







# THE

# GENTLE SHEPHERD:

1

SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

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HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS, &c.

A GLOSSARY.

O bonny are our greenfward bower,
Whar, thre' the birks, the burny rows,
And the bee burns, and the ox lows,
And faft winds rufte,

And faft winds rufte,
And SHEPHERD LADS on funny knows

Blaw the blyth whifte.



GLASGOW:

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1797.

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# LIFE OF MR. ALLAN RAMSAY.

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HOWEVER gratifying it may be to obtain fome account of an author, whose works have attracted idmiration and acquired celebrity, we find it often difserid of the prefern century. Before the appearance of those regular periodical publications, which allow no man of merit to "escape the world unuoiced," any information to be obtained is exceedingys feative. Of this, the object of the present memoir is a remarkable inflance.

No Poera has ever been fo popular in the kingolom of Scotland as the Gentle Shepherd; yet the upotenporaries of its author have fo far neglected his merit, as to leave us in ignorance of those particunar of his life, which, from the celebrity of his genius, it might be interesting to know. Had a Bostwell been his biographer, we should have no occasion to lancent a fiterite fource of narrative. Allan Ramfay's father was a miner in the Leadhills at Crawfurd-muir, where our Poet was born in 1686 or 1687, and where, as we are informed by perfons from the fpot, the remains of the humble dwelling which fieltered our Scottift Horace in the years of his infancy, are fill to be feen.

- " Of Crawfurd-muir, born in Leadhill
- " Where min'ral fprings Glengoner fill,
- "Which joins fweet flowing Clyde,
  "Between auld Crawfurd-Lindiay's towers
  - "And where Deneetne rapid pours
    - " His stream thro' Glotta's tide;
  - " Native of Clydefdale's upper ward, " Bred fifteen fummers there \*." &c.

It is more than probable, from the last line of the above slanza, that he was fent into Edinburgh in or about the year 1701, to serve an apprenticeship, to

about the year 1701, to ferve an apprenticefhip, to the barber bufinefs, a fituation which in the days, may be believed to be of the loweft.—That this was the profeffion Ramfay originally followed, is plainly to be feen from the fe lines in his epifle to J. Arbuckler

- " I theek the out, and line the infide
- " Of mony a doufe and witty pash;
- "And baith ways gather in the cash †."

His taste in Poetry, however, has justly raised him to a degree of fame that may, in some measure, be considered as a recompence for the frowns of fortune.

Bill to the Whin-bush Club, page 159, vol. 1. † Epistle to Mr. James Arbuchle, page 160, vol. 1. Mr. Baker attributes to him the Nuptials, a marque, printed in 1721; but his fame refls chiefly upon the partoral Comedy of Patie and Roger, or the Gentle Shepherd.

Of all Poets in the Scottift dialect, favs a critic, the beft and greateft, beyond all comparison, is Allan Ramfay. He appears to have fludied Dryden's five with much attention, fince his verfes flow with the most pleafing volubility. His provincial plansfes are few, when compared with those of fome of his imitators, and he has felected them with fuch happy dexertive, that they are almost equally familiar in every part of the kingdom. But this is only a fecondary part of his praise. A vein of folid good fense, a nice discrimination of characters, a nervous elegance, and a pathetic fimplicity of expression; in a word, the genuine language of nature, of passing, and of poetry, place his passoral Comedy almost beyond our praise.

The first edition of his Poems, with a most respectable lift of subscribers, came out in July 1721.—The following is a copy of the advertisement, from the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of the above date, announcing the publication:—

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Poems of Allan Ramfay, in a large quarto
"volume, fairly printed, with notes, and a complete Gloffary, (as promifed to the fubferibers)
being now finished; all who have generously com-

et tributed to carrying on of the defign, may call for " their copies as foon as they pleafe, from the au-" thor, at the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd,

" Edinburgh,"

Though the first scene of the Gentle Shepherd was published in this edition of Ramfav's Poems, it was not till about the year 1724 that he finished and ushered into the world that inimitable production, fo much admired for its native fimplicity, and the genuine vein of pastoral poefy that adorns almost every fentence. As it has been faid by fome, that Ramfay was not the real author of this beautiful Paftoral, in order to refute their envious affertions, it is only necessary to quote the following paragraph from a note annexed by Mr. Tytler to his edition of the Poetical Works of King James I.

" Ramfay was a man of ftrong natural, though " native poetic fancy. Born in a paftoral country,

" he had strongly imbibed the manners and hu-" mours of that life. As I knew him well, an honest

ee man, and of great pleafantry, it is with peculiar " fatisfaction I feize this opportunity of doing juffice

" to his memory, in giving testimony to his being " the Author of the Gentle Shepherd, which, for the

" natural ease of the dialogue, the propriety of the " characters, perfectly fimilar to the pafforal life in

" Scotland, the picturefque fcenery, and, above all,

" the famplicity and beauty of the fable, may justly,

" rank amongst the most eminent pastoral dramas that our own or any other nation can boast of. Merit will ever be followed by detraction. The " envious tale that the Gentle Shepherd was the 46 joint composition of some wits with whom Ram-" fay conversed, is without truth. It might be suf-" ficient to fay, that none of these Gentlemen have es left the fmalleft fragment behind them that can sive countenance to fuch a claim. While I paffed " my infancy at New Hall, near Pentland Hills, where the icenes of this paftoral Poem are laid, the feat of Mr. Forbes, and the refort of many of the " c literati at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramfay recite, as his own production, different a scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two first, before it was printed. I believe my Hon. of friend Sir James Clerk of Pennycuick, where Ramfay frequently relided, and who I know is so possessed of several original Poems composed by as him, can give the fame testimony."

It appears to have been about the year 1795 that Ramfay commenced bookfeller, and was the first who established a circulating library in Scotland. Whatever might have been his original education, it canmot be (upposed that a genius like his would be confined to the mere mechanical fervices of a librarykeeper.

The time of his death is variously related; but the most authentic account we have yet seen, is in the lift of deaths in the Scots Magazine for December 1757. "Died, at Edinburgh, in an advanced age, "Mr. Allan Ramfay, formerly a bookfeller in that "city, well known for his Gentle Shepherd, and "many other Poecical pieces in the Scots dialed, "which he wrote and collected."

From this account it would appear, that he was not a bookfeller at the time of his death; and, as he died a bankrupt \*, we naturally conclude that he did not elcape the fate of other geniufes who have been countenanced by patrons without generolity.

The following letter was written by the Pafforal Poet, to Mr. John Smibert, a Portrait-painter, who left England with Dean Berkely, to fettle in Bermudas. It is dated Edinburgh, May 10, 1736.

66 My dear old friend.

"Your health and happiness are ever ane addition to my statefaction. God make your life ever eafy and releasant—half a century of years have now mow'd o'er my pens, that begins now to be part; yet, thanks to my author, I eat, drink, and sheep as found as I did twenty years fore (apo) yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that facul-

O His debts were afterwords paid by his fan Allan Ramfor Eliy: the celebrated painter, cubo died a few years ago, on his return from the Continent. He was principal Portrait-painter to their Magifies.

ty upon as ever; fools, fops, and knaves, grow as rank as formerly, yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are ane honour to Eumane life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world; then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good auld wife is still my bed-fellow; my fon Allan has been purfuing your science since he was a dozen years auld -- was with Mr. Hyffidg, at London, for fome time, about two years ago; has been fince at home painting here like a Raphael-fets out for the feat of the beaft, beyond the Alps, within a month hence-to be away about two years. I'm faveer (loth) to part with him, but canna flem the current, which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination-I have one of twelve years old, and no rewayled drugie among them, all fine girls. Thefe fix or feven years paft in good time, before the coolness of fancy, that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

> "Frat twenty-five to five and forty My mufe was neither fiven not obry; My Pegafus wood break his tether, E'en at the florging of a feather. And therew ideas from like drifts, Secusing his wings up to the lift; Then, then my foul was in a low That gart my numbers fafely row;

But sild and judgment gin to fay
Let be your large, and learn to pray.

I am, fir, your friend and fervant,

ALLAN RAMSAY."

# ON THE DEATH OF MR. ALLAN RAMSAY;. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

HARD by the graffy margin of a stream,

Where zephyrs play'd to cool the fultry beam, Shedding, conglob'd anon, the vapoury dew, buff as the fun from noontide height declin'd. And thro' the op'ning trees obliquely fhin'd. A shepherd rested on the flowery ground, By diftant rows of elms encompass'd round. Pure was his bosom as the ftream that flow'd, Or eaftern gale that o'er its furface blow'd, Gentle his temper as the lenient flow'r, That foreads its folds to catch the moift'ning flow'r. Pleas'd and contented with his humble lot, His thoughts ne'er foar'd above the crook or cot. Oft would he foftly fwell the mellow reed, Or make lone echoes vocal with his fong ; Select rich nofegays, elegantly drefs'd, To fill, but not adorn, his charmer's breaft : Oft fludious pore o'er fome fam'd paft'ral book.

† From Dadfley's Collection of Pasms.

His plaid thrown by, his flagellet, and crook of Where ruftic love-feenes harmlefsly confpire, To melt the tender heart, and fancy fire; Truth and fimplicity unletter'd thine, And innocence embellithes each little.

Above the reft, the Gentle Shepherd charm'd, With hopes and fears alternately alarm'd, While Paties, and while Peggy met to woo, Almoft, fo firong the paint, confeis' d to view; With rolling eyes on one another turn'd, Glancing those fires that in their bosoms burn'd. Not the fost dours that in violets dwell, Not the bland honey from the waxen cell; Not the bland honey from the waxen cell; Not the mind famings of the fourthern breeze, That Sir to Sighs the not unconfcious trees; Not Philomel, first minstered of the grove, Warbling in yonder jes 'mine wreath'd alcove; Not the sweet murmur of defending rills, Nor low-breath'd do coo fir-immanted hills; With more of nature exquisitely please.

Such traces the fond numbers leave behind, Such power have fine deferiptions o'er the mind; Off to fome oak would he his fpeech addrefs, In equal warmth his paffion to express; And fill, as off as breezes family dhe trees, Fondly concludes an answer he receives; Till conquer'd by imaginary charms, Around the trunk he claspe his eager arms, And, ere his eyes the firange miftake can fee, Imprints warm kiffes on the lifeless tree.

Once as he fat beneath an aged thorn, To breathe the dewy freshness of the morn : His ear attentive to the blackbird's lav, Or tuneful thrush, perch'd on a neighb'ring spray; A fwain, flowly approaching, he efpies, With his foread Itand oft lifted to his eves : Whose downcast looks seem to implore relief, As if oppress'd with some o'erwhelming grief. Touch'd with the fudden fympathy of wo, Yet apprehensive the event to know: While mix'd furmifes all his mind poffefs, And various reasons offer to his guess, Near him with trembling flep the fhepherd draws, Eager to ask the melancholy cause: But all the answer his enquiry gains, Which yet, alas! too well his grief explains, Thefe few fhort, but emphatic words expreft, RAMSAY IS DEAD !- his filence told the reft.

## CRITICAL REMARKS

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# GENERAL PLAN

OF THE

# GENTLE SHEPHERD.

In making any observations upon this celebrated pathoral, it seems most natural to consider it under the following heads: 1/3, The Fable—2/1/3, The Characters—3/1/3, The Sentiments and Behaviour of the Actors; and, in the 4/b place, The Language.

19 The fables of all dramatic works must be probable, but those of the pattoral drama must be peculiarly fo; may these last must conflict chiefly of common incidents, subfervient to one interesting event, which is the end and occasion of the whole. Boastly such is the pattoral of the Gentle Shepherd; almost all the scenes in it are familiar to the Scotchman, who hath passed his days on this fact the Tweed; and there is one leading circumstance, one

principal occurrence, which all the reft (nicely organized) approximate, at their feveral diffiances. This great and happy events in o lefs than the fafe return of Sir William Worthy from the wars, and his arrival at his paternal feat.

There are few, very few of our countrymen, we believe who have not perufed the Gentle Shepherd as again and again, with increaded fatisfation and delight, and from whence, let us affs, arife the pleafing emotions? are they not occasioned by the affinity which we observe between this comedy and nature, and its uniform conordance with what we have feen and experienced in the world?

24, Of the characters. Thefe are perhaps as well diverified as the paftoral life will admit of. The incidents in it are fupposed to be few, and thofe univeresting. We imagine that the pipe and crook alternately engage the shepherd's attention; in every feason of the year he spends to-day as he did yelferday, with little or no variation. In like manner, the fon (making allowances for the difference in natural dispositions) grows up in the very footsteps of his passive in the authority of the passive in the passi

We further (hypole, that thefe happy people formeld thems(levs into convenient focities, where they did and received good offices to and from one another; and who, from the nature of their professional and from their fituation in life, we may conflowed were remarkable for the innocency of their lives, and simplicity of their manners.

Such is a fample of the golden age which is no more to be met with in these iron times.

In the third place, the fentiments and behaviour of the aftors are perieftly correipondent to their refpective conditions. All of them, except the Kinght, are placed in an humble fiphere of life, and their opinions and aftons are fuch as befit persons who have not received a liberal education; yet notwithflanding, they (tutored by nature and uncorrupted by the world) make use of similies drawn from objects immediately furrounding them, which come home with greater force to the seeling heart, than any thing which can be effected by the choisfit language, or most elaborate plaraseology.

In the fourth place, of the language: that by fome it hath been reprobated for its vulgarity and meanners; that there are fome vulgarisms in this Poem which it would certainly have been better without, we are not disposed to deny, but that these abound throughout, or that the language on the whole is mean, we can on no account admit: it is feldom (if

ever) unfuitable to the quality of the fpeakers, who, it may be proper here to observe, must not be confidered as every way the same with the primitive thepherds fpoken of before, or as exactly of that cast which Pope describes to be the fittest characters for paftoral poetry, but in a great degree below both; they may be faid to be their equals in felicity; their inferiors in birth, riches, and mental qualifications; viewing them in this light, we ought not to be out of humour with the Poet, when we meet with one or two unpolifhed phrases in the mouths of any of his dramatis persone; because, 1/1, they are taken from real life: 2% they render the Poem more ludicrous; and laftly, the author meant they fhould please. In short, we are of opinion, that if such naturalities do not always beautify, they feldom disfigure 2 work of this kind.

We may finally, remark, that the speeches of the good old Knight are happily characteristic. They possess a degree of dignity, tempered with affability, which is exceedingly agreeable to the reader, and which is highly meritorious in the author.

### OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

# SCENERY

OF THE

# GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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"What makes these particulars interesting, is, that at this time, when the property of Mr. Forbes, this place was diffinguished by Allan Ramagay's attachment to it, as well as to the proprietor and his samily, in consequence of which it affisted in forming, and was chosen by him for the feels as of that celebrated

paffed my infancy at New Hall,' fays Mr. Tytler in his edition of King James's Poems, ' near Pentland 4 Hills, where the Scenes of this pastoral Poem were laid the feat of Mr. Forbes and the refort of many of the literati at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramfay recite, as his own production, different fcenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two " firft, before it was printed. I believe my honourable friend, Sir James Clerk of Pennycuick, where Ramfay frequently relided, and who, I know, is 6 hation.' In fummer 1788 Mr. Tytler, when on a to whom he here referred, Prefident Forbes, Baran Sir cupied by himfelf. Of the two first scenes particuthe first act, and most of the picturesque scenery in the Poem. The first is.

Beneath the fouth fide of a craggy hield, Where christal springs the halesome waters yield:

And the fecond,

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes, Where laffes ufe to waft and fpread their claiths; A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground, Its channel peebles fluing fmooth and round:

### JENNY.

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

### EGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the fweets of fyring and fimmer grow,
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fai's and make a fingand din;
A pool breaft deep, beneath as clear as glafis;
Efficts wi' eafy whirls the bord'ring grafis:
We'll end our wafning while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het we'll to the pool,
There wafn ourfells.

### Tenny

Daft laffie, when we're naked, what'll ye fay, Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae, And fee us fae!

Between the house and the little haugh, where the Esk and the rivulets from the Harbour Craig meet; are some romantig grey craggs at the fide of the water, looking up a turn in the glen, and directly fronting the fouth. Their crevices are filled with birches, furthes, and copiewood; the clear fiream putles its way past, within a few yards, before it runs directly under them, and projecting beyond their bales, they give complete beside to whatever is beneath, and form

the most inviting retreat imaginable. Farther up, the glen widens immediately behind the house, into a confiderable green or holm, with the hanging burn now more quiet, winding among peebles, in fhort turns through it. At the head of this howm, on the edge of the ffream, with an aged thorn behind them, are the ruins of an old washing house; and the place was fo well calculated for the use it had formerly been applied to, that another more convenient one was built about twenty years ago, and is ftill to be feen. Still farther up the burn, agreeable to the defcription in the dialogue of the fecond fcene, the hollow beyond Mary's Bower, where the Esk divides it in the middle, and forms a lin or leap, is named the How Burn; a fmall enclosure above is called the Braehead park; and the hollow below the cafcade, with its bathing pool, and little green, its birches, wild fhrubs, and variety of natural flowers in fummer, with its rocks, and the whole of its romantic and rural fcenery, coincides exactly with the defcription of Habby's How. It was fo defigned, no doubt, to diflinguish it from the upper division of the How, either for the fake of the verfe, and the alliteration or initial refemblance, or which is more likely, because fome cottager of that name, in other parts of the Poem called Hab and Halbert, and a favourite in the family, had at that, or fome former period, chofen this fpot for the scite of his hut. There are still the remains of a cottage on the top of the north bank, immediately over it, and the pool continues to be the favourite place for bathing. Farther up ftill, the

grounds beyond the How Burn, to the westward, called Carlops, a contraction for Carline's Loup, were fupposed once to have been the residence of a Carline or Witch, who lived in a dell, at the foot of the Carlops Hill, near a pass between two conic rocks: from the opposite points of which the was often obferved at nights, by the superstitious and ignorant. bounding and frifking on her broom, aerofs the entrance. Not far from this, on a height to the eaft, is a very ancient half withered folitary ash tree, near with not another of 30 years standing in fight of it; and from the open grounds to the fouth, both it and the glen, with the village, and fome decayed cottages in it, and the Carline's Loups at its mouth, are fcen. Ramfay may not have observed, or referred to this tree, but it is a curious circumstance that it should be there, and so situated as to complete the refemblance to the fcene, which feems to have been

### ACT II. SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife fpinning at the funny end.—
At a finall diffance, by a blafted tree,
With falded arms, and half-raifed look ye fee,
Bauldy his lane.

The tradition, the objects of the landscape, and the poet's intimate acquaintance with every thing connected with his friend's property, all tend to show, that not only the feenery, but the flory itself, was in fome measure borrowed from it. In the third ads, Sir William Worthy laments the ruinous condition of many of the particulars which difflinguished the place in the time of Sir David Forbes, and had been the result of his tafte and attention. The avenues are not omitted, and even the tapeftry which had covered two of the sides of the Advocate's Room, that when the proprietor took possession, were literally in the exact fituation described at the beginning of the third ass.

' \_\_\_\_; no chimney left,
' The naked walls of tap'ftry all bereft,'

is taken notice of. The offices, and pigeon houses and gardens, give rise to the following exclamation in the same scene,

My flables and pavilions, broken walls;! That with each rainy blaft decaying falls: My gardens once adorn'd the moft compleat, With all that nature all that art makes fweet, &c. But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier;

No jaccacinths or eglintines appear.

And if, as is prefumable, the name Worthy was given the proprietor, in compliment to Sir David Forses, William has evidently been placed before it, in preference to any other Chriftian uame, merely for the fake of alliteration. In 1784, after a vifit, the proprietor received the following verfes from Mr. Braddetute author of the Statiflical Account of Dunfres, and late minister of that parisk, a respectable

and ingenious man, and who, from his intimacy with the late Sir James Clerk, was also well acquainted with whatever related to Ramfay's compositions, and to the Gentle Shepherd in particular. In these lines, the house of Glaud and Symon are supposed to have been the cottage at the foot of Monk's Burn; and that of Harleymuir, on the height on the other side of the water above the Steel, and not far from the Harbour Craige. The first is very old, and only the foundation of the last is to be discovered, a little to the cast of the prefent one, seen from the lake. The verse are entitled, A Morning Walk at New Hall in Mid-Lothian, the feat of Robert Brown, Efg. Advocate.

Waked by the morning rays from fleeting dreams. I leave the couch inviting to repofe, To trace the scenes which nature spreads around; To please the eye or animate the foul, With recollections drawn from ancient times. We enter first the glen adorn'd with trees, Where varied fhades and pleafing groves delight The warbling birds that perch on every fpray. The lulling murmurs of the diftant Efk. At bottom of the woods falute the ear : Beyond, the rifing heights covered with woods, And interspers'd with jutting rocks, invite The eye to trace, in beauty's waving line, The vivid landscape, rich with deepening shades Which here o'erhang the glaffy glittering ftream, Till from the widening vale the country op's .-

The winding path now leads us thro' the wood. Where Esk pours forth her filver flowing ffream In fweet retirement, and fequefter'd shade. We then approach the opening of the trees Where now the ruftic fwain enjoys the banks, Happy and blythe, not far his humble cot, Cloath'd with the fhining fraw, whole white-wash'd Appear contrasted with the ivy's green. [walls Before the door the partner of his cares Turns fwift the wheel, and tunes the Scottish fong, Eving afkance her young ones on the grafs, Left they too near approach the river's bank : The cattle spread around now browse the herbs, The watchful dog guards well the ripen'd corns Aud faves the treasure for his master's use. Near this a pleafing riv'let glides along, Falls from the height, and forms the bright cafcade, Where hollow rocks furround the fosming pool, And form a fhade to screen the mid-day sun.-From this we mount the bank to view the lake, With thining furface drawn from crystal springs, Land-lock'd and fmooth, where oft the finny tribe We now return and trace the river's banks, Studded with cowflips, and with copfewcods crown'd. Beyond, the profpect's barren all and wild, With hollow glens and deep fequefter'd lawns. Now all at once, far up another glen. Midft awful folitudes and darkiome dells, A high tremendous rock creeks his front:

On near approach we found it deeply mark'd, With venerable names of thefe who fled, In Charles's haplefs days, the haunts of men, Purfued by unrelenting bands who fought Their death, and wag'd ignoble war. Here fad the preacher flood with folemn paufe. To mark, with outstretch'd arm, the fombre heath, The field of Scottish and of English wars ; Or what more near concern'd the lift'ning croud, To point the fatal foot on Pentland Hills, Where many a ploughman warrior fought and fell.-Slowly we turn and leave thefe gloomy fcenes, Sacred to fighs and deepest heart-felt wo, To feek the pleafing banks and purling rill Where coplewood thickets cheer the wand'ring eye, Where honevfuckle with the birch entwines .-We enter now from hence the western glen Through which the murm'ring Efk pours forth his And view a paft'ral and more pleafing fcene, [ftream, Bacred to fame, and deem'd now claffic ground. Twas here a beautiful recefs was found; and hence arose the scene of Habby's How ; Where now appears betwixt two birks the lin That falling forms the pool where bath'd the maids, Whilft here upon the green their cloth they laid. Mere on a feat reclin'd, fcreen'd from the fun, Wy hazle fhrubs and honeyfuckle flowers ou fit at eafe and recollect the fong,

Yhile fportive fancy imag'ry fupplies.—

sollowing the fiream, we view the happy fpots,

here Glaud and Symon dwelt in times of old

And paß'd the joke over the nut brown ale; Where old Sir William cheer'd poor Peggy's heart, And gave her yielding to her Patie's arms— Thy pen, O Ramfay! fweeteft paftoral bard t Alone was fit to paint the plealing tale, And teach mankind the charms of rural life!

Among the best of Ramfay's finaller productions are an Ode to Mr. Forbes, and some verse on Mrs. Forbes, late Lady New Hall, as the is called, according to the fashion of the time, whole maiden nature, it appears, was Bruce. So found he was ofther place, that he legists his parody of one of Horace's Odes, as if feated at one of the froot windows of the house, 'Look up to Pendand's tow'ring topy,' &e. and in accillate to Gay the peet, either from this or Pennyculck, where his patrons the Duke and Duchefs of Queenforery, have their portraits, and were intimately acquainted, he addresses him thus:

To thee free edge of Pentland height, Where fawns and fairles take delight, Andrevel a' the livelang night, O'er glens and braes, A bard that has the fecond fight

This is the only place, in the neighbourhood of the Pentland range, that looks up in front of these mountains. In the month of May, the bright green fourd of the Spiral hill is often, on this fide, helf covered and fludded over with all the every of the farms and their young ones as white as fnow, balking above the river, in the face of the fun, frifting and jumping about, or making the air refound with their bleatings; whill the fleepherd and his dog, laid on a neighbouraing height, command the whole and feek the cooling breeze.

When, in a fine evening, from the front windows, in the month of July, the fun, with glowing clouds innumerable, inclines towards the western shoulder of the mountain, and his golden rays stream along its Smooth and verdant furface, touching the flightest inequality, and deepening and extending every finadow; when at this time, the flock appears over the lawns and trees, from the other fide, on its furnmit, and, fpread like a white sheet, gradually contracting descends into the bughts, about mid-way down, where the milk maids await, " and," as it is expressed in the 4th fcene of the 2d act, " Rofie lilts the milking of the ewes," attended by the shepherd wrapt in not to join in the request of the poet, in that beautiful old Scottish melody, " Will you go to the ewe " bughts;" and a feene as rich, as truly paftoral and fublime, is frequently prefented to the eye, as ever was fcribe. The wawking of the faulds, gives the tune to the very first fong which opens the play under confideration, and was naturally pitched upon, where fach an occurrence is also often and fo firikingly exhibited.

From these circumstances, the manners, ideas, employments, language, and drefs of the old inhabitants: the title of the former proprietor by whom the house was built; Ramfav's intimacy with his fon, and attachment to the place; the shelter there given to the covenanters before the Restoration, which is commemorated with fo much lovalty and exultation in the comedy : the mention made in it of General Monk : the tradition as to the witch in the glen at Carlops; the corresponding scenery at Habbie's How, and about the house; the number of streams, birches, rocks, cafeades, and glens, with the natural fhrubs and flowers growing wild upon the banks, together with the fuperior verdure and beauty of the neighbouring hills, particularly those in the front of the houle; the reader may eafily trace, from whence have fprung almost all the incidents and pastoral fcenery of the Gentle Shepherd, the most beautiful of our Scottish Poems.

That firiking feenery produces a very powerful effect upon the imagination; and, when it becomes an object of attachment, mult influence and give a corresponding character to the productions of a poet, as well as of a painter, is unqueflionable. A collection of fine words may be made, and firtung mechanically together, as occasion requires, into fomething like a picture; but, as it is the combination, and not the words themselves, that produces the effect, it is from the fludy of nature only we can acquire these impersions to be conveyed to the reader, in a

firiking description; and a poet, to excel in that branch of his art, must be alive to the charms of a good landscape : must collect from nature alone such objects as fuit his purpose, in those places where the greatest number of them are to be met with; and in their distribution and colouring, must follow the same rules that that painter does, who purfues the only road to fame, in a fimilar species of composition. If it is nature that is to be represented, either on paper or canvas, and a true likeness given, she must fit for her picture. In this case no violation of custom or incongruity can ever take place. All Shenftone's defcriptions, and many of his other Poems, are mere expressions of the feeling excited by the scenes among which he lived, and in which he delighted; and in this view, as containing the originals from whence his engaging descriptions were drawn, the Arcadian fimplicity of the Leasowes, has been a greater object of curiofity and interest, to people of genuine sensibility and tafte, than places crowded with the most expensive ornaments. Besides the national concern every Scotchman in particular must have, in whatever relates to a performance, which, as a PAS TORAL Co-MEDY, has not been SURPASSED, or perhaps EQUAL-LED, in any language; in the fame light, as the manners cannot be preferved, it was defirable to afcertain, at least, the spot from whence Ramsay had got those pastoral descriptions, and scenes, which are fo inimitably and faithfully copied. Accordingly the Gentle Shepherd no fooner drew admiration, than every trifling streamlet, in the direction of the Pent-

land Hills, was honoured with a Habbie's How; and having once got the name fixed upon it, the whole frenery of the Poem was applied to the neighbourhood, without producing any evidence, that Ramfav had ever refided in the place, or had ever an opportunity of feeing the foot itself. Some forgetting even that Habbie's How was a place, "Where a' name, as in the water of Glencrofs, to a fpot which which is away from all inhabitants, bare, and furrounded with marfles; where there is fearcely a birch, or farub, unless a flinted folitary thorn, or rowan flicking out, as if dropt, by accident, from a rock deferves the name; where not a flower, but that of whins, where the foil is dry, is to be found; and which Ramfav, from having no apparent connection with it, even heard of, in his life. On this account, to remove the difagreeable and unpleafant fenfations arifhonour and hiftory of Scotland, fuch a fubject is amusing, and as a matter of curiofity may lead to imeft incitements to action; it is the only road to wifdom; it is the prime mover of philosophers, as well as of children; it is lively, entertaining, and innocent in its gratification; and what is the end of all our

purfuits, even the moft important, but the gratification of fome one of those passions or appetites arising from external objects, through the mediums of perception and emotion, which constitute the very effence of our being, and without which life itself is beyond our comprehension? At this time New Hall, Carlops, and Spittal, all belonged to Mr. Forbes; and it is fomewhat remarkable, that, while Allan Ramfay was encouraged by him, and Gay the poet was patronifed by the intimate friends of Si James Clerk at Pennycuick, the Duke and Duchesi of Queensherry, his cousin, President Forbes, was the chief support of Thomson, who might often have been here along with him, and was also distinguished for the accuracy and engaging simplicity, as well as richness, of his descriptions of rural life and senercy.

Ramfay was an enthufiaft in Scottift mufic, and befides his ownf which are numerous, he has made a large collection of fongs wrote by others of his connetroner, and it was in all probability from his connetions with him, that Gay, whole genius, originally, feems to have been of a very fimilar caft, has flown his attachment to our tunes in his celebrated play of the Beggar<sup>3</sup> Opera.

These properties, on the death of Mr. Forbes, were disjoined, but are now again united; the farthest of the glens behind has been flooded, from the Harbour Craig upwards, and the banks are about to be covered with wood. An enriched obejick has been raised

on the higheft part of the lawn, betwixt and Mary's Bower, and a rulic but near it, on a hold point on the brink of the glen. The incloffures and pleafure grounds, towards the road and hills in front, and the plantations have been much extended, both down to the lake and up towards the village, near which, on an eminence at the foot of the hills, a romantic and Arcadian fcite has been chofen for a monument to their favourite pathoral Bard.

### TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

#### SUSANNA,

#### COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

#### MADAM,

The love of approbation, and a defire to pleafe the beth, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their defigns with chearfulners. But, conficious of their own inability to oppose a florm of fpleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious cultom among it them to chuse fome honourable fhade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pafforal under your Ladyfnip's protedition. If my Patronesh fays, the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural slowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myleff fase from the aukward cenfure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am fure of vaft numbers that will crowd into your Ladythip's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their fentiments with the Countels of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment shine with an uncommon lufter, while accompanied

with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my must to delineate the inness for some your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since statery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in passies miplaced.

Were Ito begin with your Ladythip's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and prefents us with numberlefs great and good Patriots that have dignified the names of Kennely and Montgomery. Be that the care of the herald and historian. It is perfound merit, and the heavenly fweetnesh of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays: Here every Leshia must be excepted whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: But your Lady-ship jully claims our admiration and profounded respect, for whilst you are possess for every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and pletty, which adorn your Ladythip's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better fenfe than go the fin fines, when we have you to tell us the fin finies, when we have the ufe of our cyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true, but I have the liberty to ule the poet's privilege, which is, "To Peak what every body thinks." Indeed there might be fome firength in the reflection, if the Idalian registres were of as fhort duration as life; but the bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praife-worthy pleature no communicating to pofterity the fame of diffinguished characters—I write this last fentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I shall prove fo happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour:—I shall hope to be classed with Tasse and Guarini, and fing with Ovid,

"If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,

"One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

And most devoted fervant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

2



# THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

A CERT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays!
The mufe, that oft has rais'd her tuneful firains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's bilifatul plains,
That oft has fings, her lift'ning youth to move,
That oft has fings, her lift'ning youth to move,
Once more refumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray,
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair
To breath the balmy fivests of puere air,
In the cool evening negligently bid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear's, approve
The Gealt Shaphers't tender tale of love.
The stream of the stream

Instructed from their eenes, what gowing infiname the breaft that real love infipires!

The fair shall read of ardors, figha, and tears, All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:

Hence, too, what passions in his bostom rife!

What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!

What dawning not piteous of his fate,

Cur'd of her feorn, and vanquist'd of her hate,

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent, And blufhing, beauteous fmiles the kind confent ! Love's paffion here in each extreme is flown. In Charlotte's fmile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like thefe, that fail'd not to engage. Love courted beauty in a golden age, Pure and untaught, fuch nature first infpir'd, Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd. His fecret thoughts were undifguis'd with art, His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart: He speaks his love so artless and sincere.

As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear. Heaven only to the Rural State beflows

Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes: Secure alike from envy and from care. Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear: Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains, Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains. No fecret guilt its ftedfaft peace deftroys, No wild ambition interrupts its jovs. Bleft still to fpend the hours that heav'n has lent. In humble goodness, and in calm content: Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll, Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's foul.

But now the Rural State thefe jovs has loft: Even fwains no more that innocence can boaft: Love fpeaks no more what beauty may believe, Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive. Now Happings forfakes her bleft retreat, The peaceful dwellings where the fix'd her feat; The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace, Companion to an upright fober race.

To crown the pleafures of the blameless feast,

Oh tappunels I room human (earch retur'd; Where art thou to be found by all defin'd? Nun fiber and devont! why art thou Red, To hild in flades thy meek contented head? Virgin of afpech mild! ah why, unkind, Fly'ft thou, diffpleas'd, the commerce of mankind? O! teach our fleps to find the feeret cell, Where, with thy fire Coutent, thou lov'dlt to dwell. Or fay, do''ll thou' a dureous handmaid wait Familiar at the chambers of the great? Do fit thou purfue the voice of them that call. To noily revel and to midsight ball?

Or the full banquet when we feaft our foul, Do'fl thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl? Or, with th' industrious planter do'ft thou talk, Converfing freely in an evening walk? Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r. Still musing filent at the morning hour? In Stair's wifdom, or in Erskine's charms ? Soon, foon we might the precious bleffing boaft, But many passions must the bleffing cost :

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, giveing at another hate;
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When thele are in the human boson mustly,
Can peace reside in dwellings so secure?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spoteff in thy deed;
In virtues rich, in goodnels unconfined,
Thou Smith a fair example to thy kind?
Sincerc and qualt to thy schildbear's name,

How swift to praife, how guiltless to defame?

Bold in thy prefence Baffirlanes appears,
And backward Merit lofes all its fears:
Supremely bleft by heaven, heaven's richeft grace,
Confest is thine an early blooming race;
Whose pleasing fmiles shall guardian wisfloom arm,
Divine instruction I taught of thee to charm:
What transports shall they to thy fool impart
(The confeious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'if them of each grace posses,
And fighing youths imploring to be bleft!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine;
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintonus of other days.

Meanwhile perufe the following tender feenes, And liften to thy native ports' strains: In ancient garb the home-bred mufe appears, The garb our mufes wore in former years: As in a glafa reflected, here behold How fmiling goodness look'd in days of old! Now buffs to read where beauty's praife is flown, Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own; While 'middl the various gifts that gracious Hearen To thee, in whom it is well-pleat'd, has given, Let this, O Eglintoun! I delight thee most, T'e njoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

# TO JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ. SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE
SHEPHERD.

THE nipping frosts, and driving fna',

Are o'er the hills and far awa'; Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla',

And ilka thing Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, and bra',

Then let's begin by creek of day, Kind muse skiff to the bent away, To try anes mair the landart lay,

Since Burchet awns that thou can play

Anes, anes again beneath fome tree

To weaker fight,

Set these \* rude fonnets fung by n In truest light

In trueff light may a' that's fine In his fair character still shine, Sma' need he has of sangs like mine

For frae the north to fouthern line,

Wide gangs his fame.

\* To weaker fight, fet thefe, &c] Having done me the bonour of turning some of my passoral poemi into English justly and elegantly.

His fame, which ever shall abide, Whilft hift'ries tell of tyrants pride. Wha vainly strave upon the tide

T' invade these lands Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,

Which still commands. These doughty actions frae his pent, Our age, and thefe to come, fhall ken,

How flubborn navies did contend

How free-born Britons faught like men, Their faes like flaves.

Sae far infcribing, Sir, to you. This country fang, my fancy flew, Keen your just merit to pursue; But ah! I fear.

In giving praifes 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 and muckle skair

Of a' that's good. Till unto langest life and mair

You've healthfu' flood.

May never care your bleffings four, And may the muses, ilka hour, Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:

I'm but a callan : Yet may I please you, while I'm your Devoted Allan-

† Frac his pen.] His valuable naval biftory.

#### THE PERSONS.

#### MEN.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, the Gente Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
Roger, a rich young fleephord, in love with Jenny.
Symon,
J two old fleepherd, tenants to Sir William.
Bauldy, a bynd engaged with Neps.

#### WOMEN.

Peggy, thought to be Glaud's niece. Jenny, Glaud's only daughter. Maule, an old avoman Jappofed to be a witch. Elipa, Symon's wife. Madge, Glaud's fifter.

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

Time of Action within twenty-four bours.

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.

Beneath the fouth-fide of a craige hield,
Where cryfiel firings the halefone waters yield,
Ywas quithful floopbords on the geothers lays,
Tenting their flooks as hong mera of May.
Poor Roger granes, till bollow webest ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and fing.

#### PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I .- The warvking of the faulds.

#### Patie fings

My Peggy is a young thing, Juft enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, and favect as Mays, Fair as the day, and favect as Mays, Fair as the day, and always gay. My Peggy is a young thing, And I'm not very auld, Yet wiel I like to meet her at The wawking of the fauld. My. Peggy fpeaks fae fweetly, Whene'er we meet alane, I with nae mair to lay my care, My Peggy fpeaks fae fweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld: But fhe gars a' my fpirits glow At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy fmiles fac kindly, Whene'er I whifper love, That I look down on a' the town, That I look down upon a crown, My Peggy fmiles fac kindly, It makes me blyth and bauld, And naething gi'es me fic delight As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy fings fac faftly, When on my pipe I play; By a' the reft it is confeft, By a' the reft that fic fings beft. My Peggy fings fac faftly, And in her fangs are tald, Wi' innocence, the wale of fenfe, At wawking of the fawking of the

This funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a nature has foral model.
How hartform it to fee the fifting plants,
To hear the birds chum o'er their pleafing rants;
How halefune it to find fifthe cauler air.
And a' the fweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane.
Tell me the cause of thy ill-faston'd pain.

I'm born to strive wi' hardships fad and great-B Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood, Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood: But I, oppress wi' never-ending grief,

Patic. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,

Shall spill my resh, or ever force a tear.

\*\*Regor\*\*. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done

By ane whale sau's sae fadly out of tune.

Ye ha'e sae fan sucies, and slid a tongue,

You are the darling of baits had lad and young.

If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,

They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,

And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,

While Pin confue'd w' mony a wexing thought:

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,

Nor mair unlikely to a last's eye.

And flould, as ane may think, come larer benn. Patir. But ablins, nibour, ye hif enot a heart, And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part: If that be true, what fignifies your gear? A mind that's ferimpit never wants forme care. Rear. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were

Reger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt wer finoor'd, Three elf-fhot were, yet I thefe ills endur'd:

In winter last my cares were very sima',

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

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd asmine,

efs ye wad lofe, and lefs ye wad repine.

He that has just enough can foundly fleep: The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

The o'ercome only tailnes foulk to keep.

Rager. May plenty flow upon thee for a crofs,
That thou may'd thole the pangs of mony a lofs:
O may'fk thou do at on fome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry doo! I
And awn that ane may fret that is me fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka clute At the Weil Port, and bought a winfome flute, Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry wirles round; A dainty whitlle, wi' a pleafant found: I'll be mair canty wit't, and ne'er cry dool, Than you wi' a' vour cafth, ve dowie fool!

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

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

Some other thing lies heavier at my breast!

I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,

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

Patis. Now, to a friend, how filly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your feerets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well feen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:

Your well feen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your forrows tell,
And fafely think nane kens them but yourfell.

Reger. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true, And there is naething I'll keep up frae you: Me dorty Jenny looks upon alquint; To speak but till her I dare hardly mint: In ilka place she jeers me air and late,

And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate; But yesterday I met her yont a know, She sled as frac a shelly-coated kow. She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car.

Patic. But Bauldy loes not her, right wiel I wat,

Roger. I wish I cou'dna loe her-but in vain, I ftill maun do't, and thole her proud diffain. My Bawty is a cur I dearly like, If I had fill'd a nook within her breaft. She wad have flawn mair kindness to my heaft. When I begin to tune my flock and horn, Wi' a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.

Laft night I play'd, ye never heard fic fpite; O'er Bogie was the fpring, and her delyte: Yet, tauntingly, the at her coufin fpeer'd, Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.

I'll break my reed, and never whiftle mair. Potie. E'en do fae, Roger, wha can help mifluck ? Sachiens fhe be fic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,

Yonder's a craig; fince ye ha'e tint all hope, Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp. Roger. I needna mak' fic fpeed my blood to fpill,

Patir. Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whinging way ; Seem carelefs, there's my hand ye'll win the day. Hear how I ferv'd my lass I love as wiel As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel. I faw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;

I faw my Meg, but Meggy faw na me;



STEWART AMERICAN DIVINE RAMAYS FORM



Then the years well key durn, and see I see that try'th and key in provide

Hide Gunde Shipherd, he 2484-47 Represent by R.

Gleigow Prinned tim Stowart & Meilde. Jane ab\* 1797.

For yet the fun was wading thro' the mift, And the was close upon me e'er the wift ; Her ftraught bare legs that whiter were than fnaw. Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear ; Neat, neat the was, in buffine waiffcoat clean. Blythsome, I ory'd, My bonny Meg come nere, I ferly wherefore ye're fae foon afteer ? But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew : I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke. Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood,

SANG II .- Tune, Fy gar rub ber o'er wi' firac.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindnets wi' a slight,
Seem unconcerned at her negleet,
For women in a man delight:
But them delpise who're soon defeat,
And wi' a simple face git way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push boldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love wi' hate,
Seck ellewhere to be better bleft,
And set her fish when 'it's too late.

Reger, Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honeft hearty Ye're ay fae cadgy, and ha'e fie an art To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek, Ye've cherifh'd me fince ye began to fipeak. Sae, for your pains, Fll make you a propine, (My mother, reft her faul! Ohe made it fine); A tartan plaid, fipun of good hawflock woo, Scarlet and green the fets, the borders blue: Wi' fpraings like gowd and filler, croft'd wi' black; I never had it yet upon my back Wiel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e fae kind Redd up my rawyl'd doubts, and clear'd my mind. Patie. Wiel, ha'd ye there—and fince ye've frankly
To me a prefent of your braw new plaid, [made
My flute's be your's, and fhe too that's fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

Roger. As ye advife, I'll promife to obferv't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deferv't;
Now tak' it out and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Patis. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
And fee gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a have of cheefe,
Will make a breakfaft that a laird might pleafe;
Might pleafe the daintiefl gabs, were they so wife
To feason meat wi' health, instead of spice.
When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whitle fine, and sing i' ye like myfell. [Excust.

#### SCENE IL

A flower to brown between two wordent brace, Where loffer up to weap and floread their claitles, A treating brain wimpling their the ground; Its channel peckles, flowing floweth and evand; Here wive two barrfest beautise clean and clear; First flow wor was partied space are as While Yeany whou she wisfer diffeoments, And Merwell stert foul two two clients.

### PEGGY and JENNY.

Fenny.

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

Progs. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How, Where a' the fweets of figring and finmer grow: Between twa firsk, out o're a little lin, The water fa's and makes a fingan din: The water fa's and makes a fingan din: A pool breaft-deep, beneath as clear as glafs, Kiffis with eafy whirles the bord'ring grafs. We'll end our wafning, while the morning's cool, And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool, There wasfin ourfells—'t is healthfu' now in May, And fweetly cauter on fae warma day.

Jenny. Daft laffie, when we're naked, what'll ye fay, Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae And fee us fae? that jeering fallow Pate,

Wad enuning fay, Haith laffes, ye're no blate. Pergy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' fight; 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' difdain? The neighbours a' tent this as wiel as I, Than Roger loss ye, yet ye care na by. What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa, He's wordly out the belt day e'ry e faw.

Jeony. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end, A herd mair fheepifit yet I never kend. He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right finug, Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue homet lug; Whilk penfylie he wears a thought a jee, And fpreads his garters die'd heneath his kuee. He fallsh his o'erlay down his breaft wi' care, And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair;

For a' that, he can neither fing nor fav. Except. How d'ye ?-or, There's a bonny day. Poggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride. But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld. Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat, That for fome feckless whim will orp and greet:

SANG III .- Tune, Polwart on the Green,

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

And fyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faft, Or feart anither's leavings at the laft.

The dawted bairn thus tak's the vet. Nor eats tho' hunger crave. Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,

And's laught at by the lave.

They jeft it till the dinner's paft; Thus by itself abus'd. The fool thing is oblig'd to faft,

Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time. Jenny. I never thought a fingle life a crime. Peggy. Nor I-but love in whifpers lets us ken, That men were made for us, and we for men.

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

He glowrs and fighs, and I can guess the cause: But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws? Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain, I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again. They're sools that lay'ry like, and may be free; The chiel's may a' knit up themselves for me.

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

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

Priggs, I'll rin the rifs, nor have I ony fear, But rather think ilk langfome day a year, Till I wi'l pleafure mount my bridal-bed, Where on my Patie's breaft I'll lean my head. There we may kife as lang as kiffing's good, And what we do, there's name dare call it rude. He's get his will! Why no I' tis good my part To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Tony. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraife, And daur ye bhith aftor fouk, and your lane: But foon as his newfangleneß is gane, He'll look upon you as his tether-flake, And think he's tint his freedom for your fake. Inflead then of lang days of fweet delyte, Ae day be dumb, and a' the neith he'll flyte: And may be, in his barikhoods, ne'er flick To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV .- Tune, O dear mither, what fall I do?

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling, We ought not to truft his finiling; Better far to do as I do, Left a harder luck betide you. Laffes, when their fancy's carry'd, Think of nought but to be marry'd; Running to a life deftroys Heartfome, free, and youthu' joys.

Poggy. Sic coarfe-spun thoughts as that want pith to move

My fett'd mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me in dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other staith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a finile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speake wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart;
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest a feekless fears that fright the lave.
Hk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him melkle skill;
He is—but what ned I fay that or this,

I'd fpend a month to tell ye what he is! In a' he fays or does, there's fic a gate,

The reft feem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate. His better fenfe will lang his love fecure;

I-nature helfs in lauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V .- Tune, How can I be fad on my wedding-day?

How shall I be fad when a husband I ha'e,
That has better fense than ony of thae
Sour weak filly fellows, that fludy like fools,
To fink their ain Joy, and make their wives spools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wite,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
Ile praifes her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny. Hey, Bunny Laft of Brauhfune, or't be lang, Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.
O't'de a pleafant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-fide,
Yelping for this or that wi' fatheous din:
To mak' them brats then ye maun toil and fpin.
Ae wean fa's fick, ane feads titell wi'b true,
Ane bracks his fini, anither tines his fine.
The De'll gate vier John Wohfer, hame grows hell,
When Pate mife's ye war than tongue can tell.
PATEN, Yes, 'dis a heartfome thing to be a wife,

Pagy, Yes, 'tes a heartome tinig to be a wire,'
When round the ingle-edge young fromts are,'
Gif I'm fae happy, I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
Than see fic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a't shey ettle at——their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kis.'
Can there be to lii a teating day and night.
The like of them, when-love makes care delight?

Jone, But poortith, Peggy, is the warft of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance flould begg'ry draw;
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the lpste may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
The thick-blawn wreaths of finaw, or blafly thows,
May fincor your wathers, and may rot your ews;
A dyvour bury sup the try, woo, and cheefe,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
Wi' glooman brow, the laird fecks in his rent:
'Yis no to gif'e; your merchant's to the bent;
His honour manua want; he poinds your gear:
Syne, driven frae houfe and hald, where will uf efter?
Dear Mag, be wife, and live a fingle life;
Toth, 'tierse moves to be a margied wife.

Troth, "issue mows to be a married wife, \$P\_{OZZ}\$. May fic ill luck befa!" that filly the Wha has fie fears, for that was never me, Let fonk bode wick, and ftrive to do their beft; Nea mair's required? I let Heaven make out the reft, Pve heard my boneft uncle aften fay, That lads fhould a' for wives that's virtuous pray; For the maift thrifty man could never get A wiel flord froom, unlefs his wife wad let: Wherefore nocht fhall be wanting on my part To gather wealth to raife my thepherd's heart: Whatee'r he wins, I'll guide wil' canny care, And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair, For halefome, clean, chezp, and difficient ware. A flock of lambs, cheefs, butter, and fome woo, Shall firthe feld to pay the lair his due:

Synç a' behind's our ain—thus, without fear, Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will fleer; And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife, He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

Tenny. But what if fome young giglit on the green, Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een, Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg, And her kend kiffes, hardly worth a fee.

Peggy. Nae mair of that-Dear Jenny to be free, There's some men constanter in love than we ; When our fhort paffions wad our peace beguile : 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maift to blame. At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill, I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will:

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

The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns and their bairns make fure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can fpy,
See yon twa elam that grow up fide by fide,
Suppose them some years fyne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer lika year they've preft,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully bleft:
This flields the other fracthe easilin blaft;
That in return defends it frac the wast.
Sic as fland single (a flate fae lik'd by you!)
Beneath lik florm frac every arith mann how.

Jonny. I've done—I yield, dear laffie, I maun yield, Your better fenfe has fairly won the field, With the affinance of a settle fae Lies darn'd within my breaft this mony a day.

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

And there is nae denying, That, fure as light flows frae the fun, Frae love proceeds complying; For a' that we can do or fay 'Gainft love, nae thinker heeds us, They ken our bofoms lodge the fae, That by the heartfrings lead us.

I yield, dear laffie, ye have won-

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair, That ye'll no let the wee thing tak' the air: Hafte, let him out, we'll tent as wiel's we can,

Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

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

[Excunt.

### ACT II.

A fang thack house, before the door a green : Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are feen. On this fide flands a barn, on that a byre : The boufe is Gland's - There you may fee bim lean, And to bis divot feat invite bis frien'.

#### GLAUD and SYMON.

Good morrow, nibour Symon-come, fit down, And gie's your cracks-What'sa' thenews in town? And fald your Crummock, and her baffen'd quey. I'll warrant ye've coft a pound of cut and dry;

Symon, Wi'a' my heart-and tent me now, auld boy, I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy. I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,

To tell ye things ha'e taken fic a turn,

Will gar our vile oppreffors ftend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. [fland

Gland. Fy blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels ne'er To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand, Whilk foon sies round, like will-fire, far and near:

Whilk foon flies round, like will-fire, far and near But loofe your poke, be't true or faufe let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have fen Hab, that abroad has wi' our mafter beën; Our brave good mafter, wha right wifaly fled, And left a fair eflate to fave his head, Becaufe ye ken fu' wiel he bravely chofe To fland his liege's friend wi' great Montrofe; Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk Has play'd the Rumple a right flee begunk, Reftor'd King Charles; and filk thing's in tune; And Habby jury, we'll fee Sir William foon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed!—but dima flaws Tell o'er your news again! and fixes till't a'.
And faw ye Hab! and what did Halbert fay?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our kaird's come hame;
And his eflate, fay, can he eithly daim?

And his eftate, lay, can he eithly claim?

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

SANG VII .- Tone, Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

Cauld be the rebels caft,
Oppreffors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.

Bleft be he of worth and fenfe, And ever high in flation, That bravely flands in the defence Of confeience, king, and nation.

Us in our thriving wil a racket rent;
Nor grounbl'd if an egrew rich, or flor'd to raife
Our maileas, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.
Syme. Nor wad he lang, wi' fenfelefs faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak a feat—
How's a' at hane?—How's ellips?—How does Kate?—
How fells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?"
And fis like kindly outfolions wad he forcer.

Glaud. And may he lang; for never did he ftent

SANG VIII .- Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byre.

The laird wha in riches and honour Wad thrive, fhould be kindly and free, Nor tack his poor tenants wha labour To rife aboon poverty:
Elfe like the pack-horie that's unfother'd And burded'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardflip is fmother'd And suckers aft the their rent-

Glaw. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen The nappy bottle benn, and glaffee clean, Whilk in our breaft mird file a blythfome flame, As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame. My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour, will ye flay, And tak' your filmer here wi'me the day:

We'll fend for Elfpa too-and upo' fight, I'll whiftle Pate and Roger frae the height. I'll yoke my fled, and fend to the neift town, And bring a draught of ale, baith flout and brown : And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean. Drink 'till they time the gate to fland their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth defign. Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine : For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut, Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat; A firlot of good cakes my Elfpa beuk. And a large ham hings reefting in the nook : I faw myfell, or I came o'er the loan, Our meikle pat that feads the whev, put on, A mutton bouk to boil-and ane we'll roaft; And on the haggies Elfpa fpares nae coft : Sma' are they fhorn, and fhe can mix fu' nice The gufty ingans wi' a curn o' fpice : Fat are the puddings-heads and feet wiel fung: And we've invited nibours auld and young. To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game, And drink our mafter's health and welcome hame. Ye mauna then refuse to join the reft. Since ye're my nearcft friend that I like beft: Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,

Whene'er you pleafe, I'll rant wi' you again. Glaud. Spoke like ve'rfell, auld birky, never fear,

Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld. Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld ; Auld, faid I !- Troth, I'm younger he a fcore, Wi' your good news, than what I was before ! I'll dance or e'en! hey, Madge, come forth! d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

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

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this hafte and din? Ye never let a body fit to fpin.

Glaud. Spin! fnuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,

And fet the meiklest peat flack in a low; Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,

Since now again we'll foon Sir William fee.

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

you o't,

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

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

Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, My whiteskin hose, and mittans for my hands;

Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste, And mak' ye'rîells as trig, head, feet, and waist,

As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;

For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen; Symon. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the

And fee that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Excum

#### SCENE II.

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

#### BAULDY bis lane.

TATHAT's this !- I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell, To be fae burnt wi' love, ver darna tell ! O Peggy, fweeter than the dawning day, Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay; Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows : Straughter than aught that in the forest grows. Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines ; The lily in her breaft its beauty tines: Her logs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een, Will be my dead, that will be fhortly feen ! For Pate loes her, -waes me ! and she loes Pate ; And I wi' Neps, by fome unlucky fate, Made a daft vow !- O! but ane be a beaft, That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest. I darna fpeak my mind, elfe a' the three, But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy : 'Tis fair to thole-I'll try fome witchcraft art, To break wi' ane and win the other's heart. Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for fma' price, Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice: She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon. And mak' the de'ils obedient to her crune : At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-vard she raves, And howks unchriften'd weans out o' their graves a

Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow : Rins withershins about the hemlock low-And feven times does her prayers backward pray, Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay. Mixt wi' the venom of black taids and fnakes: Of this unfonly pictures aft fhe makes Of ony ane fhe hates-and gars expire Wi' flaw and racking pains afore a fire ; Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ; The pain by fouk they represent is felt. And yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' wiel, When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il: She and her cat fit 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 de'ils and lasses drive.

#### SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin springs:
There sits a wife we' wrintl'd front,
And yet sie spins and sings.

SANG IX .- Tune, Carle, and the King come.

Maufe fings.

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

Enter BAULDY.

Baulty, How does auld honeft lucky of the glen? Ye look baith hale and feir at threefcore ten.

Manyfe. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And becking my cauld limbs afore the fun.

What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead—ou thurth, nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough of baith—But fomething that re-

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

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

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wife, and wifer far than we, Or maift part of the parish tells a lie. Manfe. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess,

That lifts my character aboon the reft?

Bauldy. The word that gapes, how ye're fee wife

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and fell, Ye'll may be tak' it ill gif I should tell.

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

Baulsy. With fince ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
Thail tilk ane talks about you, but a slaw:
When last the wind made Glaud a roossels barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirs'd and there nae butter came;

When Beffy Freetock's chully-checked wear
To a fairy turn'd, and couldna fland its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the fhaw,
And int himfell amailt annang the fnaw;
When Mungo's mare flood fillil and fvat wi' fright,
When be brought eaft the howdy under night;
When Bawfy floot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a fnood was nae mair feen;
You lucky gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And fae they may that mean to do ye floith;
For me to wrang ye, Fil be very laith;
But when I neift mak' groots, Fill frive to pleafe
You wi' a filot of them, mixt wi' peafe.

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

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me Peggy likes Pate,—and Patie's bauld and flee, And loes fuet Meg—But Neps I down fee— Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happieft man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right, Sac gang your ways and come again at night; 'Cainft that time I'll fome fimple things prepare, Worth a' your peafe and grots, tak' ye nae care.

Bauldy. Wiel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can

find;
But if ye raife the de'ii, he'll raife the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak' the night fac mirk; I'll tyne the gate,
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feaft,
O will ye come like badrans for a jeft?

And there ye can our different 'haviours fpy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past

'Tween you and me, elle fear a kittle caft.

Bauldy. If I aught of your fecrets e'er advance,

May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[Enit Bauldy.

# MAUSE bar lane.

Hard luck, alake ! when poverty and elid, Weeds out of fathion, and a lanely bield, Wi' a fma' caft of wilter, flould in a twitch, Gi'c ane the hatefa' mame, A windled wint. This fool imagines, as do mony fie, That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick, Becaule by education I was taught To foesk and aft aboon their common thought: Their grofs mittake final quickly now appear; Soon fhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here; Nane kens but me;—and if the morn were come, The tell them tale will gar them a' fing dumb.

[Exit.

## SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,

Pate and his Peggy meet,

In love without a vicious flain,

The bonny laft and chearfu' fwain

Chame wows and hifter fewel.

## PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy.

O PATIF, let me gang, I mauna flay;

We're bath cry'd hame, and Jenny flie's away.

Paik. I'm light to part fac foon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or fee,
To be alane themfelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primrofes thickeft paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fift the welfilm winds fough through the reeds.

Fags. The feented meadows—birds—and healthy
breeze;

Figgs. The icented meadows—urros—and near breeze.

For sught I ken may mair than Peggy pleafe.

Pair. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind i

Jin fpeaking fize ye ca' me dull and blind.

Gif I cou'd faircy aught's fae fweet or fair

As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is fweeter than the fweetelbrier,

Thy check and breaft the finelfillow'rs appear.

Thy words excel the maif delightin' notes,

That warble time' the merie or may's throats; Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that bufk the field, Or ripeft berries that our mountains yield: The fweetest fruits that hing upon the tree, Are far interior to a kills of thee

Are far inferior to a kils of thee.

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

I darena stay;—ye joker let me gang; Anither lass may gar ye change your sang; Your thoughts may slit, and I may thole the wran

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:

The fun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the sleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall said to when he is the standard of the shall said to shall said to sha

Shall fkaith our love, I fwear by a' aboon.

Poggy. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will
fwear.

And be mansworn to twa in half a year; Now I believe ye like me wonder wiel; But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal, Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,

How the was dawted ane by faithful Pater.

Pain: I'm fure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Power but young, I'velo'd you mony a year
I mind it wiel, when thou cou'dth hardly gang,
Or lifp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,

Aft to the tanfy know or rafhy strand;
Thou smiling by my side—I took delight
To pou the rashes green, wi'roots sae white,
Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and shood.

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

Patie, When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rifing fells, Nac birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,

Oif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didft wreftle, run, or putt the

flane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At a' thefe fports thou flill gave joy to me;
For nane can wrefile, run, or putt wi' thee.

Potic. Jenny fings faft the Broom of Corollar-knows,

And Rofie lits the Miking of the saw;

There's nane, like Nancy, Jenny Nettler fings;

There's mus, like Nancy, Josey Notice lings; At turns in Magy Lander Marion dings; At turns in Magy Lander Marion dings; Blue when my Peggy fings w? Wexter Gills
The Bustness, or the Left of Patic will.
The is a thouland times main fewer to me; The' they fing wiel, they cama fing fills thee.

More with can be fire row what they defire!

P<sub>3,D</sub>. How eith can laffes trow what they defire!
And, roos'd by them we love, blaws up that free:
But wha loves beft, let time and carriage try:
De conflant, and my love finall time defy.
Be fill as now, and a' my care final the,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

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

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

# Peggy.

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

#### Patie.

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

### earny.

When thou ran, or weffled, or putted the flane, And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain; Thy ilka fport manly gave pleafure to me; For nane can putt, wrefile, or run fwift as thee.

### Patie

Our Jenny fings faftly the Cowden-broom-knows, And Rofie lits fweetly the Milking the ews; There's few Jenny Nettler like Nancy can fing; At Thro' the wood, laddie, Befs gars our lugs ring.

But when my dear Peggy fings wi' better fittill, The Bastman, Tweetfale, or the Lafe of the Mill, "Tis mony times fweeter and pleafing to me; For the they fing nicely, they cannot like thee. Pegg

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

Fields. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At maught they! If erly; is enfelcife tales believe,
Be blyth for filly heights, for trilles grieve—
Sie me'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
Bat thou in better fenfe without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a?
Continue kind, and a' my care finall be,
How to contrieve what pleafing is for thee.

Prety. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us flay. [cry, Patiet' And let them ferly—Now a kindly kifs, Or five flore good anes wadna be amifs;

Or five-flore good anes wadna be afnits; And fyne we'll fing the fang wi tunefu' glee, That I made up laft owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, fyne claim your hire—

SANG XI .- To its and tunes

D. (:

By the delicious warmnefs of thy mouth, And rowing eyes, that finiling tell the truth, I guess, my lasse, that as wiel as I, You're made for love, and why should ye deny? Pegg,

But ken ye, lad, gif we confefs o'er foon, Ye think us cheap, and fyne the wooing's done: The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power, Like unripe fruit, will taffe but hard and four.

# Patie.

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

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

Patic, with his left hand about her waift.
O charming armfu'! hence ye cares away,
I'll kifs my treafure a' the live-lang day:
A' night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

# Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the weftlin fkies, Gang foon to bed, and quickly rife; O lafn your fteeds, poft time away, And hafte about our bridal-day; And if your weary'd honeft light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[Excunt.

# ACT III.

## SCENE L

Now turn your eyes beyond you fpreading line, And tent a man whole beard forms letted but it time g. And tent a man whole beard forms letted but it time g. An elemand fill bit board, bit balls mean, Now doubt ye'll think be ban a peallar bean. The study of l. it is be shiple it in mangiversele, That comes bid in this cloud to fie bis lad. Objerce bear please if the legal fuff res moves that the land to fire bir lad. There bits and an owner, are shell giby'll groover.

# SIR WILLIAM, folus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low difguife,
I'll for a fpace, unknown, delight mine cyas
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I loft—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midft my joy, fome profpeds pain renew,
Whift I my once fair feat in ruins view.
Yonder! ah me, it defolately flands,
Without a roofs, the gates fail'd from their bands,
The cafements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'firy all bereft.
My flables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each vainy blaft decaying falls:
My gardens, once adom'd the moft complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes fiveet;
With all that nature, all that art makes fiveet;
With each ye're hung wolding, on their falls;
The dewy flow're hung wolding, on their falls;

But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier. No jaccacinths or eclantines appear. How do those ample walls to ruin yield, Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield, And bask'd in rays, which early did produce Fruit fair to view, delightful in the ufe: All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie, And from what flands the wither'd branches fly. These soon shall be repair'd :-- and now my joy Forbids all grief-when I'm to fee my boy, My only prop, and object of my care, Since Heav'n too foon call'd home his mother fair t Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought, I feeretly to faithful Symon brought, And charg'd him firietly to conceal his birth, Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth. Hid from himfelf, he flarts up by the dawn, And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn, After his fleecy charge, ferenely gay, With other shepherds whistling o'er the day. Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free, Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully

A quiet contented mortal spends his time In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crimes

Or Jung as follows.

SANG XII .- Tune, Happy Clown.

Hid from himfelf, now by the dawn He starts as fresh as roses blawn, And ranges o'er the heights and lawn, After his bleeting slocks. Healthful, and innocently gav. He chants and whiftles out the day ? Untaught to fmile, and then betray. Like courtly weather-cocks

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

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

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my ways And fee what makes you gamboling to-day; All on the green, in a fair wanton ring, My youthful tenants gaylie dance and fing.

[Exit Sir William.

#### TT. SCENE

'Tis Symon's bouse, please to step in, There's nought Superflous to give pain, Tet all is clean; a clear peat ingle

The green born Spoons, beech luggies mingle

On Shelfs forgainst the door. While the young brood fort on the green,

The guld anes think it beft, Wi' the brown coan to clear their cen,

Snuff, crack, and tak' their reft.

# SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gloud. E anes were young oursells-I like to see Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,

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

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

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mista'en, He feems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en, And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,

As ye wiel ken; a bonnier needna be,

Nor better—be't fhe were hae kin to me.

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

My Patie's wild and will be ill to catch; And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell, I'd rather be thirt wi' the mools thysell.

Glaud. What reasons can ye ha'e! There's nane, I'm

ure,
Unles ye may caft up that fie's but poor;
But gif the laffie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain fenny kind;
Fourfeore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at a milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day he's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at fipaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

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

Symon. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,

That our denial difna flight his bairn.

Glaud. We'll nae mair o't ;---come, gie's the other

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

Symon. But will ye tell me Glad? By fome 'tis falsd Your niece is but a familieg, that was laid Down at your hallen filde ae morn in Mays, Right clean row? du py, and bedded on dry hay. Gland. That clatteran Madges, my titry, tells file faxes,

Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green, The felleft fortune-celler e'er was feen; He tents our loofs, and fyne whops out a book, Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look: Syne tells the oddeft tales that e'er ye heard:

His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can fave

Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

[Exit Jenny.

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

Glaud., Space-men! the truth of a their faws I doubt, or greater liars never ran thereout.

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

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak' a feat, Sir Will. I give you thanks, good-man, I'se no be blate,

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

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way; Roufled wi' eild, a wee piece gate feems lang, Twa miles or three's the maift that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to flay a' night wi' me, And tak' fic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind unlought,—Wiel, gin ye ha's

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

E

Symon. [pointing to Patie.] Only that lad-alake! I have nae mae,

Either to mak' me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's fee your hand; what gars ve fneer?

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 moufe-mark on your fide.

Elfpa. Betooch-us-to! and wiel I wat that's true; Awa, awa, the de'il's o'er grit wi' you :

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark, Scarce ever feen fince he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ve mair, if this young lad be fpar'd But a fhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elpa. A laird! Hear ye, goodman-what think ye

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

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth :

[ Patie's bealth gaes round

Patie. A laird of twa good whiftles and a kent. Twa curs, my trufly tenants on the bent, Is a' my great eftate-and like to be: Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie-let the man look o'er your

Aftimes as broken a thin has come to land.

[Sir William looks a little at Patie's band, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to law

Elita. Preferve's !- the man's a warlock, or possest Wi' fome nav good, or fecond-fight at leaft:

Where is he now ?-

Glaud,——He's feeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yout the moon.

Elfa.. These second-sighted souk, his peace be here. See things far all, and things to come, as clear As I can see my thumb—Wow! can he tell (Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell). How soon we'll see Sie William? Whilth; he heaves, And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll foon grow better; Elipa, hafte ye, gae And fill him up a tals of ufquebæ.

nd fill him up a tals of ulquebæ.

Sir William flarts up, and speaks.

A Knight that for a Lyss fought Against a herd of bears, Was to lang tool and trouble brought, In which some thousands shares. But now again the Lyss rares, And joy spreads o'er the plain: The Lyss has defeat the bears, The Knight returns again.

That Knight returns again.

That Knight in a few days shall brin A shepherd frac the fauld, And shall present him to his King,

A fubject true and bauld:
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd—
All you that hear me now
May wiel believe what I have tald,

For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and

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

Sir Wills Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard, Not come I to read fortunes for reward :

But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here.

That all I prophefy fhall foon appear. Symon. You prophefying fouks are odd kind men!

They're here that ken, and here that difna ken, The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,

Whilk foon will mak' a noise o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae fma' fport to hear how Sym believes.

And takes't for gospel what the spaeman gives Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate: But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht! doubtfu' carle; for e'er the fun

Has driven twice down to the fea-What I have faid, ve fhall see done

In part, or nae mair credit me. Glaud. Wiel, be't fae, friend; I shall fay naething

mair : But I've twa fonfy laffes, young and fair, Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd foresee Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me. Sir Will. Nae mair thro' fecrets can I fift. Till darkness black the bent :

I have but anes a day that gift, Sae reft a while content-

Symon. Elipa, caft on the claith, fetch but fome

And of your best gar this auld stranger cat.

Si, Will. Delay a while your hofpitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have fome private talk.
Summer, Soon as you pleafe I'll answer your defire—

And, Glaud, you'll tak' your pipe befide the fire;— We'll but gae round the place, and foon be back, Syne fup together, and tak' our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and fee the young anes

My heart's ftill light, albeit my locks be gray.

....

[Excunt.

## CENE 1

Jenny pretende an ere and hame, Young Roger draps the ref, To whisper out his melting flame, And thow his laffie's breast. Behind a hush, wiel his fras fight, they meet; Sar, Jenny's lunghing, Roger's like to great. Poor Shebherd I

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger.

Dear Jenny, I wad fpeak t'ye wad ye let, Amd yet lergh, ye're ay fae feorsfu' fet. Yang, And what wad Roger fay, if he cou'd fpeak ? Am I oblig'd to guefs what ye're to feek? Roger. Yes, ye may guefs right eith for what I grein, Baith by my fervice, fighs, and langing een:

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

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

Roger. Alake ! my frighted heart begins to fail, Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale, For fear fome tighter lad, mair rich than I, Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

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

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

Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me? 
yeany, Ye hair my pity elfe, to fee yon fet
On that whilk makes our fweetnefs from forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How fweet we breathe whene'er we kis or fing!
But we're nae foomer fools to gif e confinets.
Than we our daffin, and tin yower repent:
When prifon'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the fifth, the createff drude at hame.

Reger. That only happens, when, for fake o' gears, Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare: Or when dull parents bains together bind Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind: But love, true downight love, engages me, (Tho' thou fhould feorn) fill to delight in thee.

Yenny. What fugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'! But girning marriage comes and ends them a'. I've feen wi' fhining fair the morning rife, And foon the fleety clouds mirk a' the fkies;

I've feen the filver foring a while rin clear-

And foon in moffy puddles difappear ;

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may fmile; But foon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've feen the morning rife wi' fairest light. The day, unclouded, fink in calmeft night:

I've feen the fpring rin wimpling thro' the plain, Increase and join the ocean, without stain :

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may fmile; Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but fure ye lang wou'd love main-

The fewest words my easy heart could gain: For I maun own, fince now at last you're free,

And ever had a warmness in my breaft. That made ye dearer to me than the reft.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head! This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or ftrike me! I'm a' fir'd Wi' wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd. Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the fun and ftarns away.

And ferly at the quick return of day ! O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,

And brifs thy bonny breafts and lips to mine.

Which may be fung as fillows.

SANG XIII .- Tune, Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

Were I affur'd you'll constant prove, You should nae mair complain; The easy maid, befet wi' love,

Few words will quickly gain : For I must own, now, since you're free, This too fond heart of mine

Has lang, a black fole true to thee, Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head Upon thy breaft recline ! The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,

Is Jenny then fae kind ?----O let me hrifs thee to my heart !

And round my arms entwine : Delytfu' thought, we'll never part ! Come, prefs thy lips to mine.

Fenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gives way, To own thy wiel try'd love has won the day. Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane, Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane. Roger. I fwear by fifty thousand yet to come,

Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb, There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

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

SANG XIV .- Tune, O'er Bogie.

Wiel, I agree, you're fure of me,
Nextto my father gae;
Make him content to gi'e confent,
He'll hardly fay you nae:
For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
And will commend you wiel,

Since parents auld, think love grows cauld Where bairns want milk and meal. Should he deny, I care na by,

He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had faid and fworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree;
And if you prove faithfu' in love,

You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt.

Reger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow now As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas fell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
WI meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ills ming that makes a heartforme houfe and tight
Was fill her care, my father's great delight.

They left me a', which now gie's joy to me, Becaule I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee: And had I fifty times as mickle mair, Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair: My love and a' is your's; now had them fall, And guide them as we like, to gar them last,

Jenny. I'll do my belt; but fee wha comes this way, Patie and Meg—belides, I mauma flay; Let's fleal frae ither now, and meet the morn; If we be feen, wa'll dree a deal of foorn.

Roger. To where the faugh tree shades the menninpool,

I'il frac the hill come down, when day grows cool: Keep tryst and meet me there; there let us meet, To kifs and tell our love; there's nought fae sweet.

# SCENE IV.

This steme presents the Knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a looks rainous and grim;
Nor has the Bapon shown his face,
But joking we' his shopberd leel,
All speers the gate be kens fu' woich.

# SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd!

Syman. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To hear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our mafter's name, Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now be's come bame,

(Sir William drops bis masking beard s Symon transported sees The vucleome knight, voi' fond regard, And orashs him round the knees. I

My mafter! my dear mafter!—do I breathe
To fee him healthy, firong, and free frae fkaith!
Return'd to cheer his wifhing tenants fight!
To blefs his fon, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir Will. Rife, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy; I came to view thy care in this difguife, And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wife;

Since fill the fecret thou'st fecurely feal'd, And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

System. The due obedience to your first command. Was the first bock——neist, my ain judgment fand. Out reasons plenty——since, without estate, A youth, though sprung frac kings, looks baugh and

blate:

Sir Will. And aften vain and itlly fpend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, paft their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a caft,
That turns them downright beggars at the laft.

Anat turns them downright beggars at the laft.

Symon. Now, wiel I wat, Sir, you ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's lo'ed by few:
His father sleght his fortune in his wame,

And left his heir nought but a gentle name.

He gangs about fornan frac place to place,
As ferimpt of manners as of fenie and grace,

Oppressing a' as punishment o' their sin That are within his tenth degree of kin: Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

But do not wi' indulgence truth abufe.

Sir Will. Such ufelefs branches of a common-wealth, Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a flare mair health: Untworthy bare reflection ——Symon, run O'er a' your-balervations on my fon; A parent's fondnefs eafly finds excufe,

Syman. To fpeak his praifs, the langeft firmmer day Wad be o'er fhort—out I them right display. In word and deed he can fae wiel behave,
That out of fight he runs before the lawe;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is belt;
And his decreet flands good—he'll gar it fland;
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
Wh' a firm look; and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeft of our herds obey.

What learning has he? Can he write and read? symm. Baith wonder wie!; for troth, I didna fpare. To gie him at the school enough of lair; And he delights in books—He reads and speaks, W? fouk that ken them, Latin words and Greeks, sin Will. Where gets he books to read—and of what

Sir Will. Your tale much pleates-my good friend

kind?
The forme give light, forme blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh

port, He buys fome books of history, fangs, or fport: Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
and carries ay a poutchth' to the hill.
bout ane Shakelpear and a famous Ben
fe aften fpeaks, and ca's them beft of men.
Identification of the state of the state of the state
and are ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
and ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
the kens fu' wiel, and gara their everes ring.
fometimes thought he made o'er great a phrafe
about fine poems, hillories, and plays.
Wi' this, quoth he, on bares I crack wi'kings.
Sir will. It anfwer'd wiel; and much ye glad my

car,

When fuch accounts I of my fhepherd hear;
keading fuch books can raife a peafant's mind
above a tord's titat is not thus inclin'd.
Syman. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
xecpt on rainy Sunday's, on a book?

Vhen we a leaf or,twa haif read haff fpell,
Till a'the reft fleep round as wiel's ourfell.

Fir Will. Wiel jefted, Symon; but one queftion more
ill only aft ye now, and then gi'e o'er.
he youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
jikhter around young hearts little cooing doves:

fan nac young laffie wi' inviting mien
and rofy cheek, the wonder of the green,
nage d'hi leok, and caugh this youthfu' heart?
Symn. I fear'd the warft, but kend the fina'eft part,
E'll late I faw him twa three times mair fweet
W' Glaud's Jir niece than I thought right or meet,
had my fears; but now ha'e nought to fear,
nee like yourfely owr for will foog appear;

A centleman enrich'd wi' all these charms. May blefs the faireft best-born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire. When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire. Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me; None but yourfell shall our first meeting fee. 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 drefs, Now ye the fecret may to all confess.

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

Sir William, folus. When the event of hopes fuccessfully appears, One happy hour cancels the toil of years: A thousand toils are loft in Lethe's stream, And cares evanish like a morning dream ; When wish'd-for pleasures rife like morning light, The pain that's past enhances the delight. Thefe joys I feel, that words can ill express, I ne'er had known, without my late diffrefs. But from his ruftic bufinefs and love I must, in haste, my Patrick foon remove,

'Till artful polishing has made it shine;

BANG XV .- Tune, Wat ye wha I met yeffreen.

Now from rufficity and love, · Whofe flames but over lowly burn,

My gentle shepherd must be drove. As the rough diamond from the mine, In breakings only flews its light,

Thus learning makes the genius bright.

# SCENE I.

The frene defcrib'd in former page, Glaud's onfet-Enter Maufe and Madge.

# Maule.

OUR laird's come hame I and owns young Pate his That's news indeed !---

Madge, ---- As true as ye fland there. As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard, Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard Five nives in length, and white as driven fna', Amang us came, cry'd, Had ye merry a'. We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,

While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book. As we flood round about him on the green, He view'd us a' but fix'd on Pate his een;

Then pawkily pretended he cou'd fpae, Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae. Maufe. Then fure the laffes, and ilk gaping coof,

Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo, Whilk flee tod Lowrie hads without his mow, When he to drown them, and his hips to cool, In fummer days flides backward in a pool. In fhort he did for Pate bra' things foretell. Without the help of conjuring or fpell; At last when wiel diverted, he withdrew, Pou'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew His welcome mafter ;-round his knees he gat, Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythness grat. Patrick was fent for-happy lad is he! Ye'll hear out a' the fecret flory foon : To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell, Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himfell. Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has loft her jo.

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

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

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

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof; it fetshim wiel To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till Gif1 were Meg, 1'd let young mafter fee-Maufe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he; And so wad I. But whish! I here Bauldy comes.

# Enter BAULDY, finging.

Jenny faid to Jocky, gin ye winna tell, Ye fall be the lad, I'll be the lafs myfell; Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free; Ye're welconier to tak' me than to let me be.

I trow fac. Laffes will come to at laft,
Tho' for a while they maun their fina'-ba's caft.
Maufe. Wiel, Bauldy, how goes a'?

Bauldy. ————Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' fleep found but ane this night.

Mudge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may afk?

Bouldy. To find out that is na difficult tafk: Poor bonny Peggy, wha mann think nae mair On Pate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir. Now, now, good Madge, and honeft Maufe, fland be;

While Meg's in dumps put in a word for me: I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,

Lefs wilin', and ay conflant in my love.

Molge, As Nepe, can winefes and the bufly thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was fworn:
Fy! Bauldy, blufls, and tows of love regard;
What other lafs will trow a maniform herd:
The curfe of heaven hings ay aboon their heade,

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads That's ever guilty of sic shifts' deeds. I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate; Nor will she be advis'd, fu' wiel I wat. Barlig, Sae gray a gate! manfworn! and a' the reft Ye lied, auld Roudes,—and, in faith, y' had beft Eat in your words, elfe I shall gar you stand, Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

Medge; Ye'll gar me fland! ye fleveling-gabbit brock Speak that again, and trembling, dread my rock, And ten flurp hails, that when my hands are in, Can flyp the fkin o' ye'r cheks out o'er your chin. Bouldy. I (ak' ye witnefi, Maufe, ye heard her fay

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

[Flees to his hair like a fury-a fout battle-

Maufe. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howe I wadna with this tulzie had been feen, [Bauldy, leans 'Tis fae daft like-

Bauldy gets out of Mudge's clutches with a

Modes — Tis datter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It fees him weld, wi' vile unferapit tongue,
To cad up whether I be auld or young;
They'te aulder yet than I ha'e married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns ha'e feen.

Maufe. That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to

To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the

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

Mauje. 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 fee the lad looks wae.

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

My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet, And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;

Gae, or be blafted in your health and gear,

'Till ye learn to perform as wiel as twear.

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

Swith, tak' him de'il; he's o'cr lang out of hell.

Bauldy [running off]. His presence be about us!--

Curft were he

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

[Exit Bauldy.

Madge [laughing]. I think I have towzl'd his harigalds a wee:

He'il no foon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rafeal, that would mint to ferve

A laffic fac, he does but ill deferve.

Maufe. Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't; His bleeding mout ga'e me nae little fport:

For this forenoon he had that fcant of grace, And breeding baish—to tell me to my face.

He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna fland To lend him in this cafe my helping hand,

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

And leave him een to fee, or lugs to hear.

Monif. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like [Unice four reference to decline, Till aft it's feen, when vigour fails, then we Wi cunning can the lack of pith fupply: Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark, Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark: I'm fure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here To feek your help, that we the fool may fear.

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

\*\*Modge\*\*, And fpecial floor twell ha's, as I proteft:

Xe'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaift.

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,

Pill cawk my fees, and grane, and shake my head:

We'll slee him fae, he'll mint sae mair to gang

Aconjuring to do a lassific warned.

We'll fire him iae, he'll mint nae mair to gang A conjuring to do a lassie wrang. Mauje, Then let us gae; for fee, 'tis hard on night, The westlin clouds shine red wi' fetting light.

Exeunt.

# SCENE II.

When hirds login to not upon the bough, And the green fracinel grown damp well falling dows. While good St. William is to refl restred, The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly infpired, Walks know the brown well Roger over leed, To most, is comfort Mey, and that furrevial.

# PATIE and ROGER.

Rogers

Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
O, Mr. Patrick I ay your thoughts were right;

Sure gentle fouk are farer feen than we; That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree. My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn, Is perfect yielding-fweet-and nae mair fcorn : I fpake my mind-fhe heard-I fpake again-She fmil'd-I kifs'd-I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain. Patie. I'm glad to hear't-But O! my change this Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae. And an effate that lifts me 'boon the lave. Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest, He a' the father to my foul exprest, While close he held me to his manly breaft. Such were the eyes, he faid, thus fmil'd the mouth Of thy lov'd mother, bleffing of my youth ! Who fet too foon !- And while he praise bestow'd, Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd. My new-born joys, and this his tender tale, Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail: That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd, While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd. Unufual transports made my head turn round, Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found, The happy fon of ane fae much renown'd. But he has heard !- Too faithful Symon's fear Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear, Which he forbids ;-ah! this confounds my peace, While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand: But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up ass hand? Patie. Duty, and haften reason plead his eause; But what cares love, for reason, rules and laws? Still in my heart my shepherdes excels, And part of my new happines repels.

# Or fung as follows.

SANG XVI .- Tune, Kirk wad let be.

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

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

Reger. Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won: Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only fon. Pairs. She's mine by vows, and ftronger ties of love, And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move. Pill wed nane else, thro'l life I will be trues But fill lobedince is a parent's due.

But full obedience is a parent's due.

Reger. Is not our mafter and yourfell to flay

Amang us here—or are ye gawn away

To Loadon court, or ither far aff parts,

To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Putie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,

To London neift, and afterwards to France, Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance, And twa three other monkey tricks : - That done. f come hame ftrutting in my red-heel'd fhoon. Then 'tis defign'd, when I can weil behave, That I maun be fome petted thing's dull flave. For fome few bags of cash, that, I wat wiel, nac mair need nor carts do a third wheel: But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath, Sooner than hear fic news shall hear my death. Roger. They wha ba'e just enough can foundly sleep, The o'ercome only fashes fount to keep ----Good Mafter Patrick, tak' your ane tale hame. Patie. What was my morning thought, at night' the fame : The poor and rich but differ in the name. Content's the greatest blifs we can procure

Frae 'boon the lift-without it kings are poor. Roger. But an eftate like your's yields bra' content, When we but pick it scantly on the bent : Fine claiths, faft beds, fweet houses, and red wine, Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ve disc. Obeyfant fervants, honour, wealth and eafe,

Wha's no content wi' thefe are ill to pleafe. Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amifs, But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the blifs: The passions rule the reast - and if they're four, Like the lean ky will foon the fat devour ;

The gouts and gravels, and the ill difeate, Are frequenteft wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' eafe ; While o'er the muir the fhepherd, wi' less care,

Enjoys his fober wish, and halcsome air.

Roger. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights;
How gat ye a' that fenfe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eafter difappointments hear?

Patir. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat fome fkill,
Thefe beft can teach what's real good and ill:
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware fome stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

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

Patic. Then here it lies -his will mann be obey'd,
My vows Pli keep, and the thall be my bride;
But I fome time this laft defign mann hide.
Keep you the feeret clofe, and leave me here;
I fept for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,

To wyle it frae me, a' the de'ils defy. [Exit Roger.

#### r . Donar

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.

Prass. I dare not think fae high -I now repine

At the unhappy chance, that made not me A gentle match, or fill a herd kept thee. Wha can withoutten pain fee fras the coaft. The fhip that bears his all like to be loft? Like to be carried by fome rever's hand, Far frae his wifles to fome diffant land.

Patis. Ne'er quarrel fate, whifth it wi' me remains
To raife thee up, or fill attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's fuperior to a parent's frown;
I falishood hate; some kist thy caree away;
I kent o love as wiel as to obey.
Sir William's geal'rous; I save the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Perry. Speak on! Speak ever thus, and fill my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspice,
That wi! nice air fwims round in the attire;
Then I! poor me I—wi! sighs may ban my fate,
When the young lairel's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express.
By the blyth shepherd that excelled the relt:
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Pate kild me, when I dane'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathles round the rucks of hay,
As astimes I ha'e sted from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the foggy know l'Illercep,
To watch and stare upon thee while assert.

May fudden death or deadly fair difeafe,

And warft of ills attend my wretched life, If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

## Or Jung as follows.

SANG XVII .- Tune, Wae's my beart that we fould funder.

Speak on, fpeak thus, and ftill my grief, Hold up a heart that's finking under These fears, that soon will want relief.

When Pate must from his Peggy funder.

A gentler face and filk attire,

A lady rich in beauty's bloffom,

Alake, poor me! will now confu

Alake, poor me! will now conspire, 'To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosons. No more the shepherd who excell'd

The reft, whole wit made them to wonder, Shall now his Peggy's praifes tell;
Ah! I can die, but never funder.

Ye meadows where we often firay'd,

Ye bauks where we were wont to wander;

Sweet frented ricks round which we play'd.

Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd, You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah! fhall I never creep Around the know with filent duty, Kindly to watch thee while afleep, And wonder at thy manly beauty? Hear, Heav'n, while folemnly I vow, Tho' thou flould'ft prove a wand'ring loyer,

'Fhro' life to thee I shall prove true,

Nor be a wife to any other.

Paii. Sure, Heaven approves—and be affur'd of me, Piln e'er gang back o' what I've fwom to thee; And time, tho' time maun interpofe a while, And I maun leave my Peggy and this ifle, Yet time, nor diffance, nor the fairelt face, If there's a fairer, e'er fhall fill thy place. I'd late my rining fortune, should it move The fair foundation of our faithfu' love. If at my feet were crowns and feepters laid, To bribe my foul frac thee, delightfu' maid, To thee I'd foon leave the inferior things To fice as hat e the patience to be kings.

Where fore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Pregy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words fac kind;
When hopes were funk, and nought but mirk defpair
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burl; but now I fee
Thy gen'rous thoughts will fave thy love for me:
Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi'j oy appear;
And all the while I'll fludy gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk fehool,
Where I may manners lear—

SANG XVIII .- Tune, Tweed-fide

When hope was quite funk in defpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthlefs my care,
But now I will fav't for thy fake.

Where'er my love travels by day, Wherever he lodges by night,

Wi' me his dear image shall stay, And my foul keep him ever in fight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year, And fludy the gentleft charms;

Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in these arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd

No higher degree in this life; But now I'll endeavour to rife

To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep, Must fade like the gowans in May, But inwardly rooted, will keep

For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,

Can quench the fair fire of love, If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,

And the hufband ha'e fenfe to approve.

And what he wares that way final be weil paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native fweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, left in our flation we offend,
We muft learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affiect at times to like the thing we hate,
And drap ferenity to keep up flate;
Laugh when we're flad, fleak when we've nought to

And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae ;

Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e fcorn'd, Then fcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

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

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest Wi' gentry's apes: for still amangst the best, Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,

When native virtues join the arts to pleafe.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, and fae fma' expense,

Pegg, Since wit has nazard, and has lima expen
My lad frac books can gather ficean fenfe
Then why, ah! why fhou'd the tempethous fea
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his fon,

For watna-whats, fae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;

Yet I wou'd fhun it for thy fake, my love: But foon as I've shook off my landwart cast In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy, Wi' every fetting day, and rifting morn, Pilkneel to Heav'n, and aft thy fafe reture; Under that tree, and on the fackler brae, Where aft we wont, when baims, to rin and play; And to the hift-dhaw, where firft ye vow'd Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd, I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs, Wi' jow, that they'll bear wines is an rpur's. Or fung as follows.

SANG XIX .- Tune, Bufb abon Traquair.

At fetting day and rifing morn,
Wi' foul that fill fhall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy fafe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit ast the birken buth,
Where first thou kindly tald me

Sweet tales of love, and hid my blufh, Whilft round thou didft enfold me-

To a' our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood flaw or fountain;
Or where the fimmer day I'd flare
Wi' the upon yon mountain.

There will I tell the trees and flow'rs
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,

By vows you're mine, by love is your's,

A heart which cannot wander.

Patie. My dear, allow me frac thy temples fair
A fining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a fample of each lovely charm,

Preggy. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better bons to pleafe, I'd gi'e the beft I cou'd wi' the fame cafe;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae jot lefs generous to thee.

Patis. I doubt it not; but fince we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime,
Love's fafter meaning better is express,
When 'tis wi' kisse on the heart impress.

[Executive

[ WX ENVISOR

# ACT V.

SCENE I.

See bow poor Bauldy stares like ane possess.

And roars up Symon frac bis kindly rest.

Bare-legg'd, roi' night cap, and unbutton'd coat,

See the auld man comes forward to the fot.

SYMON and BAULDY.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowfy fleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the fcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye fhake, and glowr, and look fae wan?

Your teeth they chitter, hair like briftles stan'. Baulds. O len me foon some water, milk or ale, My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail; I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;

Alake! I'll never be myfell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

O Symon! O!

[Symon gives bim a drink.

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

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

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

Symon, you're very timeoufly afteer.

Symon. I'm forry, Sir, that we've diffurb'd your reft,

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest, He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. Bindey. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to mak' my plaint to you.

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

Bauldy. - Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe, That wins aboon the mill among the haws, . . First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art. To gain a bonny thrawart laffie's heart: As fhe had tryfted, I met wi'er this night, But may nae friend of mine get fic a fright ! For the curft hag, inflead of doing me good, (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!) Rais'd up a ghaift or de'il, I kenna whilk, Like a dead corfe in fheet as white as milk ; Black hands it had, and face as wan as death, Upon me faft the witch and it fell baith And gat me down; while I, like a great fool, Was labour'd as I wont to be at fchool. My heart out of its hool was like to loup. I withless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope, Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite: Sync I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and fpite, Crap up, and fled flraught frae them, Sir, to you, Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due, I'm fure my heart will near gi'e o'er to dunt, Till in a fat tar harrel Maute be brunt.

Si-Will. Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be; Let Maufe he brought this morning down to me.

Bawldy. Thanks to your Honour, foon shall I obey; But first I'll Roger raife, and twa three mae, To eatch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel, And east her cantraips that bring up the de'il. [ExitSir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt.

What filly notions crowd the clouded mind,

That is through want of education blind ! Ithing. Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae fix

As witches raifing de'ils up thro' a ring,

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 fee him frifk and lowp

While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs ride, Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main, To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;

By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and ftools, Whate'er's in fpells, or if there witches be-

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a

Had either meikle fenfe, or yet was rich : But Maufe, tho' poor, is a fagacious wife, That gars me think this hobleshew that's pass

Commands the imps of darkness down to night;

Bid raife my fervants, and my horse prepare, Whilft I walk out to take the morning air.

### SANG XX .- Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darknefs files before the rifing ray,
The hearty hind flarts from list laxy fleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without a guilty fling to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
While finfler'd with wine, or madder'd with lofs
Of half an effact, the prey of a maios,
The drunkard and gamedler tumble and tofs,
Withing for calomefs and flumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietnefs of mind,
Plac'd at a due diltance from parties and flate,
Where neither ambition nor avariee blind,
Reach him who has happinefs link'd to his fate.

### SCENE IL

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair, Wi' a blue snood Fenny binds up ber bair : Glaud by bis morning ingle taks a beek, The rifing fun fbines motty thro' the reck : A pipe bis mouth, the laffer please bis cen, And now and then bis joke maun interveen.

## GLAUD, JENNY and PEGGY.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night, Ye dinna use fae foon to fee the light : Nae doubt now we intend to mix the thrang. To tak' your leave of Patrick or he gang : But do you think that now when he's a laird, That he poor landwart laffes will regard?

Fenny. Tho' he's young mafter now, I'm very fure He has mair fenfe than flight auld friends, tho' poor: But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug, And kifs'd my coufin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;

But, be advis'd, his company refrain: Before, he, as a shepherd, fought a wife,

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

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

He'll never be't, elfe I ha'e tint my fkill.

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

fluin'd, Syne mak' ye a' their jeft when ye're debauch'd. Be wary then, I fay, and never gi'e

Encouragement, or bourd wi' fic as he.

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

Clund. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he, As they are wifer, better are than we,

But thinner fawn; they're fae puit up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks lik haly guide
That flaws the gate to heavin;—I've heard myell,
Some o' them laugh at doomiday, fin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odds Sure him that doubts a doomfday, doubts a God. Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge,

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge nor think, Nor hope, nor fear; but curfe, debauch, and drink:

But I'm no faying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to fic gates will e'er be brought.

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

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Hafte, hafte ye, we're a' fent for o'er the gate,

To hear, and help to redd fome odd debate

'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witcheraft-spell, At Symon's house, the knight fits judge himfell.

Glaud. Lend me my flaff :- Madge, lock the outer

And bring the lasses wi' ye ; I'll step before. [Exit. Madge. Poor Meg !- Look, Jenny, was the like c'er

How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een! This day her brankan wooer takes his horfe. To ftrut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross: To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain, For a nice fword and glancing headed cane : . To leave his ram-horn fpoons, and kitted whey, For gentler tea, that fmells like new-won hav: To leave the green-fwaird dance, when we gae milk, To ruftle 'mang the beauties clad in filk. But Mcg, poor Meg! maun wi' the fhepherd flav. And tak' what God will fend in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your

Its no my faut that I'm nae gentler born. I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green :

Now fince he rifes, why should I repine? If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine. And then, the like has been, if the decree Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny flory, troth !- But we delay ;

Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

### SCENE III.

Sir William fills the tava-arm'd chair. While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe Attend, and wi' loud laughter bear Daft Bauldy bluntly plead bis cause: For now 'tis tell'd bim that the tax Was bandled by revengefu' Madge, Because be brak' good breeding's lanus, And qui' bis nonfense rais'd their rage.

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

Sir Will.

A No was that all ?-Wiel, Bauldy, ye was ferv'd No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd. Was it fo fmall a matter to defame, And thus abuse an honest woman's name ? Befides your going about to have betray'd By perjury, an innocent young maid. Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps, And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps. Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the fcore, I kend na that they though me fic before. Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ'd it wiel; But troth I was e'en doilt to feek the de'il; Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch, She's baith a flee and a revengefu' -And that my fome place finds :- but I had beft Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaift, And the young bonny witch, whafe rofy cheek Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to feek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

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

With face fo fair, and locks a lovely brown?

How fparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find

The girl brings all my lifter to my mind.

Such were the features once adorn'd a face,

Which death too foon depriv'd of fweetest grace.

Is this your daughter, Glaud?

Is this your daughter, Glaud?—————————————————————Sir, fhe's n

And yet fie's not—but I shou'd had 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 should mak' appear

Fatte.—So am 11

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud.—Then, fince my mafter orders, I obey—

This banny foundling ac clear morn of May,

Close by the lee fide of my down I found,

All found and clear and comply have round.

All fweet and clean, and carefully hapt round, In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make. What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forfake Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to a

white, warte than brutes, con a leave exposed to Sae much of innocence, fae fweetly fair, Sae helplefs 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' fic a look wad made a favage mild.

I hid the flory, the has paid'd finfyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For the's wide worth the pains that I ha'e tane.
Ye fee the's bonny; I can fwear the's good,
And am right fure the's come of gentle blood;
Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

See Man Phinash Come Payment.

Than what I to your Honour now declare,
Sir Will. This tale feems Hrange!—
Patie.—The tale delights my ear! [appear.
Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth
Mong. That he my tafk.—Now, sir, bid a' be huft,
Peggy may finile—Thou haft nae caufe to blufh,
Lang ha'e I wifh'd to fee this happy day.
That I might fadie yo the truth si'e way:

That I may now Sir William Worthy name
The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
He faw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sifter's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave-prove what your fay;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Paile, What reafen, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when flee's fae near her grave?

But how, or why, it flould be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reafon want.

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

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

[Maufe gers forward, leading Pogzy to Sir William.
Maufe Sir, view me wiel; has fifteen years to plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e often view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand.
Sir Will. Ha I honest nurse, where were my eyes be-

fore?

I know thy faithfulnefs, I need no more; Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind, Say, to expose her, who was so unkind? [Sir William unbraces Peggy, and make, her fit by him Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail But no more words 'till Mause relate her tale.

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

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,

Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife. The flory's lang; but I the fecret knew, How they purfu'd wi' avaricious view Her rich eflate, of which they're now poffelt; All this to me a confident confelt. Heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread, They'd finoor the fakeleis orphan in her bed. That very night, when all were funk in refl, At midnight hour the floor I faftly preft, And flaw the fleeping innocent away, Wi' whom I travell'd fome few miles e'er day 11. White the presentation of the way and the way the second of the sum of the second of the 11. White the second of the way and the 12. When I travell'd fome few miles e'er day 11. White the second of the way and the 12. When I travell'd fome few miles e'er day

At midnight hour the thor I fatty prett,
And flaw the fleeping innocura way,
Wi' whom I travell'd fome few miles e'er day.
A' day I hid me ;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
'Till eaftward fitty miles I reach'd their plains,
Where needful' plenty glade your cheerful fivains.

Afraid of being found out, and, to fecure My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door And took a neighbouring cottage here, that Whate'er should happen to her, might be by. Here, honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may Remember wiel how I that very day Frac Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glaud. [with tears of joy happing down his beard.]
I wich remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge fome time should about be brought.

Patic. "I's now a crime to doubt—my joys are full, Wi' due obedience to my parent's will. Sir, wi' paternal love furvey her charms, And blame me not for rufhing to her arms; She's mine by vows, and would, tho' fill unknown, Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durft own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair, [care, Equal with Patriek; now my greateft 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.

With as good will as either would demand.

[Patie and Poggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Patie. Wi' as much joy this bleffing I receive,

As ane wad life that's finking in a wave.

Sir Will. [raifes them.] I give you both my bleffing; may your love

Produce a happy race, and fill improve.

Page. My withes are complete—my joys arife,
While I'm lad dizary wit the belf fitrprife.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me for much generous kindnefs had?

Lang may Sir William blefs thefe happy plains,





Patie. Be laug our guardian, fill our Master be; We'll only crave what you shall please to give: The estate be your's, ray Peggy's ane to me.

Gloud. I hope your Honour now will take amends

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.
Sir Will. The bafe unnatural villain foon 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.

Prggs. To me the views of wealth and an effate, Scem light when put in balance with my Pate:
For his fake only, I'll ay thankful bow

For fuch a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day!

I hope now, Sir, you'll no foon hafte away.
Shail I unfaddle your horfe, and gar prepare
A dinner for yo of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you s
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
I'ell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe'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 bufy gard'ners shall new planting rear:

My father's hearty table you foon fhall fee Reftor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.
Glaud. God fave the king, and fave Sir William lang
T'enjoy their ain, and raife the shepherd's fang.

Romer. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to fing? What shepherd's whiftle winna lilt the spring? Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Maufe-wi' very Madge I'm gree'd.

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid; I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive, To join and fing, " Lang may Sir William live." Madge. Lang may he live-and, Bauldy, learn to

Your gab a wee, and think before ve fpeak : And never ca' her auld that wants a man. Elfe ye may yet fome witches fingers ban. This day I'll wi' the youngest of you rant, And brag for av that I was ca'd the aunt Of our young lady,-my dear bouny bairn ! Peggy. Nae other name I'll ever for you learn:

And, my good nurse, how shall I grateful be For a' thy matchless kindness done for me? Maufe. The flowing pleafures of this happy day

Does fully a' I can require repay. Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to

And to your heirs, I give in endless feu, The mailens ye posses, as justly due, Who have enough befides, and thefe can spare, Maufe, in my house, in calmness, close your days. With nought to do but fing your Maker's praife.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your Honour's

Confirm your joys, and a' your bleffings roove.

Patic, profining Roger to Sie William.

Sir, here's my truthy friend, that always flar'd My bofom feerets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Jamet, (Jenny, think nae fhame), Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laft he fpake and won,
And hopes to be our honeft uncle's fon;
Be plead't of peke to Glaud for his confient,

That nane may wear a face of discontent.

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

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

pon these sields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can-

we fay,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your Honour wills, I finall obey.

Roger, my daughter wi' my bleffing take,
And fill our maffer's right your bufinest make.

Pleafe him, be faithful, and this aud gray head

Shall and it's coincide declaration.

Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good o' speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak' o'er great a fraise;

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

Sir Will. My friends, I'm fatisfy'd you'll all behave, Each in his flation, as I'd wifth or crave. Be ever virtuous, foon or late you'll find Reward and fatisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life fornetimes looks dark and wild; And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd. Aft when we fland on brinks of dark defpair, Some happy turn with joy difpels our care. Now all's at rights, who fings beft, let me hear, Progy. When you demand, I readleft should obey; I'll fing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXI .- Corn riggs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy
His breath is fweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His fape is handfore, middle fize;
He's comely in his wauking;
The filming of his een furprife;
'Tis heav' to hear him tauking,

Laft night I met him on a bauk,
Where yellow corn was growing
There mony a kindly word he fipak
That fet my heart a glowing.
He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mit
And loo'd me beft of ony.
That gars me like to fing finfyne,

Let laffe, of a filly mind
Refule what maift they're wanting I
Since we for yielding were defign'd,
We chaffely mould be granting.
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And fyne my cockernouy
He's free to toulle air or late,
While corn riggs are bonny.

Exeunt omn

A

# GLOSSARY;

OR,

EXPLANATION

OF .

SCOTS WORDS.

## A

# GLOSSARY;

# OR, EXPLANATION OF SCOTS WORDS

Used by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern English Writings.

Some general Rules, steering roberein many Southern and Northern Words are originally the same, harging only a Letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added,

I. In many Words ending with an 1 after an a or u, the 1 is

Scots.	English,	Scots.	English.
A'	ALL.	Sma.	Small.
Ba,	Ball.	Sta,	Stall.
Ca,	Call.	Wa,	Walt.
Fa,	Fall.	Fou, or fu,	Full.
Ga,	Gall.	Pou. or pu,	Pull.
Ha,	Hall.	Woo, or U,	Wool.

II. The I changes to a. w. or u, after o or a, and is frequently

Scots.	English,	Scots.	English.
RAWM,	BALM.	Borot,	Boll.
Bouk,	Baulk.	Borot,	Bolt.
Bouk,	Bulk.	Caff,	Cali.

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Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.	Horoms,	Holms.
Faut,	Fault.	Maut,	Malt.
Faufe,	Falfe.	Pow,	Poll.
Foruk,	Folk.	Roze,	Roll.
Faron,	Fallen.	Scarud, .	Scald.
Gowd,	Gold.	Storung .	Stolen.
Haff,	Half.	Wawk,	Walk.
How,	Hole or Hol-		
	low.		

III. An o before ld, changes to a, or au; as,

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
AULD,	OLD.	Hald, or bad,	
Bauld,	Bold.	Sald,	Sold.
Cauld,	Cold.	Tald,	Told.
Fauld,	Fold.	Wad,	Would.

IV. The o, oe, or ow is changed to a, ac, aw, or ai; oc,

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
AE, or ans,	ONE.	Bain,	Bone.
Acten.	Oaten.	Bair.	Boar.
Aff,	Off.	Baith.	Both.
Aften,	Often.	Blaw,	Blow.
Aik.	Oak.	Braid,	Broad.
Aith,	Oath.	Claith,	Cloth,
Ain, or aun	Own.	Craw,	Crow.
Alane.	Alone.	Drap,	Drop.
Amaift,	Almost.	Fac,	Foe.
Amang,	Among.	Frae,	Fro, or from
Airs,	Oars.	Gac,	Go.
Aits.	Oats.	Gaitz,	Goats.
Apen.	Open.	Granes	Groan.
Azuner.	Owner.	Halv.	Holy.

Scots. Englift. Scots. Hale. Whole. Suft Soft. Wholefome. Halefome, Soap. Home. Hame, Hait, or bet, Sang, Song, Laith. Loath. Slow Slaw, Load. Snaw, Snow. Lain, or len, Loan. Strake. Stroak. Long. Starv, Stole. Lago. Low. Stane, Mae, Moe. Saul. Moft. Toc. Maift, Tac. Mair, More. Taiken, Token. Moan, Tangs, Tongs. Mane, Top. Mow. Tap, Maw, Throng. Nane, None. Wae, Woe. Nothing. Womb. Wame, Pape, Pope, Wan, Won. Roar. Wark, Work. Warld, Wba, Who. Raw. Row.

# V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,

Scots.	Englift.	Scots.	Englift.
A Nitbers	A Nother.	Ither,	Other.
B://,	Bull.	Mitber,	Mother.
Birn,	Burn.	Nits,	Nuts.
Britber,	Brother.	Nife,	Nofe,
Fit,	Foot.	Pit,	Put.
Fither,	Fother.	Rin,	Run.
27.	II.	C	Sun.

ABLINS, perhaps
Aboov, above
Aikerbread, the breadth of

an acre

Air, long fince. It. Early.

Air up, foon up in the

morning

Ambrie, cupboard

Anew, enow

Ailes, earnest of a ba

gain
Ase. Ashes

Atains, or Atanes, at once, at the fame time
Attour, out-over
Auth-forren, ingenious
Aurabharain or Revealshare

Audi-forces, ingenious
Aurglebargin, or Engglebargin, to contend and
wrangle

Awfome, frightful

B
BACK-SEY, a furloin
Butrant, a cat
Baid, flaid, abode
Butras, children
Buten, whale-bone

flowers fbe bad a bang Bang fler, a bluftering roaring perion

Bannocks, a fort of bread thicker than cakes, and

Busken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a

thing like bark

Barlibbood, a fit of drunken
augry paffion

Burrow-trant. the flaves

Barrow-trami, the flaves of a hand-barrow Batts, colick Bawbie, halfpenny

Bawbie, halfpenny
Bauch, forry, indifferent
Baufy, bawfand-fac'd, is a
cow or horfe with a
white face

Beleen, immediately; hafte Beft, beaten

B-ft, beaten
B-good, began
B-grouten, all in tears
B-it, to bank
B-itd, or beil, a fielter
B-in, or been, wealthy.
been boule, a warm we

been boufe, a warm well furnished one Beit, or beet, to help, repair Beits, bubbles

Bottan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day Bonded, drunk hard Bonn, the inner-room of

a house

Bennison, bleffing

Benfall, or Benfail, force

nt, the open field

Bl

Beuk, baked Bicker, a wooden dish

Bickering fighting, running quickly. School boys battling with stones

Bigg, build. B gget, built.
Biggings, buildings
Biggonet, a linen cap or

coif

Billy, brother Byre, or Byar, a cow-stall

Birks, birch-trees
Birle, to drink. Common

Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing

liquor, the

ling a bawbie
Birn, a burnt mark

Birns, the flalks of burnt heath

Birr, force, flying fwiftly with a noise

Brisid, brusted Bittle, or beetle, a woode mell for beating hemp

or a fuller's club

Black-a-vic'd, of a black

Blue, pale blue, the colour of the fkin when bruif-

Blaffum, beguile Blate, bashful Blater, a rattling noise

Bluter, a rattling noise Blueb, to blanch or whit-

Går

BRA Bleer, to make the eye wa-

ter

Bleeze, blaze

Bletter, foolish discourse.

Bletherer, a babbler Stammering is called 616

Blin, cease. Never blin, ne-

Blinkan, the flame rifing and falling, as of a lamp

and falling, as of a lam when the oil is exhauf

Boak, or boke, vomit
Boal, a little prefs or cup-

board in the wall

Bodin, or bodden, provided

or furnished

Bidle, one fixth of a pen-

Bidevord, an ominous meffage. Bidevords are now used to express ill-na-

tured meffages

Boglebo, hobgoblin or fpec-

Bonny, beautiful
Bonnywalis, toys, gew-gaws
Bofs, empty
Book bulk

Bourd, jeft or dally
Bouze, to drink
Brochen, a kind of water-

gruel of oat-meal, butter and honey Brae, the fide of a hill,

bank of a river

BUL Braird, the first sprouting

of corns Brander, a gridiron

Brankan, prancing, a ca-

Brattle, noise, as of horse

Brazo, brave. Fine in ap-

Brecken, fearn

Brent brown, fmooth high Brigg, bridges

Browler, brewer, Browl,

Bruliment, a broil Bucky, the large fea-fnail. A term of reproach,

Buff, nonfcufe. As, He

tion of water at a fpring-

head, or noise of a rising

Bumbazed, confused. Made to ftare and look like an

Bung, completely fuddled,

Bunkers, a bench, or fort of

But, often, for without. As,

Bykes, or bikes neiss or hires

CADGE, carry. Camfebough, ftern, grim, of

a difforted countenance

Cant, to tell merry old

Cantraips, incantations

Canty, chearful and merry-

Capernaited, whimfical, ill-

Carle, a word for an old

Carline, an old woman. Gire-Cardino, a giant's wife

ing chearfulness in ad-

flour, fomewhat lefs

A-Char, or a-jar, alide.

a little out of its polition. or a door or window a little opened, we fay, they are a-char, or a-jur Charlewain, Charles-wain; The confiellation called

the plow, or Urfa major

Ubat, a cant name for the

Chiel, a general term like with respect; as, He's a

very good chiel; and contemptuoufly, That chiel Chiem, chirp and fing like a

Chucky a hen ... Clark a fharp blow or

ftroke that makes a noile .

Clatter, to chatter

Claught, took hold Claver, to fpeak nonfenfe

Cleek, to catch as with a

Cleugh, a den betwixt

Clinty, hard, Rony

moift thing Closs, a court or fouare : and frequently a lane

or alley Clour, the little lump that

rifes on the head, occafioned by a blow or

Cluse, or Clost, hobf, of cows or fheep

Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when

it is wrapt or Incoded up

Cal, a pillow

#### CR

Boft, bought

Gog a pretty large wooden

dish the country people
put their pottage in

Gogle, when a thing moves
backwards and forwards, inclining to fall

Goodle a finall wooden

Coofe, a fmall wooden veffel ufed by fome for a chamber-pot Coof, a flupid fellow Coor, to cover Coofe, a flored horfe Coof did saft Coofe in thrown

Cool, didcaft. Coffen, thrown Corly, a raven Coffe, warm, sheltered in a convenient place Cotter, a sub-tenant Sowe, to fall: also a fall

Coup, to change or barter Coup, a company of people; as merry, fenfelefs, corky coup South, to cronch and creep Couth, frank and kind Cruck, to chat

Crack, to chat Greek, balket Greek greate Greek a crooked dwarf Greek, of Crane, to murmur, orhumovera fong. The lowing of bulls

Groufe, bold Grove, a cottage Grummy, a cow's name Gryn, fhrink, or bec

lefs by drying

DAN

Gudeigh, a bribe, preleng Gulzie, intice or flatter Gun, to tafte, learn, know Gunzie, or Goonie, coin Gura, a finall parcel Gurfebe, & kerchief.

Gurfebe, 4 kerchief. A linen drefs wore by our Highland women. Gutled, ufed kind and gain-

ing methods for obtaining love and friendfhip Cutts, lots. These cutts are usually made of straws unequally cut.

Cutty, thort

1

DAB. a proficient
Dad, to beat one thing as
gainst another. He fill
with a dad. He dadded his
head against the wall,

Daft. foolish; and fometimes wanton Daffin, folly, waggery Dail, or Date, a valley, plain

Daintith delicates, daintles Dainty, is tifed us an epithet of a fine man or woman

Mander, wander to or fro, or faupter. Dang, did ding, beat, thruft.

drive. Ding, dang, mov-

DOL

ving haftily one on the back of another

Dafe, to put out of coun-

tenance

Dawty, a fondling, darling. To dawt, to cock-

er and caress with tenderness

Deave, to flun the ears with

noife

Deray, merriment, jollity, folemnity, tumult,

diforder, noife

Dern, fecret, hidden, lone-

Deval. to descend, fall,

Deags, rags or shapings of

cloth
Didle, to act or move like

a dwarf

Dight, decked. Made ready; also to clean

Dinna, do not

Dirle, a fmarting pain quickly over Dit, to ftop or close up a

hole
Divot, broad turf

Docken, a dock, (the herb)
Doilt, confused and filly
Doited, dozed or crazy, as

in old age
Doll, a large piece, dole or

Doll, a large piece, dole of

Dov. moift

Donfie, affectedly neat.
Clean, when applied to

Dosfart, a dull heavy-head-

Dool, or drule the goal which gamesters strive to gain first (as at football)

Dool, pain, grief

Dorts, a proud pett

Dorty, proud. Not to be fpoke to. Conceited, appearing as difoblig-

ed

Dofend, cold, impotent

Dought, could, availed
Doughty, frong, valiant and

able

Douks, dives under water

Doufe, folid, grave, pru

dent

Dove, to will, to incline, to

Dow, dove

Dow'd, (liquor) that is dead,

or has loft the fpirits;

or withered (plant)

Don ff, mournful, wanting vivacity

one has the power, he

wants the heart to do it Dowp, the arfe, the imal-

Eild, age

remains of a candle, the

bottom of an egg-shell.

Better balf egg as toom

Drant, to fpeak flow, after

a fighing manner

Dree, to fuffer, endure

Dreery, wearifome, fright-ful

Dreigh, flow, keeping at diffance. Hence an illpayer of his debts, we

call dreigh. Tedious Dribs, drops Drinel, a little water in a

rivulet scarce appearing

Droning, fitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans

Drouked, dranched, all wet

Dung, defeat
Dunt, firoke or blow
Dunty, a doxy

Durk, a poniard or dag-

Dynler, trembles, shakes Dyver, a bankrupt

# E

EAGS, incites, firs up
Eard, earth, the ground
Elge, of a hill, is the fide o
top
Em, eyes

----

FAT

Eildeens, of the fame age

Eith, eafy. Either, eather

Elbuck, elbow

Elf-flot, bewitched, fhot by faries Elfon, a shoemaker's awl

Elritob, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by ima-

Endlang, along-

E.gb forupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a fteady refolution

dy resolution

E. ft. time past

E. ter, hewn stone. Build-

ings of fuch we call ofler-work
Ether, an adder

E le, to aim, delign
E ven'd compared
Eydent, diligent, laborious

## F

F.A. a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice

Fadge, a fpungy fort of bread in shape of a roll Fog. to tire, or turn wea-

ry
Fail, thick turf, such as are
used for building dikes

used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.

FIS Fain, expresses earnest defire ; as, fain would I. Alfo, joyful, tickled with

pleafure Fait, neat, in good order Fairfuso, when we wish or fair fate may befal

Fang, the talons of a fowl. To fang, to grip, or hold

Faft, vex or trouble. Faft-

Faugh, a colour between white and red. Faugh

Fred or foad, feud, hatred, Fell, many, feveral

by industry. Make a

Fernsier, the last or fore-Firefleught, a flath of light-

Fifile, to ftir, a ftir

FOR Fitfled, the print of the

Fizzing, whizzing

Flaffing, moving up and down, raifing wind by motion, as birds with

Flogs, flashes, as of wind

Flane, an arrow

the ground Flazo, he or fib

Fley, or fie, to affright.

Flinders, Splinters Flit, to remove Flite, or flyte, to foold, chide

Forebears, forefathers, an-

Forfairn, abused, bespatter-

Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with

Forgainft, opposite to

Forgether, to meet, encoun-

Foreflam, the forehead

Fraile, to make a noise. We use to say one makes a fraife, when they boaft,

wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear

Fray, buftle, fighting Freik, a fool, light imperti-

nent follow

Frifted, trufted

Fuff, to blow. Fuffin, blow-

Fyk, to be reftlefs, uneafy

GAB, the mouth. To prat-

Gabbing, pratting pertly. vants give faucy returns

Gabby, one of a ready and

eafy expression; the farme with auld gabbet Gudge, to dictate imperti-

Gafaw, a hearty loud laugh-

ter. To gawf, laugh Gait, a goat

Gar, to caufe, make or

Gare, greedy, rapacious,

with a long out chin, we

call gafb-gabbes, or gafb-

Gaunt, yawn Garuky, idle, flaring, idioti-

Gawn, going Gawfy. jolly, buxom

Genty, handfome, genteel Get, brat, a child, by way

of contempt or derifion Gillygacus, or Gillygapus, a

flaring gaping fool, a

Gimmer, a young sheep,

GOR

Gin. if Gird, to ffrike, pierce Girn. to grin, fnarl. Alfo a fnare or trap, fuch as hovs make of horse hair

to catch birds Girth, a hoop Glaiks, an idle good for nothing fellow. Glaiked,

foolish, wanton, light. To give the glaiks, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his

pains

Claiffer, to bawl or bark Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the fight, they are faid to caft glamour o'er the eyes of the

Glar, mire, ouzy mud Cleg. fharp, quick, active

Glen, a narrow valley between mountains Clam, to fcowl or frown

Glowning, the twilight or Glarr, to flare, look ftern Glunch, to hang the brow

Coun, a wooden dish for

Geolie, a large knife Gorlings, or Gorblings, young

unfledged birds

Goffie, goffip

Gove, to look broad and

stedfast, holding up the Gowf, befides the known

GUM

game, a racket or found blow on the chops, we call a gouf on the buffet Gowk, the cuckow. In de-

rifion we call a thoughtleis fellow, and one who harps too long on one

Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry

Gouffy, ghaftly, large, wafte, defolate, and frightful

Grany, grandmother, any old woman Grape, a trident fork, Alfo

to grope Gree, prize, victory

Green, or green to long for Greet, to weep. Grat. wept Grieve, an overfeer Groff, grofs, coarle

Grotts milled oats Grouf, to lie flat on the bel-

Grounche, or Glunfo, to mur-Grutten, wept

Cumption, good fense

grounds on the fides of Havins, good breeding.

Haws, the throat, or fore-

Heal, or Heel, health, or Heepy, a person hypocon-

Hereyestreen, the night be-

Heez, to lift up a heavy

Hempy, a tricky wag, fuch

for whom the hemp

in a place Heght, promifed.

thing a little. A beczy Heftit, accustomed to live

Gurly, rough, bitter, cold

Gyfened, when the wood of

Gytlings, young children

HAFFET, the cheek, fide

Haggife, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and

Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or

Hain, to fave, manage nar-

Halefome, wholefome: As,

Hallen, a fcreen.

Hameld, domeftic Hamely, friendly, frank,

Hanty, convenient, hand-

Harns, brains. Harn-pane

Hafb, a floven Haveren, or bayrel, one who

talks nonfenfe

Haughs, valleys, or low

Hereit, ruined in estate. Hofp, a clasp or hook, bar

or bolt. Alfo, in yarn, a certain number of

Hether-bells, the heath-blof-

Hough, a rock, or fleep hill,

hiding-places. To do

a thing in bidlings, i. c.

Hirfle, to move as with a

Hirfle, or Hirdfale, a flock

Hobblefbern, confused rack-

et, noife Hool, hufk. Hool'd inclof-

Hooly, flow

Hou, or bu, a cap or roof-

How, low ground, a hol-

How! ho! Howdy, a midwife

Howms, plains on river-

fides Howil fy!

Horotowdy, a young hen Hurkle, to erpuch or bow

together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare Hut, a hove

Hyt, mad

Jaw, a wave or gush of Yawp, the dashing of wa-

For, to incline to one fide, To jee back and fore, is

to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other fide

Jig. to crack, make a noife like a cart-wheel

Fimp, flender Fip. gyptie

Ilk, each. Ilka, every

Youk, a low bow

afraid of fome ghoft or apparition. Alfo, me-

I'fe. I fhall; as I'll for I will

'funt, a large joint or piece

Jute, four or dead liquor Tybe, to mock. Gibe, taunt

K

Jag, to prick as with a

KABER, a rafter Kale, or Kail, colewort, and fometimes broth Kacky, to dung

KIT Kain, a part of a farm-rent

paid in fowls

Kame, comb
Kanny, or Canny, fortunates
Allo, warry, one who
manages his affairs dif-

creetly

Kebuck, a cheefe Keckle, to laugh, to be not-

Kedgy, or cadgie, jovial

Keek to peep
Kelt, cloth with a freeze,
commonly made of na-

Kemp, to firive who shall perform most of the

fame work in the fame time

Ken, to know; iffed in Eng-

Ken, to know; iffed in England as a noun. A thing within ken, i.e. within view.

Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one Kieft, to caft. Vid. coeft Kitted, tucked up

Kimmer, a fethale gossip Kirn, a churn, to churn Kirtle, an upper petticoat

Kitchen, all forts of eatables, except bread

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings)

Kittle, to tickle, ticklift Knacky, witty, facetious Knoit, tobeat or firike fharp-

Knoos'd, buffetted and bruil-

ed Knooft, or Knuist, a large

Know, a hillock

Knubluck, a knob Knubluck, only used in Scots

for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand

Kow gobiln; or any perform one flands in a we to difoblige, and fears

Ky, kine or cows

Kyth, to appear. Hill kyth

in bis ain coburs
Kyte, the belly

L

LAGGERT, bespattered; covered with clay Laish, low

Laigh, low
Laits, manners
Lak, or Lack, undervalues

contern; as, He that lacks my mare, will buy my mare Landart, the country, or

belonging to it. Ruf-

Lane, alone Langour, languishing, me-

Lapper'd, cruddled or clot-

Lave, the reft or remain-

Lawrock, the lark

Lawiv. or Lawtith, justice,

Leal, true, upright, honeft,

a wag or cheat, we call Lied. ye lied, ye tell a lie

Liggs, lies

instrument of music;

Ling, quick career in a Lingle, cord, fhoemaker's

mufcular parts; fometimes the air or com-

where they milk their

Looms, tools, instruments

Low flame. Lowan, flam-

Loren, calm. Keep lown, be

Loun, rogue, whore, vil-

Lounder, a found blow Lout, to bow down, making courtefy. To floop Luck, to enclose, thut up,

ed, close fifted, lucken gowans, booths, &cc.

Lucky, grandmother

Lug, ear. Handle of a pot

Lyart, hoary or grey-hair-

Maik, or make, to match,

Maiklefs, matchlefs

Makly, feemly, well-pro-Makina, 'tis no matter

Mangit, galled or bruifed

Mant, to stammer in

March, or merch, a land-

mark, border of lands

MOO

Marb, the marrow Marrow, mate, fellow, e-

Masking-loom, mash-vat Maun, muft. Mauna, must

Meikle, much, big, great,

Mends, fatisfaction,

venge, retaliation. make a mends, to make a

Menfe, difcretion, fobriety, good breeding. Mens-

Menzie, company of men. army, affembly, one's

Mifcaw, to give names

Miften, to neglect or not take notice of one; also,

Miffers, necessities, wants

Mools, the earth of the

N

Mou, mouth
Moup, to eat, generally ufed of children, or of old
people, who have but
few teeth, and make
their line move faft the?

their lips move faft, tho' they cat but flow

Mow. a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, fleaves of corn, &c.

Mow. jefts

Muckle, fee meikle
Murgullied, mifmanged, ahufed

Mutch, coif
Mutchin, an English pint

27

N

NACKY, or Knacky, clever, active in fmall affairs Necfe, nofe

Neefe, nose
Nettle, to fret or vex
Newfangle, fond of a new

Nevel, a found blow with

Mick, to bite or cheat. Nicked, cheated: also a cant

word to drink heartily; as, he nicks fine Nieft, next

Niffer, to exchange or barter

Nifinafan, trifling Nignays, trifles Nips, bitts Nither, to straiten. Nithered, hungered or half-

Rarved in maintenance
Nive, the fift
Nock, notch or nick of an
arrow or fpindle

arrow or fpindle
Noit, fee knoit
Nowt, cows, kine
Nowther, neither

Nuckle, new calved (cows)

OE, a grandchild
O'er, or overe, too much;
as, a'o'ers is vice
O'ercome, furplus

Ony, any
Or, fometimes used for e'er
or before. Or day, i. e.

before day-break

Ora, any thing over what's
needful

Ora to ween with a con-

needful
Orp, to weep with a convultive pant
Oughtiens, in the leaft
Owk, week
Owerlay, a cravat

Oxter, the armpit

P PADDOCK, a frog. Pad-

dock-Ride, the spawn of frogs
Paiks, chassifement, Te

PIR

paik, to beat or belabour

Pang, to squeeze, press or pack one thing into an-

Paughty, proud, haughty Pawky, witty or fly in

word or action, without any harm or bad de-

Peer, a key or wharf Peets, turf for fire

Pegb, to pant Peofy, finical, foppifh, con-

Perquire, by heart

Pett, a favourite, a fondling. To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter, Hence, to take the pett, is to be prevish or fullen,

as commonly petts are, when in the least difo-

bliged

Pibroughs, fuch Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before them when they go out to

Pig, an earthen pitcher Pike, to pick out, or chuse Pimpin, pimping, mean,

Pine, pain or pining

Pingle, to contend, strive or work hard

Pira, the spool or quill

receives the yarn. Pirny, (cloth or a web) of unequal threads or colours,

Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny En-

Pople or paple, the bubhling,

purling or boiling up of water. (Popling)

Poortitb, poverty Powny, a little horse or galloway; also a turkey

Poufe, to push

Poutcb, a pocket Pratick, practice, art, firatagem. Priving pratick, trying ridiculous expe-

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We fay, be play'd me a pret, i. c. cheated. The cal-

lan's fou of prets, i. e. has abundance of waggish

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is

Prive, to prove or tafte Propine, gift or prefent

Prym, or prime, to fill or fluff Putt a flane, throw a big ftone

REE

QUEY, a young cow

. . .

RACKLESS, careless. One who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him rackless banded

Rae, a roe Raffan, merry, roving, hear-

Raird, a loud found

Rair, roar
Rak, or rook, a mift or fog
Rampage, to speak and act

furioufly
Rafhes, rushes
Rave, did rive or tear
Ravest, reached
Rax, to firstch

reached

Ream, cream. Whence,
reaming; as, reaming li-

Redd, to rid, unravel. To feparate folks that are fighting. It also fignifics clearing of any paffage. Fin redd, I am

apprehensive

Rede, counfel, advice; as,

I wall ha rede you to do that

Reek, reach; also smoke

Reeft, to rust, or dry in the smoke
Reft, berest, robbed, forced

Reft, berett, robbed, forced or carried away Reif, rapine, robbery Reik or rink a courfe orrace Rever, a robber or pirate Reveth, pity

Rice, or Rife, bulrufhes, bramble branches, or twices of trees

twigs of trees

Rife, or Ryfe, plenty

Rife, to belch

Rigging, the back or rig-

back, the top or ridge of a house Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins Rock, a distant

Roofe or Rufe, to commend, extol

Rottan, a rat
Roundel, a witty, and often
fatyric kind of rhyme
Rowan, rolling

Rown, rolling
Rowt, to roar, especially the
lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty

Ruck, a rick or flack of hay or corns
Rude, the red taint of the complexion

Ruefu', doleful
Ruef, to pull, take away by
force

Rumple, the rump

SIN

SCO Rungs, small boughs of trees

Runkle, a wrinkle. Runkle, to ruffle Rype, to fearch

SAEBEINS, feeing it is,

Sall, shall. Like foud for Bould

Sand-blind, purblind, fhort-

Sar, favour or fmell Sark, a fhirt Saugh, a willow or fallow-

Saw, an old faying, or proverbial expression

Scad, feald Scar, the bare places on the fides of hills washen Scart, to feratch

Scarop, a bare dry piece of ftony ground Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than

Scowp, to leap or move haftily from one place

Scowth, room, freedom

L 3

Scrimp, narrow, straitened, Scroggs, fhrubs, thorns, bri-

ers. Scroggy, thorny Scuds, ale. A late name

Scunner, to loath Seuch, furrow, ditch

Sey, to try Shan, pitiful, filly, poor

Shaw, a wood or forest Shawl, shallow

Sbill, fhrill, having a fharp

Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear li-

quor, fbire; alfo a clever Shog, to wag, shake, or jog

backwards and forwards

Sike, a rill or rivulet, com-

Sindle, or finle, feldom

Binfine, fince that time.

Lang finfyne, long ago

Shair, fhare Skeigh, fkittifh

Skelp, to run. Used when

Skink, a kind of ffrong

broth made of cows

State, flate. Skailie, is the

Stade, or Staid, did flide,

Slerg, to bedawb or plaift-

Slld, fmooth, cunning, flips pery; as, be's a flid loun,

Slonk, a mire, ditch or

flough; to wade thro'

Slote, a bar or bolt for a

Slough, hufk or coat

fellow, the fame with

Smittle, infectious or catch+

Snack, nimble, ready, clever

Sned, to cut Sneer, to laugh in derifion

Sneg, to cut; as, Sneg'd off Snell, fharp, fmarting, bit-

thro' the nose a little

Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handfome,

up a woman's hair Snool, to difpirit by chiding,

hard labour, and the

like; also, a pitiful grovelling flave

Snoove, to whirl round Snur!, to ruffle or wrinkle

Sod, a thick turf Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky; fometimes used

Sore, forrel, reddish colour-

Sorn, to fpunge Soft, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to

Sough, the found of wind amongst trees, or of one

fleeping Sozveni, flumry, or oatmeal foured amongst water for fome time, ency, and eaten with

milk or butter

Spac, to forctell or divine, Spaemen, prophets, au-

Spain, to wean from the

Spair a torrent, flood or in-

Speer, to afk, inquire .

Spelder, to fplit, ftretch,

Spence, the place of the

Spill, to spoil, abuse

Spraines, Stripes of different

Spring, a tune on a mufical

Sprulb, fpruce Spruttl'd, speckled, spotted

Stalwart, ftrong and vali-

Stang, did fling; also a fling or pole

Stank, a pool of standing Stark, ftrong, robust

Starns, the ftars. Starn, 2

Stend, or flen, to move with

Stoit, or Stot, to rebound or

Stou, to cut or crop. flow, a large cut

Stound, a fmarting pain or

Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or borie feet. To flour, to run

quickly Stowth, flealth

Strapan, clever, tall, hand-

Strath, a plain on a river-

Striddle, to firide, applied

commonly to one that's

Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw

Strunt, a pett. To take the frunt, to be petted or out of humour

Studdy, an anvil, or fmith's

Sturdy, giddy-headed.

Sture, or floor, fliff, ftrong,

Start, trouble, diffurbance,

Stym, a blink, or a little fight of a thing

TAP Suddle, to fully or defile Sunkan, fplenetic Sunkots, fomething

Swak, to throw, cast with

Swankies, clever young fel-Swarf, to fwoon away

Swafb, fquat, fuddled

Swats, fmall ale Sweet, burden, weight,

Sweer, lazy, flow Sweeties, confections

Swelt, fuffocated, choked Swith, begone quickly

Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or

Syne, afterwards, then

TACKEL, an arrow

Tab, a head, Such a quantity of lint as fpinfters put upon the diftaff, is

Tape, to use anything spar-

Tappit-ben, the Scots quart-

Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross hu-

Tartan, crofs striped stuff of various colours, check-The Highland

plaids

Tals, a little dram-cup Tate, a fmall lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.

Taunt, to mock

Tawpy, a foolish wench Taz, a whip or fcourge Ted, to featter, foread

gamefters at the gowffet their balls before

they strike them off Teen, or tynd, anger, rage,

Tensome, the number of ten Tent, attention. Tenty, cau-

tious Thack, thatch Thae, those

Tharmes, fmall tripes Thig, to beg or borrow

That, to endure, fuffer

Thornless, unactive, filly, la-Thrawart, freward, crofs.

Thrawin, ftern and crofs.

allege, urge and affirm

Thud, a blaft, blow, ftorm, or the violent found of

thefe. Cry'd beb at ilka thud, i. e. gave a groan

Tid, tide or time, proper

time; as, He took the tide Tifi, good order, health Tine, to lofe. Tint, loft

Tip, or Tippony, ale fold for Tirle or Tirr, to uncover a

Tooly, to fight. A fight or

Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purfe, house, &c. It. To empty

Toft, tight, neat

To the fore, in being, alive,

Toufe, or Toufle, to rumple, teaze

Tout, the found of a horn

or trumpet Tow, a rope

Towmond, a year or twelve-Trewes, hofe and breeches

all of a piece Trig, neat, handsome True, to trow, truft, be-

lieve Truf, fleal Tryft, appointment Turs, turfs. Turs, trufs

Twin, to part with, or feparate from

Twinters, sheep of two years Tydie, plump, fat, lucky

Tynd, vid. Teen Tyf, to entice, flir up, al-

UGG, to deteft, hate, naufeate

Ugfome, hateful, nauscous Umrubile, the late or deceaft, fometime ago. Of old Uundocht, or wandought,

filly weak person Uneith, not eafy Ungeard, maked, not clad,

Unko, or unco, uncouth,

ftrange

WHA Unlusom, unlovely

FOUGY, elevated, proud

WAD, or Wed, pledge, wager, pawn; alfo,

Waff, wandering by itfelf Wak, moift, wet Wale, to pick and chuse

Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation Wally, chosen, beautiful,

Wame, womb Wandought, want of dought,

Wangrace, wickedness, want

of grace War, worfe Warlock, wizard Wat, or Wit, to know Waught, a large draught Wean, or wes ane, a child

Wee, little Ween, thought, imagined, fuppofed

Weer, to ftop or oppose Weir, war

Weird, fate or deftiny Weit, rain Werft, infipid, wallowish,

wanting falt Whank, whip, beat, flog

Wood Wbid, to fly quickly Wbilk, which Wbilly, to cheat. Wbilly-

Wbilly, to cheat. Wbi
wba, a cheat.
Wbindging, whining
Wbins, furze

Wbish, hush. Hold your peace Wbish, to pull out hastily Wbomilt, turned upside

down

Wight, flout, clever, active.

It. A man or person

Wimpling, a turning back-

ward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river

Win, or won, to refide,

Winna, will not
Winnocks, windows
Winfom, gaining, defirable,
agreeable, complete,

Wirrykow, a bugbear or goblin

Wifent, parched, dryed, withered Wiftle, to exchange (mo-

ney)
Withershins, motion against

Wee, or w, wool

Wood, mad

Wordy, the gallows Wordy, worthy

Wow! wonderful! strange!
Wreaths, of snow, when
heaps of it are blown together by the wind

Wyfing, inclining. To wife, to lead, train
Wyfon, the gullet
Wyte, to blame. Blame

Y

YAMPH, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs Yap, hungry, having a

longing defire for any thing ready Yealtou, yea wilt thou

Tealton, yea wilt thou
Yed, to contend, wrangle
Yeld, barren, as a cow that
gives no milk
Yerk, to do any thing with

Yelk, the hickup
Yelk, gate
Yelfreen, yesternight
Youdith, youthfulness

Youden, wearied Youf, a fwinging blow Yuke, the itch

Tule, Christmas.























