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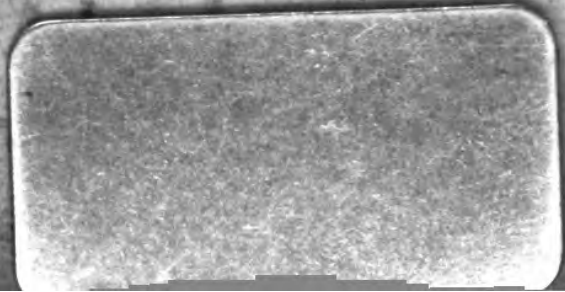
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T H E

iii.

Ever Green,  
BEING A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

---

*Published by* ALLAN RAMSAY.

---

*Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,  
Above the Reach of sacrilegious Hands,  
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer Rage,  
Destructive War and all devouring Age.*

POPE.

---



EDINBURGH,

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for the Publisher, at his Shop near the Cross. M. DCC. XXIV.

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TO HIS GRACE

**J A M E S**

Duke of HAMILTON, &c.

**Captain General,**

And the rest of the Honourable  
MEMBERS of the

*Royal* COMPANY of ARCHERS,

*My* LORDS *and* GENTLEMEN,

**W**HEN the more eminent Con-  
cerns of Life, or the agree-  
able Diversion of the BOW, do

iv. *DEDICATION.*

not employ your leasure Time, the following *OLD BARDS* present you with an Intertainment that can never be disagreeable to any *SCOTS* Man, who despises the Fopery of admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a Lover of his Country. Such the *Royal Company of ARCHERS* are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

*THE* Spirit of Freedom that shines throw both the serious and comick Performances of our old Poets, appears of a Piece with that Love of Liberty that our antient Heroes contended for, and maintained Sword in Hand. From you then, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, who take Pleasure to represent our brave Ancestors, these *POETS* claim Regard and Patronage; they now  
make

## DEDICATION V.

make a Demand for that immortal Fame that tuned their Souls some Hundred Years ago, which is in your Power, by countenancing to bestow. They do not address you with an indigent Face, and a Thousand pityful Apologies, to bribe the good Will of the Criticks. No! 'tis long since they were superiour to the Spleen of these four Gentlemen.

EVERY one who has Generosity, and is not byassed with a mistaken Prejudice, will allow, that good Sense, sharp Satyre, and witty Mirth, may be express'd with a true Spirit, altho' in antiquated Words and Phrases: When one bestows but a very small Pains to enter into the Authors Manner, then 'tis not to be doubted but the ROYAL COMPANY will receive and approve of these valuable Remains,  
and



vi. **D E D I C A T I O N.**

and have a due Regard to the Memory of these meritorious Authors, and accept this Dedication from,

*My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,*

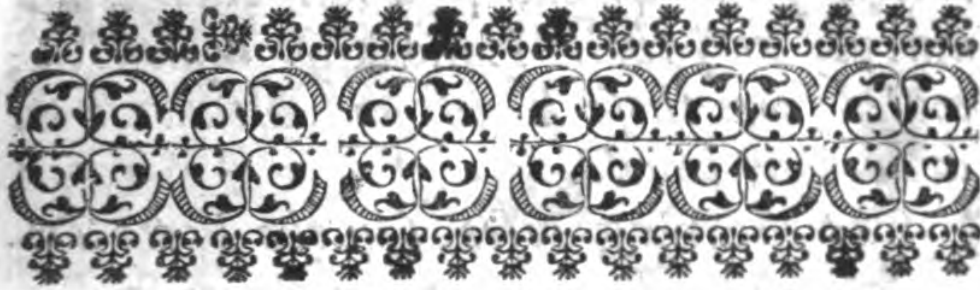
*Their faithful Publisher,*

*And your most humble*

*And devoted Servant,*

**ALLAN RAMSAY.**

Edin. Octob.  
15. 1724.



## P R E F A C E.

**I** Have observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings, as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural Strength of Thought and Simplicity of Stile our Forefathers practised: To such, I hope, the following Collection of Poems will not be displeasing:

When these good old Bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their Poetry is the Product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation

viii. P R E F A C E.

*tation from abroad: Their Images are native, and their Landskips domestick; copied from those Fields and Meadows we every Day behold.*

*The Morning rises (in the Poets Description) as she does in the Scottish Horizon. We are not carried to Greece or Italy for a Shade, a Stream or a Breeze. The Groves rise in our own Valleys; the Rivers flow from our own Fountains, and the Winds blow upon our own Hills. I find not Fault with those Things, as they are in Greece or Italy: But with a Northern Poet for fetching his Materials from these Places, in a Poem, of which his own Country is the Scene; as our Hymners to the Spring and Makers of Pastorals frequently do.*

*This Miscellany will likewise recommend itself, by the Diversity of Subjects and Humour it contains. The grave Description and the wanton Story, the moral Saying, and the mirthful Jest, will illustrate and alternately relieve each other.*

*The Reader whose Temper is spleen'd with the Vices and Follies now in Fashi-*

P R E F A C E. ix.

*on, may gratifie his Humour with the Satyres he will here find upon the Follies and Vices that were uppermost two or three Hundred Years ago. The Man, whose Inclinations are turned to Mirth, will be pleased to know how the good Fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the Lover may divert himself with the old fashioned Sonnet of an amorous Poet in Q. Margaret and Q. Mary's Days. In a Word, the following Collection will be such another Prospect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.*

*I hope also the Reader, when he dips into these Poems, will not be displeas'd with this Reflection, That he is stepping back into the Times that are past, and that exist no more. Thus the Manners and Customs then in Vogue, as he will find them here described, will have all the Air and Charm of Novelty; and that seldom fails of exciting Attention and pleasing the Mind. Besides, the*

x.      P R E F A C E.

Numbers, *in which these Images are conveyed, as they are not now commonly practised, will appear new and amusing.*

*The different Stanza and varied Cadence will likewise much sooth and engage the Ear, which in Poetry especially must be always flattered. However, I do not expect that these Poems should please every Body, nay the critical Reader must needs find several Faults; for I own that there will be found in these Volumes two or three Pieces, whose Antiquity is their greatest Value; yet still I am perswaded there are many more that shall merit Approbation and Applause than Censure and Blame. The best Works are but a Kind of Miscellany, and the cleanest Corn is not without some Chaff, no not after often Winnowing: Besides, Dispraise is the easiest Part of Learning, and but at best the Offspring of uncharitable Wit. Every Clown can see that the Furrow is crooked, but where is the Man that will plow me one straight*

*There is nothing can be heard more sily than one's expressing his Ignorance of*

hi

P R E F A C E. xi.

*his native Language ; yet such there are, who can vaunt of acquiring a tolerable Perfection in the French or Italian Tongues, if they have been a Fortnight in Paris or a Month in Rome : But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a Scots Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly condemn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious : Every one that is born never so little superior to the Vulgar, would fain distinguish themselves from them by some Manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better Method. But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous ; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally Masters of the most useful and politest Languages, can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and read their own.*

*It was intended that an Account of the Authors of the following Collection should be given ; but not being furnished with such distinct Information as could be wished for that End at present, the Design is delayed, until the publishing of a Third or Fourth*  
*suc-*

*succeeding Volume, wherein the Curious shall be satisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their Lives and Characters, and the Time wherein they flourished. The Names of the Authors, as we find them in our Copies, are marked before or after their Poems.*

*I cannot finish this Preface, without grateful Acknowledgements to the Honourable Mr. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL of Skirling, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who, with an easy Beneficence that is inseparable from a superior Mind, assisted me in this Undertaking with a valuable Number of Poems, in a large Manuscript-Book in Folio, collected and wrote by Mr. George Bannytine in Anno 1568 ; from which MS. the most of the following are gathered : And if they prove acceptable to the World, they may have the Pleasure of expecting a great many more, and shall very soon be gratified.*

C H R Y S T S -



# CHRYSTS-KIRK OF THE GREENE.

I.



AS nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene  
Sic Dancing and Deray,  
Nowthir at *Falkland* on the *Greene*,  
Nor *Pebills* at the Play,

A

A

---

## N O T E S.

Because we strictly observe the old Orthography; for the more Conveniency of the Readers, we shall note some general Rules at the Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the old Spelling differs from the present, in Words that have nothing else of the Antique, or Difference from the *English*: But shall refer you to the Glossary at the End of the second Vol. for the Explanation of all of that kind in particular, and of those that are more peculiar to this Nation.

Rule 1. *Greene, Sene, Cleene, &c.* Green, Seen, Clean. The double *ee* is supplied in such Words, commonly with one *e* before, and another after the Consonant.



2 *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

As was of Wowers, as I wene,

At *Chrysts-Kirk* on a Day;

Thair came our Kitties washen clene

In new Kirtills of Gray,

Full gay,

At *Chryst-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

II.

To danfs thir Damysells them dicht,

Thir Lasses licht of Laits:

Thair Gluvis war of the Raffell richt,

Thair Shune war of the Straits;

Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,

Weil preft with mony Plaits:

They war sae nyfs when Men them nicht,

They squeilt lyke ony Gaits,

Sae loud, at, &c. that Day.

III. OF

---

*Danfs, Fensfs, Glanfs,* Dance, Fence, Glance. The *fs* us'd for the *ce* often in such Words.

*Dicht, Licht, Richt,* &c. Dight, Light, Right. The *ch* in such Words always us'd in Place of the *gh*.

*Gluvis, Lufe, Haif,* &c. Gloves, Love, Have. The *f* and *v* indifferently made use of in those and the like Words.

*Shune, Mune, Sune,* &c. Shoon (or Shoes) Moon, Soon, the double *oo*, never found in such Words. Sometimes they are spell'd, *Sone, Mone*; but in those, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the most frequent Manner.

III.

OF all thir Maidens myld as meid,  
Was nane sae jimp as *Gillie* :  
As ony Rose her Rude was reid,  
Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.  
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;  
But scho of Lufe sae filly,  
Thocht all hir Kin had sworn hir Deid,  
Scho wald haif but sweit *Willie*  
Alane, at *Chryst-Kirk, &c.* that Day.

IV.

SCHO skornit *Jok* and skrapit at him,  
And murgeont him with Mokks,  
He wald haif luvit, scho wald not lat him,  
For all his zellow Lokks.

A 2

He

---

*Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c.* Well, Dead, Head, Mead.  
The Diphthong *ei* us'd in many such Words as now require  
*e, ea* and *ee*.

*Sae, Wae, Mae, Nane, Wald, &c.* So, Wo, Moe,  
None, Would. The *a* and *ae* in Place of *o* and *oe*, ex-  
cept in those Words, *Ony, Mony*, which are the reverse

*Nyfs, Wyfs, Byt, Hyd, Myld, Lyk, &c.* Nice, Wife, Bite,  
*Hide, Mild, Like.* Our not sounding the *i* as the *English*  
do, accounts very well; for our Elders spelling all Words  
with a *y* of such a Sound.

4      *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

He chereist hir, scho bad gae chat him,  
Scho compt him not twa Clokks:  
Sae schamefully his schort Goun set him,  
His Limms wer lyk twa Rokks,  
Scho said at, &c. that Day.

V.

*THOM LUTAR* was thair Menstral meit,  
O Lord! as he coud lanfs:  
He playt fae schill, and sang fae sweet,  
Quhyle *Towsie* tuke a Trans.  
Auld *Lightfute* thair he did forleit,  
And counterfittet *Frans*;  
He us'd himself as Man discret,  
And up tuke *Moreis* Dans,  
Full loud, at, &c. that Day.

VI. THEN

---

*Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, &c.* Song, Long, Bond,  
Throng, the *a* is us'd in Place of *o*.

*Tuke, Blude, Gude, Luke, Fule, Shute, &c.* Took, Blood,  
Good, Look, Fool, Shoot.

*Quhyle, Quhat, Quo, Quyt, &c.* While, What, Who,  
Whire. The *qu* is always us'd for the German *w*, when an  
*h* immediately follows. See Mr. Ruddiman's Glossary to  
*Gavin Douglas's* Virgil.

*Auld, Bauld, &c.* Old, Bold. Here in many such Words  
the Scots spell with an in Place of the English *o*.

VI.

THEN *Steven* came *stepand* in with *Stends*,

Nae *Rynk* nicht him arreist :

*Plateflute* he bobit up with *Bends*,

For *Mald* he maid *Requeist*.

He lap till he lay on his *Lends*;

But *ryfand* was *fae preist*,

*Quhyle* that he hoistit at baith *Ends*,

For honour of the *Fest*,

And danst, at, &c. that *Day*.

A 3

VII. SYNE

---

*Stepand, Ryfand, &c.* Stepping, Rising; and is frequently the Sign of the Participle of the Present Tense; sometimes *an* and *in* instead of the modern *ing*.

*Stevin, Stepand, Stends*, as before, *Lasses licht of Laits*, and generally through all, our antient Bards endeavour to add a delicate and artful Smoothness to their Verse, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. *Dryden* and *Waller*, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Versification, seem to admire that Beauty.

*When Man on many multiply'd his Kind.* Dryd.

And, *Oh! how I long my tender Limbs to lay.* Wal.

One cannot help smiling to hear the Writer of *Mr. Waller's* Life say, That this Way of throwing off a Verse easily was first introduced by him.

6 *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

VII.

SYNE *Robene Roy* begoud to revell,  
And *Dawny* to him druggit.  
Let be, quoth *Fok*, and cawd him *Jevell*,  
And be the Tail him tuggit.  
The *Kensie* cleikit to a cavell;  
But, Lord, than how they luggit.  
Thay partit manly with a *Nevell*;  
I trow that *Hair* was ruggit  
Betwix them, at, &c. that Day.

VIII.

ANE bent a Bow, sic *Sturt* coud steir him,  
Grit *Skayth* wesd to haif skard him:  
He cheist a *Flane* as did affeir him;  
The toder said, *Dirdum, dardum*;

Throw

---

*Begoud, Beuk, Clam, Keist, &c.* Began, or did begin, did bake, did climb, did cast; our old Authors have a great many of such Preterites of Verbs, most of which continue amongst us still

*Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c.* That other, Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The *d* is frequently us'd for *th* in such Words.

*Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.* 7

Throw baith the Cheiks he thocht to cheir him,

Or throw the Erfs haif chard him.

Be ane Akerbräid it came not neir him,

I can not tell quhat mard him

Thair at, &c. that Day.

IX.

WITH that a Freynd of his cry'd fy,

And up an Arrow drew;

He forgit it sae furiously,

The Bow in Flenders flew:

Sae was the Will of God, trow I;

For had the Tree been trew,

Men said that kend his Archery,

He wald haif slain enow

At *Chryst-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

X.

ANE hafty Hensure callit *Hary*,

Quha was an Archer beynd,

Tytt up a Taikle withouten tary,

That torment sae him teynd,

8      *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

I wat not quhidder his Hand coud vary,  
Or the Man was his Freynd;  
For he eschapit throw Michts of *Mary*,  
As Man that nae Ill meind,  
But Gude, at *Chryst-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XI.

THAN *Lewry* lyk a Lyon lap,  
And sone a Flane can fedder;  
He hecht to perse him at the Pap,  
Theron to wed a Weddir.  
He hit him on the Wame a Wap,  
It buft lyk ony Bledder:  
But swa his Fortune was and Hap,  
His Doublet made of Ledder,  
Saift him, at, &c. that Day.

XII.

A zaip zung Man that stude him neist,  
Loufd aff a Schot with Yre;  
He ettlit the Bern in at the Breist,  
The Bolt flew owre the Byre.

Anc

---

*Zellow, Zaip, Zung, Zier, Zou, &c:* Yellow, Yap, Young,  
Year, You.

*Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

9

Ane cryd, Fy, he had slain a Priest,

A Myle bezond a Myre.

Then Bow and Bag frae him he keist,

And fled as ferfs as Fyre

Frae Flint, at, &c. that Day.

XIII.

W I T H Forks and Flails, thay lent grit Flaps,

And flang togidder lyk Friggs:

With Bowgars of Barns thay best blew Kapps,

Quhyle thay of Berns maid Briggs.

The Reird raise rudely with the Rapps,

Quhen Rungs war laid on Riggs:

The Wyfis came forth with Crys and Clapps,

Lo, quhair my Lyking liggs,

Quoth thay, at, &c. that Day.

XIV.

T H A Y girnit and lute gird with Grains,

Ilk Gossip uder greivt:

Sum strak with Stings, sum gaddert Stains,

Sum fled and ill mischevt.

The



10      *Chryfis-Kirk of the Grene.*

The Menstral wan within twa Wains,  
That Day full weil he preivt:  
For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains,  
Qhair Fechtairs war mischeivt,  
For evir, at, &c. that Day.

XV.

HEICH *Hutchon* with a Hissil Ryfs,  
To red can throw them rummill;  
He muddillt them down lyk ony Myfs,  
He was nae Baity bummill.  
Thocht he was wicht, he was nocht wyfs,  
With sic Jangleurs to jummill;  
For frae his Thoume they dang a Sklyfs,  
Quhyle he cry'd, *Barlafummill*,  
I am slain, at, &c. this Day.

XVI.

QUHEN that he saw his blude sae reid,  
To fle might nae Man let him,  
He weind it had been for auld feid,  
He thocht ane cry'd, Haif at him.

He

He gart his Feit defend his Heid,  
The far fairer it set him ;  
Quhyl he was past out of all pleid,  
They fould bene swift that gat him  
Throw Speid, at, &c. that Day.

XVII.

THE Town-Soutar in Grief was bowdin,  
His Wyfe hang at his Waitt;  
His Body was in Blude all browdin,  
He graint lyk ony Ghait.  
Her glitterand Hair that was sae gowden,  
Sae hard in Lufe him laist,  
That for her Saik he was not zowden,  
Seven Myle that he was chaist,  
And mair, &c. that Day.

XVIII.

THE Millar was of manly Mak,  
To meit him was nae Mows,  
There durst not Ten cum him to tak,  
Sae noytit he thair Pows.

The

12. *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

The Buschment hale about him brak,  
And bikkert him with Bows,  
Syne traytorly behind his Bak,  
They hewt him on the Hows,  
Behind, at, &c. that Day.

XIX.

TWA that war Herdmen of the Herd,  
On udder ran lyk Rams,  
Then followit Feymen, richt unaffeird,  
Bet on with Barrow trams,  
But quhait thair Gobs thay were ungeird,  
They gat upon the Gams;  
Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,  
As they had worriet Lamms,  
Maist lyk, at, &c. that Day.

XX. THE

---

*Hewt him on the Hows,* Hew'd or cut him down, by striking him behind on the *Houghs* or *Hams*.

*Cum, Sum, &c.* Come, Some. The *u* in Place of *o*.

*Lamms, Thowme, Dum, &c.* Lambs, Thumb, Dumb.  
The *b* seldom made Use of in such Words.

---

XX.

THE Wyves keist up a hideous Zell,  
Qnhen all thir Zounkers zokkit,  
Als ferfs as ony Fyre-flauchts fell;  
Freiks to the Feilds they flokit.  
The Carlis with Clubs did uder quell,  
Quhyl Blude at Breifts out bokit;  
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,  
That all the Steipill rokkit  
For reid, at *Chrysts-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XXI.

QUHEN thay had beirt lyk baitit Bulls,  
And branewod brynt in Bails,  
They wer as meik as ony Mulis,  
that mangit ar with Mails.

For

---

*Mulis, Mules.* In several Words likes this, where an *i* goes between an *l* and another Consonant, we are to pronounce short, as *Mules*, not *Mulis*.

*Mangit ar with Mails, Maim'd with Burdens.*

*Flawchtir Falls,* Turf that Country People flea for covering Houses.

*Haild the Dulis,* is a Phrase us'd at Foot-ball, or such Games, where the Party that gains the *Dule* or Goal is said to *bail* it, or win the Game.

14 *Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.*

For Faintness thae forfochtin Fulis,  
Fell down lyk flauchtir Fails:  
Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dulis,  
And dang them down in Dails,  
Bedene, at, &c. that Day.

XXII.

QUHEN all was done, *Dik* with an Aiz,  
Came furth to fell a Fudder,  
Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smaiks,  
Richt now wald slain my Brudder.  
His Wyfe bad him gae hame, *Gib Glaiks*,  
And sae did *Meg* his Mudder.  
He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;  
For he durst ding nane udder,  
For Feir, at *Chryst-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

*Finis quod* King JAMES I.

*The*

---

*Fudder*, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 1600 Pound Weight: In our old Authors it often metaphorically means a great many.





*The THISTLE and the ROSE,*  
*O'er Flowers and Herbage green,*  
*By Lady Nature chose,*  
*Brave King and lovely Queen.*

A P O E M in Honour of MARGARET,  
 Daughter to HENRY the VII. of  
 England, Queen to JAMES the IV.  
 King of SCOTS.

## I.

WHEN *Merch* with variand Winds was overpast,  
 And sweet *Apryle* had with his Silver Showers  
 Tane Leif of Nature, with an orient Blast,  
 And lusty *May*, that Mudder is of Flowrs,  
 Had maid the Birds begin be tymous Hours;  
 Among the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,  
 Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

In

---

*Lusty May*, Desireable *May*. *Lusty* through these Poems  
 is an Epithet frequently us'd in this Sense; also in our  
 Language it expresse, Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.

16      *The Thistle and the Rose.*

II.

IN Bed at Morrow, sleiping as I lay,  
Methocht *Aurora* with her Rubie Ene,  
In at my Window lukit by the Day,  
And halfit me, with Visage pale and grent,  
Upon her Hand a Lark sang frae the Splene,  
Lovers, awake out of your Slumbering,  
Se how the lusty Morning dois upspring.

III.

METHOCHT fresh *May* before my Bed upstood,  
In Weid depainted of ilk diverse Hew,  
Sober, benyng, and full of Mensuetude,  
In Bright Atyre of Flours, all forget new,  
Of heavenly Colour qthyt, reid, brown and blew,  
Balmit in Dew, and gilt with Phebus Beims,  
Quhyle all the House ilumynt with her Leims.

IV.

SLUGART, scho said, awake annon, for Schame,  
And in my Honour sumthing thou gae wryte ;  
The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,  
Lovers to rais with Comfort and delyte,  
Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt;

Quhase

---

*Lukit by the Day*, Looked in at my Window by Day or  
the Dawning. *Halfit*, Hail'd or Saluted.  
*Mensuetude*, Mildness, or good Humour.

*The Thistle and the Rose.* 17

Quhase Heart somtyme has glad and blifsfull bene,  
Sangs oft to mak under the Brenches grene.

V.

QUHER TO, quoth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,  
For in thy Month few Birds haif I hard sing,  
Thay haif mair Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow:  
Thy Air it is not holsum nor benyng,  
Lord *Eolus* dois in thy Season ring,  
Sae bousteous ar the blasts of his shill horn,  
Amang thy Bews to walk I haif forborn.

VI.

WITH that the Lady soberly did smyle,  
And said, Upryse and do thy Observance:  
Thou did promist in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,  
Then to discryve the ROSE of most Plesance.  
Go see the Birdis how they sing and dance,  
And how the Skyes iluminat ar bricht,  
Enamylt richly with new azure Licht.

B

VIII. QUHEN

---

*Do thy Observance, Perform thy Duty or Respects.* Here 'tis proper we take notice of the Cadency of such Words; many in that Age being pronounced long that now are expressed short: But our Union with *France*, and *French* Auxiliaries so often in *Scotland* at that Time, can easily account for that Manner of Pronunciation.



## VII.

QUHEN this was said, away then went the Quene,  
 And entert in a lusty Garden gent;  
 And then methocht, full haestylic besene,  
 In Sark and Mantle after her I went  
 Into this Garth most dulce and redolent,  
 Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants most sweit,  
 And grene Leivs doing of Dew doun fleit.

## VIII.

THE pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,  
 In orient bricht as Angel did appeir,  
 Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid,  
 Whose gildet Tresses schone fac wonder cleir,  
 That all the Warld tuke Comfort far and neir,  
 To luke upon his fresh and blisful Face,  
 Doing all sable frae the Heavenis chace.

## IX.

AND as the blisful Sun drave up the Sky,  
 All Nature sang throu Comfort of the Licht;  
 The Minstrells wingd with open Voyces cry,  
 O Lovers now is fled the dully Nicht,  
 Come welcome Day that comforts every Wicht.

Hail

*The Thistle and the Rose.* 19

Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* shene,  
Hail Princess Nature, hail Luves hartsome Quene.

X.

DAME Nature gave an Inhibition ther  
To *Neptune* ferfs and *Eolus* the bauld,  
Not to perturb the Water nor the Air,  
That nowther blasby Shower, nor Blasts mair cauld  
Suld Flowirs effray nor Fowles upon the Fauld.  
Scho bad eik *Juno* Goddes of the Sky,  
That scho the Heaven suld keep amene and dry.

XI.

ALS scho ordaind that every Bird and Beist  
Before her Hienels suld annone compeir,  
And every Flowir of Virtue maist and leist,  
And every Herb in fair Feild far and neir,  
As they had wont in *May* frae Yeir to Yeir:  
To hir thair Quene to mak Obediens,  
Full law inclynand with dew Reverens.

B 2

WITH

---

*Obediens* and *Reverens*, as observed before in the Words *Ob-  
ervance* and *Plesance*, must be accented long.

## XII.

WITH that annone scho sent the swift fute *Roe*.  
 To bring in alkind Beist frae Dale and Doun,  
 The restless *Swallow* ordert scho to go,  
 And fetch all Fowl of small and grit *Renown*,  
 And to gar Flowirs appeir of all *Fassoun* :  
 Fully craftely conjurit she the *Yarrow*.  
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony *Arrow*.

## XIII.

ALL brocht in were, in twynkling of an *Ec*,  
 Baith *Beist* and *Bird* and *Flowir* before the *Quene*,  
 And first the *Lyon* greatest of *Degre*  
 Was summond ther, and he, fair to be sene,  
 With a full hardy *Countenance* and *kene*,  
 Before *Dam Nature* came, and did inclyne,  
 With *Vifage* bauld, and *Courage* *Leonyne*.

## XIV. THIS

---

*Courage Leonyne*. This perhaps may be smil'd at, but there's as much Reason to laugh at the modern Phrase of *one's looking like himself*.

*The Thistle and the Rose.* 21

XIV.

THIS awful Beist was terrible of Cheir,  
Perfing of Luke, and stout of Countenance,  
Right strong of Corps, of Fasson fair, bot feir,  
Lusty of Shape, licht of Deliverance,  
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance:  
In Feild of Gold he stude full rampantly,  
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet plesantly.

XV.

THIS *Lady* listit up his Cluves fac cleir,  
And lute him listlie lein upon hir Knee,  
And crownit him with Diadem full deir,  
Of radyous Stanes maist ryall there to see,  
Saying, The King of all Beists mak I thee,  
And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws,  
Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

B 3

XVI. Ju-

---

If one were to comment and illustrate every poetical Beauty that strikes our Imaginations so agreeably, and come so frequent, he would swell the Notes too much, and rob the Reader of a Pleasure which is his own Property; wherefore such Annotations shall be declined. When Folks are ravished with any Pleasure, tho' it be obvious to every By-stander, yet they cannot help expressing what delights them many Times over, when there is not the least Occasion for Information. This was just my Case, on reading this excellent Description of the Lyon and the Scots Arms, never so happily blazoned.

## XVI.

JUSTICE exerce, with Mercy and Consciens,  
 And let nae small Beist suffir Skaith nor Skorns,  
 Of greiter Beists that bein of more Pufiance.  
 Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,  
 And lat na Bowgle with his bousteous Horns  
 Oppress the meik Pluch-Ox, for all his Pryd,  
 But in the Yok go quietly him besyd.

## XVII.

WHEN this was said, with Noyse and Sound of Joy,  
 All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degree,  
 Attains cryd, *Laud*, and then, *Vive le Roy*;  
 Syne at his Feit fell with Humility;  
 To him they all made Homage and Feiltie;  
 And he did them resaisf with princely Laits,  
 Whose noble Yre his Greitnes mititates.

## XVIII.

SYNE crownit scho the *Eagle* King of Fowls;  
 And sharp as Darts of Steil scho made his Penns,  
 And bad him be as just to *Whawps* and *Owls*,  
 As unto *Peakoks*, *Papingos*, or *Crans*,  
 And mak ane Law for *wicht Fowls* and for *Wrens*,  
 And

*The Thistle and the Rose.* 23

And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,  
Nor Birds devore but his own proper Prey.

XIX.

THEN callt scho all the Flowirs grew in the Feild,  
Discryving all thair Fassons and Effeirs,  
Upon the awfull THISTLE she beheld,  
And saw him guarded with a Bush of Speirs,  
Considdering him sae able for the Weirs,  
A radiant Crown of Rubies scho him gaif,  
And said, In Feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

AND sen thou art a King, be thou descreit,  
Herb without Value hald not of sic Pryce,  
As Herb of Vertew and of Odour sweet,  
And let no Nettle vyle and full of Vyce  
Hir fallow with the gudly *Flour-delyce*,  
Nor let no wyld Weid, full of Churlishness,  
Compare hir to the Lillys Nobilness.

XXI.

NOR hald nane other Flowir in sic denty  
As the fresh ROSE, of Colour reid and quhyt;  
For if thou dois, hurt is thyne Honesty,

24 *The Thistle and the Rose.*

Considering that no Flowir is sae perfyte,  
Sae full of Plesans, Veruue and Delyte,  
Sae full of blisfull Angellyke Bewtie,  
Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

XXII.

THEN to the ROSE scho did her Visage turn,  
And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,  
Abofe the Lilly thou art iustrious born,  
Frae Ryal Linage ryfing fresh and yung,  
But ony Spot or Macull doing sprung:  
Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crownd,  
For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

XXIII.

A costly Crown with Stanes clarified bricht,  
This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose,  
Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht;  
Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all reiose,  
Crying attaines, Hail to the fragrant ROSE,  
Hail Empress of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs,  
To the be Glore and Honour at all Hours.

XXIV. THEN

---

*Quhois, Dois, Hir, &c. Whose, Does, Her. The e in many such Words is supplied with i.  
But ony Spot, Without Spot.*

*The Thistle and the Rose.* 25

XXIV.

THEN all the Birds thay sang with Voice on hicht,  
Whose mirthfull Sound was marvellous to heir;  
The Mavys sang, Hail ROSE most rich and richt,  
That does upflurish under *Phebus* Sphere,  
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,  
Hail, Blofome breking out of Blude Ryal,  
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

XXV.

THE Merle scho sang, Hail ROSE of most Delyt,  
Hail of all Flowres the fweit and foverain Quene:  
The Lark scho sang, Hail ROSE baith reid and quhyt,  
Most plesand Flowir of mighty Colours twain;  
Nightingails sang, Hail Natures Suffragane,  
In Bewty, Nurture, and each Nobilness,  
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilness.

XXVI.

THE common Voice upraise of Birdis small,  
Upon this Ways, O bliffit be the Hour  
That thou was chose to be our Principal,  
Welcome

---

That the House of *York* and *Lancaster* (the *White* and *Red Rose*) were united in the Person of our Queen, is well known.



26 *The Thistle and the Rose.*

Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir,  
Our Perle, our Plesance, and our Paramour,  
Our Peace, our Play, our plain Felicity :  
CHRIST the conserve from all Adversity.

XXVII.

THEN all the Confort sang with sic a Shout,  
That I anone awakent quhair I lay,  
And with a Braid I turnit me about  
To se this Court, but all wer gone away ;  
Then up I leint me, halflings in affray,  
Callt to my Muse, and for my Subjeck chose  
To sing the Ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

*Quod* Mr. Wm. DUNBAR.





A

P A N Y G Y R I C K

O N

*Sr* P E N N Y.

I.

**R** ICHT fain wald I my Qwaintance mak  
*Sr. Penny* with, and wate ye quhy?

He is a Man will undertak

A Lairdship of braid Lands to buy;

Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I

With him in Fellowship repair,

Because he is in Company

A noble Gyde baith late and air.

II. *Sr*

28 *A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.*

II.

SR *Penny* for till hald in Hand,  
His Company they think fae sweit;  
Sum does not care to sell thair Land,  
With gude SR *Penny* for to meit,  
Because he is of a noble Spreit,  
A furthy Man and a forseiand;  
There is no Mater ends compleit,  
Till he set to his Seil and Hand.

III.

SR *Penny* is a valiant Man,  
Of mekle Strenth and Dignitie,  
And evir sen this Warld began,  
In this Land autoreist is he:  
The King or Quene ze may not see,  
They still so tenderlie him trete,  
That ther can nathing endit be,  
Without his Company ze get.

IV.

SR *Penny* is a Man of Law,  
And (witt ye weil) baith wyse and war;  
He mony Reasons can furth schaw,  
Quhen he is standing at the Bar,

*A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.* 29

Is nane sae sharp that can him scar,  
Quhen he propones furth ony Pley;  
Nor zit sae hardy Man as dar  
Sr *Penny* tyne or disobey.

V.

SR *Penny* is baith leird and wyse,  
The Kirk to steir he taks in Hand,  
Disponer of ilk Benefice  
In this Realm, throu all the Land;  
Is nane sae wicht dar him gainstand,  
Sae wyfely can Sr *Penny* wirk;  
And als Sr *Symonie* his Servand,  
That now is Gydar of the Kirk.

VI.

GIF to the Court thou mak repair,  
And ther haif Matters to proclame,  
Thou art unable weil to fair,  
Sr *Penny* gif thou leif at hame,  
To bring him furth think thou nae Schame;  
I do thee weil to understand,  
Into thy Bag beir thou his Name,  
Thy Matter cums better to hand.

VII. SR

30 *A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.*

VII.

Sr Penny now is maid an Owill,  
They wirk him mekle Tray and Tene,  
They hald him in till he hair-moull,  
And maks him blind of baith his Ene;  
Thirout he is but findle sene,  
Sae fast tharin they can him steik,  
That Commons pure cannot obtain  
Ane Day to byd with him and speik.

---

*Tray and Tene, Anger.*  
*Hair-moull, Grown hoary with Mouldiness.*



Vertue



# Vertue *and* Vyce.

A

## P O E M,

Addrest to

*JAMES V. King of SCOTS,*

By the famous and renown'd Clerk,

*Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,*

*Arch-Dean of Murray.*

I.

**Q**UHEN Silver *Diane* full of Beims bricht,  
 Frae dark Eclips was past this uther Nicht,  
 And to the Crab hir proper Mansion gane;

*Artophilax* contending with his Micht

In the grit Eist to set his Visage richt;

I mene the Leider of the *Charle-wane* :

Aboif our Heid then was the *Ursis* twain,

Quhen Starris small obscure grew to our Sicht,

And *Lucifer* left twinkling him alane.

II. THE

## II.

THE frosty Nicht with her prolixit Hours,  
 Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;  
 When ardent Labour has addressit me,  
 Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,  
 Thair greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,  
 Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirroure, see  
 The furious End somtymes of Tyranie;  
 Somtymes the Gloir of prudent Governours,  
 Ilk State appryfit in thair Facultie.

## III.

MY weary Spreit desiring to repress  
 My emptive Pen of fruteless Bissiness,  
 Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air,  
 When *Priapus* with stormy Weid oppress,  
 Requeistit me, in his maist Tendernefs,  
 To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.  
 But I no maner coud my Mynd prepare  
 To set asyde unplefant Havyness  
 On this and that contemplating Solitare.

## IV. AND

---

*Priapus*, who presides over Gardens.

## IV.

AND first occurrt to my remembering,  
How that I was in Service with the King,  
Put to his Grace in Zeirs tenderest,  
Clerk of his Compts, althocht I was inding,  
With Heart and Hand, and evry uther thing,  
That micht him pleise in ony manner best,  
While Envy grit me from his Service keft,  
By them that had the Court in governing,  
As Bird bot Plumes is herryt of her Nest.

## V.

OUR Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris,  
Dependance have on thir celest Creaturis,  
Apperandly by some Necessitie;  
For thocht a Man wald set his bissy curis,  
Sae far as Labour and his Wisdom furis,  
To flie hard Chance of Infortunitie,  
Tho he eschew it with Difficultie,  
The cursid Weird yet ithandly enduris,  
Gien to him first in his Nativitie.



## VI.

OF eardlie State bewailing thus the Chance  
Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,

Sae lang I had swomt in hir Seis sae deip,  
That sad Avyfyng with her thochtfull Lance  
Coud find nae Port to anker her Firmance,  
Till *Morpheus* the dreiry God of Sleip,  
For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,  
And set his Slewth and deidly Countenance,  
With snorand Vains to throw my Body creip.

## VII.

METHOCHT I was into a plesand Meid,  
Quhair *Flora* made the tender Bluims to spreid  
Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutritive,  
Quhen golden *Titan* with his Flamis sae reid,  
Aboif the Seis upraist his glorious Heid,  
Defounding down his Heit restorative  
To evry Fruit that Nature maid to live,  
Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,  
With Stormis cauld, and Har-frost penetrive.

## VIII. ▲

## VIII.

A Silver Fountain sprang with Watir cleir  
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir ;  
Quhair I did sone espy a fellon Reird  
Of courtly Gallants in thair gayest Weir,  
Rejoycing them in Season of the Zeir,  
As it had bene of *Mayis* sweit Day the Feird,  
Their gudelic Havings made me nocht affeird ;  
With them I saw a crownit King appeir,  
With tender Downis artising on his Beird,

## IX.

THIR courtly Gallants settand thair Intentis  
To sing and play on divers Instruments ;  
According to this PRINCIS Appetyte,  
Twa Ladyis fair came pransand owre the Bents,  
Thair costly Cleathing shawd their mighty Rents ;  
Quhat Heart micht wish, they wanted not a Myte,  
The Rubies shone upon thair Fingers quhyt :  
And finaly I knew by thair Consents  
This VERTUE was, that uther hecht *Delvte.*

## X.

THIR Goddeses arrayt in this fine Ways,  
 As Reverence and Honour list devyse,  
 Afore this PRINCE fell down upon thair Kneis;  
 Synce drest themfells into thair best Avyse,  
 Sae far as Wisdom in thair Powir lyes,  
 To do the Thing that might him best appeise;  
 Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly Gleis,  
 And him desyret that for his Emperys,  
 Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

## XI.

AND first *Delyte* unto the PRINCE said thus,  
 Maist valiant Knycht, in Actions amorous,  
 And lustyest that evir Nature wrocht,  
 Quha in the Flour of Zouth mellyfluous,  
 With Notes sweit, and sang mellodious,  
 Awalketh heir amang the Flowirs soft,  
 Thou has nae Game, but in thy mirry Thocht,  
 My heavenly Blis is so delicious,  
 All Wealth in Eard bot it availeth nocht.

## XII. THO

XII.

THO thou had *France*, and all beyont the *Po*,  
*Spain*, *England*, *Pole*, with uther Kingdoms moe,  
And reign oure them in State most glorious,  
Thy puffiant Empyre is not worth a Stro,  
Gif it unto thy Pleisurs is a Foe,  
Or pains thy Mind with Cares are dolourus;  
Ther is nathing may be sae odious  
To Man, as leif in Misery and Woe,  
Defrauding God of Nature *Genius*.

XIII.

DRESS thee thairfor with all thy biffy Cure,  
That thou in Joy and Pleisure may endure;  
Be Sicht of thir four Bodyis elementar,  
Twa gros and heavy, twa are licht and pure,  
Thir Elements be working of Nature,  
In uther change; and tho they be richt far  
Frae uther twind, with Qualitys contrair,  
Of them are made all Creatures Eard eir bure,  
And finaly in them resolvit ar.

## XIV.

**T**HE Fyre in Air, the Air in Watter cleir,  
 In Eard the Watter turns withouten Weir,  
 The Eard in Watter it turns ower again;  
 Sae furth in Order nochts consumed heir,  
 And Man new born begins sone to appeir  
 Ane uther Figure than afore was tane,  
 Quhen he is deid, the Matter does remain,  
 Tho it resolve into sum new Manner,  
 Naething is new, nocht but the Form is gane.

## XV.

**T**HUS naething is in Eard but fugitive,  
 Passand and command spreiding successiue;  
 And as a Beist, so is a Man consave  
 Of Scid infusd in Members genitive,  
 And furth his Tyme in Plesoure does out dryve  
 As Chance him leids, till he be laid in Grave:  
 Thairfor thy Hevin and Plesour now refave,  
 Quhile thou art heir into this present Lyve,  
 For after Death thou fall no Plesour haif.

XVI. **T**HE

XVI.

**THE** Rose, the Lilly, and the Violet,  
Unpult, sone wither, and with Winds owrefet,  
Wallout falls down bot ony Fruit, I wifs,  
Thairfore I say, Sen that naething may let,  
But thy bricht Hew maun be with Zeirs all fret,  
(For every Thing but for a Season is)  
Thou may not haif a mair excellent Blifs  
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms plet,  
To hals and brais with mony a lusty Kifs.

XVII.

**AND** haif my tender Body by thy Syde,  
So proper set, quhilk Nature has provyde  
With every Plesour, that thou mayst divyne,  
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overslyde ;  
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,  
Thou maun allways from agit Men declyne,  
Syne drefs thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingyne,  
To suffer nane fall in thy House abyde,  
But gif thay will unto thy Lust inclyne.

## XVIII.

Gif thou desyres into the Seis to fleit  
 Of hevinly Blifs, than me thy Lady treit;  
 For it is said by Clerks of fair Renown,  
 Thair is nae Pleasour in this Eard so grit,  
 As quhen a Luver dois his Lady meit,  
 To raise his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Soun,  
 As hiest Plesour but Comparisoun.  
 I fall the geif in thy Zeirs zoung and sweit,  
 A lusty Halk with mony Plumes full broun.

## XIX.

QUHILK fall be found sae joyous and Plesant,  
 Gif thou into her mirry Flichts fall hant,  
 Of evry Blifs that may in Eard appeir,  
 As Hairt will think thou fall nae Plenty want,  
 Quhile Zeirs swift with Quheils properant,  
 Consume thy Strenth, and all thy Bewtie cleir,  
 And quhen *Delyt* had said on this Maner,  
 As Rage of Zowtheid thocht maist relivant;  
 Then *Vertew* spake, as after ye fall heir.

XX. M r

XX.

MY Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre,  
Sall gif thy Hieness, (gif thou list disyre)

Triumphant Glore, hie Honour, Fame divyne,  
With sic Puissance, that them nae furious Yre,  
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,  
Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,  
But thou maun first ensuffer meikle Pyne,  
Abune thy self, that thou may haif Empyre,  
Then sall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

XXI.

AMANG my Faes my Realms set ar all,  
Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,  
And ever still dois on my Border ly:  
And tho' thay may nae Ways me overthrawl,  
Thay ly in wait, gif ony Chance may fall,  
Of me sumtyme to get the Victory.  
Thus is my Lyfe an ithand Chevalry,  
And Labour halds me strong as ony Wall,  
-And nathing breks me but vyl Slugardy.

XXII. NAE



## XXII.

NAB Fortune may against me ocht avail,  
Tho scho with cloudy Storms me aft assail.

I brek the Streim of sharp Adversity,  
In Wedder lown, and maist tempestous Hail,  
Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:

My Ships sae strong, that I may never die,  
Wit, Reason, Manheid governs me sae hie,  
Nae Influence of Stars can eir prevail  
To rigne owre me with Infortunitie.

## XXIII.

THE Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,  
Bot grit Distress and sharp Adversity,

As be this Reason is experience ;

The fynest Gold or Silver that we se,  
May not be wrocht to our Utility,

Without kein Flames and bitter Violence ;

The mair Distress, the mair Intelligence.

Quha eir fails lang in hie Prosperity,

Ar sune owrefet, gainst Storms have nae Defence,

## XXIV. THIS

XXIV.

THIS fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,  
Bot dout fall thee and all the Warld bring  
To sicker Blifs, or then eternal Wae.

Gif thou by honest Labour dois a Thing,  
Thy Labour vanieſis but tarrying ;

Howbeit thy honest Warks they do not ſae.

Gif thou does ocht of Luſt be Nicht or Day,  
The ſhamefull Deid, without diſſevering,  
Continues ſtill when Pleſour is away,

XXV.

As Carvell richt, faſt tending throw the Sic,  
Leives nae imprent amang the Wallis hie.

As ſwifteſt Birds with mony a biſſy Plume  
Perſis the Air, and wates not quhair thay flie,  
Sicklyks our Lyfe without Activitie ;

It giſtes na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume.

Quha dois thair Lyfe in Ydlenefs conſume,  
Bot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie  
Sall vaniſe ſoner than the reiky Fume.

XXVI. As

## XXVI.

As Watter purges and maks Bodys fair,  
As Fyre ascends be Nature in the Air,

And purefies with Heit thats vehement:  
As Flowir does smell, as Fruit is nurifare:  
As precious Balmes reverts the Things ar fair,  
And maks them of the Rot impatient.

As Spyce maist sweit, and Rose maist redolent;  
As stern of Day by Motion circular,  
Chaifes the Nicht with Beims resplendent.

## XXVII.

SICKLYKE my Warks they perfyt every Wicht,  
In fervent Luve of maist excellent Licht,

And maks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,  
And does the Saul frae all Disorder dicht,  
With Odour dulce, and maks it still mair bricht  
Than *Diane* full, or zet *Apollo* cleir,

Syn raises it into the hiest Sphere,  
Immortally to shine in GODS atwin Sicht,  
His chofen Creature, and as Spous maist deir,

XXVIII. THIS

XXVIII.

THIS uther Wretch that clipit is *Delyte*,  
Involves Mankynd be sensual Appityte,  
In every Kind of Vyce and Miserie,  
Because nae Wit nor Reason is perfyte  
Quhair she is Gyde, but Skaith thats infynyt ;  
With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie ;  
For scho sprang frae the licht Froth of the Se.  
Quhilk signifies hir Plesour venomit,  
Is minglit ay with shairp Adversitie.

XXIX.

DUKE *Hannibal*, as mony Authors wrait,  
Throw *Spensie* came be mony a Passage strait ;  
To *Italy* in Furor bellical,  
Brak down hie Walls, and hiest Mountains flait,  
And to his Army made an open Gait,  
And Victories had on the *Romans* all.  
At *Capua* by Plesour sensual,  
The Duke was made sae saft and delicate,  
That by his Faes he was sone overthrawll.

## XXX.

OF ferfs *Achill* the weirly Deids sprang,  
 In *Troy* and *Greice*, quhyle he in **VERTUE** rang,  
 Hou Lust him flew it is but Rewth to heir:  
 Siclyk the *Trojans* with thair Knichts strang,  
 The valiant *Greiks* furth frae thair Ruins dang,  
 Victoriously exercit mony a Zeir;  
 That Nicht they went to thair Lust and Plefour,  
 The fatal Horfs did throw thair Walls fang,  
 Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

## XXXI.

*SARDANAPALL*, that Prince efeminat,  
 Frae Deids of Knichts basely degenerat,  
 Twynand the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,  
 With Fingers fast amang the Ladyis fat,  
 And with his Lust couth not be satiate,  
 Till frae his Faes came last the bitter Dint.  
 Quhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene tint,  
 Quhen they with Lust have bene intoxicat,  
 To schaw at lenth my Tung wald nevir stint.

XXXII. BUT

XXXII.

BUT brave *Camil* the valiant Chevalier,  
(When he the *Gauls* had dantint be his W<sup>er</sup>)  
Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;  
For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Freinds maist deir  
Were verteous, they could not fail ilk Zeir  
To haif enough, be *Roman* Providence.  
Gif they wer given to Vyce and Insolence;  
It was not neidfull he sould conqueis Geir,  
To be the Cause of thair Incontinence.

XXXIII.

SUM nobil Men, as Poets list declair,  
Wer Deifeit, sum made Gods of the Air,  
Sum of the Heaven, as *Eolus, Vulcan,*  
*Apollo, Saturn, Hermes, Jupiter,*  
*Mars, Hercules,* and uther Men preclair,  
That Fame imortall in this Warld wan:  
Quhy wer thir People called Gods than?  
Because they had a VERTUE singlar,  
Excellent hie abune the Ingyne of Man.

XXXIV. AND

## XXXIV.

AND uthers are in Reik sulphurious,  
 As *Ixion*, and weiry *Syfyphus*,  
*Eumenides*, the Furys odibil;  
 The proud Gyants, and thrifty *Tantalus*,  
 With ugly Drink, and Fude maist vennomus,  
 Quhair Flames bauld, and Mirkness ar sensibil;  
 Quhy ar thir Folk in Pains sae terribil?  
 Because they were but Shrews maist vicious  
 Into thair Lyfe, with Deids maist horribil.

## XXXV.

AND tho nae Fruit wer after consequent  
 Of mortall Lyfe, but for this Warld present  
 Ilk Man to haif allenerlic Respect;  
 Zet VERTUE sould frae Vice be different,  
 As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;  
 That ane to hiest Honour does direct,  
 This uther Saul and Body does neglect:  
 That ane of Reason maist intelligent,  
 This uther of Beists following the Effect.

XXXVI. FOR

XXXVI.

FOR he that nold against his vyl Lufts stryve,  
But lives as Beists of Knowlege sensityve,  
Grows fast to Eild, and Death him sone owrehails:  
Thairfor the Mule is of a langer Lyfe  
Than the staind Horfe; also the barrand Wyfe  
Zouthfull appeirs, when that the Brudie fails :  
We also se when Nature nocht prevails,  
The Pain and Dolour ar sae pungityve,  
Nae Medycyne the Patient then avails.

XXXVII.

SEEN our Intents baith we haif shawn thee thus,  
Cheis of us twae the maist delicious,  
Or to sustene a sharp Adversitie,  
Danting the Rage of Zouth-heid furious,  
And syn posses Triumphs innumerous,  
With hie Empyre, and lang Felicitie ;  
Or haif ane Moment Sensualitie  
Of fulish Zouth, in Lyf voluptous,  
And all thy Days full of sad Miseric.



## XXXVIII.

*PHEBUS* be this his fyrie Cart did wry,  
 Frae South to West declynand biffyly  
 To dip his Steids into the Westlin Main;  
 When ryfing Damps owrefaild his Visage dry  
 With Vapours thick, and cludder all the Sky,  
 And *Notus* brym, the Wind meridian,  
 With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,  
 Awakent me, that I coud not espy  
 Quhilk of the twa was for his Lady taie.

## XXXIX.

BUt sone I knew they were the Goddesse  
 That came in Sleip to valiant *Hercules*,  
 When he was zung, and free of every Lore;  
 To Lust or Honour, Purthith or Riches,  
 Quhair he contempnit Lust and Idleness,  
 That he in *VERTUE* micht his Lyfe decore;  
 Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;  
 The mair increfst his painfull Biffiness,  
 His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.



*A Byt and BALLAD on warlo Wives,  
That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.*

## I.

**B**E merry, Brethrene, ane and' all;  
And set all' Sturt aside;  
And every ane togither call  
To GOD to be our Gyd;  
For as lang lives the mirry Man,  
As dois the Wretch for ocht he can,  
When Deid him strakes, he wats na' whan,  
And charges him to byde.

## II.

**T**HE Rich then fall not spared be,  
Thocht they haif Gold and Land,  
Nor zit the Fair, for their Bewty,  
Cannot that Charge gainstand.

The Wicht or Weak wald flee away,  
 Nae Doubt but all maun Ranfom pay,  
 Quhat Place or quhare can nae Man fay,  
 Be Se or zit be Land.

## III.

THE mirryest Man that leives on Lyfe,  
 He fails upon the Se;  
 For he knaws neither Sturt nor Stryfe,  
 But blyth and glad is he:  
 But he that has an evil Wyfe,  
 Has Sour and Sorrow all his Lyfe,  
 And that Man quilk leives ay in Stryfe,  
 How can he mirry be?

## IV.

ANE evil Wyfe is the warst aught  
 That ony Man can haif;  
 For he may nevir fit in Saught,  
 Unless he be her Slaif:

But

*A bytand Ballat, &c.*

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But of that Sort I knaw nane uther,  
Except a Cuckald or his Bruther;  
Sunt Lairds and Cuckalds altogither,  
May wifs their Wyves in Graif.

V.

BECAUSE thair Wyves haif Maiftery,  
That they dar naeways cheip,  
But gif it be in Privity,  
Quhen they are fast alleip;  
Ane mirry in thair Company,  
To them is worth baith Gold and Fie:  
A Menstrell neir coud dairthful be,  
Thair Mirth if he coud beir.

VI.

BUT of that Sort whilk I report,  
I knaw nane in this Ring:  
But we may all baith grit and small,  
Gladly baith dance and sing,

D 3

Quha

---

*Sunt Lairds.* Here is spelled with an *S*, as it ought, and not with a *C*, as many of the *English* do.

54 *A bytand Ballat, &c.*

Quha lists not here to make gude Cheir,  
Perchance his Guids an uthir Yeir  
Be spent, quhen he is brought to Beir,  
Quhen his Wyfe taks the Fling.

VII.

It has bene sene, that wyfe Women,  
After their Husband's Deid,  
Has gotten Men has gart them ken,  
If they could bear a Laid.  
With a grene Sting, hes gart them bring  
The Geir that won was by a Dring;  
And syne gart all the Bairnies sing,  
*Ramukloch* in their Bed.

VIII.

THEN wad scho say, Alake this Day,  
For him that wan this Geir,  
Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,  
My Heart anes mak gude Cheir.  
Or I had letten him spend a Plak,  
I lure haif witten him brake his Bak,  
Or els his Craig had gotten a Crak,  
Ower the Hicht of the Stair.

IX.

**Z**e Niggarts then Example tak,  
And leir to spend your awn,  
And with gude Freynds ay mirry mak,  
That it may well be knawn,  
That thou art he quha wan this Geir;  
And for thy Wyfe se thou nocht spair,  
With blyth Freynds ay to make Repair,  
Sae fall thy Worth be shawn.

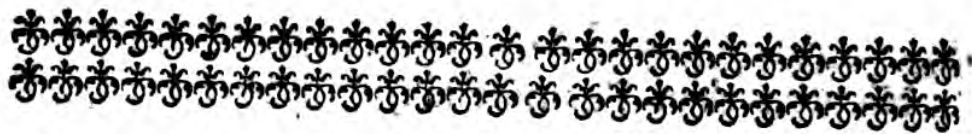
X.

*FINIS* quod I, quha sets not by  
The ill Wyves of this Toun,  
Tho for Dispyte with me wald flyte,  
Gif thay nicht put me down.  
Gif they wald ken quha maid this Sang,  
Quhidder they will him heid or hang,  
*Flemyings* his Name quhair eir he gang,  
In Country and in Toun.

*Quod FLEMING.*

---

*Sets not by, Does not Value. Put down, Murder.*



ROBIN *and* MAKYNE,  
A PASTORAL.

## I.

**R**OBIN sat on the gude grene Hill,  
Keipand a Flock of Fie,  
Quhen mirry *Makyne* said him till,  
O *Robin* rew on me.

I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,  
Thir Towmonds twa or thre;  
My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,  
Doubtless bot Dreid I die.

## II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,  
Naithing of Luve I knaw,  
But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod,  
Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

Quhat

---

*Dule in dern*, Sorrow in secret. *Dill*, still, calm, or mitigate. *Raik on Raw*, go apace in a Row.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy Mude,

Thou *Makyne* to me schaw?

Or quhat is Luve, or to be lude?

Fain wald I leir that Law.

III.

THE Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,

Tak thair an A, B, C;

Be keynd, courtas, and fair of Feir,

Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,

Sae that nae Danger do the deir,

What Dule in dern thou drie;

Prefs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,

Be patient, and privie.

IV.

ROBIN he answert her again,

I wat not quhat is Luve,

But I haif Marvell uncertain

Quhat maks thee thus wanruse.

The

---

*Fair of Feir, of a fair and healthful Look.*



The Wedderis fair, and I am fain; |

My Sheip gaes hail abuve,

Gif we fould play us on the Plain,

They wald us baith repruve.

## V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,

And do all as I reid;

And thou fall haif my Heart all hale,

Eik and my Maidenheid :

Sen GOD he fends Bute for Bale,

And for Murning Remeid.

I dern with thee, but give I dale,

Doubtless I am but deid.

## VI.

MAKYNE the Morn be this ilk Tyde,

Gif ye will meit me heir,

May be my Sheip may gang besyde,

Quhyle we have liggd full neir;

But

---

*Wedderis, Weather's.* It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apostrophised, yet by this one may judge that in every like Case they pronounced, as if such Vowels were cut off with an Apostrophe: Without allowing this, many of their Lines will not be Numbers.

---

*Robin and Makyne.*

89

**B**ut maugre haif I, gif I byde,  
Frae thay begin to steir,  
**Q**uhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,  
Then *Makyn* mak gude Gheir.

VII.

**R**OBIN thou reivs me of my Rest;  
I luvè but thee alane.

*Makyne*, adieu, the Sun goes West,  
The Day is neir-hand gane.

*Robin* in Dule I am so drest,  
That Luvè will be my Bane.

*Makyne* gae luvè quhair eir ye list;  
For Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

**R**OBIN I stand in sic a Style,  
I fisch, and that full fair.

*Makyne* I have been heir this quyle,  
At hame I wish I were.

*Robin*, my Hinny, talk and smyle,  
Gif thou will do nae mair.

*Makyne* sum uther Man beguyle;  
For hameward I will fare.

XI SYNE

## IX.]

SYNE *Robin* on his Ways he went,

As light as *Leif* on Tree:

But *Makyne* murnt and made Lament,

Scho trow'd him neir to see.

*Robin* he brayd attowre the Bent.

Then *Makyne* cryd on hie,

Now may thou sing, for I am shent!

Quhat can ail Luve at me?

## X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,

And weirylic could weip;

Then *Robin* in a full fair Dale

Assemblit all his Sheip,

Be that somepart of *Makyns* Ail,

Outthrow his Heart coud creip,

Hir fast he followt to affail,

And till her tuke gude keip.

## XI. ABYD

---

*Brayd attowre the Bent*, hasted over the Field. *Tuke,*  
*gude Keip*, kept a close Eye upon her.

*Robin and Makyne.*

61

XI.

**A B Y D**, abyd, thou fair *Makyne*,

A Word for ony Thing;

For all my Luvē it fall be thyne,

Withoutten departing,

All hale thy Heart for till have myne,

Is all my coveting;

My Sheip quhyle Morn till the Hours Nyne,

Will mister nae keiping.

XII.

**ROBIN**, thou has heard fung and say,

In Jests and Storys auld,

*The Man that will not when he may,*

*Sall have nocht when he wald.*

I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,

Be eikd their Cares fae cauld,

That presses first with thee to play,

Be Forrest, Firth or Fauld.

XIII.

**MAKYNE**, the Nicht is soft and dry,

The Wether warm and fair,

And the grene Wod richt neir hand by

To walk attowre all where:

There

There may nae Janglers us espy,

That is to Luve contrair,

Therin, *Makyne*, baith you and I;

Unseen may mak Repair.

## XIV.

*ROBIN*, that Warld is now away,

And quyt brocht till an End,

And neir again thereto perfay,

Sall it be as thou wend;

For of my Pain thou made but Play,

I Words in vain did spend;

As thou has done sae fall I say,

Murn on, I think to mend.

## XV.

*MAKYNE*, the Hope of all my Heal,

My Heart on thee is set;

I'll evermair to thee be leil,

Quhile I may live but lett,

Never to fail as uthers feil,

Quhat Grace so eir I get.

*Robin*, with thee I will not deal;

*Adieu*, for this we met.

XVI.

**M**AKYNE went hameward blyth enough,  
Outowre the Holtis Hair.  
Pure *Robin* murnd and *Makyne* leugh;  
Scho sang, and he sichd fair:  
Scho left him in baith Wae and Wreuch,  
In Dolor and in Care,  
Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,  
Amang the rashy Gair.

*Finis quod* Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.





*Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.*

I.

**M**AN, sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir,  
 And Deid is ever drawing neir,  
 The Tyme unfiker and the Place,  
 Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

II.

**G**IF it be thyne, thy self it uses,  
 Gif it be not, thee it refuses,  
 Another of thee Profit has,  
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has space.

III.

**T**HOU may to Day have Gude to spend,  
 In haist to Morn may from it wend,  
 And leive an uther thy Baggs to brace,  
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

IV. QUHILE

IV.

QUHILE thou has Space, se thou dispone  
That for thy Geir : quhen thou art gone,  
Nae Wicht ane other slay or chace,  
Enjoyt thy self quhile thou has Space.

V.

SUM all his Days dryves owre in vain,  
Ay gatherand Geir with Greif and Pain,  
Is nevir glade at *Zule* nor *Pais*;  
Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

VI.

SYNE cumis ane blythsome of his Sorrow,  
That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow,  
And fangs it all with Merryness;  
Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

VII.

SUM gathers Gude, and ay it spares,  
And after him cum braw young Airs,  
That his auld Thrift sets on an Ace,  
And sendst a Sheiring in short Space.

E

VIII. I T E



VIII.

IT'S just all thyne that here thou spends,  
And not all that on thee depends,  
But his to spend it that has Grace;  
Then spend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space.

IX.

TRUST not annother will do ye to,  
It that thy self wald nevir do;  
For gif thou dois, strange is thy Cace;  
Thine ain Gude spend quhyle thou has Space.

X.

LUKE how the Bairn dois to the Mother,  
And tak Example be nane uther,  
That it not after be thy Cace;  
Sae spend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

*Quod DUMBAR.*





*On a bonny Vessel called The FLEMING  
BARK, belonging to Edinburgh.*

## I.

**I** Have a little FLEMING Berge  
Of cleanly Wark, and scho is wicht;  
Quhat Pylot taks my Schip in Charge,  
Maun hald her cleanly, trim and ticht:  
Hir Hatches maun be handlit richt,  
With Steir Burd, Baburd, Luf and Lie;  
Scho will sail all the Winter Nicht,  
And nevir tak a Tellzevie.

## II.

WITH ane even Keil afore the Wind,  
Scho is richt fairdy with a Sail;  
But at a Lufe scho lysis behind,  
Gar heis her quhile her Howbands skail;

Draw weil the Takle to her Tail,  
 Scho will not miss to lay zour Mast,  
 To pump as aft as ze may fail,  
 Ze will neir hald her Watter-fast.

## III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,  
 And talloun quhair the Flude-mark flows;  
 But gif scho lekks, get Men of Skill  
 To stap the Holes laigh in the Hows :  
 For faut of Hemp, tak hairy Tows,  
 And Stane-balast withouten other,  
 In moonless Nichts it is nae Mows,  
 Except a stout Man steir the Ruther.

## IV.

A Veffell fair abune the Watter,  
 And is but laitly reikit too,  
 Quhairto till deave ze with hir Blatter  
 Are nane sic in the Flot as scho :  
 Plum weil the Grund, quhat eir ze do,  
 Hail on the Fore-sheit and the Blind;  
 Scho will tak in at Cap and Ko,  
 Without scho balast be behind.

*The Fleming Bark.*

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V.

**N**AE Pedders Pak scho will refuse,  
Altho hir Travel scho shoud tyne,  
**N**ae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,  
That dois thair Corn and Catle trayn;  
And quhere scho finds a Fallow fyne,  
**H**e will be fraught free for a Sowse,  
Scho carrys nocht but Men and Wync,  
And Bulion to the Cunzie-House.

VI.

**F**OR Merchand Men I may haif Money,  
But nane sic as I wald defyre,  
And I am laith to mell with ony,  
To leif my Matter in the Myre;  
That Man that wirks best for his Hyre  
**I**t is he fall be my Marriner,  
But Nicht and Day he maunna tyre  
That sails my bonny Ballenger.

VII.

**Q**UHEN Anker-hald nane can be fund,  
I pray you cast the Leid-lyne out;  
And gif ye cannot get the Ground,  
Steir be the Compass, keep her Rout;

*The Fleming Bark.*

Syne travers still, and lay about,  
 And gar her top twicke Wind and Waw,  
 When Anker dryves, there is nae Dout  
 Thir tripand Tydes may tyne us a.

## VIII.

Now is my pretty Pinnage ready,  
 Abydand on sum Merchand Block,  
 But be scho empty, be our Lady,  
 Scho will be kitle of her Dok ;  
 Scho will refuse nae Landwart Jok,  
 Tho he shoud fraught her for a Crown:  
 Thus fair ze weil, says gude *John Cok*,  
 A nobil Sailor in this Toun.

*Quod* SEMPLĒ.*The*



*The Defens of Griffell Sandylands*

*For using of hir self contrair the Ten Commands,*

*Being in Ward for playing of the Loun*

*With every ane list gife hir half a Crown.*

I.

**P**ERNITIOUS People, partial in Despyte,

*Sufannas Juges, Sawers of Sedition,*

Zour cankert Council is the Cause and Wyte,

Bowstert with Pryde, and blinded with Ambition,

Finding nae Cryme, nor haifing a Comission

To hurt Dame *Venus* Virgins as ze do;

Gif ze sae rashly rin upon Suspition,

Ze may put others on the Pannell too.

II.

To *Sandylands* ze war ower-fair to schame hir,

Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;

Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,

Haifing nae Cause, but common Fame and Sklander,

72 *The Defens of Grissell Sandylands.*

Quhen finding no Man in the House neir hand hir,  
Exept a \* Clerk of godly Conversation,

Quhat gif besyde *John Duriës* self ye fand hir,  
Dar ze suspect the haly Congregation.

III.

ZOUR fleshy Consciens gars zou tak this Feir,

Believe ze Virgins will be won sae sune,

Na, GOD forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,

And Women be nae war, quhen that is done,

Had scho bene \*\*\*\*

That war a perelous Play, ane nicht suspect them,

But Lads and Lasses will meit after None,

When *Dick* and *Durie* baith dow not correct them.

IV.

SEN Drunkards, Gluttons and contentious Men,

Scheders of Blude, and Subjects given to Greid,

May not possess, or Heavens high Hall get ben,

As in the Byble daylie we may reid:

Let

---

\* The Minister, *Beaton*.

*Had scho bene* \* \* \* \* In such Places as are so sullied or torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuse rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, tho' they might be supplied with small Difficulty.

*The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.* 73

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid,  
Syne Fornication placit amang the laif,  
Exempt zour selves throu all the Toun in Deid,  
Then luke how mony zou unmarkid haif.

V.

GIF ye belife not *Betoun* be his Word,  
In hir Defens, it cannot be refusit;  
Let him that follows fecht it with the Sword,  
Ane auntient Law quhen Ladyis are accusit.  
Are Ministers sic Men to be abusit,  
That knaw the Scripture and the Ten Commands?  
Tho he and scho wer in a House inclusit,  
That says not, he fell foul on *Sandylands*.

VI.

As for the rest, I knaw not thair Vocation,  
Thair Lyfe and Manners; but I heir Folk name them  
Catholick Virgins of the Congregation,  
Syne were to tynie them, if ze wald obtain them:  
Quhat can ze say, exep that ze haid sein them  
With *rem in re* all nakit, bot Adherance;  
Then tak a Bow-string, draw it down betwein them,  
And gif it sticks, that has an ill Appeirance.

VII. Z



74 *The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.*

VII.

ZE cative Clerks, that Colege ze frequentit  
Quhen ze were Wanflers of the wanton **Band,**  
Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lamment it,  
Zour Pistols tuimt, and Backsprent like a **Wand**  
Snap Wark, Adieu frae \* \* \*  
And warse than that, ze want zour pryming **Powder,**  
Then Consciens cums with crukit Staff in **Hand,**  
Greitand for bygane bowing **Back and Shouder.**

VIII.

REMEMBER first zour former **Quality,**  
And wrak nae Virgins with zour wilfull **Weir;**  
But gif ze do, then our **Regality**  
Has Power plainly then to replege them **heir,**  
Micht they win to the Girth, I tak nae **Feir,**  
Doun by the *Canno-Croce* I pray zou fend them,  
Where \* *Bannatyn* has promist to compeir,  
With lawfull Reason ready to defend them.

IX. A NE

---

\* *Mr. Patrick.*

IX.

ANE Cause there is, thay cannot be convick,  
Ze had nae Power after the Sun was set.  
The Provost gave nae Charge to *Gilbert Dick*;  
The special Thing that fould not bein forzet,  
They were not Theives, nor yet condemt in Dete,  
Nor Red-hand tane, then was nae Cause ze knaw,  
\* But ze let Rukes and Gleds rin throu the Nett,  
And saiklefs Daws make subject to the Law.

X.

Zour partial Juge we may declyne him to,  
But set me doun the Parson *Pennycuik*,  
Or *Sanders Guthrie* see quhat he can do :  
He kens the Law, and keips zour ain Court-Buke;  
For Men of Law, I wait not quhere to luke :  
*James Banantyne* was anes a Man of Skill;  
And gif he comes not there, I wish we tuke,  
To keip our Dyet, Mes *David Makgill*.

XI. QUHAT

---

\* ..... Little Villains must submit to Fate,  
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

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XI.

QUHAT Kimmer casts the formeſt Stane, lets ſe,  
At thae poor Queans, ze wrangfully ſuſpeck  
For ſklenting Bouts; now better war let be,  
Than to begin and get zour ſelves a Geck,  
The greateſt Falt I find in this Effect;  
They baith tuke Pay, and put themſelves in Shame  
But quhen the Court cums to the Town, quhat Reck  
We ſall reſtore them to their Stock again.

XII.

IN zour Tolbuith ſic Priſoners to plant,  
Will be receivd richt weil, ye may conſider,  
Gude Captane *Adam* will not let them want  
Bedding, howbeid they ſould lig all togidder.  
As for his Wife, I wald ye ſould forbid her,  
Hir Eyndling Toits, I true ther be nae Danger,  
Because his Back is lاربour groun and lidder,  
Bot Understanding now to treit a Stranger.

XIII.

THE greateſt Greif I find, ze haif defamed  
Thir Luvers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,  
Because thair Bands were juſt to be proclaimd,  
Partys had met, and made a fair Contract:

But

*The Defens of Grissell Sandylands.* 77

But now alas the Men are loppen back;  
An oppen Sklander callt a speikand Deil,  
In grit Affairs ze had not bein sae snack,  
Bout the ruleing of the Common-weil.

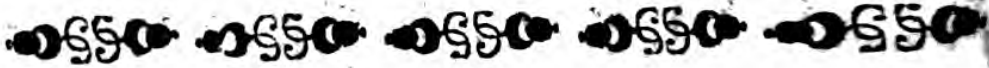
XIV.

O punish Part is Partiality,  
To punish all is hard to do indeid;  
But send them heir to our Regality,  
And we fall see gif we can serve their Neid;  
This rural Ryme whaever likes to reid,  
To Dick and Dury 'tis directed plain,  
Quhere I offend them in my Landwart Leid,  
Fall be ready to reform again.

*Quod* SIMPLE.



THE



## The Battle of *Harlaw*,

*Foughten upon* Friday, July 24. 1411,  
*against* Donald of the Isles.

### I.

**F**RAE *Dunideir* as I cam throuch,  
Doun by the Hill of *Banochie*,  
Allangst the Lands of *Garioch*;  
Grit Pitie was to heir and se  
The Noys and dulesum Hermonie,  
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,  
Cryand the *Corynoch* on hie,  
*Alas! alas!* for the *Harlaw*.

### II.

I marvlit quhat the Matter meint,  
All Folks war in a fiery fairy:  
I wist nocht quha was Fae or Freind;  
Zit quietly I did me carrie.

But

*Battle of Harlaw.*

79

But sen the Days of auld King *Hairy*,  
Slauchter was not hard nor sene,  
And thair I had nac Tyme to tairy,  
Or Biffiness in *Aberdene*.

III.

Thus as I walkit on the Way,  
To *Inverury* as I went,  
met a Man and bad him stay,  
Requeisting him to mak me quaint,  
Of the Beginning and the Event,  
That happenit thair at the *Harlaw* ;  
Then he entreated me tak tent,  
and he the Truth sould to me schaw.

IV.

*GRIFF* Donald of the *Yles* did claim,  
Unto the Lands of *Ross* sum Richt,  
and to the *Governour* he came,  
Them for to haif gif that he micht :

But

---

*Governor, Robert Duke of Albany, Uncle to King James I. The Account of this famous Battle may be seen in our Scots Histories.*

Quha saw his Interest was but slicht;  
 And thairfore answerit with Disdain;  
 He hastit hame baith Day and Nicht,  
 And sent nae Bodward back again.

## V.

BUT *Donald* richt impatient  
 Of that Answer Duke *Robert* gaif,  
 He vowd to GOD Omnipotent,  
 All the hale Lands of *Rofs* to haif,  
 Or ells be graithed in his Graif.  
 He wald not quat his Richt for nocht,  
 Nor be abusit lyk a Slaif,  
 That Bargin sould be deirly bocht.

## VI.

THEN haistylie he did command,  
 That all his Weir-Men should convene,  
 Ilk an well harnisit frae Hand,  
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein;  
 He waxit wrath and vowit Tein,  
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,  
 Subdew the Brugh of *Aberdene*,  
*Mearns*, *Angus*, and all *Fyfe*, to Forth.

## VII. THUS

*Battle of Harlaw.*

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VII.

THUS with the Weir-men of the *Yles*,  
Quha war ay at his bidding boun,  
With Money maid, with Forfs and Wyls,  
Richt far and neir baith up and doun:  
Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,  
Allangst the Land of *Rofs* he roars,  
And all obey'd at his Bandown,  
Evin frae the North to *Suthren* Shoars.

VIII.

THEN all the Countrie Men did zield;  
For nae Resistans durst they mak,  
Nor offer Battill in the Feild,  
Be forfs of Arms to beir him bak;  
Syne they resolvit all and spak,  
That best it was for thair Behoif,  
They sould him for thair Chiftain tak,  
Believing weil he did them luv.

IX.

THEN he a Proclamation maid  
All Men to meet at *Inverness*,  
Throw *Murray* Land to mak a Raid,  
Frae *Arthursyre* unto *Speyne*.

F

And



And further mair, he sent Express,  
 To schaw his Collours and Ensezie,  
 To all and findry, mair and less,  
 Throchout the Boundis of *Boyn* and *Enzie*:

## X.

AND then throw fair *Strathbogie* Land,  
 His Purpose was for to pursew,  
 And quhasoevir durst gainstand,  
 That Race they should full fairly rew.  
 Then he bad all his Men be trew,  
 And him defend by Forfs and Slicht,  
 And promist them Rewardis anew,  
 And mak them Men of mekle Micht:

## XI.

WITHOUT Resistans as he said,  
 Throw all these Parts he stoutly past,  
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,  
 But *Garioch* was all agast.  
 Throw all these Feilds he sped him fast,  
 For sic a Sicht was never sene;  
 And then, forsuith, he langd at last  
 To se the Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XII.

To hinder this proud Enterprife,  
The stout and mighty Erle of *MARR*  
With all his Men in Arms did ryse,  
Even frae *Curgarf* to *Craigyvar*,  
And down the syde of *Don* richt far,  
*Angus* and *Mearns* did all convene  
To fecht, or *DONALD* came sae nar  
The Ryall Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XIII.

AND thus the Martial Erle of *MARR*,  
Marcht with his Men in richt Array,  
Befoir the Enemy was aware,  
His Banner bauldly did display.  
For weil enewch they kend the Way,  
And all their Semblance weil they saw,  
Without all Dangir, or Delay,  
Came haistily to the *HARLAW*.

F 2

WITH

---

*MARR*, *Alexander* Earl of *Mar*, Son of *Alexander* the  
Governour's Brother.

## XIV.

WITH him the braif Lord O G I L V Y,

Of *Angus* Sherriff principall,

The Constabill of gude *Dunde*,

The Vanguard led before them all.

Suppose in Number they war small,

Thay first richt bauldlic did pursew,

And maid thair Faes befoir them fall,

Quha then that Race did fairly rew:

## XV.

AND then the worthy Lord S A L T O N,

The strong undoubted Laird of *DRUM*,

The stalwart Laird of *Lawristone*;

With ilk thair Forces all and sum.

*PANMUIR* with all his Men did cum,

The Provost of braif *Aberdene*,

With Trumpets and with Tuick of Drum,

Came schortly in thair Armour schene.

## XVI.

THESE with the Erle of *MARR* came on;

In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,

Thair Enemies to sett upon;

In awfull Manner hardily,

*Battle of Harlaw.*

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Together vowit to live and die,  
Since they had marchit mony Mylis  
For to suppress the Tyrannie  
Of douted *DONALD* of the *Yles.*

XVII.

BUT he in Number Ten to Ane,  
Richt subtilie along did ryde,  
With *Malcomtosch* and fell *Maclean*,  
With all their Power at thair Syde,  
Presumeand on thair Strenth and Pryde,  
Without all Feir or ony Aw,  
Richt bauldlie Battill did abyde,  
Hard by the Town of fair *HARLAW.*

XVIII.

THE Armies met, the Trumpet sounds,  
The dandring Drums alloud did touk,  
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,  
Till ane of them the Feild sould bruik.  
Nae Help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,  
Fers was the Fecht on ilka Syde,  
And on the Ground lay mony a Bouk  
Of them that thair did Battill byd.

F 3

XIX. WITH

## XIX.

WITH doutsum Victorie they dealt,  
 The bludy Battil lastit lang,  
 Each Man his Nibours Foris thair felt;  
 The weakeft aft-tymes gat the Wrang:  
 Thair was nae Mowis thair them amang,  
 Naithing was hard but heavy Knocks,  
 That Eccho maid a dulefull Sang,  
 Thairto refounding frae the Rocks.

## XX.

BUT *Donalds* Men at last gaif back;  
 For they war all out of Array.  
 The Earl of MARRIS Men throw them brak,  
 Pursewing shairply in thair Way,  
 Thair Enemy's to tak or slay,  
 Be Dynt of Foris to gar them yield,  
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,  
 And sae for Feirdness tint the Feild.

## XXI.

THEN *Donald* fled, and that full fast,  
 To Mountains hich for all his Micht;  
 For he and his war all agast,  
 And ran till they war out of Sicht;

And

*Battle of Harlaw.*

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And sae of *Rofs* he lost his Richt,  
Thocht mony Men with him he brocht,  
Towards the *Kles* fled Day and Nicht,  
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

THIS is, (quod he) the richt Report  
Of all that I did heir and knaw,  
Thocht my Discourse be sumthing schort,  
Tak this to be a richt futhe Saw :  
Contrairie God and the Kings Law,  
Thair was spilt mekle Christian Blude,  
Into the Battil of *Harlaw* ;  
This is the Sum, sae I conclude,

XXIII.

BUT zit a bony Quhyle abyde,  
And I fall mak thee cleirly ken  
Quhat Slauchter was on ilkay Syde,  
Of *Lowland* and of *Highland* Men,  
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene :  
These lazie Lowns nicht weil be spaird,  
Cheffit lyke Deirs into thair Dens,  
And gat thair Waiges for Rewaird.

## XXIV.

MALCOMTOSH of the Clan Heid Cheif,  
*Macklean* with his grit haughty Heid,  
 With all thair Succour and Releif,  
 War dulefully dung to the Deid :  
 And now we are freid of thair Feid,  
 They will not lang to cum again;  
 Thousands with them without Remeid,  
 On *Donald's* Syd that Day war slain.

## XXV.

AND on the uther Syde war lost,  
 Into the Feild that dismal Day,  
 Chief Men of Worth (of mekle Cost)  
 To be lamentit fair for ay.  
 The Lord *Saltoun* of *Rothemay*,  
 A Man of Micht and mekle Main;  
 Grit Dolour was for his Decay,  
 That fae unhappylie was slain.

## XXVI.

Of the best Men amang them was,  
 The gracious gude Lord *OGILVY*,  
 The Sheriff-Principal of *Angus*;  
 Renownit for Truth and Equitie,

*Battle of Harlaw.*

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For Faith and Magnanimitie ;  
He had few Fallows in the Field,  
Zit fell by fatall Destinie,  
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

SIR *James Scrimgeor* of *Duddap*, Knicht,  
Grit Constabill of fair *Dunde*,  
Unto the dulefull Deith was dicht,  
The Kingis cheif Banner-man was he,  
A valziant Man of Chevalrie,  
Quhais Predecessors wan that Place  
At *Spey*, with gude King *WILLIAM* fric,  
Gainst *Murray* and *Macduncans* Race.

XXVIII.

GUDE Sir *Alexander Irving*,  
The much renownit Laird of *Drum*,  
Nane in his Days was bettir sene,  
Quhen they war semblit all and sum ;  
To praise him we sould not be dumm,  
For Valour, Witt and Worthyness,  
To end his Days he ther did cum,  
Quhois Ransom is remeidyles.

XXIX. AND



## XXIX.

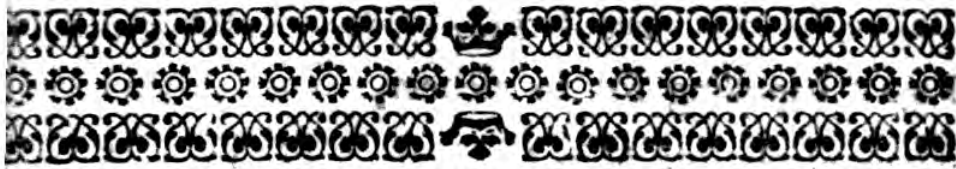
AND thair the Knicht of *Lawriston*  
 Was slain into his Armour schene,  
 And gude Sir *Robert Davidson*,  
 Quha Proveft was of *Aberdene*,  
 The Knicht of *Panmure*, as was sene,  
 A mortall Man in Armour bricht,  
 Sir *Thomas Murray* stout and kene,  
 Left to the Warld thair last gude Nicht.

## XXX.

THAIR was not sen King *Keneths* Days  
 Sic strange intestine crewel Stryf  
 In *Scotland* sene, as ilk Man says,  
 Quhair mony liklie lost thair Lyfe;  
 Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe,  
 And mony Childrene fatherless,  
 Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfe;  
 LORD help these Lands, our Wrangs redress.

## XXXI.

IN *July*, on Saint *James* his Even,  
 That Four and twenty dismall Day,  
 Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven  
 Of Zeirs sen *CHRYST*, the Sutte to say:  
 Men will remember as they may,  
 Quhen thus the Veritie they knaw,  
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,  
 The brim Battil of the *Harlaw*.



*Ane BALLAD of the fenziel Frier of Tungland,  
How he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkland.*

## I.

**A**S zung *Auror* with Chrystal Hail,  
In Orient schewd hir Vifage pail,  
A fwenyng Swyth did me assail,  
Of Sonis of Sathanis Seid;  
Methocht a *Turk* of *Tartary*,  
Come throw the Bounds of *Barbary*,  
And lay forloppin in *Lombardy*  
Full lang, in *Watchmans Weid*.

## II. FRAE

---

An Account of this Friar, who was an *Italian*, may be seen in Mr. *Lesly's* History. K. *James IV.* made him Abbot of *Tungland*: He pretended and attempted to make Gold out of other Mettals; but failing of that, he next gave out, That he could fly, and very boldly appointed the Day and Place, which was from *Stirling-Castle*, where the King and many Spectators saw him throw himself with his large Wings from the Rock, and break his Thigh-bone.

## II.

FRAE baptasing for to eschew,  
 Thair a religious Man he slew,  
 And cled him in his Habeit new,  
     For he couth wryte and reid.  
 Quhen kend was his Diffimulance,  
 And all his curfit Governance;  
 For Feir he fled, and come in *France*,  
     With litill *Lombard* Leid.

## III.

To be a Leiche he fenyt him thair,  
 Quhilk mony nicht rew evirmair,  
 For he left nowthir sick nor fair  
     Unflane, or he hyne zed:  
 Vane-Organs he full cleinly carvit,  
 Quhen of his Straik sae mony starvit,  
 Dreid he had got quhat he defarvit,  
     He fled away gude Speid.

## IV.

IN *Scotland* then the narrest Way  
 He come, his Cunning till assay;  
 To sum Men thair it was nae Play,  
     The preiving of his Sciens,

In Pottingrie he wrocht grit Pyne,  
He murdreist mony in Medecyne,  
The *Jew* was of a grit Engyne,  
And generit was of Gyans.

V.

IN Leich-craft he was homecyd,  
He wald haif for a Nicht to byd,  
A Haiknay and the Hurtmans Hyd,  
Sae mekle he was of Myance.  
His Yrons was rude as ony Rawchter,  
Quhair he leit Blude, it was nae Lauchter;  
Full mony an Instrument for Slauchter  
Was in his Gardevyance.

VI.

HE couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,  
To gar a wicht Horſe want his Lyfe,  
Quha eir affay wald Man or Wyfe,  
Thair Hipps zied hiddy-giddy.  
His Practicks neir war put to Preif,  
Bot sudden Deid or grit Mischief;  
He had Purgation to mak a Thief  
To die without a Widdy.

## VII.

UNTO nae Mefs eir prest this Prelat,  
 For Sound of sacring Bell nor Skellat,  
 As Blacksmyth brukit was his Pallat,

For batting at the Study.

Thocht he come hame a new maid Channoun.

He had dispensit with *Matynis* Cannoun  
 On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun,

For smuking of the Smydy.

## VIII.

ME THOCHT feir Fassonis he affailziet  
 To mak the Quintessance, and failziet;  
 And when he saw that nocht availziet,

A Fedrem on he tuke:

And schupe in *Turkie* for to flie,  
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,  
 All Fowl ferliet quhat he sould be,

That did upon him luke.

## IX.

SUM held he had bene *Dedalus*,  
 Sum the *Minatour* marvellous,  
 And sum the Smyth of *Mars*, *Vulcanus*,  
 And sum *Saturnus* Kuke.

And

And ay the Cuschetts at him tuggit,  
The Ruiks him rent, the Ravyns druggit;  
The hudit Craws his Hair furth ruggit,  
The Hevin he nicht not bruke.

X.

THE Mytane and Saint *Martyns* Fowl  
Wend he had bene the hornit Howle;  
They set upon him with a Zowle,  
And gaif him Dynt for Dynt.

The Golk, the Gormaw, and the Gled,  
Best him with Buffets till he bled;  
The Spar-halk to the Spring him sped,  
As ferfs as Fyre off Flint.

XI.

THE Tarfall gaif him Tug for Tug,  
A Stanchell hang in ilka Lug,  
The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,  
The Stork straik ay bot Stynt.

The Biffart biffy bot Rebuke,  
Scho was sae cleverous of her Cluke,  
His B---s he nicht nae langer bruke,  
Scho held them at a Hynt.

XII. SCHO

## XII.

THICK was the Cloud of Kayis and Crawis,  
 Of Marlzeons, Mittains, and of Mawis,  
 That bikkirt at his Baird with Blawis,  
 In Battill him about.

They nybillt him with dinsome Cry,  
 The Rerd of them raise to the Sky,  
 And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy,  
 His Lyfe was into Downt.

## XIII.

THE Jae him skrippit with a Skryke,  
 And skornit him as it was lyk,  
 The Egill strong at him did stryk,  
 And rawcht him mony a Rout.

For Feir uncunnandy he cawkit,  
 Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drawkit,  
 He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,  
 Beneath him with a Spowt.

## XIV.

HE schure his Feddreme that was schene,  
 And slippit out of it full clene,  
 And in a Myre, up to the Ene,  
 Amang the Glar did glyd.

*The Frier of Tungland.*

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The Fowlis all at the Fedreme dang,  
As at a Monster, them amang,  
Quhyle all the Penns of it outsprang  
Intill the Air full wyde.

XV.

AND he lay at the Plunge eirmair,  
Sae langs he hard a Ravin rair;  
The Craws him socht with Crys of Cair  
In every Schaw besyde.

Had he reveild bene to the Ruiks,  
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:  
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,  
He did with Dirt him hyde.

XVI.

THE Air was dirkint with the Fowls,  
That came with Zawmets and with Zowls,  
With Skryking, Skryming and with Scouls

To tak him in the Tyde.

I walknit with the Noyfs and Schout,  
Sic hydious Beir was me about,  
Sensyne I curst that cankirt Rout,  
Quaireir I gang or ryde.

*Finis quod DUNBAR.*

G

Tyd.





*TYDINGS frae the SESSION.*

I.

**A** Murelands Man of Uplands Mak,  
 At Hame thus to his Nychbour spak,  
 What Tydings, Gossip, Peice or Weir?  
 The tother rounit in his Eir,  
 I tell zou this under Confession,  
 But laitly lichtit aff my Meir,  
 I come of *Edinburgh* frae the Sessioin.

II.

**QUHAT** Tydings hard ze thair, I pray zou?  
 The tother answert, I fall say zou,  
 Keip this all secreit, gentil Brothir,  
 Is nae Man thair that trests ane uther:  
 A common Doer of Transgression,  
 Of Innocents pr<sup>e</sup>veins a Futher:  
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Sessioin.

III. SUN

*Tydings frae the Session.*

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III.

SUM with his Maik, rowns him to pleis,

That envyous wald byt aff his Neis;

His Fae him by the Oxters leids;

SUM Patters with his Mouth on Beids,

That has his Mynd all on Oppression:

SUM becks full law, and schaws bair Heids,

Wald luke full heich war not the Session.

IV.

SUM bydand Law, lays Land in Wed;

SUM superexpendit gaes to Bed,

SUM speids, caule he in Court has Meins,

SUM of Partiality compleins,

How Feid and Favour fleims Discretion :

SUM speiks full fair and falsly feins;

Sic Things I hard and saw at Session.

V.

SUM Summonds casts, and sum excepts,

SUM stand besyd and skaild Law keppts;

SUM is delayd, sum wins, sum tynes;

SUM maks him merry at the Wynes;

SUM is put out of his Possession;

SUM herrit, and on Credance dynes;

Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

## VI.

SUM sweirs, and gies clein up with GOD;  
 Sum in a Lamb-skin is a Tod,  
 Sum in his Tung his Kyndness turses,  
 Sum cuts at Throats, and sum pyks Purfes:  
 Sum gaes to Gallows with Proceffion;  
 Sum sailis the Seit, and sum them curses;  
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

## VII.

RELIGIOUS Men of divers Places,  
 Cum thair to wou, and see fair Faces,  
 Baith *Carmelites* and *Cordiliers*,  
 To Gemer cum, and get mae Friers,  
 Unmindful of thair cheft Profession,  
 The zunger at the elder leirs;  
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

## VIII.

THAIR cums zung Monks of hie Complexion,  
 Of Mynd devòte, Luve and Affection;  
 And in the Court thair het Flesh dant,  
 Full Father-lyk, with Pech and Pant:  
 They are sae humble of Intercession,  
 Thair Errand all kynd Women grant:  
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

XI.

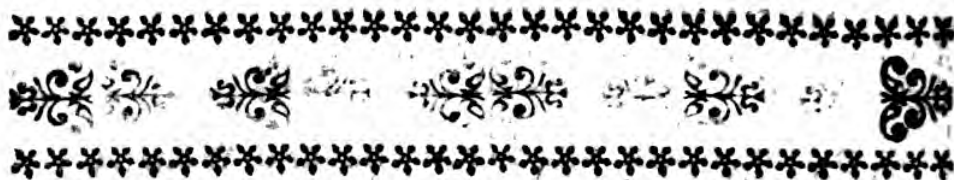
SUM honest Lords adorn the Bench,  
Sum myndis nocht but his Wyne and Wench;  
Sum has Law Learning of his awin,  
Sum wants and lippens to his Man,  
In ilka Cause to get a Lesson;  
Sum cankirt girns, be Party thrawin,  
And fleims fair Justice frae the Session.

X.

THE Advocates I may nocht wyte,  
Nor yet the Lads that Lybalds wryte;  
For its thair Craft, and they maun fen,  
This has nae Spevie in his Pen,  
Nor that a Palsie in Expression;  
But weil I wate an of ilk Ten,  
Micht very weil gane all the Session.

*Quod DUNBAR.*





A

## Generall SATYRE.

I.

**D**EVORIT with Dreim devising in my Slumber,  
How that this Realm with Nobles out of  
Number,

Gydit, provydit sae mony Years has bene;  
And now sic Hunger, sic Cowarts and sic Cumber  
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene,

II.

Sic Pryd with Prelats, sae few to preich and pray;  
Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day,  
They that sould have ay their GOD afore their ENC,  
Sae nyce in Array, sae strange to their Abay,  
Within this Land was nevir hard or sene.

III. SAE

III.

SÆ mony Preists cled up in secular Weid,  
With blasing Breists, casting thair Clais abreid;  
It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,  
To quhome the Creid and Testament to reid  
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

IV.

SÆ mony Maisters, sæ mony gowckit Clerks,  
Sæ mony Waisters, to GOD and all his Warks,  
Sic fyrie Sparks, dispytful frae the Splene,  
Sic losin Sarks, sæ mony Glengore Marks,  
Within, &c.

V.

SÆ mony Lords, sæ mony naturale Fules,  
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,  
Nor seis the Dules, that commons did sustene.  
New tane frae Schules, sæ mony Anis and Mules,  
Within, &c.

VI.

SÆ meikle Treasson, sæ mony partial Saws,  
Sæ little Reason, to help the common Cause,  
That all the Laws are not set by ane Bene,  
sic fenziat Flaws, sæ money wastit Waws,  
Within, &c.

## VII.

SAE mony Theivs and Murderers weil kend,  
 Sae grit Releivs of Lords them till deffend,  
 Because they spend the Pelf them betwene,  
 Sae few till wend this Mischeif till amend,  
 Within, &c.

## VIII.

THIS to correct, they shone with mony Cracks,  
 But small the Effect of Speir or bartar Ax,  
 Quhen Courage lacks, that suld the Corfs mak kein,  
 Sae mony Jacks, and Brats on Beggars Baks,  
 Within, &c.

## IX.

SIC Vanr of Wouftours, with Hearts in sinful Satures,  
 Sic brawland Bosters, degenerate frae their Natures,  
 And sic Regratours, the pure Man to prevent;  
 Sae mony Traytors, sae mony Rubeators,  
 Within, &c.

## X.

SAE mony Juges, and Lords new made of late,  
 Sae small Refuges, the pure Man to debate;  
 Sae mony Estate, for common Weil sae quene,  
 Owre all the Gate, sae mony Theives sa tait,  
 Within, &c.

XI. SAE

XI.

SÆ mony a Sentance retreitit for to win  
Geir and Aquentance, or Kyndness of thair Kin;  
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene  
Sae mony a Gin, to haist them to the Pin,  
Within, &c.

XII.

Sic Knavis and Crakkars, to play at Cards and Dyce,  
Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk ate *Cowkelbys Gryce*,  
Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convene;  
Sic Store of Vyce, sae mony Witts unwyfe,  
Within, &c.

XIII.

SÆ mony Merchands, sae mony ar menfworne,  
Sic pure Tennands, sic cursing Ein and Morn,  
Quhilk slays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene;  
Sic Skaith and Skorn, sae mony Paitlairs worn,  
Within, &c.

XIV.

SÆ mony Rackets, sae mony Ketch Pillars,  
Sic Balls, sic Nackets, and sic Tutivilaris,  
And sic Ill-willars, to speik of King and Quene,  
Sic Pudding-fillars, descending doun frae Millars,  
Within, &c.

XV. Sic



## XV.

SIC Fardingails on Flags as fat as Quhails,  
 Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht avails,  
 And sic foul Tails, to sweip the Caufy clene,  
 The Duft up sails, sae mony with uck sails  
 Within, &c.

## XVI.

SAE mony a Kitty, drest up in Golden Chenze,  
 Sae few witty, that weil can Fables fenze,  
 With apil Renze, ay shawand her Golden Chene;  
 Of Sathans Senzie sure sic an unfall Menzie  
 Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

*Quod DUNBAR.*



*E P I.*

*Wise SAYINGS.*

**I**T that I gife, I haif,  
 It that I len, I craif,  
 It that I spend, is myne,  
 It that I leif, I tyne :

Get and saif, and thou salt haif,  
 Len and grant, and thou salt want;  
 Wha in his Plenty taks not Heid,  
 He fall haif Falt in Tyme of Neid:

When eir I lend,  
 I am a Friend,  
 And whan I craif,  
 I am unkynd;

Thus of my Friend, I mak a Fae,  
 I shrew me, gif I mair do fae.

A zung Man Chiftane, wittles,  
 A pure Man Spendar, gettles,  
 Ane auld Man Trechour, ruthless,  
 A Woman Lowpar, landless;  
 Be gude Saint *Giel*,  
 Sall nevir ane of thir do weil.



T H E  
C O M P L A I N T.

*An EPISTLE to his Mistress  
on the Force of LUVE.*

I.

**Q**UHAIR LUVE is kendlit comfortless,  
 Ther is nae Fever half sae fell,  
 Frae *Cupid* keist his Dart begets,  
 I had nae Hap to saif my fell,  
 Lyk as my wofull Heart can tell,  
 My inwart Pains and Siching sair;  
 For weil I wat the Pains of Hell  
 Unto my Pain can nocht compar.

II. For

II.

FOR ony Malledy, ze ken,  
Except peuir Luve, or than stark Deid,  
Help may be had frae Hands of Men,  
Throw Medicinés to mak Remeid:  
For Harms of Body, Hands or Heid,  
The Pottingars will purge the Pains;  
But all the Members are at Feid,  
Quhair that the Law of Luve remains.

III.

As *Tantalus* in Watter stands,  
To stanche his thrifty Appetyte,  
Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,  
The River fleis him in Dispyte;  
Sae does my lusty Lady qwhyte,  
She fleis the Place where I repair:  
To hungry Men is smal Delyte  
To twitch the Meit, and eit nae mair.

IV.

THE nar the Flame, the hetter Fyre,  
The mair I pyne, zet I persew,  
The mair enkendlis my Disyre,  
Frae I behald her heavenly Hew;

Pure

110 *Complaint to his Mistress.*

Pure *Piramus* himself he slew,  
Made Saul and Body to disflaver,  
He diet but anes, farwel, adiew,  
I daylie die, and zet dies never.

V.

ZIT *Jason* did enjoy *Medea*,  
And *Theseus* gat his *Adriane*,  
*Dido* disflaved was with *Enea*,  
And *Demophoy* his Lady wan ;  
Gif Women trowd sic Traytors than,  
For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,  
Quhy wald ze slay zour faikles Man,  
Quha never myndes for to remuve.

VI.

THOCHT ferfs *Achil*, that worthie Knicht,  
Was slain for Luve, the Sutte to say,  
*Leander* on a stormy Nicht  
Diet sleitand on the Billous gray ;  
Thocht *Troyalus* he langourt ay,  
Still waitand for his Luves Return,  
Had not sic Pyne (thairs was but Play)  
As daylie does my Body burn.

VII. As

*Complaint to his Mistress.*

III

VII.

As Pol to Pylatts does appeir

Far brichtar than the Stars about,  
Sae does zour Visage shine as cleir  
As Rôle among the raskal Rout;  
War *Paris* leivand now, bot Dout,  
And had the Golden Ball to serve,  
I wate he wald sune wail zou out,  
And leif baith *Venus* and *Minerve*.

VIII.

Now Paper pas, and at her speir,

Gif pleise her Prudence to imprint it?  
My faithfull Heart I send it heir,  
In Signe of Paper I present it;  
Wald God my Body war fornent it,  
That I micht serve hir Grace bot Glammer,  
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,  
Or smallest Varlet of her Chammer.

*Quod* King HENRY 8<sup>th</sup>

R T.

VI. THOB



*CUPID quareld, or his Tyranie,  
Blindnes and Injustice.*

## I.

**Q**UHOME fould I wyt for my Mischance,  
But *Cupid* King of Variance,  
Thy Court, without Considerance,  
Quhen I it knew,  
Or evir made the Observance,  
Richt fair I rew.

## II.

THOU and thy Law ar Instruments  
Of divers Inconveniments;  
Thy Service mony fair repents,  
Knawing the Quarrell,  
Quhen Body, Fame and Substance shents,  
Had not I. And Saul in Perel.  
As daylie does I.

## III. QUHAT

III.

QUHAT is thy Manrent but Mischeif,  
Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif,  
Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,  
Of Wounds sae wan,  
Displisour, Pain, and hie Reprise  
Of GOD and Man.

IV.

THOU luvest all them that loudest leis,  
And follows fastest them that fleis;  
Thou lichtlies all trew Properties  
Of Luvè express,  
And marks quhen neir a Styme thou seis,  
And hits begets.

V.

BLIND Buk! but at the Bound thou shutes,  
And them forbeirs that the rebutes;  
Thou ryves thair Hearts ay frae the Rutes,  
Quilk ar thy awin,  
And cures them that cares not three Cutes  
To be misknawn.



## VI.

THOU art in Friendship with thy Fae,  
 And to thy best Freinds fremit ay,  
 Thou fleims all faithful Men thee frae,  
     Of stedfast Thocht,  
 Regarding nane but them perfoy  
     That cures the nocht.

## VII.

THOU chirriefts them that with the chyds,  
 And banniefts them with thee abyds:  
 Thou hes thy Horn ay in thair Syds  
     That cannot fie;  
 Thay furder warft in thee confyds,  
     I fay for me.

*Quod* ALEX. SCOT.





## T H E

*Auld Mans inveighing against Mouth-  
Thankless.*

## I.

**A** NE agit Man twyce Fourty Zeirs,  
After the haly Days of Zule,  
I hard him carp amang the Freirs,  
Of Order gray, makand grit Dule,  
Richt as he war a furious Fule ;  
Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace !  
Be *Claud* my Care may nevir cule,  
That I servt evir *Mouth-Thankless*.

## II.

**T**HROCH Ignorance, and Folly, Zouth,  
My Preterit Tyme I wald neir spair,  
Plesance to put into that Mouth,  
Till Aige said, Fule, let be thy Fare,

116      *Auld Mans inveighing*

And now my Heid is quhyt and liair,  
For feiding of that fowmart Face,  
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,  
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

III.

SILVER and Gold that I micht get  
Beifands, Brotches, Robes and Rings,  
Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,  
To pleise the Mulls attour all Things.  
Right as the Swan for Sorrow sings,  
Before her Deid a little Space,  
Richt fae do I, and my Hands wrings,  
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

IV.

BETTER it were a Man to serve  
With Honour brave beneath a Sheild,  
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou sould sterve,  
That will not luke on the in Eild,  
Frae that thou has nae Hair to heild  
Thy Heid frae harming that it hes,  
Quhen *Pen* and *Purse* and all ar peild,  
Tak then a Meis of *Mouth-thankless*.

V.

It may be in Example sene,  
The Grund of Truth wha understude,  
\* Frae in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,  
Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,  
At *Venus* Closet, to conclude,

Call ze not this a cankert Case:

Now GOD help and the haly Rude,  
And keip all Men frae *Mouth-thankless*,

VI.

O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,  
And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,  
Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,  
Amend thy Mifs, thy self to saif,  
The Blifs abune gif thou wald haif,  
And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace.

All this I hard an auld Man raif,  
After the Zule, of *Mouth-thankless*.

*Quod* KENNEDY.

---

\* Makes Use of Spectacles



The *Soutar* descryvit by the  
*Tailzior*.

I.

**T**HOU leis Loun, thou leis, thou leis,  
Zone are Soutars that thou feis,  
Kneiland full lawly on thair Kneis,  
Thair Gods till adorn.

Be Saint *Girnega*, that grim Ghaist,  
To hale ther Hairnesses on haist,  
Of moltin Tauch thay tak a Test  
On *Monandays* at Morn.

II.

To hald them halefome at the Heart,  
Sum of fat Ulie spews a Quart,  
Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part,  
Of foul Soutars Blek,

Thus

Thus sum sits, and sum sews,  
Sum byts the Birs, sum Uly spews,  
And he keips ay best his Kews,  
Spouts in his Nichbour's Nck.

III.

Of Tauch or Uly when they want,  
Sir *Girnega* will give a Gant,  
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,  
And dr-- them Roset rowth.  
Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,  
When eir we saw them we sould cry,  
Fy on them, sich! and fy! fy! fy!  
They fyle the Wind in trowth.





## T H E

*Soutars Answer to the Tailzior.*

## I.

**F**ALSE clatterand Kenfy, Kuckold Knaif,  
 Blasphemand Baird in thy Backbyting,  
 Of me thou fall an Answer haif,  
 Fumart cum forth, and face my Flyting,  
 Warse than a Warlo in thy Wryting;  
 Thou Sathans Seid ay set to Evil,  
 Mandrag, Memerkyn, mismade Myting,  
 I fall the conjure lyk the Devil.

## II.

**F**r on the Taylzior never trew,  
 Frae Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,  
 Of Stomoks stown baith red and blew,  
 A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They

They followt thee with Cry and Shout,  
Hey, hald the Thief that staw the Claith;  
Thou will be hangt, haif thou nae Dout,  
For mony presumptous forsworn Aith.

III.

AMANG the Wyves it fall be witten  
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,  
For lousy Seims that thou hast bitten,  
Thy Gumes ar giltin grein and gray;  
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strae,  
Peild Prick-loufe of a Pudding Price,  
Breik Boutcher on a Suny Brae;  
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

IV.

THOU zeid with Elwand, Sheir and Thymbill,  
Full mony a Day seikand thy Craft;  
For Halfpenies thy Hand zeid nimble,  
Grit Blads and Bitts thou staw full aft;  
Quha delt with thee they wer full daft,  
For on thy Back, as all Men kens,  
Wer broken mony a gude Ax Shaft,  
For wrangus Geir of uther Mens.



V.

THY Wyfe scho wont a Man she gat  
 Of thee, quhen that thou was weil brankit,  
 And scho gat but ane Cur Knakat,  
 A foul Taid Carle, all Tailzior shankit,  
 For Clais that thou mismade and mankit,  
 Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born;  
 Zet afterwart thou fall be hankit  
 Betwixt *Kirkaldy* and *Kingorne*.

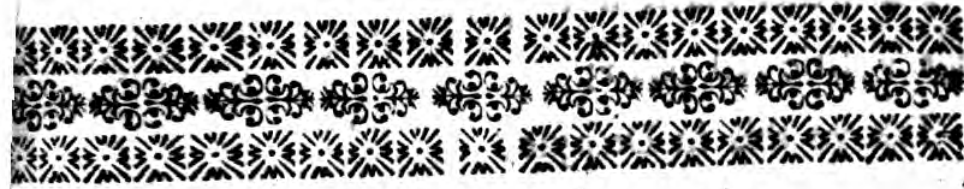
*Quod* STEWART.

**B**ETWIX twa Tods a crawling Cok,  
 Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her Smok,  
 Betwix twa Cats a Mous,  
 Betwix twa Taylziors a Lous;  
 Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,  
 Quhilk of thir Fours in gritest Danger?

A N S W E R.

FOXIS ar fell at crawling Coks,  
 Friers ar fers at Maids in thair Smoks,  
 Cats ar cautelus in taking Myce,  
 Tailziors ar Tyrrens in killing Lyce.

A



*A B A L L A T made to the Scorn and  
Derision of wanton Women.*

I.

**Z**E lusty Ladyis, luke  
The rackles Lyves ze leid,  
Haunt nocht in Hole or Nuke,  
To hurt zour Womanheid;  
I red, for best Remeid,  
Forbeir all Place prophane;  
Gif this be Cause of Feid,  
I fall not sayt again.

II.

**Q**UHA T is sic Luve but Lust,  
A lytill for Delyte,  
To hant that Game robust,  
And beistly Apetyte;

I now:

124 *In Derision of wanton Women.*

I nowther fleich nor flyte,  
But Veritie tell plain;  
Tak ye this in Despyte,  
I fall not fayt again.

III.

THE wyfest Scho may sone  
Seducit be and schent,  
Syne frae the Deid be done,  
Perchance fall fair repent;  
Ower late is to lament,  
Frac Belly dow not lane,  
Therfor in Tyme tak tent :  
I fall not fayt again.

IV.

LICHT Wenches Luve will fawin,  
Evin lyke a *Spanzeolis* Lauchter,  
To \* \* \*  
Be them, list Geir bechaucht hir;  
For Conzie ze may caucht hir,  
To \* \* \*  
And nevir speir quhais aucht hir;  
I fall not fayt again.

V. THOCHT

V.

THOCHT bruckle Women hants  
In Lust to leid thair Lyvis,  
And Widdow Men that wants  
To steil a Pair of wyvis;  
But quhere that marriet Wyvis  
Gaes by thair Husbands Bane,  
That Houfhald nevir thryvis,  
I sayt, and sayt again.

VI.

It sets not Maidens als  
To let Men lowse thair Lace,  
Nor clym about Mens Hals,  
To clap, to kifs, and brace,  
Nor round in secret Place;  
Sic Treatment is a Train  
To cleave thair Quaver-Cafe,  
And breid them Dule and Pain.

VII.

FAREWELL with Chesterie,  
Frae Wenchis fall a Chucking,  
Thair follows Things thre,  
To gar them gae a Gucking,

Imbracing,

126 *In Derision of wanton Women.*

Imbracing, Tigging, Plucking;  
Thir foure the Suth to fane,  
Enforfis them \* \* \*  
I fall not sayt again.

VIII.

SUM lykes new cum to Toun,  
With Jeigs to mak them joly,  
Sum lykes danfs up and doun,  
To miefs thair Melancholy;  
Sum lykes Sang, troy loly,  
And sum of rigging *fain*;  
Lyk Fillocks full of Foly,  
With litle Gier thair ain.

IX.

SUM Mune-brunt Maidens myld,  
At None-tyde of the Nicht,  
Are chapit up with Chyld,  
Bot Coal or Candle-light;

Sua

---

*Enforfis them \* \* \** 'Tis not impossible bus a complete  
Copy of this old Ballad may be found to supply these few  
Blanks.

Sua sum said, Mayds has Slicht  
To play, and tak nae Pane,  
Syne schift thair sells frae Sicht,  
I fall not sayt again.

X.

SUM thinks nae Schame to clap  
And kifs in open Ways;  
Sum cannot keip her ap  
Frae lanfing, as scho lyes;  
Sum goes fae gymp in Gyfe,  
Or scho war kisd, but plain,  
Scho leur be married thryis,  
And thre Tymes, thryis again.

XI.

MAIR Gentrice is to jot  
Undir a Silkin Goun,  
Than with quhyt Pettycot  
And redyar ay boun,  
The denkest fonest doun,  
The fairest but refrain,  
The gayest greatest Loun,  
But dinna tellt again.

XII. THE

XII.

THE moir degeft and grave,

The grydiar \* \* \*

The nyceft to reffave

Upon thair \* \* \*

The quhytlielt will quhipit,

And nocht thair \* \* \*

The lefs, the larger hippit;

I fhall not fayt again.

XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif thîs be,

A gude Counfale I geife zou,

To fave zour Honeftie,

Frae Sklander to releife zou;

But Ballatts mae to breif zou,

I will not break my Brain,

Suppose ze fould mifcheive you,

I fall not fayt again.

*Quod SCOTT.*

*On*



*On the Uncertainty of Life and Fear of  
Death, or a Lament for the Loss of  
the Poets.*

## I.

**O**UR Pleasance heir is all vain Glory,  
This World false but transatory;  
The Flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is flie,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## II.

THE State of Man dois change and vary,  
Now found, now seik, now blyth, now sary,  
Now danfand merry, now lyk to die,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

## III.

No State in all the Eard stands ficker,  
But as the West-Wind wavis the wicker,  
Sae wanes this worldly Vanity,  
*Timor mortis, &c.*

I

IV. DOWN



IV.

DOWN to the Death gois all Estates,  
Princes, Prelates and Potentates,  
Baith rich and pure of all Degree,  
*Timor, &c.*

V.

HE taks the Knichts into the Feild,  
Enarmed under Helm and Sheild,  
He Victor is at all mellie,  
*Timor, &c.*

VI.

THAT strang invynfable Tyrrand  
Taks, on the Muthers Breist suckand,  
The Babe, full of Benignitie,  
*Timor, &c.*

VII.

HE taks the Campion in the Stour,  
The Captain closd within the Towir,  
The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,  
*Timor, &c.*

VIII. H

VIII.

HE spares no Lord for his Pufiance,  
Nor Clerk for his Intelligence;  
His awfull Strake may no Man flee,  
*Timor, &c.*

IX.

ART Magicians and Astrologs,  
Rethoris, Logitians, Theologs,  
Get Help frae nae Conclufions flee,  
*Timor, &c.*

X.

IN Medecyne the most Practitians,  
Leiches, Surrigians and Phefitians,  
Themfelves frae Death may not fupplie,  
*Timor, &c.*

XI.

I fee the Makkars, mang the laif,  
Plays here thair Padzians, fyne gois to Graif;  
Not spairt is thair fweir Facultie,  
*Timor, &c.*

132 *Lament for the Loss of the Poets.*

XII.

HE has done petously devore,  
The nobil \* *Chawser* of Makkars Flowir,  
The *Monk of Berry* and *Gower* all thre,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

XIII.

THE gude Sr *Hew* of *Eglintoun*,  
*Etrick*, *Heriot* and *Winton*,  
He has tane out of this Countrey,  
*Timor, &c.*

XIV.

THAT Scorpion fell has done infek,  
Maister *John Clerk* and *James Affleck*,  
Frae Ballat making and Tragedy,  
*Timor, &c.*

XV. HO.

---

\* 'Tis worthy of Notice how generosully Mr. *Dunbar* pays his Respects to the Memory of the renowned *Chaucer*, *Gower* and *Lidgate*, before he names his own Country Poets.

*Lament for the Loss of the Poets.* 133

XV.

*Holand and Barbor* he has bereft,  
Allace! that he not with us left  
*Sr Mungo Lockhart* of the *Lie*,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me,*

XVI.

CLERK of *Tranent* eik he has tane,  
That made the *Aventers* of *Sir Gawane*,  
*Sir Gilbert Gray* endit has he,  
*Timor, &c.*

XVII.

HE has *Blind Hary* and *Sandy Trail*  
Slain with his Shot of mortall Hail,  
*Quhilk Patrick Johnson* nicht not flie,  
*Timor, &c.*

XVIII.

HE has rest *Mersar* his *Indyte*,  
That did in *Luve* so lyflie wryte,  
So schort, so quick, of *Sentens* hie,  
*Timor, &c.*

134 *Lament for the Loss of the Poets*

XIX.

HE has tane *Rowl* of *Aberdene*,  
And gentle *Rowl* of *Corstorphyne*;  
Twa bettir *Fallows* did no Man sic,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

XX.

IN *Dumfermling* he has tane *Broun*,  
With gude Mr. *Robert Henryson*;  
Sr *John the Ross* imbraist has he,  
*Timor, &c.*

XXI.

AND he has now tane, last of aw,  
The gentle *Stobo* and *Quintene Schaw*,  
Of quhome all *Wichts* has grit *Pitie*,  
*Timor, &c.*

XXII.

AND Mr. *Walter Kennedy*  
In *Poynt of Death* lyes werely;  
Grit *Rewth* it wer that so fould be,  
*Timor, &c.*

XXIII. SEN

POSTSCRIPT. 135

XXIII.

WHEN he has all my Brethren tane,  
He will not let me leive alane;  
On Forſs I maun his nixt Prey be,  
*Timor, &c.*

XXIV.

WHEN for the Death Remeid is none,  
Beſt is that we for Death diſpone;  
Aftir our Death, that live may we,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

POSTSCRIPT.

XXV.

SUTHE I forſie, if Spae-craft had,  
Frae Hethir-Muirſ fall ryſe a LAD,  
Aftir twa Centries paſ, fall he  
Revive our Fame and Memorie.

## XXVI.

THEN fall we flourish EVIR GRENE;  
 All Thanks to carefull *Bannantyne*,  
 And to the \* PATRON kind and frie,  
 Quha lends the LAD baith them and me.

## XXVII.

FAR fall we fare, baith Eist and West,  
 Owre ilka Clyme by *Scots* posselt;  
 Then sen our Warks fall nevir die,  
*Timor mortis non turbat me.*

*Quod* DUNBAR.

---

\* Patron, Mr. *William Carmichael*, Brother to the Earl of *Hyndford*, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. *George Bannantyne*, Anno 1568, from whence these Poems are printed.



*The WIFE of Auchtermuchty.*

## I.

**I** N *Auchtermuchty* dwelt a Man,  
 An Husband, as I heard it tawld,  
 Quha weil coud tipple out a Can,  
 And nowther luvit Hungir nor Cauld,  
 Till anes it fell upon a Day,  
 He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;  
 But schort the Storm wald let him stay,  
 Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

## II.

**H**E lowfd the Plewch at the Lands End,  
 And draife his Owfen hame at Ene;  
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,  
 And saw his *Wyfe* baith dry and clene,  
 Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,  
 Suppand fat Sowp, as I heard say:  
 The Man being weary, wet and cauld,  
 Betwein thir twa it was nae Play.

## III. QUOD



III.

QUOD he, quhair is my Horses Corn,  
 My Owfen has nae Hay nor Strae,  
 Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,  
 I fall be Huffy gif I may.

This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,  
 And ze fit warm, nae Troubles se;  
 The Morn ze fall gae with the Lad,  
 And syne zeil ken what Drinkers drie.

IV.

GUDEMAN, quod scho, content am I,  
 To tak the Plewch my Day about,  
 Sae ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,  
 And all the House baith in and out:  
 And now sen ze haif made the Law,  
 Then gyde all richt and do not break;  
 They sicker raid that neir did faw,  
 Therefore let naithing be neglect.

V.

BUT sen ye will Huffy skep ken,  
 First ye maun sift and syne fall kned;  
 And ay as ze gang butt and ben,  
 Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

And

*The Wife of Auchtermuchty.* 139

And lay a fast Wysp to the Kiln,  
We haif a dear Farm on our Heid;  
And ay as ze gang forth and in,  
Keip weil the Gaislings frae the Gled.

VI.

THE Wyfe was up richt late at Ene,  
I pray Luck gife her ill to fair,  
Scho kirk'd the Kirn, and skumt it clene,  
Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair:  
Then in the Morning up scho gat;  
And on hir Heart laid hir Disjune,  
And pat as mekle in hir Lap,  
As nicht haif serd them baith at Nunc.

VII.

SAYS, Jok, be thou Maister of Wark,  
And thou sall had, and I sal ka,  
Ise promise thee a gude new Sark,  
Either of round Claith or of sma.  
Scho lowft the Oufen aught or nyne,  
And bynt a Gad-staff in her Hand:  
Up the Gudeman raise aftir syne,  
And saw the Wyfe had done Command.

VIII. HE

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VIII.

HE draif the Gaislings forth to feid,  
Thair was but sevensum of them aw,  
And by thair comes the greidy Gled,  
And lickt up five, left him but twa:  
Then out he ran in all his Mane,  
How sune he hard the Gaislings cry;  
But than or he came in again,  
The Kaves brak louse and suckt the Ky.

IX.

THE Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,  
The Man ran with a Rung to red,  
Than by came an illwilly Roan,  
And brodit his Buttoks till they bled:  
Syne up he tuke a Rok of Tow,  
And he sat down to sey the Spinning;  
He loutit down our neir the Low,  
Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

X.

THE Leam up throu the Lum did flow,  
The Sute tuke Fyre it flyed him than,  
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;  
I wat he was a dirty Man:

*The Wife of Auchtermuchty.* 141

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,  
Quherwith he slokend out the Fyre:  
To soup the House he fyne began,  
To had all richt was his Desyre.

XI.

HYND to the Kirn then did he stoure,  
And jumblit at it till he swat,  
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,  
The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat;  
Albeit nae Butter he could get,  
Zit he was cummert with the Kirn,  
And fyne he het the Milk sae het,  
That ill a Spark of it wad zyrne.

XII.

THEN ben thair cam a greidy Sow,  
I trow he cund hir litle Thank:  
For in scho shot hir mekle Mow,  
And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank:  
He tuke the Kirnstaff be the Schank,  
And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,  
The twa left Gaislings gat a Clank,  
That Straik dang baith thair Harns out.

XIII. THEN

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XIII.

THEN he bure Kending to the Kill,

But scho start all up in a Low,

Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,

That Day he had nae Will to \* \*

Then he zied to take up the Bairns,

Thocht to have fund them fair and clene;

The first that he gat in his Arms,

Was a bedirtin to the Ene.

XIV.

THE first it smellt sae sappylie,

To touch the lave he did not grein:

The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,

That cramd zour Kytes sae strute zestrein.

He traild the foul Sheits down the Gate,

Thocht to haif wush them on a Stane,

The Burn was risen grit of Spait,

Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

XV.

THEN up he gat on a Know-heid,

On hir to cry, on hir to schout:

Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,

But stoutly stard the Stots about.

*The Wife of Auchtermuchty.* 143

Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,

Scho lowst the Plewch, and syne came hame;

Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,

I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

XVI.

Quoth he, my Office I forsake,

For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;

For I wald put a House to Wraik,

Had I been twenty Days Gudewyfe.

Quoth scho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,

For truely I sall neir accept it;

Quoth he, Feynd fa the Lyars Face,

But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

XVII.

Then up scho gat a mekle Rung;

And the Gudeman made to the Dore,

Quoth he, Dame, I sal hald my Tung,

For and we fecht I'll get the war:

Quoth he, when I forsuke my Plewch,

I trow I but forsuke my Skill:

Then I will to my Plewch again;

For I and this House will nevir do weil.

*Quod MOFFAT.*

THE



*The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Land-  
 wart Mous.*

I.

**E**ASOP relates a Tale weil worth Renown,  
 Of twa wie Myce, and they war Sisters deir,  
 Of quhom the Elder dwelt in Borrowstoun,  
 The Zunger scho wond upon Land weil neir;  
 Richt solitair beneth the Bus and Breir,  
 Quhyle on the Corns and Wraith of labouring Men,  
 As Outlaws do, scho maid an easy Fen.

II.

**T**HE Rural Mous, unto the Winter-tyde,  
 Thold Cauld and Hunger aft, and grit Distress:  
 The uther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,  
 Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,  
 Tol frie, and without Custom mair or less,  
 And Friedom had to gae quhair eir scho list,  
 Amang the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kist.

III. ANE

III.

ANE Tyme when scho was full, and on Fute fair,  
Scho tuke in Mynd her Sister up-on-Land,  
And langt to ken her Weifair and her Cheir,  
And se quhat Lyf scho led under the Wand:  
Bare-fute alane, with Pykstaff in her Hand,  
As Pilgrim pure scho past out of the Toun  
To seik her Sister, baith in Dale and Down.

IV.

THROW mony wilsum Ways then couth scho walk,  
Throw Mure and Moss throwout Bank, Busk and  
Breir,

Frae Fur to Fur, cryand frae Balk to Balk,  
Cum furth to me, my awin sweit Sister deir,  
Cry, peip anes, ---- with that the Mous couth heir,  
And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinsmen will,  
Scho hard with Joy, and furth scho came her till.

V.

THAIR hearty Cheir was plesand to be sene,  
Quhen thir twa Sisters kind with Blythness met,  
Quhilk aften Syfs was shawin them twa betwein;  
For quhyls they leuch, and quhyls for Joy they grat,  
Quhyls sweitly kist, and quhyls in Arms they plet:

K

And



And thus they fure, till sobirt was thair Meid,  
Synne Fute for Fute they to thair Chalmer zeid.

## VI.

As I hard say, it was a semple Wane  
Of Fog and Fern, full fecklesly was maid,  
A silly Sheil, under a Eard-fast Stane,  
Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid;  
Into the same they went bot mair abaid,  
Withouten Fyre or Candle birnand bricht,  
For commonly sic Pykers luves not Licht.

## VII.

QUHEN thus wer lugit thir twa silly Myce,  
The zungest Sister to her Butrie hyed,  
And brocht furth Nuts and Peis insteid of Spyce;  
And sic plain Cheir as scho had her besyde:  
The Burges Mous sae dynk and full of Pryde,  
Sayd, Sister myne, Is this zour daylie Fude?  
Quhy not, quod scho, think ze this Mess not gude?

## VIII.

NA, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn;  
Madame, quod scho, ye be the mair to blame:  
My Moder said, aftir that we wer born,  
That ze and I lay baith within her Wame;  
I keip the richt auld Custom of my Dame

And

And of my Syre, ---- livand in Povertie,  
For Lands and Rents nane is our Propertie.

IX.

My Sister fair, quod scho, haif me excusht,  
This Dyet rude and I can neit accord;  
With tender Meit my Stomock still is uft,  
For quhy, I fair as weil as ony Lord:  
Thir withert Nuts and Peis, or they be bord,  
Will brek my Chafts, and mak my Teith full  
sklender,  
Quhilk has bein uft before to Meit mair tender.

X.

WELL Sister, weil then, quoth the rural Mous,  
Gif that ze pleis sic Things as ze se heir,  
Baith Meit and Drink, and Herbouray and Hous,  
Sall be zour awin, will ze remain all Zeir,  
Ze fall it haif with blyth and hairtly Cheir,  
And that sould mak the Messes that ar rude,  
Still amang Freinds richt tender, sweit and gude.

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XI.

QUHAT Plesans is in Feists mair dilicate,  
 The quhilk ar given with a gloumand Brow;  
 A gentle Heart is better recreate  
 With Usage blyth, than seith to him a Cow;  
 Ane *Modicum* is better, zeill allow,  
 Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Dess,  
 Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a spycie Mess.

XII.

FOR all this moral Doctrine, ticht and soun,  
 The Burges Mous had little Will to sing,  
 But hevily scho kest her Visage down,  
 For all the Daintys scho couth till her bring;  
 Zit at the last scho said, half in hie thing,  
 Sister this Vittell and zour Royal Feist  
 May weil suffice for sic a rural Beist.

XIII.

LET be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,  
 I fall zou schaw, by gude Experience,  
 That my *Gude-Frydays* better than zour *Pase*,  
 And a Dish licking worth zour hale Expence;  
 Houses I haif enow of grit Defence,  
 Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I haif nae Dreid:

This said,--- that was convince,--- and furth they zeid.

XIV. 10

XIV.

IN Skugry ay throw rankest Gras and Corn,  
And Wonder slie full prively they creip;  
The eldest was the Gyde, and went befor,  
The zunger to her Futesteps tukes gude keip;  
On Nicht they ran, and on the Day did sleip,  
Till on a Morning, or the Lavrock sang,  
They fand the Toun, and blythly in couth gang.

XV.

NO T far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,  
This Burges brocht them sune quhair they sould be,  
Without God-speid, ---- thair Herboury was tane  
Intill a Spence, wher Vittell was Plenty,  
Baith Cheis and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,  
With Fish and Flesh enough baith fresh and salt,  
And Pokks full of Grots, Barlie, Meil and Malt.

XVI.

QUHEN afterwart they wer disposd to dyne,  
Withouten Grace they wush and went to meit,  
On every Dish that Cuikmen can divyne,  
Muttone and Beif cut out in Telzies grit,  
Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,  
Exept ane Thing, ---- they drank the Watter cleir  
Insteid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir.

## XVII.

WITH blyth Upeast and merry Countenance,  
 The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,  
 Gif that scho thocht be Reson Differance  
 Betwixt that Chalmer and her fary Nest;  
 Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this last?

For evermair I wate, and langer to;  
 Gif that be trew, ze ar at Eise, quoth scho.

## XVIII.

To eik the Cheir, in Plenty furth scho brocht  
 A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,  
 A Threse of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,  
 Abundantlie about her did scho deil;  
 Furrmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of Geil,  
 A Candle quhyte out of a Coffer staw,  
 Insteid of Spye, to creish thair Teith with a.

## XIX.

THUS made they mirry, quhyle they nicht nae mair,  
 And hail *Zule!* hail! they all cryt up on hie;  
 But after Joy ther aftentymes comes Cair,  
 And Trouble after grit Prosperitie:  
 Thus as they sat in all thair Solitie,  
 The Spens came on them with Keis in his Hand,  
 Apent the Dore, and them at Dinner fand.

## XX. THEY

XX.

THEY tarriet not to wash, ze may suppose,  
But aff they ran, quha micht the formost win;  
The Burges had a Hole, and in scho gaes,  
Her Sister had nae Place to hyde her in,  
To se that silly Mous it was grit Sin,  
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,  
For very Feir scho fell in Swoun, neir deid.

XXI.

BUT as *Jove* wald, it fell a happy Case,  
The Spensar had nae Laifar lang to byde,  
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chese,  
But on he went, and kest the Dore upwyde;  
This Burges then his Pasage weil has spyd,  
Out of her Hole scho came, and cryt on hie,  
How! Sister fair, cry, peip, quhair eir thou be.

XXII.

THE Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,  
And for the Deid scho was full fair dreidand,  
For to her Heart strak mony a waefull Stound,  
As in a Fever trymbelit scho Fute and Hand;  
And when her Sister in sic Plicht her fand,  
For very Pitie scho began to greit;

Sync Comfort gaif, with Words as Huny sweit.

## XXIII.

QUHY ly ze thus? Ryse up my Sister deir,  
 Cum to zour Meit, this Perell is owre-past;  
 The uther answert, with a hevy Cheir,  
 I may nocht eit, sae fair I am agast:  
 I lever had this fourtie lang Days fast,  
 With Watter Kail, and gnaw dry Beins and Peis;  
 Then haif zour Feist with this Dreid and Wancise.

## XXIV.

WITH Tretie fair, at last, scho gart her ryse,  
 To Burde they went, and doun together sat;  
 But skantly had they drunken anes or twyce,  
 Quhen in came Hunter Gib, the joly Cat,  
 And bad God-speid. — The Burges up scho gat,  
 And till her Hole scho fled lyk Fyre frae Flint;  
 But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

## XXV.

FRAE Fute to Fute he kest her to and frae,  
 Quhys up, quhys doun, als tait as ony Kid;  
 Quhys wald he let her ryn beneth the Strae,  
 Quhys wald he wink and play with her Buk-hid;  
 Thus to the silly Mous grit Harm he did;  
 Till at the last, throw fair Fortune and Hap,  
 Betwixt the Dressour and the Wall scho crap.

## XXVI. SYNB

XXVI.

SYNE up in haste behind the Pannaling,  
Sae hie scho clam, that *Gibby* might not get her,  
And be the Cluks sae craftylie can hing,  
Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.  
Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.  
Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,  
Sister fairweil, heir I thy Feist defy.

XXVII,

WER I anes in the Cot that I cam frae,  
For Weil nor Wae I sould neir cum again.  
With that scho tuke her Leif, and furth can gae,  
Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre  
the Plain,  
Quhen scho was furth and frie, her Heart was fain,  
And merrylie she linkit owre the Mure,  
Needles to tell how afterwart scho fure.

XXVIII.

BUT this in schort she reikt her eisy Den,  
As warm as on suppose it was not grit,  
Full beinly stuffit it was baith butt and ben,  
With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and Quheit,  
When eir scho lykt scho had eneuch of Meit,



In Eife and Quiet, withouten Sturt and Dreid,  
But till her Sister's Feist nae mair she zeid.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

*The MORALITIE.*

XXIX.

**H**ER ze may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak Heid  
Unto this Fable a gude Moralitie,  
As Fitches minglit are with noble Seid,  
Sae interwoven is Adversitie  
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is free,  
Withoutten Trouble and aft grit Vexation,  
And namelie thay that wrestle up maist hie,  
And not contentit ar of small Possession.

XXX.

BLISSIT be sypmple Lyfe, withoutten Dreid,  
Blissit be sober Feist in Quietie ;  
Quha has cneuch of nae mair has he Neid,  
Thocht it be litle into Quantitie,

Aboundance grit and blind Prosperitie  
Maks oftentimes a very ill Conclusion :

The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie  
Is Sickerness and Peace with small Possession.

XXXI.

O wanton Man, quhilk uses ay to feid

Thy Wame, and maks it maist thy God to be,  
Luke to thy self I warn thee weil on Deid ;

For the Cat cums, and to the Mous has Ec,

Quhat does avail thy Feist and Ryelety,

With dreidfull Hairt, and endless Tribulation :

Therefore best Thing on Eard, I say for me,  
It is a merry Mynd and small Possession,

XXXII.

FREIND, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,

Will warm the weil, and is worth Gold to thee ;

And *Salamon* the Sage, says (gif ze reid)

*Under the Hevin I can nocht better se,*

*Than ay be blyth, and leif in Honestie.*

Quhairfore I may conclude me with this Reason,

Of Eardly Blis it beirs the best Degree,

Blythness of Hairt in Peace with small Possession.

*Quod* Mr. R. HENRYSON.

A D.



*ADVICE to his young KING.*

I.

**P**RECELAND Prince, haiffing Prerogatyve,  
 Of Royal Richt in this Region to ring,  
 I thee beseik against thy Lust to stryve,  
 And lue thy GOD aboif all uther Thing,  
 And him implore now in thy Zeirs zing  
 To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,  
 Quhilk he has given to thee in governing  
 In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End,

II.

**A**ND sen thou stands in sic a tender Age,  
 That Nature zit to thee Wisdome denys;  
 Therefore submit unto thy Council sage,  
 And in all Manner work as they devyse:

But

*Advice to his young King.* 157

**B**ut ower all Things keip thee frae Covetyse,  
To princely Honour gif thou wald pretend,  
Be liberal ay, then fall thy Fame upryse,  
And win thee Honour to thy Lyfes End.

III.

**G**IF that thou gives dilyver quhen thou hechts,  
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay;  
For then thy Hecht and thy Diliverance fechts,  
Far bettir war thy Hecht had biden away;  
He awis me nocht that schortly says me nay;  
But he that hechts, and causes me attend,  
Syne gives me not, I may repute him ay,  
Ane untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

IV.

**B**ETTER is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in Hands,  
The Falt of Feit with Horse thou may support;  
But quhen thy Hands are bundin up with Bands,  
Nae Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort;  
But thou them open payntit as a Port,  
And freily give sic Gudes as GOD dois send,  
Then may they mend within a Season schort,  
And win the Honnour to thy Lyfes End.

V. GIVE

V.

**GIVE** every Man after his Faculty,  
 And with Discretion still dispone thy Geir:  
 Give not to Fūles, and cunning Men ower flie,  
 Tho Fūles suld roun and flattir in thine Eir,  
 Give not to them that dois thy Saws sweir,  
 Give to them that are true and constant kend;  
 Then ower all quhair thy Fame they fall forth beir,  
 And win the Honnour to thy Lyves last End.

VI.

**SEN** thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,  
 Given by GOD unto thy Governace,  
 Luke that thou rule the Rute originall,  
 That throw thy Falt no Limb make other Grivance.  
 For quha cannot himself gyde and advance?  
 Quhy suld a Provence upon him depend,  
 To gyde gimsel that has nae Purveance,  
 With Peice and Honnour to his Lyves last End?

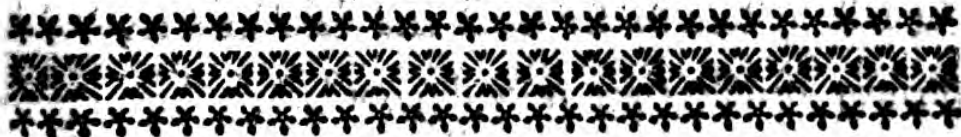
VII.

**DREID** GOD, do Council, of thy Leiges leil  
 Reward gude Deid, punish all Wrang and Vyce,  
 Thoch that thy Saw be sicker as thy Seil,  
 Fleme Frawd and be Deffender of Justice.

Ho.

Honour all Time thy noble Genterice,  
Obey the Kirk; gif thou dois miss, amend,  
Sae fall thou win a Place in Paradyce,  
And mak on Eard an honourable End.

*Quod* HEN. STEWART.



O N

# CONSCIENS.

I.

**Q**UHEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,  
Into the Heavens, aftir our LORDS Ascens.  
They Justice taught bot Bud or Favour carnal,  
And cauft be punisht fleshly vyl Offens,  
Gave Benifice to Clerks of CONSCIENS;  
And sae the Feynd had sic Envy thereon,  
Away he gart frae *Consciens* scrape the Con,  
And then behind was only left *Sciens*.

II. THEN

## II.

THEN were all Clerks for *Sciens* sune promovit,

And them that wald to Study maist apply :

But zit the Feynd at *Sciens* was comuvit,

And gart frae *Sciens* scrape away the *Sci*.

Sae only *Ens* was left by his slie Envy,

Quhilk ay fuld be for Gold and Geir expont,

Quhairby Benifices are now dispont

Bot *Consciens* or *Sciens* to fell and buy.

## III.

O SOVRAIGN LORD, and maist excellent King,

Gar put the *Con* and *Sci* again to *Ens*,

And rule thy Realm with Justice in thy Rings;

Give Benifice to Clerks of *Consciens*,

With Truth and Honour to stand thy Defens:

Sae in thy Court that *Consciens* be clene,

For vyle Corruption or thy Days has bene;

Against Justice, with uthir great Offens.

Quod STEWART.



On the CREATION, and  
PARADYCE lost.

I.

**G**OD by his Word his Wark began;  
To form this Erth and Hevin for Man;

The Sie and Watter deip;

The Sun, the Mune and Stars sae bricht,

The Day devydit from the Nicht,

Thair Courses just to keip;

The Beists that on the Grund do muve,

And Fishes in the Sie;

Fowls in the Air to flie abuve,

Of ilk Kind formed HE:

Sum creiping, sum fleiting,

Sum fleing in the Air,

Sae heichly, sae lichtly,

In moving heir and thair:

L

II. THE



## II.

THEIR Works of gret Magnificence,  
Perfytit by His Providence,

According to His Will:

Nixt He made Man; To gife him Gloure,  
Did with His Image him decoure,

Gaife Paradyse him till;

Into that Garden hevinly wrocht,

With Pleasures mony a one,

The Beists of every Kynd wer brocht,

Thair Names he suld expone;

These kenning and nameing,

As them he list to call,

For eising and pleising

Of Man, subdued them all.

## III.

IN heavenly Joy Man sae posselt,

To be alane GOD thocht not best,

Made *Eve* to be his Maik;

Bad them increas and multiplie,

And of the Fruit frae every Tree

Thair Pleasure they suld take,

Except

Except the Tree of Gude and Ill

That in the Midst dois stand,  
Forbad that they suld cum thertill,

Or twitch it with thair Hand;

Lest lukiſg and plucking,

Baith they and all thair Seid,

Seveirly, awſteirly,

Suld die without Remeid.

IV.

Now *Adam* and his luſty *Wyfe*

In Paradyce leidand thair Lyfe,

With Pleaſures infinite;

Wanting nae thing ſuld do them Eaſe,

The Beiſts obeying them to pleaſe,

As they could wiſh in Spreit :

Behald the Serpent ſullenlie

Envyand Mans Eſtate,

With wicket Craft and Subiltie

*Eve* temptit with Deſait;

Nocht feiring, but ſpeiring,

Quhy ſcho tuke not her till,

In uſing and chuſing

The Fruit of Gude and Ill?

## V.

COMMANDIT us, scho said, the LORD,  
Noways therto we suld accord,

Undir eternall Pain;

But grantit us full Libertie

To eit the Fruit of every Tree,

Except that Tree in plain.

No, no, nocht sae, the Serpent said,

Thou art defaifet therin;

Eit ze therof, ze fall be made

In Knowledge lyke to him,

In seiming and deiming

Of every thing aricht,

As dewlie, as trewly,

As ze wer Gods of Micht.

## VI.

*EVE* thus with these fals Words allurit,

Eit of the Fruit, and syne procurit

*Adam* the same to play:

Behald, said scho, how precious,

Sae dilicate and delicioust,

Besyde Knowlege for ay:

*Adam*

*Adam* puft up in worldly Glore,  
Ambition and high Pryd,  
Eit of the Fruit; allace therfore,  
And fae they baith did flyd;  
Neglecting, forzetting  
The eternall GODS Command,  
Quha fcurged and purged  
Them quyt out of that Land.]

VII.

QUHEN they had eiten of that Fruit,  
Of Joy then war they deftitute,  
And faw thair Bodys bare;  
Annon they pafst with all thair Speid,  
Of Leives to mak themselves a Weid,  
To cleith them, was thair Care:  
During the Tyme of Innocence,  
Nae Sin or Schame they knew,  
Frae Tyme they gat Experience,  
Unto ane Bufs they drew,  
Abyding and hyding,  
As GOD fuld not them fee,  
Quha spyed, and cryed,  
Adam, *quhy hyds thou thee?*

## VIII.

I being naikit, LORD, throu Feir,  
 For Schame I durst not to compeir,  
 And fae I did refuse:

*Had thou not eiten of the Tree,  
 That Knowledge had not bein in thee,  
 Nor zit nae sic Excuse;*

The Helper, LORD, thou gaife to me,  
 Has cawfit me to transgress,  
*Sayd scho, the Serpent subillie,  
 Persuadit me nae less,  
 Intreiting, be eiting,  
 That we suld be perfyte,  
 Me fylit, begylit;  
 In him lyes all the Wyte.*

## IX.

JEHOVE that evir juged richt,  
 Bringing his Justice to the Licht,  
 The Serpent first did juge:  
 Because the Woman thou begylt,  
 For evir thou fall be exylt,  
 Said he, without Refuge;

Berwixt her Seid and thy Offspring

Nae Peace nor Rest fall be,

And bir Seid fall thy Heid down thring,

For all thy Subtiltie ;

Abhorred, deformed,

Thou on thy Brcist fall gang,

In feiding and leiding

Thy Lyfe the Beists amang.

X.

THE Woman nixt, for her Offence,

Did of the LORD resave Sentence,

Her Sorrow fuld encrease,

With Wae and Pain her Childrene beir,

Subdewt to Man, under his Feir,

No Libertie possess :

For *Adams* Falt he curfd the Erth,

That barrane it fuld be,

Without Labour fuld zield nae Birth

Of Corns, nor Herb, nor Tree ;

Bot working and irking

For evir fuld remain,

And being in deing,

In Erth returnd again.

L 4

XI. Q

## XI.

O cruel Serpent venemous,  
Dispytfull and seditious,

The Grund of all our Care;  
Thou fals-bound Slave unto the Devill,  
Thou first Inventar of this Evill

Of Blifs, quhilk made us bare;  
O devlish Slave, did thou believe,  
Or hou had thou sic Grace,  
Therby for evir thou might live  
Above into that Place:

Thy Grudging gat Scrudging,  
And sae GOD lute the se,  
Desavers no Cravers  
Of His Reward fuld be.

## XII.

O dainty Dame, with Eirs bent  
That harkent to that fals Serpent,  
Thy Bains we may fair ban;  
Without Excuse thou art to blame,  
Thou justly has obtaint that Name,  
The very *Wo* of *Man*:

With

*and Paradyce lost.*

169

With Teirs we may bewail and greit  
That wickit Tyme and Tyde,  
Quhen *Adam* was obligit to sleip,  
And thou rane off his Syde.

No Sleiping bot Weiping  
Thy Seid hes fund senfyne,  
Thy Eiting and Sweiting,  
Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

XIII.

*ADAM*, thy Part, quha can excuse,  
With Knowlege thou that did abuse  
Thyne awn Felicitie.

The Serpent his inventing fals,  
The Womans sune consenting als,  
Was nocht fae wicketly,  
GOD did prefer thee to this Day,  
And them subdewt to thee,  
Sae all that they culd mein or say,  
Suld not have moved thee  
To brecking, abjecting  
That hie Command of Lyfe  
Quhilk gydid, provydit  
The ay to live bot Stryf.

XIV. B.



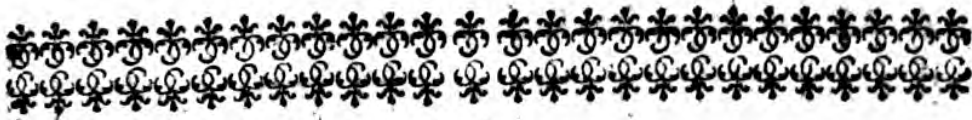
## XIV.

BEHALD the State that Man was in,  
 And als how it he tynt throw Sin,  
 And lost the same for ay;

Zet GOD his Promise dois perform,  
 Sent his Son of the Virgin born,  
 Our Ransome deir to pay.  
 To that great GOD let us give Glore,  
 To us has bein sae gude,  
 Quha be his Grace did us restore,  
 Quherof we were denude;  
 Not careing nor sparing  
 His Body to be rent,  
 Redeiming, releiving  
 Us quhen we wer all schent.

*Quod* Sir RICH<sup>d</sup>. MAITLAND  
 of *Lethingtoun*, K<sup>nt</sup>.





*The Devils Advice to all and  
sundry of his best Friends.*

## I.

**T**HIS Nicht in Sleip I was agast,  
Methocht the Deil was tempand fast  
People with Aiths of Crueltie,  
Sayand as throw the Fair he past,  
Renunce zour GOD, and cum to me.

## II.

**METHOCHT** as he went forth the Way, ]  
A Preist sweirt braid be GOD verry,  
Quhilk at the Alter reffavit he:  
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can say,  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

## III.

**T**HEN swore a Courtier of grit Pryd,  
Be Chrysts Woundis bludy and wyd,  
And be his Harmis was rent on Tree;  
Then spak the Deil hard him besyd,  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

## IV. A

*The Devils Advice.*

## IV.

A *Merchant* as he Geir did sell,  
Renuncit his Part of Heaven for Hell:

The Deil cryd, Welcome mot thou be,  
Thou fall be Merchand for my sell,  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

## V.

A *Goldsmith* said, This Goldis sae fyne,  
That all the Warkmanship I tync,

The Feind reffaife me, gif I lie.  
Think on, quod *Nik*, that thou art myne;  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

## VI.

A *Tailzior* said, In all this Town,  
Be thair a bettir weil made Gown,  
I gife me to the Feynd all frie;  
Gramercy Tailzeor, said *Mahoun*,  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

## VII.

A *Soutar* said, In gude Effeck,  
Nor I be hangit be the Neck,  
Gif better Butes of Lether be,  
Ey, quoth the Deil, thou sawrs of Blek,  
Gae clenge the clene, and cum to me,

VIII. A

to his best Freinds.

VIII.

A *Baxter* said, I quat with God,  
And all his Works baith even and od,  
Gif fyner Stuff ther neids to be.  
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IX.

THE *Flehour* swore be Sacrament,  
And be the Blude maist innocent,  
Neir fattir Flesh Man saw with Ec.  
The Deil said, Hald on thy Intent,  
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

X.

THE *Maltman* says, I Blifs forsake,  
And may the Deil of Hell me taik,  
Give ony better Malt may be,  
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,  
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

XI.

A *Browster* swore the Malt was ill,  
Baith reid and reikit on the Kill,  
It will be nae Ale worth a Flic ;  
A Boll will not sax Gallons fill:  
*Mahoun* cryis, Cum and mask with me.

XII. THE

## XII.

THE *Smith* he swore be Rude and Raip,  
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,

Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,  
For laik of Ale I Water laip:

Quod *Nic*, Thoull get far les with me.

## XIII.

A *Minstrel* said, the Feynd me ryve,  
Gif I do ocht but drink and yve:

The Deil said, Hardly mot it be,  
Exerce that Craft throu all thy Lyfe,

And thouill be sure to cum to me.

## XIV.

A *Dycer* bad, with Words of Stryf,  
The Deil cum stick him with a Knyf;

But he kest up fair Syces three:

The Deil said, Endit is thy Lyfe,

Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

## XV.

A *Theif* said, Ill that eir I chaip,

Nor a stark Woddy gar me gaip,

But I in Hell for Geir wald be.

The Deil said, Welcom in a Raip,

Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.

XVI. THE

to his best Friends.

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XVI.

THE Fish-wyves flet, and swore with Granes,  
And to *Auld-nick* fauld Flesh and Banes,  
And gaif them with a Schout on hie.  
The Deil cryd, Welcome all attaines,  
Sling by zour Creils, and cum to me.

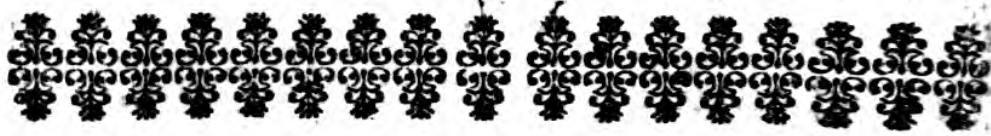
XVII.

METHOCHT the Deils as blak as Pik,  
Solifand were as Beis thick,  
Ay tempand Folk with Ways flie,  
Rounand to *Robin* and to *Dick*,  
Renunce zour Creid, and cum to me.

*Quod* DUNBAR.



THE



T H E

# Claitth-Merchant ;

*Or, a Ballat made on Jonet Reid,  
Jean Violet, and Anna Whyt, be-  
ing slicht Women, and Taverners.*

I.

O F Collours cleir,  
Quha lykes to weir,  
Are mony Sorts into this Toun,  
Greene, Zellow, Blew,  
And ilka Hew,  
Baith *Paris* Black, and *Inglis* Brown ;  
Braw *London* Sky,  
Quha lykes to buy,  
*Colour de Roy* is clene laid down,  
And *Dunde* Gray  
This mony a Day  
Is lichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.

II. BŪT

II.

BUT stanch my Fyking,  
And stryd my Lyking,  
Are feimly Hews for Simmer Play;  
Din dipt in Zellow  
For ilka gude fallow,  
As Will of *Quhyt-hauch* bad me say;  
I will not deny it  
To them that will buy it,  
For Silver nane sall be said nay;  
Ze neid not plenze,  
It will not stenzie,  
Suppose ye weit it Nicht and Day:

III.

AND I have *Quhyt*  
Of great Delyt,  
And *Violet* quha lykes to weir,  
Weil wearand *Reid*  
Till ze be dead;  
It fall not failzie, tak ze no Feir.  
The *Quhyt* is gude,  
And richt weil lued,



But zit the *Reid* is twice as deir :

The *Violet* fyne,

Baith fresh and fyne,

Sall serve ye Hoseing for a Zeir.

IV.

THE *Quhyt* is teuch,

And fresh enouch,

Saft as the Silk, as all Men seis.

The *Reid* is bonny,

And socht be mony;

They hyve about the House lyke Beis.

My *Violet* saft,

Quhen ye have coft,

Will ply lyk Satin to zour Theis;

Sure be my witting

Not burnt in the Litting,

Suppose baith Lads and Limmers leis.

V.

Of thir thrie Hews

I haif left Clews,

To be our Court-Men Winter Weid,

Weill twynt and smal,

The best of them all

May weir the Claitb for Woul and Threid;

**But**

But in the Wawk-mill,

The Wedder is ill:

**T**hese are not drying Days indeid;

And gif it be wat,

I hecht for that,

It tuggs in Holes and gaes abreid.

VI.

**Z**IT its weil wawkit,

Cardit and cawkit,

**A**s warm a Weid as weir the Dule,

Weil wrocht in Luims,

With Wobsters Guims,

Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;

Cottond and shorn,

The mair it be worn,

**Z**e will find zour fell the greater Fule;

Zit bony forsuith,

Cum buyit in my Buith,

To mak ze Garments against Zule.

VII:

**T**HIR mixt togither,

Zour fell may confider,

M 2

Quhat

180      *The Claitb-Merchant.*

Quhat fyner Colour can there be fund,  
    And namely for Breiks,  
    Gif ony Man feiks,  
Heill purchace the Pair ay for a Pund:  
    Abeit it be skant,  
    Nae Wowars fall want,  
That to my bidding will be bund,  
    Weil may they bruik it,  
    They neid not luke it,  
But grape it Mirklyns be the Grund.

VIII.

OUR Court Men heir,  
    Has made my Claitb deir,  
Raisd it Twall-penies of ilka Ell,  
    Zit is my Claitb sure,  
    Best Sadles to cure,  
Suppose the hale Sesson shoud ryd themsel:  
    The *Violet* certain,  
    Was maid at *Dumbartain*;  
The *Reid* was wawkit at *Dunkell*:  
    The *Quhyt* has bein dicht  
    In mony mirk Nicht,  
But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

IX. Now

IX.

Now gif ye work wylie,

And shape it precyslie;

The Ellwand \* \* \*

Gif the Bys be wyde,

Gar lay it on Syde ;

And fae ze cannot weil gae wrang ;

And for the lang List,

It wald be sewd fast,

And care not by how deip ze gang ;

But want ze quhyt Threid,

Ye will not cum speid,

Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

X.

AND tho it be auld,

And Twenty Tymes fald,

Zit will the Freprie ot mak ze fain,

With Oyls to renew it,

And mak it weil hewt,

And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;

Syne with the fleik Stains  
 That servis for the Nains,  
 They raise the Pyle quhen it falls plain :  
 With mony braid Aith,  
 We sell this same Claitb,  
 To gar the Buyers cum fast again.

## XI.

No w is my Wob wrocht,  
 And arlet and bocht,  
 Cum lay the Payment in my Hand ;  
 And gif my Claitb felzie,  
 Zeis not pay a Melzie,  
 The Wob fall be at zour Command,  
 The Market is thrang,  
 And will not last lang ;  
 They buy fast in the Border Land ;  
 Abeit I haif Tinsel ;  
 Zit maun I tak Handsell,  
 To pay my Buith-Mail and my Stand.

XII.

My Claith wald be lude,  
Be great Men of gude,  
**Gif** Lads and Lowns wald let me be,  
Zit maun I excuse them;  
How can I refuse them,  
**Sen** all Mens Penny maks him frie?  
The best and Gay ot,  
My self tuke a Sey ot,  
**A** Wylie-coat I will nocht lie,  
Quhilk did me nae Harm,  
But held my Cost warm,  
**A** symple Merchant ye may see.

XIII.

**THIS** far to relive me,  
That nane may reprove me,  
**In** *Jedbrugh* at the Justiceair,  
This Sang of thrie Lasses  
Was made abune Glasses,  
**That** Tyme that they wer Tapsters thair.  
The first was a *Quhyt*,  
**A** Lafs of Delyte;

184 *On K. James V. his Mistresses.*

The *Violet* was baith gude and fair:

Keip *Reid* frae all Skaith.

Scho is wordie them baith;

Sae to be short I say nae mair.

*Quod* SIMPLE.



*On King JAMES V. his three  
Mistresses.*

S Aw not thy Seid on *Sandylands*,

Spend not thy Strength on *Weir*,

And ryd not on the *Oliphant*

For hurting of thy Geir,



THE



T H E  
*L Y O N* and the *M O U S*.

I.

**I**N Midst of *June*, that jolly Season sweet,  
 Quhen *Phebus* fair, with his warm Beams fae  
 bricht

Had dryit frae Dale and Dawn the dewy Weit,  
 And all the Land made with his leiming Licht,  
 In a gay Morn, betwixt Mid-day and Nicht,  
 I raife and put all Slouth and Sleip on Syde,  
 And went allone untill a Forrest wyde.

II.

**S**WEIT was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and reid,  
 The Noyse of Birds was maist melodious,  
 The bobing Bews bluiimd braid abune my Heid,  
 The Ground growand with Grafs maist verderous,  
 Of all Pleisance that Place was plenteous,  
 With sweet Odour and Birds saft Hermonic,  
 The Morning myld increasd the Mirth and Glee.

III. T H E



186      *The Lyon and the Mous.*

III.

THE Roses reid arrayt the Rone and Ryfs,  
The Primrose and the Purpure Violaë;  
To heir it was a Poynt of Paradyce,  
Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth maë;  
The Blofoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,  
The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-minstrell Cry,  
Contending quha sould haif the Victory.

IV.

ME to conserve frae the Suns birning Heit,  
Undir the Schadow of an Awthorn-grene,  
I leant me doun amangs the Flowirs sweit,  
Syn made a Cross, and closed baith myne Een;  
On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis bein,  
And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw  
The fairest Man that eir before I saw.

V.

HIS Goun was of a Claith as quhyte as Milk,  
His Chymers wer of Chamelet Purpure broun,  
His Hude of Scarlet, borderit round with Silk  
In hekle Ways, untill his Girdle doun;  
Of the auld Fassoun was his Bonnat roun,  
His Heid was quhyt, his Een was grene and gray,  
With lokar Hair, quhilk owre his Shulder lay.

VI. A

VI.

A Row of Paper in his Hand he bair,  
A Swans quhyt Pen stickand beneth his Eir,  
Ane Inkhorn with a pretty gilt Pennair,  
A Bag of Silk, all at his Belt he weir;  
Thus was he gudely grathit in his Geir,  
Of Stature large, and with a feirfull Face,  
To quher I lay he came with sturdy Pace.

VII.

AND sayd, God-speid, my Son, and I was fain  
Of that couth Word, and of his Company;  
With Reverence I salutet him again,  
Welcome Fader, and he sat down by me;  
Displeis zou not, my gude Master, tho I  
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,  
Quhat brings ze hier, and quher ze dwell at hame?

VIII.

My Son, he sayd, I am of gentle Blude,  
My natall Land is *Rome*, withouten nay,  
And in that Toun first to the Schulis I zied,  
And studyt Sciens ther full mony a Day,  
And now my winning is in Heaven for ay;  
*Esope* I hecht my Wryting and my Wark,  
Is couth and kend to many a cunnand Clark.

IX. O

## IX.

O Maister *Esop*, Poet and Laureat,

God wate ze are full deir welcome to me;

Are ze not he that all thir Fables wrat,

Quhilk in Effect, altho they fenziēt be,

Are full of Prudence and Moralitie :

Fair Son, he sayd, I am the famyne Man;

My slichterand Heart I wate grew mirry than.

## X.

*ESOP*E, said I, my Maister venerable,

I heartilie zou besaik, for Cheritie,

Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,

Concludand with a gude Moralitie;

Schekand his Heid, he sayd, My Son let be,

For quhat ist worth to tell a fenziēt Tale,

Quhen hale Preiching may naithing now avail?

## XI.

Now in this World methinks richt few or nane

To haly Scripture has the leift Regaird;

The Eir is deif, the Hairt is hard as Stane,

They nevir mynd Punition or Rewaird,

Thair Lukes inclynand allways to the Eard;

Sae roustet is the World with Canker black,

That all my Tales may little Succour mak.

## XII. ZIT

XII.

ZIR gentle Sr, sayd I, for my Requeist,  
Not to displeis zour Fatherheid I pray,  
Undir the Figure of sum brutal Beist,  
A moral Fable ze wald grant to say;  
Quha kens nor I may leir and beir away  
Sumthing therby, heraftir may avail:  
I grant, quoth he, and thus began his Tale.

XIII.

A Lyon at his Prey weiry forrun,  
To recreate his Limbs and tak his Rest,  
Beikand his Breist and Bellie at the Sun,  
Undir a Tree lay in the fair Forest;  
Then came a Trip of Myce out of thair Nest  
Richt tait and trig, all dansand in a Gyfs,  
And owre the Lyon lansit twyfs or thryfs.

XIV.

HE lay sae still, the Myce was not affeird,  
But to and frae atowre him tuke thair Trace;  
Sum tirlt at the Whiskers of his Beird,  
Sum did not spare to claw him on the Face:  
Merry and glade thus dansit they a Space,  
Till at the last the nobil Lyon wouk,  
And with his Paw the Maister Mous he tuke.

XV. HE

## XV.

HE gaif a Cry, and all the laif agast,

Their Danfing left, and hid them heir and thair;

He that was tane cryit out and weipit fast,

And sayd, Allace for now and evermair!

Now am I tane a wofull Prisoner,

And for my Gilt believes incontinent

Jugement to thole, and unto Death be sent.

## XVI.

THEN spak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,

Thou catyve Wretch, and vyle unwordy Thing,

Owre malapert and owre presumptuous,

Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;

Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King

Of all the Beists? — This (quod the Mous) I knaw,

But I misknew, because ze lay sae law.

## XVII.

LORD, I besiek thy Princely Ryaltie,

Heir quhat I say, and tak in Patience;

Confidder first my simple Povertie,

And syne thy mighty high Magnificence;

Se als how Things that is done by Negligence,

Not frae malicious Thocht, or ill desynd,

Sould gain Remission frae a Kingly Mynd.

## XVIII. WITH

XVIII.

WITH gret Aboundance we wer all replet  
Of alkynd Fude, sic as to us affeird,  
And us to dans, provokit the Season sweit,  
And mak sic Mirth as Nature to us laird;  
Ze lay sae still and law upon the Eard,  
That be my Saul we weind ze had bein deid,  
Ells wald we not haif dansit owre zour Heid.

XIX.

THY false Excuse, the Lyon sayd again,  
Sall not avail a Myt, I undertae;  
I put the Case, had I bene deid or flain,  
And syne my Skin bene stapit full of Strae,  
Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand sae,  
Because it bare the Prent of my Persoun,  
Thou fould for Dreid on Kneis haif falen down.

XX.

Now for thy Cryme thou can mak nae Defence,  
My Ryal Person thus to vylipend,  
Nowther by Foris nor thyne oun Negligence,  
For till Excuse thou can nae Cause prettend;  
Therefore thou suffer fall a schamefull End,  
And Deid, sic as to Treffon is decreit,  
To be hung on a Gallows be the Fict.

## XXI.

O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentrice I as,  
 As thou art King of all Beists coronat,  
 Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepas,  
 And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;  
 I grant Offens is done to thy Estate,  
 Therefore I wirdy am to suffir Deid,  
 But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

## XXII.

IN evry Juge Mercy and Rewth suld be,  
 As Affeffors and collaterall;  
 Without Mercy, Justice is Crewelltie,  
 As said is in the Law spirituall:  
 When Rigour fits upon the hygh Tribunall,  
 The Equitie of Law quha may sustain?  
 Richt few or nane bot Mercy gae betwein.

## XXIII.

BESYDS ze knaw the Honour Triumphs zeild  
 To every Victor, on the Strength depends  
 Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,  
 Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang deffends;  
 Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,  
 Is sayd of him that overcomes a Man;  
 Him to deffend that nowther dow nor can.

## XXIV. A

XXIV.

A Thousand Myce to murder and devòte,  
Is litle Manheid in a Lyon strang;  
Full litle Worship can ze win thairfore,  
To quhose vast Strenth is nae Compareson:  
It will degrad sum Part of zour Renown  
To slay a Mous that can mak nae Deffence,  
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

XXV.

ALSO it not becomes zour Celfitude,  
That uses daylie Meit delicious,  
To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,  
Quhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;  
Unhalefom Melteth is a fairy Mous,  
And namely to a nobil Lyon strang,  
Wont to be fed with gentil Venifon.

XXVI.

My Lyfe is litle, and my Deid far less;  
Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure  
Supplie zour Highnes being in Distress:

For aft is sene a Man of small Stature  
Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnour,  
Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,  
Throu Fortunes Falt; sic Case me be zour awn.

N

XXVII. QUHEN



## XXVII.

QUHEN this was sayd, the generous Lyon pauit,  
 And thocht this arguing did not Reason want;  
 His Yre affwageit, and his kynd Mercy causit  
 Him to the Mous a full Remission grant,  
 Opent his Paw; He on his Kneis down bent,  
 And baith his Hands utto the Heaven upheild,  
 Cryand, Almichty *Jove* give zou lang Eild.

## XXVIII.

QUHEN he was gane, the Lyon zeid to hunt,  
 For he had nocht, but livd upon his Prey,  
 And slew baith tame and wyld, as he was wont;  
 And in the Countrie made a grit Deray;  
 Till at the last the People fand the Way  
 This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,  
 Of hempin Cords richt strang Nets coud they mak.

## XXIX.

AND in a Road quhair he was wont to rin,  
 With Raips rude frae Trie to Trie it band,  
 Syne custe a Raing on Raw the Wod within,  
 With Blasts of Horns and Cauits fast calland;  
 The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone rinnand  
 Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Heid,  
 For all his Strenth he coud mak nae Remeid.

## XXX. ROLAND

*The Lyon and the Mous.* 195

XXX.

ROLAND about with hydious Rowmiffing,  
Quhyles to quhyles frae, gif he nicht Succor get;  
But all in vain, that velzie him naething,  
The mair he flang, the faster he was knit:  
The Raips rude about him sae was plet  
On every Syde, that Succor saw he nane,  
But still lyand, thus murnand maid his Mane:

XXXI.

O fair lameit Lyon, liggand heir sae law,  
Quhair is the Micht of thy Magnificence,  
Of quhom all brutal Beist in Eard stand Aw,  
And dreid to luke on thy gret Excellence;  
Bot Hope or Help, bot Succor or Defence,  
In strang Hemp-bands heir maun I ly, allace!  
Till I be flain, I se nae uther Grace.

XXXII.

THER is nae Joy that will my Harms wraik,  
Nor Creature to do Comfort to my Crown,  
Quha fall me bute? Quha fall thir Bands brek?  
Quha fall me put frae Pain of this Prison?  
Be that he had his Lamentation done,  
Perchance the litle pardond Mous came neir,  
And of the Lyon hard the pityous Beir.

## XXXIII.

AND suddainly it came intill his Mynd  
 That it suld be the Lyon did him Grace,  
 And sayd, Now wer I fals and richt unkynd,  
 Bot gif I quit sum Part thy Gentilnefs  
 Thou did to me, ——— and on with that he gaes  
 To all his Maiks, and on them fast did cry,  
 Cum help, cum help, and they came all on hy.

## XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,  
 Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tane,  
 And now is fast heir fanklet in a Cord,  
 Wrekand his Hurt with Murning fair and Mane,  
 Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;  
 Cum help to quyt ane gude Turn with annither,  
 Sae beit, cryd all; syn fell to Wark together.

## XXXV.

THEY tuke nae Knyf, thair Teith wer sberp enewgh;  
 To se that Sicht forsuith it was grit Wonder,  
 How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,  
 Before, behind, sum zeid abune, sum under,  
 And schure the Raips with the maist eifs in Sunder,  
 Syne bad him ryse, ——— and he start up annone,  
 And thankit them; syn to the Bent is gane.

## XXXVI. Now

XXXVI.

Now dois the Lyon frie of Danger skour,  
Lowse, and delivert till his Libertie,  
By litle Animals of smallest Power,  
As ze haif hard, because he had Pitie:  
Quoth I, Maister, is ther Moralitie  
Into this Fable, — *Son*, sayd he, *richt gude*;  
I pray zou giest, quoth I, or ze conclude.

*The M O R A L I T I E.*

XXXVII.

**W**E may suppose this Lyon of Renoun  
May signifie ane Emperour or King,  
Or ony Potestate that weirs a Croun,  
That sould be wakryfe in his governing,  
But of his Peple taks slicht noticeing,  
To rule and steir the Land, and Justice keip,  
But lazy lyes in lustie Slouth and Sleip.

XXXVIII.

THE Forest fair with Blossoms lown and lie,  
The singand Birds and Flowirs sae ferly sweet,  
Ar but this Warld, and his Prosperitie,  
As Pleisands fals mingillit with Care repleit,  
Richt, as the Rose with Frost and Winter weit,

Wallous; fae dois the Warld and them defaif  
That Confidence in lusty Pleasures haif.

## XXXIX.

THIR litle Myce ar Comonalitie,  
Wanton, unwyfe, without Corection due;  
Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chans to fe  
That execute, the richteous Laws on few,  
They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow  
Dar disobey; for quhy? they stand nae Aw,  
That maks them aft their Soverains to misknaw.

## XL.

AND be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence  
Confidder may the Virtue of Pitie,  
And suld remit sumtyme a grit Offence,  
And Mercy metigate with Crueltie;  
Aftymes is sene a Man of small Degree  
Has quit a Common baith for Gude and Ill,  
As Lords has Rigour done, or Grace him till.

## XLI.

QUHA wates how sune a Lord of grit Renoun,  
Rowand in warldly Lust and vain Pleifance,  
May be owrthrawin, distroyed, or put down  
Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance  
Is hale Mistres, and Leader of the Dance

To lusty Men, and binds them up sae foir,  
That they nae Perell can provyd befor.

XLII.

THIS crewell Men that stentit has the Net  
In quhilk the Lyon suddenic was tang,  
Waited allway that they a Mendis might get;  
For Hurt, Men wryts with Steil in Marble-stane,  
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:  
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mein,  
The Figure hereof aftymes has bein sene,

XLIII.

QUHEN this was sayd, quoth *Esop*, My fair Chyld,  
Persuade the Kirkmen eydentlie to pray,  
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,  
That Justice ring, and Nobles keip thair Fay  
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Nicht and Day:  
And with that Word he vancist, and I woke,  
Synce throu the Schaw my Journey hamewart tuke.

*Quod* Mr. Ro. HENRYSON.



T H E  
*T O D and the L A M B,*

O R,

*Follows the Wowing of the King when  
he was at Dumfermeling.*

I.

**T**HIS hinder Nicht in *Dumfermeling*,  
To me was tald a wonder Thing,  
That late a Tod was with a Lamb,  
And with hir playd, and made gude Game;  
Synce to his Breist did hir imbrace,  
And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,  
And that methocht a ferly Case.

II.

**H**E braist hir bonny Bodie sweit,  
And halst hir with his forder Feit,  
Synce schuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;  
And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,  
Then lourit on growf, and asked Grace;  
And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,  
And that methocht a ferly Case.

III. THE

*The Tod and the Lamb.*

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III.

THE Tod was nowthir lein nor scowry,  
He was a lusty reid-haird Lowry,  
Ane lang taid Beist and grit withall;  
The silly Lamb was all to small,  
With sic a Tribble to hald a Base :  
Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,  
And that methocht a ferly Case.

IV.

THE Tod was reid, the Lamb was quhyte,  
Scho was a Morfell of Delyte;  
He luvit nae Ews auld teuch and Sklender,  
Because this Lamb was zung and tender.  
He ran upon her with a Race,  
And scho schup nevir to defend hir,  
And this methocht a ferly Case.

V.

HE gripit her about the Waist,  
And handilt her as gif in Haste;  
This Inocent that neir trespass,  
Tuke Heart that scho was handilt fast,  
And lute him kifs her lusty Face:  
His girnand Gams hir nocht agast,  
And that methocht a ferly Case.

VI. HE



VI.

HE held hir till him be the Hals,  
 And spake full fair tho' he was fals;  
 Syne said and swore to hir in Mode,  
 That he suld not twitch hir Prein-cod.

The silly Thing trow'd him, allace!

The Lamb gaif Creddance to the Tod,  
 And that methocht a ferly Case.

VII.

I will nae Leifings put in Verse,  
 Lyke as sum Janglers do reherse;  
 But be quhat Manner they wer mard,  
 Quhen Licht was out and Dores were bard:

I wate not gif he gaif hir Grace;  
 But Winnocks all were stappit hard,  
 And that methocht a ferly Case.

VIII.

QUHEN Folk do fleit in Joy maist far,  
 Thair sune cums Wae or they be War,  
 Quhen carpand wer thir twa maist crouse,  
 The Wolf he umbeset the House,

Upon the Tod to make a Chace:  
 The Lamb scho cheipit lyke a Mouse,  
 And that methocht a ferly Case.

IX. THROW

*The Tod and the Lamb.*

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LX.

**THROW** hydious Howling of the Wowf,  
This wylie Tod plait down on Growf;  
And in the filly wie Lambs Skin,  
He crap as far as he micht win,  
And hid him thair a gay lang Space;  
The Ews besyde they made nae Din,  
And that methocht a ferly Case.

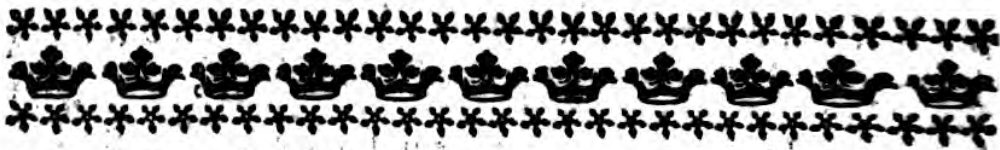
X.

**QUHEN** of the Tod was heerd nae Peip,  
The Wowf wont all had bene asleip;  
And quhyle the Tod had striken Ten,  
The Wowf he drest him to his Den,  
Protestand for the second Place:  
And this Report I with my Pen,  
How at *Dumfermling* fell the Case.

*Quod DUNBAR.*



*On*



*On ones being his own Enemy.*

I.

**H**E that has Gold and Riches great,  
 And may live at a merry Rate;  
 And Gladness dois frae him expell,  
 And lives into a wretched State;  
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

II.

**H**E that may be bot Sturt and Stryf,  
 And live a lusty lightfome Lyfe,  
 And syne with Marriage dois him mell,  
 And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,  
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

III.

**H**E that has for his awin Genzie  
 A plesand Prop bot Mank or Menzie,  
 And shutes syne at an uncow Schell,  
 And is forfairn with Fleis of Spenzie,  
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

IV. AND

IV.

AND he that with gude Life and Treuth,  
Bot Variance or other Slewth,  
Dois evir with a Master dwell,  
That nevir of him will have Rewth,  
He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

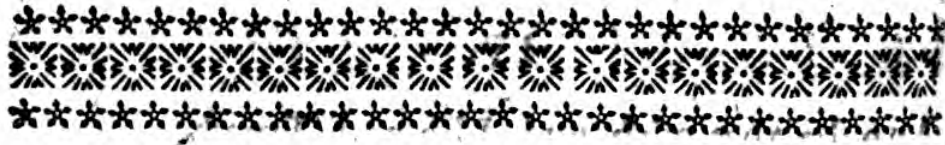
V.

Now all this Time let us be merry,  
And set not by this Warld a Cherry,  
Now quhyle thair is gude Wyne to fell;  
The Cheil that dois on dry Breid wirry,  
I give them to the Devil of Hell.

*Quod DUNBAR.*



*The*



*The Benifite of them who have Ladies  
wha can be gude Soliciters at Court.*

## I.

**T**HIR Ladys fair, that mak Repair,  
And at the Court are kend,  
In three Days thair, they will do mair,  
Ane Matter for till end,  
Than ther Gude-men will do in Ten,  
For any Craft they can,  
Sae weil they ken, what Time and quhen,  
Thair Manes they fuld mak than.

## II.

**W**ITH little Noy they can convoy  
A Matter finally,  
Right myld and Moy, and keip it coy,  
On Evens sae quietly;  
They do no mis, but gif they kifs,  
And keip Colation,  
**Q**uhat Reck of this, thair Matter is  
Brocht to Conclusion.

## III. THEN

III.

THEN wit ye weil, they haif grit Feil,  
And Mater to solist,  
Trest as the Steil, syne neir a Deil,  
Quhen they come hame are mist.  
Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far;  
Sic Wyves behalden to,  
That sae weil dar gae to the Bar,  
Quhen there is ocht to do.

IV.

THEREFORE I reid, gif ze haif Pleid,  
Or Matter in the Play,  
To mak Remeid, fend in zour Steid  
Zour Ladys graitht up gay;  
They can deffend, even to the End,  
And Matters forth exprefs;  
Suppose they spend, it is unkend,  
Thair Geir is nocht the less.

V.

IN quiet Place, gin they have Space,  
Within less than twa Hours,  
They can percase, purchase sum Grace,  
At the Compositours;

Thair

Thair Composition with full Remission,  
 Thair finally is endit,  
 With Expedition, and full Condition,  
 Thair Seals then are to pendit.

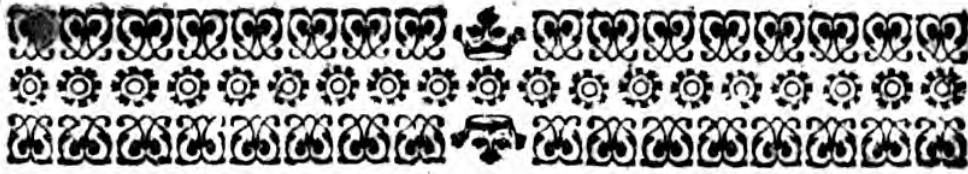
## VI.

ALL hale almost they make the Cost,  
 With sober Recompence,  
 Richt little lost, they get indorst,  
 All hale their Evidence,  
 Sic Ladys wyse, they are to pryze,  
 To say the Verity,  
 Sac can devyse, and not surpryze  
 Thame nor thair Honesty.

*Quod DUNBAR.*



*Annith'er*



*Another of the samen Cast,  
Pend be the Poet wrote the last.*

## I.

**T**HE Use of Court richt weil I knaw,  
Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;  
At hame remain the silly Lairds,  
And send thair Wyves behind the Yards,  
Well stuf with Money and Rewards,  
To furdur thair Errands frae Nicht faw.

## II.

IN Clouks they cum full braw quhyte cled,  
And rouns to have thair Matter sped;  
They give nae Budds,  
But on thair Fudds  
They get grit Skuds,  
In nakit Bed.

O

III. But



III.

BUT neirtheless the Laird maun fyn,  
For all hir Miens, a Tun of Wyne:

His Wyfe cums hame thus fynely ufd,  
But zit he maun hald hir excusd;  
And finaly the Folks that doift

Denys and laughs at them baith syne.

IV.

THE Laird murns quhen he may not mend it,  
His Lady jaipt his Siller spend it,

And all his Labour turnd in vain;  
But ay the Lady says full plain,

That scho maun to the Court again,  
Or els the Plea will not be endit.

V.

HIR Buckler bord, and backward born,  
And all hir Cause is quite forlorn;

Up gets hir Wame,  
Scho thinks nae Schame  
Syne to bring hame

The Laird a Horn.

THE



T H E  
V I S I O N.

*Compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk \*  
in Tyme of our Hairship and Oppression,  
anno 1300, and translatit in 1524.*

I.

**B** EDOWN the Bents of *Banquo* Brae  
Milane I wandert waif and wae,  
Mufand our main Mischaunce;  
How be thay Faes we ar undone,  
That staw the *sacred* † *Stane* frae *Scone*,  
And leids us sic a Daunce:

O 2

Quhyle

---

\* The History of the Scots Sufferings, by the unworthy Condescension of *Baliol* to *Edward I.* of *England*, till they recovered their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great *BRUCE*, is so universally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem seems useles.

† The old Chair (now in *Westminster Abbey*) in which the Scots Kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a Piece of Marble with this Inscription;

*Ni fallat fatum, SCOTI, quocunq; locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

Quhyle *Inglands Edert* tak's our Tours,

And *Scotland* ferst obeys,

Rude Ruffians ransakk Ryal Bours,

And *Baliol* Homage pays;

Throch Feidom our Freidom

Is blotit with this Skore,

Quhat *Romans* or no Mans

Pith culd eir do befoir.

## II.

THE Air grew ruch with bousteous Thuds,

Bauld *Boreas* branglit outthrow the Cluds,

Maist lyke a drunken Wicht;

The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rift

Frae the blak Vissart of the Lift :

The Forrest schuke with Fricht ;

Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,

They ducht not byde the Blast,

Ilk Beist bedeen bangd to thair Den,

Untill the Storm was past :

Ilk Creature in Nature

That had a Spunk of Sence,

In Neid then, with Speid then,

Methocht cryt, In Defence.

III. To

III.

To se a Morn in *May* fae ill,  
[ *deint* Dame Nature was gane will,  
    To rair with rackles Reil;  
*Quhairfor* to put me out of Pain,  
*And* skonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,  
    I bure me to a Beil,  
*Up* ane hich Craig that lundgit alaft,  
    Out owre a canny Cave,  
*A* curious Cruif of Natures Craft,  
    *Quhilk* to me Schelter gaif;  
    Ther vexit, perplexit,  
    I leint me doun to weip,  
    In brief ther, with Grief ther  
    I dottard owre on Sleip.

IV.

*HEIR Somnus* in his filent Hand  
Held all my Sences at Command,  
    *Quhyle* I forzet my Cair;  
The myldest Meid of mortall Wichts  
*Quha* pass in Peace the private Nichts,  
    That wauking finds it rare;

Sae in fast Slumbers did I ly,

But not my wakryfe Mynd,

Quhilk still stude Watch, and couth espy

A Man with Aspeck kynd,

Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,

With Baird thre Quarters skant,

Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,

He seemt to be a Sanct.

V.

GRIT Darring dartit frae his Ee,

A Braid-sword schogled at his Thie,

On his left Arm a Targe;

A shynand Speir filld his richt Hand,

Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,

Of just Proportions, large;

A various Rain-bow colourt Plaid

Owre his left Spaul he threw,

Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,

The Silver Wymplers grew;

Amaifit, I gaisit

To se, led at Command,

A strampant and rampant

Ferfs Lyon in his Hand.

VI. QUHILK

VI.

QUHILK held a Thistle in his Paw,  
And round his Collar graift I saw

This Poefie pat and plain,

*Nemo me impune lacefs.*

*-Et : — In Scots, Nane fall opprefs :*

*Me, unpunift with Pain ;*

Still fehaking, I durft naithing fay,

Till he with kynd Accent

Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,

I cum to hier thy Plaint ;

Thy graining and maining

Haith laitlie reikd myne Eir,

Debar then affar then

All Eirynefs or Feir.

VII.

FJOR I am ane of a hie Station,

The *Warden* of this auntient Nation,

And can nocht do the Wrang ;

I viffyt him then round about,

Syne with a Resolution ftout,

Speird, Quhair he had bene fae lang?

Quod he, Althocht I sum forsuke,  
 Becaus they did me slicht,  
 To Hills and Glens I me betuke,  
 To them that luvcs my Richt;  
 Quhase Mynds zet inclyndz zet  
 To damm the rappid Spate,  
 Devyng and prying  
 Freidom at ony Rate.

## VIII.

OUR Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,  
 Quha jyb them, and thair Substance eit,  
 And on thair Honour stramp;  
 They, pure degenerate! bend thair Baks,  
 The Victor, *Langshanks*, proudly cracks  
 He has blawn out our Lamp:  
 Quhyle trew Men, fair complainand, tell,  
 With Sobs, thair silent Greif,  
 How *Ealiol* thair Richts did sell,  
 With small Howp of Relcife;  
 Regretand and fretand  
 Ay at his cursit Plot,  
 Quha rammed and crammed  
 That Bargin down thair Throt.

IX.

**BRAIF** Gentry sweir, and Burgers ban,  
Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan

Thats to their Nation trew;

The Cloysters cum to cun the Evil,

Mailpayers wifs it to the Devil,

With its contryving-Crew:

The Hardy wald with hairty Wills,

Upon dyre Vengance fall;

The feckless fret owre Heuchs and Hills,

And Eccho Answers all,

Repetand and greitand,

With mony a fair Alace,

For Blasting and Casting

Our Honour in Disgrace.

X.

**WAES** me! quod I, our Case is bad,

And mony of us are gane mad,

Sen this disgraceful Paction.

We are felld and herryt now by Forse;

And hardly Help fort, thats zit warse,

We are sae forfairn with Faction.

Then



Then has not he gude Cause to grumble,

Thats forst to be a Slaif;

Oppression dois the Judgment Jumble

And gars a wyse Man raif.

May Cheins then, and Pains then

Infernal be thair Hyre

Quha dang us, and flang us

Into this ugsom Myre.

XI.

THE N he with bauld forbidding Luke,

And staitly Air did me rebuke,

For being of Sprite fae mein:

Said he its far beneath a SCOT

To use weak Curses quhen his Lot

May sumtymys sour his Splein,

He rather fould mair lyke a Man,

Some braif Design attempt;

Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,

Rest but a Quhyle content,

Nocht feirful, but cheirful,

And wait the Will of Fate,

Which mynds to desygns to

Renew zour auintient State.

XII.

I ken sum mair mair than ze do all  
Of quhat fall afterwart befall,  
    In mair auspicious Tymes;  
For aften far abuse the Mune,  
We watching Beings do convene,  
    Frae round Eards outmost Climes,  
Quhair evry Warden represents  
    Cleirly his Nations' Case,  
Gif Famyne, Pest, or Sword Torments,  
    Or Vilains hie in Place,  
    Quha keip ay, and heip ay  
    Up to themselves grit Store,  
    By rundging and spunging  
    The leil laborious Pure.

XIII.

SAY then, said I, at zour hie Sate,  
Lernt ze ocht of auld *Scotland's* Fate.  
    Gif eir schoil be her sell;  
With Smyle Celest, quod he, I can,  
But its nocht fit an mortal Man  
    Sould ken all I can tell:

But

But Part to the I may unfold,  
 And thou may faifly ken,  
 Quhen *Scottish* Peirs flicht *Saxon* Gold,  
 And turn trew heartit Men;  
 Quhen Knaivry and Slaivrie,  
 Ar equally difpyfd,  
 And Loyalte and Royalte,  
 Universalie are pryfd.

## XIV.

QUHEN all zour Trade is at a Stand,  
 And Cunzie clene forsaiks the Land,  
 Quhilk will be very fune,  
 Will Preifts without their Stypands preich,  
 For nocht will Lawyers Causes Streich;  
 Faith thatis nae eafy done.  
 All this and mair maun cum to pafs,  
 To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;  
 And *Scotland* maun be made an Afs.  
 To fet her Jugment richt,  
 Theyil jade hir and blad hir,  
 Untill fcho brak hir Tether,  
 Thocht auld fchois zit bauld fchois,  
 And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

XV. B U R

*The Vision.*

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XV.

BUT mony a Corfs fall braithless ly,  
And Wae fall mony a Widow cry,  
Or all rin richt again;  
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,  
The *Faes* fall tak the *Feild* neir *Forthe*,  
And think the Day their ain:  
But Burns that Day fall rin with Blude  
Of them that now oppres;  
Thair Carcaffes be *Corbys* Fude,  
By thousands on the *Gres*.  
A King then fall ring then,  
Of wyse *Renoun* and *braif*,  
*Quhase* *Pufians* and *Sapiens*,  
Sall Richt restoir and saif.

XVI.

THE View of *Freidomis* sweit, quod I,  
O say, grit *Tennant* of the *Skye*,  
How neiris that happie *Tyme*.  
We ken Things but be *Circumstans*,  
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,  
Leist I commit a *Cryme*.

Quhat

Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,  
 I fall not fash ze moir,  
 Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,  
 As ze did hint befoir.

With Air then sae fair then,  
 That glanst like Rayis of Glory,  
 Sae Godlyk and oddlyk  
 He thus resumit his Storie.

## XVII.

FRAE the Suns Ryfing to his Sett,  
 All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,  
 In solemn bricht Array,  
 With Vehicles of *Aither* cleir,  
 Sic we put on quhen we appeir  
 To Sauls rowit up in Clay;  
 Thair in a wyde and splendit Hall,  
 Reird up with shynand Beims,  
 Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all,  
 And paist with starrie Gleims,  
 Quhilk prinked and twinkled  
 Brichtly beyont Compair,  
 Much famed and named  
 A Castill in the Air.

XVIII. IN

*The Vision.*

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XVIII.

IN midst of quhilk a Tabill stude,  
A spacious Oval reid as Blude,  
    Made of a Fyre-Flaucht,  
Arround the dazeling Walls were drawn,  
With Rays be a celestial Hand,  
    Full mony a curious Drauch  
Inferiour Beings flew in Haist,  
    Without Gyd or Derectour,  
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Waste,  
    To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:  
    Then roundly and soundly  
    We drank lyk *Roman* Gods;  
    Quhen *Jove* sae dois rove sae,  
    That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nods.

XIX.

QUHEN *Phebus* Heid turns licht as Cork,  
And *Neptune* leans upon his Fork,  
    And limpand *Vulcan* blethers:  
Quhen *Pluto* glowrs as he were wyld,  
And *Cupid* laves we wingit Chyld,  
    Fals down and fyls his Fethers.

Quhen

Quhen *Pan* forzets to tune his Reid,

And flings it cairless bye,

And *Hermes* wingd at Heils and Heid,

Can nowther stand nor lye:

Quhen staggirand and swagirrand,

They stoyter Hame to sleip,

Quhyle Centeries at Enteries

Imortal Watches keip.

## XX.

THUS we tuke in the high browin Liquour,

And bangd about the Nectar Biquour;

But evir with his Ods:

We neir in Drink our Judgments drensche,

Nor scour about to seik a Wensch

Lyk these auld baudy Gods,

But franklie at ilk uther ask,

Quhats proper we suld know,

How ilk ane hes performt the Task,

Affignd to him below.

Our Minds then sae kind then,

Are fixt upon our Care,

Ay noting and ploting

Quhat tends to thair Weilfair.

XXI.

*Gothus* and *Vandall* baith lukt bluff,  
*Quhyle Gallus* sneerd and tuke a Snuff,  
    *Quhilk* made *Allmane* to stare;  
*Latinus* bad him naithing feir,  
But lend his Hand to haly Weir,  
    And of cowd *Crouns* tak Care;  
*Batavius* with his Paddock-Face  
    Luking asquint, cryd, *Pisch*,  
*Zour* Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,  
    I had leur ficht for *Fisch*;  
    *Zour* Schule-men ar Fule-men,  
    Carvit out for dull Debates,  
    Decoying and destroying  
    Baith Monarchies and States.

XXII.

*Iberius* with a gurlie Nod  
*Cryd*, *Hogan*, zes we ken *zour* God,  
    Its Herrings ze adore;  
*Heptarchus*, as he usd to be,  
Can nocht with his ain *Thochts* agre,  
    But varies bak and fore;



Ane quhyle he says, It is not richt

A Monarch to resist,

Neist Braith all Ryall Powir will slicht,

And passive Homage jest;

He hitches and fitches

Betwein the *Hic* and *Hoo*,

Ay jicand and sicand

Round lyk a Wedder-cock.

XXIII.

I still support my Precedens

Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,

Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,

Quhylk was, becaus I bure a Grudge

At sum fule *Scotis*, quha lykd to drudge

To Princes no thair awin;

Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and squeist,

And purfit up all thair Rent,

Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleist,

Till Riggs and Schaws war spent;

Syne byndging and whyndging,

Quhen thus redusit to Howps,

They dander and wander

About pure Lickmadowps.

XXIV. BUT

XXIV.

BUT now its Tyme for me to draw  
My shynand Sword against Club-Law,

And gar my Lyon roir;  
He fall or lang gie sic a Sound,  
The Ecchoe fall be hard arround

*Europe*, frae Schore to Schore;  
Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth,  
And stryve to wirk my Fall,  
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth

I will owrecum them all,  
And raise zit and blase zit  
My Braifrie and Renown,  
By gracing and placing  
Arright the *Scottis* Crown.

XXV.

QUHEN my braif BRUCE the same fall weir  
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir

The Diadem will shyne;  
Then fall zour fair Oppression ceis,  
His Intrest zours he will not fleice,  
Or leif zou eir inclyne:

Thocht Millions to his Purse be lent,

Zell neir the puirer be,

But rather richer; quhyle its spent

Within the *Scottish* Se:

The Field then fall zeild then

To honest Husbands Welth,

Gude Laws then fall cause then

A sickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

QUHYLE thus he talkit, methocht ther came

A wondir fair Etherial Dame,

And to our Warden fayd,

Grit *Callidon* I cum in Serch

Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,

The Counfill wants zour Ayd;

Frae every Quarter of the Sky,

As swift as Quhirl-wynd,

With Spirits speid the Chiftains hy,

Sum grit Thing is desygnd.

Owre Muntains be Funtains,

And round ilk fairy Ring,

I haif chaift ze, O haift ze,

They talk about zour King.

XXVII. WITH

XXVII.

WITH that my Hand methocht he schuke,  
And wischt I Happyness nicht bruke,  
    To eild be Nicht and Day;  
Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,  
He mountit upwards frae my Sicht,  
    Straicht to the milkie Way;  
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,  
    Untill the brynie Streme  
For Joy ran trinckling frae myne Eyes,  
    And wakit me frae Dreame;  
    Then peiping, half sleiping;  
    Frae furth my rural Beild,  
    It eisit me and pleisit me  
    To se and smell the Feild.

XXVIII.

FOR *Florain* hir clene Array,  
New washen with a Showir of *May*,  
    Lukit full sweit and fair;  
Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif  
Sched doun his Rayis of genial Luve,  
    Hir Sweits perfumt the Air;

*The Vision.*

The Winds war husht, the Welkin cleird,

The glumand Clouds war fled,

And all as fast and gay appeird

As ane *Elysiou* Sched;

Quhilk heisit and bleisit

My Heart with sic a Fyre,

As raifes these Praises

That do to Heaven aspyre.

*Quod Ar. Scot.*





*Jok Up-a-lands Complaint against  
the Court in the Kings Nonaige.*

I.

**N**OW is the King in tendir Aige,  
**O** CHRYST! conserve him in his Eild,  
 To do Justice to Man and Page,  
 That gars our Land ly lang unteild,  
 Thocht we do double pay thair Wage;  
 Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.  
 They ryde about in sic a Rege,  
 Be Firth and Forrest, Muir and Feild,  
 With Bow Buckler and Brand,  
 Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,  
 The Deil mot sanc the Company,  
 I pray it frae my Heart trewly.  
 This said *Jok Up-a-land*,

232      *Jok Up-a-lands Complaint.*

II.

HE that was wont to beir the Barrows,

    Betwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous

On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,

    To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;

But were I King, and haif gude Fallows,

    In *Noroway* they fould heir of Newis,

I fould him tak, and all his Marrows,

    And hing them hich upon zon Hewis,

        And thairto plichts my Hand.

    And all thir Lordis and Barronis grit,

    Upon an Gallows fuld I knit,

    That this doun treddit has our Quhit,

        This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

III.

BUT wald ilk Lord that our Law leids,

    To Husbands Reffone do with Skill,

To chak thir Chiftains be the Heids,

    And hing them heich upon ane Hill;

Then Husbands labour micht their Steids,

    And Preists micht pattir and pray their Fill:

For Husbands fould nocht haif sic Pleids,

    And Scheip and Nolt micht ly full still,

    And Stakis and Rukis micht stand;

For

Jok Up-a-lands *Complaint.* 235

For sen they raid amang our Dorrs,  
With Splent on Spald and joufty Spurrs,  
Thair grew nae Fruit intill our Furrs:

This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

I V.

Tak a pure Man a Scheip or twae,

For Hungir or for Falt of Fude,

To five or sax wie Bairns or mae,

They will him hang in Halters rude,

But gif an tak a Flok or fae,

A Bow of Ky, and lat them blude,

Full saifly may he ryd or gae:

I wait nocht gif thir Law's be gude,

I schrew them first them fand,

O JESU, for thy haly Passioun,

Grant to him Grace that weirs the Crown,

To ding thir mony Kings all down.

This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

*Quod* KENNEDY.

THE





T H E

*Garment of gude LADYIS.*

I.

**W**ALD my gude Lady lufe me best,  
 And work aftir my Will,  
 I fould a Garment gudliest,  
 Gar mak her Body till.

II.

**O**F Honour hie fould be her Hude,  
 Upon hir Heid to weir,  
 Garnist with Governace fae gude,  
 Nae demyeng fould hir deir.

III.

**H**IR Sark fould be, hir Body nixt,  
 Of Chastitie fae quhyte,  
 With Schame and Dreid togither mixt,  
 The same fould be perfyt.

IV. **H**IR

IV.

**HIR** Kirtle of the clene Constance,  
Doun laist with lesum Luve;  
**The** Melzies of Continuance,  
For nevir to remuve.

V.

**HIR** Goun sould be of Gudlienes,  
Weil Riband with Renown,  
Purfillt with Plesour in ilk Place,  
And furt with fyne Fassoun.

VI.

**HIR** Belt sould be of Benignitie,  
About hir Midil meit,  
Hir Mantil of Humilitie,  
To tholl baith Wind and Weir.

VII.

**HIR** Hat sould be of fair Having,  
Hir Tipat of the Truth;  
Hir Paitlet of ay gude pausing,  
Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

**VIII. HIR**

236 *The Garment of gude Ladyis.*

VIII.

HIR Sleives sould be of Esperance,  
To keip hir frae Dispair;

Hir Gluves of the best Governace,  
To hyd hir Fingers fair.

IX.

HIR Shune sould be of Sickernefs,  
In Time that scho nocht flyd;

Hir Hofe of Honesty express,  
I sould for hir provyde.

X.

WALD scho put on this Garment gay,  
I durst sweir be my Seill,  
That scho wore never Grene nor Gray,  
That set hir half so weil.

*Quod* Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.



To



*To the Honour of the Ladyis, and  
the Fortification of their Fame.*

I.

**J**UST to declair the hie Magnificence,  
And Bountie grit that in the Ladyis is,  
The Wirdyness and Verteus Excelence,  
The Laud, the Truth, the Bewtie, and the Blifs,  
My Barbir Tung unworthy is I wifs;  
But nocht the less my Pen I will apply,  
To say the Suth, thoch Eloquence I miss,  
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortify.

II.

**T**HOCHE DOCTORS auld Addresses thair Delyt,  
To dyt of Ladys Defamation,  
Wae worth the Wicht sould set his Appityte,  
To reid sic Rolls of Reprobation;  
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,  
To gather all sic Lybills bissellie,  
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,  
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortifie.

III. FOR

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III.

FOR quho sae list the Richt trew to reherse,  
To humane Glorie they mak Habilitie;  
Quhen Men ar fad at them solace they ferse,  
As Habitickles of all Humanity,  
They bring grit Weirs aft to Tranquilitie,  
Malice of Men they meis and pacifie,  
To Saul and Body baith Utilitie;  
Therefore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

IV.

ALTHOCHT a Man had as much Gude to spend,  
As all the Empyres of this Globe around;  
Wer Women wanting Weil-fare were at End,  
Without thair Comfort Care sould him confound,  
Quhair they abyde thair Blifs does ay abound,  
And quhair they fie Felicetie gaes by;  
Bot thair Solace nae Sage may be eir found;  
Thairfore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

V.

SEN GOD has grantit them sic Gudliness,  
And formid them after sae fyne fassoun,  
Syne put sic bluming Bewtie in thair Face,  
■ Quhy sould not Men hald them of grit Renown?  
Sen

*To the Honour of the Ladyis.* 239

SEN GOD has given to them sae grit Guerdoun,  
And with sic Meiknes does them magnifie,  
Quhy suld Men mak to them Comparisone,  
But owre all quhair thair Fames to fortifie?

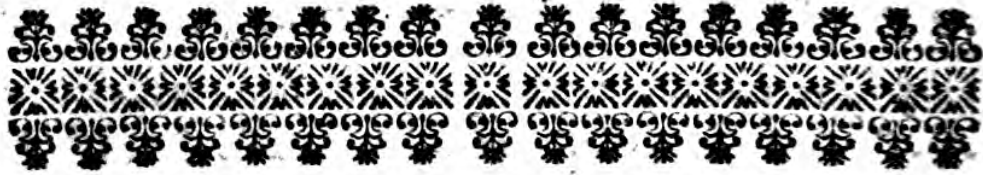
VI.

OF *Mary* myld, the Maid imaculate,  
To fortifie of Femenyne the Fame,  
CHRIST was incarnate and incorporate,  
And nurist was nyn Months within hir Wame;  
And aftir born, and bocht us frae the Blame  
OF *Bellial*, that brint us bitterlie;  
That heavenly Honour saves the Sex frae Shame,  
And owre all quhair thair Fame dois fortifie.

*Quod* STEWART.



THE



T H E  
D A U N C E.

I.

O *F Februar* the fiftein Nicht,  
Richt lang before the Dayis Licht,

I lay intill a Trance,  
And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell,  
Methocht amang the Feynds fell

*Mahoun* gart cry a Daunce,  
Of Shrewis that wer nevir schrevin  
Against the Feist of Fasterns Evin,  
To mak thair Observance;  
He bad Galands gae graith a Gyis,  
And cast up Gamonds to the Skyes,  
That last came out of *France*.

II.

LET see, quod he, now quha begins,  
With that the foull seven deadly Sins  
    Begouth to leip attains ;  
And first of all the Daunce was *Pryde*,  
With Hair wyld back, Bonnet on Syde,  
    Lyk to mak vaistie Wains ;  
And round about him as a *Quheil*,  
Hang all in Rumples to his Heil  
    His Kethat for the Nains :  
Mony proud Trumpour with him trippie  
Throw skaldan Fyre, ay as they skipit,  
    They girnd with hydious Granes.

III.

HELLIE Harlots on hawtane Ways  
Came in with mony findry Gyis,  
    Zit nevir leuch *Mahoun*,  
Till Preists came with bare schaven Necks,  
Then all the Feynds leuch and made Gecks,  
    Black-wame and Bawfy-broun.

Q

IV. THEN



## IV.

THEN *Ye* came in with Sturt and Stryfe,  
His Hand was ay upon his Knyfe,

He brandeist lyk a Beir:

Boasters, Braggers and Barganers

Aftir him pasd all in be Pairs,

All boddin in Feir of Weir;

In Jacks, Stripps, and Bonnets of Steil,

Thair Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,

Frawart was thair Affeir;

With Brands sum on uther best,

Sum jagit uthers to the Hest

With Knives that Scheip coud scheir.

## V.

NEXT followd in the Daunce, *Envy*,

Filld full of Feid and Fellony,

Hid Malyce and Dispyt;

For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,

Him followd mony Freik, dissembled

With fenziel Words quhyte,

And

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,  
And Back-byters of sundry Races,  
To lie that had Delyte,  
With Rownars vyle of false Leifings;  
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings  
Of sic can neer be quyte.

VI.

Nixt him in Daunce came *Covetyce*,  
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce,  
That neir coud be content;  
Catyvs, Wretches and Ockerars,  
Hud Pykes, Hurders and Gatherers,  
All with that *Warlo* went:  
Out of thair Throts they shot on uther  
Het moltn Gold methocht a Futher,  
As Fyre-flaucht maist fervent;  
Ay as they tuimt themfells of Schot,  
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt  
With Gold of all kynd Prent.

## VII.

SYNE *Sweirnes* at the second Bidding  
 Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding,  
 Full sleipy was his Grunzie;  
 Mony sweir bumbard Belly-huddron,  
 Mony Slut, Daw, and sleipy Duddron,  
 Him served ay with Sounzie:  
 He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,  
 And *Belial* with a Bridall Renzie  
 Ay lashit them on the Lunzie.  
 In Daunce they were sae slaw of Feit,  
 They gaif them in the Fyre a Heit,  
 Made them quicker of Cunzie.

## VIII.

THEN *Lechery* that laithly Corfs,  
 Berand lyk to a bagit Horfs,  
 And Ydlenefs did him leid;  
 Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,  
 And mony a stynkand foull Tramort  
 That had in Sin bene deid:

Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,  
They wer full strange of Countenance,  
    Lyk *Turkas* burnand reid;  
All led they uther by the —  
Suppose they fyket with thair —  
    It nicht be nae Remeid.

IX.

THEN the foull Monster, *Gluttony*,  
With Wame unfatiate and greidy,  
    To daunce syn did him drefs;  
Him followit mony a foull Drunkart  
With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,  
    In Surfet and Excess;  
Full mony a waiftless wally Drag,  
With Wames unwyldy did forth wag  
    In Creish, that did increfs;  
Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,  
The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,  
    Thair Lovery was nae lefs.

## X.

NAE Minstralls playd to them bot Dout,  
 For Glic-men ther war haldin out  
     Be Day and eik by Nicht;  
 Except a Minstrall that slew a Man,  
 Sae till his Heritage he wan,  
     Entert be Breif of Richt.

## XI.

THEN cryd *Mahoun* for a *Earse* Padzean,  
 Syn ran a Feynd to fetch *Makfadzean*,  
     Far Northwart in a Nuke;  
 Be he the Correnoch did schout,  
*Earse* Men so gatherit him about,  
     In Hell grit Rume they tuke:  
 That Tarmagants with Tag and Tatter,  
 Full loud in *Earse* begoud to clatter  
     And rowp lyk Ravin and Rowk;  
 The Deil sae deivt was with thair Yell,  
 That in the deipest Pot of Hell  
     He smorit them all with Smuke.

*Follows*



*Follows the Tournament between  
the Soutar and Tailzior.*

I.

**N** IXT that a Tournament was cryd,  
That lang before in Hell was tryd,  
In Prefence of *Mahoun*,  
Betwisch a Tailzior and a Soutar,  
A Prick-Loufe and a Hobell-Clouter,  
The Barrefs was made boun;  
The Tailzour baith with Speir and Sheild,  
Convoyit was into the Feild,  
With mony a Lymmar-Loun,  
Of Seme-byters and Beist-knappers,  
Of Stomok-stealers and Claith-takers,  
A graceles Garrifoun.

## II.

HIS Banner was born him before,  
 Quherin was Clouts a hundred Score,  
     Ilk ane of diverse Heu,  
 And all stown out of findry Webs,  
 For quhyle the *Greik* Se flows and ebs,  
     Tailziors will neir be trew:  
 The Tailzior on the Barrows blent,  
 Allace! he tint all Hardyment,  
     For Feir he changit Hew:  
*Mahoun* came forth and maid him Knicht,  
 Nae Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,  
     That to sic Honnour grew.

## III.

THE Tailzior hecht before *Mahoun*,  
 That he suld ding the Soutar doun,  
     Wer he strang as a Mast;  
 But quhen he on the Barrous blenkit,  
 His clouted Courage fairly schrinit,  
     His Heart did all owre-cast:

Quhen

Quhen to the Soutar he did cum,  
Of all sic Words he was quyte dum,  
    Sae fair he was agast.  
In Heart he tuke sae great a Scunder,  
A Rak of Farts lyke ony Thunder,  
    Flew frae him Blast for Blast.

IV.

THE Soutar to the Feild him drest,  
He was convoyid out of the West,  
    As an Deffender stout.  
Suppose he had nae lusty Varlet,  
He had full mony a lousy Harlot,  
    Round ryding him about.  
His Banner was of barkit Hyd,  
Quherin Saint *Girnega* did glyd,  
    Before that Rebald Rout :  
Full Soutar lyke he was of Laits;  
For ay betwisch his Harnès Plaits,  
    The Uly burstit out.



## V.

QUHEN on the Tailzior he did luke,  
 His Heart a litle Dwaming tuke,  
     He nicht not richt upfit,  
 Into his Stommok was sic a Steir,  
 Of all his Denner quhilk he coft deir,  
     His Breast held Deil a Bit :  
 To comfort him or he raid furder,  
 The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,  
     Fou fair syne did he spit ;  
 And he about the Devils Neck,  
 Did spew again a Quart of Blek,  
     Thus knichtly he him quit.

## VI.

THEN Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,  
 The Soutar richt afearedly,  
     Unto the Feild he socht :  
 Quhen they were served with their Speirs,  
 Folk had a Feil be their Effeirs,  
     Their Hearts were baith on Flocht.

They

They spurd their Horse on either Syde,  
Syn they outowre the Grund coud glyd,  
And them togither brocht.

The Talzior that was nocht weil fitten,  
He left his Sadle all beshitten,  
And to the Grund he socht.

VII.

HIS Harnes brak and made a Brattle,  
The Soutars Hors lap with a Ratle,  
And round about coud reil:

The Beist that frayed was richt evil,  
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,  
Him he rewardit weil:

Sumthing frae him the Feynd eshewd,  
He wont again to bein beshewd,  
So stern he was in Steil:

He thocht again he wald debate him,  
He turnd his Erse, and all bedret him,  
Ein quyte frae Neck to Heil.

## VIII.

HE lowfit it aff with sic a Reird;  
 He dang baith Horse and Man till Eard,  
 He fartit with sic Feir.  
 Now haif I quit thee quoth *Mahoun*,  
 Thir new made Knichts lay baith in Swoun,  
 And did all Arms menfweir;  
 The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,  
 And them of Knichthude coud depryve,  
 Discharging them of Weir,  
 And made them Harlots baith for evir,  
 Quhilk still to keip they had far levir  
 Nor ony Arms to beir.

## IX.

I had mair of their Warks written,  
 Had not the Soutar bein beshitten,  
 With *Belials* Erfs unblift.  
 But that sae gude a Bourd methocht,  
 Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,  
 For Lauchter neir I brist:

*Amends to the Tournament.* 253

Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance,  
To put this in Rememberance,

Micht no Man me resist;

For this said Justing it befell,

Befoir Mahoun the Air of Hell,

Now trew this gif ze list.

*Here ends the Soutar and the Tailzeors War,*

*Made be the noble Poet W<sup>m</sup>. DUNBAR.*



Follows ane

*Amends made to the foresaid  
Knichts of the Birs and Thumble;  
In Case his Foke should them provok  
Owr sair to girn and grumble.*

I.

**B**ETWISHT the Twelt Hour and E Levin,  
I dreamd an Angel came frae Heavin,  
With Pleasand Stevin sayand on hie,  
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

II. HIGH

254 *Amends to the Tournament.*

II.

HIGH up for zou is ordaind a Place,  
Abune all Saints in great Solace,  
In Happyness and Dignity,  
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

III.

THE Cause to you is not unkend,  
Natures Neglect ye do amend,  
Be Craft and great Agility,  
Tailziors and Soutars blest be ze.

IV.

SOUTARS with Schune weil made and meit,  
Ze mend the Faults of illfard Feit,  
Quherfore to Heaven zour Sauls will fie,  
Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

V.

THERIS not in this Fair a Flyrock,  
That has upon his Feit a Wyrock,  
Knoul Taes, or Mous in nae Degre,  
But ze can hyde them, blest be ze.

VI. AND

VI.

AND Tailziors ze with weil made Clais,  
Can mend the warst made Man that gaes,  
And mak him seemly lyk to see,  
Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

VII.

THOCHT ane suld haif a broken Back,  
Haif he a Tailzior gude, quhat-rak,  
Heill cover it richt craftely,  
Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

VIII.

OF all great Kindes may ze claim,  
The cruke Backs, and the Criples, Lame,  
Ay howdrand Faults with zour suplie,  
Tailziors and Soutars blif be ze.

IX.

IN Eard ze kyth sic Ferlys heir,  
In Heavin ze fall be Saints full cleir,  
Tho' ze be Knaves in this Countrie,  
Soutars and Tailzors blif be ze.

*Quod DUNBAR.*

*The*



*The Lovers Mane that dares not  
assay.*

## I.

**Q**UHEN *Flora* had owrfrett the Firth,  
In *May* of ilka Moneth Quene,  
Quhen Merle and Mavis sings with Mirth,  
Sweit Melling in the Schaws fae schene,  
When Lovers all rejosit bene,  
And maist disyrous of thair Prey,  
I hard a lusty Lover mene,  
I luv, but I dare not assay!

## II.

**S**TRANG ar the Pains I daylie pruve,  
But zit with Patience I sustene,  
I am fae fettert in the Luve,  
Only of my sweit Lady schene,  
Quhilk for her Bewtie nicht be Quene,  
Nature fae craftily alway,  
Has done depaint that sweit Serene,  
Quhom I luv, and dare not assay.

III. SCHO

III.

SCHO is sae bricht of Hyd and Hew,  
I luvè but hir allone I wene,  
Is nane hir Luvè that may eschew,  
That blenks sae of that dulce Amene;  
Sae comelie cleir ar hir twa Ene,  
That scho mae Luvèrs does effrey,  
Then eir of Greice did fair *Helene*,  
Quhome I luvè, and dar not assay.

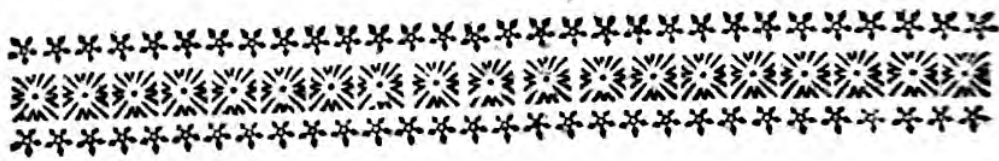
*Quod STEWART.*



R

*Anc*





*Ane litle Interlude of the Droichs.*

I.

**H**IRRY, hary, hobbilschow,  
 Se ze not quha is cum now,  
 But zit wate I nevir how,

Brocht with the Quhirl-wind;  
 A Sargeand out of *Soudoun* Land,  
 A Gyane strang in Limbs to stand,  
 That with the Strength of my awin Hand  
 May Bairs and Bugles bind.

II.

**Q**UHA is then cum heir, but I  
 A bauld and bowsteous Bellomy,  
 Amang zot all to cry a Cry

With a maist michry Soun?  
 I generit am of Gyans kynd,  
 Frae hardy *Hercules* be Strynd,  
 Of all the Occident and Ynd,  
 My Elders woir the Croun.

III. Mv

III.

My fore Grandsyre heicht *Fynmackoull*,  
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,  
The Skyes rained Fludes quhen he wald skoul,  
He trublit all the Air.

He gat my Gudsyre *Gog Magog*,  
He, when he daunst, the Warld wald schog,  
Then Thousand Ells zied in his Frog  
Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,  
But aftir he grew mair at Fouth,  
Elevin Myle wyde mett was his Mouth,  
His Teith was ten Myles squair:  
He wald upon his Tais upstand,  
And tak the Starns doun with his Hand,  
And set them in a Gold Garland,  
Above his Wyfes Hair.

V.

His Wyfe scho mekle was of Clift,  
Her Heid wan heicher than the List,  
The Hevin reirdit quhen scho did rift,  
The Lafs was naithing sklender:

260 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

Scho spat *Loch-lowmond* with hir Lips,  
Thunder and Fyre flew frae hir Hips,  
Quhen scho was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips;  
The Feynd durst nocht offend hir.

VI.

FOR Cauld scho tuke the Fever Tartane,  
For all the Claith in *France* and *Bartane*  
Wald not be to hir Leg a Gartane,  
Thocht scho was zung and tendir:  
Upon a Nicht heir in the North,  
Scho tuke the Gravel, and staild *Craig-gorth*,  
And pischt the grit Watter of *Forth*,  
Sic Tyd ran aftirhind hir.

VII.

ANE Thing written of hir I find,  
In *Yrland* quhen scho blew behind,  
On *Norway* Coist scho raist the Wind,  
And grit Schips drownit thair:  
Then scho fischt all the *Spainzie* Seis,  
With hir Sark Lap betwix hir Theyis,  
And thre Days failing tween hir Kneis  
It was esteemd and mair.

VIII. THE

VIII.

THE hingan Braes on Adir Syde  
Scho powtert with hir Lymms fae wyde;  
Lasses nicht lair at hir to stryde,  
Wald gae to Luvairs lair.  
Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,  
Scho quhirrd fyve Quhails into the Firth,  
Had croppin on hir \* Geig for Girth,  
Walterand amang the Wair.

IX.

MY Fader mekle *Gow Macmorne*,  
Out of his Moders Wame was schorne,  
For Littlenes scho was forlorn,  
Sican a Kemp to beir:  
Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,  
He wald stap owre the Ocean Se,  
The Mone sprang nier abune his Knie,  
The Heavens had of him Feir.

R 3

X. ANE

---

\* A Kind of an old fashioned Net used now for catching of Spouts.

262 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

X.

ANE thousand Zeirs ar past frae Mynd,  
Sen I was generit of his Kynd,  
Far furth in Desarts of the Ynd,

Amang Lyon and Beir :

Worthy King *Arthur* and *Gawane*,  
And mony a bauld Bairn of *Bartane*  
Ar deid, and in the Wars are slain,  
Sen I could weild a Speir.

XI.

THE *Sophie* and the *Sowdown* strang,  
With Battles that haif lastit lang,  
Out of thair Bounds has maid me gang,  
And turn to *Turkie* tyte.

The King of *Francis* grit Armie  
Has brocht a Derth in *Lombardie*,  
That in the Countrie I and he  
Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XII.

*Swadrick*, *Danmark* and *Noraway*,  
Nor in the Steids I dar not gae,  
For ther is nocht but burn and flae,  
Cut Thropples and mak quyte.

*Yrland*

*Yrland* for ay I haif refufit,  
All wyfe Men will hald me excufit;  
For neir in Land wher *Earse* is ufit,  
To dwell had I delyt.

XIII.

I haif bene formeft ay in Feild,  
And now fae lang haif born the Scheild,  
That I am crynit in for Eild

This litle, as ze may fe :

I haif bene banift undir the Lynd  
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd,  
Quhyle now with this laft Eiftin Wynd,  
I am cum heir perdie.

XIV.

My Name is *Welth*, therefore be blyth,  
I am cum Comfort zou to kyth,  
Suppose ilk Wretch fuld wail and wryth,

All Derth I fall gar die :

For certainly the Truth to tell,  
I cum amang ze now to dwell,  
Far frae the Sound of *Curphour* Bell,  
To live I neir fall drie.

264 *Interlude of the Droichs.*

XV.

Now sen I am sic Quantitie  
Of Gyans cum, as ze may se,  
Quhair will be gotten a Wyfe for me,  
Of siclyk Breid and Hicht?  
In all this Bour is not a Bryde  
Ane Hour I wate dar me abyde,  
Zet trow ze ony Heir besyde  
Micht suffer me all Nicht.

XVI.

ADEW a quhyle, for now I gae,  
But I will not lang byde ze frae,  
I wisch ze be conserft from Wae,  
Baith Maiden, Wyfe and Man:  
GOD bless them and the haly Rude,  
Gif me a Drink, se it be gude,  
And quha trows best that I do lude,  
Skink first to me the Kan.

*FINIS. The Droichs Part of a Play.*

*Auld*



*Auld Kyndness quite forzet quhen  
 ane grows pure.*

## I.

**T**HIS World is all but fenziel fair,  
 And as unstable as the Wind,  
 And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair,  
 Treft Fallowship is ill to find,  
 Gude Consciencis is all made blind,  
 And Charity thairs nane to get;  
 Leil Luve and Lawty lys behind,  
 And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

## II.

**Q**UHYLE I had ony Thing to spend,  
 And stuffit weil with Warlds Wrack,  
 Amang my Friends I was weil kend;  
 Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,  
 They wad me be the Oxter tak;  
 And at the hich Buird I was set,  
 But now they let me stand aback,  
 Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

III. Now



## III.

Now I can find but Friends few,  
 Sen I was prized to be pure,  
 They hald me now but for a Shrew;  
 Of me they tak but little Cure;  
 All that I do is but Injure:  
 Thocht I be bair I may not bett,  
 They let me stand upon the Flure,  
 Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

## IV.

Suppose I mein I am nocht mendit,  
 Sen I held part with Povertie,  
 Away sen that my Pack was spendit,  
*Adieu* all Liberality.  
 The Proverb now is trew I see,  
*Quha may not give will little get;*  
 Therefore to say the Verity,  
 Now auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

## V.

THEY wald me hals with Hude and Hat,  
 Quhyle I was rich and had enouch,  
 About me Friends enow I gat;  
 Richt blythly then on me they leuch,  
 But now they miak it wonder teuch,  
 And lets me stand before the Zet;  
 Therfoir this Warld is very freuch,  
 And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

VI.

As lang as my ain Cap stude even, |  
I zied but seindle myne allane,  
I squyrit was with Sax or Sevin,  
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;  
But suddently frae that was gane,  
They pasd me by with Hands plett,  
With puirtith frae I was oertane,  
Then auld Kyndness was quyte forzett.

VII.

INTO this Warld suld nae Man trow,  
Thou may weil see the Reason quhy;  
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,  
Thou art but little setten by,  
Thou art not tane in Company,  
Bot ther be fund Fish in thy Net:  
Therefore this false Warld I defy,  
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzett.

VIII.

SEN that nae Kyndness kepit is,  
Into this Warld that is present,  
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Blifs,  
Thy self appleist with sober Rent,  
Live weil and give with gude Intent,  
To every Man his proper Debt,  
Quhat eir God send hald thee content,  
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.



*A D V I C E to be Liberal and  
Blyth.*

I.

**I** Make it kend, he that will spend,  
 And luvē GOD late and Air,  
 He will him mend, and Grace him send,  
 Quhyle Catives shall have Care:  
 But Praise weil pend, fall him comend,  
 That of his Rowth can spare;  
 We knaw the End, that all maun wend  
 Away nakit and bare,  
 With an O and an I,  
 And a Wretch fall haif nae mair,  
 But a schort Sheit at Heid and Feit,  
 For all his Wrak and Ware.

II. FOR

II.

FOR all the Wrak a Wretch can pack,

And in his Bags embrace,

Zit Deid fall tak him be the Back,

And gar him cry Alace!

Then fall he fwak, away with Lak,

And wate not to what Place,

Then will they mak, at him a Knack,

That maist of his Geir hes;

With ane O and an I,

Quhyle we haif Tyme and Space,

Mak we gude Cheir, quhyle we are heir,

And thankful be for Grace.

III.

WERE there a King to rax and ring,

Amang Gude-fallows crownd,

Wretches wad wring, and mak Murhing,

For Dule they fould be drownd.

Quha finds a Dring, or auld or zing,

Gar hoy him out and hound.

270 *Advice to be liberal and blyth.*

Now let us sing, our Cares to ding,

And mak a gladfome Sound,

With an O and and I:

Now are we further bound,

Drink thou to me, and I to thee,

And let the Cap go round.

IV.

QUHA understude, suld have his Gude,

Or he wer clofd in Clay,

Sum in thair Mude, they wald ga wid,

And die lang or thair Day;

Not worth a Hude, or an auld Snude,

Thou shall bear hence away;

Wretch be the Rude, now to conclude,

Full few fall for thee pray,

With an O and anc I,

Gude Fallows as langs we may,

Be merry and free, syne blyth let us be,

And sing on tway and tway.

*Quod* JO. BLYTH.

*The End of the first Volume.*



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