

Highland Fair



A
Scots OPERA



W. Knapth invt

Gen. Linderfjucht sculp.

— Forsan et hac olim meminisse juvabit. Virg.

THE

31

HIGHLAND FAIR;

OR,

UNION of the CLANS.

AN

OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

In DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. MITCHELL.

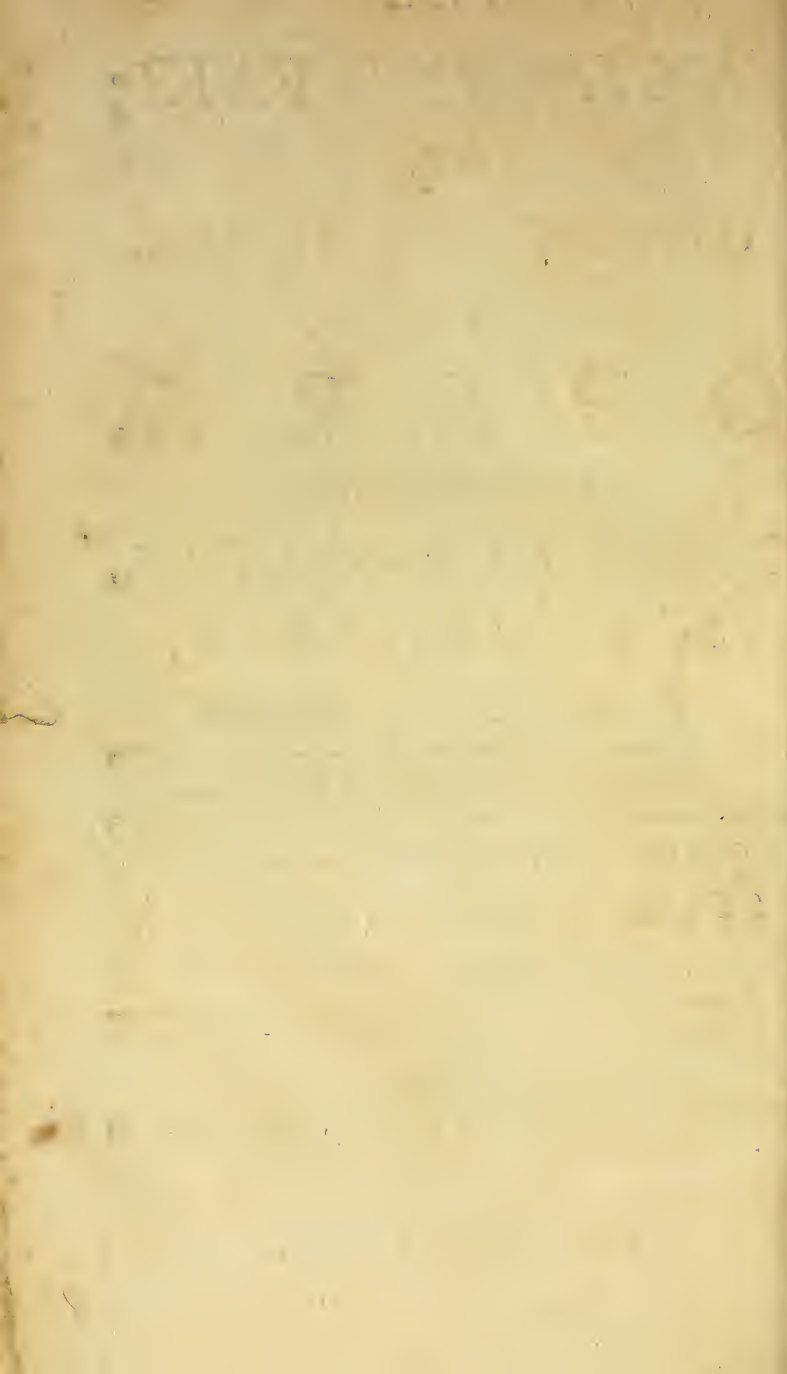
With the MUSICK, which wholly consists of
SELECT SCOTS TUNES,
Prefix'd to each SONG.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincolns-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXXI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.





To His GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of *Argyll* and *Greenwich*.

MY LORD,

AS Your GRACE is acknowledged the CHIEF of our *Scotian* CHIEFS, the World will own that I cou'd not so naturally, and justly, dedicate this Opera to any other Person.

But my Ambition hath other Motives besides, which every Body

DEDICATION.

will think of, tho' I am forc'd to forbear mentioning them, in an Address to Your self.

I will only beg Leave to say, One is, That it may stand on Record, and be said of me, as long as any Thing of mine shall live ; that, notwithstanding my Defects in Writing, I had Judgment enough to distinguish between Patrons, and was, with most sincere Attachment, and profound Submission,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's most Obliged,

and most Obedient Servant,

MITCHELL.



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W O M E N.

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SCENE, *A Fair on the Braes, between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland.*



THE
INTRODUCTION.

A Critick and the Poet.

Critick. **A** *Scotch Opera, Ha, ha, ha!*

Poet. Why not, Sir, as well as an *English, French, or Italian* one? Yet, it is not the *Dialect*, but the *Musick, Manners and Dresses* of the Country, from which it takes the Title.

Critick. But 'tis such a Novelty.

Poet. A Reason both for writing and performing it! Is not Novelty agreeable to the Taste of the Town? Ought not the Town to be humour'd? And am I censurable for varying its Entertainment?

Critick. But, granting you shou'd please by the Novelty of the *Musick, &c.* how do you hope to profit Mankind by the Drama?

Poet. As other Writers of Operas do by theirs.

Critick. There it is! What moral Precept, what noble Plot was ever pursued, or so much as intended, in such trivial Compositions? Sound has always prevail'd over Sense, and Plot and Moral been less regarded than pompous Show and impertinent Variety! However, I shall be glad to find any good Design pursued in yours.

Poet.

INTRODUCTION.

Poet. Your critical Judgment must be more Prejudic'd than Impartial, if it refuses to own that the Madness and Misery of Family Feuds and Divisions among Neighbours are expos'd — the Charms of Peace, Unity, and all the social Virtues display'd — sullen Pride, and imaginary State, Romantic Bravery and blind Superstition, starch Gravity and persecuting Bigotry are ridicul'd throughout my Piece; and their Contraries recommended for their Loveliness, in contrast to such Deformities of Nature.

Critick. Perhaps your Countrymen will not thank you for presenting so many of their original Foibles to View.

Poet. Every Country has its Fools, and *Scotland* is not without them — But, my Satire not being pointed at any particular Sect, Party, or Person — (far less against a whole Nation) will give no reasonable Man the least Offence.

Critick. I wish well to your Interest; but fear the Thing will not gain such Reputation as some that have got the start of it.

Poet. As to Reputation, I will only say, that I neither envy nor rival another Mans, more than I copy after his manner of Writing.

Critick. The Truth is, you have as good Right to be an Original as any Man has; and I am satisfied with the Honesty of your Intention in this Composure. — But why have you laid the Scene so far *North*? Wou'd not the *Lowlands* of *Scotland* have furnish'd you richer Materials?

Poet. But not have given me so just an Occasion to show the ancient Temper, Spirit, Customs, Manners, and Dresses of my Countrymen — which I hop'd, wou'd not be a disagreeable Representation in this Place. Besides, the Scene (lying, not in the *HIGHLANDS*, but on the *Braes* between the *HIGHLANDS* and *LOWLANDS*; and at a Fair where People of both sides resort) affords variety of Characters, which may make the whole more entertaining to Strangers.

Critick.

INTRODUCTION.

Critick. I'll no longer hinder the Experiment.

Poet. I shall be proud of your Company, but more of your Approbation——

Critick. Which will depend very much on the Performers.——

Poet. They will, I dare say, do their best to please.—— Let the Overture begin.



THE



THE
HIGHLAND FAIR;
OR,
UNION of the CLANS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Field cover'd with Tents: People Feasting, Drinking, &c. Musick playing. A Highland Lad and Lass dance. Tune, The Birks of Abergeldy.*

Charles: Willy, *with Soldiers.*

CHARLES.



ERJEANT, do your Duty; see the Men dispos'd, where Danger is most likely to happen. The Business of our Independent Company here is, to keep the Peace and prevent Mischief, which never is more frequent in the *Highlands*, than when *Clans* of different Faction and Interest meet at such a Fair as this is.

Willy. Ay, Captain, I'll take care of them. —

Char. Take care of your self too. Let us not lose our Honour on the account of your Pleasures; you are apt to drink *Aqua-vitæ*, and neglect your Duty. If I see you fuddled to-day, I'll punish you severely: I give you warning.

B

Willy:

Willy. Bless your Honour. A Glass or two will do me no harm; *Aqua-vita* puts Courage in a Man! 'Tis the Life and Soul of Bravery.

Char. How, Sir! Are you a Coward, but when Liquor inspires you with Courage?

Willy. I confess, it rouses my latent Virtue; it makes a Lion of a Lamb.

Char. No more. I command you not to taste a Drop: You never drink in moderation.

Willy. Then shou'd any Battle happen in the Fair, I shall hardly venture to interpose my Authority. Your Honour can't imagine with what Terror I behold the broad Swords, Durks and Pistols of these *Highlanders*.

Char. You a Soldier, and talk of Terror! I'll have you broke for a Coward.

Willy. Sir, did I ever turn my Back, when I had a Bottle in my Belly? It makes me as Valiant as Sir *William Wallace*.

Char. He was a Hero, and needed no forc'd Courage.

Willy. But, in short, Captain, you need not forbid me to drink, when I have no Money to buy Liquor. I can hardly get Snuff and Tobacco.

Char. What becomes of your Pay?

Willy. My Wife and Children devour it. I wish there had been a Law prohibiting Soldiers, like that which hinders *Papist* Priests, to Marry.

Char. Now, you talk Sense. I hate Matrimony my self. But, Serjeant, I'm told, yours is a pretty Woman — a very good Wife.

Willy. Ay, too good for me. She shou'd have fall'n to your Honour's share.

Char. I'll take her off your Hands, with all my Heart — for a few Weeks.

Willy. Ah, Sir, I wish you'd be as good as your Word.

Char. What shall I give you for her?

Willy. Why truly, as you are my Captain and Friend, it shall not cost you much. Gild but my Horns a little; make me an Ensign or so. Many an honest Fellow has made his Fortune by his Wife.

Char. Well, you shall be prefer'd.

Willy. Please your Honour to give Earnest.

Char. There's half a Crown. —

Willy. And Leave to drink *Aqua-vita*? I insist on That.

Char. 'Tis granted.

Willy. Then I don't care, if I toss my Sister into the Bargain.

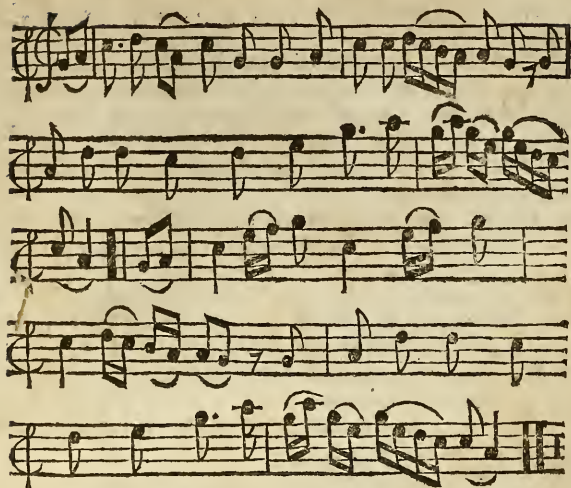
Char. There's my Snuff-mill too — Take it.

Willy. Thank your Honour. I'll look sharp out — You shall not want Provisions, while I can cater for you. AIR

Union of the Clans.

3

AIR I. O'er Bogie with my Love.



*Let meddling Conscience call it Crime,
Which Nature prompts us to,
Love, mighty Love, must have his Time,
And what he pleases do.
The Frost's a Prodigy esteem'd,
In Summer, or the Spring;
Shon'd Winter Virtue then be deem'd,
In Youth, a natural Thing?*

Char. I'm sorry, Serjeant, that I have been so long a Stranger to your good Qualities. Now, mind your Business, as I commanded. I'll not forget to serve you.

Willy. Thank your Honour. Follow me, Lads. [*Exit Willy.*]

Char. This Fellow may be useful in my Amours, else I wou'd make him an Example. I love the Treason, but hate the Traitor. [*As he is going off, enter Alaster.*]

Ha! *Alaster!* I'm glad you're come. Will your Chief meet the *Braes Laird* to-day, as he promis'd?

Alas. I left him prepar'd; but am dispatch'd before, to settle the Ceremonial of the Interview. There are certain Punctilio's of Honour, which he insists on.

Char. Does he expect Condescensions of *Laird Colin*, besides those already made?

4 The Highland Fair; Or,

Alas. You know, he is naturally proud, sullen, and assuming: But what I am instructed to demand is more fantastick than solid. Laird *Colin* will, therefore, be easily dispos'd to comply with it; especially if you, good Captain, use your kind Offices.

Char. As I have contributed my Endeavours hitherto, to bring about a Reconciliation between them, and their *Clans*, I will spare no Pains, 'till the last Hand is put to the Negotiation.

Alas. Both Parties are much oblig'd to your Goodness, and Zeal, on this Occasion.

Char. But tell me the Tenor of your Commission: What is the great Ceremony your Chief wou'd have observ'd at Meeting?

Alas. He demands, in the first Place, that Laird *Colin* shall make the first Advances toward him, bowing thrice as he approaches his Person, taking off his Right-Hand Glove, and offering his Hand with great Complaisance.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Go on.

Alas. That Laird *Colin* shall present his Snuff-Box, having first taken a Pinch for Security.

Char. All fair! very fair!

Alas. That Laird *Colin* shall make no Mention of old Quarrels, Feuds, or Offences given and receiv'd; nor expect Satisfaction for any Losses, that he or any of his *Clan* may have had by ours, before this Day.

Char. Right.

Alas. That, on all Occasions, Laird *Colin* shall acknowledge and respect the great Antiquity, Grandeur, and Bravery of our Chief's Family; his own Personal Valour, and Worth; and shew a due Sense of the Honour done by our *Clans* condescending to Terms of Peace.

Char. Very Grand indeed!

Alas. These, Sir, are some of the most considerable Preliminary Articles, which must be settled before our Chief enter the Field.

Char. If these are among the most considerable, I guess the Importance of the rest. Well, 'tis strange, that those Heads of *Clans* shou'd thus picque themselves on their Birth and Superiority! Adhere so tenaciously to the Notions and Customs of their Ancestors! And vainly imagine themselves entitled to a blind Obedience, and Submission from their Vassals and Dependants! But to expect Homage, and insist on Punctilio's of Honour and Ceremony, among Equals too, is a peculiar Instance of their Romantic Pride and Grandeur!

Alas.

Alas. Commerce and Correspondence with the Lowlanders, (to which this Union will contribute) will, by Degrees, refine our Notions, Customs, and Manners. —

Char. And our Independent Companies will assist, in making you, at least, tame and peaceable Subjects. But no Time must be lost. I'll visit Laird *Colin* immediately, and prepare him to your Mind.

Alas. Mean while, I will go among the Tents, in search of *Duncan*, and his Family. —

Char. His Daughter, you mean. Happy *Alaster*! I long to wish you Joy of your Marriage with that Beauty of the *Braes*.

Alas. Which depends on the Conclusion of this Treaty of Peace, between our Chiefs.

Char. I'll forward the one, for the sake of the other. Adieu.
[Exit Charles.]

Alas. How shall I thank this Gentleman, on whose Friendship my Happiness so much depends? — Here comes my dear Companion.

To Him, Kenneth.

Ken. Alaster, well met. I have been hunting for you this Half-hour. First, I visited your Stand of Horses, where I expected to find you at your usual Morning Exercise, combing the Mane of some Favourite Colt, or breaking some stubborn Run-away: Then, I went to the Sheep-Penns: Afterwards, to the Timber-Market: From thence, among the Merchants Shops, and Pedlars Stalls, where I hop'd to find you buying Trinkets for your Sweet-heart's Fairing. Every where I met some of your Servants taking Money for you, and Friends inquiring after you: But no where cou'd I have this Happiness.
[Shaking Hands.]

Alas. I thank you, *Kenneth*. Business of Importance has employ'd me all Morning.

Ken. No doubt! You are a great Man — no less than our Chief's Plenipotentiary Ambassador to the *Braes* Laird! But shall I wish you Joy of your Negotiation? Is the Peace concluded?

Alas. This Day, I hope, will terminate all Differences, and unite our *Clans* for ever.

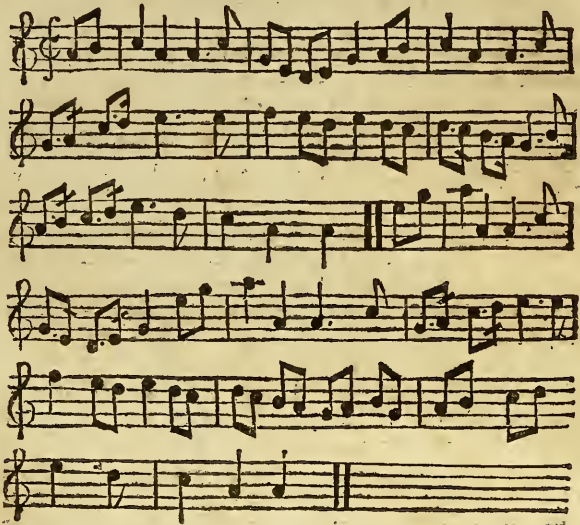
Ken. And this Day, I suppose, mixes the Blood of *Donald* and *Duncan*! Is it not so, my Friend? Wou'd not you have been as passive and indifferent, as any Man of our *Clan*, about the Reconciliation, if there had not been a Mistress in the Case?

Alas. I confess, Love provokes my Diligence: But do assure you, that nothing cou'd tempt me to act inconsistent with the Honour of our *Clan*.

The Highland Fair; Or,

Ken. Fair *Jeany* of the *Braes* is enough to make a wife Man turn Fool.

Alas. O! She is matchless — altogether lovely!

AIR II. *Logan Water.*

*From various Bows, let Arrows dart
Their pointed Shafts at my fond Heart;
Without Impression they'd rebound,
And drop, successless, on the Ground.
Enthron'd so high, and mighty there,
Is th' Image of my Peerless Fair,
That Venus' self, Love's pow'rful Queen,
Cou'd not supplant my lovely Jean!*

Ken. I must own, you have made a very good Choice. *Jeany* is a charming Creature. But have you won her Heart? and got the old Folks Consent to the Match?

Alas. Nothing is wanting to compleat our Happiness, but the meeting of our respective Chiefs.

Ken. So that your Marriage is propos'd to cement and sanction their Alliance! I wish all may go well. But tell me, *Alaster*, shall I remain unhappy? Shall your fair Sister never be mine?

Alas. I wish she were your Wife.

Ken. Very likely, when you are Negotiating an Interchange of Marriages between your Father's Children, and *Duncan's*! I'm oblig'd to you, Sir.

Alas. *Kenneth*, I am still your Friend ———

Ken. Or pretend to be.

Alas. I long to call you Brother: But must be guided by Caution and Prudence, on this critical occasion. Your Rival's Temper and Conduct are by no means agreeable to my Sister. And, I assure you, she is not half so dear to him, as he is to himself. When I but ask'd him if he had *Nanny's* Consent, "Let me alone for that (said he) who wou'd refuse one of my Parts?"

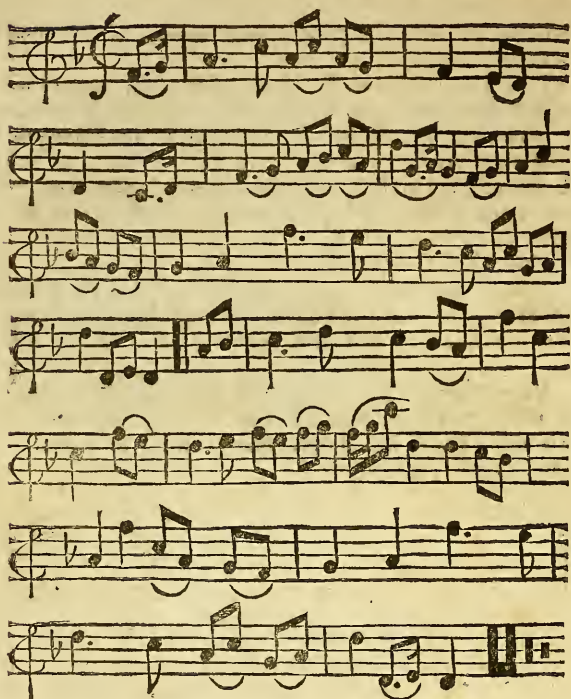
Ken. Conceited Coxcomb!

Alas. But to tell him plainly that it shall not be a Match, might effectually hinder the Peace, and my Marriage with his Sister; especially as my Father is so fond of him for a Son-in-law.

Ken. Your Father once favoured my Addresses. But my Rival is richer: 'tis the way of the World: However thro' your Friendship I will still hope *Nanny* must be mine. No other has Charms for me.

The Highland Fair; Or,

AIR III. Nanny-O.



*Let Jock, and Tom, contend for Kate,
 And Andrew doat on Annie-o ;
 Let Bess, and Bridget burn for Pate,
 And Sufy sigh for Sawny-o ;
 Let Wat, and Will court Mary's Charms,
 And Lawry long for Fanny-o,
 No Beauty Kenneth's Bosom warms,
 But that of Bonny Nanny-o.
 My Nanny-o, my Nanny-o,
 My lovely Charming Nanny-o,
 I care not tho' the World shou'd know,
 How much I doat on Nanny-o.*

Alas. My Father in haste! he was to have come with our Chief.

Ken.

Union of the Clans.

Ken. Something, I fear, has happen'd unlucky.

To them, Donald.

Alaf. Sir, what is the Matter? Whom have you left with our Chief?

Don. The Devil.

Alaf. The Devil! Whom do you mean, Sir?

Don. *Mungo*, the Priest, the Maker of Devils.

Alaf. What has he done?

Don. What all devilish Priests do, or wou'd do, if they cou'd. He has blown up the Fire of Fury and Fighting again. Our Chief, attended by his Vassals and Servants, a glorious Retinue! was come within a Mile of the Fair, to meet the *Braes Laird*, and put the last Hand to the Treaty you have been negotiating, when, on a sudden, this reverend Rogue overtook and stopt his Career.

Alaf. His red-letter'd Saints damn him for't. But what Arguments did he use?

Don. That the Church wou'd be in Danger by a Reconciliation with Hereticks; — That it wou'd reflect on the Memory of our Immortal Fathers, who spent their Lives in the Dispute — And that our Chief's sacred Person wou'd not be safe in this Place, among our old Enemies.

Alaf. Hypocritical Villain! He has a more prevailing Argument than either of these that mov'd him to be so officious: 'Tis Jealousy of Laird *Colin*, who may have Opportunities to turn him out of Favour with our Chief's Lady. —

Ken. Hush!

Don. That's a tender Point, my Son.

Alaf. 'Tis no Secret. Every body, besides our Chief himself, believes there's an Intrigue between the Lady and her Confessor. D—n the Villain!

Ken. Speak with Reverence of the Cloth.

Alaf. The Cloth! Does it screen Roguery, and give a Sanction to Mischief? By St. *Andrew*, Patron of our ancient Kingdom, *Mungo* shall not live an Hour.

[*Drawing his Durk.* —

Don. Be not rash, my Son.

Alaf. Were he the Pope, I'd have his Heart's Blood for This. My All is at stake.

Don. We have another Card to play. You, my Son, are our Chief's Foster-Brother and Favourite. Go to him with all speed: Coax, sooth and persuade him. No body can succeed so easily.

Alif. I'll use my Endeavours.

Don. But be advis'd by me, who am old and experienc'd, what to say. Tell him that *Colin*, the *Braes Laird*, is come to meet him already, and wonders at his Delay —

Ken.

to *The Highland Fair; Or,*

Ken. A d—n'd Lye to begin with.

[*Aside.*

Don. That, as the Laird is a Gentleman of Honour, he expects to find his Equal in *Euen* ——— is extremely desirous of Peace and Amity with our *Clan* ——— and, withal, that it will be very profitable to Us. Insist upon his Promise, and shew what Scandal his Breach of it will spread in the *Highlands*. In short, say any thing to compass your End. Remember that your Happiness depends on your Success.

Alas. But I shall have to do with a cunning Priest. How shall I countermine, how conjure the Devil in his own Way?

Don. Be sure not to make him your Enemy. You had better take a roaring Lion by the Beard.

A I R IV. *Bob of Dumblain.*



*Look at the Hive, but touch not a Hornet,
For the whole Posse will sting you to Death.
All sorts of Clerical Drones, ever born yet,
Rise, if 'gainst One you freely vent Breath.*

*'Twere safer, by far, to merit a Halter,
To steal, rob, or plunder, turn Traitor, or kill;
For then you might fly to that Refuge, the Altar,
Where you'd be as safe as a Thief in a Mill.*

Alas. Something must be done.

Don. Lose no Time.

Ken. Success attend you. [*Exit Alaster.*] ——— *Donald*, you find it no easie Matter to bring about this Peace. The Priest has play'd the Devil with a Vengeance. If *Alaster* shou'd not prevail ———

Don. Then he loses the Beauty of the *Braes*, *Jeany*, the Idol of his Heart — and I, what to me is more precious, all the Cash and Cattle that *Duncan*, her Father, can give with her. His is a substantial Family, and I long to have mine incorporated with it, by these Inter-marriages.

Ken. So, Sir, I perceive you'd have his Son a Match to your Daughter, as well as his Daughter a Match to your Son!

Don. 'Tis the most probable Means to confirm the Union of our *Clans*. Besides, 'tis for the Interest of my Family. Follow my Example, my Lad, and get Money.

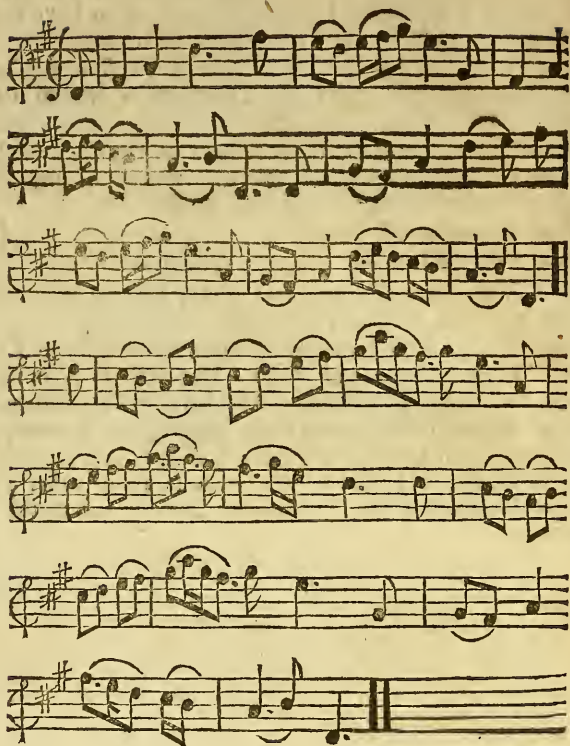
Ken. Covetous old Dog! [Aside.]

Don. 'Tis the Life and Soul of Wedlock.

Ken. There are daily Instances of the Unhappiness of Marriages, made for the sake of Interest.

Don. Things will sometimes happen amiss beyond Expectation. 'Tis for *Better* and *Worse*. But wise Folk mind what is fit and convenient, and leave Accidents to Providence.

Ken. When Interest sways the contracting Parties, more than Love, their Minds being equally sordid, may agree as well after Wedlock, as before it: But when both, or either is forc'd into the Noose, 'tis Ten to One but Misery proves the Consequence.

*The Highland Fair; Or,*AIR V. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

*In ancient Times, when Justice reign'd,
 And Virtue was rewarded,
 Pure Love and Friendship Place obtain'd,
 And from Assaults were guarded.
 But, now, the World corrupted grown,
 Self-Int'rest sways each Passion:
 All gen'rous Thoughts from Earth are flown,
 And sordid Suits in Fashion.*

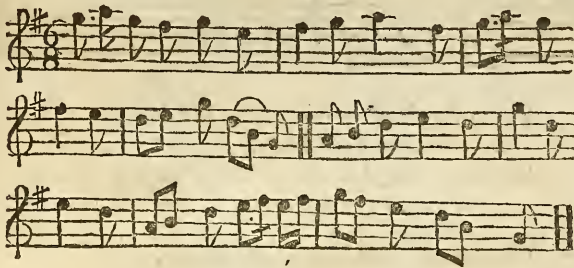
Don. Sir, I know your Drift. You love my Daughter, and I like you for't. Nay, I say more, were you as rich as your Rival, you might win and wear her. But whereas your Fortune is not proportion'd to your Parts and Person, I must be-
 stow

Now her another Way. 'Tis my Business to provide for my Family. Now I have a glorious Opportunity; and Fortune, being like a coy Mistress, must be catch'd at the critical Minute.

Ken. In short, Sir, you are come hither to sell your Cattle, and match your Children, with the same View of driving a Bargain, to Advantage, on each Side.

Don. Ay, I know the World, and love to have my Wits about me.

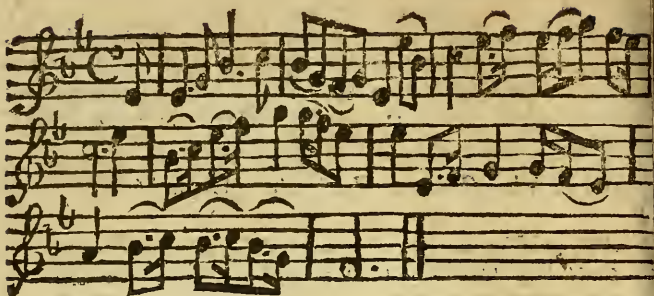
A I R VI. Give me a Lass with a Lump of Land.



*Let's be frugal, while we may,
Rob, or Steal, and Beg, or Borrow;
If we make not Hay to-Day,
Clouds may shade our Sun to-Morrow.*

*Fortune's a precarious Thing,
And Occasion soon may leave us.
Time and Treasure on the Wing,
Fly, like Eagles, and deceive us.* [Ex. Donald.]

Ken. So, I am like to look silly in my Turn! This old avaricious Fellow will never countenance my Addresses to his Daughter, now he has better Game in View. But, if she loves me, as I presume she does, we may fall on Ways and Means to outwit him. Let me think. Shou'd the Reconciliation of the Clans take Place, so will the purpos'd Marriages. 'Twere better for me that Parties continue at Variance. Then, low as my Fortune is, I may hope to enjoy my Love, whom my richer Rival is in a fair way to rob me of. Now do I wish that *Alaster* may not succeed. I am on the Priest's Side of the Question, and, with him, declare for Hereditary Battling, and Orthodox Bigotry.

AIR VII. *Bonny Broem.*

*The Thought of Rivals in my Love;
Is more than I can bear;
To dire Revenge my Soul 'twou'd move,
Shou'd one enjoy my Dear.*

*'Tis Honour that inspires the Brave,
And Men are doom'd to Shame,
Whose Valour cannot Honour save,
And guard both Love and Fame.* [Ex. *Kenneth*]

S C E N E II. *Among Tents.*

Duncan, Davy, Jeany.

Dun. Did not *Donald* assure us that he wou'd be here with his Chief, by *Eleven*?

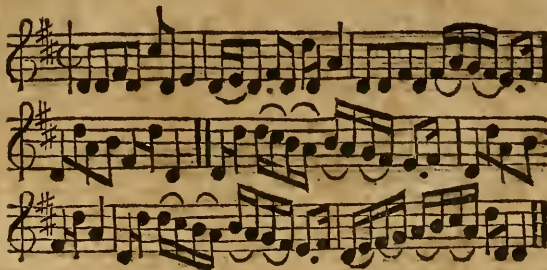
Dav. Ay, he sent such Word; but perhaps he has chang'd his Mind. As he brews, so let him drink.

Jean. 'Tis not much after the Hour. Let's have a little Patience. Sure, *Alaster* will not fail.

Davy. *Alaster* runs strangely in your Head, Sister! I wish ye were fairly tack'd together.

Jean. Does not *Nanny* run as much in your Head, Brother? I wish you were as sure of her Affection, as I am of *Alaster's*.

Davy. Affection! I am very indifferent about any Woman's. The whole Sex can't give me Uneasiness. No, no. But they receive it.

AIR VIII. *Jockey's fu, and Jenny's fain.*

*Persons, fashion'd well, like mine,
Full of Vigour, straight, and strong,
Make the Maidens inly pine,
And the married Women long.*

*Shou'd the Sex, in Love with me,
Languish all their Lives away,
Careless, I the Scene cou'd see,
And ev'n scorn to court their Stay.*

Jean. Vain Creature! I pity the poor Woman that's to be your Wife.

Dun. Tho' I have given my Consent to these Inter-marriages, you are sensible that Interest was not my Motive. Good Neighbourhood is what I always wish'd for; but your Happiness my chief Concern. I wou'd by no means persuade my Children to marry a Person that is not agreeable.

Davy. O, Sir! *Nanny* is agreeable enough. I make no Objection against her, but against Matrimony it self. That's the Pill that turns my Stomach. It makes so many People sick, that I don't like to swallow it.

Dun. The Truth is, Marriage is like the Cast of a Dye, a Hit or Miss, for Happiness or Misery. ———

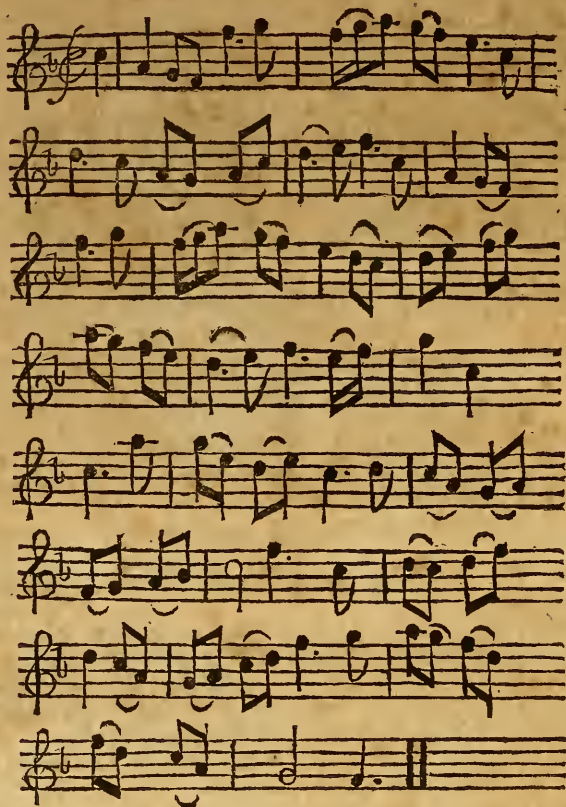
Davy. And the Odds, being much on the wrong Side, makes me cautious.

Jean. If true Love is mutual, there can be no great Risque run. Love is the Life of Matrimony; it makes a married State happy, whatever adverse Accidents befall it.

Davy. How do you know that? You was never married.

Jean. But I wou'd not have you think my Heart as senseless and roving as yours is.

A I R IX. Last time I came o'er the Muir.



'Twas Love that first the World refin'd,
 Made Rage submit to Reason,
 The Bigot calm, the Cruel kind;
 The Traitor leave his Treason:
 It fills the Villain with Remorse,
 The senseless Soul inspires;
 But most the Gen'rous feel its Force,
 And burn amid its Fires.

Davy. They come at last.

To them, Donald and Nanny.

Welcome to the Fair, my Dear.

[Salutes her.

Dun. We began to be impatient, Neighbour *Donald*. But where is your Son?

Don. He will be here anon. He bade me make his Compliments to his beloved *Jeany*, and assure her that nothing but an Affair of Importance cou'd detain him a Moment from her Company.

Jean. I need no Proof of his Honour and Sincerity:

Davy. I believe I shall be tempted to commit Matrimony in earnest. What d'ye think of me, *Nanny*? Ha!

[Strutting about

Nan. That you're a fine Figure, *Davy*.

Davy. A proper Man! Hah!

Nan. Ay, a rare Person truly.

Davy. She's over Head and Ears in Love with me.

[Aside to *Jeany*.

Jean. You're over Head and Ears in Love with your Self.

Don. Vanity is a Misfortune, but 'tis a pleasant one.

Dun. True; for Coxcombs are always in good Humour.

Nan. Thy Hand, my Lad; they wou'd mortify you.

Jean. Only put him a little out of Conceit with his dear Self.

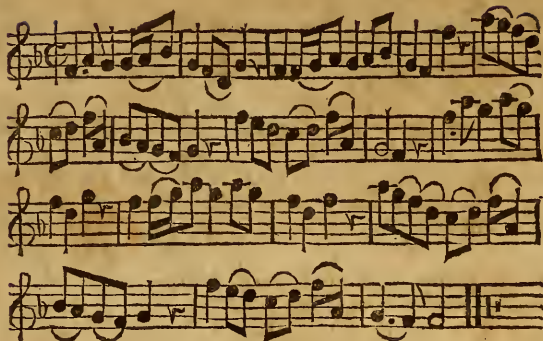
Davy. They can't in your Company, my *Nanny*.

Jean. The first Compliment I ever heard him make a Woman! Now I shall think he is in Love indeed.

Davy. We shall make a happy Couple.

Nan. A rare Couple! — Heav'n forbid the Banns. [Aside.

Davy. And what a lovely Race shall we beget? I wish the Ceremony was over, that we might proceed to Business. Pox on Ceremony! I never lik'd it in my Life. Strike the Iron while 'tis hot.

A I R X. *Bonny Laffie, take a Man.*

*Think, my Fairest, how Delay,
 Danger every Moment brings.
 Present Time will fly away,
 Time, that's ever on its Wings.*

*Doubting and Suspense at best,
 Lovers late Repentance cost.
 Then let's, eager to be blest,
 Seize Occasion, ere 'tis lost.*

Nan. At Leisure, Sir. There are more Words than one in making a Bargain.

Don. The Bargain's made already, Hussy. We old Folks have concluded Matters. [Donald and Duncan talk apart.]

Davy. Besides, the Humour may go off me. I'm not always of one Mind.

Nan. If you're so changeable, now you are a Lover, what sort of a Husband will you prove?

Davy. Try me. The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

Nan. Folks shou'd look before they leap.

Davy. Faith, Marriage is, like Death, a great Leap in the Dark. Folks shou'd look an Inch before their Noses.

Nan. So, I perceive you are cool again. I thought you was not over-heated with Love.

Davy. I can't say I cou'd hang or drown my self for you, my Dear ; but, possibly, I may like you better, when we grow better acquainted.

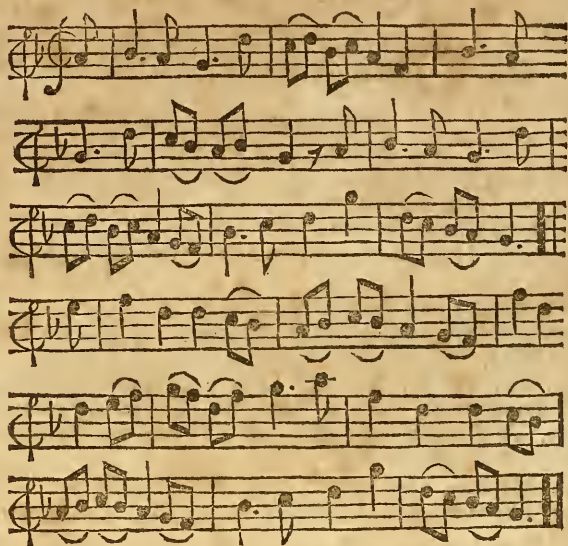
Nan.

Nan. And, possibly, I might play you a Trick, if you shou'd not.

Davy. Like enough, truly! I hate Horns. Hang Matrimony. The more I think of it, the worse it seems.

Nan. Ha, ha, ha! What a Weather-cock my Lover is! Pray, *Davy*, keep to this Point, 'till you rust in it. Safety lies in Caution.

A I R XI. Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.



*Sparks, unheeded, quickly blazing,
 Burn the noblest Buildings down:
 And, the Sailers idly gazing,
 Leaks neglected, Vessels drown.
 All promote their own Undoing,
 Who, remiss, behold its Rise:
 Caution is the Check of Ruin,
 And Distinction of the Wise.*

Davy. Never venture, never win. Faint Heart never got fair Lady. Madam; to shew you that I'm no Coward, I'll run the Hazard of Cuckoldom. We must be one Flesh, Faith!
 [Kissing her.]

Nan. The Wind chang'd already! Now 'tis my Turn. I will not have such a fickle Husband.

Davy. Because Women are given to dissemble, I'll not believe them, when they deny. I know you love me — You can't help it.

Nan. You don't love me.

Davy. I do, I do. Your Eyes are like Lightning: I stand before them, like Stubble before a burning Glass, in a hot Day.

Nan. Ha, ha, ha! Then keep your Distance, lest I consume you.

Davy. Who have we here? The noble Captain!

Nan. In good time, for my Relief.

To them, Charles.

Char. Ladies and Gentlemen, your most Obedient.

Dun. Sir, your Servant.

Don. I am glad to see you.

Char. May I take the Liberty to salute these fair Lips?

[Kisses the Ladies.]

Davy. You're very welcome, Captain, to do that, in a civil manner. But you must proceed no farther. That's my Sister; this my Wife, that is to be.

Char. Sir, if I shou'd fall in Love with either one or t'other, I shou'd hardly ask your Leave to proceed as I please.

Davy. You're not angry, Captain. If you be, I can be so too.

Dun. My Son, keep your Temper and good Manners.

Char. I know him: *Davy's* my good Friend, only a little jealous.

Davy. Who wou'd not be jealous of such a general Lover as you? All's Fish that comes in your Net.

Char. 'Tis an essential Article of my Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man. Occasion is my *Cupid*, and a Soldier shou'd not stand upon Ceremony.

Davy. *Jean* is as good for you, as her Lady.

Char. Every Woman is lovely; and I am every Woman's very humble Servant; tho' I can make Distinction too.

Don. We know you can. But to the Business in Hand —

Char. Laird *Colin* will be here immediately. How soon may we expect *Euen*, your Chief?

Don. My Son is gone to conduct him to the Place appointed for the Interview.

Dun. I long to see it, and taste the Sweets of Amity.

Char. All will go well. But, Ladies, have you had a Fairing to Day?

Jean

Jean. I have seen no body that thought me worthy of one yet.

Nan. *Alaster* will soon make you Amends.

Char. But you, Madam, in this Gentleman's Company, no doubt, have had better Luck.

Nan. Not a bit, Sir. He has not been so civil as to offer me any thing.

Char. Unconscionable!

Davy. I offer'd her my self, my whole Man.

Char. That was a great deal, I think.

Nan. A worthy Present, truly!

Char. If you don't like it, Madam, will you be pleas'd to accept of mine?

Davy. Don't make me jealous, I say.

Char. I have a large Stock of Love upon my Hands, and can't bestow it better, than on so fine a Lady.

Nan. Love, quotha! Give me something more substantial.

Char. What's more substantial than Love?

Nan. Needles and Pins — any thing the Pedlars sell.

Jean. The Captain has nothing but Love to bestow; and, I suppose, every Woman he meets with will be alike welcome to it.

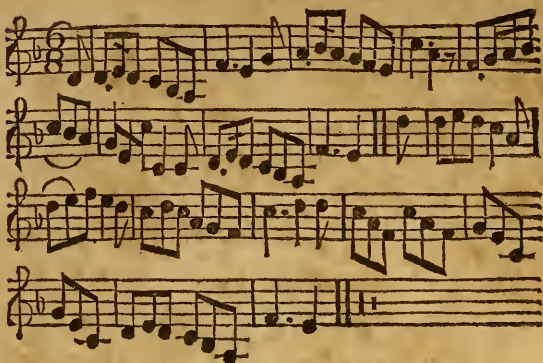
Char. I beg your Pardon, Madam, you shall share it, if you please; I have Love enough for both.

Nan. Ay, for the whole Sex. You are, like the Bee, not to be satisfy'd with one Flower.

Char. I wish I had a Stock sufficient to serve the whole dear Sex. How freely I'd transfer it!

Davy. Ay, freely enough, I warrant.

AIR XII. My Mother's ay glowrin o'er me.



*Since Fancy, so roving a Creature,
Is planted in Mortals by Nature,
Who can boast the Art
Of guiding the Heart,
More than of new-making the Stature?*

*While Oddities many compound us,
And Objects for ever confound us,
Our Thoughts will be free,
And rove, like the Bee,
That, seeking for Honey, flies round us.*

Nan. Just as I said, a general Lover!

Davy. A wild Spark.

Jean. You have been so much abroad in the World, Sir, that one wou'd think you might be a little tamed by this time.

Char. New Faces provoke new Desires.

Davy. Pox take your Desires! I wish you'd step into the next Tent, and let us have some Refreshment.

Don. A good Proposal.

Dun. Ay, my Son has a craving Appetite.

Davy. Good Eating and Drinking is the Food of Love. It makes a Man strong and vigorous. There's not a sound Woman in the Kingdom that wou'd care a Farthing for him, if he were otherways.

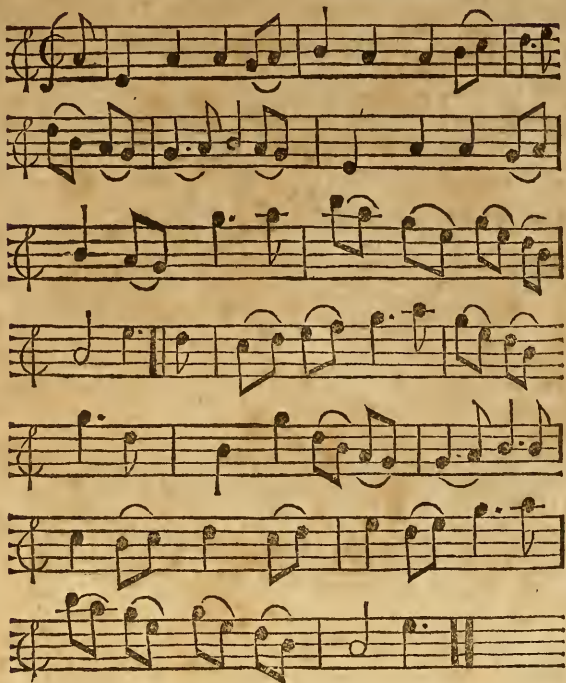
Char. Right, my Lad. But let us lose no Time.

Don. We'll drink to the happy Union of our Clans.

Dun.

Dun. And Relation of our Families, so long wish'd for,
and so welcome.

A I R XIII. *Katharine Ogie!*



*As Mothers fond with Transport meet
Long absent Sons returning,
With Tears of Joy their Presence greet,
And bid adieu to Mourning.
So Parties, long at variance, view
A Peace restor'd with Pleasure;
'Tis more enhanc'd, the more 'tis new,
And swells o'er common Measure.*

[*Exeunt all but Jeany.*]

Jean. I begin to be uneasy on Account of *Alaster's* stay, and fear that something unlucky has happen'd. What Care and Anxiety attend true Love? Ours, like that of Princes, is made a Property. 'Tis barrier'd for Interest, and made a Sacrifice to

The Highland Fair ; Or,

Humour. Alas! are we born Slaves to Parents or Superiors? Must all the Happiness of our Lives prove so precarious and uncertain? Shall any thing separate *Alaster*, and me, whose Hearts are so strongly united, and whose Love is regardless of Party?

AIR XIV. *Sowr Plumbs of Gallashiels.*

The musical score consists of ten staves of music, each beginning with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The music is written in a single melodic line across the staves.

*How can a Lover bear the Pain,
Of parting from the lov'd for ever?
Why did the Sov'reign Pow'rs ordain,
That ought their Lives shou'd sever?*

But

But Fate it self can ne'er divide,
 Whom once it hath united.
 Their Bands can never be unty'd,
 Whose Choice true Love excited.
 Love join'd our Hearts, and shall our Hands
 Be held by Force asunder?
 In Heav'n were made our Marriage Bands,
 Which Earth and Hell can't binder!

But, ha! he comes! my *Alaster* comes, I hope, with good News.

To her *Alaster*.

Alas. Dear *Jean*! [*Salutes her.*] Cou'd you forgive my Absence?

Jean. The good Opinion I have of you permits me not to think ill of your Conduct.

Alas. I lost as little Time, as I cou'd, from your lov'd Company.

Jean. But where have you left your Chief? Is he not coming to the Fair?

Alas. He is not far off, and nothing is wanting but your Laird's Approbation of the Ceremonial to be observ'd at their Meeting.

Jean. Who knows but on that Rock we may split?

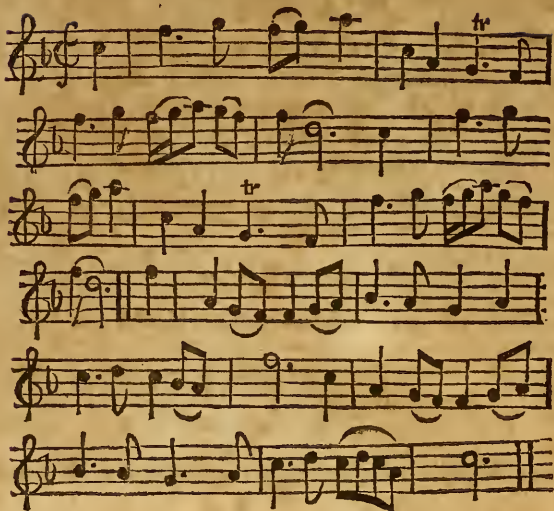
Alas. Fear not. By the Captain's Mediation, all things will be made easy. But you still look troubled; does any thing else vex your tender Heart?

Jean. Shou'd the Reconciliation never be compleated, we shou'd never be happy together.

Alas. I'll spare no Pains to finish it. For thee, what wou'd I not do and suffer? Thou art my greatest earthly Treasure: without thee, Life wou'd be insupportable.

Jean. Before this Treaty was set on Foot, you had my Heart; and shou'd it be broke off, I cou'd not recal my Love.

Alas. Let us vow everlasting Faith and Constancy, whatever happens; true Love will be uniform, and stedy in spite of all the vicissitudes of Fortune.

*The Highland Fair; Or,*AIR XV. *Auld lang Syne.*

*Tho' rosy Lips and lovely Cheeks
 In Time's small Compass come;
 Love alters not with Days and Weeks,
 But bears it out till Doom.
 True Minds, unshaken as the Stars,
 Their Constancy maintain:
 Their Joys no Turn of Fortune mars,
 Nor breaks their golden Chain.*

Jean. Well, *Alaster*, if you prove false, what Man can be true?

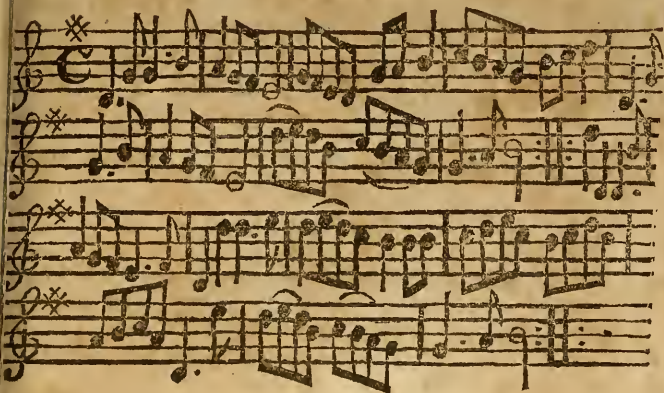
Alas. These Charms, that first conquer'd, will always keep me faithful to you.

Jean. I hope we shall at last be happy. — But our Folks are in the next Tent, and will wonder at my stay.

Alas. One Embrace more, before we go into Company. Here I cou'd grow for Ages. [Embracing.]

AIR

AIR XVI. Wert thou but my ain Thing.



He. *Were we but in Wedlock join'd,
 Anguish ended,
 Pleasures blended,*

*Always to my Charmer's Mind,
 How studious I'd approve me!*

She. *As round the Elm th' enamour'd Vine
 Delights her tender Arms to twine,
 So I'd encircle Thee in mine,
 And only live to love thee.*

[Exeunt.]

The End of the First ACT.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A Prospect of Shops and Stalls.*

WILLY.

HERE'S such a Copulation between Sound and Sound that I perceive Noise has Sexes in it. The Bag-pipe Trumpet, and Drum, make the Male Noise of the Fair; and the mix'd Talking, Laughing, Singing and Bawling of People, make the Female. Between them both, a prodigious Monster of a Roar is begot, which, like the Fall of a huge River, makes all the neighbouring Dwellers deaf.

To him, Charles.

Char. Serjeant, where are our Men? There's Mischief in one of the Markets.

Willy. The more Mischief, the better Sport.

Char. Some of the *Highlanders* have stole Cattle and Sheep belonging to the *Braes*, and a Battle is threaten'd. We must prevent it.

Willy. You may be better employ'd, Sir, if you please. I have pick'd up a pure Wench for your Honour.

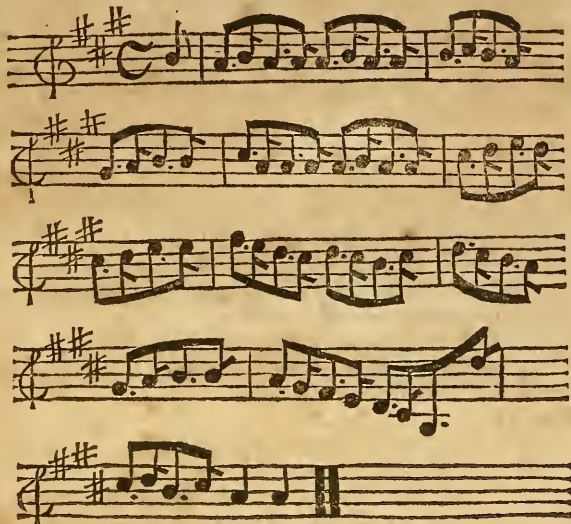
Char. D—n all the Wenches in *Christendom*. Think you I'd neglect my Duty, and suffer a Stain to fall on our Company? What was it sent here for?

Willy. She's a Virgin, plump and sound. Don't you like a Maidenhead, Captain?

Char. Pox on her Maidenhead! I wou'd not be guilty of a Breach of Trust for all the Pleasures of Sense. Follow me with a Guard immediately. [Exit Charles.]

Willy. Who the Devil wou'd have thought our wild Captain had so much nice Honour about him? That same Honour has something in it that I cannot comprehend. For my Part, I'd not give a Glafs of good *Aqua-vitæ*, for all the Honour in the three Kingdoms. It has made him leave a pretty Girl, but it shall not bring me into Harms way. I don't like to be slic'd into Reputation. Mine is a discreet Disaffection to War, a wife Care of my Safety. Nature bids us preserve our selves. But

How can I avoid following my Captain? He'll cashier me, I don't appear; and I may be knock'd on the Head if I do. Last Night, I dreamt that I was at Loggerheads with someperate *Highlanders*, and my Brains were split in the *Ren-*
counter. My Wife found me killing my Pillow, and entering
 Duel with my Breeches. When I wak'd, I wonder'd to find
 myself whole, and 'twas some time ere I believ'd my Eyes,
 when they told me that I had my Legs and Arms in *Statu quo*.
 I must venture. But, first, I'll make bold to meet this Half
 Crown in *Aqua-vitæ*. There's no true Courage without it.

AIR XVII. *Maggy Lawder.*

*Of all the Liquors in the Land,
 There's none, like Aqua-vitæ,
 For Church and King can make ye stand,
 And to be brave, excite ye.
 It rouses Courage, and by Force
 O'ercomes the greatest Danger.
 Shou'd Fortune turn from Bad, to Worse,
 Its Energy can change her.*

[Exit Willy.]

SCENE

S C E N E II. *A Prospect of a Market of Cat*

Donald, Davy, Duncan, Alaster, Kenneth, and others, *with drawn Swords in their Hands, prepar'd to fight, and ran on different sides.*

Dun. Before we engage, let us reason on the Matter.

Ken. No Reasoning.

Davy. Them come on. I'm your Man.

Don. For my Part, be it Peace, or War, I can find Account.

Alas. I am heartily sorry that any of our *Clan* occasion'd Rupture so unseasonably —

Dun. At a Time when we were treating of Peace, and making large Condescensions to procure it —

Davy. Notwithstanding we cou'd compel you by *Dint* of Sword, to keep Order.

Ken. You compel us! In all the Battles that have been 'tween our *Clans*, who suffer'd most?

Dun. You got more indeed of us, than we cou'd of you.

Davy. Of them! What have they to lose? Cou'd we have you of your Breeches? Beggarly Villains!

Ken. We will not put up such Reflections, but stand for Honour of our *Clan*.

Dun. And we demand Satisfaction.

Alas. Name it.

Dun. Restitution of the Goods you have list'd —

Davy. And Blood for Blood.

To them, Charles, with Soldiers.

Char. Put up your Swords, Gentlemen, and agree — I must disarm and arrest you, to preserve the King's Peace.

Ken. Sir, 'tis impossible. The Honour of our *Clan* is concern'd.

Char. Is it concern'd to justify an ill Action? Were not ye People the Aggressors?

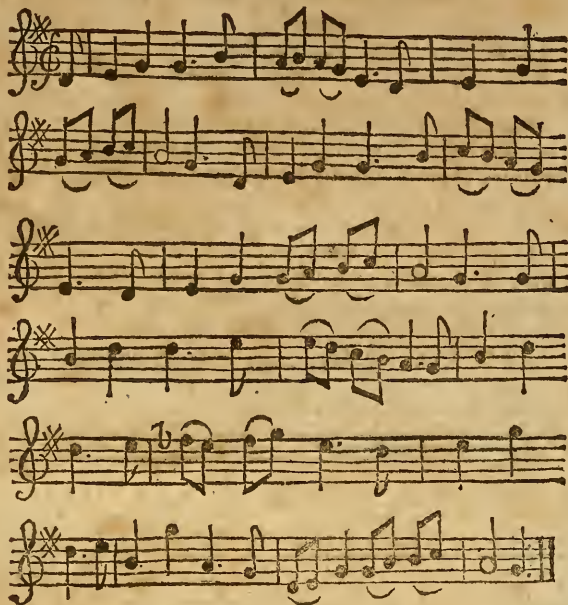
Dun. All the *Clans* in the *Highlands* would despise us, should we suffer such Abuse calmly.

Char. I advise both Parties to refer the Matter in dispute to Arbitration. Let Commissaries be appointed to state the Damages, and agree upon proper Terms for mutual Satisfaction. Why shou'd Neighbours quarrel, and seek Opportunities to hurt one another? Consider, your Conduct on this Occasion may provoke your respective Chiefs against you, or to break off the Treaty between themselves.

Alas. You, Sir, have been at too much Pains to accommodate our Differences, and make us a happy People, to be after all disappointed and successless. I will undertake, our Chief shall consent to what you propose.

Char. Then go to him immediately for his Order, constituting and appointing fit Persons on your Side. I will wait on Laird *Colin*, to the same Purpose, and lose no Time,

AIR XVIII. *Peggy*, I must love thee.



No more be Feuds and Faction known,

In this our ancient Nation:

But all, like honest Patriots, One,

In generous Emulation.

Let all contend for Common Weal,

Be social, shunning bigot Zeal,

And Acts of mutual Kindness deal,

As suit their Pow'r and Station.

Ken. If Matters be made up amicably, I may yet lose Hopes of my dear *Nanny*. [*Aside.*]

Don. *Alaster*, hasten to our Chief.

Alas. I'll fly this Instant.

[*Exit Alaster.*]

Char.

Char. Soldiers, disperse. I will be answerable for the Peace.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dun. My Son, where did you leave your Sister?

Davy. With my Sweet-heart in the Fair.

Ken. Sir, I am your Rival in Love, as well as your Foe in Battle.

Davy. You my Rival! I fear not your Interest. A poor Dog!

Don. No, no; *Kenneth* must have nothing to say to my Daughter. Come along, Neighbour *Duncan*. I'll accompany you in Search of our Children.

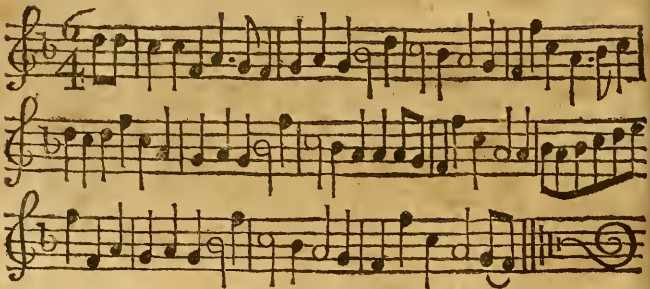
Davy. Rival Adieu. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Donald, Duncan, and Davy.*]

Char. Sir, I perceive the Ground of your Heat on this Occasion, is not Revenge, but Love.

Ken. I confess, Captain, I don't approve of Plundering our Neighbours Goods, nor of continual Skirmishing one with another, when we meet. I wish our *Clans* were more cordially united. But shou'd your Negotiations succeed, I shall be rob'd of all I hold dear, my Love, my dear *Nanny*, who, if I mistake not, is of the same Disposition towards me. If true Love has Merit in it, sure mine deserves Reward.

AIR XIX. *Jobny, Lad, cock up your Beaver.*



*Like Racers, for Riches and Glory contending,
We Rivals have Honour and Beauty depending.
As one of them only the Prizes can carry,
So one of us only our Mistress can marry.
But who shall be happy, short Time will discover.
If the best Runner wins, why shou'd not the Lover?
My Rival more Int'rest and Treasure inherits:
But, if Love shou'd conquer, mine Victory merits.*

Char.

Char. I wish I cou'd contrive Ways and Means to make your Love prosperous, and yet consistent with the Peace of both the Families concern'd. *Nanny* is a charming Creature. I cou'd live and die with her, saving the Prerogative of the Parson.

Ken. I find, that if you lov'd her never so well, you'd not care to marry.

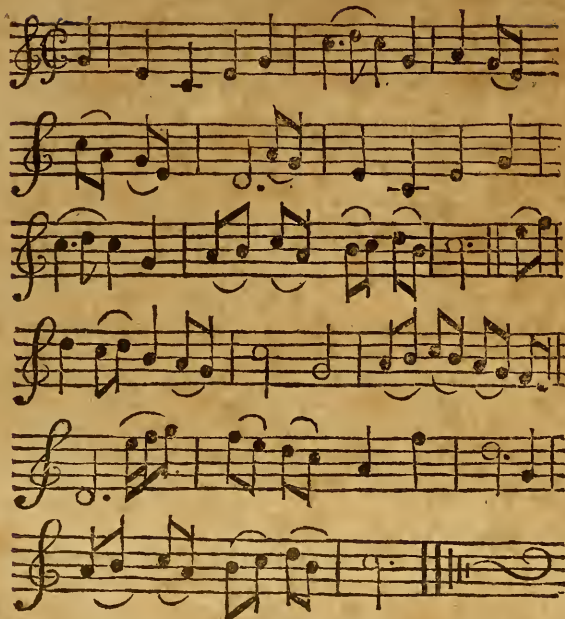
Char. Marry! No, no. I'd not marry a Woman I had a Value for. Heaven forbid I shou'd lay such an Embargo as Matrimony upon the Inclinations and Conduct of any kind-hearted Creature. As I'm for Freedom and Variety my self, why shou'd I restrain another from the like Pleasure? I love to do in This, as in other Cases, as I wou'd be done by.

Ken. You Gentlemen Soldiers are a Parcel of Libertines; I'm a sober Fellow, and shall never think a reasonable Confinement a Curse either to my self, or my Wife.

Char. Honey-Moon is not over. Tell me so after you have been twelve Months married.

Ken. In *Nanny's* Arms I shou'd find a Succession of Delights, and never be cloy'd; when the Sense is pall'd with Enjoyment, her Mind wou'd vary my Pleasure, and make it last for Life. Yes, Captain, her Mind is more enrich'd with Virtues, than her Person with Beauties. Therefore, while I have either a Taste for Love, or Relish of good Sense and Honesty, I shou'd be happy in a married State.

Char. Tell me not of a Woman's Mind. Give me her Person, if 'tis but tolerable. I wish this plaguy Negotiation was fairly ended, that I might have time to ramble among the Sex. I can't have an Hour's Pleasure for Business. But what makes the Case much worse, 'tis dangerous in this Country to use one's Freedom; on the one Hand, the Girls are shy, and their Kindred watchful; on the other, there's the Kirk Discipline so rigid and affronting: Wou'd I were in *Westminster* again! Dear *Covent-Garden*! I shall never forget thee. Why was I a *Caledonian* born, or why confin'd at Home? Happy Soldiers about *St James's*!

A I R XX. *The Lafs of Patie's Mill.*

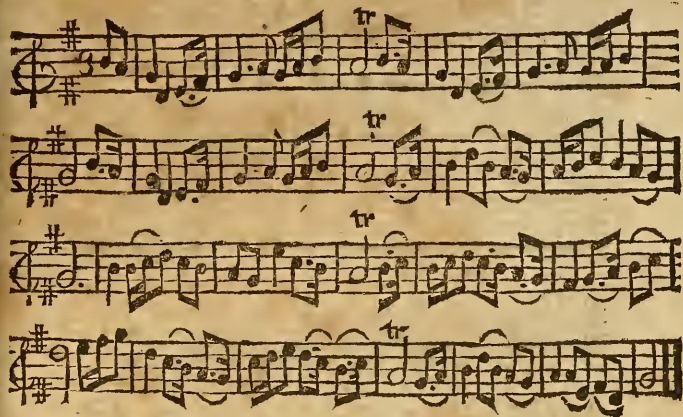
*The Soldier's blest who roves,
 Like the Bee, through fragrant Bow'rs,
 Through Gardens, Grots, and Groves,
 Extracting Sweets from Flow'rs.
 I, like a Bird confin'd,
 Deny'd the freer Air
 My wild and roving Mind,
 Must languish in Despair.*

S C E N E III. *A Tent.*

Jeany.

Unlucky Chance! I fear it will not be an easie Matter to bring about this Reconciliation of our *Clans*. Alas! what then shall become of *Alaster* and Me? Our mutual Happiness depends

depends upon their Union. But those Family Grudges are inveterate, as well as hereditary; and 'tis difficult to take out of the Flesh what is bred in the Bone. The Humours and Passions of the two Parties, are more different than their Dresses; and they seem as much delighted with Mischief, as I am tortur'd with Doubts and Fears.

A I R XXI. *Tweed-side.*

*What Torment, ye Pow'rs, I sustain!
 How my Bosom is tortur'd with Care!
 In Pity, relieve my soft Pain,
 Or give me more Courage to bear.
 Let me swim in an Ocean of Bliss,
 Or sink in a Torrent of Grief.
 An Heav'n of Delight they possess,
 Who from Hell of Despair have Relief.*

To her, Alaster.

Alas. My dear *Jean*, I'm glad I've found you. All may yet be well; our Chief agrees to the Captain's Proposal, and has appointed me to meet with *Laird Colin's* Commissary, to accommodate Differences immediately. I suppose the Captain, or your Father, is by this time appointed on the Side of your *Clan*.

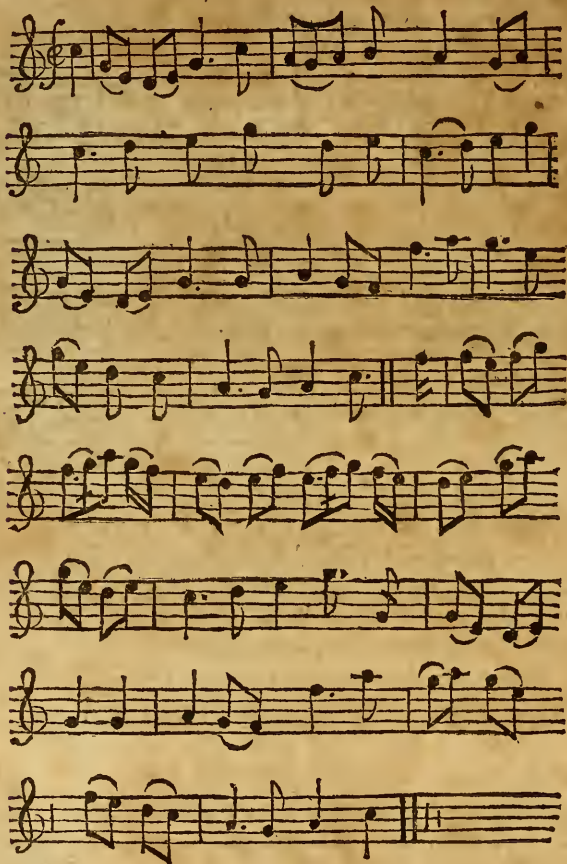
Jean. What great Work is occasion'd by small Causes, when People's Minds are bent to Mischief! How unfortunate are our Loves!

Alas. I'll make any Concessions for thy dear Sake. Each Moment, that delays our Happiness, is an Age to me.

Jean. What then wou'd Separation prove?

Alas. Name not the Word. Nothing shall ever part us.

A I R XXII. Waes my Heart, that we shou'd sunder.



*Have we lov'd, and lov'd so true,
To be at last compell'd asunder?
To what dire Crime of ours is due,
This unexpected Burst of Thunder?*

Jean. *But if, as Dragons at the Gate,
The Plagues of Love shou'd long affright us,
With Patience let us bear our Fate,
For gracious Heav'n at length will right us.*

Then, dear *Alaster*, make haste, before some unforeseen Accident confound our Measures again.

Alas. I'll not lose a Moment. Mean while, my Love, endeavour to keep your Brother and *Kenneth* asunder. Their Rivalship for my Sister may yet prove dangerous.

Jean. I wish that double Marriages had not been made essential to the Peace. Cou'd not ours suffice to unite our Families?

Alas. Tho' it was agreed that the Marriages shou'd be double, possibly your Brother's changeful Temper may give us fair Opportunity to evade one of them.

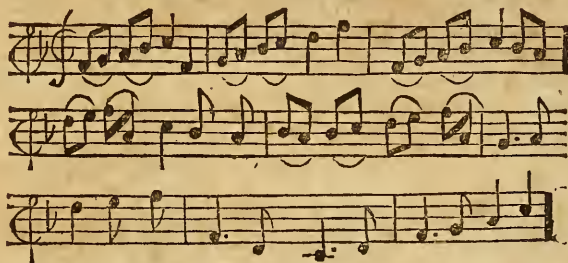
Jean. It may. But there's your F'ather's positive Disposition, and his Covetousness——

Alas. True. We must act with Prudence and Circumspection, or all we have done may yet prove vain. My chief Confidence and Security is your Truth.

Jean. Fear it not, *Alaster*.

Alas. Depend on mine.

A I R XXIII. There's my Thumb.



Alas. *Fortune and Malice may revile thee,
But I will never, never beguile thee.
Shou'd Friends and Kindred all oppose me,
I'd not forsake, now I have chose thee.*

Jean. *Tho' Death, in Nature's Course, may sever
Bodies, not form'd to laste for ever,
His Forces ne'er asunder frighted
Souls, like Light and Heat united.*

Alas. What Noise do I hear?

Jean. My Heart trembles.

Alas. A Crowd comes this way.

Jean. They are fighting.

Alas. Ha! your Brother, and *Kenneth.* Let me fly to part them.

Jean. I see Soldiers at a Distance.

Alas. 'Tis well. Let us join them.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *A Field.*

Davy, Kenneth, and Nanny.

Nan. Pray be Friends. You shall not quarrel about me. I'll renounce you both for ever, if you do.

Davy. You are mine by Treaty ———

Ken. A Treaty that may never be concluded.

Davy. Then 'tis War. No Peace, no Marriages; and no Marriages, no Peace. We shall be, as we were, mortal Foes.

Ken. With all my Heart, so *Nanny* be mine.

Davy. I shan't be at a Loss in seeking a Wife, if I want one.

Nan. I thank you, Sir, for that.

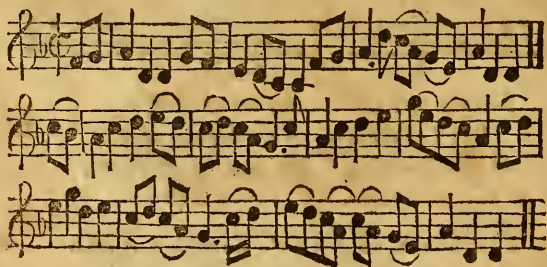
Ken. Be it Peace, or War, I'll hazard all for my Love.

Davy. I stand to Bargain. Honour's the Word. If 'tis Peace, she's mine; if 'tis War, take her and be d——n'd.

Nan. A rare Lover!

Davy. Lover! Look-ye, Sweet-Heart, I like you very well, and cou'd couple with you as heartily, as with any Woman. But things must take their Course, and my Honour not be touch'd.

A I R XXIV. Be Valiant still.



*Affronted, I
My Foes defie,
And will have Satisfaction too.*

Who

*Who me provokes without a Cause,
Against true Honour, and the Laws,
Had better fall in Lion's Paws,
Than meet from me Chastisement due.*

To them, Willy, with Soldiers.

Will. Gentlemen, you are Prisoners. I have Orders to keep you separate, and under Guard. Soldiers, do your Duty.
[*They seize them both.*]

To them, Alaster and Jeany.

Alas. How unlucky is this Accident! *Kenneth*, you have done an Injury to your own Cause.

Jean. O, Brother! why are you so hot and furious.

Davy. The Dog provok'd me, by his Fondness of *Nanny* before my Face.

Ken. Have I not a natural Right to love her, as well as you?

Alas. I can't answer for the Consequences.

Will. I'll take care they shan't fight any more. Come along, come along.

Alas. Where is your Captain?

Will. With Laird *Colin*.

Alas. I will hasten to him, and endeavour to prevent the worst.

Will. You'll find the Prisoners under close Guard, in separate Tents. Come along—— A couple of well-limb'd Dogs!
[*Exeunt Soldiers and Prisoners.*]

Alas. I must leave you together a-while. There's as much Difficulty in bringing about the happy Union of our Clans, as in settling the Peace of *Europe*.

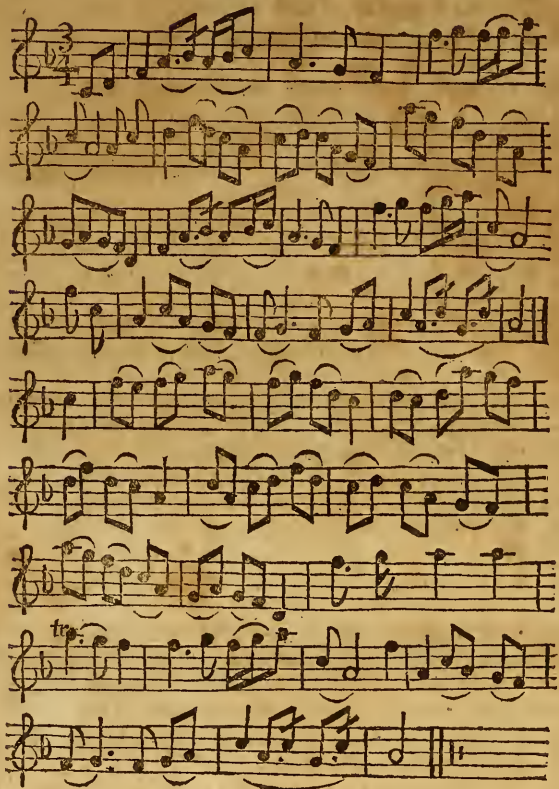
Nan. Whose Fault is it? Are not you the principal Person employ'd in the Matter?

Jean. Success does not always follow Skill and Ability.

Nan. You do well to take his Part. You are his other Self. But go, and put the last Hand to the Work.

Alas. On the Wings of Love I fly. [Exit *Alaster*,

Nan. You, *Jeany*, are happy. There are no Lets in your Loves. It is my Misfortune to be belov'd by one, whose Adresses I dare not encourage; and promis'd to another who appears insensible of Love altogether, or so fickle as not to be fix'd.

AIR XXV. *Love is the Cause of my Mourning,*

*While Love, like a Ship, by the Billows of Fate
 Is tost to and fro, how wretched the State!
 Can Malice, or Grief, more Torment create,
 Than this that occasions my Mourning?
 But Sighing will not do;
 Some Means I must pursue,
 Tho' to my Sex quite new,
 To reach the End in view,
 Lest I be forc'd too late, alas! to rue,
 That I sought no Cure for my Mourning.*

To them, Maggy.

Mag. Ladies, your Servant.

[Saluting them.]

Jean. Widow, I'm glad to see you.

Nan. Where have you been so long?

Mag. All over the Fair. Lud! what a fine Gentleman Laird *Colin* is! He is just come, with his Vassals at his Back, to meet our Chief. But, they say, the Ceremony will not be 'till To-morrow. Some of the Preliminaries are not settled to mutual Satisfaction.

Jean. Thank your Brother and mine for that. They have broke the Peace, and are under Arrest for quarrelling about *Nanny* here.

Mag. The more Fools they. Sure, you don't encourage them both. Have you not declar'd who is your Man?

Nan. I am made a Property of, and must not speak my Mind.

Mag. That's as much as to say, you love my Brother best, tho' your Father is for *Davy*. Well, I wish I had *Davy*. He's a very proper Person — but he knows it as well. Ods my Life! I'd manage him.

Nan. Ay, Widow, I wish you had him with all my Heart.

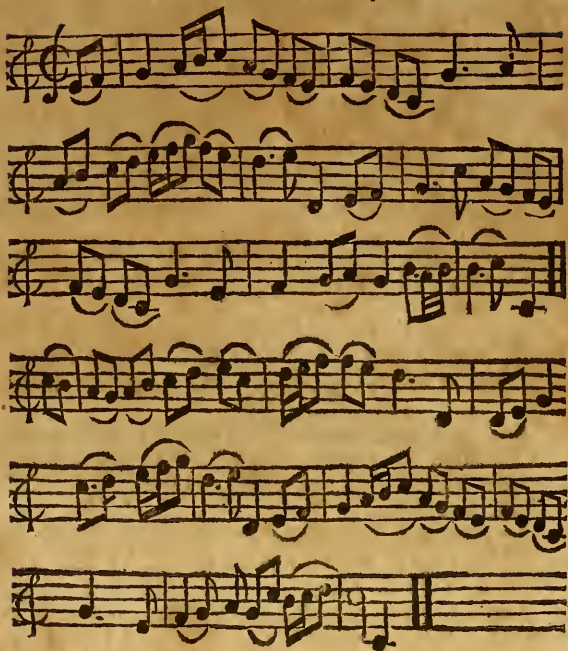
Jean. You shall not want my good Word. If such a Match cou'd be brought about, things might go right as they shou'd.

Mag. But that Laird runs strangely in my Head. It wou'd have done your Heart good to have seen what a Figure he cut! I'm sure mine goes pit-a-pat ever since.

AIR

The Highland Fair; Or,

A I R XXVI. The bonny Boatman.



Of all the handsome Lads I've seen
 Around the Country strolling,
 None to my Eye before has been
 So lovely, as Laird Colin.
 O wou'd he deign
 To ease my Pain,
 I'd be a happy Creature.
 Without the Grace,
 He might take Place —
 Why shou'd I mince the Matter?

Jean. Fie! Widow, what d'ye mean?

Nan. She speaks her Mind freely.

Mag. You are my Friends. And why may not we Women tell what we think to one another, as well as the Men do? When they get over their Cups, they make no Scruple to reveal their Affairs, and often are assisting to one another too, in their Intrigues with our Sex.

Jean. Then our Sex, to be reveng'd, shou'd not allow them any unlawful Freedoms.

Mag. Men of Honour let not Tales go farther than among themselves.

Nan.

Nan. That's very uncertain. 'Tis rare to meet, and difficult to distinguish Men of Honour.

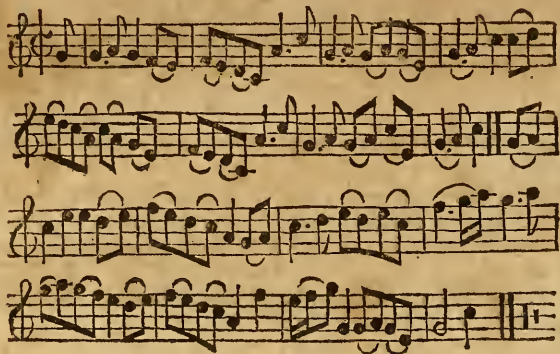
Jean. Therefore, a Woman is worse than a Fool that trusts any Man before he becomes her Husband. What one does not know, he can't publish.

Nan. Except he shou'd be such a vain and impertinent Coxcomb; as will boast of Favours from Women, whom he never saw. For my Part, I think the best way is to keep Men at a distance.

Mag. You used to be gay and airy.

Nan. Never at the Hazard of my Reputation.

AIR XXVII. Scornful Nancy.



*Tho' Crowds of boasting Lovers be
Incessant round me pressing,
No one shall have a Smile from me,
That promises Possessing.
Mistake me not for a Coquette,
My Tongue and Heart are Kindred.
I ne'er bestow'd a Favour yet,
Which Love and Honour hind'red.*

Mag. Mighty nice, truly! Who wou'd have thought it? You're grown as sober and demure as *Jean*, by keeping her Company. What will the World come to? Well, you'll make a rare Wife — unless you shou'd change your Mind after Marriage, as many honest Women do.

Nan. I can't answer for my future Conduct. My present Care is to keep it clear.

Mag. If you marry a Man you dislike, your Care will profit your Virtue but very little.

Nan.

Nan. How! do you think I wou'd turn base?

Mag. A Woman that's coupled against her Will, to a Clown or a Coxcomb, can't help making him a Cuckold. Disagreeable Marriages often create agreeable Gallantries.

Nan. I abhor the Thought.

Mag. So do most Maids——but some of them change it when they turn Wives. Besides, my Dear, 'tis not such an uncharitable thing as you imagine, because Horns entitle Husbands to Heaven, according to the old Saying.

Nan. Charitable indeed! So the Moment I am married, you'd give my Spouse Joy of a Wife and Salvation!

Jean. But pray tell me, Widow, (for sure you'll not conceal it from your Friends) Did you serve your Husband so when you had one?

Mag. I had no occasion, for I lov'd him. I had so much Happiness at Home, that I coveted none Abroad. Your Case, Ladies, may be different, shou'd you marry against your Inclinations, or find your Men deficient in Payment of Love's Arrears.

Nan. Tho' it were my Misfortune to be unequally match'd, I cou'd be under no Obligation to sin.

Mag. You're a Novice, Child. Are you not young and agreeable? And is it unlikely that you shall be tempted? And what is a weak Woman in the Hands of a vigorous young Fellow?

Jean. But, by the Help of Grace——

Mag. Grace! tell me not of Grace; when the Flesh prevails, the Spirit is generally at Hide and Seek.

Nan. But may not a Woman live as virtuously with a Man she dislikes, as with none at all?

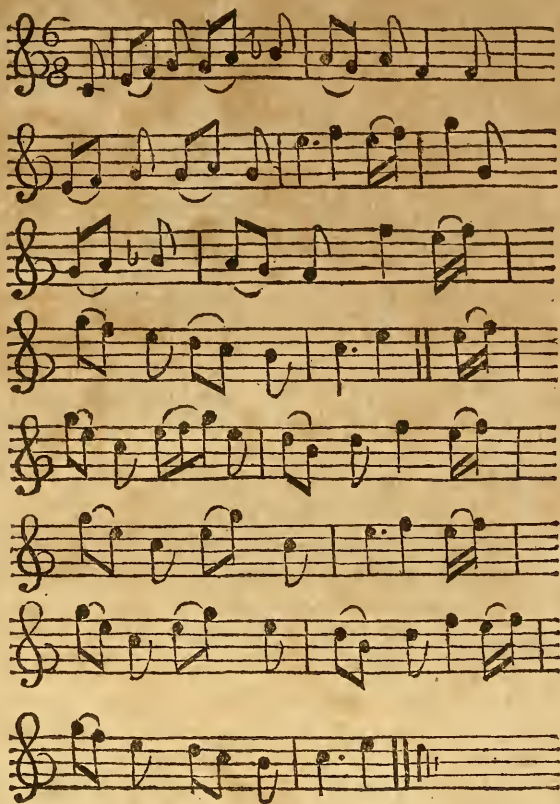
Mag. While she lies by her self, she can have no Aversion to her Bedfellow; but when she's buckled to a Bear, or chain'd to a Monkey, of a Husband, she's only taught to go to Bed to a Man, and then seek a better than her own——

Jean. And then a better than that——

Nan. And so on to an hundred.

Mag. That she was forc'd to it against her Will, must be her Plea, and every honest Woman's, that falls into the like Condemnation.

Jean. You are dangerous Company, I think. Come, Nanny, let's shun it.

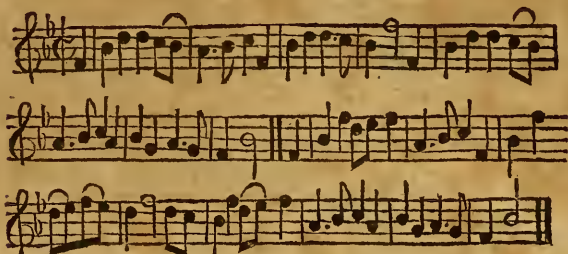
A I R XXVIII. *Bessy Bell end Mary Grey.*

- Jean. *Were Alaster and I but join'd,
No Pow'r our Hearts shou'd sever.*
- Nan. *Shou'd Kenneth prove a Husband kind,
I wou'd be faithful ever.*
- Jean. *Alaster's Will shou'd be my Law,
My Choice and Inclination.*
- Nan. *Kenneth I'd not obey thro' Awe,
But Love and Obligation.*

[Exit Jeany and Nanny.]

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! little do they know their Frailty. But let them do as they please. One Point I have gain'd by this sort of Conversation. I perceive plainly that *Nanny* loves my Brother best. Now it remains for me to plot their Marriage, with a View to provide my self with a Husband, and *Davy* shall be the Man. O! I'm a true Widow; I can contrive, and command.

[A I R XXIX. Corn Rigs are bonny.]



*Self-love directs the World's Affairs,
 Its Counsel first is minded.
 The Patriot, whatso'er his Cares,
 Is still by Int'rest blinded.
 I'll be as great as e'er I can;
 There's Pleasure in Dominion.
 I boast a Soul as big as Man,
 And laugh at low Opinion.*

To her, Willy.

Willy. Madam, your Servant. If I am not deceiv'd, you are a Relation of one of our State-Prisoners.

Mag. *Kenneth* is my Brother.

Willy. I honour you. He is a good-natur'd Gentleman in the main, only a little hot-headed, or so. But what will not Love do? It plays the Devil with a Man, when once it gets into his Guts.

Mag. Ay, Serjeant, it does so. But, I hope, you use my Brother kindly.

Willy. Madam, I cou'd put you in a Way to procure his Liberty.

Mag. What is that, dear Sir?

Willy. Pardon me, Madam, for my Boldness. You have seen or heard of our Captain, I suppose.

Mag.

Mag. O, yes!

Willy. He's a rare Woman's Man.

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye mean?

Willy. Lud! Lud! You wou'd not have me talk down right, wou'd you? He can do the Business.

Mag. What Business, Sir?

Willy. These Women pretend strange Ignorance. Methinks, Madam, you look as if you had known what's What.

Mag. You talk mystically still.

Willy. To be plain then, If you'd have your Brother enlarg'd, and make the Captain befriend him in his Amour, you need but go with me to his Tent. I tell you he's a rare Woman's Man.

Mag. How know you that?

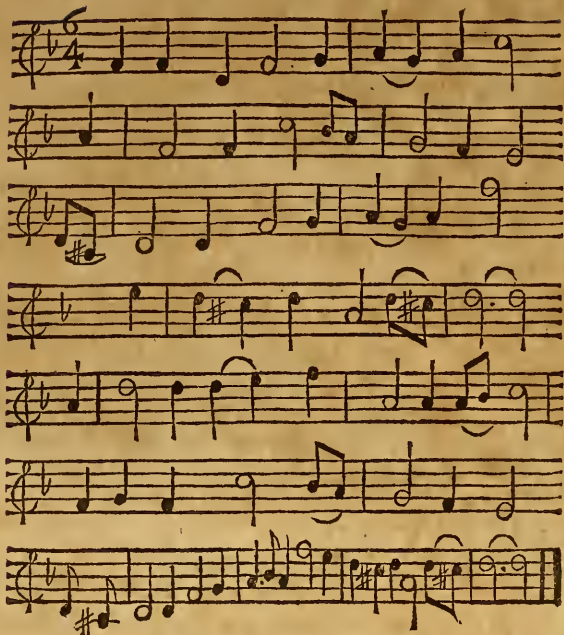
Willy. Why, your Sex melts before him, like Snow before the Sun.

Mag. He's a mighty Captain indeed! But are you his Pandar?

Willy. Faith, Madam, you may give it what Name you please; but 'tis no scandalous Profession; many an honest Man has rais'd his Family by it. It hath been found a smooth Path to Preferment.

Mag. Fie! 'tis a naughty Employment. I wonder you are not asham'd of it.

Willy. Asham'd to provide for my Family, Madam! No, no; don't take me for a Fool. Custom is all. If Folks cou'd but get over the Prejudices of Education, they'd not think any thing unaccountable, that is rare; or bad, that is not common. Come along, and you shall have more Satisfaction.

AIR XXX. *Muirland Willy.*

*Since every Sweet, and every Grace,
Must fly from that fair lovely Face,
And Time destroy your Charms apace,
Ev'n reap their Harvest now.
But if your Sun must know no Shade,
And your Beauties never fade,
To yield the Fruit be not afraid,
Which, gather'd, still must grow.*

Mag. By seeming to comply, I may work my Brother's Deliverance, and engage the Captain to forward my Designs. [*Aside*]
— Sir, I'll accompany you. You have such a winning Way.

Willy. The best thing you can do. — I find I have a better Genius for Pimping, than for Fighting. [*Aside.*]

Mag. Is the Captain with my Brother?

Willy. I'll guide you to him.

Mag. Is he then such a Rake?

Willy. A fine Gentleman, Madam.

Mag. We Women like Soldiers.

Willy.

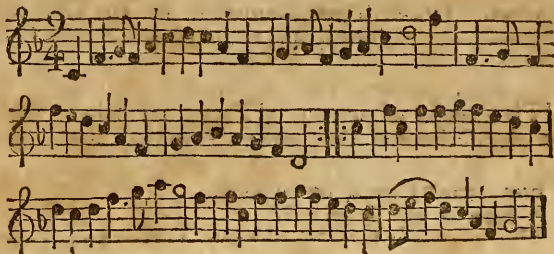
Willy. He is one of a thousand! bold as a Lion in the Field,
but gentle, as a Lamb, among the Ladies.

Mag. I long to see him. You have fir'd my Blood.

Willy. Never cramp Nature. Give it Scope. Give it Scope.

Mag. It will have its Course, one way or another.

A I R XXXI. An the Kirk wad let me be.



*Religion keeps us in Awe,
And Custom curbs our Desire,
Tho' neither is Nature's Law,
Nor can extinguish its Fire.
What Mortals, but Madmen and Fools,
And Dunces unshap'd and unsoul'd,
By Priests, with Repenting Stools,
And such like Tricks, are control'd?*

Willy. Ay, Madam, you are right; away with Stools of Repentance, Sackcloth and Ashes, and go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Tent.*

Donald and Nanny.

Don. Daughter, as you expect my Blessing be obedient.

Nan. 'Tis my Duty, Sir, to obey your lawful Commands.

Don. Do I command ought that is unlawful, Huffy?

Nan. You require me to do what is unreasonable.

Don. How! Is Marriage unreasonable?

Nan. Forc'd Marriage appears so to me. Love shou'd be free.

Don. What signifies poor Love? It cannot make the Pot
E boil.

boil. But if you marry *Davy*, we shall not only have Peace, but Plenty.

Nan. Now my Affections are fix'd on *Kenneth*, how can I disengage them? Pray, Sir, do not compel me to do Violence to my honest Inclinations. Besides, I can't love that *Davy*.

Don. Love him! 'Tis not necessary you shou'd. There is not one Match of an hundred, now-a-days, wherein Love is so much as mention'd. 'Tis not a Condition in Marriage Covenants. Conveniency and Interest, Child, are the only things to be regarded. You shall have Clothes fit for any Lady in the Land, a thousand good Sheep, and an hundred Head of Cattle, as a Portion.

Nan. Pray, Sir, allow me more Time to think of it.

Don. 'Tis thought of already. 'Tis to my Mind. Sure I can better choose for you, than you for your self, young Minx. Make ready: It shall be done To-morrow Morning.

Nan. For Heav'ns Sake, be not rash.

Don. A Man of my Years rash!

Nan. Hurry me not into Matrimony, before I am prepar'd for it.

Don. Prepar'd, quotha! Are you not Nineteen? Your Mother was prepar'd at Sixteen Years of Age, and always ready for Business.

Nan. My Mother had her Choice, and always lov'd you.

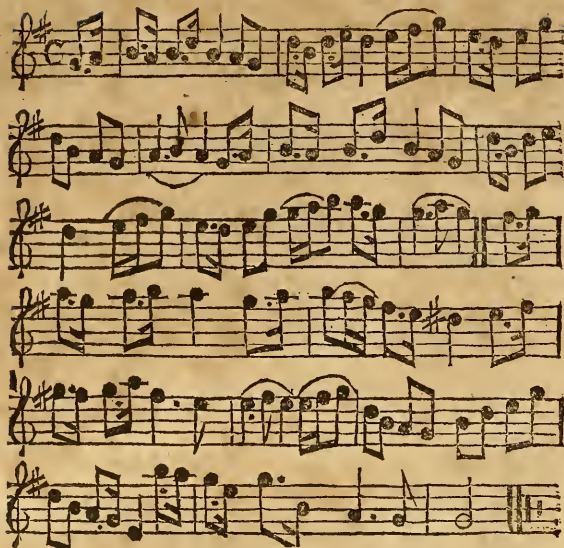
Don. *Davy's* a clever Fellow. You'll soon love him, when you have lain with him. I foresee a numerous Race of his Begetting. Your first Boy shall be called *Euen*, after our Chief. Nine Months hence we shall be merry.

Nan. You'd repent too late, shou'd your poor *Nanny* be made miserable by your Means.

Union of the Clans.

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AIR XXXII. Pinky House.



*Relentless cou'd you hear my Sighs,
 And see my trickling Tears?
 Won'd not the Parent in you rise,
 As my Distress appears?
 'Twoud then be vain to sooth my Grief,
 Too late to change your Mind,
 When nothing cou'd afford Relief,
 But Death, the Sufferer's Friend.*

Don. I'm firm as a Rock. It is resolv'd and shall be done.

Nan. Then I'm a Wretch.

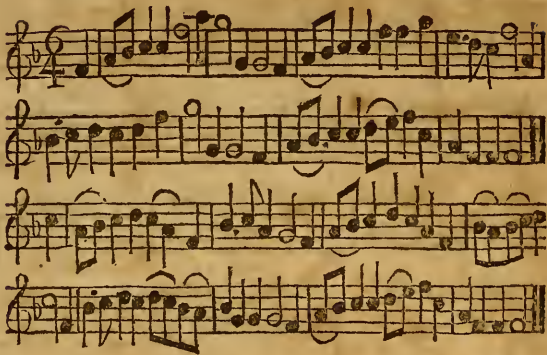
Don. No; your Fortune's made, and 'tis the best Bargain I ever made in my Life.

Nan. Alas! am I then to be barter'd for Gain? A Merchandise! Oh!

[Crying.]

Don. If you have a Will contrary to mine, learn to bend it to Obedience; else expect your Parents Curse.

A I R XXXIII. I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.



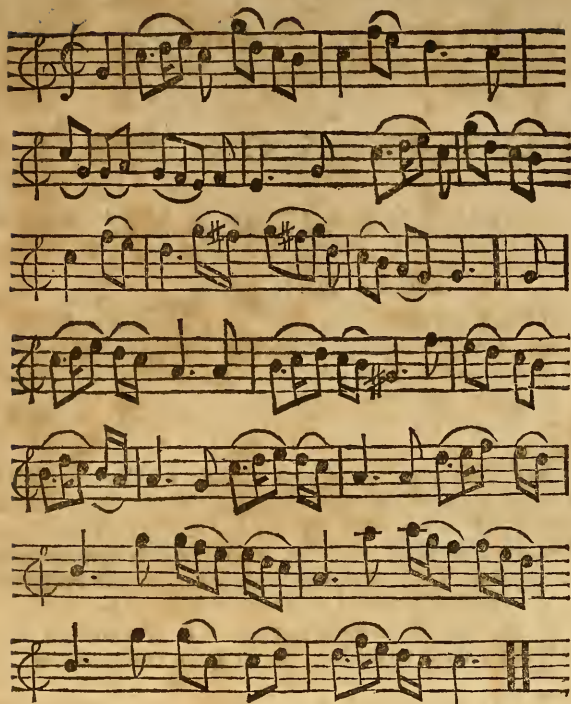
*When Children dispute their Parents Will,
The Laws of Nature are changed of course,
And Rivers as well may run up the Hill,
Or Streams flow retrograde to their Source.*

*Then henceforth obey, or see me no more,
'Till Branches refuse to shoot from the Tree;
And, if an old Father has Curses in store,
Expect them, if e'er you turn Rebel to me.*

[Exit Donald.

Nan. What shall I do? Comply, and be curst; or by Disobedience forfeit my Father's Blessing? O Torture! Poor *Kenneth!* — But, am I a Woman? Have I not a Spirit? Can't I plot Means for my Deliverance from this threaten'd Danger? Death is less dreadful than such a Marriage wou'd be. I'll sooner perish. But let me not be too rash. I'll consult with *Mungo*, the Priest, my Ghostly Father. With his Assistance, all may yet go well.

A I R XXXIV. With tuneful Pipe.



*My Heart's my own, my Thoughts are free,
 And so shall be my Joys;
 No mortal Man shall match with me,
 'Till first he's made my Choice.
 A Parent's Will's a sacred Law,
 We cheerful shou'd obey;
 But to what Parent owe we Awe,
 Who gives our Peace away?*

[Exit.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Tent guarded.*

Duncan, Davy, Jeany.

I Long to hear how Matters are settled by the Commissaries.
Jeany. Alaster will dispatch Business speedily. I dare say, the Captain and he have not slept, since they were appointed.

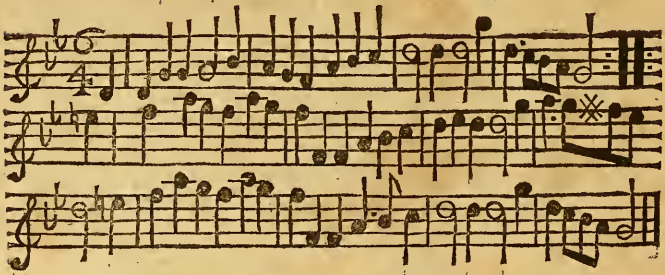
Davy. I don't care how it go. Peace or War, Wife or no Wife, are equal to me: But I'll be reveng'd, whatever happens, on my Rival.

Dun. My Son, you are of too violent a Temper: There have been too many Disputes already between our Families and Clans. I am weary of them; and wou'd rather be a Loser than a Gainer, for the sake of Peace and good Neighbourhood. I wou'd not have Discord longer entail'd upon our Posterity.

Davy. Let Posterity see to it self.

Dun. I wish you wou'd see to your self, and make a better use of Time; Life is but short, and of great Importance.

A I R XXXV. *Bonny Dundee.*



*The World is a Stage, where all act a Part;
 But most of Mankind ne'er matter it how,
 When Honour and Fame inspire not the Heart,
 'We bustle thro' Life, nor care what we do.*

Those

*Those are the worthy, who follow their Reason,
Are honest, and just, and Lovers of Peace.
They act their Part on the Stage for a Season:
What Pity their Lives can't have a new Lease?*

To them, Alaster.

Alas. I hope I bring you welcome News; the Captain and I have settled every thing: He is gone to give an Account of it to Laird *Colin*, and I will do the like to our Chief immediately, that they may meet and make us happy.

Don. I'm heartily glad on't.

Alas. As for the difference between *Davy* and *Kenneth*, I undertake to make it up. But, I wish that *Nanny* may no longer be a Cause of Contention.

Davy. If 'tis Peace, she's mine; if War, let him have her a God's Name! 'Tis expressly stipulated so, in the Treaty, and there must be nothing alter'd.

Jean. What if she shou'd elope with *Kenneth*?

Alas. It is impossible while he is confin'd.

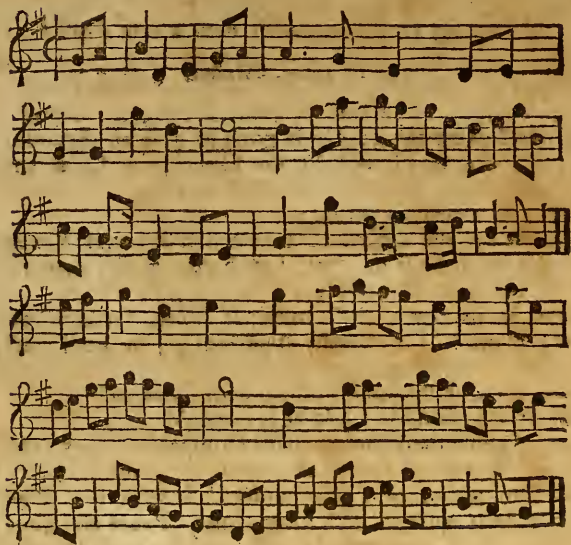
Davy. Damn these Independant Companies, they cramp us confoundedly: Does this look like Liberty and Property?

Don. You are a rare Patriot indeed! I wish the *Highlands* had never been without such Companies. Peace and good Order deserve the Government's Care, and we daily see the good Effects of it.

Dav. My Confinement here is a fine Effect indeed!

Jean. Sure, nothing unlucky can happen now to hinder our Happiness.

Alas. I hope not: a few Hours will bring it to pass; and then,
O then ——— [Kissing her,

AIR XXXVI. *Bonniest Lads in all the World.*

*Thou fairest of the fairest Kind,
Of ev'ry Charm possessed!
Thou perfect Person, purest Mind,
By blessing me, be blessed.*

*Jean. How long shall we thus burn to taste,
The Pleasures Love provideth,
The mutual Blifs, that all, embrac'd
In Hymen's Bands, abideth?*

Jean. I cannot speak the fulness of my Heart.

*Davy, Get between the Sheets, and talk it out there, 'till
you're tir'd — which may be sooner than you think of.*

To them, Donald.

*Don. Hell and Furies, Alaster, where is your Sister? what's
become of her?*

Alas. Ha! Can't you find her?

Davy. Elop'd, I suppose. Ha, ha, ha!

Alas. How easily you bear it!

Jean. Nanny, is only got into some agreeable Company.

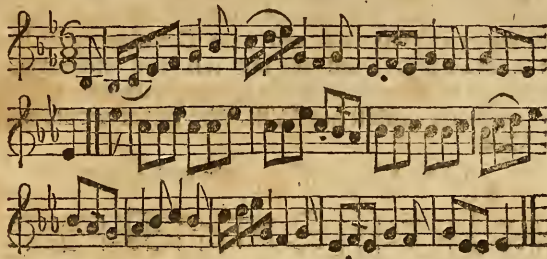
Don.

Don. No Body can give any Account of her; who wou'd have the Plague of She Children?

Dun. I never thought my Daughter a Plague: my Son gives me ten times more.

Davy. I'm the flower of the Flock — the tip top of the Family — quite another sort of Fellow than my Rival.

AIR XXXVII. Rock and a wi Pickle-Tow.



*Let him boast of Antiquity, Merit and Parts,
That make fair Bosoms go pit-a-pat,
Among the Dunces be famous for Arts,
And deem'd (as Times are) a Wit, and all that;
Yet Fate, soon or late,
His Foe shall appear,
And snatch from the Wretch
My Charmer so dear.*

*Then I, like a Chief, my Head high will bear,
And, among the brave Clans, strut, swagger, and swear.
To them Maggy.*

Mag. I wish you Joy, Neighbour *Donald*.

Don. Of what Widow!

Mag. Of more Relations. Your Daughter's married, Sir.

Don. How! married!

Mag. Ay, married to my Brother.

Don. D—n them both.

Davy. Ha, ha, ha!

Don. O, for an Earthquake.

Mag. Sir, let me tell you, *Kenneth* is as good a Man as your self: you cou'd not have dispos'd of your Daughter better.

Don. Now all is turn'd topsy turvy.

Alas. What shall we do?

Fean. This Chance sinks us deeper still.

Don. I shall go mad; — but who married them?

Mag. *Mungo*, the Priest?

Alas. The Caterpillar of our Peace.

Don.

Don. How did *Kenneth* escape from Confinement?

Mag. By making the Serjeant drunk with *Aqua-vita*.

Davy. Ay, that wou'd do. I see more Mischief a coming.

Don. So, I have brought my Hogs to a fine Market indeed!

Oh!

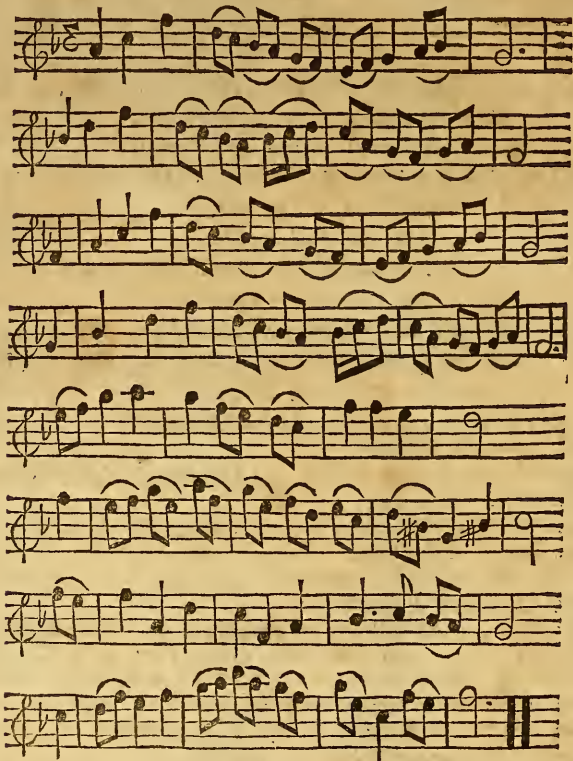
Davy. Now, 'tis War again, red hot War.

Fear. What shall be our Fate?

Don. I'm ruin'd and undone. I'm beggar'd.

Mag. How! by my Brother? Sir, I tell you, he's of as good a Family as your self, and your Daughter will be happy in such a Husband. And let me tell you moreover, your Daughter did well to follow her Fancy. You wanted to compel her to marry against her Will. She rather would have died an old Maid.

AIR XXXVIII. *Jocky and Jenny,*



*What Maiden of Spirit, that wou'd be a Wife,
A Nunnery chooses to moop in for Life?*

Or,

*Or, rather than valued Virginity sell,
Hereafter, contented won'd lead Apes in Hell?
Mistake not our Sex, Sir; we're wiser than so,
And What is What sooner or later must know.
From using our Talents, why shou'd we abstain,
Since bountiful Nature made nothing in vain?*

Davy. I like this gay Widow, faith. [Kissing her.]

Mag. Do you, Sir? Then there's no Love lost between us.

Davy. Say you so? [The others talking apart.]

Mag. You don't think I want a Taste. I know a proper Man when I see him, sure.

Davy. D'ye like my Person, Madam? [Strutting about.]

Mag. Every Woman must like it. I never saw a finer Figure in my Life, — the very Likeness of my poor *Jocky* that's in his Grave.

Davy. Gad, I like her better than *Nanny*. But I fanfy she's a loose one. I'll try her. [Aside.] Madam, permit me to be better acquainted with these Lips. — [Kissing her.]

Mag. Fy, before Folks!

Davy. I thought so: She wants me in private. [Aside.]
Company never spoils Civility, *Maggy*.

Mag. But it spoils Sport, *Davy*.

Davy. She's quick upon me. [Aside.] I wish I had you on a Hill-side.

Mag. You are Waggish, Sir. — He takes me for a Wanton. I must undeceive him, else my Plot may miscarry [Aside.]

To them, Charles. [Davy and Maggy talking apart.]

Char. All the Preliminaries being settled, 'tis now time to prepare for the meeting of the Chiefs.

Alaf. New Mischief is happen'd; *Kenneth* and *Nanny* have stole a Wedding last Night.

Don. Without my Knowledge, and sore against my Will. — Which is a plain violation of the Treaty.

Char. I'm sorry for't. But how did they meet? How did *Kenneth* escape? Who married them?

Alaf. He made your Serjeant drunk. I suppose my Sister had her share in the rest.

Char. My Serjeant shall be severely punish'd. But how shall we heal this Breach? An essential Article is broke.

Alaf. If our Chiefs and Fathers wou'd consider my Marriage with *Jeany* as a sufficient Confirmation of the Union, as it joins our several Families in a near Relation and Alliance, all might still go well.

Davy. What is that you say, Sir? Wou'd you alter an Article in the Treaty? Or are you turn'd Sophister?

Don.

Don. Suppose it agreed, my Daughter, my House, remains unhappy still. —

Mag. Talk no more of your Unhappiness on account of your Relation to our Family by this Marriage, or I'll scratch your Eyes out.

Davy. At him, Widow. — She has a Spirit that I like. [*Aside.*

Char. I must own, that I can't blame the Parties, for doing what they did. Mutual Love compell'd them; and perhaps, old Friend, you consulted your own Interest more than your Daughter's Happiness, which shou'd chiefly have been regarded.

Davy. Ay, he's a covetous old Fellow.

Char. I never lov'd Matrimony it self: But, when 'tis made a Merchandise, it seems doubly detestable.

Don. You seem not to know the World, Sir, after all your Conversation in it. Learn by me to make Interest your first Principle.

Char. I wonder you are not richer.

Don. I live in a poor Place, and the Times are none of the best.

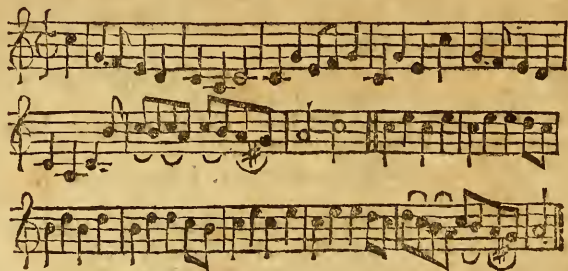
Char. You're only unsatisfied. —

Dav. And, because he can't be contented with his own, he covets his Neighbour's Goods.

Char. *Davy*, I enlarge you upon Promise of more orderly Behaviour. *Alas*, let you and I take proper Measures, on this occasion — I long to see the end of all this Pother, your Happiness and the common Tranquillity.

Alas. We are oblig'd to you, noble Captain. I'll contribute all I can to preserve the Peace, and unite the separate Interests. 'Tis our common Concern.

AIR XXXIX. *Dainty Davy.*



*As civil and domestic Foes,
Alarm'd, with mutual Zeal, have rose,
And join'd their Forces, to oppose
The bold Attacks of Strangers;*

Let us, like faithful Patriots, stand,
 (When foreign Pow'r invades the Land)
 United with true Heart and Hand,
 To crush all common Dangers.

Char. After the Pain, sweet will be the Pleasure. We shall then be at Leisure to pay respects to the Ladies.

Mag. I wish we cou'd see them. There's much Talk and little Wool, as the saying is.

Char. Do you challenge me, Widow?

Mag. I do.

Jean. For shame.

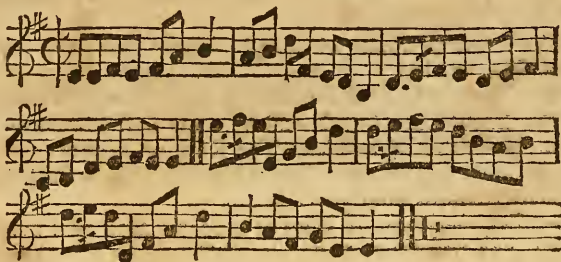
Mag. Hang Hypocrisy. I hate it as the Devil, and dull Delay.

Char. Let me kiss you for that. [*Kissing her.*] Her Breath smells as sweet, as a new made Hay-cock.

Jean. He will ruin her, to be sure.

Mag. I fear no ill, because I mean none. Captain, I defy you.

AIR XL. Wat ye wha I met ystreen.



Pr'ythee, Lover, come away :

Hardly I can longer stay.

Kissing but invites the Guest :

Enjoyment is the Lover's Feast.

What are Blossoms in their Prime,

Ripening not in Harvest Time ?

What do Men of Minstrels say,

Who tune their Pipes, and will not play ?

[The Captain whispers to her.]

Jean. O Impudence!

Davy. Rare Fun!

Don. Alaster, haste to your Chief, while I hunt for Nanny.

Alas. I go : my dear *Jeany*, a short adieu. [*Exit Alaster.*]

Don. And you Neighbour, *Duncan*, sympathize in my Affliction, which you are sensible I have not caus'd.

Don.

Dun. I'll do all I can to set matters right.

Davy. And I to confound them. An honourable Peace of none, I say. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II. *Another Tent guarded.*

Kenneth, Willy, Nanny.

Ken. Now, Serjeant, am I not a Man of Honour, for returning to you, merely to save your Bacon?

Willy. Heaven bless you, Sir. You made me bosky indeed, else I had not let you escape.

Nan. Tho' you can claim little Merit in the Service done my Friend, there's something to drink.

Willy. Thank you, Madam.

Ken. Does your Captain know of my Escape?

Willy. I can't tell. I have just open'd my Eyes, and scarce yet recover'd my Senses.

Ken. Was not you frighten'd out of them when you mis'd me?

Willy. I was in doubt whether I had not best hang my self.

Ken. Ha, ha, ha!

Ken. Come, let us have a little more of your *Aqua-vitæ*.

Willy. Excuse me, Sir. I must keep my self sober now.

Ken. Not drink *Aqua-vitæ*! The King of Liquors!

Willy. Since you are so honourable, I don't care if I take one Glass towards your good health.

Ken. Do, Serjeant. A Hare of the same Dog will cure you.

Willy. My Service to you, Sir. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis delicious! what a pity 'tis, that the Man's Name is lost who invented *Aqua-vitæ*?

Ken. A pity indeed! He had a great Genius!

Willy. And was a publick Blessing. Come, Sir, will you please to drink?

Ken. With all my Heart.

Willy. My Service again. [*Drinks.*] He had the Commonweal at Heart. [*Filling the Dish.*]

Ken. Here's to his immortal Memory. [*Drinks.*]

Willy. *Aqua-vitæ* has done Wonders. What made *Alexander the Great* conquer the World? *Aqua-vitæ*! What kept the *Romans* out of *Scotland*, after they had made *England* tributary? *Aqua-vitæ*! What made *William Wallace* a Patriot? *Aqua-vitæ*! To what was our Victory at *Bannockburn* owing, but to *Aqua-vitæ*? O, Sir! 'tis all in all!

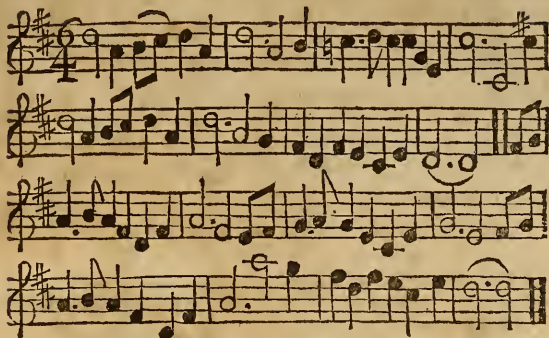
Nanny. T'other Glass of it, Serjeant.

Willy. Ay, my Service to you, young Lady. [*Drinks.*]

Nan. How he swallows!

A I R

AIR XLI. My Wife's a wanton Wi Thing.



*Mortals, devoted to Pleasure,
Relish it seldom at Leisure,
Neither confine it to Measure,
But Appetite, craving, attend.
How soon their Secrets are sounded!
How sure their Senses confounded!
How sore their Reason is wounded!
How sudden they hasten their End!*

Willy. You are rare Company. I love Humour. If my Captain shou'd come now. Damn him, I don't fear him.

O'er the Hills and far away. [Singing.

Ken. Up with it. You have a fine Voice.

Nan. Ay, a Song, a Song.

Willy. First, let me wet the Whistle. [Drinks.

*Wou'd they had not been,
Or we had never seen
Such a parcel of Rogues in the Nation.*

Ken. Out with it. [Singing.

Willy. I'm hoarse.

Ken. Clear your Throat with t'other Draught. [Filling it.

Willy. Here's to the Land of Cakes. [Drinks.

Ken. With all my Heart.

Willy. Saw you not my Maggy?

Saw you not my Maggy?

Saw you not my Maggy?

Coming over the Lee?

[Singing and Staggering.

I'm main drunk.

[Falls down and asleep.
Ken.

Ken. Let him take a Nap. — And now, my dear *Nanny*,
we are happy. [*Kissing her.*]

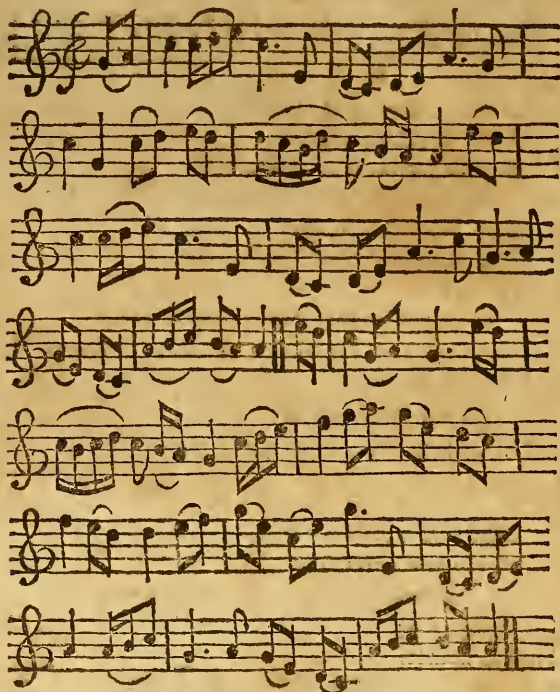
Nan. But a Storm is yet to come.

Ken. Let us face it bravely. Love is our Pica, and beneath his Banner we'll fight our Cause.

Nan. I dread nothing but my Father's Rage.

Ken. The Devil may do his worst. We can live, thank Heav'n, on the small Fortune I have. Happy in thee, I ask no more. Adversity and War can't unman me, if thou continuest constant and kind.

A I R XLII. I wish my Love were in a Mire.



*In these fair Violets of thy Veins,
The Verdure of the Spring remains;
Ripe Cherries on thy Lips display
The lustre of the Summer day;
If I for Autumn were to seek,
I'd view the Apples on thy Cheek;
There's nought cou'd give me Pain in thee,
But Winter in thy Heart to see.*

Nan.

Nan. Nothing shall ever make me repent what I have done, if my dear *Kenneth* prove always kind and true.

Ken. When I prove otherwise, may I be a Wretch. In thee is wrapt my Life and Happiness.

[*Embracing.*

To them, Charles.

Char. So! Is he here? Then 'twas a false Report that he is married.—— Sir, your Servant. I was told you had made your Escape.

Ken. 'Tis very true, Captain. But I thought my self oblig'd in Honour to return, on account of your Serjeant, whose Weakness I took advantage of; and, as I am your Prisoner as before, I beg you will forgive the poor Man.

Char. I can't deny your Request. Your Conduct claims my Praise and Services. What pretty Lady is this?

Ken. A near Relation of mine, Sir——my Wife.

Char. I wish you all Happiness. [*Salutes her.*] And if I can, you shall find it.

Nan. We are much oblig'd to you.

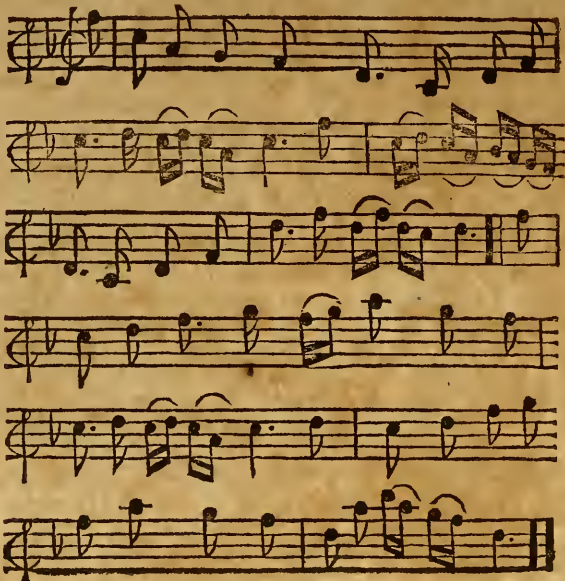
Char. I have a natural Propensity to favour Lovers, especially those of your Sex. As a Proof of it, I make you, Madam, a Present of your Husband's Liberty, and desire you'll make good use of it.

Ken. Sir, I thank you; and, in return, engage upon my Honour to do all in my power to preserve and cultivate Harmony among the *Clans*.

Char. You have given me a convincing Proof that your Honour may be depended on. Now hasten to your Father, and beg his Blessing.

Ken. Come then, my dear *Nanny*. Let us face his Anger.

AIR XLIII. Hap me in thy Peticoads.



He. *No more shall Buds on Branches spring,
Nor Violets paint the Grove,
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
If I forsake my Love.*

She. *The Sun shall cease to spread his Light,
The Stars their Orbits leave,
And fair Creation sink in Night,
When I my Dear deceive.*

[Ex. Kenneth, and Nanny.]

Char. Now let me rouse this Sot.—Serjeant. [Stirring him.]

Willy. What's the matter ?

Char. Rise, you Dog.

Willy. Dog! Who's a Dog ?

Char. A drunken Dog you are.

Willy. Who are you, Sir?

Char. Shall I make you know me? [Offers to strike.]

Willy. Hold your Hand, Sir, or I'll cut you to Pieces.

Char. Don't you know me yet, Rascal ?

Willy. I cry you Mercy, Captain.

Char. Where's your Prisoner ?

Willy. Ha! [Looking about.] He knock'd me down and escap'd.

Char. Knock'd you down with *Aqua-vitæ*. Was it not so ?

Willy

Willy. I confess, I took a little of the good Creature Com-
fort. Pray forgive me, I'll never do the like again.

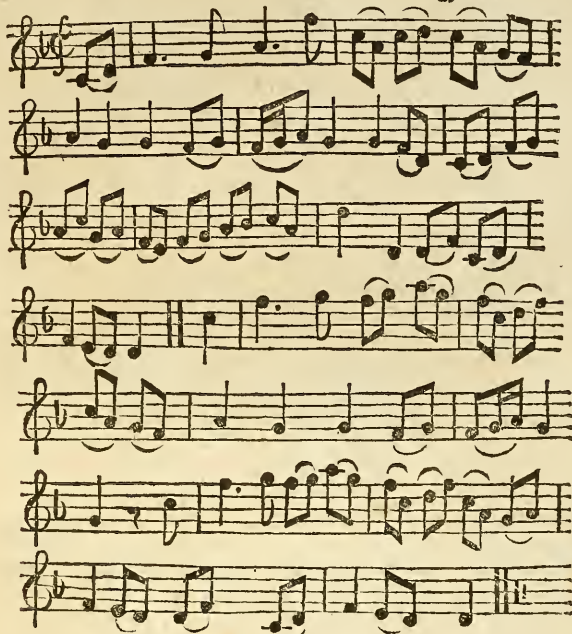
Char. If I shou'd forgive you now——

Willy. Drub me soundly, turn me off, make me no Ensign,
after you have made me a Cuckold: do what you please with
me, if ever I offend.

Char. You are forgiven. You owe your Pardon to your Pri-
soner, who is enlarg'd.

Willy. Bless your Honour. How shall I thank you?

AIR XLIV. The Lads of Livingstone.



*Tho' Folks, in Country and in Town,
Shou'd all agree
To censure me,
Why shou'd not I, for Favour shou'rs,
Consent to be,
A Pimp to thee?
The Lawyer, Statesman, and the Priest,
(I've heard it said)
Have tried the Trade,
And, often hath it been confess'd,
By means as bad,
Their state they had.*

To them, Maggy.

Mag. Is not my Brother here? He told me he wou'd return to his Prison.

Char. I have set him at Liberty, as I promis'd you I wou'd.

Willy. Captain. [*Whispers.*] I have pay'd the way. She's willing. I'll leave you together. Speed the Plough. *Ex.* *Willy.*

Mag. How shall I thank you for this Favour?

Char. You know how ——— by granting another.

Mag. Name it.

Char. I'm not for words, but action. Come, come, without Ceremony. You're no Novice, Widow.

Mag. Hands off, Sir. There must be two Words to that Bargain.

Char. What's the matter now?

Mag. I have procur'd my Brother's Liberty. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Cunning Gipsy. So you have no regard to your Promise.

Mag. Did I promise any thing?

Char. You invited, you challeng'd my Manhood. Here we are together. I'm ready to encounter.

Mag. You'll come off with Disgrace, I assure you.

[*Throwing him aside.*]

Char. I have but one Receipt for making Love. If I lose time, I lose opportunity. So have at you.

Mag. Sir, keep your distance. Yet upon honourable Terms.—

Char. Matrimony d'ye mean? I'm no marrying Man.

Mag. I know it. You are one of the fine Gentlemen, who make Love to all Women that come in their way, are constant in nought but Inconstancy, admire nothing but Beauty, honour nothing but Fortune, and ———

Char. Hold, Widow, I'm a downright Soldier, and know that Widows, like Castles, must be storm'd with Resolution. Valour and a vigorous Siege seldom fail of Success.

Mag. In antient Times indeed, there was no way to win a Lady, but by tilting, tournying, riding thro' Forests, encountering wild Beasts and Monsters: But now the Mode is alter'd to Sighing, Singing, Powdering, Dressing, Sauntring, and the like. I must be won in the fashionable way.

Char. Then I must lose you; for I'm a veteran sort of a Lover, a Man, a Soldier. Examine me, Widow. Look at my Limbs.

Mag. I have no Objection against your Person: But I am for a Man that has Wit, as well as Valour, to recommend him.

Char. Wit is not to be felt, my Dear! 'Tis a bad Bed-fellow.

Mag.

Mag. 'Tis not because their Husbands are Wits, that Wives make so many Cuckolds. But in short, Sir, If you have any hopes of possessing me, you must deserve the Favour.

Char. How! which way? I'm all Impatience.

Mag. You know, *Davy* thinks himself a Wit. Suppose me married to him——

Char. Ha! then you'd make me welcome.

Mag. I'd not be ungrateful to my Benefactor. If you'll therefore assist my Project.——

Char. I'll do it. Then an End wou'd be put to our Negotiations, and my Labour crown'd with Reward. But why so scrupulous now? A Whet before Dinner wou'd not be amiss.

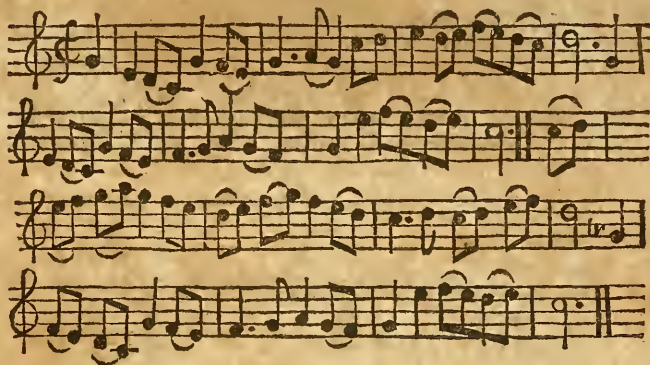
Mag. Fie, Sir, the Kirk wou'd make us mount the Stool of Repentance.

Char. So, 'tis more Fear than Virtue, that makes you shy.

Mag. Now you know my mind, make the best use of it you please.

Char. I'll execute what I have undertaken. You shall have *Davy*, for my own sake.

A I R XLV. *Polworth* on the Green.



*How fleeting are the Hours,
And how precarious Life?
How frail are Beauty's Flow'rs?
How rare a virtuous Wife?
By Time and true Experience taught,
In loving, I'll make haste.
Variety alone is fraught,
With Pleasures to my Taste.*

To them, Davy.

Davy. Have I found you together? Rare doings, I suppose!
But I'll not spoil Sport. [Going.

Char. Sir, I want to talk to you.

Mag. Sport! What do you take me to be? A base Woman!

Davy. By no means, Widow. And, to convince you of my good Opinion, I don't care tho' I strike up a Bargain with you.

Char. That's what is wanting to terminate all Differences.

Davy. I knew you cou'd not finish the Work without my Help. I shou'd have been our Chief's Plenipo.

Mag. Men are apt to speak a Language unknown to their Hearts. —

Davy. I'm in earnest. But say, Widow, shall it be a Bargain? Either you must be my Wife, or I must kill your Brother for stealing my Sweet-heart.

Mag. Rather then lose my Brother, I'd do any thing to oblige you. But I can't flatter my self that you love me.

Davy. I do, as much as is needful, and I'll marry you, out of spite to *Nanny*.

Mag. No matter why you do it, so 'tis done.

Davy. I'd steal you too.

Char. A good Thought! There's an unknown Pleasure in Matrimony, that's brought about by Force or Cunning — else why shou'd there be so many Rapes, and Run-away Marriages?

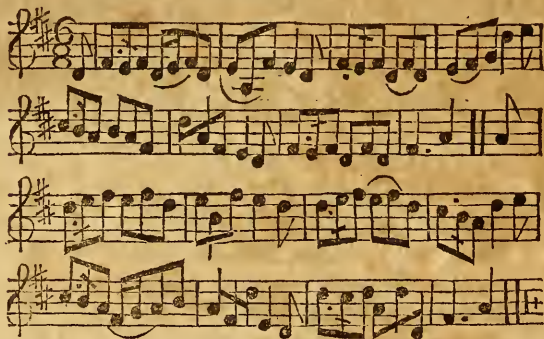
Davy. Pleasure, Sir! I seek Revenge.

Mag. But you'll think me too Coming, shou'd I comply.

Dav. I like Women best, that are most easy of Fruition.

Mag. Well, few Words are best to a Widow.

AIR XLVI. Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.



The Widow, experienc'd, knows What is What,
Can manage an House, and hold a Gbit-chat,
Is a Motherly Woman, discreet and all that,
You'll hardly find such another.

For

*For Sighing, and Sonnets, and Swearing won't do,
The gentle soft Arts, that Virgins subdue,
Have at her, and if she shou'd fly you, pursue,
She likes a vigorous Lover.* [Exit Maggy.

Char. Follow her, *Davy*. She flies to be pursu'd.

Davy. She jokes. I don't know what to make of her.

Char. What can you make of any Woman?

Davy. She's a Riddle.

Char. I thought all Women were your Servants, and there was no difficulty too great for you to overcome. You look strangely!

Davy. I believe I'm in Love. This Woman's Turn of Humour charms me. D'ye think she's honest?

Char. As honest as a Woman thou'd be.

Davy. Come then, Captain. I'll put the last Hand to your Negotiations. I'll marry the Widow, and become good Friends with *Kenneth*. This is the *Ultimatum*. Be it your Business to get the Approbation of our Chiefs.

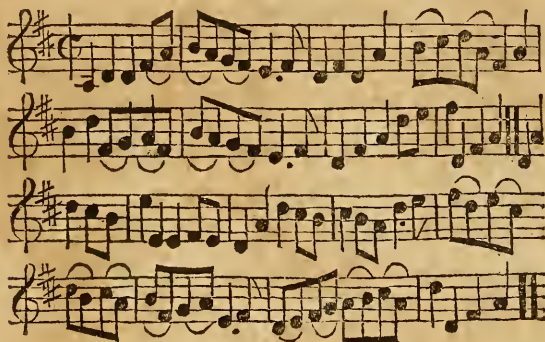
Char. That will not be wanting.

Davy. How it will nettle *Nanny*, to find I take her Elopement so well!

Char. Ay, there will be rare Game, when you meet.

Davy. The Thought of it ravishes my Héart. I'd marry, were it only for the sake of the Scene between us at Meeting.

AIR XLVII. *Bessy's Haggice.*



*When she finds her self mistaken,
And, in Course, alike forsaken;
Then she'll, late, alas! repenting,
Curse her Stars for first absenting.*

*How I'll triumph o'er the Ruin,
 Caus'd by Folly of her doing?
 With what more than usual Pleasure,
 Then possess my new got Treasure?*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Market.*

Donald, Duncan, Kenneth, Nanny, Jeany.

Dor. I'll not forgive them.*Dun.* Pray do, Neighbour. We may yet be Friends.*Ken.* Love is our strongest Plea. Besides, your Anger is vain. You cannot undo what is done.*Nan.* Dear Father, give us your Blessing.*Don.* Never. I'll be revenged on you, and on the villainous Priest who coupled you. I suppose *Mungo* found his account in it, as well as the Serjeant who let you escape.*Dun.* He, no doubt, readily consented, with a view to divide us more, and frustrate an Accommodation.*Dor.* I'll never more be his Spiritual Cully. I'll turn Heretic. Vicious Priests afford the best Arguments in the World against themselves, and their Opinions.*Dun.* Gain is the Goddess they worship, whatever they pretend.*To them, Davy and Maggy.**Davy.* I wish you Joy, my Dear. [Salutes her.]*Nan.* Sir, I thank you—Who wou'd have thought it? [Aside.]*Davy.* *Kenneth*, there's my Hand, Ha, ha, ha!*Ken.* You oblige me, Sir.*Davy.* How glad I am of your Marriage! You thought it wou'd nettle me. Ha, ha, ha!*Ken.* I'm glad you take it so well.*Nan.* I did not think you cou'd have forgiven us.*Davy.* I never was so pleas'd in my Life. Did you ever imagine I lov'd thee, or that I wou'd have consented to marry thee in earnest?*Dun.* Why did you stickle so much then, my Son, for the Letter of the Treaty?*Davy.* For *Fun's* sake. I had a mind to baffle, or at least perplex the Measures of the Ministers employ'd in the Negotiation—merely because I had no Hand in it myself.*Dun.* That was ill done.*Jeany.*

Jean. Now, then, 'tis to be hop'd, you will forward them.

Davy. Ay, I can no longer grumble, now I am out of Danger of bein' coupled with that Creature.

Nan. What does he mean?

Mag. Mean, Madam? He means very well — that you was not a Help meet for him, as I am.

Nan. As you are!

Ken. I wish he'd think you so.

Davy. I do. With your Leave, Father, I'll marry the Widow. She's to my Mind.

Dun. I'll never hinder my Children from doing what is honest. If you love her, you have my Consent and Blessing.

Jean. O happy Turn!

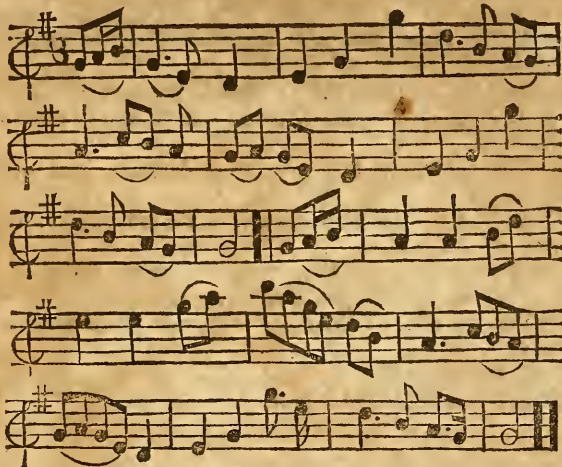
Don. We may yet be Friends indeed —

Ken. We are even necessitated to accommodate the grand Difference, in spite of private Resentment.

Dun. This Incident will bury the Strifes of Party in entire Oblivion.

Ken. And all of us will take pleasure in the common Complacency.

AIR XLVIII. *Auld Rob Morrice.*



*All Faction and Fighting at length at an End,
Our Blood and our Int'rests together we'll blend,
With Pleasure and Quiet pass on to old Age,
And, gently decaying, leave Life's weary Stage.*

Davy,

Davy. If *Nanny* had not serv'd me so, 'tis odds but I had play'd her a Trick. Ha, ha, ha!

Nan. Now all Parties are pleas'd.

Davy. What say you, *Widow*? Shall it be a Bargain? You'll find me a vigorous Fellow — true Steel.

Mag. Nor has Nature stinted me, as I know. If you make a Match, I promise, you'll soon be of the same mind.

Davy. I'll venture Faith.

Mag. The sooner the better.

To them, Charles and Alaster.

Char. I hope you are all Friends. The Chiefs are satisfied with our Proposals, and prepar'd to meet according to the Ceremonial.

Don. Beyond Expectation! *Davy* makes no more Obstacle and Opposition.

Davy. For the *Widow's* sake, I declare my self willing to accede to any Terms you please.

Alas. Then all is well indeed.

Char. The *Widow*, sure, is a Witch —

Mag. As you shall find in due Time, Captain.

Alas. Ay, she has brought about a Revolution.

Davy. When cou'd you have finish'd Matters, without me?

Char. Well, *Davy*, you shall have the Glory of the whole Negotiation.

Davy. It had not been such a blundering sort of Business, had I been employ'd. And Matters had long ere now been accommodated.

Char. The Chiefs must know your Abilities, and do you due Honour.

Alas. And now, my dear, *Jenny*, a Period comes to our Misfortunes.

Jean. Now indeed, my Fears and Doubts are dispell'd.

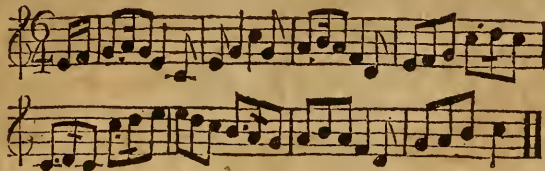
Ken. [To *Don.*] Can you now deny us your Blessing?

Don. You have it. I share the common Tranquillity and Happiness.

Nan. O happy Day!

Alas. Let Joys abound for ever.

AIR XLIX. How can I be sad on my Wedding-Day?



[All Sing.]

Bridegrooms. *How can we be sad on our Wedding-Day?*

Brides. *May every Hour, like the present, be gay!*

Bridegrooms. *Let Musick, and Dancing, and Laughing go round,*

Brides. *And Life with every Blessing be crown'd.*

Char. I am the only Person now unhappy, in this Company.

Davy. You may have a Harlot, Captain.

Dun. For Shame, my Son.

Davy. Shame, Sir? He's a Soldier, a man of Pleasure.

A Wife wou'd be too heavy Luggage for him to carry about with him.

Char. Right, *Davy*: Let those who are so scrupulous as not to whore without a License, commit Matrimony, in God's Name. Much Good may it do them. For my Part, when I have a good Appetite, and see good Meat before me, I never wait the Ceremony of a formal Grace.

Davy. A loose Chap!

Char. Perhaps when I can have no Variety of Dishes, I may be contented to feed upon one Piece of Meat.

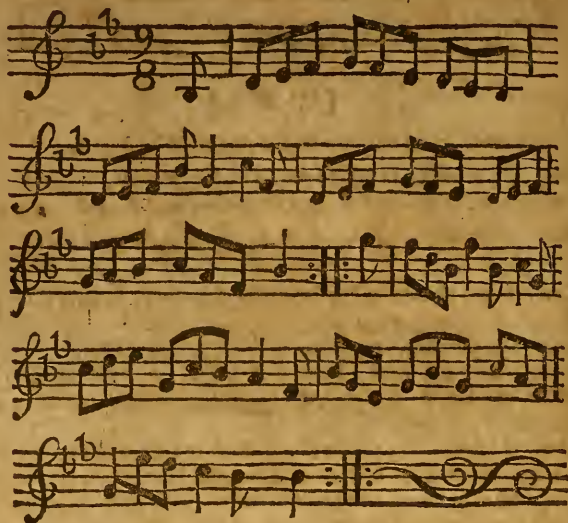
To them, Willy.

Willy. Captain, our Men are rank'd according to Order at the Place appointed.

Char. Good. Then let us go severally to the Chiefs, and attend them at the Interview. [Exeunt all but Willy.]

Willy. What a Pother has been about this Peace? One Hour, both Parties are agreed; the next, by the Ears. Now, they insist on Punctilios; then are making mutual Concessions. If our Men had but a Barrel of good *Aqua-vitæ* to warm their Hearts, we wou'd soon make them accommodate Differences. The Balance of Pow'r lies in our Hands: And, if I were in the Captain's Place, I'd not trifle away Time in tedious Negotiation, but make a short Cut by Dint of Sword. Not but that
the

the Captain has a better Head than mine, when I'm sober; I only say, by the Help of generous *Aqua-vita*, I'd take other Measures, come what wou'd; tho' otherwise I'm as prudent and discreet as any Man, upon hazardous Occasions.

AIR L. *Winchester Wedding.*

*A Bottle of good Aqua-vitæ
 Creates a Beggar a King,
 To Cowards gives Courage to fight ye,
 To Slaves, gay Humour to sing.
 Then blest be the generous Liquor,
 So friendly, to small, and to great;
 And let us carouse it the quicker,
 The nearer approaches our Fate.*

[Exit *Will*]

SCEN