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1870

1870

Margaret Garden

GENTLE

SHEPHERD



Then for ye cast Meg darts, and cast ye like
I careless eye, and lay in me the dice.

Mary THE *Go. den*

GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*O bonny are our greenward bowes,
Wear, thro' the birks, the burny rows,
And the bee hums, and the ox lows,
And fast winds rattle,
And SHEPHERD LADS on sunny knowes
Blaw the blyth whyste.*

GLASGOW:

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
S U S A N N A,
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

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

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

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of

Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind

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

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good Patriots that have dignified the names of *Kennedy* and *Montgomery*: Be that the care of the herald and historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays: Here every Lesbia must be excepted whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: But your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for whilst you are possess'd of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

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

“ If ’tis allow’d to poets to divine,

“ One half of round eternity is mine.”

MADAM,

Your Ladyship’s most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO
THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,
WITH
THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

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

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

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

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

Heaven only to the Rural State bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes :
 Secure alike from envy and from care,
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear :
 Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content :
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Simple and pure, in fair Humicia's soul.

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

Oh Happiness! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'dst to dwell.
 Or say, do'st thou a dutious handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great?
 Do'st thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel and to midnight ball?
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Do'st thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or, with th' industrious planter do'st thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much-lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour?
 May we thy presence hope in wars alarms,
 In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms?
 In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell:
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow;

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

Thrice happy! who succeed thy mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days.

Meanwhile peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains:

In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years:

As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old:

Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;

While 'midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven
To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,

Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H.



THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.

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

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

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

Bauldy, *a bynd engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

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

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

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

Elspa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village and Fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of action within twenty-four hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.

Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth act begins by day light next morning.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.—Tune, *The wawking of the faulds.*

Patie sings.

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 wicl I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld:
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking 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 blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

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

My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasant rants;
 How halefome 'tis to snuff the canler 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 thrawart fate!
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blood:

But I, oppress'd wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief. [hive,

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the
The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or lots of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

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

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

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were
smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bien roomsasthinly stock'das mine,
Lefs ye wad lose, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:

O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will loot thy lowan drowth to quench:
 Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I seld them ilka clote
 At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round;
 A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:
 I'll be ma' canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

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

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

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you:
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate,
 But 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 o' tar.

Patie. But Bauldy loes not her, right wiel I wat,
 He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I con'dna loe her—but in vain,
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.

My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke;
 If I had fill'd a nock within her breast,
 She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my flock and horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite;
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte:
 Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where you like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
 Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,
 Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint all hope,
 Gae till't your wa's, and tak' the lover's lowp.

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

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I loe as wiel
 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 linkan o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist:
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straught bare legs that whiter were than snow.
 Her cockerony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek.
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae blue;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear!

Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon asteer?
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew;
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye wiel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back:
 Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh; and fae did she; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came lowping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she set wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But wiel I kend she meant na as she spak'.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang cicaud wood.

SANG II.—Tune, *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face gi'e way
 To a repulse—then be not blate,
 Push boldly 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 their ecn:
 If these agree, and she perfit
 To answer all your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
 To hearten aie: For now, as clean's a loek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll mak' you a propine,
 (My mither, rest her faul! she made it fine;)
 A tartain plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
 Wi' spraings like gowd and filler, cross'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Wiel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Wiel, ha'd ye there—and since ye've frankly
 made

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

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

Patie. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
 Be that time baunocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please;

Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 T' o season meat wi' health, instead of spice.
 When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

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

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny.

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

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer 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 with easy whirls the bord'ring grafs.
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'lli to the pool,
 There wash ourfells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.

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

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

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

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

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

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause:

But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,

I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;

'The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

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

Jenny. Heh, lafs! how can you loe that rattle-skull?
 A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.

We'll soon hear tell what a poor feighting life

You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. 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 kiss as lang as kissing's good,
 And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
 He's get his will: Why no? 'tis good my part
 To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

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

SANG IV.—Tune, *O dear mither, what shall I do?*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling;
 We ought not to trust his smiling;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 My settl'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love. [move
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.

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

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

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

Jenny. Hey, *Bonny Lass of Branksome*, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
 To mak' them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' brue,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.

The *De'il gaes o'er John Wolster*, hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, 'tis a heartsome 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 toolying 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 o' them, when love mak's care delight?

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

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fook bode wiel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd; let Heaven mak' out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle asten say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;

For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A wiel 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, tron, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due:
 Syne a' behind's our ain——thus, without fear,
 Wi' love and rowth we thro' the world will steer;
 And when my Pate in hairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

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

Peggy. 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 with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
 Sae, whensoe'er they flight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him chearfu' and secure his heart:
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will:
 In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak' aff;

Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him wi' the best we can afford:
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

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

Peggy. 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 aught in love the like of us can spy:
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years syne, bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest:
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
 That in return defends it frae the wast.

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

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

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

I yfeld, dear lassie, ye 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 sae,
 That by the heartstrings lead us.

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

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true, nac las' can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

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

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud.

GOOD morrow, nibor Symon—come, sit down,
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in
They tell me ye was in the ither day, [town?
And sald your Crummóck, and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try [boy,
Symon Wi' a my heart—and tent me now, auld
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.

I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. [stand

Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chieles ne'er
 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 fause let's hear.

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

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

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

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

Could be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

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

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

SANG VIII.—Tune, *Mucking of Geardy's byre.*

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

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle benn, and glassees clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
 And tak' your dinner here wi' me the day:
 We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
 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.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
 For here-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 reestling in the nook:
 I saw mysell, 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 the can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:
 Fat are the puddings—heads and feet wiel sung:
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome-hame.
 Ye manna 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.

Glaud. 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 MADGE.

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

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

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

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sun-
day's coat;

Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing 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;

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

SCENE II.

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

BAULDY his lane.

WHAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
To be fae burnt 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 aught that in the forest grows.

Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines;
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her,—waes me! and she loes Pate;
 And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beast,
 'That mak's 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:
 'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.
 Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice:
 She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak' the de'ils obedient to her crune:
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low,
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Ploteock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and snakes:
 Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire;
 Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fu' wicl,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il:
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
 To speak my errand, faith amaißt I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast that de'ils and lasses drive. [Exit.

SCENE III.

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

SANG IX.—Tuae, Carle, and the King come,

Mause sings.

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.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and feir at threescore ten.

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

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

Bauldy. Enough of baith——But something that
requires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bauldy. Wiel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw:
When the last wind made Glaud a rooffless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
When Betty Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dua stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amaisit 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, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.

And sae they may that mean 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 firiot o' them, mixt wi' pease.

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

Baul. Then, I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
Peggy likes Pate,—and Patie's bauld and sree,
And loes sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. 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.

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

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

Bauldy. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

MAUSE *Ler lane.*

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

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

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

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

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy.

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

Patie. I'm laith to part fae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa' wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds sough through the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy
breeze,

For aught I ken may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking fae ye ca' me dull and blind.

Gif I cou'd fancy aught's fae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throats;
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that buik 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.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.

I darena stay;—ye joker let me gang;
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Patie. Sooner a mither shall her fondneis drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gait to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

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

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

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a year:
I mind it wiel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye 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 pou the rashies green, wi' roots sae white,
Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood. [hill,

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear the leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bouny on the muir and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee. [Stane,

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At a' these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Patie. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowden-knows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the cows*;
There's nane, like Nancy, *Jenny Nettles* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder* Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
Tho' they sing wiel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And, roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy,
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

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

SANG X.—Tune, *The Yellow-bair'd laddie.*

Peggy.

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.

Patie.

When corn riggs wāv'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens ga'e trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

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 putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom knows*,
 And Rosie lirts sweetly the *Milking the cows*;
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing;
 At *Tbro' the wood, laddie*, Bels gars our lugs ring.

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

Peggy.

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

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave,
 At naught they'll ferly; senseless tales believe,
 Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve—

Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
 But thou in better sense without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
 Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee. [cry,

Peggy. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's bald aunty's
 I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

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

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Patie. ————— Wiel, I agree.

SANG XI.—*To its anc tune.*

Patie.

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

Peggy.

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

Patie.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine; and fae may ye,
 Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

Peggy singing, falls into Patie's arms.

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

Patie, with his left hand about her waist.

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

Sung by both.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

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

SIR WILLIAM, *solus.*

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands,
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavillions, broken walls!
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks;
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacintus or eglantines appear.

How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nest'rine branches found a field,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn.
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII.—Tune, *Happy Crown.*

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

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

Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisy,
 When truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfully'd with a crime:

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

Now tow'rs 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 gaylie dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William

SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And visj't round and round;
 There's nought superfl'ous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean, a clear peat ingle
 Glances amidst the floor:
 The green horn spaws, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs forgainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it v.g.,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak' their r.g.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSIE.

Glaud.

WE anes were young ourfells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade;

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

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

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

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a
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 myself. [sure,

Glaud. What reasons can ye ha'e? There's nane, I'm
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor;
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kin;
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining tide, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or the day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn. [bend,

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

[*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But will ye tell me Glaud? By some 'tis said
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid

Down at your hallen side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteren Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

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

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

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

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

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

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

Sir W. I give you thanks, goodman, I'll be blate.

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

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nighbour, e'en but little way;
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the mair that I dow gang.

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

Sir Will. That's kind unfought—Wiel, gin ye
ha'e a bairn

That ye like wiel, 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.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand; what
gars ye snee?

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

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

Elspa. Betoeh-us-to! and wiel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the de'il's o'er grit wi' you;
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

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

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

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

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. 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.

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

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

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

Glaud.———He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon. [here!]

Elspa. Thae second-fighted fouk, (His peace be
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better;—*Elspa,* haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tals of usquebæ.

Sir William starts up, and speaks.

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares:
But now again the *Lyon* rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight in a few days shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A subject true and bauld:
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd—
All you that hear me now
May wiel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

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

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

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

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

Sir Wil. Whisht! doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done

In part, or nae mair credit me. [mair;

Glaud. Wiel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naething
But I've twa soufy lasses, young and fair,
Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

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

*Behind a bush, wiel hid frae sight, they meet;
See, Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!*

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger.

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

Jenny. 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 launging een:

And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

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

Roger. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale.

For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

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

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

Jenny. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set
 On that whilk maks 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 power repent:
 When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
 Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

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

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooerslips can sa'!
 But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
 I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
 And soon the slecty cloudsmirk a' the skies;
 I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear;
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light;
 The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night:
 I've seen the spring rin wimpling 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.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang wou'd lovemaintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made you dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead:
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII.—Tune, *Leith Wynd.*

Jenny.

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

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline!

The pleasure strikes me near hand dead;

Is Jenny then fae kind?—

O let me bris thee to my heart!

And round my arms entwine:

Delytfu' thought, we'll never part!

Come, prefs thy lips to mine.

Jenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy wiel 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.

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

Jenny. Wiel, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent, he'll hardly say ye nae;
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him wiel,
Auld fouks, like them, that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.—Tune, *O'er Bogie.*

Wiel, I agree, you're sure of me,

Next to my father gae;

Mak him content to gi'e consent,

He'll hardly say you nae:

For ye ha'e what he wad be at,

And will commend you wiel,

Since parents auld, think love grows cauld

Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,

He'd contradict in vain;

Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,

But thee I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like these in high degree;
 And if ye prove faithfu' in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
 Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
 Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house and tight
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a', which now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair:
 My love and a' is your's; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

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

Roger. To where the saugh tree shades the mentin-
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
 Keep tryft, and meet me there; there let us meet,
 To kiss and tell our love; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
 Witbin a gallery of the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the Baron shown his face,
 But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weil.*

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?
Symon. 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 matter's name,
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, *now be's come hame.*

*(Sir William drops his masking beard;
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

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

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

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

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

Symon. Now, wiel I wat, Sir, you ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's lo'ed by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrumpt of manners as of sense and grace;
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

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

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

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases—my good friend proceed:

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Symon Baith wonder wiel; for troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lair:

And he delights in books—He reads and speaks,
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir W. Where gets he books to read—and of what
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind. [kind?

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
He buys some books of history, fangs, or sport: [port,
Nor does he want of 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 Hawthornden and Stirling sing,

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

He kens fu' wiel, and gars their verses ring. }
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir W. He answer'd wiel; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear;
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?

When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's oursell.

Sir W. Wiel jested Symon; but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:

Has nae young lassie wi' inviting mien
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
 'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 Wi' Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
 I had my fears; but now ha'e 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.

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

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

[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir William, solus.

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years:
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream;
 When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright. [*Exit.*]

Or sung as follows.

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

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

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

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

Madge.

O ur laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his
Maufe. That's news indeed!—— [*heir!*]

Madge.———As true as ye stand there,
 As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

As we flood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

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

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk ssee tod lowrie hads without his mow,
 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 wief diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythiness grat.
 Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!

Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secreet story soon:
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.

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

Mause. It may be sae, wha keus, and may be no:
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain;
 Ev'n kings ha'e tane a queen out of the plain:
 And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. Sic nonsense! lovetak' root, but tocher good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

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

Madge. He get her! slaverin doof; it sets him wiel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

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

Enter BAULDY, singing.

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

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

Mause. Wiel, Bauldy, how gacs a'?

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

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

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

Madg. As Nepe 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 other lass will trow a mansworn head?
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' wiel I wat. [rest:

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the
Ye lied, auld Rendes,—and, in faith, y' had best

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

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling gabbit
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 cheeks out o'er your chin.

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

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

[*Flees to his hair like a fury—a stout battle—
Mause endeavours to redd them.*

Mause. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen, [Bauldy, leen;
'Tis fae daft like——

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

Madge.——'Tis dafter like to thole
As ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him wiel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
'To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're auld'er yet than I ha'e married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns ha'e seen.

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

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

Madge. Auld Roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

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

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge nae
But she abusing first was a' the wyte [spite;

Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as wiel as swear.
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak' him de'il: he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Bauldy. [running off]. His presence be about us!—
Curst were he

That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Madge. [laughing]. I think I have towz'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 fae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause Yetowin'd him tightly--I commend ye for't:
His bleeding snout ga'e 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.

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

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

Madge. And special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest:
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;
A linnen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
We'll beg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The weithlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

Roger.

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

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae [day

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
 Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
 He a' the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
 Who set too soon!— And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
 That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found,
 The happy son of ane 'sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard!— Too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
 But we'r't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause;
 But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherde's excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI.—Tunc, Kirk wad let me be.

Duty, and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason;
 The strongest must be obey'd;

For now, tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels;
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won:
 Your Peggy's bonny—your his only son.

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

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

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
 To London neist, and afterwards to France, [vance, }
 Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance, }
 And twa three other monkey tricks:—That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
 Then 'tis desigu'd, when I can wiel behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that, I wat wiel,
 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.

Roger. They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
 The o'ercome only fashers souk to keep——

Good Master Patrick, tak' your ane tale hame.

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

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest blifs we can procure

Frae 'boon the list—without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like your's yields braw content,
 When we but pick it scantly on the bent:
 Fine claiths, saft 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.

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

Roger. 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?

Patie. Frae books, the wale o' 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.

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

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be 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 bear;
 I sent for Peggy,—yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

Patie. [*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 PEGGY.

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

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

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

Peggy. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But ibort I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air fwims round in silk attire;

Then I! poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kifs'd me when I danc'd or sang;
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As astitmes I ha'e fled from thee right fain,
 And fa'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!

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVII.—Tune, *Wae's 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 steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair 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 funder.

Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty?
 Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

Patie. Sure, Heav'n approves—and be assur'd o' me,
 I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and scepters 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.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind;
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care:
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me:
 Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;

And all the while I'll study gentler charms
 To mak' me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn——

SANG XVIII.—Tune, *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,
 Wi' me his dear image shall itay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Mu't 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.

Patie.—————That's wisely said;
 And what he wares that way shall be well 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 afit-times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity to keep up state; [say,
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae;
 Pay compliments to them we afit ha'e scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

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

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

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

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
 Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love:
 But soon as I've shook off my lairdwart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. Wi' every setting day, and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
 Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
 Where afit we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
 And to the hiffel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,

I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's.

Or sung as follows.

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

At setting day, and rising morn,
Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet sales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilk round thou didst enfold me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
By 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 your's,
A heart which cannot wander.

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

Peggy. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease:
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pattie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime;
Love's faster meaning better is express'd,
When 'tis wi' kisses on the heart impress. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

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

SYMON and BAULDY.

Symon.

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

Bauldy. 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 mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! to mak' so 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.

Sir Will. How goes the night? does day-light yet
Symon, ye're very timeously asteen. [appear?]

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

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

Sir Will. [*smiling*] I lang to hear't—

Bauldy.— 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 of mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of 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 wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due:
I'm sure my heart will near gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

Sir W. Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

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

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
hurt,
The witch and ghaist have madethemselves good sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind! [thing,
Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic
As witches raising de'ils up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks? A thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aftimes like bawty, badrans, or a sow;
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaf's ride,
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

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

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

SANG XX — *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 the 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,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.

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

GLAUD, JENNY and PEGGY.

Glaud.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 † Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light;
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 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?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate [gate,
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house, the knight fits judge himsell.

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

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like
e'er seen?

How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros:
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak' what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
Its no my faut that I'm nae gentler born. [*Scorn;*
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ae'er had notie'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.

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

SCENE III.

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

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

Sir Will.

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

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

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

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it wiel;
 But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il;
 Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengesu' ——,

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

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy*]. Whose daughter's she
that wears th' Aurora gown,

With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?—

Glaud. ————— Sir, she's my niece—
And yet she's not—but I shou'd had my piece.

Sir Will. This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak' appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year—

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

Sir Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

Patie ————— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud.—Then, since my master orders, I obey—
This bonny *foundling* ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd
 Wi' sic a look wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story: she has pass'd finfyne
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's wiel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.
 Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;
 Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair,
 Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!—

Patie.—The tale delights my ear! [appear.

Sir W. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mause. 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.

Sir W. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. [say;

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?

But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,

I every thing looks like a reason want.

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

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

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

Mause. Sir, view me wick; has fifteen years so plow'd
 A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,

That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
 Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand? }
 Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand. }

Sir Will. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
 before ?

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

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

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

Patie. Good nurse gae on; nae music's haff sae fine,
 Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine

Maufe. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
 Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.

The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess;
 All this to me a confident confess.

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

That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,

And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.

A' day I hid me;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,

'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful 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 wiel, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [with tears of joy hopping down his beard]

I wiel remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e wish'd for this: for aft I thought
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Patie 'Tis 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,
Ha'e been my wife. when I my vows durst own

Sir Wil My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
care,

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

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

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

Sir Wil [raises them] I give you both my blessing:
may your love

Produce a happy race and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprize.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while Heav'n grant he on them remains.

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

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak' amends
 Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

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

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

Symon. 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 far?
 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.

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

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

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

Roger. Wha winna dance wha will refuse to sing?
 What shepherds whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Maufe—wi' very Madge
I'm gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woody fled;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, "Lang may Sir William live."

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

Peggy. Nae other name I'll ever for you learn:
And, my good nurse, how shall I grateful be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully a I can requie repay.

Sir Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Claud, to
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu, [you, }
The mailens ye posses 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.

Gmnes. The Lord of heaven return your Honour's
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove. [love,

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Claud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae shame),
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;

Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That name may wear a face of discontent.

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

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

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

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

Roger. I ne'er was good o' speaking a' my days,
O'er 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.

Sir W. 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.

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

SANG XXI.—*Corn riggs are bonny.*

My Patie is a lover gay,

His mind is never awy;

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fare and ruddy:

His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's comely in his wauking;
 The shining of his een surprize:
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tauking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spak',
 That set my heart a glowing
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting!
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syue my cockernony
 He's free to towzle air or late,
 While corn riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

His face is hidden with loss
And his eyes are dim
The light of his eyes is
The light of his eyes is

And when I see his face
I see his face
I see his face
I see his face
I see his face
I see his face
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