
The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a Spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy Brier,
That Colin height, which well could pipe and sing
For he of Tityrus his song did here.

Spencer, p. 1113.

Pittsburgh:
Published by Patterson & Hopkins.
S. Engles & Co. Printers.

1812.
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A PASTORAL COMEDY,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

Madam,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom among them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild: I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of a vast number that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse, to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer: Since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honorable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified
the names of Kennedy and Montgomery; be that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give Liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for while you are possest of every outward charm, in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, "To speak what every body thinks." Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life; but the Bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear; but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

"If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
"One half of round eternity is mine."

MADAM,
Your Ladyship's most obedient, and most devoted Servant,
ALLAN RAMSAY.
ALEXANDER ROSS, A. M.

In his Introduction to Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess, says of the Gentle Shepherd:

What wad I geen, had Scota put her thumb
Upo' the weel tell'd tale till I had come;
Syne led my hand alangst it, line for line,
O to my dying day, how I wad shine!
And as far 'yont it as syn Haebie play'd,
Or Christ's Kirk o' the Green was first essay'd!
And mair I wad na wiss, but Allan bears
The gree himsel, and the green laural wears;
Weel may he brook them, for he justly ought,
The Gentle Shepherd is sae finely wrought,
Wi' acts and Scenes, of maisterly design,
Which doth in Scota's pithy language shine.

This excellent Piece does honour to North Britain. There is no Pastoral in the English Language comparable to it; and, I believe, there is none in any language superior to it.

Lord Gardenstone.
THE PERSONS.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.
PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd in love with Peggy.
ROGER, a rich young Shepherd in love with Jenny.
SIMON, GLAUD, two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.
BAULDY, a Hind engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud’s Niece.
JENNY, Glaud’s only Daughter.
MAUSE, an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.
ELSPA, Simon’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.
First Act begins at eight in the Morning.
Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.
Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.
Fourth Act begins at Nine o’clock at Night.
Fifth Act begins at Day-light next morning.
The Gentle Shepherd:

ACT I.....SCENE 1.

PROLOGUE.

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

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. The wawking of the Fauld.

PATIE. MY Peggy is a young thing,
    Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and sweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay.
    My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
    The wawking of the fauld.

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

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
    When e'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
    My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naething gi'ies me sic delight,
As wawking of 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,
And in her sangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds, chirm o'er the pleasing rants,
How halcsome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care.
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grance?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

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

Patie. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie grounds shall cease to thrive,
Ere seornfu' queans, or loss of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whose saul's sae sadly out of tune.
Ye hae sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but entle at a sang or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglanes cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer been.
Patie. But a'blins, no' hae not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your eunzie part:
If that be true what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

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

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly flock'd as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou mayst thole the pangs of mony a loss:
O mayst thou doat on some fair naughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy Lowan drowth to quench;
Till birz'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka elute,
At the West-port, and bought a winesome flute
Of plumtree made, wi' iv'ry virls round;
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi', and ne'er cry dool,
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

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

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To a' wha you and 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,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place, she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco' blate:
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frac a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the ear;
But geeks at me, and says I smell o' tar.

Patie. But Bauldy looes na her, right weel I wat,
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna looe her; but in vain,
I still maun do't, and 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 fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha' shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrire scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Giff she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
Flecks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'ndo sae, Roger, who can help misluck?
Saebins she be sic a thrawn gabbit chuck
Yonder's a craig; since ye hae tint all hope.
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lovers lowp.

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

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way,
Seem careless, there's my handye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as fecl.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I saw my Meg, come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist.
Her coats were kiltet, and did sweetly shaw
Her straught bare legs, that whiter were than snaw;
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek;
Her haffat locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear:
And O her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean:
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green,
Blythsome I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye'er so soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye'er gawn to gather dew:
She scour'd awa' and said, what's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg Dort, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
Misca'd me first—then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waft ewes stray'd on the bog.
I laugh; and saeid she: then wi' great haste,
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses from her glowan mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came loupan to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant na as she spak.
Dear Roger, when you're jo puts on her gloom,
Do you sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

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

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

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree and she persist
To answer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay say cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother rest her saul! she made it fine;) A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo',
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue; Wi' spraings like gowd and siller, cross'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

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

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

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see giff' a' our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks and a shave o' cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please: Might please the dantiest gabs were they sae wise
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we ha'e tane the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysel. [Exeunt.
SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths:
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles shining smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

Jenny. Come Meg, let's fa' to wark upon the 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.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's how,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks out o'er a little lin
The water fa's and makens a singan 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 hot, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cawler on sae warm a day.

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

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height;
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,) What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as weel as I:
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend:
He kames his hair indeed and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say:
Except, How d'ye?—or, there's a bonny day.

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco 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 seekless whim will orp and greet;
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast
Or scart anither's leavins at the last.

SANG III. Tune, Polwart on the green.

The dorty will repent
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And none her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.
They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refused.

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

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I——But love in whispers lets us ken.
That men were made for us and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo he kens himsel,
Fos sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glours and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But what's oblig'd to spell his hums and 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 slav'ry like, and may be free; The chiefts may a' knit up themselves for me.

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

Jenny. Heh, lass! how can ye lo'e that rattle skull! A very de'il that ay maun hae his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

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 carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome free and youthful joys.

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

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

Peggy. 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 of him I dread nae other skaithe.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een,
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart,
How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jist 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 you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V. Tune, How can I be sad on my, &c.

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak silly fallows, 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 small failing, but find an excuse.

Jenny. Hey bonny lass of Branksome! or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
'O'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride:
Syne whinging gets about your ingle side,
Yelping for this and that wi' fashions din:
To mak them brats, then you maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane seads itself wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
The deil gaes o'er Jock Webster; hame grows hell;
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, Jenny! can their greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they c'ttle at— their greatest wish,  
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?  
Can their be toil in tenting day and night  
The like o' them, when love makes care delight?  

_Jenny._ But poor tith, Peggy, is the warst of a';  
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beg'ry draw;  
For little love or canty cheer can come  
Frac duddy doublets, and a pantry toom:  
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away  
Frac aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—  
The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,  
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.  
A dyver buys your butter, woo' and cheese,  
But or the day of payment, breaks and flees.  
Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent;  
'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent;  
His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear;  
Syne driv'n frac house and hald, where will ye steer?  
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life:  
Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.  

_Peggy._ May sic ill luck befa' that silly she  
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.  
Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best:  
Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n 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 stor'd room, unless his wife wad let;  
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,  
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.  
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,  
And win the vogue at market, tron or fair,  
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.  
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,  
Shall first be sauld to pay the laird his due.  
Syne a' behinds our ain;—thus without fear,  
Wi' love and routh we thro' the world will steer;  
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,  
He'll bless the day he gat me for a wife.  

_Jenny._ But what if some young giggit on the green,  
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patte think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny to be free,
There's some men constantier in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind,
'They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
'Sac, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to one their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
'To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart;
At ee'n when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's he ready to tak' aff.
Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour and white biggonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

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

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See you twa elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the castlin blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single, a state sae lik'd by you!
Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dera'd within my breast this mony a day.
SANG VI. Tune, Nuncy’s to the green wood gane.

I yield dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frac 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.

Peggy. Alake poor prisoner! Jenny that’s no fair,
That ye’ll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we’ll tent as weel’s we can,
Giff he be Bauldy’s, or poor Roger’s man.

Jenny. Anither time’s as good—for see the sun
Is right far up, and we’re not yet begun
To freethe the graith; if eanker’d Madge our aunt,
Come up the burn, shell 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 II....Scene I.

PROLOGUE.

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

GLAUD AND SIMON.

Glaud. Good morrow, nibour Simon,—come sit down,
And gie’s your cracks,—What’s a’ the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And said your Crummock and her bassen’d quey;
I’ll warrant ye’ve cost a pound o’ cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie’s a pipe to try.
Symon. Wi' a' my heart;—and t'ent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy:  
I cou'd na rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things ha'e taken sic a turn;
Will gar our vile oppressors stand like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

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

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I ha'e seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose,
To shine, or set in glory wi' Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk,
Has play'd the Rumple a right slee begunk;
Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habbie says, we'll see sir William soon.

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

Glaud. That makes me blythe the indeed—but dinna flaw:
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say can be cithly claim?
Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do’t again,
And good sir William sall enjoy his ain.

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

Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi’ senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noodles 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;’
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

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

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

Symon. I wadna baun my friend his blythe design,
Gif that it hadna first of a’ been mine;
For here-yestreen I brew’d a bow o’ maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat,
A furlet o' good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reestin in the neuk.
I saw mysel, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat that scads the whey put on.
A mutton bunk to boil;—and aue we'll roast;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nac coast;
Sma are the shorn; and she can mix fu' nice,
The gusty ingans wi' a curr o' spice;
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet we'll sung;
And we've invited nighbours, auld and young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our Master's health and welcome hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
Bring wi' you a' your family, and then,
When'eer you please I'll raut wi' you again.

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

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here:
What wad ye Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din!
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff—Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,
And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low:
Syne dance about the bane fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tal'd
you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—gae get my Sunday's coat;

Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,
My white skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye’r sels as trig, head, feet and waist,
As ye were a’ to get young lads or e’en;
For we’re gawn o’er to dine wi’ Sym, bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I’ll o’er the gate,
And see that a’ be done as I would hae’t. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en’.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi’ faulded arms, and half-rais’d looks ye see.

BAULDY his lane.

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

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.
A green kail yard, a little fount,
Where water poplin springs;
There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX. Tune, Carle and the king come.

Mause. PEGGY now the king's come,
Peggy now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing
Peggy since the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now Peggy since the king's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen.
Ye look baith hale and feir at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking cauld my limbs afore the sin.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh, nae corn?
Bauldy. Enough of 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 and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but ye're wise and 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?

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

Mause. What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear,
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw:
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mithers' yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy checked wean,
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stan its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night through the shaw,
And tint himsel amast amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fright;
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
You lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk a ane here dreads you round about:
And sae they may that mean to do ye skait;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neist mak grotts, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet o' them mixt wi' pease.

Mause. I thank ye lad,—now tell me your demand,
And if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond o' me
Peggy likes Pate—and Patie's bauld and slee,
And loes's sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps and then,
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.
Manse. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right; Sae gang your ways and come again at night: 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare, Worth a' your pease and grotts, tak ye nae care.

Bauldy. Wiel Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find; But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind: Syne rain and thunder, may be when 'tis late, Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate. We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast, O! will ye come like badrans, for a jest; And there ye can our different 'haviours spy: 'There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I. Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle east.

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

[Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild, Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield, 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 and act aboon their common thought: Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear; Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here:

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

[Exit.
SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

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

PATIE AND PEGGY.

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

Patie. I'm baith to part sae soon; now we're alone,
And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alone themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where prime roses 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 saugh through the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maist delightful notes,
That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throats;
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darena stay;—ye joker let me gang;
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.
Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gait to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith—but mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year;
Now I believe ye like me wonder wiel;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year:
I mind it wiel, when thou couldst hardly gang,
Or lis to words, I chus'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy know or rashy strand;
Thou smiling by my side—I took delight
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white,
Of which, as wiel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear the leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Patie.**
Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom-knows*;
And Rosie lilts 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,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

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

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

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

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

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Patie.-------------------------------Wiel, I agree.

SANG XI. To its ane tune.

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

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

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

Peggy singing, falls into Patie's arms.

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

Patie, with 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, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day;
And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.
ACT III...SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

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 suff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM, Solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder! ah me, it desolately stands,
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their hands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flwr's hung nodding on their stalks;
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacinhors or eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and neet'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we shou'd see what changing time brought forth.
Hid from himself he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII. Tune, Happy Clown.

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

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

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

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

Now tow'rs 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 Sir William.]
SCENE II.

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

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

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

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

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

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a
match,
My Patie's wild and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell,

Glaud. What reasons can ye ha'e? There's nane
I'm sure,
Unless you 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;
Four score of breeding ews of my ain binn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirk,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaiming time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey caws I'll yearly to them give.

_Elspa._ Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

_Synam._ Or this day eight-days, likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

_Glaud._ We'll nae mair o't;—come gie's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[Their healths gae round.

_Synam._ 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 row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

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

_Enter Jenny._

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

_Synam._ Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

[Exit Jenny.

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

_Glaud._ Spae-men! the truth of a' their faws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.
Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest earle, here tak' a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, good-man, I se no be blate.

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

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour, c'en but little way; Rusted wi' mind, a wee piece gate seems lang, Twa miles or three's the maist that I do gang.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Elspa. Betooch-us-to! and wiel I wat that's true; Awa, awa, the de'il's o'er grit wi' you; Four inch anith his oxter is the mark, Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

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

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

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

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth; Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.
Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the dent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be:
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie—let the man look o'er your hand,
Aftimes as broken a ship has come to land.

[Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.]

Elspe. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or posses'd
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.

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

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

Sir William starts up and speaks.

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

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

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

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

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spaeman gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir William. Whisht! doubtful' carle; for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Wiel, be't sae, friend; I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir William. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae rest a while content.

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

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

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER AND JENNY.

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

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?

Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,

Baith by my service, sighs, and languing een:
An I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thought, baith ev'n and morn.
Ah! cou'd I looe ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII. Tune, Leith Wynd.

Jenny.
Were I assur'd you'll 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 of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.

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

Jenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gives way,
To own thy wiel try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first aue strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

Jenny. Wiel, I agree—niest to my parent gae,
Get his consent, he'll hardly say ye nae:
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him wiel,
Auld fouks, like them, that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

Wiel, I agree, your sure of me,
Next to my father gae;
Make him content to gi'e consent,
He'll hardly say you nae:
For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
And will commend you wiel,
Since parents auld, think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will ha'e nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree;
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me,

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byres rowt;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a', which now gie's joy to me,
Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair:
My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.
Jenny. I'll do my best; but see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg—besides, I mauna stay;
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, well dree a deal of scorn.

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

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

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

Sir WILLIAM AND SYMON.

Sir William. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?
Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Symon. Baith wonder wiel; for troth, I didna spare
To gie' him at the school enough of lair:
And he delights in books—He reads and speaks,
Wi' fook that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir William. Where gets he books to read—and of what kind?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburg port,
He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport:
Nor does he want of them a routh at will,
And carries ay a pouchtfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakspear and a famous Ben
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king.
He kens fu' wiel, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
About fine poems, histories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
Wi' this quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir William. He answer'd wiel; 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 inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haff read haff spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's oursell.

Sir William. Wiel jested, Symon; but one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has nae young lassie wi' inviting mien
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

Symon. I fear'd the worst, but ken 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 yoursell your son will soon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a these charms,
May bless the fairest best-born lady's arms.

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

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's none can know that is not downright me.

[Exit Symon.

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years:

A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright. [Exit.
Or sung as follows.

SANG XV. Tune, Wat ye 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 shews its light,
'Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

ACT IV....SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.
The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MAUSE. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young
Pate his heir!

That's news indeed!—

M ADGE. —— As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven sn'ip,
Amang us came, cry'd, 'Had ye merry a?'
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

MAUSE. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

M ADGE. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk slee tod Lowrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool.
In short he did for Pate bra' things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last when wiel diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his ecoat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
Symon ta'd Elspa, Elspa ta'd it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

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

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak' root, but tocher good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

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

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

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

Enter BAULDY, singing.

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

I trow sae.—Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snà' ba's east.

Mause. Wiel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Bauldy. ————Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but unco this night.
Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane if we may ask?

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

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

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

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

Bauldy. I tak' ye witness, 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,
And shou'd be serv'd as his good 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,
'Tis sae daft like—
[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.]

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

_**Mause.**_ That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

_**Bauldy.**_ My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the same.

_**Madge.**_ Auld Roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

_**Mause.**_ Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.

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

_**Bauldy.**_ In troth now, Mause, I hae at Madge nae spite;
For she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

_**Madge.**_ I crave your pardon! Gallows face gae greet,
And own your faut till her that ye wad echeat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as wiel as swear.
Vow, and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him de'il; he's o'er lang out of hell.

_**Bauldy.**_ [running off.] His presence be about us!

Curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

[Exit Bauldy.]

_**Madge.**_ [laughing.] I think I've towzl'd his harrigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal, that would mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

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

_Madge._ A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him cen to see, or lugs to hear.

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

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

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

[Execut.]
SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

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

PATIE AND ROGER.

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

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this
day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
'Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confess,
He a' the father to my soul express,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon! and while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found,
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

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

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

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI. Tune, Kirk wad let be.

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

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

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

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

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

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years and learn to dance,
And twa three other monkey tricks:—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd when I can wiel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat wiel,
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.

Roger. They wha ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashles fouk to keep—
Good Master Patrick, tak' your ane tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's the same;
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift—without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like your's yields bra' content,
When we but pick it seantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good cheer and witty friends, whence'er you dine,
Obeyesant servants, honour, wealth and ease,
Wha's no content wi' these are ill to please.

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

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

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

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

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

_Roger._ Pleased that ye trust me wi' the secret I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the diels defy. [Exit Roger.

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

Enter PEGGY.

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

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

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

_Peggy._ Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsonce
Pate.

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me when I dance'd or sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay,
As astimes I ha'e fled from thée right fain,
And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:
Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gie me ease;
May sudden death or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

Or sung as follows.

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

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

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were want to wander;
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.
Again, ah! shall I never creep 
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep. 
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
Thou shalt prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

**Patie.** Sure, Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
And time, tho' time may interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as hae the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear; believe and calm thy mind.

**Peggy.** I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk des-
pair
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me:
Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn——

**SANG XVIII.** Tune, *Tweed-side.*

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

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in these arms.

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

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband ha'e sense to approve,

Patie. ———— That's wisely said,
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect at times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,

And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

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

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
Wi' gentry's apes: for still amangst the best,
Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.
Peggy. Since wi' nac hazzard and sae sma' expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats sae great a risk to run.
Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love:
But soon as I've shock off my landwart cast
In foreign cities, home to thee I'll haste.
Peggy. Wi' every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heav'n and ask thy safe return,
Under that tree, and on the suckler brac,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine and I as eithily trow'd,
I'll aften gang and tell the trees and flow'rs
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XIX. Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.

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

To a' your haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the simmer day I'd share
Wi' thee upon ye' mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is your's,
A heart which cannot wander.
Patie. My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gie the best I could wi' the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ac jot less generous to thee.

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

[Execunt.

ACT V....Scene I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possesst,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest,
Bare-legg'd, wi' night cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON AND BAULDY.

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

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail:
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.

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

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir William. How gaes the night? does day-light yet appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,

He's seen some witch or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Bauldy. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,

And I am come to mak' my plaint to you.

Sir William [smiling.] I lang to hear't—

Bauldy. ——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,

That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,

First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,

To gain a bonny thrawe lassie's heart:

As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,

But may nac friend of mine get sic a f'ht!

For the eurst hag, instead of doing me 1, (The very thought o't's like to freeze 1... blood!)

Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,

Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;

Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,

Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,

And gat me down; while I like a great fool,

Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.

My heart out of its hool was like to loup,

I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nac hope,

Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:

Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,

Crap up, and fled straught frae them, sir, to you,

Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.

I'm sure my heart will near gi'e o'er to dunt,

Till in a fat tar barrel Mause be brunt.

Sir William. Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

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

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

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

Sir William. Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,  
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,  
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp  
O'er bracs and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;  
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,  
Aftimes like bawty, badrans, or a sow;  
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,  
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaff's ride,  
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,  
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;  
Then aft by night bombaze hare-hearted fools,  
By tumbling down their cupboard, chairs and stools.  
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,  
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.  

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a  
witch  
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:  
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife:  
And lives a quiet and very honest life.  
That gars me think this hobsletho' that's past  
Will land in naething but a joke at last.  

Sir Will. I'm sure it will; but see encreasinc light  
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;  
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,  
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.  

SANG XX. Tune, Bonny grey-ey'd morn.  
The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,  
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day.
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

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

[Execute.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

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

GLAUD, JENNY AND PEGGY.

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

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

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

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

*Glaud.* Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name;
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap:
They'll tempt young things like you, wi' you'dith
flush'd,
Syne mak' ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

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

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

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

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

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

**Enter MADGE.**

*Mudge.* Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the
gate,
To hear, and help to red some odd debate
'Tweem Mause and Bauldy, 'baut some witchcraft
spell,
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [Exit. Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross:
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-swaird dance when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
And tak' what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn;
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine.
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, troth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons balth, and come away.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD, BAULDY AND MAUSE.

Sir William. And was that all?—Wiel, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well-deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

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

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

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

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

Sir William. [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 adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?—
Glaud.—Sir, she’s my niece—
And yet she’s not—but I shou’d had my peace.

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

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

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir William. Speak soon; I’m all impatience!—

Patie. ——So am I!

For much I hope and hardly yet know why.

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

'This bonny foundling ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
What cou’d they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, worse than brutes, cou’d leave expos’d to air
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appear’d to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil’d
Wi’ sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, she had pass’d since syne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she’s wiel worth the pain’s that I ha’e tane.
Ye see she’s bonny; I can swear she’s good.
And I am right shure she’s come of gentle blood;
Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir William. This tale seems strange!—

Patie.—The tale delights my ear!


Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a’ be
Peggy may smile—Thou hast nae cause to blush,
Lang ha’e I wish’d to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi’e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name
The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
He saw’t at first and wi’ quick eye did trace.
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir William. Old woman, do not rave, prove what you say;
'Tis dang'rous in affairs like this to play.
Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave? But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant, I every thing look's like a reason want.

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

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

[Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me weel; has fifteen years so plow'd A wrinkled face that you hae often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurses her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand.

Sir William. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before? I know thy faithfulness, I need no more; Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind, Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.]

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

Patie. Good nurse gae on; no music's haff sae fine, Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life, Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife. The story's lang; but I the secret knew, How they pursu'd wi' avaricious view Her rich estate, of which they're now possest; All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror and wi' trembling dread, They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed. That very night, when all were sunk in rest, At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest, And staw the sleeping innocent away, Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day. A' day I hid me;—when the day was done, I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,  
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful swains.  
Afraid of being found out, and, to secure  
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;  
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,  
What e'er should happen to her, might be by.  
Here, honest Glaud himself, and Symon may  
Remember wien how I that very day  
Frae Roger's father took my little cruele.  

Glaud. [with tears of joy happing down his beard.]  
I wiel remember't: Lord reward your love!  
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought  
Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.  

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,  
Wi' due obedience to a parent's will.  
Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,  
And blame me not for rushing to her arms;  
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,  
Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.  

Sir William. 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-match'd flame.  
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,  
With as good will as either would demand.  

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

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

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

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,  
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.  
And am I then a match for my ain lad,  
That for me so much generous kindness had?  
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,  
Happy while Heaven grant be on them remains.  

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.
Glaud. God save the king and save sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.
Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?
Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge
I'm gree'd,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodyfield;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

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

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

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

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

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your honour's
love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae shame,)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent. [me crave,

Sir William. My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let
That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can
we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter wi' my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make:
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak' o'er great araise;
But for my master, father and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

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

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I have.

SANG XXI. Tune, Corn rigs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,
  His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
  His face is fair and ruddy;
His shape is handsome, middle size;
  He's comly in his wauking:
The shining of his een surprise;
  'Tis heav'n to hear him wauking.

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

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

[Exeunt omnes.]