

SCOTTISH
PASTORALS,
POEMS, SONGS, &c.

MOSTLY WRITTEN IN THE
DIALECT OF THE SOUTH.

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[Featuring here a poem called "Willie 'an Keatie"]

By **JAMES HOGG.**

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N. B. Uses of an 'f' as an 's'

WILLIE AN' KEATIE,

A PASTORAL.

DON'T you see yon lofty mountain,
 Where the wanton lambies play,
 Round an' round the crystal fountain,
 Springin' frae the funny brae.

Round its summits, beat wi' weather,
 See, it wears a purple crown,
 Made o' bonny bloomin' heather,
 Beauties wild, but Nature's own!

There the mountain daifies bloffom;
 There the tender v'lets bloom;
 There the thyme, spread on its bosom,
 Fills the air with sweet perfume.

How romantic is the prospect!

Down below there winds a lake,
Where are fishes bred an' foster'd;
So are fowls that haunt the brake.

There the cunning foxie, hiding,
Mocks his cruel hunter's rage;
Hawks and ravens, there residing,
In perpetual wars engage.

From these rugged prospects turn ye;
Mark yon rauntree spreading wide,
Where the clear, but noisy burnie
Rushes down the mountain's side.

There a lovely bloomin' shepherd
Every day a while reclin'd,
There, in accents soft, related
Thus, his love an' tortur'd mind.

“ Pity me, ye tender lovers!
You can guess at what I bear;
Once carefs'd, but now another
Has her heart, to me fae dear.

“ When I first beheld my KEATIE,
 I forgot to hear or see ;
 A’ the girls I prized lately
 Ne’er were minded mair by me.

“ Hame I came, but took nae dinner,
 Went to bed, but sleepit nane ;
 Young, an’ blate, an’ quite a stranger,
 What to do I didna ken.

“ Ten lang days I thought upon her,
 Quite depriv’d o’ peace an’ rest ;
 Findin’ I cude bruik nae langer,
 I resolv’d to do my best.

“ Now my yellow hair I plaited,
 Gae my downy chin a shave,
 Thrice my tales of love repeated,
 Fearin’ I would misbehave.

“ Far away I took my journey,
 Left our hills fae high an’ green,
 Thro’ a pleasant fertile country,
 Which I ne’er before had seen.

“ Here we’re charin’d wi’ works o’ Nature,
 Craggy cliff, an’ lonely glen ;
 There I oft stood like a statue,
 Wond’ring at the works o’ men.

“ Verdant pastures, grand inclosures,
 Thrivin’ woods, an’ buildins new,
 Hale hill sides fawn up wi’ clover,
 Ev’ry where arose in view,

“ Lang I gaed, and kendna whither,
 Struck wi’ ilka thing I saw,
 Where yon little windin’ river
 Murmers ovr the stanes fae sma’.

“ Phebus, now in all his glory,
 Sunk into the western main ;
 Frae his labour, soft an’ slowly,
 Hameward trudg’d the weary swain.

“ Nature, freed frae her auld lover
 Roughsome Winter, gaunt and lean ;
 Spring to charm, whase airs had mov’d her
 Rob’d herself in chearful green.

- “ A’ their little feather’d tenants
 Sweetly fung on ilka tree ;
 Lads an’ lasses, wives an’ callants,
 A’ war gay but lonely me.
- “ Walkin’ thro’ the elms fae stately,
 Thinkin’ on the step I’d ta’en,
 There I met my bonny KEATY,
 Comin’ thro’ the wood her lane.
- “ Fear’d an’ fond, when I approach’d her,
 How my heart began to beat !
 But I ventur’d to accost her,
 Askin’ where she gaed fae late ?
- “ Wi’ a smile, that quite bewitch’d me,
 She return’d, “ What’s that to thee ?
 “ Ere you reach the town that’s next ye,
 “ Lad, ye’ll be as late as me.”
- “ Mony question I speer’d at her,
 Mony ane I kend fu’ weel,
 If an inn stood on the water,
 Where a stranger wad get biel ?

“ Where she liv’d, an’ what they ca’d her,
 Father’s name an’ mother’s too,
 Ilka burn an’ ilka water,
 Ilka house within our view,

“ Lang we stood amang the timber,
 Frae me she could never win;
 Now the sters began to glimmer,
 Drowfy Twilight clos’d his een.

“ Shepherd,” said she, “ I wad thank ye,
 “ Wad ye turn an’ set me hame;
 “ Ghaifts an’ witches are fae plenty,
 “ I’m afraid to gang my lane.

“ When we reach my father’s dwellin’,
 “ Ye’s hae bed an’ supper free;
 “ They’ll requite ye, when I tell them,
 “ How ye’ve been fae kind to me.”

“ Happy in the fair occasion,
 How I blest her bonny face,
 Nor refus’d the invitation,
 Proffer’d me wi’ sic a grace.

“ Hand in hand, away we waukit ;
 She was pleas’d, an’ I was fain ;
 Tho’ on others loves we taukit,
 Never durst I name my ain.

“ Till we reach’d yon willow bushes,
 Pretty bushes, sweet an’ green !
 How her face o’erspread wi’ blufhes,
 Shepherds, O! had you but seen.

“ Think nae shame, my bonny KEATIE,
 “ Come sit down an’ rest a while ;
 “ I’ve, in hopes mysel’ to get thee,
 “ Travell’d mony a weary mile.”

“ Shepherd, cease your vain entreating,
 “ Here wi’ thee I will not stay ;
 “ My poor parents will be fretting,
 “ I have staid fae late away.

“ Think ye, I’ll neglect my duty,
 “ For a fond an’ foolish boy ;
 “ Love that’s merely rais’d by beauty,
 “ Seldom fails in haste to cloy.”

- " Hold, my dearest, I implore thee ;
 " Hear me swear by all above—
 " Ere I cease for to adore thee,
 " Earth no more shall harbour love.
- " Solway's stream shall swell the Teviot;
 " Eilden hills unite in ane,
 " Tweed rin ovr the tops o' Cheviot,
 " Berwick stand at Eric stane.
- " Pity me, my bonny lassie ;
 " Come, sit down, an' think nae shame ;
 " In my bosom let me house thee ;
 " Here ye're safer than at hame."
- " Let me first go ease my parents ;
 " When they've seen me safely home,
 " I'll return and prove those talents,
 " Seemingly for flatt'ry form'd."
- " Where the stream, wi' mony a turnie,
 Wimpled thro' the sandy plain,
 Willows, loutin, kifs'd the burnie,
 There I'm left to lie my lane.

“ From yon eastern summit bending,
 Orions radiant circle beams;
 Venus, in the west descending,
 Flames like light'ning on the streams.

“ Hail, ye stars, that o'er me hover!
 Hail, ye beaming orbs of light!
 Shine propitious on a lover,
 Shed your influence here to night!

“ Oft, to ev'ry care unused,
 When the day-light ceas'd to shine;
 Oft on you I've gaz'd and mus'd;
 Oft ador'd that pow'r divine,

“ Who those fluid films, that wheeled
 Loosely thro' primæval night,
 By a breath to worlds congealed;
 Masses of illuvid light!

“ From his hand then bowl'd you flaming,
 Thro' old dreary Night's domain;
 Order straight thro' nature reigning,
 Dungeon Darknes smil'd serene.

“ Now the joys of contemplation
 On such things, to me seem nought ;
 Lovely she, whose sweet discretion
 Left me here, pervades each thought.

“ Back she came, I kifs'd, I woo'd her,
 Row'd her gently in my plaid ;
 Where we lay, till Phoebus shew'd her
 To my eyes the loveliest maid.

“ E'er me thought the fun arose on,
 When she bade me rise an' gang,
 Mind my vows, my faith repose on,
 An' come back ere it was lang.

“ Mony letter I sent to her,
 Mony raik I gaed mysel' ;
 Never was a luckier wooer,
 Never lover us'd so well,

“ Now she's quite ta'en up wi' Jokey ;—
 Woman, thou'rt a mystery !
 What, alas ! was all her motive ?
 He was twice as rich as me.

“ I had plenty, wi’ a blessing,
 Plenty baith for her an’ me ;
 O my Keatie ! what was missin’ ?
 Lack of gold has startl’d thee :

“ Yet, my bonny smillin’ lassie ;
 Thou art never frae my sight ;
 Thou’rt my sorrow, joy, an’ fancy,
 Thought by day, an’ dream by night :

“ Weel I mind the weeping willow,
 Weel I mind the riggs o’ rye,
 Weel the primrose grove so yellow,
 Often prest by you an’ I.

“ Fare-ye-weel, my bonny Keatie ;
 Happy ever may you be ;
 Live to love the lad that gets ye ;
 Never spend a thought on me.

“ If I die, I die wi’ pleasure ;
 If I live, I’ll live in pain---
 Thee, my dearest, chiefest treasure !
 Thee I’ll never see again.

“ Mirth and mufic, now I hate ye ;
 ‘ Dieu ye fwains an’ lasses fair ;
 Since I’ve loft my bonny Keatie,
 I can live nor love nae mair.”

Up fpake Jamie, young an’ wittie,
 “ Willie, ye are quite miftaen ;
 “ A’ the love ye bear for Keatie,
 “ Keatie bears for you again.

“ When I faw ye fad an’ wae man,
 “ I a project ftraight did try,
 “ Paffing for a wond’rous fpae-man,
 “ Through the country travell’d I.

“ Wi’ a bonnet, auld an’ cloutit,
 “ Silver locks, an’ hollow een ;
 “ Coat an’ cloak, ye wad hae doubtit
 “ What had their orig’nal been.

“ Having a their ftories fitted ;
 “ Bred amang them frae my youth ;
 “ Whatfoever I predicted
 “ Paft wi’ them for gofpel truth.

“ Soon I fand that Keaty lov’d ye,
 “ Wi’ a heart baith true an’ leel,
 “ That she’d try’d a scheme to prove ye,
 “ Happy when ye took it ill.

“ Now, like you, she’s sad an’ fretty,
 “ Frae her cheeks the roses fly ;
 “ When I tald her she wad get ye,
 “ Gladness sparkl’d in her eye.”

Shepherds, wad ye hear the issue?
 WILL an’ KEAT their wishes prove :
 Happy pair ! fure Heav’n will blefs you,
 And reward your constant love.

Constancy an’ perseverance
 Ever will rewarded be ;
 Tho’ I fing’t wi’ little rev’rence,
 Heav’n to their rights will see.

by James Hogg - The Ettrick Shepherd in 1801