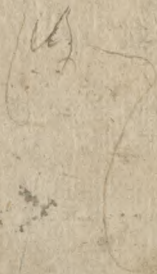




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Davis

David Reid

1794

MS



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD;
A
SCOTS
PASTORAL COMEDY.

Adorned with CUTS and a complete GLOSSARY
WITH OTHER SELECT PIECES

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æsum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.*

VIRG.

P E R T H:

Printed by and for R. Morison and Son, Book-
sellers also, for J. Gillies Perth, W. Coke
Leith and G. Milne Dundee.

MDCCLXXX.

David Reid

1794

[Faint handwritten text]





T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

S U S A N N A,

Countess of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

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

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, *The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the 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 only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, 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 the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbià must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: For whilst you are 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 you 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 Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: But the Bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini; and sing with Ovid,

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

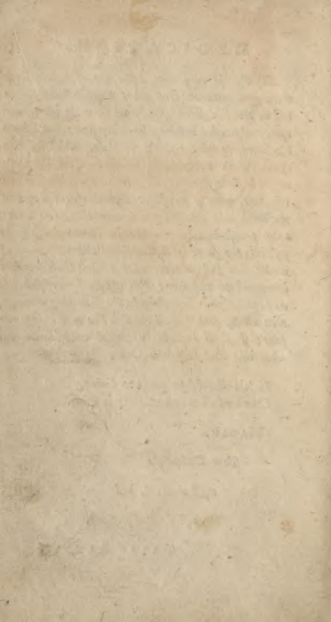
MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.





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

With the following

P A S T O R A L.

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

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.

Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
 What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
 When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
 Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
 With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
 In CHARLOT'S smile, or in MARIA'S frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted beauty in a golden age;
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
 As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

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

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.

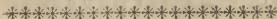
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She, uninvited, came a welcome guest.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless beauty lost the pow'r to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around:
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.
Oh *happiness*! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd!

Nnn sober and devout ! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?
 Virgin of aspect mild ! ah why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind ?
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy sire *Contest*, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 'To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?
 Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk ?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasure'd gold ?
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour ?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In *STAIRS'* wisdom, or in *ERSKINE'S* charms ?
 In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;
 But many passions must the blessing cost ;

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O EGLINTON! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heav'nly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passion freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?
Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
And backward *merit* loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess'd,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
'The garb our muses wore in former years;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
'To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
'T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.



PATIE and ROGER:

A

PASTORAL

Inscribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping frosts and driving snaw
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay, and bra, 4
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play 8
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,

To him wha has sae courteously,
 To weaker sight,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me 12
 In truest light.

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

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

These doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,

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

21. *Frae his pen*] His valuable Naval History

How fret-born Britons faught like men, 24
 Their faes like slaves.

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

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
 May pow'rs aboon with kindly care
 Grant you a lang and muckle skair
 Of a' that's good,
 Till unto langest life and mair 32
 You've healthfu' stood,

May never care your blessings sowr,
 And may the muses ilka hour
 Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:
 I'm but a callan;
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your 36
 Devoted ALLAN.

The P E R S O N S.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

Roger, A rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.

*Symon, }
Glaud, } Two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

Bauldy, A bynd, engaged with Nept.

W O M E N.

Peggy, Thought to be Glaud's niece.

Jenny, Glaud's only daughter.

Maufe, An old woman, supposed to be a witch.

Elspa, Symon's wife.

Madge, Glaud's sister.

S C E N E, *A shepherd's village and fields, some
few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of action, Within twenty hours.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS

PASTORAL COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy field,
Where christal springs their halefome waters yield;
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

C

PATIE and ROGER

PATIE.

SANG I. *The waking of the sauld.*

M*Y Peggy is a young thing*
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weell I like to meet her at
The waking of the sauld.

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

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 makes me blayth and bauld;
 And naithing gies me sic delight
 As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 W' innocence, the wale of Jhu,
 At waking of the fauld.

THIS funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartfome is't to see the rising plants!
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
 What ailsthee, Roger, then? what gares thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of 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 rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
 But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

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

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

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

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

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were
smoor'd,

Thres elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the sna'.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly flock'd
as mine,

Lefs ye wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

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

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clut'
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of 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.

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

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

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guesses'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
But yester-day I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

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

Rog. I wish I cou'd na looe her:—but in vain;
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Een while he fawn'd; she strake the poor dum tike:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindnefs to my beast.
When I begin to tune my flock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.

Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
 O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
 Yet tauntingly She at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.--
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care;
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck?
 Yonder's a craig: since ye ha'e tint all houp,
 Gae til't' your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill;
 I'll warrant death come soon-enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingeing
 way;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lafs I loe as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about:
 I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me;
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist:
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw;

Her cockernony snooded up fu sleek ;
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear ;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in buftine wastecoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythfome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon afeer :
 But I can guesfs ye're gawn to gather dew :
 She scowr'd awa, and said, What's that to you ?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd ; and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back ;
 Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she ; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, fair she slet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae wdo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G II. *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

*Dear Roge, 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 gi' way
To a repulse—Then be not 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.*

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.

Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
 (My mither, rest her faul! she made it fine)
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflok woo',
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,
 Wi' sprangs like goud and filler, cross'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.

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

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

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
 My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

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

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
 By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle sae, and sing t' ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*A flowrie Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trotting burnie whimpling 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, with better sense, true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

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

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

There wash ourfells.—It's healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

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

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

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

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dauted 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 syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or feart anither's leavings at the last.

S A N G III. *Polwart on the green.*

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.
 The dauted 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.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

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

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
 For sick a tale I never heard-him tell.
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
 The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

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

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

S A N G IV. *O dear mither, what shall I do?*

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married:
 Running to a life destroys
 Hartsome, free, and youths' joys.*

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

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

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want
 pith to move
 My settled mind, I'm o'er far-gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him, I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:

And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like music throw my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is——but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seems coofs, compar'd to my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill-nature heffs in fauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bony las of Branksome! or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O! it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, aae scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 The deel gaes our Jock Wabster, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

P E G G Y.

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my wedding-day?*

*How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly fallows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e 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;
When a' they ettle at,——their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw,

But little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rocks of hay.—
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May snoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees:
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;
 It's not to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
 His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear:
 Syne, driv'n frae house and hauld, where will ye
 steer?

Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
 Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
 And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sold, to pay the laird his due;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and growth we thro' the world will steer:
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

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

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.
 They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae whenfoe'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 chearfur', and secure his heart.
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane:
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak aff:
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford,
 Good-humour, and white bigonets, shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

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

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye
 Then ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and
 bride;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.

Sic as stand single,—(a state fae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun
yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae,
Eyes daer'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Nansy's to the green-wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, you have 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.*

Peg. Alake! poor pris'ner!—Jenny, that's no
fair,

That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.

But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true, —nae lafs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

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

GLAÜD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good-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 fald your crummock and her bassen'd quey.

I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

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

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

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Symie, ratling chiefs ne'er
stand

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

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

SANG VII. *Could kail 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.*

Gla. that maks me blyth 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 ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

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

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving, w'i a racket rent:
 Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

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

“ How’s a’ at hame?—How’s Elspa? how does
Kate?

“ How sell black cattle?—what gie’s woo this
year?—

And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

S A N G VIII. *Macking of Geordy’s byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour

Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,

Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour

To rise aboon poverty;

Else like the pack-horse that’s unfather’d,

And burden’d, will tumble down faint:

Thus virtue by hardship is smother’d,

And rackers aft tine their rent.

Gla Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen

The nappy bottle ben, and glassies 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 nibour, will 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 hight:
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend h's blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers, prime and fat;
 A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting i' the nook:
 I saw my fell or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton-bouk to boil:—and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn of spice;
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel fung.
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our mässter'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' ye a' your family; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld-birky; never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear.
 Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! troth I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your good news, than what I was before,
 I'll dance or e'er! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye
 hear?

Enter MADGE.

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

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

Gla. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and
 burn your tow,
 And set the meikleft peck-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
 Since now again we'il soon Sir William see.

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

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my sun-
 day's coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
 My white-skin hose, and mittons for my hands;

Then frae their washin cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
 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 Glaid, I'll o'er
 the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wa' hae't.

Exeunt

S C E N E II.

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

B A U L D ' T his lane.

WHAT's this! I canna bear't! its war than
 hell,

To be sae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
 Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines.

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!

For Pate looes her,—wae's me! and she looes Pat;

And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beast

That mak rash aiths till he's afore the priest!

Edama speak my mind, else a' the three,

But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

Its fair to thole;—P'll try some witchcraft art,

To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.

Here Maufy lives; a witch, that for sma' price

Can cast her cantrips, and gi' me advice.

She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,

And mak the deils obedient to her crune.

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,

And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;

Bou's up their livers in a warlock's pow,

Rins withershins about the hemlock low;

And seven times does her prayers backward pray,

Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,

Mixt wi' the venom of black taids and snakes:

Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes

Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expire

Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire:

Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt;

The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.

And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When aye like me comes running to the de'il.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
 To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd,
 But I maun do't, though I shou'd never thrive;
 They gallop fast that de'ils and daises drive.

Exit.

SCENE III.

*A green kail-yard; a little fount,
 Where water popland springs:
 There sits a wise with wrinkl'd front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

MAUSE.

SANG IX. *Carle, an' the king come.*

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

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. **H**OW does auld honest lucky of the
glen?

Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a threed 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?

Baul. Enough of baith;—but something that
requires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

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

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

Mau. of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possessit,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
and fell,

Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell.

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

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk anc talks about ye, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glau'd a roofless barn;
 When last the burra bore down my mither's yarn;
 When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-checked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
 When Watje wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsell amais't amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilk ane here dreads ye 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 furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,

And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy.—Neps is fond of me.—

Peggy likes Pate;—and Pate is bauld and sicc,

And loques sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa

sicc.—

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

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

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road
can find:

But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'l tine 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 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

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

Baul. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and cild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,

Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic;
 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'd tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 PATE and his PEGGY meet;
 In love, without a vicious stain,
 The bouny lass and chearfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. **O** Patie, let me gang. I mauna stay,
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny
 Ane's away.

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

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
 How fast the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds;
Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—and heal-
 thy breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

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

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may
 e' s'eech,
 And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.

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

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads
 will swear,

And be mansworn to twa in half a year.
 Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
 But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
 Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
 How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
 I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the Tansy-know, or rashy-strand,
 Thou smiling by my side:—I took delite
 To pu' the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;

Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and snood.

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

And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,

When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-
bells

Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd 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 gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Corwenknows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes*;
There's nane like Nanfy, *Jenny nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, *Marrion dings*;
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
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.

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

SANG X. *The Yellow-hair'd ladie.*

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

P A T I E.

*When corn-rigs wau'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
 Nae wirns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berrils right ripen'd for thee.*

P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,
 And came off the victor, my heart was as faine:*

*Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.*

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosy liltis sweetly the milking the cws;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing;
At Thro'-the-wood-ladie, Best gars our lugs ring;
But when my dear Peggy sings wi better skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the mill,
It's many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

P E G G Y.

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

*Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our rowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly,——senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:——
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 aun-
 ty's cry;

I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

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

Peg Sing first, sine claim your hire.

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

S A N G X I.

P A T I E sings.

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

P E G G Y sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:*

*The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour,*

PATIE sings.

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

PEGGIE singing, falls into Patie's arms.

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

PATIE. (with his left hand about her waist.)

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

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;*

*O lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day!
 And if ye're wearied, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III

S C E N E I.

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

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
 With a full view of every fertile plain,
 Which once I lost, which now are mine again.

Yet, 'midst my joys, prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof; the gates fallen from their bands;
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where, round the figur'd green the pebble walks,
 The dewy flowr's hung nodding on their stalks:
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No Jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yeild,
 Where peach and nest'rine branches found a beild,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most is rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,

And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth
 — Till we should see what chaoging times brought
 forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crimes!

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XII. *Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleeting flocks.*

*Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,*

*Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unfullied with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state;
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my
 way,

And see what makes yon gambolling to-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

Exit.

S C E N E II.

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,*

*Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. **W**E anes were young ourselfs.-- I like to
see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.

Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad.

And better looks than his I never bade.

Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',

And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elsp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:

God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.

He is a bairn I'll say't well worth our care,

That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en,

He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.

And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,

As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,

Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

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

My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;

And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,

I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Gla. What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm
sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.

Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll early to them give.

Elsp. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna spear
What may be is not fit ye yet in't d' hear.

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

Gla. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gi'es the
other bend;

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

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some o'er's
said,

Your nice is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and beded on dry hay?

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic
flaws,

Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

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

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can
say:

Nane shall gang hungry by my houle to-day.

Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my grey-mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I
doubt;

For greater liars never ran thereout.

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

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

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

Glaud drinks.

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

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

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

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

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

Symon pointing to Patie.

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

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

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

S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy,
bide,

I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elf. Betouch-us-too?—and weel I wat that's
true;

Awa, awa! the deil's our grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S, Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be
spar'd

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

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

Sym. I dinna ken: strange auld man, what art
thou?

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

Patie's health gaes round.

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

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man looko 'er
your hand;

Ast-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.

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

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

Elf. Thae second-sighted fowk (His peace be
here;)

See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, soon as he comes to himsell)

How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht; he
heaves,

And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves,

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—Elispa, haste ye,
gae

And fill him up a tofs of usquebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks,

A knight that for a LYON fought

Against a herd of bears,

Was to lang toil and trouble brought,

In which some thousands shares.

*But now again the LYON rares,
 And joy spreads o'er the plain:
 The LYON has defeat the bears,
 The knight returns again.
 That knight, in a few days, shall bring
 A shepherd frae the sauld,
 And shall present him to his king,
 A subject true and bald.
 He Mc PATRICK shall be call'd;
 All you that hear me now,
 May weel believe what I have tald,
 For it shall happen true.*

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

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

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;

Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
 But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
 That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men?
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,

The whimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym be-
lieves,

And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of fawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

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

Glr. Weel, be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing
mair;

But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

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

Sym Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some
meat,

And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

S. Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,

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

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:--
And, Glau, 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.

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

Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

JENNY pretends an errand home;

Young ROGER draps the rest,

To whisper out his melting flame,

And throw his lassie's breast.

Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:

See, JENNY's laughing; ROGER's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Reg. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye
let;

And yet I ergh ye're ay fae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd
speak?

Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek!

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I
grein,

Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.

And I man out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;

Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn

Ah! cou'd I loo you less, I'd happy be;

But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I
may?

Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Rog. 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 ly.

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

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

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake o'
 gear,

Ane wale's a wife as he wad buy a mear:
 Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
 Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 Tho' thou shou'd scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd word's frae wooers lips can
 fa'!

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

Rog. 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,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain.

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may
smile;

Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love main-
tain,

The fewest words my easy heart could gain:

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,

Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;

And ever had a warmness in my breast,

That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my
head!——

This gust of 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 kifs till we be tir'd

Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,

And ferly at the quick return o' day.

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,

And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows,

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

J E N N Y.

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

R O G E R.

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

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
 To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.

Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

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

S A N G XIV. O'er Bogie.

J E N N Y.

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

Should he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict his gain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Reg. My faulds contain twice fifteenorrow
Nowt,

As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of 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'; which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best.--But see wha comes this
way,

Patie and Meg;--besides, I maunna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dric a deal o' scorn.

Reg. To where the saugh-tree shades the men-
mā-pool,

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

S C E N E IV.

*This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the Baron shewn his face,
 But joking wi' his shepberd leel,
 Ast speers the gate he kens fit' weel.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

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

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

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

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

My master! my dear master!--do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skath;

Return'd to chear his wishing tenant's fight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

S. Will. 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 I confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'it 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 ain judgement fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and
blate.

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

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's loo'd by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gaings about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace;
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 11

Rins in ilk-trader's debt, wha's fae unjuib
To his ain sam'ly, as to gi'e him trust.

S. Wil. Such usefess branches of a commonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state mair health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all the observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

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

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

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

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

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

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

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

He buys some books, of hist'ry, fangs, or sport:

Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,

And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,

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

How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,

And ane ca'd--Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase

About fine poems, histories, and plays.

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

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

S. Wil. He answer'd well; and much ye glad
my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind

Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;

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

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

S. Wil. Well jested, Symon.—But one question
more

I'll only ask ye now; and then give o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Fligher around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kept the sua' est
part,

Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or
meet:

I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May bless the fairest, best born lady's arms.

S. Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

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

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares vanish 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 di'mond, as it leaves the mine.
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

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

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

Mau. That's news indeed!—

Mad. ————— As true as ye stand there
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whiried forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix't on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething ha'e.

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

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk seec tod-lowry kads without his mou',

5 THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 A further days slides backward in a pool;

In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,

Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew

His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,

Hang at his coat, and fyne, for blythacis, grat.

Patrick was sent for; happy lad was he!

Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:

Altho' it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,

To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,

Na, no sea-meikle as to Pate himsell.—

Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mau. It may be sae; wha ken's? and may be no.

To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:

Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;

And what has been before, may be again.

Mad. Sic nonsense! love take root, but tocher-
 good,

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood!

Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;

But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
gain:

Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

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

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

Enter B A U L D Y singing.

JENNY said to JOCKY, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcome to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae.—Lassies will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they mair their snaw-ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gae's a'!

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

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

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task;
Poor bonny PEGGY, wha man think nae mair

On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be
 While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.

I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
 Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

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

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

Baul. Sae gray a get! mansworn! and a' the rest!
 Ye lee'd, auld roudes—and, in faith, y' had best
 Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand
 Wi' a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit
 brock;

Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
 Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

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

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

Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—

Mause endeavours to redd them.

Mau. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt,
Bauldy leen:

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;

It's fae daft like.——

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

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

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

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the
same.

Mad. Auldroudes! filthy fallow; I fall auld yet

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

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farther gae:

Ye maun forgie 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I ha'e at Madge nae spite:

But she abusing first, was a' the wite

Of what has happen'd; and shou'd therefore crave

My pardon first, and shall acquittance have. (*greet.*)

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae

And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;

Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,

'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.

Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?

Swi'th, take him de'il; he's o'er-lang out of hell.

BAULDY running off.

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

Exit. Bauldy.

MADGE laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no' soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve. (for't;

Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport :

For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,

And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face

He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand

To lend him in this case my helping hand. (bear,

Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to
And leave him een to see or lugs to hear? (mine

Mau. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints, like
Obliges fowk resentment to decline ;

Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we

With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,

Syne had him come, and we shou'd gang to wark :

I'm sure he'll keep his triste ; and I came here

To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest ;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist ;

A linen sheet wond round me like a 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. (night

Mau. Then let us gae ; for see, it's hard on

The westlin clouds shines red wi' setting light.

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

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

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

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
 Sure gentle fowk are fayer-seen than we
 That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn,
 I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
 She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change
 this day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess, }
 He a' the father to my soulexpress, }
 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 mysell, wi' rising raptures, found }
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise 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 of my new happiness repells.

SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, and part of reason,

Plead strong on the parent's side,

Which love so superior calls treason;

The strongest must be obey'd:

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

My constancy falshood repells:

For change in my heart has no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excell.

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 of love ;

And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.

I'll wed nane else ; thro' life I will be true ;

But still obedience is a parent's due.

Reg. Is not our master and yourself to stay

Amang us here !—or are ye gawn away

To London court, or ither far aff parts,

To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we }
advance ; }

To London neist; and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn—to
 dance,

And twa three ither monkey-tricks.—That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.

Then it's desig'n'd, when I can weel behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.

But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. They wba ha'e just enough, can soundly sleep:
 The d'ercome only fash'es sowk to keep.—

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

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

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

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

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

Reg. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear? (skill;

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

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

Pat. Then here it lies:—his will maun be }
 obey'd; }

My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride; }
 But I some time this last design maun hide. }
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
 I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

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

Exit. Roger.

P A T I E solus.

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

Enter P E G G Y.

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

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

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me re-
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.

My father has forbid our loves, I own:

But love's superior to a parent's frown.

I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;

I ken to love, as weel as to obey.

Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,

To mak strict duty and true love agree. (grief:

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my
 But snort I dare to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,

That wi' nice air swints round in silk attire;

Then I, poor me?—wi' sighs may ban my fate,

When the young laird's nae mair my handsome
 Pate;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,

By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:

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

And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay;

As oft-times I have fled from thee right fain,

And sa'n on purpose, that I might be tane,

Nae mair around the *Faggy-know* I'll creep,

To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
 May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to aue, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVI. *Woes my heart that we should sunder,*

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Fate must from his Peggy sunder;
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're a sunder!*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
 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 neer gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.

If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—

Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy wordsae 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 each wheeling year
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
 And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Glau;—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;
 Where I may manners learn.————

SANG XVII. Tweed-side.

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away, till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.*

*Oh how dearer than
 for haste his flowers of
 the first*

*Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.*

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

Pat.—————That's wisely said;

*And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect a'times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state:
 Laugh, whan we're sad; speak, when we've
 nought to say;
 And, for the fashion, whan we're blyth, seem wae;*

Pay compliments to them we 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 quight wi' thee.

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

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' ex-
pence,

My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighter me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does
improve;

Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook off my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry 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 went, when bairns, to rin and play;

And to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

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

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

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

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;

Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss and wear about my arm. (please,

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

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

Exeunt.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

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

Sym. **W**HAT 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 fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

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

I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

Symon gives him a drink. (adoꝝ)

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak fae loud
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tread.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

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

Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd;

He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Baul. O ay,--dear Sir, in troth it's very true:
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling

I lang to hear't—

Baul. ——— Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill among the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' dooing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, 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 wont to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup ;
 I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt ;
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

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

Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

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

Exit Bauldy.

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid
 than hurt, [sport.
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good,
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind

That is, through want of education, blind!

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

As witches raising de'ils up through a ring,
Synce playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow:
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft' by night bumbaze 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.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a
witch

Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;

That gars me think this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

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

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn,*

*The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray :*

*The hearty bynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day ;*

*Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow :
The lark and the linnet 'tend his loce,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fuſter'd with wine; or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain ;*

*Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind.
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,*

Where neither ambition nor avarice blind

Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

Exit.

S C E N E II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blew sword Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines matty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lassies please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

Gla. **I** With, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye dinna use'fae soon to see the light.

Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patriek or he gang.

But do you think, that now, whan he's a laird,
That he poor landward lassies will regard?

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

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he as a shepherd fought a wife,

Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life;
 But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means
 ought ill,

He'll never be't; else I ha'e tint my skill.

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

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

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

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

Jea. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;

Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

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

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought

That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

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

Enter MADGE.

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

To hear, and help to redd some odd debate

'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

Gla. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the out-
er-door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

Exit Claud.

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

How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her cen!

This day her braakan wooer taks his horse,

To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
 For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane ;
 To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
 For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay ;
 To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae
 milk,

To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.

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

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

It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born,

Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,

I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.

Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?

If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine ;

And then, the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth!—but we de'lay:

Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

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

S. Wil. **A**ND was that all! Weel, 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.

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

Mauf. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the
 score,

I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it wog;
 But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' ——

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

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, looking at PEGGY,

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora
gown,

With face so fair, and looks a 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?——

Gla. ———Sir, she's my niece,—

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

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

Gla. Because I doubt, if I shou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen years—

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear: }

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

Pat.—————So I'm I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

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

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,

Close by the lee-side of my door I foun'd,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

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

Wha, worse than brutes, cou'd leyz expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd

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

I hid the story: She has past sincefyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For sae's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.

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

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

Of whom I kenna.—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat.—————The tale delights mine ear.

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

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

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

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

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

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

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

Mau. goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so
plow'd.

A wrinkled face that you have aften view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
 Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

S. Wil. Ha? honest nurse, where were my eyes
 before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
 Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

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

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

Pat. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's haff
 sae fine,

O' can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
 Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a confident confess.

I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
 That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At midnight-hour, the floor I fastly prest,

NO THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

And staw the sleeping innocent away ;
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day :
 All day I hid me ;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains ;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day,
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glaud with tears of joy hoping down his beard,

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

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt ; — my joys
 are full,

Wi' due obedience to my 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 wou'd, tho' still un-
 known,

Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to
my care;

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

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

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

Sir WILLIAM raises them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this
day !

I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot. (day

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

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

Gla. God save the king, and save Sir William
lang,

T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

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

Baul. I'm friends wi' Mause,--wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly seid: ('gree'd,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing *Lang may Sir William live.*

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

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

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

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glau, to }
And to your heirs, I give an endless feu, (you, }
The mailens ye possess, as justly due, }

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your maker's praise.
Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your hon-
 our'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, e're I was a laird;
 Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
 Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb; at last he spake, and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent. (*crave,*

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

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can
 we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay;
 Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
 And still our master's right your business mak.
 Please him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

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

S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all be-
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave. (have,
 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 brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care. }
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear. }

Peg. when you demand, I readiest should obey ;
 I'll sing you aye the newest that I hae.

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

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 talking:

The shining of his een surpris'd;

It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank,

Where yellow corn was growing:

There many a kindly word he spake,

That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And loo'd me best of ony;

That gars me like to sing sin'syne,

O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting!

Since we for yielding are design'd,

We chastly should be granting.

Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;

And syne my cockernony

He's free to teuzel air or late,

Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.



