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ABS. 1. 80. 2 (1-5)







Oliver's Edition,

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD :

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.



BY
ALLAN RAMSAY.



WITH THE
ORIGINAL MUSIC.

Embellished with beautiful Engravings.



Edinburgh ;

Printed by OLIVER & CO. Netherbow.

1802.



INSCRIBED TO

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

Secretary

OF THE

ADMIRALTY.

SOEP

SOEP

THE nipping frosts, an' driving snaw',
Are o'er the hills an' far awa' ;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla',
An' ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, an' bra',
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek o' day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
Wi' a' thy speed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upo' the reed.

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

In truest light may a' that's fine
 In his fair character still shine;
 Sma' need he has o' sangs like mine,
 To beet his name;
 For frae the north to southern line,
 Wide gangs his fame.

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

These doughty actions frae his pen †
 Our age, an' these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves;
 How free-born Britons fought like men,
 Their faes like slaves.

* Having done me the honour of turning some of my poorest poems into English justly and elegantly.

† His valuable Naval History.

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

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;
 May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,
 Grant you a lang an' muckle skair
 'O' a' that's good,
 Till unto langest life an' mair
 You've healthfu' stood.

May never Care your blessings sour,
 An' may the muses, ilka hour,
 Improve your mind, an' haunt your bow'r—
 I'm but a callan ;
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your
 Devoted ALLAN.



B

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 Hynd engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

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

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

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

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

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

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

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.

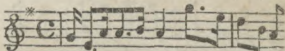
Act I. Scene I.

Prologue.

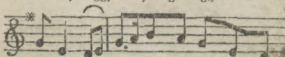
*Beneath the south-side of a craigy field,
Where crystal springs their balesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But b'ytber Patie likes to laugh an' sing.*

Patie and Roger.

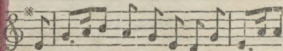
SANG I.



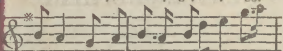
Patie. My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in



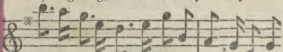
her teens, Fair as the day, an' sweet as May.



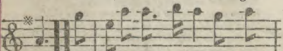
Fair as the day, an' always gay, My Peggy is



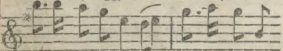
a youngthing, An' I'm nae very auld, yet



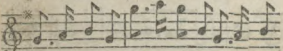
weel I like to meet her At the wawking o' the



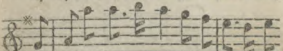
fauld. My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, when-



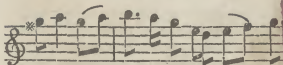
'et we meet alane, I wish nae mair to



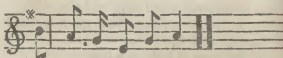
lay my care, I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare;



My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave



I'm cauld, But she gars a' my spi - rits glow,



At wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It maks me blyth an' bauld,
 An' naething gies me sic delight
 As wawking o' the fauld.

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

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 An' in her sangs are tauld,
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At wawking o' the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
An' puts a' nature in a jovial mood.

How heartsome is't to see the rising plants!

To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!

How halesome it's to snuff the cawler air,

An' a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care!

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

Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!

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

I'empests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,

Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkins blood;

But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,

Mann ay despair o' lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, an' quit the hive,

The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,

Ere scorufu' queans, or loss o' warldly gear,

Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear,

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done

By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.

You hae sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue,

That you're the darling o' baith auld an' young.

If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,

They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleck;

An' jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,

While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,

Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,

An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But aiblins, neighbour, ye ha'e not a heart,
An' downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?

A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Reg. My byar tumbl'd, nine bra' nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:

In winter last my cares were very sma',

Tho' scores o' wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less you wad loss, an' less ye wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep:

The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Reg. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,

That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mony a loss!

O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,

That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,

'Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,

An' awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute

At the West-port, an' bought a winsome flute,

O' plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virils round;

A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:

I'll be mair canty wi't, an' ne'er cry dool,

Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

Reg. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,

Some other-thing lies heavier at my breast:

I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,

That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,

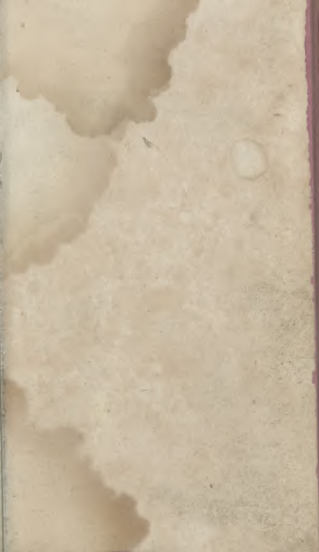
To ane wha you an' a' your secrets kens!

Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your weel-seen love, an' dorty Jenny's pride :
 Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 An' safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Reg. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'd o'er true,
 An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you ;
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint,
 To speak but till her I dar hardly mint.
 In ilka place she jeers me air an' late,
 An' gar's me look bombaz'd, an' unco blate.
 But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,
 She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow :
 She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

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

Reg. I wish I cou'dna looe her—but, in vain,
 I still maun do't, an' thole her proud disdain.
 My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
 'Till he yow'l'd sair, she strak the poor dumb tyke ;
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,
 Wi' a her face she shaws a cauldriife 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, an' sneer'd—
 Flocks, wander where you like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair.





Then, like a sweet Shepherdess, and virgin like,
 A careless youth, and boy, to stray the flock.

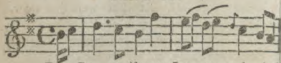
Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?
 Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint a' houp,
 Gae till't your ways, an' tak' the lover's loup.

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

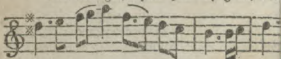
Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel
 As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gye an' early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about;
 I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me;
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 An' she was close upon me e'er she wist:
 Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw
 Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her haffet-locks hang wavin' on her cheek;
 Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;
 An' oh! 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 sae soon a-steer;
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:
 She scour'd awa', an' said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, an' 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 badé me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh, an' sae did she; then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;
 About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth
 O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came lowping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb,
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wood.

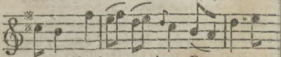
SANG II.



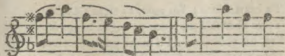
Dear Ro - ger, if your Jen - ny geck, An'



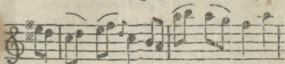
answer kindness wi' a slight, Seem un



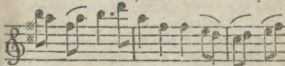
con-cern'd at her ne-glect, For women



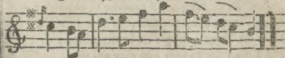
in a man delight; But them despise



wha's soon de--feat, An' wi' a sim-ple



face g'ies way, To a repulse—then be nae



blate, Push bauldly on, an' win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,

Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;

But tent the language o' their e'en:
If these agree, an' she persist

To answer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,

An' let her sigh when it's too late.

Reg. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' ha'e sic an art

To hearten ane : For now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
 (My mother, rest her saul ! she made it fine ;))
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
 Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue :
 Wi' spraigns like gowd an' siller, cross'd wi' black
 I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravel'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.

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

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

Pat. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
 An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;
 By that time bannocks, an' a shave o' cheese,
 Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please ;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wi'
 To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.
 When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at the well,
 I'll whistle fine, an' sing t' ye like mysell. [*Exit*

Scene II.

Prologue.

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

Peggy and Jenny.

Peggy. 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 blew,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets o' spring an' simmer grow:
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's an' maks a singand din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.
 We'll epd our washing while the morning's cool;
 An' when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash oursel's—it's healthfu' now in May,
An' 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,
An' see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

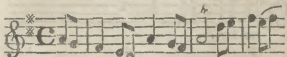
Peggy. We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height,
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between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

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

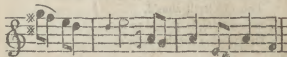
Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrow's at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet;

The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past ;
 An' syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

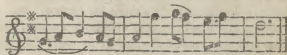
SANG III.



The dor - ty will re - pent, If lovers



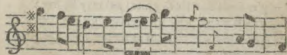
hearts grow cauld ; An' nane her smiles will



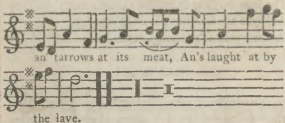
tent, Soon as her face looks auld.



The dawt - ed bairn thus tak's the



pet, Nor eats, tho' hung-er crave ; Whim-pers



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, an' 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, an' we for men.

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

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

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

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

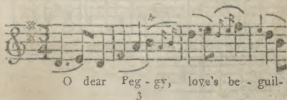
Jenny. Heh, lass ! how can ye love that rattle-skall ?
A very deil, that ay maun hae his will,

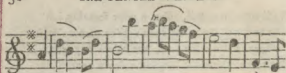
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

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 gude,
An' what we do, there's nane dar ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no'? it's good my part
To gie him that, an' he'll gie me his heart.

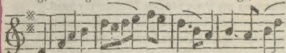
Jenny. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
An' daut ye baith afore souk, an' your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delyte,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

SANG IV.

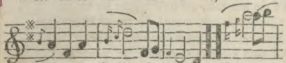




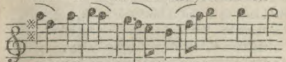
ling, We ought not to trust his smil-ing ; bet-



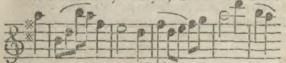
ter far to do as I do, Lest a



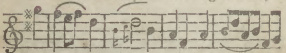
hard - er luck be - tide you. Las - ses



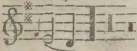
when their fancy's carry'd, Think of nocht



but to be marry'd: Run - ning to a life,



des-troys Heart - some, free, an' youth-fa'

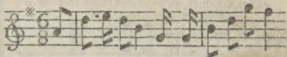


joys.

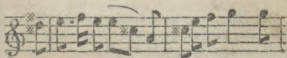
Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith
to move

My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een;
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirl like music thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Iik 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 hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

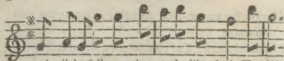
SANG V.



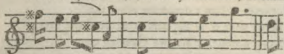
How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,



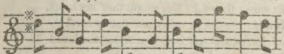
That has better sense than on-y of thae Sour



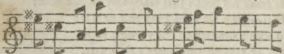
weak sil-ly fellows, that study like fools, To sink



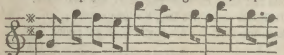
their sin joy, an' mak their wives snools. The



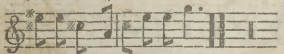
man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife, Or



wi' dull reproaches en - courages strife; He prais-



es her vir--tues, an' ne'er will abuse Her for a



smas' failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny. Hey, bonny lass o' Branksome! or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a 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 an' spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
 The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,
 An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

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

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst o' a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
 But little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howns your dainty rucks o' hay.—
 The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, an' may rot your ewes.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, an' cheese,
 But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees:
 Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
 It's no to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent:
 His honor mauna want; he poinds your gear:
 Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer?

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

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's requir'd ; let Heav'u mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware. }
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due ;
Synce a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
Wi' love an' rowth, we thro' the warld will steer ;
An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
An' 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, an' wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 Its ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 'To keep him chearfu', an' 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 an' rain,
 A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane :
 An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
 The seething pat's be ready to tak' aff :
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good humour an' white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

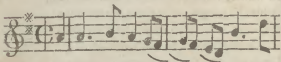
Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
 An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, an' ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns an' 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 an' bride ;
 Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 An' in their mixture now are fully blest. }
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast,

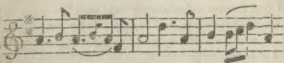
Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

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

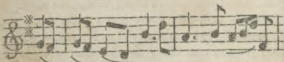
SANG VI.



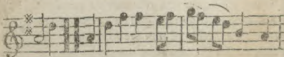
Jenny. I yield, dear las--sie, ye have won, An'



there is nae de - nyng, That sure as light



flows frae the sun, Frae love procceds com-



plyng. For a' that we can do or say, 'Gainst



love nae thinker heeds us; They ken our bo-soms



lodge the fae That by the heart-strings leads 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 weel'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, an' we're not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt,*



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Act II. Scene I.

Prologue.

*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, an' forms a rural square.
The house is Gland's—There you may see him lean,
An' to his divot-seat invite his frien'.*

Gland and Symon.

Gland. Good-morrow, neighbour Symon;—come, sit
down,

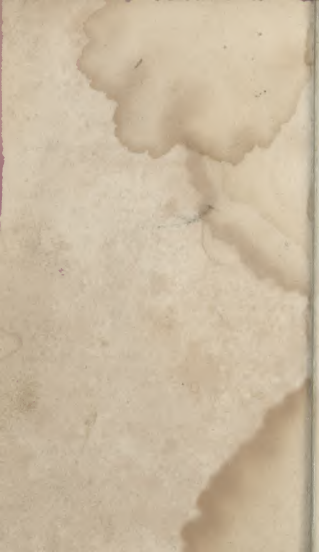
An' g'ies your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
An' said your Crummock, an' her bassen'd quey.
It's warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut an' dry;
Lug out your box, an' g'ies a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart;—an' tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.

GENTLE SHEPHERD



and tell me now, gold boy,
The gather'd news will kill your mind, or joy.



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

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels ne'er stand

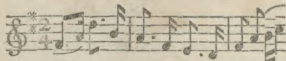
To cleck an' sptead the grossest lies aff-hand.
 Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near:
 But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

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

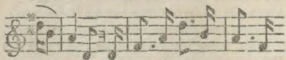
Glaud. That maks me blyth indeed!—but dinna flaw:
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
 An' saw ye Hab! an' what did Halbert say?
 They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

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

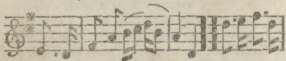
SANG VII.



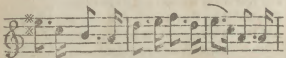
Could be the re-bels cast, Oppressors base



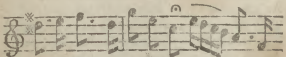
an' bloody; I hope we'll see them at the



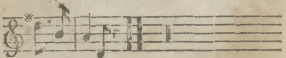
last, Strung a' up in a woody. Blest be he of



worth an' sense, An' ever high in station, That



bravely stands in the defence of con-science,



king, an' nation.

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

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

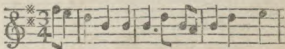
"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak' a seat.—

"How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa—How does Kate?

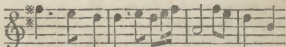
"How sells black cattle?—what gies woo this year?"—

An' sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

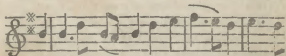
SANG VIII.



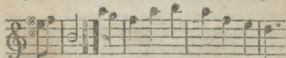
The laird wha in riches an' honour, Wad



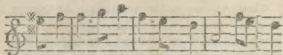
thrive, Should be kindly an' free, Nor rack his



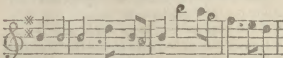
poor tenants wha labour To rise a-boon po-



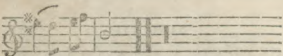
ver - ty; Else like the pack-horse that's un-fo-



ther'd, An' burden'd, will tumble down faint: Thus vir-



tue by hard-ship is smother'd, An' racker's aft



tine their rent.

Gland. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear neibour, will ye stay,
 An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day?
 We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,
 I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height:
 I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the peist town,
 An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown;
 An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' 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 o' maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime an' fat;
 A furlet o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,
 An' a large ham hangs reesting in the neuk:
 I saw mysell, or I cam o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil;—an' anc we'll roast;
 An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost:
 Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice]
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:
 Fat are the puddings,—heads an' feet weel sung;
 An' we've invited neibours auld an' young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,
 An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
 Bring wi' you a' your family; an' then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gland. Spoke like yersell, auld birky, never fear,
 But at your banquet I sall first appear:
 Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger be a score,
 Wi' your guid 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, wel-
 come here—

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

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel, an'
burn your tow,

An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

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

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
coat;

Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,
My white-skin hose, an' mittans for my hands;
Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
An' mak' yersells as trig, head, feet, an' waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Synon. Do, honest Madge:—an' Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,

An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exit.



Scene II.

Prologue.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.—
At a sma' distance by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms, an' bauf-rai'd looks, ye see*

Bauldy his lane.

WHAT'S this! I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new maun hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines:
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate looes her,—wae's me! an' she looes Pate
An' 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:

Its sair to thole ;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane an' win the other's heart.
 Here Mausey lives, a witch, that for sma' price
 Can cast her cantraips, an' gi'e me advice :
 She can o'er cast the night, an' cloud the moon,
 An' mak the deils obedient to her crune :
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 An' howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low ;
 An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom o' black taids an' snakes :
 O' this, unsonsy picture aft she makes
 O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire
 Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire :
 Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
 The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
 An' yonder's Mause ; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
 To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive ;
 They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive. [Exit.



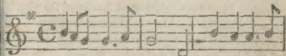
Scene III.

Prologue.

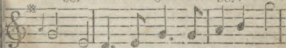
*A green hail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin springs:
There sits a wife wi' wrinkl'd front,
An' yet she spins an' sings.*

Mause.

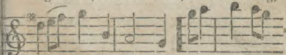
SANG IX.



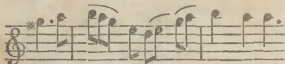
Peggy now the king's come, Peggy, now the



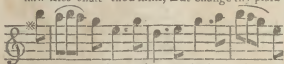
king's come; thou shalt dance, an' I shall sing,



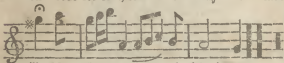
Peggy, now the king's come. Nae mair the



haw-kies shalt thou milk, But change thy plaid-



en coat for silk, An' be a la-dy o' that



ilk, Now, Peg - gy, since the king's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Bauldy. How does auld honest Lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
An' 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. Eneugh o' 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 an' poortith bow?

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

This is the original
of the [unclear]

[unclear]

10

GENTLE SHEPHERD



When Mungo's face stand still and
Ewat wi fright .

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

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

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

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

Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane tauks about ye, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd an' there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-checked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and coudna stan' its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
An' tint himsell amaist amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi' fright,
When he brocht east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
An' ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about:
An' sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

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

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.—

Peggy like's Pate ;—an' Pate is bauld an' slee,
An' looes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

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

Bauldy. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road
can find :

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind ;
Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O will ye come like Badrans for a jest-?
An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
'There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

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

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

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause her lane.

HARD luck, alack ! when poverty an' cild
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gi'e aye the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*

This fool imagines, as do many sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak an' 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;—an' if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*



Scene IV.

Prologue.

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

Patie and Peggy.

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

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

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

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

Pat. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind ;
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind ;

Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
 Thy cheek an' breast the finest flow'rs appear.
 Thy words excel the maist dèlightfu' notes,
 That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
 Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
 Or riper berries that our mountains yield.
 The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
 An' lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
 I darna stay;—ye joker, let me gang :
 Anither lass may gar you change your sang ;
 Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
 An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap :
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield their fleece,
 Ere aught by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will
 swear,
 An' be mansworn to twa in a hauf a year.
 Now I believe ye like me wonder weel ;
 But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
 Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
 How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change ; ye needna fear ;
 Tho' we're but young, I've looed you mony a year.

I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
 O' a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,
 'Thou smiling by my side:—I took delyte
 To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white ;
 O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry belt an' snood.

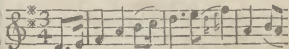
Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
 An' I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill ;
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, an' the hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on the muir an' rising fells,
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubl'd me,
 Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

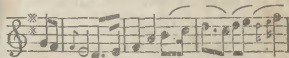
Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
 stane,
 An' wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain :
 At a' these sports thou still ga'e joy to me ;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt, wi' thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowden-knowe*,
 An' Rosie lilts the *Milking of the Ewes* ;
 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 o' Patie's Mill*,
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
 Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

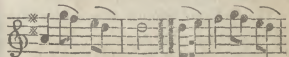
Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
 An', roos'd by them we love, blows up that fire:
 But wha looes best, let time an' carriage try;
 Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.
 Be still as now; an' a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.



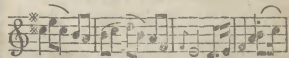
When first my dear lad-die gaed to the



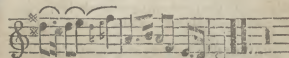
green hill, An' I at ewe - milk - ing, first



sey'd my young skill, To bear the milk-



bowie nae pain was to me, When I at the



bught - ing for - gather'd wi' thee.

Patie.

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

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 An' cam aff the victor, my heart was ay fain ;
 Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me ;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knower*,
 An' Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the Ewes* ;
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing ;
 At *Thro' the Wood*, *Laddie*, *Bess* gars our lugs ring :

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

Peggy.

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

Pat. Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave ;

At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe;
 Be 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, an' a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's
 cry,

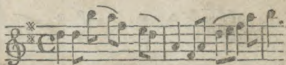
I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

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

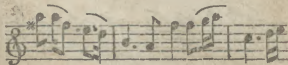
Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Pat. ————— Weel, I agree.

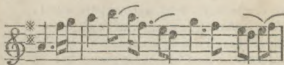
SANG XI.



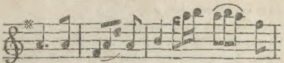
By the de-li - cious warmness of thy mouth,



An' row - ing een that smi - ling tell the



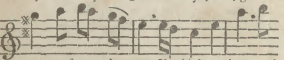
truth, I guess, my las - sic, that as weel as



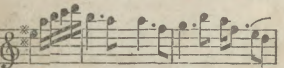
I, You're made for love, an' why should



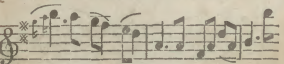
ye de - ny. *Peg.* But ken ye, lad, gin



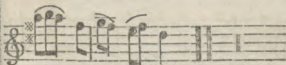
we confess o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, an'



syne the wooing's done: The maiden that o'er



quickly tines her power, Like unripe fruit, will



taste but hard an' sour.

Patie.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine; an' sae may ye.
 Red-cheeked ye completely ripe appear,
 An' I ha'e thol'd an' woo'd a lang half-year.

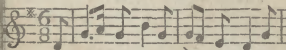
Peggy singing, fa's into Patie's arms.

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

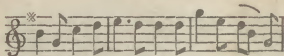
Patie, wi' his left hand about her waist.

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.



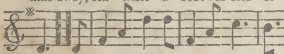
Sun gal-lop down the west-lin skies, Gang



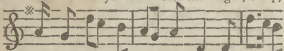
soon to bed, an' quickly rise; O lash your steeds, post



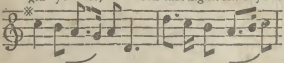
time away, An' haste a - bout our brid - al



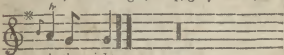
day! An' if ye're wearied, honest light, Sleep,



gin ye like, a week that night. An' if ye're



wearied, honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a



week that night.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.



Act III. Scene I.

Prologue.

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

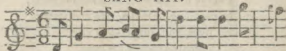
Sir William, solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.

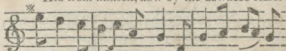
Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands ;
The casements all broke down ; no chimney left ;
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
Where, round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks :
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a beild,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use :
All round in gaps, the walls 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 calm contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

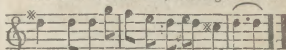
SANG XII.



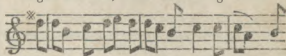
Hid from himself, now by the dawn He starts



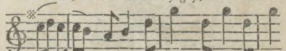
as fresh as ro - ses blawn; And ranges o'er the



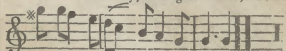
heights and lawn, After his bleeting flocks.



Healthful, and in - no-cently gay, He chants and



whistles out the day; Untaught to smile, and then



betray, Like courtly weather-cocks.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unsullied with a crime ;
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state ;
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

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

[*Exit Sir William.*



 Scene II.

 Prologue.

*It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 An' wisy't round an' round ;
 There's naught superfl'ous to gi'e pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet a' is clean : a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-born spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, an' tak' their rest.*

Symon, Glaud, and Elspa.

Glaud. We anes were young oursells.—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 An' better looks than his I never bade ;
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
 An' tells his tale the clev'rest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man !—he's a great comfort to us baith ;
 God mak' him gude, an' hide him aye frae skaith.

He is a bairn, I'll say't weel, worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

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

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

Glaud. What reason can ye ha'e? There's nane,
- I'm sure,

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

Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' 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 an' attour, gif my guid luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Eliza. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is nae fit ye yet should hear.

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

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gie's the other
bend;

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

[*Their healths gae round.*]

Symon. But, will ye tell me, Glaud; by some 'tis said,

Your niece is but a *fuddling*, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, an' bedded on dry hay?

Glaud. That clatterin' 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, an' syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, an' gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, an' lang an' gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gae hungry by my house the 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 o' a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

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

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

Sir Will. I gie ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be
blate.

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

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

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
An' tak' sic bed an' board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye ha'e
a bairn

That ye like weel, an' wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' 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 sneer ?

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.

Elsa. Betooch-us-too !—an' weel I wat that's true ;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er girt wi' you ;
Four inch abeath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

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.

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

Symon. I dinna ken ! Strange auld man, what art
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart, its guid to bode o' wealth ;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

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

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

[*SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they en-
deavour to lay him right.*]

Elsa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possess
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.

Elsa. These second-sighted fouk, (his peace be
here!)

See things far aff, an' 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,
An' speaks out broken words like ane that raves,

Symon. He'll soon grow better ;—*Elsa,* haste ye,
gae

An' fill him up a tass o' 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 well believe what I have tald,
 For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel ;

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

Sir Will. 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, an' here that disna ken,

The whimpled meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak' a noise o'er muir an' dale.

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

An' taks't for gospel what the spaeman gives
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he ev'ns to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel be't sae, friend ; I shall say naething
mair ;

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

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I ha'e but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some
meat,

An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm an' fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—
An', Glaud, you'll tak' your pipe beside the fire ;—

We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,
Synce sup together, an' tak' our pint, an' crack.

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

[*Exeunt.*]



Scene III.

Prologue.

*Jenny pretends an errand bame ;
 Young Roger drops the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 An' throw his lassie's breast.
 Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet :
 See, Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.
 Poor Shepherd !*

Roger and Jenny.

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

Jen. An' what wad Roger say, gif 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, an' langing een.
 An' I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
 Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' morn.
 Ah ! cou'd I looe ye less, I'd happy be ;
 But happier, far ! cou'd ye but fancy me.

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

Reg. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
 Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
 For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
 Hae win your love, an' near your heart may lie.

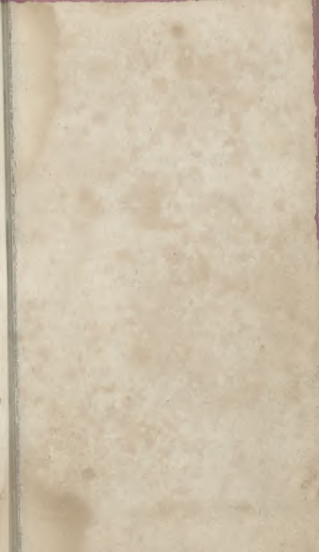
Jen. I looe my father, cousin Meg I love;
 But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move:
 Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
 An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

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

Jen. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set
 On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
 Wow! but we're bonny, guid, an' ev'ry 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, an' tint pow'r repent:
 When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
 Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

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

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooers' lips can fa'!
 But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.
 I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
 An' soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.



GENTLE SHEPHERD



I'm happy now! O'er happy! And my head
This gift o' pleasure's like to be my dead

Act II. Sc. 1.

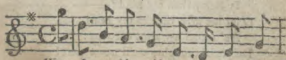
I've seen the sidler spring a while rin clear,
 An' soon in mossy puddles disappear!
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

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

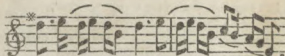
Jen. Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,
 The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I looed your company;
 An' ever had a warmness in my breast,
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head!
 This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead.
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
 Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
 Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,
 An' ferly at the quick return o' day!
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
 An' briss thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.

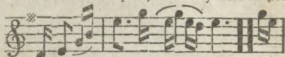
SANG XIII.



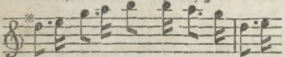
Were I assur'd you'd constant prove, You



should nae mair complain; The ea - sy maid be - set



wi' love, Few words will quickly gain: For



I must own, now since you're free, This too fond



heart o' mine Has lang, a black-sole true



to thee, Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

Rec. I'm happy now, ah! let my head

Upon thy breast recline;

The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;

Is Jenny then sae kind? —

O let me briss thee to my heart!

An' round my arms entwine:

Delytefu' thought, we'll never part!

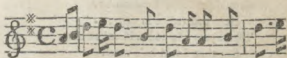
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

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

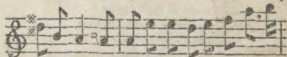
Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb;
There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jen. Weel, 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 weel,
Auld fouks, like them, that want na milk an' meal.

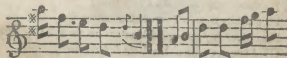
SANG XIV.



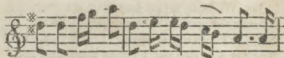
Weel I agree, ye're sure o'me; Neist to my



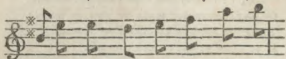
father gae: Mak him content to gie consent, He'll



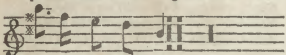
hardly say ye; nae: For ye hae what he



wad be at, An' will commend ye weel, Since



parents auld think love grows cauld, When



bairns want milk an' meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena-by,

He'd contradict in vain ;

Tho' a' my kin had said an' sworn,

But thee I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,

Like those in high degree :

An' if you prove faithfu' in love,

You'll find nae fau't in me.

Reg. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byers rout ;
 Five packs o' woo I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :
 Guid twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
 Ilk thing that maks a heartsome house an' tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.

They left me a', whilk now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee :
 An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
 My love an' a' is yours ; now haud them fast,
 An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*



Scene IV.

Prologue.

*This scene presents the knight an' Sym,
 Witbin a gall'ry o' the place,
 Where a' looks ruinous an' grim;
 Nor has the baron shaw'n his face,
 But jocking wi' his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate be kens fu' weel.*

Sir William and Symon.

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

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

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

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe
 To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!

Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' sight!
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight.

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

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

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

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, you ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son that's lood by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
As scrimpt o' manners as o' sense an' grace,
Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gie him trust.

Sir Will. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,

Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
 O'er all your observations on my son :
 A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
 But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

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

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

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder weel ; for, troth ! I didna spare
 To gi'e him, at the school, eneugh o' lair ;
 An' he delytes in books :—He reads an' speaks,
 Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words an' Grecks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read ?—and of
 what kind ?

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

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

He buys some books, o' hist'ry, sangs, or sport :
 Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
 An' carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakspeare, an' a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing,
 An' ane ca'd—Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
 About fine poems, histories, an' plays.

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

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my
 ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae 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 weel's oursell.

Sir Will. Well jested, Symon.—But one question
 more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
 Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien
 And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,
 Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 Wi' Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:

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

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

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can ken that is na downright me.

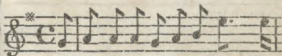
[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir William, solus.

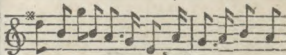
WHEN the event of hope successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight,
 These joys I feel, that words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

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

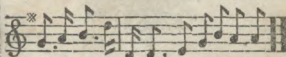
SANG XV.



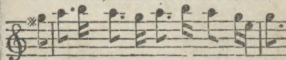
Now from rus - ti - ci - ty and love, Whose



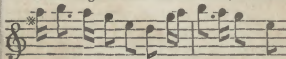
flames but over lowly burn, My gentle shep-herd



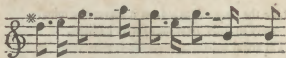
must be drove, his soul must take another turn:



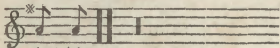
As the rough di'mond from the mine, in break-



ings on - ly shows its light, 'Till pol-ish-ing has



made it shine, Thus learning makes the ge-



nus bright.

[Exit.]



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

—→○←—
Act IV! Scene I.

Prologue.

*The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset. — Enter MAUSE an' MADGE.*

Mause and Madge.

Madge. Our laird's come hame! an' owns young
Pate his heir!

Mause. That's news indeed! —

Madge. — — — — — As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nieves in length, an' white as driven sna',
Amang us cam, cry'd, *Haud ye merry a'*.
Wi' ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een;

Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains an' skill wad naithing hae.

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

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
 Whilk slec tod-lowrie hauds without his mow,
 When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool :
 In short, he did for Pate bra' things foretell,
 Without the help o' conjuring or spell.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew
 His welcome master ;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for ;—happy lad is he !
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :
 An' troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

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

Madge. Sic nonsense ! love tak' root, but tocher
 guid,

'Tween a herd's bairn, an' ane o' gentle bluid !
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;
 But sican ferlies now we never see :

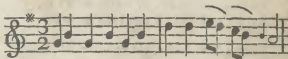
Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain :
 Yonder he comes, an' wow but he looks fain !
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

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

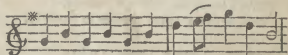
Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he ;
 An' sae wad I. But whisht ! here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy, singing.

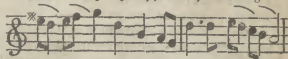
SANG XVI.



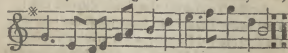
Jocky said to Jen-ny, Jen-ny wilt thou do't ?



Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher guid.



For my tocher guid, I winna marry thee ;



E'en's-ye-like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.

Mause. Weel liltet Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'se gi'e ye'd a', it's better than it's lang.

Sings again.

I ha'e gowd an' gear, I ha'e land eneugh,
I ha'e sax guid owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkan o'er the lee,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a guid ha'-house, a barn, an' a byar;
A peat-stack, 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, an' merry sall we be,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

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

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

Mause. Weel Bauldy, how gaes a' ?—

Bauldy. ————— Faith, unco right:

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

Madge. An' wha's th' unlucky ane, 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, an' Sir William's heir.

Now, now, guid Madge, an' honest Mause, stand be,

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

I'll be as kind 'as ever Fate cou'd prove,
Less wilfu', an' ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, an' the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :
Fy ! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard ;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse o' heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate ;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! an' the rest !
Ye lied, auld roudes,—an', in faith, had best
Eat in your words ; else I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ! ye sheveling-gabbit
brock ;
Speak that again, an', trembling, dread my rock,
An' ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

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

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
An' shou'd be serv'd as his guid-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog !——

[*Flees to his bair like a fury.—A stout battle.—*

MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

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

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

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

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

Bauldy. My lugs, my nōse, an' noddle find the
same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I sall 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 hae at Madge nae
spite:

But she abusing first was a' the wyte
O' what has happen'd; an' should therefore crave
My pardon first, an' shall acquaintance have.

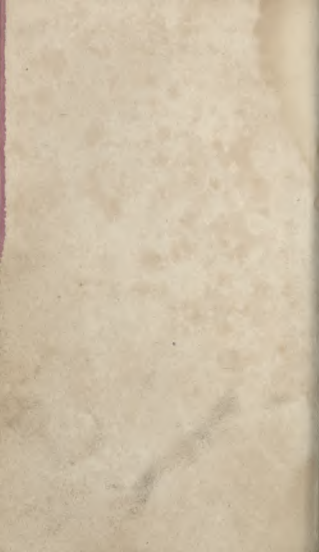
Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.

Vow, an' lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out o' hell.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.



and his sheep, they followed a ball, and he



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

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

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge [*laughing*]. I think I've towz'l'd his hari-
 galds a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye taws'd him tightly— I commend ye
 for't;

His bluiding snout ga'e me nae little sport:

For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,

An' breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,

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

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

Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to
 bear,

An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, an' feeble joints like
 mine,

Obliges fouk resentment to decline;

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

Wi' cunning can the lack o' pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,

Syne bad him come, an' we should gang to wark:

I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; an' I came here

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

Madge. An' special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;
 Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.

A linen sheet wo'nd round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

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

[*Exeunt.*



Scene II.

Prologue.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
An' the green sward grows damp wi' falling dew,
While guid 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, an' tak' farewell.*

Patie and Roger.

Reg. Wow! but I'm cadgie, an' my heart lowps
light:

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:

Sure gentle fook are farrer seen than we,

That naething ha'e to brag o' pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,

Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—an' nae mair scorn.

I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again;—

She smil'd—I kiss'd—I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

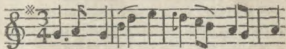
Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But, O! my change this day

Heaves up my joy, an' yet I'm sometimes wae,
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 An' 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!—An' while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I mysell, wi' rising raptures, found
 The happy son o' 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.

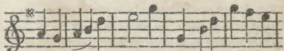
Reg. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, an' hasten reason, plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 An' part o' my new happiness repels.

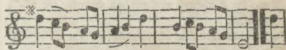
SANG XVII.



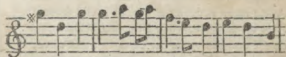
Du-ty an' part o' reason, Plead strong



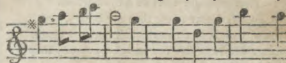
on the parent's side, Which love so superior ca's



treason; the strongest must be o - bey'd: For



now, tho' I'm mane o' the gentry, My constan-cy



falsehood re-pels, For change in my heart has



no en-try, Still there my dear Peggy ex-cels.

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

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

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

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

Reg. *They wba ha'e just eneugh can soundly sleep ;
The o'ercome only fishes fouk to keep.*—

Guid Maister Patrick, tak' your ain tale hame.

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

The poor an' rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure

Frae 'boon the lift :—without it, kings are poor.

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

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks na far amiss ;
 But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
 The passions rule the roast ;—an', if they're sour,
 Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest gaads in gentry's side.
 The gouts an' gravels, an' 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, an' halesome air.

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

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

Reg. I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy :
 Faith I'se ha'e books tho' I shou'd sell my kye :
 But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move,
 Between Sir William's will, an' Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies :—his will maun be obey'd,
 My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride :
 But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here ;
I sent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

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

[*Exit Roger.*]

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

Enter Peggy.

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

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

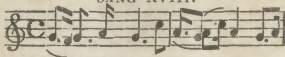
Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own :
But love's superior to a parent's frown.

I falsehood hate : come kiss thy cares away ;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.

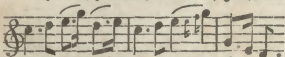
Sir William's gen'rous ; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty an' true love agree.

Peg. Speak on ! speak ever thus, an' still my grief ;
But short I dar to hope the fond relief,
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire ;
Then I, poor me !—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate ;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang :
Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin hauf breathless round the rucks o' hay ;
As aft-times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease ;
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
An' warst o' ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife !

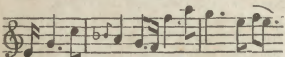
SANG XVIII.



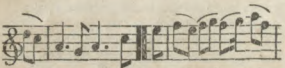
Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief, Haud



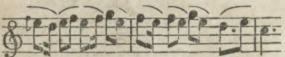
up a heart that's sinking un-der Thae fears,



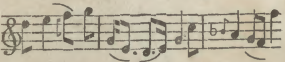
that soon will want relief, When Pate maun frae



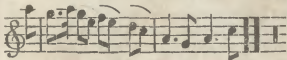
his Peggy sunder: A gent-ler face, an'



silk at-tire, A la-dy rich, in beau-



ty's blossom, A-lake, poor me! will now conspire,



To steal thee frae thy Peg-gy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, wha excell'd

The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peg-gy's praises tell :

Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,

Ye banks where we were wont to wander ;

Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,

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

Again, ah ! shall I never creep

Around the knowe wi' silent duty,

Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

An' 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.

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—an' be assur'd o' me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee :

An' time, tho' time maun interpose a while,

An' I maun leave my Peg-gy an' this isle ;

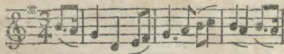
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,

If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

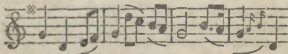
I'd hate my rising fortune, shou'd it move
 The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were' crowns an' sceptres laid,
 To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
 For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things,
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—
 Wherefore that tear? believe, an' calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, 'an' nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care:
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
 An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To mak me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Glau'd;—he's far frae fool,
 An' will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn.—

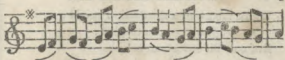
SANG XIX.



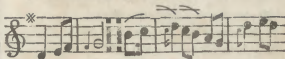
When hope was quite sunk in de - spair, My



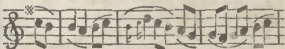
heart it was go-ing to break; My life ap-



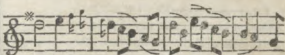
pear'd worthless my care ; But now I will save't



for thy sake. Wher - e'er my love tra - vels



by day, Wher - e ver he lodg-es by



night, Wi' me his dear image shall stay, an'



my saul keep him e - ver in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
 An' study the gentlest o' charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.

Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 Nae higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

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

Pat.—————That's wisely said,
 An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid,
 Tho', without a' the little helps o' art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart ;
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend ;
 Affect at times to like the thing we hate,
 An' drap serenity, to keep up state ;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 An', for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae ;
 Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

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

Pat. 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.

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

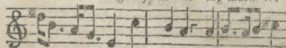
Pat. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;
Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day, an' rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, an' ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, an' on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin an' play;
An' to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, an' tell the trees an' flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's.

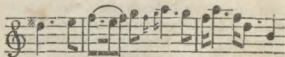
SANG XX.



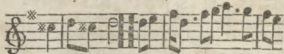
At set ting day, an' ris - ing morn Wi'



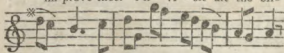
saul that still shall love thee, I'll ask



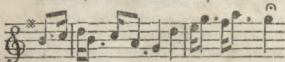
heav'n thy safe re-turn, Wi' a' that can



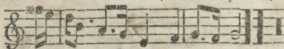
im-prove thee. I'll vi - sit aft the bir-



ken bush, Where first thou kindly tald me



Sweet tales o' love, an' hid my blush,



Whilst round thou didst in - fold me.

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

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

Peg. Were'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 fa'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

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

[*Exeunt.*]



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.



Act V. Scene I.

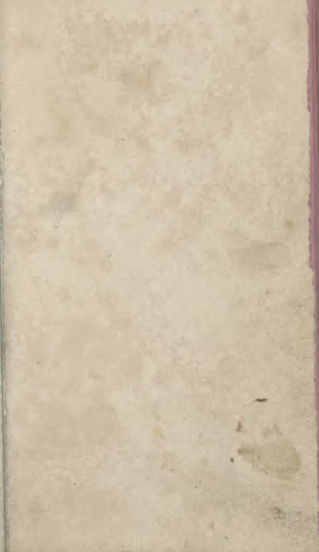
Prologue.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possert,
An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Hare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the set.*

Symon and Bauldy.

Sym. 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
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.
What gars ye shake, an' glowr, an' look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

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



GENTLE SHEPHERD.



LUKE 14.

...and a dead man came to meet him, and he took
back hands of dead, and face as white as the

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

[Symon gives him a drink.]

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

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. How goes the night? does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

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

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

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

Bauldy.———Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi' her this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me guid,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk:
Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.
Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,
An' gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I us'd to be at school.

My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
 I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,
 Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
 Syne I, hauf dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,
 Crap up, an' fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
 Houping your help to gi'e the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall grant-
 ed be ;

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

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

Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is thro' want of education blind !

Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae
 sic thing,

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

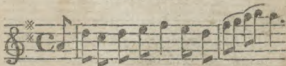
Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
 Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp ;

Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
 Aft-times like bawty, badrans, or a sow :
 Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;
 Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :
 Then oft, by night, bombaze hard-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

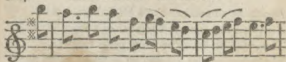
Synon. Its true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich :
 But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 An' lives a quiet an' very honest life ;
 That gats me think this hobleshew that's past,
 Will land in naething but a joke at last.

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

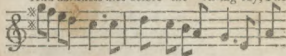
SANG XXI.



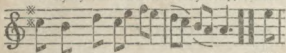
The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,



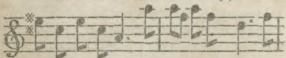
And darkness flies before the ris-ing ray, The



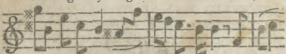
hear-ty hynd starts from his lazy sleep, To fol-



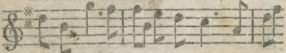
low health-ful la - bours of the day; With-



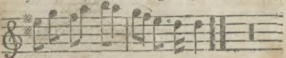
out a guil-ty sting to wrinkle his brow, The



lark and the lin - net tend his levee, And he



joins their concert driving his plow, From toil



of grimace, and pa-gean-try 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.

[*Exeunt.*



Scene II.

Prologue.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue smood Jenny binds up her hair :
Glaud, by his morning ingle, takes a beck,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek ;
A pipe bis mouth, the lasses please his een,
An' now an' then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud, Jenny, and Peggy:

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

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

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, an' he'll do't again ;
But be advis'd, his company refrain :
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life ;

But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

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

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

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

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood;
An' may na Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true; an' 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 o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard mysell,
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

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

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, an' drink:
But I'm nae saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

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

Enter Madge.

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

Glaud. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer
door,

An' bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before. [*Exit.*]

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

How bleer'd an' red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Enbrugh corss;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
Nor a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, whan we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
An' tak' what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn;
Its nae my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.

Now, since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
An' 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, an' come away.

[*Exeunt.*]



Scene III.

Prologue.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause,
 Attend, an' wi' loud laughter bear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now its tell'd him that the tax
 Was bandled by revenges' Madge,
 Because he brak' guid-breeding's laws,
 An' wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

*Sir William, Patie, Roger, Symon, Glaud,
 Bauldy and Mause.*

Sir Will. AND was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye
 was serv'd

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

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

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

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
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 slee an' a revengefu' ——
An' that my *some-place* finds:—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
An' the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek
Sent 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,—
An' yet she's not—but I shou'd haud my peace.

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 shou'd mak' appear
Wha't I hae kept a secret thretteen year—

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

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

Pat.—————Sae am I!

For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.

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

This *bonny foundling*, ae clear morn o' May,

Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,

A' sweet an' clean, an' carefully hapt round,

In infant weeds, o' rich an' 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 o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

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

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

I hid the story: she has pass'd sinsyne

As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine:

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

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

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

An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid;

O' wham I kenna.—Naething I ken mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!—

Patie.—————The tale delights my ear!

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till
truth appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush;

Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.

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

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what
you say ;

Its dang'rous in affairs like this to play.

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

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

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

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

Mause. Sir, view me weel ; has fifteen years sae
plow'd

A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Wha nurs'd her mother that now hauds my hand ? }
Yet stronger proofs I'll 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 Mause relate her tale.

Patie. Guid, nurse gae on; nae music's haff sae
fine,

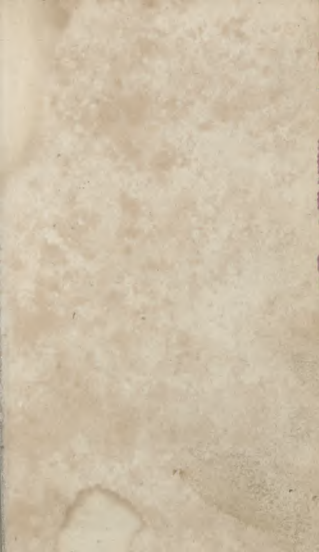
Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words o' thine.

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

I heard, wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,
An' staw the sleeping innocent away,
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day.
A' day I hid me;—whan the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
An' took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, an' Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day
Frac Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glaud. [*wi' tears of joy bapping down his beard.*]

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





GENTLE SHEPHERD

As with paternal love I never long to part
From those who trust me with the custody of their hearts

Act. 5. 1702

Patie. Its now a crime to doubt ;—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.

She's mine by vows ; an' wad, tho' still unknown,
Ha'e been my wife, whan I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
care,

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

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

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

Sir Will. [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing ;
may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

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

An' am I then a match for my ain lad,

That for me so much gen'rous kindness had ?

Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

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

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

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

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

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day !
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles ev'ry brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you :
E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, an' pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man ! remain with you this
day !

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

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

Gland. God save the king, an' save Sir William
lang,

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

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

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause,—wi' very Madge
I'm greed,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid :
I'm now fu' blyth, an' frankly can forgive,
To join an' sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

Madge. Lang may he live :—an', Bauldy, learn to
steek

Your gab awee, an' think before ye speak ;
An' never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Eise ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
An' brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
O' our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

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

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

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and kind Glau'd,
to you, }

And to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Owner. The Lord o' Heav'n return your Honour
love,

Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove.

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

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

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me
 crave,

That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
 With frank consent ; and, while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

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

ut that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay ?
 Whate'er your Honour wills, I sall obey.
 Roger, my daughter, wi' a blessing, tak,
 An' still our master's right your bus'ness mak.
 Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld grey head
 Sall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

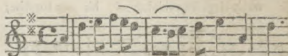
Rog. I ne'er was guid o' speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise ;
 But for my master, father, an' my wife,
 I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

Sir Will. 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, an' 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 o' dark despair,
 Some happy turn, wi' joy, dispels our care.
 Now all's at right, who sings best, let me hear.

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

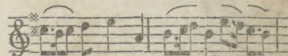
SANG XXII.



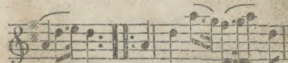
My Patie is a ló - ver gay, His mind



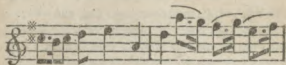
is ne - ver mud - dy ; His breath is sweeter



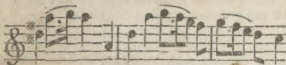
than new hay, His face is fair and



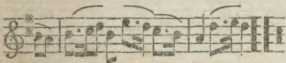
mud - dy : His shape is hand - some,



mid - dle size ; He's come - ly in his



wauk - ing: The shining o' his een surprise;



Its heav'n to hear him tau - king.

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 kiss'd, an' vow'd he wad be mine,
 An' loo'd me best o' ony ;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses o' a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting ;

Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastely shou'd be granting,
Then I'll comply, an' marry PATE;
An' syne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn riggs are bonny.

[*Excunt omnes.*



