THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.
ALAN RAMSÁY SCOTUS.
The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his song did lere.

Spencer, p. 1113.
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 choose 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 vast numbers 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 shines 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's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable 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 whilst you are possessor 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 regissiers were of as short duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy 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 clasped 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.
TO

THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

With the following Pastoral.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays!
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her lift'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious here, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlot's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age.
To the COUNTESS of EGLINTOUN.

Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase describ'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the Rural State bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content:
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the Rural State these joys has lost:
Even swains no more that innocence can boast:
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now happiness forswakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat,
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race.
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast.
She uninvited came a welcome guest;
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and base unrighteous deed;
Then doleful beauty lost the power to move;
The ruin of love stain'd the gold of love:
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial heart first blush'd with stranger's blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise:
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms:
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it over the plains,
And happiness forlakes the guilty swains.

Oh Happiness! from human race retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy fire Content, thou lovest to dwell.
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursuit the voice of them that call
To noisy revel and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasure'd gold?
To the COUNTESS of EGLINTOUN.

Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov’d pow’r,
Still muting silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war’s alarms,
In Stairs’s wisdom, or in Erskine’s charms.

In vain our flatt’ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the search’r’s toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell:
Nor need mankind despair those joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, ily pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another’s fate;
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene enjoys the heav’nlly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed;
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed:
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin’d,
Thou shn’st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour’s name.

How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame?
Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,
And backward Merit loses all its fears:
Supremely blest by heaven, heaven’s richest grace,
Confest is thine an early blooming race;
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm:
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possesst,
And sighing youth's imploring to be blest:
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine?
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintoun's of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains:
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years:
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old:
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,
'Tt enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H.
TO JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.
Secretary of the Admiralty,

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The nipping frosts, and driving fha',
Are o'er the hills and far away;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla',
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, and bra',
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the langart lay,
Wi' a' thy spred,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him who has sae courteously,
To weaker fight,
Set these * rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine,
Sma' need he has of fangs like mine
To beat his name;
For frae the north to southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

* To weaker fight, set these, &c.) Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly.
TO JOSIAH BURCHET.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrant's pride,
Wha vainly strave upon the tide
  'T' invade these lands
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
  Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen†,
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
  Upon the waves,
How free born Britons fought like men,
  Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This country sang my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
  But ah! I fear,
In giving praifes that are due,
  I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle skair
  Of a' that's good,
'Till unto langest life and mair
  You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings four,
And may the muses, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'rs;
  I'm but a callan:
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted Allan.

† Frae his pen.) His valuable naval history.
THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.
Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
Roger, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.
Symon, two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
Bauldy, a hynd engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

Peggy, thought to be Claud's niece.
Jenny, Claud's only daughter.
Mauise, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.
Elspa, Symon's wife.
Madge, Claud'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 by day light next morning.
THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigie field,
Where crystal springs the wholesome waters yield,
Two youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks a bony morn of May.
Poor Roger groans, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

Patie and Roger.

SANG 1.—The wawking of the faulds.

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 wi' I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
  Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
  To a' the lave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
  At wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
  Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
  It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight
  As wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy sings fae saftly,
  When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is conselt,
By a' the rest that she sings beft.
My Peggy sings fae saftly,
  And in her fangs are tald,
Wi' innocence the wale of fense,
  At wawking of the fauld.

This funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
  And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartlome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants;
How halesome is't to snuff the cauler air,
  And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-leafon'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 grie for lambkins blood: But I, oppressed wi' never ending grief, Maun ay despair of lighting on relief. (love, Patie. The bees shall loath the row'r, and quit the The laughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive, Ere scornfu' 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 a whale sae flat's flat ladly out of tune. You ha'e flat a voice, and flat a tongue, You are the darling baith of auld and young. If I but settle at a fang, or speak, They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens 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 wiel 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 ben. Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart, And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part: If that be true, what signifies your gear? A mind that's scrammit never wants some care. Roger. My byar 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 wat'ers perish'd in the snaw.
Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as
Lefs ye wad los, and le's ye wad repine. (mine, He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fathes fouk to keep.
Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'ft thole the pangs of mony a los:
O may'ft thou doat on some fair naughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.
Patie. Sax good fat' lambs, I fald them ilka clute
At the Weft Port, and bought a whinsome flute,
Of plumb-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, 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 ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yourself.
Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon afquint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place the 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 frae a shelly-coated cow,
She Bauldy looses, Baldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

*Patie.* But Bauldy looses not her, right wi' I wat,
He fighs for Neps;—fae 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,
Even while he fawn'd, the strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.

When I begin to tune my flock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldriife icorn,
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
*O'er Bog e* was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif the could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.

Flocks, wander where ye like, I danna care,
I'll brak my reed and never whistle mair.

*Patie.* E'en do fae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a throwin-gabbit chuck,
Yonder's a craig; since ye ha' taint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

*Roger.* I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

*Patie.* Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as wiel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Laft morning I was gayan early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, growring 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 e'er she wist;

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snow.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet 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 buftine waistcoat clean,
As she came skipping o'er the dewy green:
Elythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're so loon after?

But I can guels, ye're gawn to gather dew;
She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
Then fare ye wi' viel, Meg-Dorts, 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 thievles errand back:
Misca'd me first—then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three wass ews stray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then wi' great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a forth
Of sweetest kifles frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very faul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, fair sheulet wi' me 'tween ilka finack,
But viel I kend she meant na as the spak.

Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never falt your thumb.
Seem to forfake 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 them despife who're soon defeat,
And wi' a simple face gi'e way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push baulk'dly 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 the'e agree, and she persist
To answer all 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'r ay sae 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 make ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it fine);
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the fets, the borders blue:
Wi' spraings like gowd and filler, cross'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Wiel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.
**THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.**

**Patie.** Wiel, ha’d ye there—and since ye’ve frankly
To me a present of your bra’ new plaid, (made
My flute’s be yours, and the too that’s fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ve’il tak my advice.

**Roger.** As ye advise, I’ll promize to ob’erv’t;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv’t;
Now rak it out and gie’s a bonny spring;
For I’m in tift to hear you play and fing.

**Patie.** But first we’ll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a’ our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheefe,
Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the dentiest gabs, were they fae wife
To season meet wi’ health, instead of spice.
When we ha’e tane the grace drink at this well,
I’ll whittle syne, and fing t’ ye like myfell. (Exeunt.

**SCENE II.**

*A flowrie howm between twa verdant bras,*
*Whare 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 this green,**
*This shinning day will bleach our linen clean;*
*The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,*
*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 makes a sifgan din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,
There wash our tells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae 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 fae? that jeering fallow Pate,
Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far'frae ony road, and out o' fight;
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 wiel as I,
That Roger loo's 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 sheespish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet-lug;
Whilk penfylie he wears a-thought a-jeel,
And spreads his garters die'd beneath his knee.
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For' th' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There's a bonny day.
Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant flighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
What like's a dortion maiden, when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckles whom 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 leavings at the last.

SANG III.—Tune, Polwart on the Green.

The dortion will repent,
   If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
   Soon as her face looks auld:
The dawted bairn thus taks 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 refus'd.

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit 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 himself,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guesf the cause:
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'fe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that flav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themfells for me.

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

*Jenny.* Heh, lafs! how can ye loo that rattle skul?
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

*Peggy.* I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk lang'llome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call 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 meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-flake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be duni, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlichoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.—*Tune, O dear mither, what shall I do?*

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;*
Better far to do as I do,  
Left a harder luck beside you.  
Laughes, when their fancy's carry'd,  
Think of nought but to be marry'd;  
Running to a life destroys  
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. Sic coarse spun thoughts as thae want pith to move  
My settl'd 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 skaith.  
There's nae of a' the herbs 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 thistle like music thro' my heart;  
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,  
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave.  
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,  
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill;  
He is—but what need I say that or this.  
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!  
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,  
The refl seem coots compar'd wi' my dear Pate.  
His better sense will lang his love secure;  
Ill nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.—Tune, How can I be sad on my  
wedding-day?

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,  
That has better sense than ony of thae  
Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools.  
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives fools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lighties 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.

_Fenny._ Hey _Bonny Lads of Branksome_, or't be lang,
Your witty _Pate_ will put you in a fang.
O' tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' falteous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' brue,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
The _Devil gaes o'er Jock Webster_, hame grows hell,
When _Pate milca's ye war than tongue can tell._

_Peggy._ Yes it's a heartesome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm fae happy, I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow, _Jenny_! can there greater pleasure be
Than fee fic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them when love makes care delight?

_Fenny._ But poortith, _Peggy_, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
But little love or cauty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
The thick blawn wreaths of snow, or bashy thows,
May snoor your wathers, and may rot your ews;
A dyvour 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 maunna want; he poins your gear:
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wife, and lead a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that filly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let souk bode wiel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd; let heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say
That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maift thrifty man could never get
A wiel flor'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 healsome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be said to pay the laird his due:
Syne a' behind's our ain—thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth we thro' the world will steer;
And when my fate in bairns and gear grows rise,
He'll bleff the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kifles hardly worth a seg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind:
They'll reason caumly, and with kindnecfs fmile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whenfo'er they flight their maiks at hame,
Tis ten to ane the wives are maift to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart:
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A breezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
As soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-abag I'll fpread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford:
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

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

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The lofs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak fure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy,
See you twa elms that grow up fide by fide,
Suppose them fome years fyne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've pref,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully bleft:
This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
That in return defends it frae the waft.
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sic as stand single (a staine fae lik'd by you!)  
Beneath lik storm frae every airth maun bow.  
  "Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield  
Your better senfe has fairly won the field,  
With the affistance of a little fae  
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.—Tune, Nancy'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,  
Frai 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 heartstrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair  
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:  
Haide, let him out, we'll tent as wiel's we can,  
Gif 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 freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt  
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:  
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;  
For this seems true, nae lafs can be unkind.

(Exeunt.)
ACT II.

SCENE I.

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

Glaud and Symon

Glaud.

GOOD-morrow, neighbour Symon—come, sit down,  
And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in  
They tell me ye was in the other day, (town,  
And said your Crummock, and her baffen'd quey.  
I'll warrant ye've cost a pund of cut and dry;  
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try. (boy  
Symon. Wi' a' my heart—and tent me now, auld,  
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.  
cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,  
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,  
Will gar our vile oppressors tend like flies,  
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes. (stand  
Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiefs ne'er  
To cheek and spread the grossest lies aft-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 have seen  
lab, 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' wiel he bravely chose
To stand his Liege's friend wi' great Montrose:
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right flee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles; and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed!—but din
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'. (flav
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

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

SANG VII.—Tune, Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

Cauld be the rebels caft,
   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. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thrieving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's claiths.
Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noodles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak a feat—
How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa—How does Kate?—
How fells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?"
And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

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:
Elfe like the pack-horse that's unfother'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
This virtue by hardship is smother'd
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaffes clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blysfsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'un rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day:
We'll fend for Elspa too—and upo' fight,
I'll whittle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my fled, and fend to the niest 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 bauk my friend his blyth desig,
Gif that it hadna firft of a' been mine:
For e'er-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I flew twa wathers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my Ellpa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reesting in the nook:
I saw myself, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat, that feeds the whey, put on,
A mutton book to boil—and ane we'll roast;
And on the haggies Ellpa spares nae coalt:
Sma' are they thorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gufty ingans wi' a curr o' spice:
Fat are the puddings—heads and feet viel fung:
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
Ye maunna then refuse to join the reft,
Since ye're my neareft friend that I like best:
Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,
When'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

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

_Enter Madge._

_Madge._ The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, wel-
come here—
What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body fit to spin.

_Glaud._ Spin! sauff!—Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,
And let the meikleft peat stack in a low;
Syne dance about the banefire 'till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tall you o't.

Glaud. What's that to you?—Cae get my Sunday's
Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, (coat; My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in halte,
And mak ye'r fells 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 wad hae't. (Exeunt.

SCENE II.

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

Bauldy his lane.

WHAT'S this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than
To beae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell! (hell,
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that trisk out o'er the knows;
Straughter than aught that in the forest grows.
Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines;
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 looes her,—waes me! and she looes Pate;
And I wi' Nep^, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths 'till he's afore the priest.
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:
'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchraft art,
To break wi' ane and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice:
She can o'er-ca'f the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the de'il's 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:
Runs withershins about the hemlock low,
And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
'Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black' taid's and snakes:
Of this unsomly pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
Wi' flaw and racking pains afore a fire;
Stuck fu' o' prin's, the devilish pictures melt;
The pain by fouk they represent is felt.
And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fu' wiel,
When ane like me comes running to the de'il:
She and her cat fit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith amaist I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
They gallop fast that de'il's and laffes drive. (Exit.
SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,
Where water peppin springs:
There sits a wife wi' wrink'ld front,
And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX.—Tune, Carle, an' 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 haukeys 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.

Bau. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and feir at threescore ten.

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

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

Bau. 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?

Bau. Ay, but you're wife, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.
**Mause.** Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possessed, 
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

**Bau.** The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and 
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell. (fell,

**Mause.** What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear; 
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

**Bau.** Wiel, sene ye bid me, I shall tell ye a' 
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw:
When laft the wind made Glaud a rooflefs barn; 
When laft the burn bore down my mither's yarn; 
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame; 
When Tibby kinn'd and there nae butter came; 
When Beffy Frettock's chuffy-cheeked wean 
To a fairy turn'd, and coudna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw, 
And tint him'fell amanit amang the fnaw;
When Mungo's mare flood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the Howdy under night;
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green;
And Sara tint a snoord was nae mair feen;
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out;
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And fae they may that mean to do ye skaih;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
But when I neifst mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' pease.

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

**Bau.** Then, I like Peggy—Neps is fond of me— 
Peggy likes Pate—and Patie's bauld and flee, 
And loves 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.

*Maufe.* 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 peafe and groats, tak ye nae care.

*Bau.* Wiel, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne, rain, and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the night fae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Synmie's at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jeft;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

*Maufe.* 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's pass
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle caid.

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

(Exit Bauldy)

Maufe her lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, A wrinkled witch.
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear; (here;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
Nane kens but me; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

(Exit.
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SCENE IV.

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

Patie and Peggy.

Peggy.

PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.
Patie, I'm laith to part fae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's away wi' Jenny gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How faft the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds.
Peggy. The scented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.
Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's fae 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 flowers that bulk 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 fleece,
And lambs thou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay;—ye joker, let me gang;
Anither lafs may gar ye change your fang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn fits smilling on her lap:
The fun shall change, the moon to change shall ceafe,
The gaits to climp—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall fkaith our love, I fwear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith—But mony lads will fwear,
And be man'sworn to twa in half a year;
Now I believe ye like me wonder wief;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd treal,
Your Meg, forfaken, bootlefs might relate,
How she was daunted anes by faithlefs Pate.

Patie. I'm fure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year:
I mind it wief, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lifp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tanfy know or rashy strand;
Thou smilling by my side—I took delight
To pou the rashies green, wi' roots fae white,
Of which, as wief 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
And I to milk the ews firft try'd my skill,  (hill),
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met wi' thee.

_Patie._ When corns grew yellow, and the heather—
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells, — (bells
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubl'd me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee. — (stane.

_Peggy._ When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
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 Cowdenknows,
And Rosie lits the _Milking of the ewes;
There's nane, like Nanny, _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 lassies 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 fey'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 rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

**Peggy.**

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stone,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For none can put, wrestle, or run twief as thee.

**Patie.**

Our Jenny sings faftly the Cowden-broom knows,
And Rosie lilts sweetly the Milking the ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing;
At Thro' the wood, laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skil,
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 easly can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
Gi' me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make my fell better and sweeter for thee.

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

Peggy. Agreed;—but hearken, yon's auld aunty's
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay. (cry,
Patie. And let them ferly—Now a kindly kifs,
Or five-scor good anes wadna be amifs;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up laft owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire—
Patie.--------------------------Wiel, I agree.

SANG XI.—To its air tune.

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

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

Patie.
But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetnees they may tyne, and fae 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 pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
ACT III.

SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading line,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time;
An eluvand 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 suffer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, ones delightfu' groves.

Sir William, foleus.

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguife,
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 bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap’ltry 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 flow’rs hung nodding on their stalks;
But overgrow’n with nettles, docks, and brier,
No Jaccacinths or Eglantines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect’rine branches found a bield,
And bask’d in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful to 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 times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges carelesl’s 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 weathercocks.
Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
When truth and love with joy agree,
   Unfully'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 gaylie dance and sing.

(Exit Sir William.)
'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,  
And visy't round and round;  
There's nought superstitious to give pain,  
Or costly to be found.  
Yet all is clean; a clear peat ingle  
Glances amidst the floor:  
The green horn spoons, beach luggies mingle  
On skelfs foregainst 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 take their rest.  

Symon, Glaud, and Elspa.  

Glaud.  

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

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

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mislaiden,  
He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en,  
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,  
As ye wiel ken; a bonnier needna be,  
Nor better—be't she were nac kin to me.
Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne’er will be a
My l’atie’s wild, and will be ill to catch; (match,
And or he were, for reasons I’ll no tell,
I’d rather be mix’t wi’ the moors myself.

Glaud. What reasons can ye ha’e? There’s nae,
I’m sure,
Unless ye may caft up that she’s but poor;
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I’ll be to her as my ain Jenny kind;
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain binn,
Five ky that at ae milking fill 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 spaining time, as lang’s I live,
And twa quey cawfs I’ll yearly to them give.

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

Symon. Or this day eight-days likely ye shall learn,
That our denial disna slignt his bairn. (bend,
Glaud. We’ll nae mair o’it;—come, gi’es the other
We’ll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

(Their healths gae round.

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud? By some ’tis
Your niece is but a funolding, that was laid (laid,
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row’d up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattern Madge, my titty, tells sic
Whene’er our Meg her cankart humour gaws. (flaws,

Enter Jenny.

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

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

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 laws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with
them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle, here tak a seat.
Sir W. I give thee thanks, good man, I' fe no be
blate. (ye the day?

Glaud. (drinks.) Come, t'ye, friend—How far came
Sir W. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way;
Roused wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maift that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.  (bairn
Sir W. That's kind unsought.—Wiel, gin ye ha' a
That ye like wiel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. (pointing to Patie.) Only that lad—alake! I
have nae mae,
Either to mak me joyful now or wae.

Sir W. Young man, let's see your hand, what gars
ye smeer?

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

Elspa. Beteech-us-to! and wie I wat that's true; Awa, awa, the deil's o'er girt wi' you;

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark;
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir W. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd But a short while, he'll be a bra' 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 bent,
As 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,
Aftymes as broken a ship has come to land.

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

Elspa. Preferves!—the man's a warlock, or poftest Wi' some nae good, or second-fight at least: Where is he now?——

Glaud.———He's seeeing a' that's done In alka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-fighted fouks, 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 himself)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whist, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better—Elspie, haste ye, gae
And fill up a tass of usquebae.

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 rares,
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 wiel believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

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

Sir W. Howe'er I get them, never faith 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 wimpelled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noife o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae firn' 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 W. 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 fonsy laffes, young and fair,
Plump, ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might bring joy to me.

Sir W. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae reft a while content. (near)

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butsome
And of your belt gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir W. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening 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 anfwer your desire—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;—
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
   Young Roger drops 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 sae scornfu' set.
   Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
   Am I oblig'd to guefs what ye're to seek?
   Roger. Yes, ye may guefs right eith for what I grein,
   Baith by my fervice, sighs, and langing een:
   And I maun out wi', tho' I risk your scorn,
   Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith even and morn.
   Ah! cou'd I loo'e ye lefs, 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,
GENTLE SHEPHERD

Lattie
Sir, with paternal love survey her charms
And blame me not for rushing to her arms
Act 3.  Sc. 3
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

*Jenny.* I loo my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day nae man my heart 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 sweetnefs soon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kids 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 ginning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the fleety 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 wimp'ling 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 wou'd love main-
The fewest words my eal'ry heart could gain: (tain,
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
And ever had a warmnels 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 kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the fun and stars away,
And ferly at the quick return of day.
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brise thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII.—Tune, Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

Were I affur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The eal'ry 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 it strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then sae kind?—
O let me brise thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delyrfu' thought, we'll never part!
Come, press thy lips to mine.

Jenny. Wi' equal joy my faither heart does yield,
To own thy wiel-try'd love has won the field.
Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come
Or may the first ane 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—nieft to my parent gae,
Get his consent—he'll hardly say ye nae;
Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him wiel,
Auld fouk like them that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.—Tune, O'er Bogie.

Wiel, I agree, you're sure of me,
Next to my father gae;
Make him content to gie consent,
He'll hardly sae 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 faid 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 faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas fell,
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 gie 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 laft.

Jenny. I'll do my best; but see wha comes this way
Patie and Meg—besides, I maunna stay;
Let's fleal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the laugh-tree shades the menin
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryst and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our loves; there's nought fae sweet.
SCENE IV.

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 leal,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir William and Symon.

Sir William.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?
Symon. To ane wha loth it lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the Head up when rebelliousFail
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 breath
To see him healthy, straunc, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants fight!
To bliss his Son, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir W. Rife, 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'ft securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

_Symon._ The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock—ne'er my ain judgment sand
Out reasons plenty—since, without estate, (blate:
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks baugh and
_Sir W._ And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their faults 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 stieght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrumpt of manners as of tense 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 fae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

_Sir W._ Such useless branches of a common-wealth,
Shou'd be lop'd off to gi'e a state mair health:
Unworthy bare 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 langest simmer day
Wad be o'er short—cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can fae wiel behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Pattick's made judge, to tell wha'se caufe is best;
And his decree 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 W. 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 gi'e him at the school enough of lair;
And he delights in book—He reads and speaks,
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

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

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
port,
He buys some books of history, songs, or sport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchtfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben
He aften speaks and ca's them beef 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. (ear,

Sir W. He anfwer'd wiel; and much ye glad my
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear;
Reading such books can raife a peafant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.
Symon. What ken we better, that fae flindle look, 
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book? 
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell, 
'Till a' the rest sleep round as wiel's ourself.

Sir W. 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 youthfu' heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warit, but kend the sma'eft 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 yourfelf your fon will soon appear; 
A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms, 
May bliss the fairest best-born lady's arms.

Sir W. This night must end his unambitious fire, 
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire. 
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me; 
None but yourfelf 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 dres, 
Now ye the secret may to all confefs.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee, 
There's nane can know that is not downright me. 

(Exit Symon)

Sir William, solus.

Whene'er th' event of hope's success appears, 
One happy hour cancels the toil of years:
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evaporish 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.

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.
A C T IV.

S C E N E  I.

The scene describ’d in former page,
Glaud’s onset—Enter Maufe and Madge.

Maufe.

Our laird come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!

That’s news indeed!—

Madge. ——As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a’ in Symon’s yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi’ a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven sna’,
Amang us came, cry’d, Had ye merry a’.

We ferly’d meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poucht 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 pawkylie pretended he cou’d spa’;
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

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

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee 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 coat, and fyne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for—happy lad was he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald 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 fae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Oor Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mausë. It may be fae, wha kens, and may be no:
To lift a love that’s rooted is great pain;
Ev’n kings hae 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.

Mausë. Gif Pate forfakes 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 teil?
Gif I were Meg, I’d let young matter lee—

Mausë. 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 wianna tell.
Ye fall be the lad, I’ll be the lass mysell;
Ye’re a bonny lad and I’m a lassie free;
Ye’re welcomeer to tak me than to let me be.
I trow fae.—Lassies will come to at last.
Tho’ for a while they maun their haa’-ba’s caft.

Mausë. Wiel, Bauldy, how gais a’?
Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's th'unlucky ane, if we may ask

Bau. To find out that is nae difficult task:

Poor bonny Peggy, wha munn think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be;
While Meg's in dumps put in a word for me:
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Lefs wilfu' and ay constant in my love,

Madge. As Nep's 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 lads will trow a mansworn herd:
The cnrse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic finfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece fae gray a gate;
Nor will she be advis'd fu' wiel I wat.

Bau. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:
Ye lied auld roudes,—and in faith had best
Eat in your words, ells I shall gar you stand.
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band. (brock:

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

Bau. I tak ye witness, Maufe, 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—
Maufe endeavours to redd them.)
Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy, leen;
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
'Tis fae daft like—

(Bauldy get's out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.

Madge. —'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him wiel, wi' vile unscrapit 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's bairns ha'e seen.

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

Bau. My lugs, my nose, and noodle find the fame.

Madge. Auld roundes! filthly fallow, I shall auld ye.

Maufe. 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.

Bau. In troth now, Maufe, I ha'e at Madge nae
For she abusing first was a' the wyte (spite;
Of what has happen'd, and shou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have. (greet,

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows face, gae
And own your fuit to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as wiel as sware.
Vow and lorp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?

Swith tak him de'il, he's o'er lang out of hell.
Bau. (running off.) His presence be about us!—Curt!
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

Exit Bauldy.

Madge (laughing.) I think I have towzled his harigals a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a ra'cal, that would mint to serve
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snoot 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.

Mause. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een 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 tryft; 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 ghast.
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
We'll flieg him fae he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.
Bauldy
His presence be about us! were it not for this, we were condemned for life to live without thee.

Act IV.
Se. 1.
Mause. Then let us gae; for see, 'tis hard on night.
The westlin clouds shine wi' red setting light.

(Exeunt.

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaidr 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 leel.
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 fouks are farer seen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn:
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again—
She smil'd—I kifs'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 confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon!—And while he prais’d 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 kind fire 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 fae 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 wer’t my case, ye’d clear it up aff hand.
Patie. Duty, and haslen reason plead his cause;
But love rebels against all bounding laws;
Still in my heart my shepherdes excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI.—Tune, Kirk wad let me 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 Among us here—or are ye gawn away To London court, or ither far aff parts, To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

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 monky 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 than 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 b'ae just enough can soundly sleep, The o'ercome only faibes fouk to keep— Good master Patrick, tak your ain 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 ewart like your's yields bra' content, When we but pick it scantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease,
What's ne content wi' these are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks and thinks na far amifs,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss:
The passions rule the roast—and if they're four,
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 with, and halesome air.

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

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

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I'fe ha'è books tho' I shou'd fell 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. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy. (Exit Roger.
Patie. (solus.) Wi' what a strugle must I now im-
My father's will to her that has my heart; (part
I ken she loves, and her fast soul 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 fae high—I now repine.
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain fee frae the coalt
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rover's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.
Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, while 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 kifs thy cares away;
I ken to love as wiel 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
But short I dare to hope the fond relief. (grief
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice airs swims round in filk attire;

E 4
Then I—poor me!—wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Patie,
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd o' sang;
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin haf breathless round the rucks of hay,
As aft times I ha' fleed frae thee right sae,
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—'t will help to gie me ease;
May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
And warft of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to one 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 funder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
Ye bauks where we were wont to wander;
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,  
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep  
Around the know with silent duty, 
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,  
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,  
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a wife to any other.

Patie. Sure heav'n approves—and be assur'd of me,  
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:  
And time, tho' time maun 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 scepters laid,  
To bribe my soul trae thee, delightfu' maid,  
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things  
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.  
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy to hear thy words fae kind.  
When hopes were funk, and nought but mirk despair  
Made me think life was little worth my care;
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will spare thy love for me;
Wi' patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms
To mak' 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 fav'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 wiel 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 a' times to like the thing we hate,
And drap senenity to keep up state;

Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we a' hae 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 amongst the bell,
Good manners gi'e integrity a breeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, and fae sna' expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna what's, fae great a risque to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does im-
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love: (prove;
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart ca't
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.
The Gentle Shepherd.

Peggy. Wi' ev'ry seting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return,
Under that tree, and on the fuckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
And to the hiffle-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witnies I am your's.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XIX.—Tune, Bush abden 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 birken buseh,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whist! round thou didn't enfald me.

To a' our hauntis I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the simmer day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon 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 thinning ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs, and wear about my arm.
Peggy. Wer't in my pow'r wi' better boons to
I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease; (plea';
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot lefs generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime,
Love's fafter meaning better is exprest,
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprcst. (Exeunt.

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A C T V.

SCENE 1.

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

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 glower, and look fae wan?
Your teeth they cither, 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 myself again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

(Symon gives him a drink.)
Symon. What ails thee, gowk! to make 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 W. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?  
Symon, you're very timeously after.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's spirit oppress'd,  
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghast.

Bauldy. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,  
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir W. (smiling). I lang to hear't——

Bauldy. ——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,  
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,  
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,  
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:  
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night,  
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!  
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,  
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)  
Rais'd up a ghast 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 nae hope,  
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;  
Syne I, haf dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

*Sir W.* Wiel, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted
Let Maufe 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 ere she get leave to squeal,
And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il.  
*Exit.*

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

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

*Sir W.* Such as the devil's dancing in a mair,
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who were rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft times like bawty, badrans, or a fow;
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs ride,
Or in an 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 cupboards, chairs, and fools.
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 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich; (witch,
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a tigacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life.
That gars me think this hoblefeaw that's past
Will end in naething but a joke at laft.

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

SANG XX.—Bonny grey-eye'd morn.

The bonny grey-eye'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without 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 los
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
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.

(Exeunt.)
SCENE II.

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.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye dinna use so 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 flight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he ga' us mony a tug,
And kifs'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 forfake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.  

Peggy. A rake, what's that?—sure if it means ough:
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tist 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 think's nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name;
Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they hae had the clap;
They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith 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 fawn; they're fae puff up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That shaws the gate to heav'n;—I've heard mysel',
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.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate (gate,
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy,'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's hause, the knight fits 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
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een! (seen!
This day her bran'kan wooer taks his hore,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh crofs;
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice fword 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 ruffle amang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will lend in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born. (scorn;
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 wi' delay;
Pin up your aprons baith, and come away.

SCENE III.
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 it's tell'd him that the twiz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

Sir Will.

AND was that all?—Wiel, Archbald, you 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 fault 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 e'en doilt to seek the de'il;
Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and revengefu' ——
And that my some place finds;—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch, whose rosy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

_Sir W._ (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 should had my peace.

_Sir W._ This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean!
She is, and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

_Glaud._ Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year——

_Mause._ You may reveal what I can fully clear.

_Sir W._ 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 forfake?
Wha, warse that brutes, cou’d leave expos’d to air
Sae much of innocence, fae 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 has pass’d sincefyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine;
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she’s wiel worth the care that I ha’e tane.
Ye see she’s bonny; I can swear she’s good,
And am right sure she’s come of gentle blood;
Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir W. This tale seems strange!—
Patie.—The tale delights my ear! (appear.
Sir W. Command your joys, young man, till truth
Mause. That be my task—Now, Sir, bid a’ be hush,
Peggy may smile—Thou baft 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 faw’r at first, and wi’ quick eye did trace
His sister’s beauty in her daughter’s face.
Sir W. Old woman, do not rave—prove what you
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play. (fay ;
Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reason want.
Omnès. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.
Sir W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
doubt.
(Mause goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.
Mause. Sir, view me weil; has fifteen years so plew'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Wha nurs'd her mother that now had's my hand;  
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e if you demand.
Sir W. Ha, honest nurse! where were my eyes be-
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more; (fore?
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?
(Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her fit by him.
Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words 'till Mause relate her tale.
Patie. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's haf fae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words of thine.
Mause. Then it was I that fav'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 poss'd
All this to me a confident confes.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
'They'd smoor the faekeless orphan in her bed.
That very night, when a' 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 bid 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,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here, honest Glaud himself, and Symon may
Remember wiel how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.
(Glaud with tears of joy running down his beard)
I wieli remember't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wish't for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge some time 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 rushin' 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 IV. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair, (care,
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 W. (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 haf dizzy wi' the blest surprize.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William blifs these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to give:
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

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

Sir W. The base unnatural villian 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 wi' my Pate:
For his fake only I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness opens up this day;
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away:
Shall I unfaddle 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 bewich'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's sawz, and pauky Maufe's plec.
Sir W. Kindly old man; remain with you this day! I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me. (year?)

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

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What the shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' every Madge I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid; (gree'd,
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
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak, (steek
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elle ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' you rant,
And brag for ay that I was call'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 to me?

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

Sir W. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker’s praise.

Omnes: The Lord of heav’n 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 spak 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.

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

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can
we say,
But that we’re dyvours that can ne’er repay?
Whate’er your Honour will’s, 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 amang the dead.

Roger. I ne’er was good at speaking a’ my days,
Or ever loo’d to mak o’er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a’ my life.
Sir W. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'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.
Oft when we stand on brink's of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, wha fings best let me hear.

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

SANG XXI.—Corn riggs are bonny.

My Pattie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is tweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his waiking;
The shining of his een surprife;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

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 kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what mai't they're wanting!
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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 touzle air or late,
While corn riggs are bonny.

(Exeunt omnes.)

THE END.
SUNG BY BOTH.

SANG XII.

SANG XIII.
SANG XVII.

SANG XVIII.