic before.

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

*Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.*

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

*Glaud.* ————Sir, she's my niece,—  
 And yet she's not—but I shou'd haud my peace.

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

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should mak appear  
 What I hae kept a secret thretteen year—

*Mause.* You may reveal, what I can fully clear.

*Sir Wil.* Speak soon; I'm all impatience!

*Patie.* ————Sae am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet ken why.

*Glaud.* Then, since my master orders, I obey.—  
 This *bonny foundling*, ae clear morn o' May,  
 Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,  
 And sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,  
 In infant weeds, o' rich and gentle make.  
 What could they be, thocht I, did thee forsake?  
 Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air,  
 Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,  
 Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me  
 Only about twa towards 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 pass'd sinsyae  
 As a poor orphan, and a niece o' mine:  
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,  
 For she's weel worth the pains that I hae taen.

Ye see she's bonny ; I can swear she's gude,  
 And I'm right sure she's come o' gentle blude ;  
 O' whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,  
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

*Sir Wil.* This tale seems strange !

*Patie.* —————The tale delights my ear !

*Sir Wil.* Command your joys, young man, till truth  
 appear.

*Mause.* That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush ;  
 Peggy may smile ;—thou hast nae cause to blush,  
 Lang hae I wish'd to see this happy day,  
 That I might safely to the truth 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.

*Sir Wil.* Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say ;  
 Its dang'rous in affairs like this to play,

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

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

*Sir Wil.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve each  
 doubt.

(*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*)

*Mause.* Sir, view me weel ; has fifteen years sae plow'd  
 A wrinkl'd face that you hae aften view'd,  
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,  
 Wha nurs'd her mother that now hauds my hand ? }  
 Yet stronger proofs I'll gie, if you demand.

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

(*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*)

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

*Patie.* Gude nurse, gae on ; nae music's haff sae fine,  
 Or can gie pleasure like thae words o' thine.

*Mause.* 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 pursued, wi avaricious view,  
 Her rich estate, o' which they're now possest :  
 All this to me a confidant confest.  
 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 saftly prest,  
 And staw the sleeping innocent away,  
 Wi whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.  
 A' day I hid me;—whan 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 himsel, and Symon, may  
 Remember weel, how I that very day  
 Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

*Glaud. (wi tears o' joy bapping down bis beard.)*

I weel remember't : Lord reward your love !  
 Lang hae I wish'd for this; for aft I thocht  
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

*Patie.* It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,  
 Wi' due obediençe to my parent's will.  
 Sir, wi paternal love survey her charms,  
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.  
 She's mine by vows; and wad, tho' still unknown,  
 Hae been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

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

*(Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.)*

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

*Sir Wil. (raises them.)* I give you both my blessing :  
 may your love  
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

*Peg.* My wishes are complete—my joys arise,  
While I'm haif dizzy wi the blest surprise.

And am I tnen a match for my ain lad,  
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had?  
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,  
Happy, while heav'n grant he on them remains.

*Patie.* Be lang our guardian, still our master be;  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie;  
The estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

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

*Sir Wil.* The base unnatural villain soon shall know,  
'That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

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

*Symon.* What double blythness wakens up this day!  
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.

Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare  
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?  
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;  
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:  
E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot  
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mause's plot.

*Sir Wil.* Kindly old man! remain with you this day?  
I never from these fields again will stray;

Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,  
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear;  
My father's hearty table you soon shall see  
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

*Symon.* That's the best news I've heard this twenty year;  
New days break up, rough times begin to clear.

*Glaud.* God save the King, and save Sir William lang,  
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

*Fog.* Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?  
What shepherd's whistle winna lift the spring?

*Bauldy.* I'm friends wi Mause; wi very Madge I'm  
Altho' they skelpit me when woody field: [greed.  
I'm now fu' blythe, and frankly can forgive,  
To join and sing, "Lang may Sir William live."

*Madge.* Lang may he live:—and, Bauldy; learn to steek  
Your gab awee, and think before ye 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 o' ye rant,  
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt  
O' our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

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

*Mause.* The flowing pleasures o' this happy day  
Does fully a' I can require repay.

*Sir W'd.* 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.  
*Mause,* in my house, in calmness close your days,  
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

*Omnis.* The Lord o' Heav'n 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 nae shame)  
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:  
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak and won,  
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:  
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,  
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.

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

*Glaud.* You crowd your bounties, Sir: what can we say, }  
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay? }  
Whate'er your Honour wills I sall obey. }  
Roger, my daughter, wi a blessing tak,  
And still our master's right your bus'ness mak.  
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head  
Sall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

*Rog.* I ne'er was gude o' speaking a' my days,  
Or ever loo'd to mak owre great a fraise:

But for my master, father, and my wife,  
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

*Sir Wil.* My friends, I'm satisfy'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.

Oft when we stand on brink o' dark despair,

Some happy turn, wi joy, dispels our care.

Now all's at right, who sings best let me hear.

*Peg.* When you demand, I readiest shou'd obey ;  
I'd sing you aye, the newest that I hae.

My Patie is a lover gay,

His mind is never muddy ;

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy :

His shape is handsome, middle size,

He's comely in his wauking ;

The shining o' his een surpris ;

Its heav'n to hear him tauking.

Yestreen I met him on a bauk,

Whare 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 o' ony ;

That gars me like to sing sinsyne,

O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses o' a silly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting ;

Since we for yielding were design'd,

We chastely should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry PATE ;

And syne my cockernony

It's free to touzle air or late,

Whare corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various civilizations that have flourished on the earth, and the progress of human knowledge and art. He also touches upon the different religions and philosophies that have shaped the human mind.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the various nations and peoples of the world. The author describes their customs, manners, and languages, and the different forms of government that they have adopted. He also mentions the various wars and conflicts that have taken place between different nations, and the progress of trade and commerce.

The third part of the book is a collection of interesting anecdotes and stories from different parts of the world. The author relates the lives of various kings, queens, and heroes, and the different adventures and exploits that they have undergone. He also mentions the various wonders of the world, and the different customs and traditions of different nations.













