

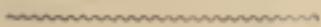
ABS 1.78.508

THIS BOOK

BELONGS TO

JOSEPH SHOLES,

ENGINEER.



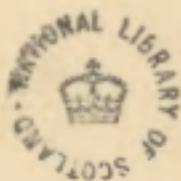
If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be ;
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

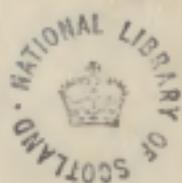
'Tis not imparted knowledge, doth
Diminish wisdom's store ;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.



Read slowly, Pause frequently.
Return duly, with the corners of
the leaves not turned down.

ABS 1.78.508





T H E

GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A

S C O T S

PASTORAL COMEDY.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

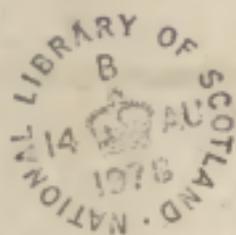
*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.*

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED for the BOOKSELLERS.

M, DCC, XCII.



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,
Invites to sing. 4

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
Upon the reed. 6

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker fight,
Yet these rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light. 12

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

A *E*, or *ane*, one
Ablins, perhaps
Aboon, above
At ains, or *anes*, at once
Attour, out over
B *Adrans*, a cat
Bang, an action of haste, also a great number
Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, round
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion
Bawfy, *Bawfand-fac'd* is a cow or horse with a white face
Bedeem, immediately, haste
Bield, or *biel*, a shelter
Bein, or *been*, wealthy. *Abeen house*, a warm well furnished one
Bended, drunk hard
Bent, the open field
Beuk, baked
Bicker, a wooden dish
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif
Birks, birch-trees
Birn, a burnt mark
Birns, stalks of burnt heath
Blate, a bashful
Bleaz, blaze
Bulk, bulk
Brae, hill side, river bank
Brattle, noise, as horse feet
Brecken, fern
Brijs, to press
Brock, a badger
Broe, broth
Bught, a fold to milk ewes in
Bumbaxed, confused
Bunkers, bench or low chest
Burn, a brook
Bustine, fustian (cloth)
C *Adge*, sarry or cadger
Callan, a boy
Contraipt, incantations

Canty, chearful and merry
Carena, care not
Carle, old word for a man
Cauldrife, spiritless
Caawk, chalk
Chiel, a term like fellow
Chirm, chirp, sing like bird
Cleek, catch as with a hook
Cockernony, gathering of a womans hair
Coft, bought
Coof, a stupid fellow
Corby, a raven
Cotter, a subtenant
Croon or *crune*, to murmur or hum o'er a song. The lowing of bulls
Crummy, a cow's name
Cunzie or *coonie*, coin
D *Ast*, foolish, wanton
Daffin, folly, wagrie
Dainty, a fine man or woman
Dawty, a fondling darling
Dinna, do not
Dit, to close up a hole
Divet, broad turf
Doilt, confused and silly
Dool, pain, grief
Dorts, a proud pet
Doughty, strong and valiant
Dow, to will, to thrive
Dowie, melancholy, doleful
Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg shell
Dubs, mire
Dung, defeat
Dunt, stroke or blow
Dyver, a bankrupt
E *En*, eyes
Eild, age
Euth, easy *Euhar*, easier
Elfshot, bewitch'd shot by fairies
Elritch, wild, hideous

The GENTLE SHEPHERD'S

Ergb, scrupulous
Etle, to aim, design
Even'd, compared
Eydent, diligent, laborious

F *A*, a trap, for rats, mice
Feckless, feeble, weak

Ferlic, wonder
Flaw, lie or fib
Fletch, to cox or flatter
Flit, to remove

Flite or *flyte*, to scold chide
Flet, did scold

Fouth, abundance, plenty
Frais, to make a noise

Furlet, four pecks

G *Ab*, the mouth
Gar, cause, or force

Gate, way
Gawky, idle, staring person

Gawn, going
Geck, to mock

Gif, if
Girn, to grin, snarl; a snare

or trap, made of hair
Glen, a narrow valley

Glowr, to stare, look stern
Gowans, daisies

Gowd, gold
Gowk, the cuckow

Greet, to weep. *Grat* wept
Grosts, mill'd oats

H *Affet*, the cheek, side
of the head

Hags, hacks, peat-pits
Hesher-bells, heath blossom

Hiddils or *hidlings*, lurking,
hiding places

Hobblebaw, racket, noise
Hool, husk, *hool'd*, inclosed

How, low ground, a hollow
Howk, to dig

Howms, plains, or river-sides

I *Cesbogles*, icicles
Ilk, each. *Ika*, every

Ingle, fire
Jo, sweetheart

K *Ale*, or *kail*, colewort
Kame, comb

Ken, to know
Kent, a long staff

Kittle, difficult, mysterious
Know, a hillock

Ky, kine or cows

L *Ak* or *lack*, undervalue
Lane, alone

Landart, the country, Rustic
Lave, the rest or remainder

Leal, true, upright, honest
Lear, learning, to learn

Leglen, a milking-pail
Lilts, the holes of a wind-

instrument of music
Lin, a cataract

Linkan, walking speedily
Loan, common near to vil-

lages where they milk cows
Loo, to love

Loof, the hollow of the hand
Low, flame

Lowan, flaming
Lounder, a sound blow

Lout, to bow down, a courtfy
Lug, ear, handle of a pot

Luggie, a handled wood dish
Lyart hoary, or grey hair'd

M *Aik* or *make*, match,
equal

Mailen, a farm
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must

not, may not
Meikle, much, big, great

Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark

Miscaw, to give names
Mools, the earth of the grave

Mou, mouth
Mows, jests

N *Ick*, to bite or cheat
Niest, next

Nips, bits
Nout, cows, kine
Nowther, neither

- O** *Rp*, to weep with a convulsive pant
Oawk, week
P *Aughty*, proud, haughty
Pawky, witty, or fly
Penfy, foppish, conceited
Pith, strength, force
Pople, or *paple*, the bubbling or boiling up of water
Pouch, a pocket
Prin, a pin
Propine, gift, or present
R *Ave*, did rive or tear
Redd, to rid, unravel, to separate folks that are fighting
Reek, roach; also smoak
Rife, or *ryse*, plenty
Rock, a distaff
Roofe, or *rufe*, to commend
Rowan, rolling
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty
Rumple, the rump
S *All*, shall
Saw, an old saying
Saugb, a willow or fallow tree
Scrat, to scratch
Scrimp, narrow, straitened
Shaw, a wood or forest
Shoon, shoes
Sic, such
Siller, silver
Skair, share
Skaitb, hurt, damage
Skelf, shelf
Skiff, to move smoothly away
Skelp, to run
Sleek, smooth
Slid, cunning, slippery
Snod, neat, handsome, tight
Snood, the band for tying up woman's hair
Snool, to dispirit by chiding
Sonfy, happy, fortunate
Sorn, to sponge
Spaemen, prophets, augurs
Spain, wean from the breast
Spait, a torrent, flood
Speer, to ask, inquire
Spraings, stripes of different colours
Stang did sting
Stegh to cram
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome
Swiib, begone quickly
Syne, afterwards, then
T *Ane*, taken
Tap, a head
Tarrow, refuse what we love
Tate, a small lock of hair
Tax, a whip or scourge
Tent, attention
Thack, thatch
Thae, those
Thole, to endure, suffer
Thow, thaw
Thrawart, froward, cross
Tine, to lose, *Tint*, lost
Tod, a fox
Toom, empty
Towmand, a year
Trig, neat, handsome
Tryst, appointment
Unko or *unco*, uncouth
W *Aff*, wandering
Wale, pick & chuse
War, worse
Warlock, wizard
Wat or *wit*, to know
Wean or *wec ane*, a child
Whilk, which
Whindging, whiaing
Whisht, hush
Winna, will not
Winsom, gaining
Wiibershins, cross motion
Woo or *W*, wool
Wow! strange! wonderful!
Wreaths, of snow
Youdith, youthfulness

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir William Worthy.

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

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

Symon, } *Two old-Shepherds, tenants to Sir William,*
Glaud, }

Bauldy, *a bynd, engaged with Nept.*

W O M E N.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's Nièce.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

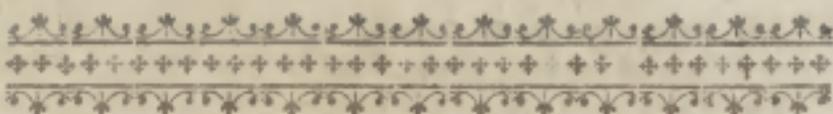
Mause, *an old Woman, supposed to be a witch.*

Elspa, *Symon's Wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's Sister.*

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

Time of Action, *Within twenty hours.*



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy field,
Where christal springs their balsome 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.*

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. The wakin'g of the the fauld.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay ;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wakin'g of the fauld.

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

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld ;
 And naething gie: 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 confess'd
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 And in her sags are tald,
 Wi' innocence the wale of sense,
 At waking of the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, *Roger*, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants !
 How halefome is't to snuff the caw'er air,
 And a' the sweets it bears when void of care !
 What ails thee, *Roger*, then ? What gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill season'd pain.

Roger I'm born, O *Patie* ! to a thrawait 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 los 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 whafe faul's fae sadly out of tune.
You ha'e fae fast a voice and slide 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 las'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 signafies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. Me by, ar tumbled, nine bra' nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-thot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of weathers 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'it throle the pangs of mony a los!
O may'it thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may flet that is nac fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clut
At the Welt-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virs 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 silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
Dast are your dreams, a dattly wad you hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think naug kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'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 bambaz'd, and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

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

Rog. I wish I cou'd nae loo her:—but in vain;
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Even 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 kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er 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 brak my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help mistuck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbat 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 whining way
 Seem carelefs, there's my hand, ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lafs I loo 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, glowring 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 ere she wist :
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her strait bare legs that whiter were than snaw ;
 Her cockernony snodded up fu' sleek ;
 Her haffet locks hung 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 bustine waitcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here ;
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer :
 But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew :
 She scowr'd awa, and said, What's that to you ?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens you like,
 I carlefs cry'd ; and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She cam wi' a right thievlefs errand back ;
 Misca'd me first—then bad me hound my dog.
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she ; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waift,
 About her yielding waift, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ve sae too, and never fasth your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strat.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect :
 For women in a man delight ;
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face gi' way
 To a repulse—Then le 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 of 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 aie : 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 saul ! she made it fine)
 A tartan plaid spun of good hawthorn woo',
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
 Wi' sprains like goud and filler, cross'd wi' black ;
 I never yet had it 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.

Put. 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.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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 hae taen the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell.

S C E N E II.

*A flowry Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel peebles shining smooth and round;
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
 While JENNY what she wisbes discommends,
 And MEG, with better sense, true love defends.*

P E G G Y and J E N N Y.

Jen. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day wi' bleach our linen clean,
 The water clear, the list unclouded blue,
 Will mak them like a lily yet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer' up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow.
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and maks a singan 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 het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash ourtells.—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 fellow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Fiath, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.

But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our Jane)
 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 you 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 blue 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 few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye?*———or *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dafh the lad wi' constant slighting pride;
 Hated 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 feckleless 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 scart anither's leavings at the last. }

SANG 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 whiffers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

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

He glours 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 yileding as my Patie's kiad.

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, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG 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 youthfu' 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 good,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no'? It's good my part
To gi' him that, and he'll gi' me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or sixteen days,
Mak-meikle o'ye wi' an unco fraise,

And daut you baith afore fowk and your lane :
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-flake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake,
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 A' day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte ;
 And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick. (move

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 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.
 Ther'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 thro' my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave !
 Lik 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.
 It's better sense will lang his love secure :
 It's nature beffs in faults, but's weak and poor.

Yen. Hev bonny lais of brankfome ! on't be lang
 Your watty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O ! it's a pleasing thing to be a bride ;
 Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yeiping for this or that wi' falheou din :
 To mak them brats then ye moun toil and spin.
 Ane wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his lin, anither times his shoe :
 Thè deef ga's our Jock Wabster, hame grows hell.
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

P E G G Y.

S A N G V. *How can I be sad on my wedding day ?*

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae ;*

*Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak their wives snools.*

*The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and never 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 rise;
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 tooling at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,——their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes 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 off the howms your dainty rocks of hay.
The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or bashly thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your cws.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheefe,
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 manna want, he poinds your gear:
Synce, 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 weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required; let heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honell uncle aften say,
That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray:
For the maist thrifty man never could 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 haleome, 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 aue— Thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and truth we throw the world will fear:
 And when my fate 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 cheeks, and awa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg
 And her kind 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 whensoe'er they slight their marks at hame,
 It's ten to aue the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
 At e'vn, 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 take aff:
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good-humour, and white bigonets, shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane as fowk 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,
 Than ought to 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 neater 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,
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Nancy'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 not yet begun
 To fraith the graith ;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
 But when we're done, I'll tell you a' my mind ;
 For this seems true,—nae lass 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 peet-stalk joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Gland's:—there you may see him lean,
And to his diwet seat invite his frien'.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

G L A U D.

GOOD-morrow, nihour 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 sald 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 you things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stand like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Syme, rattling chieles 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, Gland; and I hac 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 gave to Nick, and ane cau'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump, e a right see begu'k,
Refor'd King CHARLES, and d'ke 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 stand in the defence,
Of conscience, king, and nation.*

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

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

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

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart nodd es to be bare.

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

“ How's a' at hame ?—How's Elfpa ?—How does
Kate ?—

“ How sells black cattle ?—What gie's woo this year ?”
And sic like kindly queitious wad he speer.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

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

*Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'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 bedeem
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gar 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 his 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 resting 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 matter'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'en! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye
 hear?

Enter M A D G E.

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 fit to spin.

Gla. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and burn
 your tow,
 And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
 Since now again we'll 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 Sunday'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 waist,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

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

Exeunt.

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 faulded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye see.*

B A U L D Y his lane.

WHAT's this, I canna bear't! it's war than hell,
 To be fac 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 foret 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 Pate ;
 And wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow ;—O but ane be a beast
 That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest !
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 Its fair to thole ;——I'll try some witchcraft art,
 'To break wi' ane, and win the others heart.
 Here Maufy lives ; a witch, that for sma' price
 Can cast her cantrips, and gi' me advice.
 She can o'ercaill the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershines about the hemlock low ;
 And seven times does her prayers backward say
 'Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and snakes :
 Of this unfonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire ;
 Stuck fu' of prius, the devilish pictures melt ;
 The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe ; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When ane like me comes running to the deil.
 She and her cat sit becking in her yard ;
 To speak my fraud, faith amait I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive ;
 They gallop fast that de'ils and lasses drive. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*A green kail-yard ; a little fount,
 Where water fopland springs ;*

*There sits a wife with wrinkel'd front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

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

M A U S E.

*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 luckey of the glen?
Ye look baith hail and fere at threescore
ten.

Mau. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate fae 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?

Bal. 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 fae wise and
fell,

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

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

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilka ane talks about ye, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glau'd a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yaru;

When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came ;
 When Bessy Freelock's chuffe-cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and could na' stand its lane ;
 When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the snaw ;
 And tint himself amaisht among 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, Luckey gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka one here dreads ye round about :
 And fae 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 demands,
 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 ssee, }
 And looes sweet Meg —But Neps I downa see. }
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

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 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'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
 O ! will ye come like Bra'rans, for a jest ;
 And there ye can our different haviours spy ;
 There' nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

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

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

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield:
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi' 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'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATE and his PEGGY met;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny 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 fae's
away.

Pat. I'm laith to part fae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
And he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
There 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 wefflin winds fough thro' the reeds!

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

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I could fancy ought fae 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 fleece,
 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 gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love ;—I swear by a' aboon.

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

And be maufworn 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 slip 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 delight
 To pu' the rashies green, wi' roots fac white ;
 Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I piet a flow'ry belt and inood.

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
 And I to milk the cows first try'd my skill ;
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bought 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 troubl'd me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes*;
There's nane like Nancy, *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 lassies 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 cares 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 laddie.*

When first my dear laddie 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 wav'd yellow, and blue-hether bells
Loom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me
I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain.

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

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings softly the Cowden-broom-knows.
And Rosy liltis sweetly the milking the ews ;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing ;
At Thro'-the-wood-ladie Bess gars our lugs ring ;
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the Mill,
Pts 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 iincreases love's fire :
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave ;
At nought they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe ;
Be blyth for silly heights, 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 sence, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a' :
Continue kind ; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken ! yon's auld aunty's
cry ;
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, syne claim your hire.

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

S A N G XI.

PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmth 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?*

PEGGY 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.

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

PEGGY sings, 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 embracc,
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 lass your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!*

*And if ye're weanied, 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 yen spreading lime,
And tent a wan whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time;
An elvond fill's 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'nues, anes delightfu' groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, those prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair feat 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 peble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hang nodding on their stalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and briers,
No hyacinths or eglantines appear.

How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and neet'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 in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the withered branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd ?—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair :
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds, whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free !
 Remov'd from crowns and courts who cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime !

Or sung as follows.

S A N G XII. *Happy Clown.*

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

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

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

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

Exit.

S C E N E II

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
And wiffy '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-born 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 ourfels.—I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrily.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade.
Among 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 never 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 weel ye ken : a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

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

Gla. What reason can ye have ? There's nane I'm
fure,

Unless ye 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 ews of my ain birn.
Five ky, that ay at 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 yearly to them give.

Elsp. Ye offer fair, kind Glau'd ; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day aught days likely ye shall lern,
That our denial difna sligt his bairn.

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

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

Their health gae round.

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

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

Enter J E N N Y.

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

He tents our loofs, and fyne whoops out a book,
turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look ;

Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er you heard.
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

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

Exit Jenny.

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

Gla. Spae-man ! 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'll be no 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 gie,

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

That ye like weel, 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, let's see your hand ;—what
gars ye sneer ?

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

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

Elsp. Betouch-us-too ? and weel I wat that's true ;
Awa, awa ! The deil's owr 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 look o'er your
hand;
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counter-
feits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to
lay him right.*

Elf. Preserve's! the man's a warlock, or passiest
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;—Elspa, 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 so lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.*

*But now again the LYON raves,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The LYON has defeat the bears,
The knight returns again.*

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

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

Sym. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and 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 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 make a noise o'er moor and dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And tak'st 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.

Gla. Weel, be't fae friends, I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. Wil. Nae mair throw' secrets I can sift,
Till darknes black the bent:

I have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elfpa, cast on the claith, fetch but 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'd, 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 grey. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame ;
Young ROGER draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet :
See, JENNY's laughing, ROGER's like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

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

Rog. D E A R Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' fet.

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 maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'vn and morn.

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

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

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can sa !
 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 springs 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 a spring rin whimpling thro' the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean without stain.
 The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;
 Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
 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 kiss till we be tir'd.
 Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and stars 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 assured you'd constant prove,
 You should 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 sae kind?
 O let me brifs 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 gie 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 in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas fell,
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 hartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a'; which now gie's 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 stair.
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 manna stay:
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
 If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Rog. To where the faugh-tree shades the menin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
 Keep triske, and meet me there;—there let us meet
 To kifs and tell our love;—there's nought fae sweet.

S C E N E IV.

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

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

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

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

(Sir William draps his masking beard;

*Symon, transported, sees,
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My Master! my dear master!—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, and frec frae skaith!
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenants fight,
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

S. Wil. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And I'm 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: next, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

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

Sym. Now, well 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 gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace;
Oppressing a' as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family, as to gi'e him trust.

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

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest summer day
Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display:
In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' fight he rins afore the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or 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 gar the proudest of our herds obcy. [proceed,

S. Wil. Your tale naeuch pleases—my good friend
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear,
And he delites in books.—he reads, and speaks,
Wi' 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 phrae
 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 fae sindle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
 When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
 Tilla' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursell? [more

S. Wil. Well jested, Symon.—But one question
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
 Has uae young lassie, with inviting mien,
 And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfa' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the worst, but kent the smallest part,
 Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 Wi' Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
 I had my fears; but now hae nought to fear,
 Since like yoursell your son will soon appear.
 A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May blefs 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 nae can know, that is not downright to me.
[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his 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 breaking 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,
Graud'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,
 Among us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'!*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fixt 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 lassies, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk flee tod-lowry hads without his mou'.
 When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer 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 knées he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne, for blythness, 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:
 And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.

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

Mau. It may be sae; wha kens? 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,
 Twween 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 forsake 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! slavarin coof; it sets him weel
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel:

Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see——

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

Enter BAULDY singing.

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

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

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul. ————— Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but aye 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 maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove;
Lefs 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 gate! 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 fly the skin o' ye'r ebecks 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 witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog! —

*Flees to his hair like a fury. — A stout battle. —
Maufe 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 bleed-
ing 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. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow ! I fall auld ye.
Mau. Howt no ! — ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farther gae :
Ye maun 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 should therefore crave
My r^{on} first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon ! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat ;
Gae, or be bladed in your heath and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow, and lowp back ! — Was e'er the like heard tell ?
Swith, tak hinr 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 tow'd his harigalds a wee ;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

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

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

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

Obliges fowk resentment to decline ;
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syn e bade him come, and we wad 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 ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head ;
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A-conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

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

Exit.

S C E N E II.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough ;
And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew ;*

Still in my heart my shepherde's excels,
And part of my new happine's repels.

S A N G 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 one of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repels ;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

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

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

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

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

Rog. *They wha hae just enough can soundly sleep :*
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

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

The poor and rich but differ in the name,

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the list — Without it, kings are poor.

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

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

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

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

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy :
Faith I've hae books, tho' I should sell my ky.
But now let's hear how ye'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'il's 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 loes; 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, withouten pain, see frae the coast
 'The ship that bears his all like to be lost !
 Like to be carry'd, by some rover's hand,
 Far frae his wishes, to some distant land !

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

Peg. Speak on !—Speak ever thus, and still my grief:
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
 New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire ;
 Then I, poor me ! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate ;
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay ;
 As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And sa'n on purpose that I might be tane.

Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
 May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills, attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

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 Pate must from his Peggy sunder;
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
 To tear 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 played,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know wi' silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, heav'n, while 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 near 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 words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me;
 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 traveller's arms.
 I'll gain on uncle Glau;—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thru' 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 sav'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 ever 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.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a bright that's becoming thy wife.*

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

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

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes; for still amangst the best
 Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

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

Pat. There is nae doubt but trav'ling 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 heaven, and ask thy safe return.

Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
 And to the Hill-cl-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.

SANG XVIII. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setlin 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 did infald me.*

*To a' our hants I will repair,
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
 Or where the simmer-day I'd share
 Wi thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs
 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 kifs and wear about my arm.

Peg. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gie the best I cou'd wi' the same ease;
 Nor wad I if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 Been in a 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 safer meaning better is exprest,
 When it's wi' kiffes on the heart imprest.

Exeunt.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possess,
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 sot.*

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 chatter, hair like bristles stand.

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

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

Symon gives bim a drink.

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

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

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

Symon your very timeously after.

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 gait. }

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 Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good
(The very thought 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 went 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:
Syn'e I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straicht frae them, Sir to you,
Hoping your help to gie the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
'Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

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 cantrips that bring up the de'il.

Exit Bauldy.

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

Syne 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 on a moor
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawtys, Badrans, or a sow:
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While on their 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 bumbafe 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 hoble shew that's past,
Will land in naething 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.

S A N G X I X. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

*The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray:
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;*

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

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,*

*The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Winking 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.*

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

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

Gla. **I** Wish, my barns, it may keep fair or night ;
Ye dinna use he soon to see the light.

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

But do you think, that now, when he's a laird
That he poor landwart 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 lag 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 sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste and frugal life ;

But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake ! what's that ?—Sure if it means
ought ill,
He'll never be't ; else I hae 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 hac 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 hour'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 were 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 mysell,
 Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

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

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

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

Enter M A D G E.

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 outer-
 door,
 And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

Exit Glaud.

Mad. Poor Meg! Look Jenny, was the like e'er a' seen?
 How bleer'd and ree wi' greeting look her een!
 Tuis day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,
 To strut 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 shepherds 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 fault 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 should 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 delay:
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

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

S. Wil. **A**ND was that all? Well, Bauldy,
 ye was serv'd
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

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

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

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
 But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:
 Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a sicer and revengefu' —

And that my some-placc finds :—but I had best
Had in my tongue ; for yonder comes the ghairst,
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 sifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud !—

Gla. ————— Sir, she's my niece,——
And yet she's not ;—But I shou'd hald my peace.

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

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

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

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

Pat. ————— So am I !

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

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

'This bonny fundling, ae clear morn o' May,
Close by the lee side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

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

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

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young ? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmonds auld to be.

I took her in my arms ; the bairny 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 she's weel worth the pains that I hae tane.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she comes of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna.—Naething mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. —————The tale delights mine ear.

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

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

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave;—prove what ye
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

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

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

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

Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so ploy'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 Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, ga'e on; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gie pleasure like these words of thine.

Mau Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang, but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess't:
All this to me a confidant confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!!
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour, the floor I fastly prest,
And stole 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 chearfu' 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 hopping 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 unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair, [care;
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 half 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 bless 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 yours, my Peggy's ane to me. }

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

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

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

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light when put in balance wi' my Pate:

For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

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

Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?

See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:

Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,
I never from these fields again will stray:

Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And 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 this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times beg'n to clear.

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

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

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe,—wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woody fled; ('greed,
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, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before you speak,
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may soon 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 you, }
And to your heirs, I give an endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due. }
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house in calmness close your days
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

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

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

Gla. You crowd 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 till our maister's right your business mak.

Please him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietness down among 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.

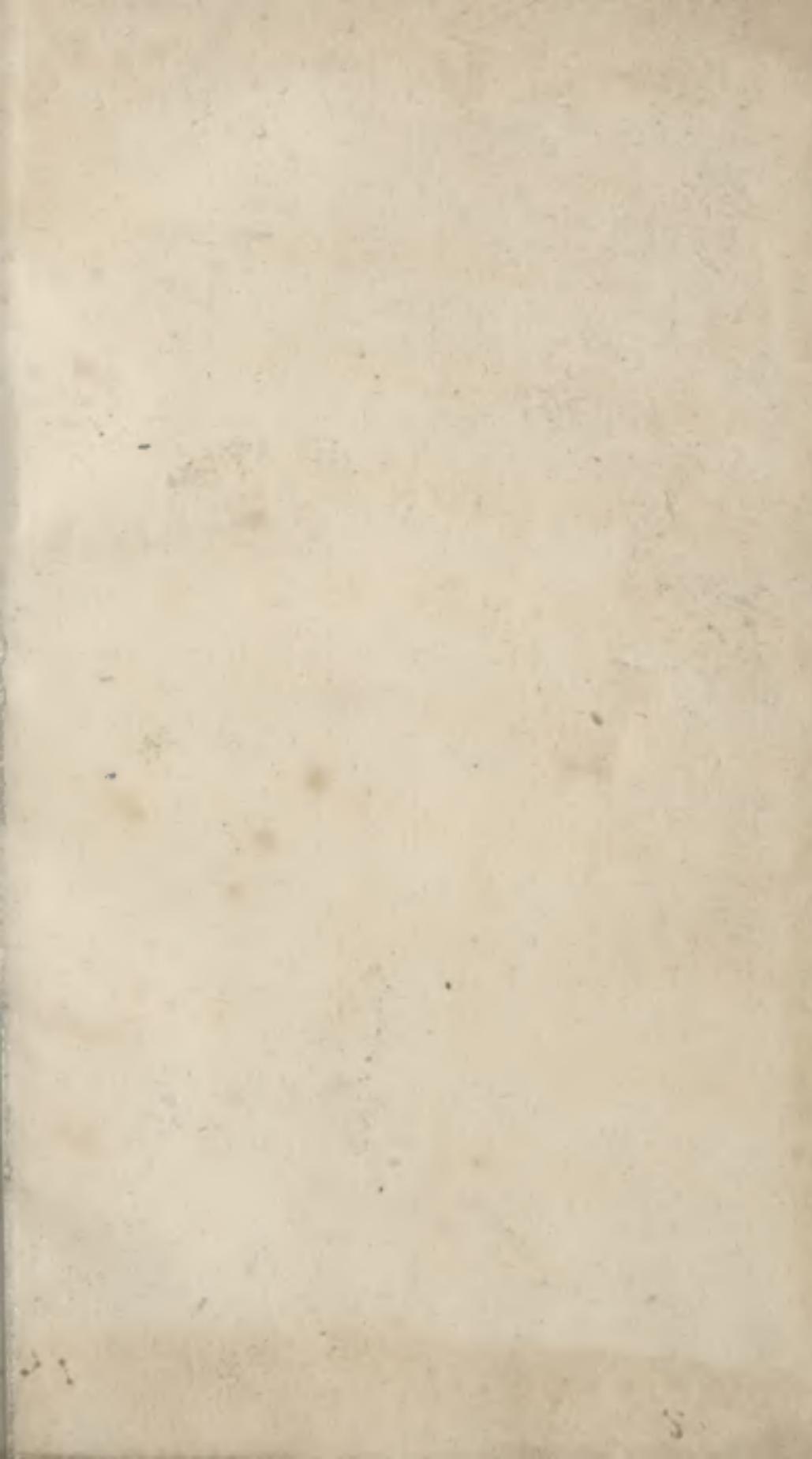
S. Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous; soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
'The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
Oft when we stand on brinks 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 ane the newest that I hae.

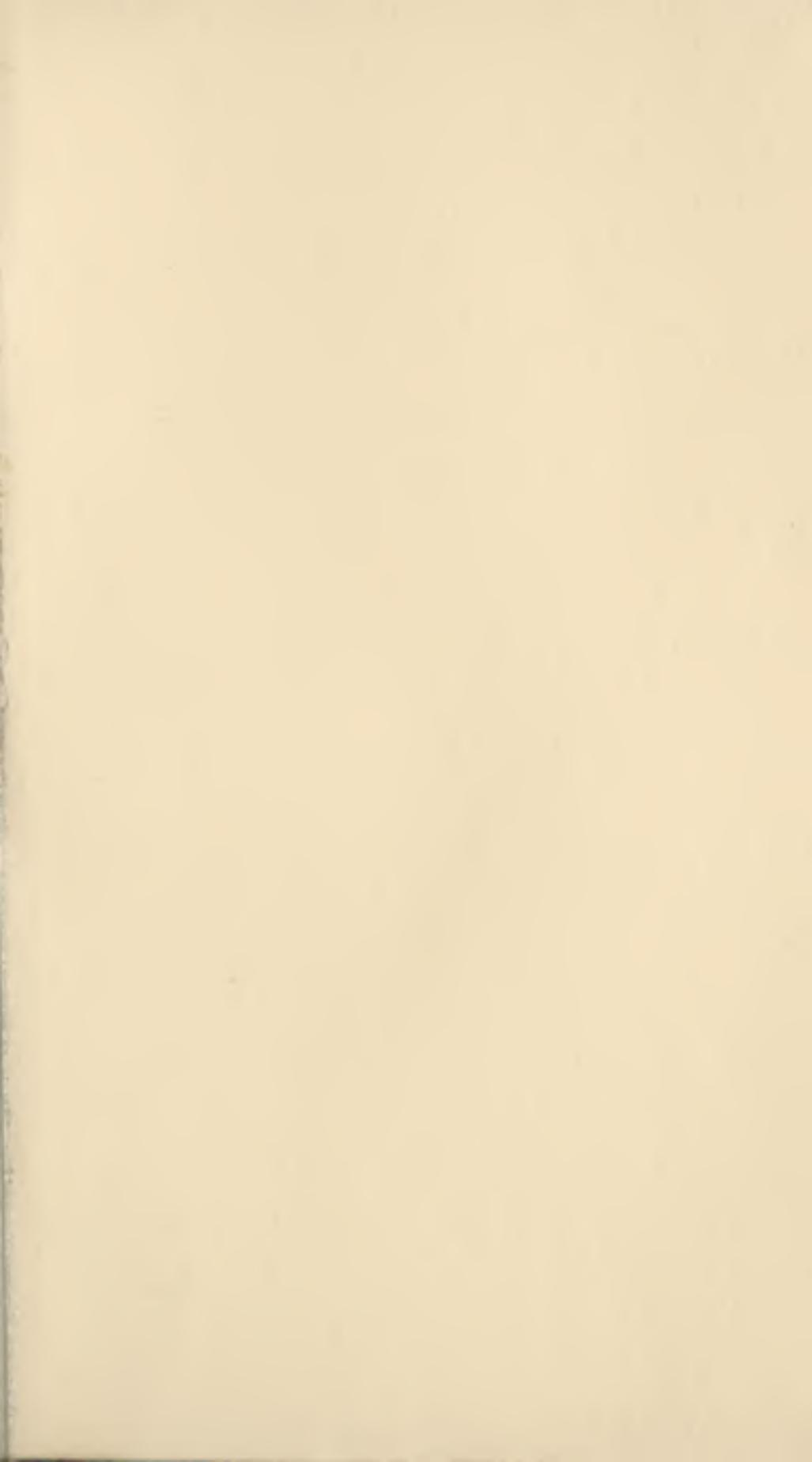
SANG XIX. *Corn Rigs are bonny.*

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy:
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome middle size;
He's comely in his walking:
The skinning of his een surprise;
It's heaven to hear him talking.
Last night I met him on a bawlk,
Where yellow corn was growing:
There mony 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 sinsyne,
O'corn-rigs are bonny.
Let lassies of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting!
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chustly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-rigs are bonny.* (Exeunt Omnes.)

F I N I S.











28-12-78

