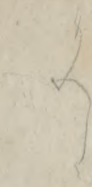


ABS. 1. 88. 103



THE

ENTLE SHEPHERD:

Handwritten signature or scribble

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

MS. 1. 88. 10

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A ~~SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.~~
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

A. Mairhouse

BY

1810

ALLAN RAMSAY.

*The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin bight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tyrrus his song did here.*

SPENCER.

ST. ANDREWS:

PRINTED BY F. RAY,

FOR W. MORISON, PERTH; W. REID, LEITH;
AND W. CHALMERS, DUNDEE.

1800.

M E N.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATRICK, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON, } two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, a bynd, engaged with Neps.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.

MADGE, Glaud's sister.

MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.

ELSPA, Symon's wife.

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

Time of action within twenty-four hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.

Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth act begins by daylight next morning.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.—*The wawking of the fauld.*

Patie.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet wiel I like to meet her at
'The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld :
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.

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

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

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

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

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
 How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants ;
 How halefome 'tis to snuff the cauler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care !
 What ails thee, Roger, then ? what gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !
 I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great.
 Tempelts may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood :
 But I, oppress'd wi' never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lightiog on relief.

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

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

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

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

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

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may't thole the pangs of mony a los:
O may't thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
Till bris'd beneath the burden thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

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

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

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

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

Patie. But Bauldy lo'es not her, right weel I wat,
He sighs for Neps ;—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna lo'e her—but in vain,
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, he strak the poor dumb tyke ;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.

When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite;
 O'er Bogie was the spring, and her deliyte:
 Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks, wander where you like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

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

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

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whinging way;
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my las I love as weil
 As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about;
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
 For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
 And she was close upon me ere she wist;
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
 Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon asteer?

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

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

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise who're soon defeat,
 And wi' a simple face gi'e way
 To a repulse—then be not blate,
 Push boldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean ;
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;
 But tent the language of their een :

If these agree, and she persist
 To answer all your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
 To hearten me: For now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
 (My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine);
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
 Wi' spraings like gowd and filler, cross'd wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.

Wiel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravell'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Wiel, ha'd ye there—and since ye've frankly
 To me a present of your braw new plaid, [made
 My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

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

Patie. But, first, we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
 And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right:
 Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheesc,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they so wise
 To season meat wi' health, instead of spice.
 When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle line, and sing t' ye like mysell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

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

PEGGY and JENNY.

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

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow :
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and makes a singan din :
 A pool, breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass.
 We'll end our wathing, while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There wash ourfells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

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

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

But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
 The neighbours a' tent this as wial as I,
 That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
 What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

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

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

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

Jenny. Heh, las ! how can you lo'e 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.

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

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
 Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
 And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane :
 But soon as his newfangleness is gane,

He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
 Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

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

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

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
 My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love. [move
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
 And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle li'e music through my heart;
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at fecklels fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads sell books that teach him meikle skill;
 He is—but what need I say that or this,
 I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill nature heffs in fauls that's weak and poor.

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

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

Jenny. Hey, *Bonny Lass of Branksome*, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a lang.
 O, 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride!
 Synewhinging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
 'To mak' them brats then you maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' brue,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The *De'il gaes o'er John Webster*, hame grows hell,
 When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm 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 sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at——their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
 But little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.

Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.—
 The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews ;
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent :
 'Tis no to gi'e ; your merchant's to the bent ;
 His honour mauna want ; he poinds your gear :
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
 Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

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

Jenny. But what if some 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 kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind:
They'll reason calinly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him chearfu' and secure his heart
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
And, soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak' aff;
Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford:
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

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

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak' sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd, }
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the wast.

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

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

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

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That, sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heartstrings leads us.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

SCENE I.

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

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. Good-morrow, neighbour Simon—come, sit down,
And gi'e's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And fald your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've cost a pound of cut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gi'e's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi'a' my heart—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. [stand

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chieks ne'er
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near :
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been ;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,

Because, ye ken fu' wiel, he bravely chose
 To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose:
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
 Has play'd the Rump a right ssee begunk;
 Restor'd King Charles; and ilka thing's in tune;
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

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

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

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

Cauld be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Bleit be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

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

Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless faucy air,
 Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
 "Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak' a seat—
 How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does Kate?—"

How sells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

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

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

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle benn, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak' your dinner here wi' me the day :
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown ;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat ;
A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reesting in the nook :
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil—and ane we'll roast ;
And on the baggies Elspa spares nae cost :

Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gully in pans wi' a curn o' spice :
 Fat are the puddings—heads and feet wiel sung :
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our naster's health and welcome hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :
 Bring wi' ye a' your family ; and then,
 When'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

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

Enter MADGE.

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

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

Glaud. Spin!—snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and
 burn your row,
 And set the meiklest peat stack in a low ;
 Ayne dance about the banefire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see. [o't?

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

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
 wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, [coat ;
 My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands ;
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And mak' ye'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waist,

As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en ;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

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

SCENE II.

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

BAULDY his lane.

What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
 To be fae burnt wi' love, yet darna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay ;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows ;
 Straughter than aught that in the forest grows.
 Her een the clearest b'ob of dew outshines ;
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines :
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen !
 For Pate lo'es her,—waes me ! and she lo'es Pate ;
 And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow !—O ! but ane be a beast,
 'That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy :
 'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.
 Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice :
 She can o'erca'st the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak' the de'ils obedient to her crune :

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves ;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low,
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid and snakes :
 Of this unfonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire ;
 Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
 The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe ; ay, ay, she kens fu' wiel,
 When ane like me comes rinnin' to the de'il :
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
 To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd :
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive ;
 They gallop fast that de'ils and lasses drive. [Exit.

SCENE III.

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

SANG IX.—Tune, *Carle, and the King come.*

Peggy, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 - Peggy, since the King's come ;

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter BAULDY.

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

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

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

Bauldy. Enough of baith—— But something that re-
 Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares. [quires

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

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

Mause. Of what kind wildom, think ye, I'm possess't,
 That lifts my character aboon the rest?

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

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

Bauldy. Wiel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
 That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.
 When last the wind made Glau'd a roostless barn;
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
 When Wattie wander'd ae night through the shaw,
 And tint himsell amouist among the snaw;

When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green;
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
 You, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
 And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
 And fae they may, that mean to do you skaith;
 For me to wrang you, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist mak' grots, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a firlof of them, mixt wi' pease.

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 slee,
 And lo'es sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see—
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

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

Bauldy. Wiel, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can
 But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind; [find;
 Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will mak' the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast;
 O will ye come like badrans, for a jest?
 And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken it there but you and I.

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

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

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake ! when poverty and eild,
 Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
 Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick,
 Because by education I was taught
 'To speak and act aboon their common thought ;
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear ;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here ;
 Nane kens but me ;—and if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

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

PATIE and PEGGY.

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

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon ; now we're alane
 And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane ;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean :
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How fast the westlin winds sough through the reeds

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

For aught I ken may mair than *Peggy* please.

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

Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair

As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,

Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear :

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' no'es,

That warble through the merle or mavis' throats ;

Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,

Or ripest berries that our mountains yield :

The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,

Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

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

I darna stay ;—ye joker let me gang ;

Anither lals may gar you change your sang ;

Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

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

The sun shall change, the moon to change sha I cease,

The gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,

Ere ought by me be either laid or done,

Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will
And be mansworn to twa in half a year ; [I swear,

Now I believe ye like me wonder wiel ;

But if a fairer face your heart should steal,

Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,

How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear ;
Though we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a year :

I mind it wiel, when thou couldst hardly gang,
 Or lip out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tansy know or rashy strand;
 Thou smiling by my side—I took delight
 To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white,
 Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flowery belt and snood.

Peggy. 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 nae toil to me,
 When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peggy.

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

Patie.

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

Peggy.

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

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom knows*,
And Robb liltis sweetly the *Milking the caws*;
There's few *Jenny Netles* like Nancy can sing;
At *Through the wood, laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring.

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

Peggy.

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

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave,
 At naught they'll ferly; senseless tales believe,
 Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve—
 Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
 But thou in better sense without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
 Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

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

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

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Patie. ————— Wiel, I agree.

SANG XI.—*To its ain tunc.*

Patie.

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

Peggy.

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

Patie.

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

Peggy singing, falls into Patie's arms.

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

Patie, with his left hand about her waist.

Charming armfu' ! hence ye cares away,
 All kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day :
 ' Night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

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

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

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

SIR WILLIAM, *solus.*

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
 For a space, unknown, delight mine eyes

With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair feat in ruins view.
Yonder! ah me, it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands,
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
'The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks;
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nest'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.

Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII.—Tune, *Happy Clown.*

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE II.

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

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

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

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

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

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 mixt wi' the mools mysell.

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

I llo. 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 dinna sligh his bairn.

Glaud. Wiel, nae mair o't:—come, gi'e's the other
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end. [bend,
[*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*? By some 'tis said
Yout niece is but a *funding*, that was laid
Down at your hallen side ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

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

Enter JENNY.

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

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

[*Exit Jenny.*

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

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

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

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

Sir Wil. I give you thanks, goodman, I'fe no be blate.

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

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

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

Sir Wil. That's kind unfought.—Wiel, gin ye ha'e
That ye like wiel, and wad his fortune learn, [*a bairn*
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad—alake!
I have nae mae,
Either to mak' me joyfu' now or wat.

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

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

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

Elspa. 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 seen since he first wore a sark.

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

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

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

[*Patie's health gae's round.*

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

Symon. Whisht, Patie—let the man look o'er your
Aftimes as broken a ship has come to land. [hand,
[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they en-
deavour to lay him right.*

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or posses't
Wi' some nae good, or second-sight at least:
Where is he now?—

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

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

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

Sir William starts up, and speaks.

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares:

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

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

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

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

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
 And 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 Wil. Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
 Has driven twice down to the sea,
 What I have said, ye shall see done
 In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Wiel, be't fae, friend ; I shall say naething
 But I've twa sonfy lasses, young and fair, [mair ;

Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

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

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

ROGER and JENNY.

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

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grieve,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een :
And I maun out wi't, though I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith even and morn.
Ah! cou'd I lo'e 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 frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII.—Tune, *Leitb Wynd.*

Jenny.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You shou'd nae mair complain ;

The easy maid, beset wi' love,
 Few words will quickly gain :
 For I must own, now, since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black sole true to thee,
 With'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline !
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?——
 O let me brifs thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine :
 Delytful thought, we'll never part !
 Come, pres thy lips to mine.

Jenny. 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 hast ta'en,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
 There 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 sure of me,
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to gi'e consent,
 He'll hardly say you nae :
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
 And will commend you wiel,

Since parents auld, think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain;

Though a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.

Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree;

And if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

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

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

Roger. To where the saugh tree shades the mennin pool,
I'll frae 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 sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

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

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

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

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

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

*(Sir William drops his masking beard;
 Symon transported sees*

*The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases—my good friend,
proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

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

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

Sir Wil. Wheregets he books to read--and of what kind?
Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
He buys some books of history, fangs, or sport: [port,
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing

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

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

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase

About fine poems, histories, and plays.

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

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

Sir Wil. He answer'd wiel; and much ye glad my

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear; [ear,

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind

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

Symon. What ken we better, that fae findle look,

Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?

When we a leaf or two haff read haff spell,

Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's oursell.

Sir Wil. Wiel jested, Symon; but one question more

I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.

The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves

Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:

Has nae young lassie wi' inviting mien

And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,

Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part,

Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet

Wi' Glau'd's fair niece than I thought right or meet.

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

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

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

[*Exit.*

SIR WILLIAM, *solus.*

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years :
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream ;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,

Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine ;

Thus education makes the genius bright. [*Exit.*

Or sung as follows.

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

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

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

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

Maufe. Our laird's come hame! and owns young Pat
 That's news indeed!—— [his heir

Madge.——— As true as ye stand there.
 As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven sna',
 Amang us came, cry'd, *Ha'd ye merry a'.*
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naething ha'e.

Maufe. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof
 Wad rin about him, and ha'd out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk flee tod Lowrie ha'ds without his mou,
 When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In summer days slides backward in a pool.
 In short he did for Pate bra' things foretel,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell;
 At last when wiel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
 Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

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

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

Madge. Sic 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 siccan ferlies now we never see.

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

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

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

Enter BAULDY, singing.

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

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

Mause. Wiel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?——

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

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

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

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

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the re
Ye lied, auld Roudes,—and, in faith, y' had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

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

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

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

[*Flies to his bair like a fury—a stout battle—
Mause endeavours to redd them.*

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

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

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

Mause. That's true ; and, Bauldy, ye was far to
blame, }
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name }
Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle, find the same. }
Madge. Auld Roudes ! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.
Mause. Howt, no ;—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

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

Bauldy. In troth now, Maufe, I ha'e at Madge nae
For she abusing first was a' the wyte [*spite ;*
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
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 blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as wiel as swear.

Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell
Swith, tak' him, de'il; he's o'er lang out of hell.

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

That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee. [*Exit*
Madge [laughing]. I think I have towzpl'd his harigald.
He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me. [a wee
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

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

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found;
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

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

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

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI.—Tune, *Kirk wad let me be.*

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

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

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

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

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

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
 To London next, and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
 And twa three other monkey tricks:—That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
 Then 'tis design'd, when I can wiew behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that, I wat wiew,
 I nae mair need than carts do a third wheel:
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

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

Good Master Patrick, tak' your ain tale hame.

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

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

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

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the blifs:
 The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
 Like the lean ky will soon the fat devour:
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in geatry's side.
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease;

While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

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

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

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

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd, }
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride; }
But I some time this last design maun hide. }
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

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

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

Enter PEGGY.

—————My Peggy, why in tears?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think sae high—I now repine

At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withoutten pain see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

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

Peggy. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express't,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,
As a times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
And sa'n on purpose that I might be ta'en:
Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
May sudden death or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ill's attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVII.—Tune, *Wae's my heart that we
should sunder.*

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.

A gentler face and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

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

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

Patie. Sure, Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
And time, though time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my feet were crowns and scepters laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind;
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care:
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me:
 Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
 And all the while I'll study gentler charms
 To 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 through ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn——

SANG XVIII.—Tune, *Tweed-side.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, and sae sma' expense,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
 Then why, ah ! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?

Sir William's cruel, that wou'd force his son,
For watna-whats, fae great a risk to run.

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

Peggy. Wi' every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play ;
And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly traw'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows.

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

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

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

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

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

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime,
Love's safer meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis wi' kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt

A C T V.

SCENE I.

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

SYMON and BAULDY.

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

Bauldy. O len' me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail;

I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane ;
Alake ! I'll never be my fell again.

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

[Symon gives him a drink.

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

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. How goes the night ? does daylight yet
Symon, you're very timeously asteer. [appear ?

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

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

Sir Wil. [smiling.] 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 lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright !
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood !)
Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk ;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down ; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,

Crap up, and fled straught frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due,
 I'm sure my heart will near gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar barrel Maufe be brunt.

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

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

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is through want of education blind! [*thing,*]

Symon But does your Honour think there's nae sic
 As witches raising de'ils up through a ring,
 Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell?

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
 Amangst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
 Aftimes like bawty, badrans, or a sow;
 Then wi' his train through airy paths to glide,
 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;
 Then aft by night bombaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:

But Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life.
 That gars me think this hobleshaw that's past
 Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will; but see increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst 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 darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gameller tumble and tofs,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

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

GLAUD, JENNY, and PEGGY.

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

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

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

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

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

They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith flush'd,
 Syne mak' ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
 Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter MADGE.

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

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

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er
 How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een! [*seen?*
 This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
 To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:

To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
 For a nice sword and glancing headed cane;
 To leave his ram-horn'd spoons, and kitted whey,
 For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
 To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
 To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
 But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
 And tak' what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
 It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born. [scorn;
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?
 If he's made for 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 story, troth!—But we delay;
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [Exit.

SCENE III.

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

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

Sir Wil. And was that all?—Wiel, Bauldy, ye was
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd. [serv'd

Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

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

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

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believ'd it wiel;
 But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il;
 Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, though she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu' —
 And that my *some place* finds;—but I had best
 Ha'd in my tongue, for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
 And the young bonny *witch*, whose rosy cheek
 Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Wil. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she
 that wears th' Aurora gown,
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
 The girl brings all my siller to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud?—

Glaud. ———— Sir, she's my niece—
 And she's not—but I shou'd ha'd my peace.

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

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

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }
Sir Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

Patie.—————So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

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

This *bonny fundling* ae clear morn of May,

Close by the lee side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.

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

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

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

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

Wi' sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story, she has pass'd since syne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's wiel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.

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

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

Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange!—

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

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

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

Peggy may smile—Thou hast nae cause to blush,

Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;

That I may now Sir William worthy name

The best and nearest friend that she can claim.

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. [say;

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

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

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

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

Mause. Sir, view me wiel; has fifteen years so 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 Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
I know thy faithfulness, I need no more; [before?
Yet from the lab'riph, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*
Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

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

Mause. Then it was I that say'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess;
All this to me a confident confess.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.

A' day I hid me ;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful swains.
 Afraid of being found out, and, to secure
 My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door ;
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember wiel how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glaud [*with tears of joy wiping down his beard*].

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

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

Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms ;
 She's mine by vows, and wou'd, though still unknown,
 Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

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

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

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

Sir Wil. [*raises them*.] I give you both my blessing ;
 may your love
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your Honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie [presenting Roger to Sir William].

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:

Glaud's daughter, Janet. (Jenny, think nae shame),
 Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame;
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent.

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

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

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

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

Roger, my daughter wi' my blessing take,
 And still our master's right your business make:
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good o' speaking a' my days,
 Or ever lo'ed 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 Wil. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
 And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
 I'll sing you 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 sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy :
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's comely in his wauking ;
 The shining of his een surprize ;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him tauking :

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

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

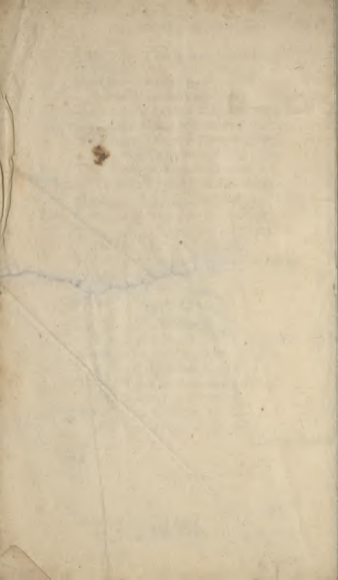
[*Excunt omnes.*]

THE END.

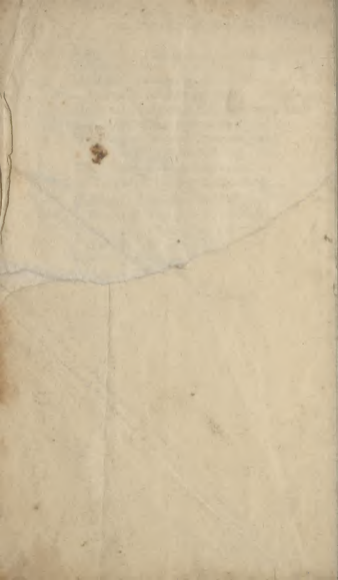
Printed by F. Ray, }
 St. Andrews. }







X



X



