

“ Harmonious pipe, how I envye thy bliss,
 When press'd to Sylphia's lips with gentle kiss!
 And when her tender fingers round thee move
 In soft embrace, I listen and approve
 Those melting notes, which soothe my soul to love.
 Embalm'd with odours from her breath that flow,
 You yield your music when she's pleased to blow;
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
 To court the charming Sylphia for me;
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch;
 Since I to her my liberty resign,
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.”

It was to this lady that Allan Ramsay, in 1726, dedicated his “ Gentle Shepherd.” The baronet was one of Ramsay's warmest friends, who “ admired his genius and knew his

worth.” During the poet's latter years much of his time was spent at Pennycuik House, and at his death its master erected at his beautiful family seat an obelisk to Ramsay's memory. Sir John by his second wife had seven sons and six daughters. One of the former was the author of the well-known work on *Naval Tactics*, and father of the eccentric Lord Eldin, one of Scotland's most eminent lawyers. Sir John died at Pennycuik, October 4, 1755. His extremely humorous and popular song of “ The Miller ” first appeared in the second volume of Yair's *Charmer*, published at Edinburgh four years before Sir John's death; and since that date it has been included in almost all collections of Scottish song. The first verse belongs to an older and an anonymous hand.

THE MILLER.

Merry may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 Has aye a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling;
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;

A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standin' in the byre;
 While lazy puss with mealy mou'
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak' the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor anything that's dainty;
 And noo and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane
 Before a rousing fire,
 With nut-brown ale he liltis his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fu' happy;
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy?

ALLAN RAMSAY.

BORN 1686—DIED 1757.

ALLAN RAMSAY, the restorer of Scottish poetry, was born Oct. 15, 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire. He was descended

by the father's side from the Ramsays of Dalhousie, a genealogy of which he speaks in one of his pieces with conscious pride:—

"Dalhousie, of an auld descent—
My chief, my stoupe, and ornament!"

His father, John Ramsay, was superintendent of Lord Hopetoun's mines at Leadhills; and his mother, Alice Bowers, was the daughter of a gentleman of Derbyshire, who had been invited to Leadhills to assist by his skill in the introduction of some improvements in the art of mining. Allan, while yet an infant, lost his father, who died at the early age of twenty-five. His mother soon after married a Mr. Crichton, a small landholder in Lanarkshire. He was sent to the village school, where he acquired learning enough, as he tells us, to read Horace "faintly in the original." In the year 1700 he lost his mother, and his step-father was not long in discovering that he was old enough to take care of himself. He took Allan to Edinburgh, and apprenticed him to a wig-maker, an occupation which most of his biographers are very anxious to distinguish from a barber. The vocation of a "skull-thacker," as Ramsay humorously calls it, would appear not to have been so uncongenial as his biographers would have us believe, as it is certain that he did not abandon it when his apprenticeship ceased, but followed it for many years after. In the parish registers he is called a wig-maker down to 1716. Four years previous to this he married Christian Ross, a writer's daughter, with whom he lived most happily for a period of thirty years.

The earliest of his poems which can now be traced is an epistle addressed in 1712 "To the Most Happy Members of the Easy Club," a convivial society, of which in 1715 he was appointed poet-laureate; but it was soon after broken up by the Rebellion. In 1716 Ramsay published an edition of James I.'s poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with a second canto by himself, to which, two years after, he added a third. The wit, fancy, and perfect mastery of the Scottish language which his additions to the king's poem displayed, greatly extended his reputation as a poet. Abandoning his original occupation, he entered upon the more congenial business of bookselling. His first shop was "at the sign of the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd," Edinburgh. Here he appears to have represented the threefold character of author, editor, and bookseller. His poems were printed on single sheets as

they were composed, in which shape they found a ready sale, the citizens being in the habit of sending their children with a penny for "Allan Ramsay's last piece." In 1720 he opened a subscription for a collection of his poems in a quarto volume, and the liberal manner in which it was immediately filled up by "all who were either eminent or fair in Scotland" affords a striking proof of the esteem in which the whilom wig-maker was now held. The volume, which cleared him 400 guineas, closed with an address by the author to his book after the manner of Horace, in which he thus boldly speaks of his hopes:—

"Gae spread my fame,
And fix me an immortal name;
Ages to come shall thee revive,
And gar thee with new honours live.
The future critics, I foresee,
Shall have their notes on notes on thee;
The wits unborn shall beauties find
That never entered in my mind."

In 1724 the poet published the first volume of the *Tea-table Miscellany*, a collection of songs Scottish and English, which was speedily followed by a second; a third volume appeared in 1727, and a fourth after another interval. This publication acquired him more profit than lasting fame, passing through no less than twelve editions in a few years. This was followed by "The Evergreen: being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," in two volumes. This work did him even less credit as an editor than the *Tea-table Miscellany* had done. Lord Hailes says with truth that he took great liberty with the originals, omitting some stanzas and adding others; modernizing at the same time the versification, and varying the ancient manner of spelling. Ramsay availed himself of the opportunity of concealment afforded by this publication to give expression in a poem of pretended antiquity, and with a feigned signature, to those Jacobite feelings which prudence led him to conceal. It was called "The Vision," and said to be "compylit in Latin be a most lernit clerk in tyme of our hairship and oppression, anno 1300, and translait in 1524." The pretended subject was the "history of the Scots' sufferings by the unworthy condescension of Baliol to Edward I. of England till they recovered their indepen-



William Aikman

William Howison

ALLAN RAMSAY.

B. AINSLIE & SON, 11, ABBOW, EDINBURGH & LONDON

dence by the conduct and valour of the Great Bruce." For the period of Edward I. substitute that of George I., and for "the Great Bruce" the Pretender, and the object of the poem will stand revealed. "The Vision" is a production of great power; in it the genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic muse:—

"Great daring darted frae his e'e,
A braidsword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand,
In stalwart make in bane and brawn'd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Ower his left spaul he threw;
Doun his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers grew.
Amazed I gazed
To see, led at his command,
A stampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand."

Ramsay's next publication at once established his reputation upon an enduring foundation. The "Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral comedy in five acts, the best poem of its kind, perhaps, in any language, was published in 1725. Its success was immediate and unprecedented; edition followed edition, and in a few years it was known to every admirer of poetry in Great Britain, and was a fireside companion of almost every cottager in Scotland. The popularity of Gay's "Beggars' Opera" induced Ramsay to print a new edition of the "Gentle Shepherd," with songs interspersed, adapted to Scottish airs, and these it has ever since retained. The original manuscript of the "Gentle Shepherd" was recently purchased for thirty-one guineas by William Chambers of Glenormiston. The text varies in many instances from that of the printed copies, and presents some curious readings. Ramsay, like Burns, was a careful corrector, but not always with equal taste or judgment. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chambers will publish this first draft as a literary and national object of interest.

In 1726 Ramsay removed to a house in the High Street, and instead of Mercury adopted for his sign the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden. Here Ramsay collected the first circulating library opened in Scotland. After his death it passed into the hands of James Sibbald, editor of the well-known

Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, by whose executors it was sold in 1806, and has since that time been broken up and disposed of by auction. "Here," says one of Ramsay's biographers, "he sold and lent books to a late period of his life; here the wits of Edinburgh used to meet for their amusement and for information; and here Gay, a congenial poet ("a little pleasant man with a tye wig," says Mr. Tytler), was wont to look out upon the Exchange in Edinburgh, to know persons and ascertain characters." Allan was now a famous and prosperous man. His society was courted by the nobility and literati of Edinburgh, and he was on familiar terms with contemporary poets—the Hamiltons of Bangour and Gilbertfield, Gay, and others. His son, afterwards a distinguished painter, he sent to Rome for instruction in his profession.

About this time the bard appeared with another volume of poems, followed in 1730 by his "Thirty Fables," undoubtedly the best of his minor productions. Among them is "The Monk and the Miller's Wife," a story which, though previously told by Dunbar, "would of itself," as it has been remarked, "be Ramsay's passport to immortality as a poet." With these he seems to have concluded his poetic labours, presenting in this another instance of his characteristic prudence. In a letter to his friend Smibert the painter he says, "I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired." An edition of his poems was published in London in 1731, and another appeared in London in 1733. Three years later his passion for the drama and his enterprising spirit prompted him to erect a new theatre; but in the following year, 1737, the act for licensing the stage was passed, and the magistrates ordered the house to be shut up. By this speculation he lost considerably, and it is remarked by his biographers that this was the only unfortunate project in which he ever engaged.

In 1743 the poet lost his wife, who was buried in the Grayfriars' Churchyard; but his three daughters, grown to womanhood, in some measure supplied her place. It appears to have been about this period, and with the view of relinquishing business, which still went on prosperously, that he erected a house

on the north side of Castle Hill, where he might spend the remainder of his days in dignified retirement. The site was selected with the taste of a poet and the judgment of a painter. It commanded a view probably not surpassed in Scotland, or indeed in Europe, extending from the mouth of the Forth on the east to the Grampians on the west, and stretching away across the green hills of Fifeshire to the north—embracing every variety of beauty, of elegance, and of grandeur. The view is now intercepted by the houses of the new town. The situation did more credit to the poet's taste than the octagon-shaped house which he built and called Ramsay Lodge, and which, from its peculiar form, was compared by some of the wags of the city to a goose-pie. The poet complaining one day of this to Lord Elibank, his lordship gayly remarked, that now seeing him in it he thought it an exceedingly apt comparison! Fantastic though the house was, Ramsay spent the last twelve years of his life in it, except when he was abroad with his friends, in a state of philosophic ease which few literary men are able to attain. He seems, however, not to have abandoned his business until 1755, an event which he did not long survive. An epistle which he wrote this year, "full of wise saws and modern instances," gives his determination on the subject, and a more graphic picture of himself than could be drawn by any other person:—

"Tho' born to no ae inch of ground,
I keep my conscience white and sound;
And though I ne'er was a rich keeper,
To make that up I live the cheaper;
By this ae knack I've made a shift
To drive ambitious care adrift;
And now in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, and plan to be
From shackling trade and dangers free;
That I may, loosed frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life;
And when a full ripe age shall crave,
Slide easily into my grave;
Now seventy years are o'er my head,
And thirty more may lay me dead."

Ramsay died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1757, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was buried by the side of his wife, and with him for a time was buried Scottish poetry, there not being a single poet in Scotland to sing a requiem over the grave of the bard whose life

is one of the "green and sunny spots" in literary biography. He was one of the poets to whom, in a pecuniary point of view, poetry had been really a blessing, and who could combine poetic pursuits with those of an ordinary business. He possessed that turn of mind which Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things. The merits of the "Gentle Shepherd" are of the highest order, and will carry Ramsay's name down through the coming centuries. It was his hope that he might "be classed with Tasso and Guarini," and the station is one which posterity has not denied to the Edinburgh bookseller. Ramsay thought highly of his "Fables," which are little, if at all, inferior to his comedy, evincing great skill in story-telling, and abounding in point and humour. As a song-writer he has many superiors, although some of his lyrics are justly admired, and enjoy a great degree of popularity. "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" and the "Yellow-haired Laddie" are both beautiful productions; "Lochaber no more" is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos; and the "Lass of Patie's Mill" an exquisite composition. A noble marble statue of Ramsay, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch, has been erected in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, near those of his brother poets Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson.

The readers of this sketch of Ramsay, next to Burns the most distinguished national poet of Scotland, may be interested in knowing that the poet's son Allan attained considerable eminence as an artist, and in 1767 was appointed portrait-painter to the king and queen. He corresponded with Voltaire and Rousseau, both of whom he visited when abroad; and his letters are said to have been elegant and witty. "Ramsay, in short," remarks Allan Cunningham, "led the life of an elegant accomplished man of the world and public favourite." He was frequently of Dr. Johnson's parties, who said of him, "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information and elegance, than in Ramsay's." He died in 1784. John Ramsay, a son of the painter, and grandson of the poet, entered the British army, and rose to the rank of major-general.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.¹

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hind, engaged with Neps.*PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*JENNY, *Glaud's only daughter.*MAUSE, *an old woman, supposed to be a Witch.*ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*MADGE, *Glaud's sister.*

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

Time of action within twenty-four hours.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonnie morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune—"The wawking o' the faulds."

Patie.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,
Fair as the day, an' always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
An' I'm no very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her
At the wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wawking o' the fauld.

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

¹ Burns, with somewhat too much extravagance, pronounced the "Gentle Shepherd" "the most glorious poem ever written;" and Professor Wilson has said, "Theocritus was a pleasant pastoral, and 'Sicilia' sees him among the stars. But all his dear idyls together are not equal in worth to the single 'Gentle Shepherd.'" Thomas Campbell remarked, "Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the 'Gentle Shepherd' is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes."—Ed.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It mak's me blyth an' bauld,
An' naething gie's me sic delight
As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
An' in her sangs are tauld,
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wawking o' the fauld.

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

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thwart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad an' great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
Corbies an' tods to grien for lambkins' blood;
But I, oppress wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair o' lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loth the flower, an' quit
the hive,
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss o' worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
You ha'e sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
That you're the darling o' baith auld an' young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
An' jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's e'e.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But aiblins, neighbour, ye ha'e not a heart,
An' downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byre tumbled, nine braw nowt were
smooered,

Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores o' wathers perished in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd
as mine,

Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mony a loss!
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
An' own that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-port, an' bought a winsome flute,
O' plum-tree made, wi' ivory virls round;
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair cantie wi't, an' ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

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

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you an' a' your secrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Tak' courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
An' safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye hae guessed owre
true,

An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air an' late,
An' gars me look bombazed, an' unco blate.
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow:
She Bauldy lo'es, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes no her, right weel I wat;
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna lo'e her—but, in vain,
I still maun do't, an' thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had filled a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauld rife scorn.
Last night I play'd (ye never heard sic spite),
"O'er Bogie" was the spring, an' her dolyte;
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd.—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?
Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint a' wup,
Gae till't your ways, an' tak' the lover's loup.

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

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging
way;

Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leal.

Last morning I was gye an' early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glow'ring about;
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw no me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
An' she was closs upon me ere she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang wavin' on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;
An' oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffin' o'er the dewy green.

Blythsome, I cried, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew."
She scoured awa, an' said, "What's that to you?"
"Than fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en's ye like,"

I careless cried, an' lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh, an sae did she: then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;
About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth
O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flate wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I ken'd she meant no as she spak'.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, an' she'll lang clean wood.

SANG II.

Tune—"Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae."

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
An' answer kindness wi' a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
For women in a man delight,
But them despise wha's soon defeat,
An' wi' a simple face gif'es way
To a repulse; then be nae blate,
Push bauldly on, an' win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean.

Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language o' their een:
 If these agree, an' she persist
 To answer a' your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 An' let her sigh when it's too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' ha'e sic an' art
 To hearten ane: for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherished me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine
 (My mithor, rest her saul! she made it fine);
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawlock woo',
 Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue:
 Wi' sprains like gowd an' siller crossed wi' black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Weel are you wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravell'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.
Pat. Weel, haud ye there—an' since ye've
 frankly made

To me a present o' your brow new plaid,
 My flute be yours; an' she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come o-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now tak' it out, an' gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tift to hear you play an' sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,
 An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
 By that time bannoeks, an' a shave o' cheese,
 Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae
 wise

To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.
 When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at the well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A flowrie hown, between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claihts;
 A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
 Its channel peebles, shining, smooth, an' round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean an' clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear:
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 An' Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this
 green,

This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
 Will mak' them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farder up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets o' spring an' summer grow:
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's an' mak's a singin' din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass.
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash oursel—it's healthfu' now in May,
 An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye
 say,

Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 An' see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
 Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;
 The lads they're feeding far beyond the height.
 But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our lane),
 What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
 The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,
 That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by.
 What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

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

Peg. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting
 pride,

Hatred for love is unco sair to bide;
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet:
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
 An' syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.

Tune—"Polwart on the green."

The dorty will repent,
 If lovers' hearts grow cauld;
 An' nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

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

They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abused,
 The fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or eat what they've refused.

Fy! Jenny, think, an' dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thocht a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, an' we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsel,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glow'rs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;
 But wha's obliged to spell his hums an' haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, an' may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themselfs for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I ha'e a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Hech, lass! how can ye lo'e that rattle-
skull?

A very deil, that ay maun ha'e his will;
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
An' what we do, there's name dar ca' it rude.
He's get his will: why no? it's good my part
To gi'e him that, an' he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
An' daut ye baith afore fouk an' your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delight,
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte:
An' may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

Tune—"O, dear mither, what shall I do?"

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life, destroys
Hartsome, free, an' youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want
pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want o' him I dread nae other skait.
There's name o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirl like music through my heart.
How blythely can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

SANG V.

Tune—"How can I be sad on my wedding-day?"

How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and mak' their wives
snools.

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

Jen. Hey, bonny lass o' Branksome! or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syn'e whinging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fashious din:
To mak' them brows then ye maun toil an' spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsel wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,
An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are
rife.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little complaints, an' keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', an' obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day an' night
The like o' them, when love mak's care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry
draw;

But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die; the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay;
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wethers, an' may rot your ewes;
A dyvour buys your butter, woo', an' cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees:
Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It's not to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent;
His honour mauna want; he points your gear:
Syn'e, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye
steer?

Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, an' strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required; let Heaven mak' out the
rest.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:

Wherefore, nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
An' win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo',
Shall first be sell'd, to pay the laird his due;
Synce a' behint's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
Wi' love an' rowth, we through the warld will
steer;

An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the
green,

Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
An' her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be
free,

There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.

They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.

At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils through wind an' rain,
A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane;
An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
The seething pats be ready to tak' aff:

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour an' white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish o' married love right soon grows
cauld,

An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld thegither, an' ne'er
find

The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak' sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.
See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom an'
bride;

Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,
An' in their mixture now are fully blest.

This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun
yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darned within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

Tune—"Nancy's to the green-wood gane."

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

Peg. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no
fair;

That you'll no let the wee thing tak' the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our
aunt,

Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green:
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's: there you may see him lean,
An' to his divot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. Good-morrow, neighbour Symon:—come,
sit down,

An' gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in
town?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
An' sald your Crummock, an' her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut an' dry;
Lug out your box, an' gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—an' tent me now, auld
boy,

I've gathered news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I cam' o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
An' skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels
ne'er stand

To cleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near:
But loose your poke, be'true or fause let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud; an' I have seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
An' left a fair estate to save his head:
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.

Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; an' ane ca'd Monk
Has played the Ruple a right slee begunk,
Restored King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune;
An' Habby says we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That mak's me blyth indeed!—but
dinna flaw:

Tell o'er your news again, an' swear till't a'.
An' saw ye Hab? an' what did Halbert say?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanket that our laird's come hame.
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

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

SANG VII.

Tune—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base an' bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strang a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth an' sense,
An' ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, an' nation.

Glaud. An' may he lang; for never did he
stent

Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbld' if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday claise.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless, saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak' a seat.—
How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does
Kate?

How sells black cattle?—What gie's woo' this
year?"—

An' sic-like kindly questions wad he speir.

SANG VIII.

Tune—"Mucking o' Geordy's byre."

The laird wha in riches an' honour
Wad thrie, should be kindly an' free,
Nor rack his poor tenants, wha labour

To rise aboon poverty:
Else, like the pack-horse that's unfothered
An' burdened, will tumble down faint:

Thus virtue by hardship is smothered,
An' rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en raised!—Dear neighbour, will ye
stay,

An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day?

We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height;
I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the niest town,
An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown;
An' gar our cottars a', man, wife, an' wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their
lane.

Sym. I wad'na bauk my friend his blyth design
Gif that it had'na first of a' been mine;
For ere yestreen I brewed a bow o' maut,
Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime an' fat;
A furlen o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,
An' a large ham hings reesting in the neuk:
I saw mysel', or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that seads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil,—an' ane we'll roast;
An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curm o' spice:
Fat are the puddings,—heads an' feet weel sung;
An' we've invited neibours, auld an' young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,
An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
Bring wi' you a' your family; an' then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant' wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yoursel, auld birky; never
fear,

But at your banquet I sall first appear:
Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,
Till we forget that we are failed or auld.
Auld, said I!—Troth I'm younger be a score,
Wi' your good news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en!—Hey, Madge, come forth,
d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

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

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

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel,
an' burn your tow,

An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blythe news indeed!—An' wha was't
tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my
Sundays' coat;

Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,
My white-skin hose, an' mittins for my hands;
Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
An' mak' yoursels as trig, head, feet, an' waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—an', Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,
An' see that a' be done as I wad ha'e't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny an'.
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi' faulded arms, an' hauf-raised looks, ye see

BAULDY *his lane.*

What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet dar'na tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knowes;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty times;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, hereen,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate lo'es her,—wae's me! an' she lo'es Pate;
An' I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow:—O, but ane be a beast,
That mak's rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I dar'na speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
It's sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane, an' win the other's heart.
Here Mause lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantrips, an' gi'e me advice:
She can o'ercast the night, an' cloud the moon,
An' mak' the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight hours, o'er the kirkyard she raves,
An' howks unchristened weans out o' their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid an' snakes:
O' this, unsony pictures aft she makes
O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire
Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire:
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt;
The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.
An' yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;
They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water poplin wrinkles:
There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,
An' yet she spins an' sings.

SANG IX.

Tune—"Carle, an' the king come."

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou shalt dance, an' I shall sing,
Peggy, now the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
An' be a lady o' that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.

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

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

Baul. Enough o' baith—But something that
requires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

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

Baul. Aye, but ye're wise, an' wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm
possest,

That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
an' fell,

Ye'll maybe tak' it ill gif I should tell.

Mause. What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me
hear;

Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

Baul. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane tanks about ye, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Gland a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kired, an' there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turned, an' cou'dna stan' its lane;
When Wattie wandered ae night through the
shaw,

An' tint himsel amais't amang the snaw;

When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi'
fright,

When he brought east the howdy under night;

When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,

An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:

You, lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,

An' ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about:

An' sae they may that mean to do you skaith;

For me to wrang you, I'll be very laith:

But when I niest mak' groats, I'll strive to please

You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your
demand,

An', if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.
Peggy likes Pate;—an' Pate is bauld an' slee,
An' lo'es sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man!

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row
right;

Sae gang your ways, an' come again at night;

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare
Worth a' your pease an' groats; tak' ye nae care.

Baul. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road
can find;

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak' the night sae mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast;—
O will ye come, like Badrans, for a jest?
An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall be on o't there but you an' I.

Mause. It's like I may; but let nae on what's
past

"Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty an' eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak an' act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps
me here;

Nane kens but me;—an' if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass an' cheerfu' swain
Change vows an' kisses sweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

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

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon, now we're
alane,

An' Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselfs, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin winds sough through the
reeds!

Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—an' healthy
breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind;
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest briar,
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flowers appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may
fleech,

An' lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I dar'na stay;—ye joker, let me gang;
Another lass may gar you change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap,
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall
cease,

The gaits to clim, the sheep to yield their fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love; I swear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads
will swear,

An' be mansworn to twa in hauf a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

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

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

Peg. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the
hill,

An' I to milk the ewes first tried my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, an' the heather
bells

Bloomed bonny on the muir, an' rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
stane,

An' wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain:
At a' these sports, thou still ga'e joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowden-*
knowes,

An' Rosie lilt the *Milking o' the Ewes*;
There's nane like Nancy *Jenny Nettle* sings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder* Marion dings,
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mill*,

It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
An', roosed by them we love, blows up that fire:
But wha lo'es best, let time an' carriage try;
Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, an' a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

Tune—"The yellow-hair'd laddie."

Peggy.

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
An' I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting foregathered wi' thee.

Patie.

When corn-riggs waved yellow, an' blue heather-
bells
Bloomed bonny on muirland, an' sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens ga'e trouble to me,
Gif I found the berries right ripened for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
An' cam' aff the victor, my heart was aye fain;
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knowes*,
An' Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the Ewes*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing;
At *Thro' the Wood, Laddie*, Bess gars our lugs
ring;

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

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
An' praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To mak' mysel better, an' sweeter for thee.

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

Peg. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's
cry,

I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

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

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Pat. Weel, I agree.

SANG XI.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
An' rowing een, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as weel as I,
You're made for love, an' why should ye deny?

Peggy.

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

Patie.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; an' sae may ye.
Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,
An' I ha'e tholed an' wooed a lang half-year.

Peggy (singing, *fa's into Patie's arms*).

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good an' a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
An' mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

Patie (*wi' his left hand about her waist*).

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away!
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
An' haste about our bridal day!
An' if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
An' tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Through his auld av'nues, ance delighth' grow's.

SIR WILLIAM *solus*.

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.

Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
 Without a roof, the gates fallen from their bands!
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls;
 My gardens, once adorned the most complete,
 With all that nature, all that art made sweet;
 Where, round the figured green and pebble walks,
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks;
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacinths or eglantines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nec'trine branches found a field,
 And basked in rays which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
 And from what stands the withered branches fly.
 These soon shall be repaired;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy;
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heaven too soon called home his mother fair:

Him, ere the rays of reason cleared his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charged him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought
 forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
 Removed from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstained with crime!

SANG XII.

Tune—"Happy clown."

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown;
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
 After his bleating flocks.
 Healthful and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weather-cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joys agree,
 Unsullied with a crime:
 Unmoved with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my
 way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;

All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.
 [Exit.

SCENE II.

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

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursel. — I like to
 see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 An' better looks than his I never bade;
 Among our lads he bears the gree awa',
 An' tells his tale the clew'rest o' them a'.

Elspa. Poor man! — he's a great comfort to us
 baith;

God mak' him gude, an' hide him aye frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

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

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

My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch;
 An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel.

Glaud. What reason can ye ha'e? There's
 nane, I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
 Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
 Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,
 I'll gie' to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By an' attour, gif my gude luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining-time as lang's I live,
 An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna
 spear

What may be is nae fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day aught-days, likely, he shall
 learn

That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't; — come, gie's the
 other bend;

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

[Their healths gae round.

Sym. But, will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side ae morn in May,
Right clean rowed up, an' bedded on dry hay?
Glaud. That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells
sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankered humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

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

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day.

[Exit JENNY.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.
Glaud. Spae-men! the truth o' a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

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

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak' a seat.
Sir Wil. I gi'e ye thanks, gudeman, I'se no be blate.
Glaud [*drinks*]. Come, here's t'ye, friend.—
How far came ye the day?
Sir Wil. I pledge ye, neighbour:—e'en but little way;
Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,

An' tak' sic bed an' board as we can gi'e.
Sir Wil. That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye ha'e a bairn
That ye like weel, an' wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. [*pointing to PATIE*]. Only that lad:—
alake! I ha'e nae mae,
Either to mak' me joyfu' now, or wae.

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

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.
Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point, but, billy,
bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Betouch-us-too! an' weel I wat that's true;—

Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you;—
Four inch aneath his oexter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair: if this young lad be spar'd

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! hear ye, gudeman—what think ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken!—Strange auld man, what art thou?

Fair fa' your heart, it's gude to bode o' wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE'S health gaes round.]

Pat. A laird o' twa gude whistles an' a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—an' I like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie, let the man look o'er your hand,

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S land, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.]

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or possesst

Wi' some nae good, or second sight at least:
Where is he now!—

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

Elspa. These second-sighted fouk (his peace be here!)

See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsel),
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,

An' speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better.—*Elspa,* haste ye, gae

An' fill him up a tass o' usquebæ.

SIR WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A Knight, that for a Lion fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the Lion rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The Lion has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A subject true and bauld.
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargained wi' the deil,

To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep;
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,

Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

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

Glaud. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,

An' tak'st for gospel what the spaeman gives
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht! doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun

Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel, be't sae, friend; I shall say
naething mair;

But I've twa sonsie lasses, young an' fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair through secrets can I sift
Till darkness black the bent;
I ha'e but once a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,

An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

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

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:—

An', Glaud, you'll tak' your pipe beside the fire;—
We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,
Syne sup together, an' tak' our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play;

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

* Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
An' thow his lass's breast.

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

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;
An' yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

Jen. An' what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I obliged to guess what ye're to seek?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grien,

Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
An' I maun out wi't, though I risk your scorn:
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' morn.
Ah! cou'd I lo'e ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jen. What sugar'd words frae woocers' lips can fa'!

But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
An' soon the sleetly clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
An' soon in mossy puddles disappear!
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,

Increase, an' join the ocean without stain;
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;

Rejoice through life, an' a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Although I joked, I lo'ed your company;
An' ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head!
This gush o' pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fired
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tired.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,
An' ferly at the quick return o' day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
An' briss thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.

SANG XIII.

Tune—"Leith Wynd."

Jenny.

Were I assured you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart o' mine
Has lang a black-sole true to thee,
Wished to be paired wi' thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind!
O let me briss thee to my heart!
An' round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part;
Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Jen. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy weel-ried love has won the day.
Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to lo'e me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb,
There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jen. Weel I agree; niest to my parent gae,
Get his consent; he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld folks, like them, that want aye milk an' meal.

SANG XIV.

Tune—"O'er Bogie."

Weel, I agree, ye're sure o' me;
Niest to my father gae;
Mak' him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say ye nay:
For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
And will commend ye weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
When bairns want milk an' meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Though a' my kin had said an' sworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
An' if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fau't in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fiftier forrow
nowt,

As mony newcal in my byres rout;
Five packs o' woo' I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail bleaters on the fell;
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that mak's a heartsome house an' tigh
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', whilk now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love an' a' is yours; now haud them fast,
An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll domy best. But see wha comes this way
Patie an' Meg: besides, I mauna stay.
Let's steal frae ither now, an meet the morn;
If be seen we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the men-
nin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool.
Keep tryst, an' meet me there: there let us meet,
To kiss an' tell our love; there's nought sae sweet!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym.
Within a gall'ry o' the place,
Where a' looks ruiuous an' grim:
Nor has the baron shawn his face,
But joking wi' his shepherd leal,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house so much
decayed?

Sym. To one that lost it, lending generous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy now he's come hame.

(Sir William draps his masking beard;
Simon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,
An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master! Do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!
Returned to cheer his wishing tenants' sight!
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

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

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock; niest my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch
an' blate—

Sir Wil. And often vain and idly spend their time,
Till, grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends, which gives their souls a cast

That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kyttie's son, that's lo'ed by few.
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
As scripnt o' manners as o' sense an' grace:
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin;
Rins in ilka trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a common-wealth

Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection. Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day

Wad be o'er short, could I them right display.
In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;
An' when there's ony quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
An' his decret stands gude: he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases. My good friend, proceed.

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare

To gi'e him, at the school, enough o' lair;
An' he delights in books. He reads an' speaks,
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read? and of what kind?

Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books o' history, sangs, or sport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
An' carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakspeare, an' a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing;
An' ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made ower great a phrase
About fine poems, histories, an' plays:
When I reproved him ance, a book he brings,
"Wi' this," quoth he, "on braes I crack wi' kings."

Sir Wil. He answered well; and much ye glad my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclined.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?

When we a leaf or twa half read, half spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursel.

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon. But one question more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arrived the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien
And rosy cheeks, the wonder o' the green,
Engaged his look, an' caught his youthful heart?

Sym. I feared the warst, but kend the sma'est part,

Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet.

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

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,

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

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken that is no downright me.

[Exit SYMON.]

SIR WILLIAM *solus.*

Whene'er the event of hope's success appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wished-for pleasures rise like morning light,

The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shows its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine:

Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV.

Tune—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen?"

Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,

My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn.
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shows its light,
Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[Exit.

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE I.

The scene described in former page,
Glaud's onset.—Enter Mause an' Madge.

MAUSE and MADGE.

Madge. Our laird's come hame! an' owns young
Pate his heir.

Mause. That's news indeed!—

Madge. As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nieves in length, an' white as driven snaw,
Amang us cam', cried, *Haud ye merry a'!*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He viewed us a', but fixt on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
Yet for his pains an' skill wad naething ha'e.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping
coof,

Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mou,
When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
Without the help o' conjuring or spell.
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
His welcome master; round his knees he gat,
Hung at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.
Patrick was sent for: happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
An' troth, it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,—
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsel.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens? an' may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain:
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;
An' what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak' root, but tocher
gude,

'Tween a herd's bairn an' ane o' gentle bluid!
Sie fashions in King Bruce's days might be,
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may
gain:

Yonder he comes, an' wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! slaverin' doof! it sets him
weel

To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teel.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

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

Enter BAULDY, singing.

SANG XVI.

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher gude.
For my tocher gude, I winna marry thee.
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.

Mause. Weel liltit, Bauldy; that's a daintysang!
Baul. I'se gi'e ye't a: it's better than it's lang.

[Sings again.]

I ha'e gowd an' gear, I ha'e land enough,
I ha'e sax guid owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkin' o'er the lee,
An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha'-house, a barn, an' a byre;
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak' a rantin' fire;
I'll mak' a rantin' fire, and merry sall we be,
An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak' me, than to let me be.

I trow sae; lasses will come to at last,
Though for awhile they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Baul. Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. An' wha's the unlucky ane, if we may
ask?

Baul. To find out that is nae difficult task:—
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turned Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.
Now, now, gude Madge, an' honest Mause, stand
be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Less wilfu', an' aye constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, an' the bushy
thorn,

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
Fy! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard;
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?

The curse o' Heaven hings aye aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gait;
Nor will she be advised, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a gait! mansworn! an' a' the
rest!

Ye lied, auld roudes! an', in faith, had best

Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand,
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevellin'-gabbit
brook!

Speak that again, an', trembling, dread my rock,
An' ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' yer cheeks out o'er yer chin.

Baul. I tak' ye witness, Mause, ye heard her
say

That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness, too, he ca'd me bonny
names,

An' should be served as his gude breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

[*Flees to his hair like a fury. A stout battle.*
MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips! Fy, Madge! howt,
Bauldy, leen!

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,

It's sae daft-like.—

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE'S clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Madge. It's dafter like to thole

An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.

It sets him weel, w' vile unscrapt tongue,

To cast up whether I be auld or young;

They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,

An', or they died, their bairns' bairns ha'e seen.

Mause. That's true;—an', Bauldy, ye was far
to blame,

To ca' Madge aught but her ain christened name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, an' noddle find the
same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I sall
auld ye!

Mause. Howt, no! ye'll e'en be friends w'
honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder
gae.

Ye maun forgi'e'm; I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge
nae spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wyte

O' what has happened, an' should therefore crave

My pardon first, an' shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae
greet,

An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;

Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,

Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.

Vow, an' loup back! was e'er the like heard tell?

Swiath, tak' him, deil; he's o'er lang out o' hell!

Baul. [*running off*]. His presence be about us!
curst were he

That were condemned for life to live w' thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*

Madge [*laughing*]. I think I've towzed his hari-
galds a wee;

He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae; he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly. I commend
ye for't;

His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport:

For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,

An' breeding baith, to tell me to my face,

He hoped I was a witch, an' wadna stand

To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

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

An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld withered hands, an' feeble joints
like mine,

Obliges fouk resentment to decline;

Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we

Wi' cunning can the lake o' pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,

Syne bade him come, an' we should gang to wark.

I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; an' I cam' here

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

Madge. An' special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;

Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.

A linen sheet wound round me, like ane dead,

I'll cawk my face, an' gane, an' shake my head.

We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang

A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on
night,

The westlin clouds shine red w' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
An' the green swaird grows damp w' falling dew,
While gude Sir William is to rest retired,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,
Walks through the broom w' Roger ever leal,
To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak' fareweel.

PATIE and ROGER.

Rog. Wow but I'm cadgie, an' my heart louns
light!

Oh, Maister Patrick! ay, your thoughts were right.

Sure gentle fouk are farder seen than we,

That naething ha'e to brag o' pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak' my heart this morn,

Is perfect yielding, sweet, an' nae mair scorn.

I spak' my mind; she heard. I spak' again;

She smiled. I kissed, I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't. But oh! my change
this day

Heaves up my joy, an' yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father gently kind as brave,

An' an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,

He a' the father to my soul exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast.

"Such were the eyes," he said, "thus smiled the
mouth

Of thy loved mother, blessing of my youth,

Who set too soon!" An' while he praise bestowed,

Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flowed.

My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late ken'd sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I mysel', wi' rising raptures, found
 The happy son o' ane sae much renowned.
 But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids. Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.
Rog. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand;
 But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, an' haffins reason, plead his cause:
 But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws?
 Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 An' part o' my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

Tune—"Kirk wad let me be."

Duty an' part o' reason
 Pleads strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior ca's treason;
 The strongest must be obeyed:
 For now, though I'm ane o' the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels,
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith: Sir William will be
 won.

Your Peggy's bonny; you're his only son.
Pat. She's mine by vows, an' stronger ties o'
 love;
 An' frae these bands nae change my mind shall
 move.

I'll wed nane else; through life I will be true:
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master an' yoursel to stay
 Among us here? or, are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,
 To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we
 advance;

To London niest, an' afterwards to France,
 Where I maun stay some years an' learn to dance,
 An' twa-three other monkey tricks. That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-bee'd shoon.
 Then it's designed, when I can weel behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. "They wha ha'e just enugh can soundly
 sleep;

The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep?"
 Gude Maister Patrick, tak' your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's
 the same:

The poor an' rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
 Frae 'boon the lift; without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw con-
 tent,

When we but pick it scanty on the bent:
 Fine claihts, soft beds, sweet houses, an' red wine,
 Gude cheer, an' witty frien's, whene'er ye dine;
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease,—
 Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks no far amiss;
 But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.
 The passions rule the roost; an', if they're sour,
 Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,
 Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease:
 While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, an' halesome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder aye, an' it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad hear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear?

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some
 skill;

Thae best can teach what's real gude an' ill.
 Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o'
 cheese,

To gain thae silent friends, that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy:
 Faith, I'se ha'e books, though I should sell my
 kye.

But now let's hear how you're designed to move,
 Between Sir William's will an' Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies: his will maun be obeyed,
 My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride;
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here;
 I sent for Peggy. Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleased that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
 To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

[*Exit* ROGER.]

PATIE solus.

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart
 My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
 I ken she lo'es, an' her saft saul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 O' disappointment. Heaven support my fair,
 An' let her comfort claim your tender care!
 Her eyes are red!—

Enter PEGGY.

My Peggy, why in tears?
 Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears.
 Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I darna think sae high. I now repine
 At the unhappy chance that made na me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
 Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
 The ship that bears his a' like to be lost?

Like to be carried by some reiver's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it wi' me
remains

To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falschood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,
To mak' strict duty an' true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, an' still my
grief;

But short I daur to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome
Pate;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blythe shepherd that excelled the rest;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kissed me, when I danc'd or sang.
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin haff breathless round the rucks o' hay;
As aft-times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow, 'twill help to gi'e me ease:
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
An' warst o' ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVIII.

Tune—"Wae's my heart that we should sunder."

Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief,
Haud up a heart that's sinking under
Thae fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:
A gentler face, an' silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, wha excelled
The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we aften strayed,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the knowe wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
An' wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Though thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
Through life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other!

Pat. Sure Heaven approves; an' be assured
o' me,

I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
An' time, though time maun interpose a while,
An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns an' sceptres laid,
To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things,
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? Believe, an' calm thy mind.
Peg. I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk
despair

Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To mak' me fitter for my traveller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
An' will not grudge to put me through ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.

SANG XIX.

Tune—"Tweed-side."

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appeared worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
An' my saul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
An' study the gentlest o' charms;
Hope time away, till thou appear,
To lock thee for aye in these arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I prized
Nae higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes o' life,
Can quench the fair fire o' love,
If virtue's ingrained in the wife,
An' the husband has sense to approve.

Pat. That's wisely said;
An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
Though, without a' the little helps o' art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,

Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect at times to like the thing we hate,
An' drap serenity to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought
to say,
An', for the fashion, when we're blythe, seem
wae;

Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorned,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turned.

Peg. If this is gentry, I wad rather be
What I am still; but I'll be aught wi' thee.

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

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, an' sae sma' expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
-Endanger thy dear life, an' frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does
improve;

Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' every setting day an' rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, an' ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, an' on the Suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin an' play;
An' to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vowed
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trowed,
I'll aften gang, an' tell the trees an' flowers,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XX.

Tune—"Bush aboon Traquair."

At setting day, an' rising morn,
Wi' saul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask o' Heaven thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales o' love, an' hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To greenwood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees an' flowers,
Frae thoughts unfeigned an' tender,
By vows your mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

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

Peg. Were't in my power, wi' better boons to
please,
I'd gi'e the best I could wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'en to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it no; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.—SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares, like ane possest,
An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbuttoned coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON and BAULDY.

Sym. What want ye, Bauldy, at this early
hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath it's power?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.
What gars ye shake, an' glow'r, an' look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

Baul. O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale!
My head's grown dizzy, legs wi' shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture out at night my lane!
Alake! I'll never be mysel again!
I'll ne'er o'erput it, Symon! Oh, Symon! Oh!

[*SYMON gives him a drink.*]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak' sae loud
ado?

You've waked Sir William; he has left his bed.
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tread.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. How goes the night? Does daylight
yet appear?—

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Sym. I'm sorry, sir, that we've disturbed your
rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit op-
prest:

He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.

Baul. O ay, dear sir, in troth it's very true,
An' I am come to mak' my plaint to you.

Sir Wil. [*smiling*]. I lang to hear't.

Baul. Ah, sir! the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promised that she'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi' her this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me gude,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)
Raised up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk;

Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.
 Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,
 An' gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
 Was laboured as I used to be at school.
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
 I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,
 Till wi' an' elritch laugh they vanished quite;
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,
 Crap up, an' fled straught frae them, sir, to you,
 Houping your help to gi'e the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be.

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;

But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa three mae,
 To catch her first, ere she get leave to squeal,
 An' cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt;

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is through want of education blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,

As witches raising deils up through a ring,
 Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,
 Could never be contrived on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,
 Amongst a few old women, crazed and poor,
 Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and loup
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horned cow,
 Aft-times like bawty, hawdrans, or a sow,
 Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs
 ride;

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then oft, by night, bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs, and stools.

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch

Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
 But Mause, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
 An' lives a quiet an' very honest life.
 That gars me think this hobblesheiw that's past,
 Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will. But see, increasing light

Commands the imps of darkness down to night.
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

Tune—"Bonny gray-ey'd morn."

The bonny gray-eyed morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray;
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day;
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving his plough,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While flustered with wine, or maddened with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Placed at a due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness linked to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blue smood Jenny binds up her hair:
 Gaud, by his morning ingle, tak's a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty through the reek;
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 An' now an' then his joke maun intervene.

GLAUD, JENNY, and PEGGY.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;

Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.
 Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To tak' your leave o' Patrick or he gang.
 But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

Jen. Though he's young master now, I'm very sure

He has mair sense than slight auld friends,
 though poor.

But yesterday, he ga'e us mony a tug,
 An' kissed my cousin there frae lug to lug.

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

But be advised, his company refrain:
 Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,
 Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life;
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that? Sure, if it means aught ill,

He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair;
 Ane young, an' gude, an' gentle's unco rare.
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
 To do what like o' us thinks sin to name.
 Be wary then, I say, an' never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood;
An' may no Patrick, too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true; an' mony gentry mae than
he,

As they are wiser, better are than we,
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven. I've heard myself
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very
odd;

Sure, him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God!

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor
judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, an'
drink:

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates wi' e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Nae, he kens better
things.

But here comes aunt: her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er
the gate,

To hear, an' help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Mause an' Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsel.

Glaud. Lend me my staff. Madge, lock the
outer door,

An' bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

[Exit GLAUD.]

Madge. Poor Meg! Look, Jenny, was the like
e'er seen?

How bleared an' red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plane,
For a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-sward dance, whan we gae
milk,

To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds
stay,

An' tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your
scorn?

It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had noticed Patie on the green.
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
An' then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, troth! But we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-armed chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's telled him that the taws
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak gude-breeding's laws,
An' wi' his nonsense raised their rage.

*Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, and MAUSE.*

Sir Wil. And was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye
was served

No otherwise than what ye well deserved.

Was it so small a matter, to defame

And thus abuse an honest woman's name?

Besides your going about to have betrayed,

By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut, through a' the
steps,

An' ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, sir, he obliged me, on the
score,

I ken'd na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believed it weel;

But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil.

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, though she's nae
witch,

She's baith a slee an' a revengfu' —,

An' that my some-place finds. But I had best

Hand in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,

An' the young bonny witch, whase rosy cheek

Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Wil. [*looking at PEGGY.*] Whose daughter's
she, that wears th' aurora gown,

With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?

How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find?

The girl brings all my sister to my mind!

Such were the features once adorned a face,

Which death too soon deprived of sweetest
grace.—

Is this your daughter, Glaud?

Glaud. Sir, she's my niece;

An' yet she's not: but I should haud my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye
mean?

She is, and is not! Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should mak' appear
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year—

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Wil. Speak soon—I'm all impatience!

Pat. Sae am I!

For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.

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

This bonny founding, ae clear morn o' May,

Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,

A' sweet, an' clean, an' carefully hapt round

In infant weeds, o' rich an' gentle make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, worse than brutes, could leave exposed to
air

Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
I took her in my arms; the bairnic smiled
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story. She has passed sinsyne
As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's gude,
An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid;
O' wham I kenna. Naething I ken mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange!

Pat. The tale delights my ear!

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

Mause. That be my task. Now, sir, bid a' be
hush:

Peggy may smile; thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang ha'e I wished to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best an' nearest friend that she can claim.
He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave; prove what
you say:

It's dangerous in affairs like this to play.

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

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

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

[MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to
SIR WILLIAM.

Mause. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years sae
ploughed

A wrinkled face, that you ha'e aften viewed,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,
Wha nursed her mother that now hauds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

Sir Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my
eyes before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet, from the labyrinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her
sit by him.

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail.
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Gude nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae
fine,

Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words o' thine.

Mause. Then it was I that saved her infant life,
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursued, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possess:
All this to me a confidant confest.
I heard wi' horror, an' wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
An' staw the sleeping innocent away,
Wi' whom I travelled some few miles ere day.
A' day I hid me: When the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reached these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
An' took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glauhd himsel, an' Symon, may
Remember weel how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

Glauhd. [wi' tears of joy happening down his beard.]
I weel remember't. Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wished for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt: my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

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

Sir Wil. My niece, my daughter! welcome to
my care,

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair!
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-matched flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to
SIR WILLIAM.

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

Sir Wil. [raises them.] I give you both my bless-
ing. May your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.
Peg. My wishes are complete; my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
An' am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains!

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

Glauhd. I hope your honour now will tak' amends
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall
know

That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views o' wealth an' an estate
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only I'll aye thankfu' bow,
For sic a kindness, best o' men, to you.

Sym. What double blytheness wakens up this
day!

I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you.
E'en Bauldy, the bewitched, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taws, an' pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man! remain with you
this day?

I never from these fields again will stray.
Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear.
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restored, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty
year!

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King, an' save Sir William
lang,

T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherds' sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? Wha will refuse to
sing?

What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

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

Although they skelpit me when woody fleid:
I'm now fu' blythe, an' frankly can forgive,
To join an' sing, "Lang may Sir William live!"

Madge. Lang may he live! An', Bauldy, learn
to steek

Your gab awee, an' think before ye speak;

An' never ca' her auld that want's a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.

This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
An' brag for aye that I was ca'd the aunt
O' our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.

An', my gude nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures o' this happy
day

Does fully a' I can require repay.

Sir Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud,
to you,

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

Omnes. The Lord o' Heaven return your hon-
our's love,

Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove!

[PATIE, presenting ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.

Pat. Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always
shared

My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think nae shame)
Raised, an' maintains in him a lover's flame.
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak' an' won,
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son.
Be pleased to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.

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

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

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, sir. What
can we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay:
Whate'er your honour wills, I sall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' a blessing, tak',
An' still our master's right your business mak'.
Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld gray head
Sall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was gude o' speaking a' my days,
Or ever lo'ed to mak' owre great a fraise;
But for my master, father, an' my wife,
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

Sir Wil. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all
behave,

Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward, an' satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark an' wild;
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguiled.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now, all's at right, who sings best let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should
obey:

I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXII.

Tune—"Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair an' ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size:
He's comely in his walking;
The shining o' his een surprise;
It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,
Whare yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spak',
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kissed an' vowed he wad be mine,
An' lo'ed me best o' ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let lasses o' a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding were designod,
 We chastely should be granting.
 Then I'll comply, an' marry Pate,
 An' syne my cockernony,
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE VISION.

Bedown the bents of Banquo brae,
 My lane I wandered waif and wae,
 Musing our main mischance;
 How by the foes we are undone,
 That stole the sacred stane¹ frae Scone,
 And led us sic a dance:
 While England's Edwards take our towers,
 And Scotland first obeys;
 Rude ruffians ransack royal bowers,
 And Baliol homage pays;
 Through feidom, our freedom
 Is blotted with this score,
 What Romans', or no man's,
 Pith could e'er do before.

The air grew rough with bousteous thuds,
 Bauld Boreas branglit outthrow the clouds,
 Maist like a drunken wight;
 The thunder crack'd, and flauchts did rift
 Frae the black vizard of the lift;
 The forest shook with fright:
 Nae birds aboon their wing exten',
 They dought not bide the blast:
 Ilk beast bedeen bang'd to their den,
 Until the storm was past:
 Ilk creature in nature
 That had a spunk of sense,
 In need then, with speed then,
 Methought cried, "IN DEFENCE!"

To see a morn in May sae ill,
 I deem'd dame Nature was gane will
 To roar with reckless reil;
 Wherefore to put me out of pain,
 And sence my scap and shanks frae rain,
 I bore me to a biel,
 Up a high craig that hungit alaft,
 Out owre a canny cave,
 A curious crove of nature's craft,
 Which to me shelter gave;
 There vexed, perplexed,
 I lean'd me down to weep;

¹ This stone is preserved in Westminster Abbey.

In brief there, with grief there,
 I dotter'd owre on sleep.

Here Somnus in his silent hand
 Held all my senses at command,
 While I forgot my care;
 The mildest meed of mortal wights,
 Who pass in peace the private nights,
 That, waking, finds it rare;
 So in soft slumbers did I lie,
 But not my wakerife mind,
 Which still stood watch, and could espy
 A man with aspect kind,
 Right auld-like, and bauld-like,
 With beard three-quarters scant,
 Sae brave-like, and grave-like,
 He seem'd to be a sanct.

Great daring darted frae his eye,
 A broadsword shogled at his thigh,
 On his left arm a targe;
 A shining spear fill'd his right hand,
 Of stalwart make in bone and braun,
 Of just proportions large;
 A various rainbow-coloured plaid
 Owre his left spaul he threw,
 Down his braid back, frae his white head,
 The silver wimplers grew;
 Amazed, I gazed,
 To see, led at command,
 A strampant and rampant
 Fierce lion in his hand,

Which held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar grav'd I saw
 This poesy, pat and plain:
 "Nemo me impune lacess—
 Et." In Scots, "Nane shall oppress
 Me, unpunished with pain!"
 Still shaking, I durst naething say,
 Till he, with kind accent,
 Said, "Fere! Let not thy heart affray,
 I come to hear thy plaint;
 Thy groaning, and moaning,
 Hath lately reach'd mine ear;
 Debar then, afar then,
 All eiriness or fear.

"For I am one of a high station,
 The warden of this ancient nation,
 And cannot do thee wrang."
 I vizyt him then roud about,
 Syne, with a resolution stout,
 Speir'd, where had he been sae lang?
 Quoth he, "Although I some forsook,
 Because they did me slight,
 To hills and glens I me betook,
 To them that loves my right;

Whose minds yet, inclines yet,
To dam the rapid spate,
Devising, and prizing,
Freedom at ony rate.

“Our traitor peers their tyrants treat,
Who gibe them, and their substance eat,
And on their honour stamp.
They, puir degenerates, bend their backs,
The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks
He has blown out our lamp.
While true men, sair complaining, tell
With sobs their silent grief,
How Baliol their rights did sell,
With small hope of relief.
Regretting, and fretting,
Aye at his cursed plot,
Who rammed, and crammed,
That bargain down their throat.

“Brave gentry swear, and burghers ban;
Revenge is muttered by each clan
That’s to the nation true.
The cloisters come to cun the evil,
Mailpayers wish it to the devil,
With its contriving crew.
The hardy would with hearty wills
Upon dire vengeance fall;
The feckless fret owre heughs and hills,
And echo answers all;
Repeating, and greeting,
With mony a sair alace,
For blasting, and casting,
Our honour in disgrace!”

“Wae’s me!” quoth I, “our case is bad;
And mony of us are gane mad,
Sin’ this disgraceful paction.
We’re fell’d and harried now by force,
And hardly help for’t, that’s yet worse,
We are sae forfain wī faction.
Then has he not good cause to grumble,
That’s forc’d to be a slave?
Oppression does the judgment jumble,
And gars a wise man rave.
May chains then, and pains then,
Infernal be their hire,
Who dang us, and flang us,
Into this ugsome mire!”

Then he, with bauld forbidding look,
And stately air, did me rebuke,
For being of sprite sae mean.
Said he, “It’s far beneath a Scot
To use weak curses, when his lot
May sometime sour his spleen.
He rather should, mair like a man,
Some brave design attempt,

Gif it’s not in his pith, what then?
Rest but a while content;
Not fearful, but cheerful,
And wait the will of fate,
Which minds to, designs to,
Renew your ancient state.

“I ken some mair than ye do all
Of what shall afterward befall
In mair auspicious times;
For often, far above the moon,
We watching beings do convene,
Frae round earth’s utmost climes;
Where every warden represents
Clearly his nation’s case,
Gif famine, pest, or sword torments,
Or villains high in place,
Who keep aye, and heap aye,
Up to themselves great store,
By rundging, and spunging,
The leal laborious poor.”

“Say then,” said I, “at your high state,
Learn’d ye aught of auld Scotland’s fate,
Gif e’er she’ll be hersell?”
With smile celest, quoth he, “I can;
But it’s not fit a mortal man
Should ken all I can tell:
But part to thee I may unfold,
And thou mayst safely ken,
When Scottish peers slight Saxon gold,
And turn true-hearted men;
When knavery, and slavery,
Are equally despis’d,
And loyalty, and royalty,
Universally are priz’d,—

“When all your trade is at a stand,
And cunyie clean forsakes the land,
Which will be very soon;
Will priests without their stipends preach?
For naught will lawyers causes stretch?
Faith! that’s na easy done!
All this, and mair, maun come to pass
To clear your glamour’d sight,
And Scotland maun be made an ass
To set her judgment right.
They’ll jade her, and blad her,
Until she break her tether;
Though auld she is, yet bauld she is,
And tough like barked leather.

“But mony a corpse shall breathless lie,
And wae shall mony a widow cry,
Or all run right again;
O’er Cheviot, prancing proudly north,
The foes shall take the field near Forth,
And think the day their ain.

But burns that day shall run with blood
 Of them that now oppress,
 Their carcasses be corbies' food
 By thousands on the grass.
 A king then, shall reign then,
 Of wise renown and brave,
 Whose puissance, and sapience,
 Shall right restore and save."

"The view of freedom's sweet!" quoth I,
 "O say, great tenant of the sky,
 How near's that happy time?"
 "We ken things but by circumstance;
 Nae mair," quoth he, "I may advance,
 Lest I commit a crime."
 "Whate'er ye please, gae on," quoth I,
 "I shall not fash ye more,
 Say how and where ye met, and why,
 As ye did hint before."
 With air then, sae fair then,
 That glanc'd like rays of glory,
 Sae god-like and odd-like,
 He thus resumed his story.

"Frae the sun's rising to his set,
 All the prime rate of wardens met,
 In solemn bright array,
 With vehicles of ether clear,
 Such as we put on when we appear
 To souls row'd up in clay;
 There in a wide and splendid hall,
 Reared up with shining beams,
 Whose roof-trees were of rainbows all,
 And paved with starry gleams,
 That sprinkled, and twinkled,
 Brightly beyond compare,
 Much famed, and named.
 The Castle in the Air.

"In midst of which a table stood,
 A spacious oval red as blood,
 Made of a fire-flaucht;
 Around the dazzling walls were drawn,
 With rays by a celestial haun,
 Full many a curious draught.
 Inferior beings flew in haste,
 Without guide or director,
 Millions of miles, through the wild waste,
 To bring in bowls of nectar.
 Then roundly, and soundly,
 We drank like Roman gods,
 When Jove sae, does rove sae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

"When Phœbus' head turns light as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limping Vulcan blethers;
 When Pluto glowers as he were wild,

And Cupid (Love's wee winged child)
 Falls down and fyles his feathers;
 When Pan forgets to tune his reed,
 And flings it careless by;
 And Hermes, wing'd at heels and head,
 Can neither stand nor lie:
 When staggering, and swaggering,
 They stoiter home to sleep;
 While sentries, and entries,
 Immortal watches keep.

"Thus we took in the high brown liquor,
 And bang'd about the nectar bicker;
 But ever with this odds—
 We ne'er in drink our judgments drench,
 Nor scour about to seek a wench,
 Like these auld bawdy gods;
 But frankly at each other ask
 What's proper we should know,
 How each one has performed the task
 Assigned to him below.
 Our minds, then, sae kind then,
 Are fixed upon our care,
 Aye noting, and plotting,
 What tends to their weelfare.

"Gothus and Vandal baith look'd bluff,
 While Gallus sneered and took a snuff,
 Which made Almaine to stare;
 Latinus bade him nothing fear,
 But lend his hand to holy weir,
 And of cow'd crowns tak' care.
 Batavius, with his puddock-face,
 Looking asquint, cried, 'Pish!
 Your monks are void of sense or grace,
 I had lever fight for fish;
 Your school-men are fool-men,
 Carv'd out for dull debates,
 Decoying, and destroying,
 Baith monarchies and states.'

"Iberius, with gurlly nod,
 Cried, 'Hogan,¹ yes, we ken your god,
 It's herrings ye adore!
 Heptarchus, as he used to be,
 Cannot with his ain thoughts agree,
 But varies back and fore.
 One while he says it is not right
 A monarch to resist;
 Next breath all royal power will slight,
 And passive homage jest.
 He hitches, and fitches,
 Between the *hic* and *hoc*,
 Aye geeing, and fleeing,
 Round like a weather-cock.

¹ A name of contempt for the Dutch.

“ I still support my precedence
 Aboon them all, for sword and sense,
 Though I have lain right lown;
 Which was because I bore a grudge
 At some fool Scots who liked to drudge
 To princes not their own.
 Some thanes their tenants pyk'd and squeeze'd
 And purs'd up all their rent.
 Syne wallop'd to far courts, and bleez'd
 Till riggs and shaws were spent.
 Syne byndging, and whyndging,
 When thus reduced to howps,
 They dander, and wander,
 About, puir lick-ma-dowps!

“ But now it's time for me to draw
 My shining sword against club-law,
 And gar my lion roar;
 He shall or lang gie sic a sound,
 The echo shall be heard around
 Europe, frae shore to shore.
 Then let them gather all their strength,
 And strive to work my fall;
 Though numerous, yet at the length
 I will o'ercome them all;
 And raise yet, and blaze yet,
 My bravery and renown,
 By gracing, and placing,
 Aright the Scottish crown.

“ When my brave Bruce the same shall weir
 Upon his royal head, full cleir
 The diadem will shine;
 Then shall your sair oppression cease,
 His interest yours he will not fleece,
 Nor leave you e'er incline:
 Though millions to his purse be lent,
 You'll ne'er the purier be,
 But rather richer, while it's spent
 Within the Scottish sea.
 The field then, shall yield then,
 To honest husbands' wealth;
 Good laws then, shall cause then,
 A sickly state have health.”

While thus he talk'd methought there came
 A wonder-fair ethereal dame,
 And to our warden said—
 “ Great Caledon! I come in search
 Of you frae the high stary arch,
 The council wants your aid.
 Frae every quarter of the sky,
 As swift as whirlwind,
 With spirits' speed the chieftains hie;
 Some great thing is designed.
 Owe mountains, by fountains,
 And round each fairy ring,
 I've chased ye: O haste ye,
 They talk about your king!”

With that my hand, methought, he shook,
 And wished I happiness might brook
 To eild by night and day;
 Syne, quicker than an arrow's flight,
 He mounted upwards frae my sight,
 Straight to the Milky Way.
 My mind him followed through the skies,
 Until the briny stream
 For joy ran trickling frae mine eyes,
 And wak'd me frae my dream.
 Then peeping, half sleeping,
 Frae furth my rural bield,
 It eased me, and pleased me,
 To see and smell the field.

For Flora, in her clean array,
 New washen with a shower of May,
 Looked full sweet and fair;
 While her clear husband frae above,
 Shed down his rays of genial love,
 Her sweets perfum'd the air.
 The winds were hush'd, the welkin clear'd,
 The glooming clouds were fled,
 And all as saft and gay appear'd
 As ane Elysian shed;
 Whilk heezed, and bleezed,
 My heart with sic a fire,
 As raises these praises,
 That do to heaven aspire.

LOCHABER NO MORE.¹

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on wear;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
 mind;
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

¹ The Lass of Patie's Mill, the Yellow-hair'd Laddie, Farewell to Lochaber, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even superior, in point of pastoral simplicity, to most lyric productions either in the Scottish or any other language.—*Joseph Ritson*.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE
 MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting;
 We kissed and promised time away,
 Till night spread her dark curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 E'en kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.¹

The lass of Patie's Mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth
 To press them with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fan'
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguill'd;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd lang life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same with me.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonnie lasses,
 They bigged a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
 And theeked it ower wi' rashes.

¹ Burns in a letter to Mr. Thompson gives the following history of the song. He says that Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudoun Castle, being on a visit to the Earl of Loudoun, and one forenoon riding or walking out together, they passed a sweet romantic spot on Irvine water, still called Patie's Mill, where a bonnie lass was "tedding hay bareheaded on the green." The earl observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of the Lass of Patie's Mill, which he produced that day at dinner.

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills wi' rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,
Wi' ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the crow,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's aye sae clean redd up, and braw,
She kills when'er she dances:
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us,
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses:
Waes me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn-
trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, evening and
morn:
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Though young Maddie
be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the
spring.

"That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke
truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

"That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."
Then sighing, he wished, would but parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.