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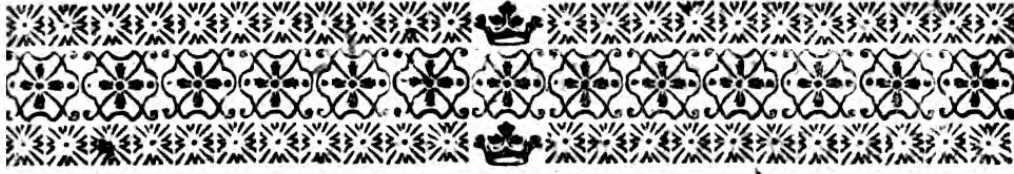
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PATIE and *ROGER*:
A
PASTORAL

Inscribed to
JOSIAH BURCHET Esq;
Secretary of the Admiralty.

TH E nipping Frosts and driving Snaw
Are o'er the Hills and far awa ;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,

And ilka Thing

Sae dainty, youthfu', gay and brow

Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by greek of Day,
Kind Muse skiff to the Bent away,
To try anes mair the Landart Lay,

With a thy Speed,

Since *BURCHET* awns that thou can play
Upon the Reed,

A

Anes,

Anes, anes again beneath some Tree
 Exert thy Skill and nat'ral Glee
 To him wha has fae court'ously,
To weaker Sight,
 Set these rude Sonnets fung by me
In truest Light.

In truest Light may a that's fine
 In his fair Character still shine,
 Sma need he has of Sangs like mine,
To beet his Name ;
 For frae the North to Southren Line,
Wide gangs his Fame.

His Fame, which ever shall abide,
 While Hist'rys tell of Tyrants Pride,
 Wha vainly strave upon the Tide
To invade these Lands,
 Where Briton's Royal Fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

These doughty Actions frae his Pen,
 Our Age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn Navies did contend
Upon the Waves,
 How freeborn Britons faught like Men,
Their Foes like Slaves.

Sae



Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
 This Country Sang my Fancy flew
 Keen your just Merit to pursue;

But ah! I fear

In giving Praises that are due

I grate your Ear.

Yet tent a Poet's zealous Pray'r ;
 May Powers aboon, with kindly Care,
 Grant you a lang and mickle Skair

Of a that's Good,

'Till unto langest Life and mair

You've healthfou stood.

May never Cares your Blessings fowr,
 And may the Muses ilka Hour
 Improve your Mind, and haunt your Bower,

I'm but a Callan,

Yet may I please ye while I'm your

Devouted ALLAN,





PATIE and ROGER.

Beneath the South-side of a Craigy Bield,
 Where a clear Spring did halefom Water yield,
 Twa youthfou Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
 Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of *May* :
 Poor *Roger* gran'd till hollow Echoes rang,
 While merry *Patie* humm'd himsell a Sang :
 Then turning to his Friend in blythfom Mood,
 Quoth he, how does this Sunshine chear my Blood ?
 How hartfome is't to see the rising Plants,
 To hear the Burds chirm o'er their Morning Rants ?
 How tose is't to snuff the cauller Air,
 And a the Sweets it bears when void of Care ?
 What ails thee, *Roger*, then what gars the grane ?
 Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain.

R O G E R.

O, *Patie*, I'm born to unlucky Fate, ;
 I'm born to strive with Hardships dire and great ;

Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
 Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood,
 But I opprest with never ending Grief,
 Maun ay dispair of lighting on Relief.

P A T I E.

The Bees shall loath the Flower and quat the Hive,
 The Saughs on boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
 E'er scornfou Queans, or Lofs of warldly Gear,
 Shall spill my Rest, or ever Force a Tear.

R O G E R.

Sae might I say, but its no eafy done
 By ane wha's Saul is sadly out o' Tune :
 You have sae fast a Voice and slid a Tongue,
 You are the Darling of baith auld and young :
 If I but etle at a Sang, or speak,
 They dit their Lugs, syn up their Leglens cleek,
 And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bought,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought :
 Yet I am tall, and as well shap'd as thee,
 Nor mair unlikly to a Lasse's Eye :
 For ilka Sheep ye have I'll number ten,
 And shou'd, as ane might think, come farrer ben.

PATIE.

P A T I E.

But ablins, Nibour, yē have not a Heart,
 Nor downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part :
 If that be true, what signifies your Gear ?
 A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

R O G E R.

My Byar tumbled, Nine braw Nowt were smoor'd,
 Three Elffhot were, yet I these ills endur'd.
 In Winter laft my Cares were very sma,
 Tho Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

P A T I E.

Were your been Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Lefs you wad los, and lefs you wad repine :
 He wha has just enough, can soundly sleep,
 The O'ercome only fashes Fouk to keep.

R O G E R.

May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
 That thou may'ft thole the Pangs of frequent Los ;
 O may'ft thou dote on some fair paughty Wench,
 Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,
 Till, birs'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

P A T I E.

P A T I E.

Sax good fat Lambs, I seld them ilka Cloot
 At the *West-bow*, and bought a winsome Flute,
 Of Plumb-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round,
 A dainty Whistle with a pleasant Sound ;
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,
 Than you with a your Gear, ye dowie Fool.

R O G E R.

Na, *Patie*, I am nae sic churlish Beast,
 Some ither Things ly heavier at my Breast ;
 I dream'd a dreery Dream this hinder Night,
 That gars my Flesh a creep yet wi' the Fright.

P A T I E.

Now to your Friend how silly's this Pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens :
 Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* Pride :
 Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

R O G E R.

O, *Patie*, ye have gueft indeed o'er true,
 And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you ;

Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon asquint,
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint;
 In ilky Place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bumbas'd and unco blate:
 But yestherday I met her yont a Know,
 She fled as frae a Shellycoat or Kow;
 She *Bauldy* loo's, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o' Tar.

P A T I E.

But *Bauldy* loo's nae her right well I wat,
 He fights for *Neps*; — sae that may stand for that.

R O G E R.

I wish I coud na loo her, — but in vain,
 I still maun dote and thole her proud Disdain:
 My *Bauty* is a *Cur* I dearly like,
 Till he youl'd fair she fraike the poor dumb Tyke;
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
 She wad hae shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
 With a' her Face she shaws a cauldrie Scorn:
 Last Time I play'd, ye never saw sic Spite,
 O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delight,

Yet

Yet tauntingly she at her Nibour speer'd
 Gin she cou'd tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my Reed and never whistle mair.

P A T I E.

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help Misluck,
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawngabet Chuck;
 Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint a Hope,
 Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the Lover's Loup.

R O G E R.

I need na make sic Speed my Blood to spill,
 I'll warrand Death come soon enough a will.

P A T I E.

Daft Gowk! Leave off that fitly whindging Way,
 Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
 Last Morning I was unco airly out,
 Upon a Dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee,
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Maggie* saw na me:
 For yet the Sun was wading throu' the Mist,
 And she was clos upon me e'er she wist.
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs, which whiter were than Snaw:

B

Her

Her Cockernony snooded up fou fleek,
 Her hafet Locks hung waving on her Cheek :
 Her Cheek sae ruddy ! and her Een sae clear !
 And O ! her Mouth's like ony hinny Pear,
 Neat, neat she was in Buftine Waftcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green :
 Blythfome I cry'd, My bonny *Meg* come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon a fteer :
 But now I guesfs ye're gawn to gather Dew.
 She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, *Meg-dorts*, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack
 With a right theivless Errand she came back,
 Miscaw'd me first, — then bade me hound my Dog
 To weer up three waff-Ews were on the Bog,
 I leugh, and sae did she, then wi' great hafte
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waift ;
 About her yielding Waift, and took a Fouth
 Of sweetest Kiffes frae her glowan Mouth :
 While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,
 My very Saul came louping to my Lips.
 Sair, fair she flete wi' me 'tween ilka Smak,
 But well I kend she mean'd na as she spake.

Dear

Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash ye'r Thumb;
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her Mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

R O G E R.

Kind *Patie*, now fair faw your honest Heart,
 Ye'r ay sae cadgie and hae sic an Art
 To hearten ane: — For now as clean's a Leek
 Ye've cherisht me since ye began to speak;
 Sae for your Pains I'll make ye a Propine,
 My Mither, honest Wife, has made it fine;
 A Tartan Plaid, spun of good haußlock Woo,
 Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders Blue,
 With Sprains like Gou'd and Siller cross'd wi' Black,
 I never had it yet upon my Back.
 Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

P A T I E.

Well, hadd ye there, — and since ye've frankly made
 A Present to me of your braw new Plaid,
 My Flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a Will, if you'll take my Advice.

R O G E R.

R O G E R.

As ye advise I'll promise to observ't,
 But you maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't.
 Now take it out and gies a bonny Spring,
 For I'm in tist to hear you play or sing.

P A T I E.

But first we'll take a Turn up to the Hight,
 And see gin a our Flocks be feeding Right :
 Be that Time Bannocks and a Shave of Cheese
 Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please ;
 Might please our Laird, gin he were but sae wise
 To season Mèat wi' Health instead of Spice :
 When we ha'e tane the Grace-Drink at this Well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell.

