



~~Mail 626.52.~~

SCS, mc. 52



Now yet has done his many errors
With his army he disapproved
Lying with stone Thirst for blame
He made his ghosts to make his plane
To ride take by scrolls and mend it
Lost plane no make my self offend it
No less of I, he longy be with
I can not be long be displease
Amid of with stone

x

ROB STENE'S DREAM,

A POEM.

PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT

IN THE LEIGHTONIAN LIBRARY, DUNBLANE.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE MAITLAND CLUB.

MDCCCXXXVI.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, BY E. KHULL.

AT A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF THE MAITLAND CLUB,
HELD AT GLASGOW, APRIL 8, 1835,

RESOLVED, That a Poem, entitled the Dream of Rob Stene, from a MS. in the Leightonian Library, Dunblane, be printed for the use of the Members ; and the Rev. DR. FLEMING, WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, Esq., and the Secretary, were requested to collate the copy with the original, and to superintend the printing of it.

JOHN SMITH, Ygst., *Secretary*.

THE MAITLAND CLUB.

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PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following Poem is preserved in the Leightonian Library at Dunblane. The Rev. Dr. GRIERSON, as Curator of the Library, has kindly consented to its being printed, for the use of the Maitland Club.

The MS., of which a fac-simile is prefixed, appears to be the handwriting of the period to which the Poem refers. It bears, it is true, no date ; but the time when it was composed may easily be ascertained from internal and collateral evidence.

There can be no doubt that the Royal Lion of the Poem is James ^{Date.} the VI. of Scotland. The touching allusion to the unfortunate councils and tragical fate of his mother (pp. 8—9.) leads to this conclusion. It is confirmed by the reference which is made (p. 17.) to the dangers which the King encountered in bringing home his bride, the daughter of the King of Denmark. Now, it is well known, that James arrived at Leith with his Queen in May, 1590 ; and, therefore, the Poem must have been written subsequently to that time. From the ardent expression of a hope that the King might be blessed with a son and heir, (p. 20.), it might have been concluded that it was written before the birth of Prince

Henry, in 1594. But the date of the Poem is still more nearly determined by the following passage, p. 20:—

“ Bot Samfone or fun Riche Grahame,
 “ To 3our perdition fkaith and fchame,
 “ Hes 3ow bewichit and bund 3ow to him;
 “ For vdir wayis how could 3e luve him?”

The Samsone here alluded to was Agnes Samsoune, commonly called “the wylfe wyff of Keith.” On the 27 Jany., 1590–1, she was brought to trial for conspiring the king’s death, witchcraft, sorcery, and other crimes. Her case is shortly noticed by Arnot (Crim. Trials, p. 349.); and is given from the Justiciary Record by Pitcairn. (Crim. Trials, Vol. I. p. 230–241.) She was found guilty and condemned “to be tane to the Castell (hill) of Edinburgh, and thair bund to ane staik “and wirreit, quhill fche wes deid; and thaireftir hir body to be brunt “to allis: And all hir movable guidis to be efcheit and inbrocht to our “fouerane lordis ufe,” &c. It would appear from the Poem that she died before this sentence was carried into execution. (p. 20.)

“ For pruf of this Samfone fpak mair,
 “ Nor ony durft to 3ow declair;
 “ Quhairfor *fcho deit befor the dyet*,
 “ 3it quhat fcho fpak was not fa quyet.”

In reference to the case and confession of Agnes or Anny Sampson, Sir James Melville, (Mem. p. 395, Bannat. Club Edit.), has the following passage:—“About this tym, many witches wer tane in Lowdien, wha “deponit of fome [] maid be the Erle Bodouell, as they allegit, “againft his Majesteis perfone. Quhilk commyng to the faid earlis

“ earis, he entred in ward within the castell of Edenbrouch, delyring to
 “ be tryed ; alledging that the deucll, wha was a lyer from the begynning,
 “ nor yet his sworn witches, aucht not to be credited. Specially ane
 “ renowned midwyf callit Anny Sampfoun, affirmed that sche, in company
 “ with nyn uthers, witches, being conuenit in the nycht befyd Preston-
 “ pannes, the deucll their maister being present, standing in the midis
 “ of them ; ther a body of wax schaipen and maid be the faid Anny
 “ Sampfoun, wrappit within a lynning claith, was first delyuerit to the
 “ deucll ; quhillk efter he had pronuncit his verde, delyverit the faid
 “ pictour to Anny Sampfoun, and sche to hir nyxt marrow, and fa every
 “ ane round about, saying, this is K. James the sext, ordonit to be
 “ confumed at the instance of a noble man, Francis Erle Bodouell.”

With regard to “ Riche Grahame,” he is called by Sir James Melville, (Mem. p. 396,) “ ane weslland man,” who “ culd baith do and tell many
 “ thingis, chiefly against the Erle Bodowell.” He was brought to
 Edinburgh and examined in presence of his Majesty, about the same time
 with Agnes Samson. Melville was present, and from his language (p.
 397.) it might be concluded that Grahame was found guilty and burnt at
 that time. His trial has not come down to us, as there is unfortunately
 a gap in the Records of the High Court of Justiciary at that period ; the
 books of Adjournal from October, 1591, to May 1596, having been lost.
 It would appear, however, from Birrell’s Diary, p. 27, (Dalyell’s Frag-
 ments,) that Richard Graham was burnt at the Cross of Edinburgh, for
 witchcraft and sorcery, on the 28th February, 1591–2. From the
 expression in the Poem (p. 20.) formerly quoted,

“ Quairfor scho deit befor the dyet,”

it is plain, that at the time when it was composed, Agnes Sampson
 was dead. And is equally plain, from the expression, (p. 20.)

“ And Riche laikis na thing bot fpeiring,
 “ To tell fum tailis war wirth the heiring,”

that Riche Grahame was then alive. We are thus shut up to the conclusion, that the Poem must have been composed between 27th January, 1590–1, which is the date of the trial of Agnes Sampson, and 28th February, 1591–2, which is the time when Riche Grahame was burnt. The facts and allusions of the Poem are in harmony with this conclusion, and with the general state of the country at that time. “ The history of several years, about this time,” says Robertson, (Hist. of Scot. Book VIII. at the beginning,) “ is filled with accounts of the deadly quarrels between the great families, and of murders and assassinations perpetrated in the most audacious manner, and with circumstances of the utmost barbarity. All the defects in the feudal aristocracy were now felt more sensibly, perhaps, than at any other period in the history of Scotland, and universal licence and anarchy prevailed to a degree scarce consistent with the preservation of society ; while the king, too gentle to punish, or too feeble to act with vigour, suffered all these enormities to pass with impunity.” This corresponds exactly with the expressions of the Poem, (p. 2.)

“ Off pvnifchement nane standis aw,
 “ Moyan and nicht comptrolling Law ;
 “ All schakin lowis and owt of ordour,
 “ In heland, lawland, and in bordour.”

Subject.

With regard to the person whose fatal influence and evil counsel, in the opinion of the poet, had produced this state of matters, and who is so severely handled in the poem, under the designation of Lawrence, or the Fox, it may be difficult to come to any positive conclusion. The

most probable opinion seems to be, that the poem is a satire or invective against the character and conduct of the Chancellor, John Maitland, Lord Thirlstane; who was the second son of Sir Richard Maitland, under whose name our Club has been associated. He was the unpopular minister of the period to which the Poem refers. According to Robertson, he was warmly devoted to the English interest; and the measures of his administration were strenuously opposed by the Earl of Bothwell, and the nobles of the house of Stewart and their friends. After various struggles, his opponents succeeded in withdrawing from him the confidence of the king; and unable to bear up against the success of his rivals, and the displeasure or coldness of his royal master, he retired to his newly built castle of Thirlstane, in the neighbourhood of Lauder; where he died on the 3d October, 1595.

To test the plausibility of the hypothesis, that the Chancellor was the Lawrence or Fox of the poem, a few passages may be viewed in connection with some of the events of his life.

At p. 3, l. 21, the poet says:—

“ To see his pomp & stynkand pryd,
 “ Vnbriftand, could I not abyd;
 “ Confidderand pat ten zeiris fenfyne,
 “ He had nocht twēty pund to tyne;
 “ Nor horß, nor man, is richt weill knawin
 “ That Laurēce had, that was his awin.”

This description corresponds with the period of Chancellor Maitland's depression and poverty. He had obtained a grant of the temporalities of the Abbey of Kelso, which he exchanged for those of the Priory of Coldingham, in 1566. In 1567, he had been appointed to the office of Lord Privy Seal. But in 1570 he was deprived of his honours and

emoluments; and although he found safety for a time, under the protection of Sir Will. Kirkaldy, in the Castle of Edinburgh, when that fortress was taken by the Regent in 1573, he was sent a prisoner to Tamtallon. Soon after, he was relieved from close prison, and was warded with Hew, Lord Somerville, at his house of Cowthally, in the upper part of Lanarkshire. He did not return to Court till after the fall of his enemy, the Regent Morton; and it was not till 1581 that he was made one of the Senators of the College of Justice. The Poem was written in 1590 or 1591, so that ten years before that the Chancellor had not “twenty punds to tyne,” and the full force of the expression at page 5, becomes apparent:

“And turn þe fox back to his rent,
 “And formar flyle of cow the bent.”

See Glossary and Notes.

The circumstances attending his elevation to the Chancellorship serve also to show that Maitland is the Lawrence or Fox of the poem. While Secretary, he was accused by the Earl of Arran, who had been Chancellor, of secretly urging on the execution of the King's mother. Arran failed to appear to substantiate his accusation, which was declared to be a calumny, and his office of Chancellor was conferred upon Maitland. The Poet, however, (p. 8.) intimates his opinion that the accusation of Arran was well-founded, and that Maitland was accessary to the ruin and death of Q. Mary:—

“Alace! the Lyones, we ken,
 “Was loft be Lawrēce and sic mē;
 “Altho' to purge hime self of trefloun,
 “He burdenit uderf, by all relloun.”

The English party to which the Chancellor was attached, are spoken of in various passages, under the notion of ships. This seems to be in allusion to the conduct of the Chancellor, when England was threatened by the Spanish Armada. At a meeting of the Estates, assembled on this occasion, the King, in a speech to them, intimated, that he was aware that the present would be thought by many, a fair opportunity to avenge the death of his mother, by aiding the king of Spain in his attack upon England; but that he thought it contrary to the true interests of Scotland to do so. This policy was seconded in a speech by the Chancellor, who recommended that a general muster should be made, watches appointed at all the sea-ports, and every exertion put forth to prevent the Spanish troops from landing in Scotland. On the other hand, the Earl of Bothwell "was earnest," says Spottiswoode, (p. 370.) "to have the occasion embraced of invading England, and therein was so forward, that upon his own charges he had levied soldiers to serve under him, if the resolution which he expected should have been taken. But the king willing him to look unto the sea, (for he was admiral by his office,) and to take care that the ships within the country were ready for service, he acquiesced." The poet was of Bothwell's party, and hence his long invective (p. 22.) against the counsel of the Chancellor, and his attachment to the interests of England. He urges the impolicy of the movement which had been made in favour of England, by putting the Scottish sea-ports and navy in a state of repair and activity, and implores the King, instead of following the advice of the Chancellor, to hearken rather to those who, like the Earl of Bothwell and his friends, were of his "awin native name and lyne."

"And fic as ay w^t loyall mynd,
 "To serve 30^r furname war inclynd."

Another passage, which may here be mentioned as pointing to the Chancellor as the Lawrence of the Poem, occurs at p. 21 :—

“ His bryd, a bark of fchippis descendit,
 “ Sall mak his roblokkis and his race
 “ Neir coufingis to þe kingis grace.”

Now the Chancellor was married to Jean, only daughter of James Lord Fleming, by Lady Barbara Hamilton, daughter of James Duke of Chatelherault ; and thus his family were “neir coufingis to þe kingis grace.” When his lady is called “a bark of fchippis descendit,” there may be a double allusion—to the family of Hamilton, as being of English origin ; and to their arms, in which a ship is quartered.

The Chancellor accompanied K. James on his matrimonial voyage to Denmark. Whilst there, a question of precedence arose betwixt him and the Earl Marischal, who was ambassador. It was decided by the King in favour of the Chancellor. According to the *Historie and Life of K. James the Sext*, (p. 242, Bannatyne Club Edit.) the conduct of the Chancellor in this matter exposed him to the hatred of the rest of the nobility. When, after his return to Scotland, he accused Bothwell of practising with “Riche Grahame” and others, in order to procure the King’s death, they refused, although repeatedly summoned, to convene for his trial. They regarded the charges against Bothwell as without foundation, and as originating in the malice of the Chancellor. The author of the Poem is therefore expressing the feelings of the friends of Bothwell, when he says, p. 16,

“ Evin fa þe fox dois still abuse 3ow,
 “ On trifilllis quhen he dois amvfe 3ow,
 “ That 3e fould not his flycht pfaif,
 “ Sa cūniglie he playis þe knaif ;

“ For quhill he gadderf and growis riche,
 “ He fettis zow to exeme fum wiche ;” &c.

The clamour against his ambition and avarice, in uniting in his own person two of the most important and lucrative offices in the kingdom, (for although promoted to be Chancellor he still continued to be Secretary,) became so loud, that, in compliance with the suggestion of his friends, he resigned the office of Secretary in favour of his nephew, Sir Richard Cockburn of Clerkington. The grant in favour of his nephew is dated 22d April, 1591.

Soon after this he was called on to make another surrender. He had either acquired by purchase, or obtained by the bounty of his royal master, the barony of Musselburgh, which had belonged to the Abbey of Dunfermling. The King had subsequently made a grant of all the possessions of that Abbey to the Queen. She claimed the barony of Musselburgh as part of her right. The Chancellor was not so frank in making the surrender as the Queen expected. She took no pains to conceal her displeasure ; and the consequence was, that a new faction, consisting of the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Argyle, Angus, Errol and Morton, the Lord Hume and the Master of Glamis, was formed against the Chancellor. They grew too powerful for him, and he was obliged to retire for a time from the Court. He spent the greater part of the year 1593 in the country. (Crawford's Officers of State, p. 150.) Several years before, however, his right to any part of the possessions of the Abbey of Dunfermling, which were vested in the Crown and destined as a portion to the future Queen, had been questioned. (Hist. of James the Sext, p. 234.) The poet avails himself very skilfully of this competition of claim between the Chancellor and the Queen, (p. 17.)

“ Now, thoct na vdir thing zow preift,
 “ Zit Schir, ze fould respect, at leift,

“ That peirles perle, 3our princely peir,
 “ Quhome, to 3our praiß, 3e brocht fa deir.”

A more extended and careful examination of the Poem, and of the events of the period to which it refers, might detect many other circumstances tending to prove that Chancellor Maitland was the person whose character and conduct are so severely satirized, under the name of Lawrence or the Fox. But enough, perhaps, has already been adduced to show the probability of this hypothesis: And in leaving this point, it may be sufficient to remark, that the poet speaks of Lawrence as one who indulged in epigram and satire. Several pieces of this kind by Chancellor Maitland are preserved in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, tom. ii. pp. 138—179. It is impossible to say which, or whether any, of these may be the pieces referred to by Rob Stene. But, in several of them, the “sacred name” of the King is used with a familiarity which a personal enemy or a political partisan might represent as culpable. P. 21:—

“ His Epegrāmis, war thay focht owt,
 “ Wald fone resolve 3ow of this dowl,
 “ Quhairin, lyk ane malicius baird,
 “ 3our sacred name he hes not fpaired.
 “ His verß, his knaiffry fall expreß,
 “ For all þe luv he dois profreß.”

Author.

With regard to the Author of the Poem, there is ample room for conjecture. No poet, bearing the name of Rob Stene, has been noticed, as belonging to the period to which the Poem refers. It is not likely, however, that the real name of the writer would be appended to a satire, reflecting so severely upon persons who had the power to resent it. Indeed the Author (p. 23.) seems to have been perfectly aware of the dangerous nature of the invective in which he was dealing; and therefore

the name Rob Stene, which is more than once introduced in the body of the Poem, was not, in all probability, his real name. Like Pasquin, it may have been a name assumed by writers who wished to remain concealed. In his *Flyting*, Polwart employs it as an alias of the Poet . Montgomery.

“ Rob Stewin, thou raves, forgetting whom thou matches.”

—(See Montgomery’s Poems, Edited by Irving, p. 157.) From this, perhaps, it may be inferred that the name was a common fictitious designation, or that it had been occasionally assumed by Montgomery. But the high encomium on the poetical talents of Montgomery, which occurs at p. 19 of the *Dream*, prevents the supposition that he was the writer.

“ Montgūry, quhome sacred nymphis,
 “ In Helecon, w^t hallowit lymphis,
 “ And in Pnafe, the mvfis myld
 “ Did foster, as thair prop chyld,
 “ Pallas be pedagog preclair,
 “ For the this fubiett did prepair.”

It may be said, perhaps, that this encomium may have been introduced by Montgomery himself, for the very purpose of preventing the supposition that he was the writer. But it is not likely, that a modest and high-minded man would adopt such a stratagem. And high though the terms of the encomium be, they seem to be the sincere and merited tribute of some brother bard.

Another well-known Scottish poet, who flourished in the period to which the Poem refers, was Robert Semple of Beltrees. In his *Legend of the Bishop of St. Androis Lyfe*, (Dalyell’s Scot. Poems of the

Sixteenth Century, p. 303,) there is the same bold and biting satire, and some resemblance to the *Dream* in versification and style.

Whosoever the author who lies concealed under the designation of Rob Stene may be, he is evidently entitled to a very respectable rank among the Scottish "*Makaris*." The versification of the Poem is in general easy and flowing, and the rythm is sometimes exceedingly melodious. The satire is severe and pointed ; the allusions are profusely classical, and the descriptions are often highly graphic. The fable of the Fox and Sheep has frequently been told, but seldom with more striking circumstances.

The panegyric upon the King, and the description of the storm which he encountered in bringing home his bride, (pp. 17, 18.) are highly poetical. The tribute to the beauty and virtues of the Queen (pp. 19, 20.) is given with great spirit, and shows that the writer was a courtier as well as a poet. The shades of Montgomery or Semple need not be offended at being invoked by the humbler name of Rob Stene.

The Poem is printed from a copy which was transcribed from the original MS., and carefully collated with it by our lamented Associate, William Motherwell, Esq. The hope of obtaining some Notes and Illustrations from his pen was disappointed by his premature and melancholy death.

ROB STENE'S DREAM.

.
Ten thowfand mīk of feillis & feis,
Omitting cawfualeteis;
Threfcoir of thowfand vpoun land,
Off penny mail, bot four thowfand.
His Jowaill, movabillis and plaitt,
That ar Ingageit of þe lait,
Wald mvnt vnto fourty thowfand;
Bot quhat he wantis owt of his hand
That is not his; lo all is heir
That he proffeitit, in fevin 3eir,
W^t lawty, for he could not steill,
We knaw þai proffeit left þat is leill.
Lawrence, I ſpeik, as ane þat luvis the,
The Lyounis ſuice quyt vndoīs the.
Heir Morpheus femit to pluk my eir,
And ſaid, I counfall the, forbeir,
To mell w^t materiſ þat ar hie,
Exceiding thy capacitie:
For gif w^t the fox þat thow fall quarrell,
O than religioun is in prell!

Begin. P. 2.
of MS.

Twich Lawrēce anis, the kirk & croun,
 And haill eftaitis turnis vpſyd down.
 Gif he be weill, than all is weill gydit,
 Altho^t the kirk ly onprovydit;
 The paſtorſ plagit, grit and ſma,
 And forcit to fend vt antea;
 The cunze fpilt, the croun demȳniſchit,
 And murtho^r every q^r vnpunyſchit,
 And Juſtice fauld in court & felliou,
 And weill allowit for na trāſgreſſiou;
 The Lordſ, lichtleit as men vnhable,
 The m̄chandis tho^t vnproffitable.
 Off pvnſchement nane ſtandis aw,
 Moyan and nicht comptrolling Law;
 All ſchakin lowiſſ and owt of ordour,
 In heland, lawland, and in bordour;
 The Lyoun laiking every thing,
 That cūly is vnto a king.
 And wars nor this could be declarit,
 Gif tyme and place wer anis preparit;
 But ſic as will reproch his deidis,
 Seditious ar, and reſtles heidis:
 Tharfoir bewar of ſic deriſioun
 And turne againe vnto the viſioun.
 Wⁱn thy boundis thy ſelf ȝontene,
 Remember thow art bot Rob Steine;
 Thy wit can not win to ſic a wark,
 Thow ſcornis thy ſelf to play the clark;
 Mell only w^t ſic fantefeis
 As I preſent befoir thyn eis.
 Sa I, for feir of ſum pvnitioun,
 Obeyit, and ſaw this apparitioun.

A lyoun chaift and tuk þe pray,
 The fubteill fox fletit all away;
 The Lyoun, w^t ane awfull brow,
 Maid every beift to chaik and bow,
 And lawlie at his feit to ly;
 Bot he had littill gane þby,
 Except ane frutles glance of gloir,
 A fched, but fubftance, and no moir;
 For all þe fkȳnis, milk & bluid,
 Of beiftis, þat Lawrēce tho^t wes gwid,
 To cleith his bak, & fill his wame,
 Not fparing napir wyld, nor tame,
 Could not ȝtent his emptie kyte,
 Nor quenche his greidy appetyte.
 The mair he fild his beiftly belly,
 The mair his greid incrieft to fwelly;
 Sa tho^t the Lyoun had fum gloir,
 Ȝit Laurēce, lord was of his ftoir;
 The court wes haldin at his hoill,
 And he, as Lord, did all controll.
 To fee his pomp & ftynkand pryd,
 Vnbriftand, could I not abyd;
 Considderand þat ten ȝeiris fenfyne,
 He had nocht twēty pund to tyne;
 Nor horß, nor man, is richt weill knawin
 That Laurēce had, þat was his awin;
 The beft he had was borrowit geir,
 Tho^t now he wait not quhat to weir.
 His Bryd, hir bewty fett afyd,
 Had littill than to owt hir pryd;
 Tho^t now, in browdir and begary,
 Sche glanis, as fcho war Queine of Fary,

P. 3.

P. 4.

With coiftly furis, lucive & fabile,
 W^t flanis, and perle Innvmerable ;
 All gold begaine, a glorius growme,
 Slamb over w^t faird, & fyne pfwme.
 The horß, the hound, the hart, the hynd,
 The bull, and ilk beift in thair kynd,
 W^t weiping eis, all did efpy
 The foxis flight, als weill as I.
 Thair havy cheir declarit thair ruth,
 Git non prefwmed to tell the treuth;
 I thocht the cūig houndß, at leiß,
 Sowld haif pßavit pat fubteill beiß,
 As Innemeis mortall to his kynd,
 And to the lyounß weill Inclynd,
 Admittit to his bed, and cheir,
 To ly, and lowp w'owt all feir,
 And at his table pairtlie fand.

A line omitted
 here. It is a
 blank in the MS.

P. 5.

Bot eftir thame, I think na hound
 W^t benifeitis, can be maid bound ;
 Acteonß houndß w^t thais, may be
 A pruff to all pofteritie.
 I cald vpoun thame every ane,
 Bot nane wald anßß me agane.
 I kend weill Kilbuk and Ding-dew,
 Bot I preißt maift to haif Traill-trew;
 He durßt nocht cum, bot ftude afar,
 Fering to tyne his ordynar.
 And than me tho' oppreßt w^t greif,
 To fee þe fox fa play the theif,
 As ane of thame, ftark mad almaift,
 That facrafeift at Bachus feift.

Quhen I plavit þe lyonis pane,
 I cryit owt, w^t all my mane,
 Thus, Loyall beiftis and vndifereit,
 That feid^f amangis þe Lyounis feit,
 Altho^t ȝe frown and feme offendit,
 Except ȝe do sum mair to mend it,
 I will fufpect, ȝit not the lefs,
 Ȝe lue him nocht as ȝe profels.
 Is thair no Joab to correct
 Prowd Scheba þat dois all infect ;
 Quha could fa weill declair & tell
 The counfall of Achitofell.
 I wiß ȝow nocht to make ȝmotioun,
 Bot, w^t all dewtyfull devotioun,
 Informe the lyoun of his caiß;
 Gif he ȝo^r counfall will Imbraiß,
 Ȝe haif prefervit ȝo^r foverane lord ;
 Gif he þairto will not accord,
 Ȝe ar at leift difchargit as theis
 That wald procure his welth & eiß,
 And sum day, quhen he feis his fkaith,
 He will ȝow thank and rewaird baith,
 And turn þe fox bak to his rent,
 And formar ftyle of cow the bent.
 Affure him he hes na releif,
 Bot firft þat he expell þat theif,
 Syne cloife his dur. Na vder mene
 Can faif him frome his endles paine.
 Pray than in tyme for to tak heid,
 Leift loßing tyme he loße remeid ;
 Bot ȝe fowld cheifly mene his caice,
 To quhalpis ar of his nobill raice,

P. 7.

As 3e may see & weill confidder,
 How Lowrence has knit vp togidder,
 And fa fewid fast, be prevy wayis,
 The schippis þat findrit war thir dayis.
 To quhat effect wrocht he this wark,
 Bot to þe end he may Imbark
 And saifly faill throchowt þe fame,
 Gif schippis chance to þe Diademe.
 And as he travellis air and lait,
 To pacifie all þe debait
 Amangis þe schippis, that can arrisþ,
 Sa dois he stand contrariwayisþ,
 To saw discord & baneisþ paice,
 Betuix þe Lyoun and his raice.
 Ane he hes ellf exylid w^t wyle,
 Ane vder, w^t vnfruētfull stile,
 He purpoisþ for to content,
 Augmenting titillis w^owt rent.
 His tryvmphe for to tell I tyre,
 In a hand walter, In a hand fyre ;
 He beiris as freind into þ þ faice,
 In secreit, seikand þ þ disgraice ;
 Vsing sic craft to þat intent,
 As nane, bot fathan, could invent.
 For quhy the Lyoun to Illude,
 That subtill fox wald mak it gude,
 That schippis ar filly sempill faulis,
 Detesting nathing mair nor brawlis,
 And nawayis worthy of his yre,
 As laiking Judgement to aspyre ;
 Neiding na forder feche to noy thame,
 Bot to behald & not destroy thame.

Thair fimpilnes, as he wald meine,
 Sall wirk to þame thair awin ruyne.
 Quha bot þe graftis of 50^r awin tree,
 Sayis he, ar of actiuitie,
 Of lufy mynd and pregnant witt?
 Your graice had neid tak heid of it,
 And lat thame not knaw in effect,
 Quhat mynd to thame and quhat respect
 3e beir, laist thay walx Infolent,
 Knawing 50^r fecreit and Intent;
 Als gif the pepill pfaif 3e love thame,
 W'owt all dowl, thay will lene to thame.
 The denger hereof 3e can espy,
 S^r, faid the fox, better thā I.
 Ane wyiþ maister will fairest finib
 The fcollaris that to him ar fib;
 The floʃ we wald wiþ best to grow,
 Estest we vse to cut and cow;
 We fined the treis bringis furth gud birth,
 We steir þame not þat ar nocht wirth;
 The wānat quhā 3e ding most fair
 Moist fructfull Is, as sum declair.
 Be thir exampillis rewl 50^r fell,
 O counsale of Achetophell!
 O Janus, w^t a dowble face,
 Of Symon and 3ebaris raice!
 Scornefull Skogin Holyglaß air,
 Thinkis thow w^t judgling evirmair;
 Play fast and lowþ and not be spyit.
 Thy glaß is run, thy trumpry tryit,
 Tho' deip diffait and dowble taill,
 Pleifand thame ay þat maist prevaill,

P. 8.

P. 9.

Refembles weill thy fhaithand kneis,
 Thy wavill feit, thy Reland Eis,
 Thinkis thow the Lyoun of fa baß mynd,
 As to distroy his native kynd,
 And to exerte him self for ay
 On thame, that bnt him, mon decay,
 And he, but thame, fall schaik his fait,
 And be into a stakrand flait.
 Alace! the Lyones, we ken,
 Was lost be Lawrēce and sie mē;
 Altho^t to purge hime self of treffoun,
 He burdenit uderf, by all reffoun.
 The contrair falbe maid maist cleir,
 Quhen pat the Lyoun lykis to heir:
 Baith writ and witnes for to try it,
 Salbe producit gif he deny it.
 How sche wes gydit wes richt weill knawin,
 They cawsit hir first comtemp hir awin,
 And fylit hir fa w^t subtyll slicht,
 That sche cold nivir spy the richt;
 Thay flatterit hir baith air and lait,
 Quhill sche grew earles of hir estait,
 And gaif hir self to gem and sport,
 Forgetting quyt hir princely port,
 Thinking all lesum pat sche listit,
 Sa scho wrakit or scho wistit.
 And ȝit scho tho^t all wes weill gydit
 Be thame, in quhome sche hir cōfydit;
 Bot in effeēt hir ee was bleirit,
 For scho was nadir luvit nor seirit.
 Scho restit hir on a rottin reid,
 Quhilk felȝeit hir quhen sche had neid;

For thay for trewith Tauld hir bot leis,
 Syne flew away lyk elogit beis.
 Quhen thay pfaift hir turnis difpaird,
 Thay faift þame selff and left hir fmaird :
 Sa laiking freindf, forþ and expensfis,
 Scho tuke hir to hir laft diffenis,
 As frustrat of all udir grippis,
 Scho tho' to faif hir felf in fchippis,
 And left the firme land hir behind,
 Bandoiñyng hir felf to watt & wind.
 My mufe, allace ! abhoris to tell
 The grit mallure þat eftir fell ;
 For Boccas buk of princis fall
 Contenis na thing fa tragicall.
 Your caif growis lyk, Tak 5e not heid,
 Thairfoir in tyme provyd remeid.
 Sen 5e haif ftrengh and wit at will,
 Be hir exampill flee fic ill,
 And mark thame for 50^r mortall fais,
 That hald 5ow occupyit on thais,
 Quhome blude and benifeit compell,
 To lue 5ow bettir nor thame fell ;
 As voyd of ony uder warrand
 Bot w^t 5ow for till fall & ftand.
 The foliche flok þat had no gaird,
 Bot doggis to wache thame q^r thay laird,
 Sould cauþ 5ow ftudy to content
 Domeftik freindf, leiþt 5e repent,
 To lait, quhen 5e may not w^t ftand,
 And preif bot wyifs behind the hand.
 Tell on þat taill the beft thou can,
 The lyoun bad ; Sa I began :

P. 11.

P. 12.

SUMTYME I reid in fabillis auld,
 The fraudfull Fox come to þe fauld,
 Quhairin wer certaine fymple fcheip,
 But hird or hound thame for to keip;
 Quhilk quhen the fox did weill espy,
 He went in to thame by and by,
 And faid, God faif ȝow bȝ his micht,
 I fweir it is a cumly ficht,
 To see ȝow fedand all togidder;
 For trewly quha wald weill confidder
 The qualiteis þat ȝe possieff,
 Sould prayis ȝow, ffor I mon confess,
 Aboif all bestiall of þe feild,
 Ȝour milk and flesche for fude ȝe ȝeild;
 Ȝour woll and skyn ffor claith and leddir,
 Ȝe gif to faif men frome the weddir.
 Nature to nane did nevir difpence
 Sic proffitable Innocence;
 Sa gif ilk beist wald trewly try ȝow,
 All fowld ȝow lue, bot name Invy ȝow.
 The Ram replyit: I heir ȝow fleiche,
 For ȝow pretendis grit lue by speiche;
 And ȝit þe deidis thow did of lait,
 Declairis full weill thy deip dissait.
 Thy bludy berd bewrayis thy slicht,
 For thow hes wirreit this last nicht,
 Ane lamb of oʳf and twa fatt hoggis—
 Off þat, q, Lowrance, wyt ȝoʳ doggis,
 Quha beiris ws at sic mortall feid,
 That we dar not fett owt oʳ heid;

Thay hoy to hunt ws quhan thay spy ws,
 We ar bot deid gif thay ourhy ws ;
 Of thame fen we can get no mends,
 We feik thair freindf that thame defendf ;
 And usis only sic remeidis,
 As ilk ane dois in deidly feidtf :
 And forder, had 5e eis to fee,
 Doggis wirreis scheip, als weill as we ;
 For deidis we ar maid odious,
 Oft done be thame and not be ws.

P. 13.

War 5e fa happy as to heir
 My counfall, thair 5e fowld leir
 To faiff 5o^r felf frome herme & lkaith,
 And we fowld leive in concord baith ;
 So tak thais tykis þat makis þis feid,
 And hang thame up quhill thay be deid ;
 Cheifly þe grewhound, swift and lenzie,
 The fareft bytar of þat menzie.
 War thay anis gane we fowld resort,
 W^t 5ow alway to play and sport ;
 And daylie with 5ow ly and feid,
 As bredir borne, but feir or dreid.
 Quhen storme fowld cauß 5ow leive 5o^r feild,
 Our hoilis and denis fowld be 5o^r beild ;
 And quhen the weddir waxit fair,
 5e fowld againe to feilds repair.
 No tung can tell þe sport and playis,
 The rest and eis and mirry dayis,
 That we fould haif, wald 5e distroy
 Thais dulefull doggis þat stoppis o^r Joy.
 Weill, q^u the Ram, I think thy mynd
 To peax and rest be weill Inclynd ;

P. 14.

Experience hes the tawcht sum skill,
 And mortefeit thy ȝowthfull weill;
 Ȝit vþ toddſ, I feir, thay fall
 otinew in thair naturall.
 Gif it be fa, doggis mon defend ws,
 We haif na udir meine to mend ws.
 I grant, q, Lawrēce, and lamētis
 Of ws ar mony Infolentis,
 Ay muſing upoun ſum miſcheif;
 Quhat clan can want ſum heur or theif?
 Ȝit my advyſe, weill followit owt,
 Sall ſone reſolve ȝow of this dowl.
 Quhen the grewhound is hangit & drawin,
 Put on his ſkin abone thyne awin,
 Hyd weill thyne hornis, ſyne bark & bray,
 Thow neidſ na mair thy fais to fray.
 Ȝit, ſayid þe Ram, I ſtand ſum aw,
 My freindſ to ſlay, w^t owt a law,
 Knawing na cryme for to accuſ thame,
 Grit wrang it war ſa evill to uſe thame;
 My conſciēce can not that digeſt.
 Thow ſpeikis, ſaid Lawrence, ſimple beif,
 Lyk to thy ſelff; ground it on reſſoun,
 Ȝo^r doggis ſalbe accuſit of treſſoun,
 Conſpyrit be thame, at fundry tymis;
 And mony udir odious crymis
 Salbe laid Juſtlic to þ charge,
 And put in dittay mair at lairge.
 The grewhound, quhome thow maiſt eſtemid
 To be thy kinsmā and thy freind,
 Salbe accuſit of focerie,
 Of murtho^r and adulterie,

Of incest that can not be nemit,
 For doggis spairis nowdir lib nor fremit ;
 Off tressone and leifmaiestie ;
 All falbe provin sufficiētlic.
 Send for him sone, put him in ward,
 Sum witnes ellis I haif prepaired,
 His dittay heir is in my hand,
 The Judge and Syfs I may cōmand.
 The Ram was sone drawin o' the heuch,
 And thocht this proces gud āneuch.
 Sa all þe doggis, at certane tymis,
 War fūmond for thir capitall crymis.
 Thay all operit and pānalit war,
 And stud as criminallis at þe bar ;
 Thair dittay red, & weill exemd,
 The dome pronūcit and thay odemd.
 The borrew band þ handſ, & went,
 And hangit thame incontinēt.
 Now at þe end of certane dayis,
 This recles Ram, as Iſop sayis,
 Suspecting na gyle nor diſſait,
 Went with his fallowis air and lait,
 Throw feild and forreſt, woyd of dreid,
 Sparing na place quhair he nicht feid ;
 Said to his flok,—Be not agaft,
 For all our dollorus dayis ar paſt ;
 Off all brut beiftis we ar maift bliſt ;
 Bot he was wirreit or he wiſt.
 For lo ! the wolf pſavit þe flok,
 And tawld þe fowmart, fox, and brok,
 And all þe wermyne of lyk fortſ,
 In cluch and caverne þat reſortis,

Proclamid to thame ane solemd feist ;
 Hungir and hatrent gart thame haist,
 And said, Behald thais fympill scheip,
 But hird or hound, þat sould þame keip ;
 I lang for blud, latt ws go byte,
 And quenche our hungry appetyte.
 O quhat a pray, sa fair and fatt !
 Q^d Lawrēce, Sirs, thank me of thatt ;
 The rekles Ram I haif Illudit,
 Behald and see how he is hudit,
 And graith up in the grewhoundf skyn,
 His mask will mar him and he rin.
 With this, upoun the scheip they ran,
 With gwmis owtgaipand half a span ;
 As watteris lang restraint do gusehe,
 Sa did thais rascallis Rudly ruche.
 The feirfull flok durst not abyld thame,
 Bot ran fra buß to buß to hyd thame.
 Fy ! treffoun ! treffoun ! oft thay cryit ;
 That wald not þve, thay war o'hyit.
 I hug w^t pen for till expreß
 The carnage and þe crewalnes ;
 My wattry eis did thame behald,
 Sum ruggit a geigget from a spald ;
 Sum raschit thair heidf vnto þ belly,
 Sum fowkit blud, and sum did swelly,
 Sum hafchit the harnies of tender lamis,
 Quhill blud come bockand frome þ gāmis,
 And chirttand frome þ teith att anis,
 To gett þe merth, sum gnaw þ banis.
 Quhen I remēbir, 3it I greit,
 How lambis, w^t guttis amang þ feit,

Ran to and fra, and succo^r focht ;
 Thair ho^r wes eum, all was for nocht.
 The Ram began to bark and boist,
 Bot fand anon his labour lost ;
 Zit he approchit and dred na harme,
 His hornis flak owt and spilt þe charme.
 Than said the wolff, thow cative knaif,
 Wald thow seme flowttar nor the laiff ;
 Sen thow hes put thy freind^e to deid,
 And art allane, Quha cairis thy feid ?
 Deid doggis, we know, can nevir byte,
 Þ^ofoir, to vttir my dispyte,
 My teith mon carve thy new skin coit.
 W^t þat, he hynt him be the throt,
 And sehuke him in his greidy gāmis,
 Saying, Be the, all rakles rāmis
 Sall haif example, so to geist.
 The ram fell down and gaif þe gaist,
 And bullerād, thruch his bludy breist,
 He eursit þe fox, and focht a preist.
 He rewit to lait, fa fall all thais
 That haitis þ freind^e and trustis þ fais ;
 Bot wyis men will in tyme tak tent,
 And fa neid nocht to lait repent.

P. 18.

Quhen I had tauld my taile and done,
 The Lyoun, frome his staitly throne,
 W^t croun on heid, and in his hand
 A sceptour, said, I the cōmand,
 All tho^t thy word^e haiff finall Instru^ctioun,
 Zit fordward go in thy dedu^ctioun ;

P. 19.

For, weill I wait, luvē the cōpellis
 To vttir owt þe tailis thow tellſ.
 Thy luvē, but lettirſ, I think mair,
 Nor wyiſ Vlixes wit and lair,
 Sa it want luſe and trew affeētioun;
 Thairfoir obey my laſt direētioun,
 And profecut þi mater owt,
 For thow heſ put me in ſic dōwt
 Of Laurence trewth and honeſtie,
 That I war forſit to ſay w^t the,
 War not ſic trumpry and ſic gyle,
 As thow alledgis all þiſ quhyle,
 In him nawayis I can eſpy.
 Thairfoir he Juggillſ ſow, q, I,
 For Juggillarſ, þat all men begyliš,
 Divertis thair eis, w^t ſubteill wyliš,
 Sum vder obieēt to behauld,
 Till thay haif wrocht the thing thay wauld;
 Evin ſa þe fox dois ſtill abuſe ſow,
 On triſfillis quhen he dois amvſe ſow,
 That ſe fould not his flycht pfaif,
 Sa cūniglie he playis þe knaiſ;
 For quhill he gadderſ and growis riche,
 He fettis ſow to exeme ſum wiche;
 He knawis ſow to be meik and myld,
 Thairfoir he makis of ſow ane chylde;
 And puttis a plaig in to ſowr hand,
 Bot he as king dois all cōmand.
 And quhen he fyndis him ſelf in feir,
 He wald pſwad ſow than to weir;
 And cauſſ ſow think ſe ar in parrell,
 That ſa ſe nicht revenge his quarrell.

P. 20.

He haldis ʒow pure, in dett and dred,
 Bot, vndir hand, he cūis gude ſpeid,
 Sowkkis vp ʒowr ſubſtance and ʒowr blude,
 And gevis ʒow leive to chow ʒoʳ cude.
 He hes the welth and honoʳ baith;
 Gif he had ſworne to do ʒow ſkaith,
 Quhat could he mair, except that loun
 Wald frome ʒour heid pluck of the croun?
 That battelour he blindʳ ʒoʳ ee,
 That ʒe his Jugling can not ſee.
 And flatterʳ ſa ʒe can not feill,
 Quhill he haif plaid his padzeane weill.
 Now, thoct na vdir thing ʒow preiſt,
 ʒit Schir, ʒe ſould reſpect, at leiſt,
 That peirles perle, ʒour princeely peir,
 Quhome, to ʒour praiff, ʒe brocht ſa deir.
 For quhom na furgis of þe fee,
 Walterand as montanis hudge & hie,
 No ſtorme, nor tempeſt in þ̄ yre,
 Nor elimentis þat did conſpyre,
 And furiously, wʳ forþ, conſidder,
 To mix the hevin and erth togiddir,
 Boſting na les nor to confound,
 Wʳ new deludge, the mappa mound:
 Nor Neptune, wʳ his hory baird,
 Quhilk mighty monſterʳ maid affeird,
 And cauſit thame to ſchaik and trȳbill,
 Quhen he on rokis did rage & rūbill,
 Nor Boreas, wʳ bittir blaſt,
 Could nevir mak ʒoʳ hairt agaſt,
 Bot wʳ a curage ferme and ſtable,
 As brafin wall Immuvable,

P. 21.

P. 22.

Quhen all 30^r pyllattis war in dowl,
 With adamant stommok, stark & stowl,
 3e fawcht w^t fataile violence,
 Resembling weill þat Troiane prince,
 Quhilk, lang befor, sic weird^f w^t stude,
 And tynt þe fleirsmā in the flude,
 And TURNUS flew and tuke no rest,
 Till he LAVINIA had posselt.
 JASONE, the Joy and gloir of Greice,
 In getting of his goldin fleice,
 Did nevir suffir fuche a fay,
 Nor 3it report sa riche a pray.
 O heich, heroik, miciall mynd!
 That nevir come of cowhaird^f kynd,
 In fpyt of deth and destany,
 Thy fame fall ay Immortall be;
 No tyme nor tome fall it deface,
 Sa lang as poecie hes place,
 Sa lang as Tytan men may spy,
 W^t goldin bemis in aizurit sky,
 And Synthia his sistir deir,
 In gloib and crescent to appeir,
 Now waxit, now wanit, now quyt away,
 Inconstant and 3it consistant ay;
 And Thetis, tūland on the sand,
 Threitnand to overflow the land,
 Hir bound^f to pass dois twyff assay,
 And twyff agane reteir ilk day.
 O had I lernīg wit and skill,
 Aggreable to my gud will,
 As Arion, on Instrumēt,
 W^t verß and noitis oveniēt,

As Orpheus and Clio mvfe,
 As pypping Pan, w^t corne mufe,
 And as Appollo, I fowld ftand,
 W^t herp and fiftir in myne hand,
 And celebrat 50^r duchty deidis,
 Quhilk now aboif my reiche exceidf.
 Bot as I am my felf to quyt,
 Heir I prefent the weidois myt,
 Howping to heir, w^t in fchort quhyle,
 Montgūry, w^t his ornat ftyle,
 And cūnīg, Quhilk nane can reherf,
 30^r wit and vallour put in verß.
 For quhy, 3owr poyet laureat,
 3our giftis fowld only regiftrat.
 Montgūry, quhome facred nymphis,
 In Helecon, w^t hallowit lymphis,
 And in Pnafe, the mvfis myld,
 Did fofter, as thair prop chyld,
 Pallas þe pedagog preclair,
 For the this fubiett did prepair.
 Quha bot Apelles, w^t owt fklandir,
 Sould paynt a nobill Alexander?
 Bot to returne—Sen w^t fic fame,
 Lavinia thow hes brocht hame,
 Than croun thy wark, Anchifes fon,
 Quhilk, with fic gloir, thow hes begun.
 On thy Lavinia tak fūm cair,
 That joyfull Jem, that ruby rair,
 That Jacinth, That myfes choif,
 That lilly m̄ylit w^t þe roif,
 That Lucrece leill, That fweit Sufan,
 That brud of goddf, That joy of man,

P. 23.

P. 24.

Quha hes, alane, the vertewis all,
 Off fuche as for þe goldin ball,
 Contendid anis, war nocht the gift
 Of Juno failed, be Laurēce thift.
 Expell þe theif, Quhen he is gane,
 Inioy thre goddeffis in ane.
 Giff this pfwafion can not speid,
 Than think on þat celestially feid,
 Quhilk frome ʒor lownis, as bliffit bewis
 Of olive plantis, of hevinly hewis,
 I howp richt sone to see Increß,
 ʒour croun & sceptoʀ to possēß,
 Eftir ʒe haif, in graice & gloir,
 Fulfillit of ʒeirß sufficiēt stoir,
 And payit to natur dett & dew,
 Quhilk, for oʀ fyn, nane can eschew.
 Gif all alledgeit can not prevaill,
 Appeirandly It can not faill,
 Bot Samfone or sum Riche Grahame,
 To ʒour perdition sclaith and schame,
 Hes ʒow bewichit and bund ʒow to him;
 For vdir wayis how could ʒe lue him?
 For pruf of this Samfone spak mair,
 Nor ony durst to ʒow declair;
 Quhairfoir scho deit befoir the dyet.
 ʒit quhat scho spak was not sa quyet,
 Bot it may very weill confound him,
 And him compell to ery cormund him;
 And Riche laikis na thing bot speiring,
 To tell sum tailis war wirth the heiring.
 Bot grantand that ʒe wald repell
 Quhat thais Infernall feindß did tell,

His Epegrāmis, war thay focht owt,
 Wald sone resolve ȝow of this dowl,
 Quhairin, lyk ane malicius baird,
 ȝour sacred name he hes not spaird.
 His verß, his knaiffry fall expreß,
 For all þe luvē he dois profreß.
 Ȝit ȝe may think his change, pchaunce,
 May breid sum peirellus variance,
 And trubill, in þe haill estait.
 Bot quha dar mene to mak debait,
 Gif ȝe ȝour proffeit to posseß,
 Will change ȝour man at intimeß.
 Syne sic a man as is abhord,
 That langfyne had bene hangd or gord,
 War not the luvē and reverence
 Men beireis to ȝo^r obediēce.
 A dowbill deilar, be dissait,
 Weill pvneist, wald pleiß all þe estait,
 And mak ȝow luvit & feirit moir,
 Nor ȝe haif bene langtyme befoir.
 Than haift and mak na langar stay,
 For ȝe loß maist be lang delay.
 Bot I returne q^r I last endit—
 His bryd, a bark of schippis descendit,
 Sall mak his roblokkis and his race,
 Neir coulingis to þe kingis grace.
 Gif schippis prevaill, as he wald haif thame,
 Bot wind and wedder may dissais thame;
 Sowld ȝe not than in tyme tak heid,
 O lyoun! quhill pair is remeid.
 Think not bot siclyk accedent
 May fall to ȝow, Tak ȝe not tent,

P. 26.



P. 27.

As fell to vderſ, quha reffuſit
 To pꝛneiſ ſic as thame abuſit.
 Sett þ Exampillis befoir ȝow ſtill,
 And mak ȝoʳ proffeit of þair Ill.
 Quhat did procure thair wrak,
 And flee ſic folkſ as wrocht thame ſmart.
 Diſdane ȝe this and it negleċt,
 Lyk cauſlis mon breid lyk effeċt ;
 Quhilk God forbid, ffor thā allace !
 Loiſt we our howp & all our grace.
 So gif ȝe chance to fall in greiſ,
 Quha will concur for ȝour releiſ ?
 Not thay þat wʳ ane vdir race,
 May keip thair honoʳ and þ place,
 Bot ȝour awin native name and lyne,
 In ȝoʳ decay quhai mon declyne,
 And ſic as ay, wʳ loyall mynd,
 To ſerue ȝoʳ furname war Inclynd,
 Abhorrand ſchippis and lick fulȝeis,
 A tryb of tumultis and of tulȝeis,
 The favoʳ of pomp and fowll diſecioun,
 Wald poyſone men of waik cōplexioun.
 The lyonis wit & micht may gyd ws,
 And ws defend quhat evir betyd ws ;
 Bot ſchippis can not be thoʳ ſa hable,
 As veſchell fragill and unſtable,
 Toiſt heir and thair, now ſlak now brēt,
 Lyk that inconstant Element,
 Quhairon thay failł, for we mon byd
 Thair frevoll freickis of wind and tyd,
 And calculd weill the courſ of mone,
 And not be ſeur quhen all is done,

Gif we on see and schippis reposit.
 Bot it wilbe no wyifman choiſ,
 To leiſ þat quhilk is ferme and ſtable,
 For thing infirm and variable.

P. 28.

With this I walkint and was amaſid,
 And raiſtlie, round about me gaiſid,
 Pturbit in my tho^t and mynd,
 As ane w^t ſpreitis poſſeit and pynd.
 Weill I pfavit Paſquill of Rome
 Stand neir me, by a gracles grome.
 To talk w^t me tho^t he reffuſit,
 Ȝit it was he þat me abuſit ;
 The foirſaid^t obieċtis cauſit me ken him,
 Satirique all and full of vĕnum,
 And ȝit maiſt trew tho^t thay be fair,
 For he the trewth for nane will ſpair.
 Thairfoir I cryit, Speik, Elriche gaiſt,
 Quhome nowdir aige nor yre cā waiſt,
 Speik, thow þat for to ſpeik diſpyte,
 Hes evirmair fett thy delyte,
 Speik, Paſquyn, and ſpair no māis names,
 Quhat ſigneſeis pair dark emblames ;
 For tyme is now, as lang ago,
 Quhen thow wes forcit to ſay crapo.
 His anſ was, Leiſ þat conſait,
 For now I ſpeik not but by wreit,
 Nor ȝit hes done thir mony ȝeiris.
 With this annon he diſappeiris,
 Saying, Rob Steine, thoct thow be vaine,
 Thow neidis na gloiſ to mak the plane.

Go radir tak thy fkroll and mend It,
Leift planenes mak fum folk offendit.
No forþ, q, I, The Lyoun pleisit,
I cair not by Quha be displeisit.

ffinis q, rob stene.

GLOSSARY AND NOTES.

- Line Page 1.
11. *Lawty*. French, *loyauté*—honesty, fidelity.

- Page 2.
7. *Cunze spilt*—the coinage defaced.
29. *Mell*—meddle.

- Page 3.
8. *A sched but substance*—a shadow without substance.
16. *To swelly*—to swallow.
31. *Browdir*—embroidery—*Begary*—stripes of cloth sewed on as ornaments.

The General Assembly, 1575, in regulating the dress of Ministers, say: "We think all kind of *broidering* unseemly, all *begairies* of velvet in gown, hose, or coat."—Calderwood's Hist. p. 823.

In Vol. III. of the New Edition of the Scots Acts of Parl. p. 221. (1581. Cap. 18.) Anent the excess of coistlie cleithing, &c. "It is statute and ordanit, That nane of his hines subjectis, man nor woman, being under the degreis of duikis, erlis, lordis of parliament, knictis, or landit gentilmen, &c. &c. sal use or weir in thair cleithing or apparrell, or lyming thair of, any claith of gold or silver, welvet, fatyne, damas, Taffateis, or any *begareis*, freingeis, pafments, or *broderie* of gold," &c.

Line

Page 4.

1. *Lucive*—a kind of fur, supposed to be that of the otter.
2. *Begaine*—covered.
- *Growme*—a paramour or lover, usually masculine.
4. *Slamb over w' faird*—besmeared with pomatum or paint.
- 24, 25. I kend weill *Kilbuk* and *Ding-dew*,
Bot I preift maift to haif *Traill-trew*;

These names probably refer to some of the courtiers of King James; and they may at the same time have been the names of some of his favourite hounds. It would appear from the following extract that he had a hound called Tell-true:—"The King is become very ill; I will say "no worse. For, being at the hunting, when he came home, he drank to "all his dogs. Among the rest, he had one called *Tell-true*, to whom he "spake thir words:—"Tell-true, I drink to thee above all the rest of my "hounds; for I will give thee more credence than either the Bishop or "Craig." David Hume of Godscroft to Mr. James Carmichael, March 20, 1584. Cald. III., 750.

Page 5.

24. *Cow the bent*. *Bent* is applied to the coarse herbage which springs up in undrained and uncultivated soil. Young cattle, about whose condition the farmer is not very anxious, are sent out to *crop* or *cow the bent*; while the more tender and luxuriant herbage is reserved for the milch cows and more favoured stock.

Page 6.

20. *In a hand walter, in a hand fyre*—as if it had been, In one hand water and in the other hand fire,—alluding to his double and deceitful conduct.
31. *Feche to noy thame*—trouble to annoy them.

Page 7.

27. *Scornefull Skogin Holyglas air*. Holyglas or Howleglass is one of the characters frequently introduced in the old romances. The term is often

Line

used by Semple, in the Legend of the Bishop of St. Androis, as an epithet. From the connexion in which it stands, it would appear, that Semple generally attached to the term the notion of deceit. This is evidently its meaning here. To *skog* or *skug* is to hide or conceal one's self.

Page 8.

- 1, 2. “ Refemles weill thy *shaithand kneis*,
 “ Thy *wavill feit*, thy *Reland Eis*.”

The meaning of this passage seems to be, that the person satirized under the name of Lawrence had a shambling gait and squinting eyes, and that his unsteady walk and sinister looks were fit emblems of the insecurity of his promises and the obliquity of his politics. How far these bodily characteristics belonged to Chancellor Maitland, no portrait painter would have been so candid as to give the means of determining.

Page 11.

18. *Menzie*—a family, band, or company.

Page 13.

2. *Sib nor fremit*—relative nor stranger.
17. *The borrew*—French—*bourreau*, executioner.

Page 14.

21. *I hug*—I shudder.
30. *Merth*—marrow.

Page 16.

27. *Plaig*—a toy, a plaything.

Page 17.

9. *Battelour*—French—*juggler*.

Line

12. *Padzeane*—pageant.
24. *Mappa mound*—French—*mappe monde*, the whole world.

Page 19.

4. *Siftir*—lyre, guitar. This word is found in most of the European languages.
Latin, *sistrum* ; Italian, *cestro* ; German, *zittern*, &c.

Page 20.

9. *Bewis*—boughs, branches.
28. *Cormund him*.—A corruption of the Vulgate version of a passage in one of the Penitential Psalms, Ps. 51 and 10. "Create a clean heart in me," is rendered, *Cor mundum crea in me*. To cry *cor mundum* is equivalent to saying, *Peccavi*.



