



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD

A SCOTS PASTORAL

COMEDY.

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

SPENCER, p. 1113.

A new Edition, with the Sangs.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

NEWCASTLE:

Printed by M. Angus & Son, in the Side



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, The gentle Shepherd, in Love with *Peggy*.

ROGER, A rich young Shepherd, in Love with *Jenny*.

SIMON, } Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir Wi-
GLAUD, } liam.

BAULDY, A Hind, engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, Thought to be Glaud's Niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only Daughter.

MAUSE, An old Woman supposed to be a Witch.

ELSPA, Symon's Wife.

MADGE, Glaud's Sister.

SCENE.

*A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few miles from the
City of Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, within Twenty-four Hours.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Act I. Scene I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy beild,
Where chriftal springs the halefome waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and fmg.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

Sang I. The Waking of the Fauld.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,
Fair as the day, an' always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
An' I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

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

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld;
 And naething gives me sic delight,
 As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play:
 By a' the rest it is confess'd,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At waking of the fauld.

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

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*! to a thrawart fate;
 I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
 Tempest may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
 Corbies and tods to grein for lambkin's blood:
 But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flower and quit the hive,
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queens or loss o' wardly gear
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
 By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.
 You have sae saft a voice, an' slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young;

If I but ettle at a sang or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up the leglans cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing thought,
Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farther ben.

Patie. But ablins, neibour, ye have not a heart,
An' downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured ;
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores o' weathers perish'd in the snaw.

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

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

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute,
At the *West Port*, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plumbtree made, wi' iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound :
I'll be mair merry wi't, an' ne'er cry dool,
Than ye, with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

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

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

Roger. Indeed no, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,
An' there is naething I will keep frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air an' late,
An' gars me look bombaz'd an' unka blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a knowe,
She fled as frae a shelly coated cow:
She *Bauldy* loves, *Bauldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

Patie. But *Bauldy* lo'es not her, right weel I wat,
He sighs for *Neps*.—Sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd nae lo'e her—But in vain;
I still maun do't, an' thole her proud disdain.
My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like;
E'en while he fawn'd she strake the poor dumb tike:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad hae shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begie to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shews a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like; I dinna care:
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

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

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

Patie. Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whinging way,
Seem careless, there's my hand, ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel
As ye do *Jenny*, an' wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gey an' early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I saw my *Meg* come linking o'er the lee :
I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* saw nae me :
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
An' she was close upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kiltit an' did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw :
Her Cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek ;
Her cheek sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear ;
And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny peer.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome I cry'd, My bonny *Meg* come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon a-steer ;
But I can guess ye're gawn to gather dew.
She scour'd awa', an' said, What's that to you ?
Then fare ye well, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, an' lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first—then bade me hound my dog
To wear up three waft ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, an' sae did she ; then with great haste,
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist :
About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.

Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.

Sang II.—Fy gae rub her o'er with strae.

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
An' answer kindness with a flight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :
But them despise wha's soon defeat,
An' wi' a fimple face give way
To a repulse. Then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, an' win the day.

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

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

Patie. Well, had ye here : And since ye've frankly
made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute be yours ; and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

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

Patie. But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right.
By that time, bannocks, an' a shave of cheese,
Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please :
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they so wise,
To season meat wi' health instead o' spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle sine, and sing t'ye like mysel.

Scene II.

A flow'rie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lassies use to wash an' spread their claihs,
A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its charnel peebles, shining, smooth an' round.
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear ;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come *Meg*, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peggy. Go farther up the burn to *Habbie's how*,
Where a' the sweets of spring an' summer grow ;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a sing and din ;
A pool, breast deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bord'ring grass :
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
An' when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our sels.—'Tis healthfu' now in *May*,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

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

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, an' out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height;
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane,)
What gars you plague your wooer wi' disdain!
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
An' spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee:
He faulds his owerlay down his breast wi' care,
An' few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There is a bonny day.

Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
What's like a dorty maiden when she's auld?

Sang III.—Polwart on the green.

The dorty will repent,
If lovers hearts grow cauld,
An' nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:
The dawted bairn thus taks the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
An's laugh'd at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by it's fell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

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

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

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

Jenny. If *Roger* is my jo, he kens himsel,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glow'rs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;

But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums an' haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,

I se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like an' may be free;

The chiels may a' knit up themsels for me.

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

Jenny. Heh, lass! how can you loo that rattle-skull,

A very de'el that ay maun hae his will;

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life

You twa will lead sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

Sang IV.—O dear mother what shall I do.

O dear *Peggy*, love's beguiling,

We ought not to trust his smiling,

Better far to do as I do,

Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancies carried,

Think of nought but to be married;

Running to a life destroys

Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear

But rather think ilk langsome day a year,

Till I wi' pleasure mount the bridal bed,

Where on my *Patie's* breast I'll lean my head.

There we may kiss, as lang as kissing's gude,

And what we do there's nane dare call it rude.

He get's his will : Why no' ? 'Tis good my part,
To give him that, an' he'll give me his heart.

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

Peggy. Sic course spun thoughts as they want pith to
move

My settl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dread no other skaith,
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green,
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een,
An' then he speaks wi' such a taking art ;
His words they thirle like music through my heart.
How blythely can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—But what need I say that or this ?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is !
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs, compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better sense will lang his love secure :
Ill-natur'd heffs in sauls are weak and poor.

Jenny. Hey bonny lass of *Branksome*, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a sang.
O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
Syn'e whinging gets about your ingle side,

Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din ;
 'To mak them brats then ye maun toil an' spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads its sell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tynes his shoe ;
 The deil gaes o'er *John Webster* : Hame grows hell,
 When *Pate* misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Sang. V.—How can be sad on my wedding day.

Peggy. How shall I be sad when a husband I hae
 That has better sense than ony of thae,
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

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

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the worst o' a' :
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw ;
 But little love, or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die ;—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay ;
 The thick blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your weathers, an' may rot your ewes ;
 A dyvor buys your butter, woo, an' cheese,
 But, or the day o' payment, breaks an' flees,

Wi' gloomin brows the laird seeks in his rent ;
 'Tis not to gie your merchants to the bent ;
 His honour manna want, he poinds your gear :
 Syne driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear *Meg*, be wise, an' lead a single life,
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill lucks befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, an' strive to do their best,
 Nae mair's requir'd, let heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'ver he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
 An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due ;
 Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus without fear,
 Wi' love an' rowth we through the warld will steer.
 An' when my *Pate* in bairns an' geer grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
 Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Should gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,
 And her kind kisses, were not worth a feg.

Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we.
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
 They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile.

Sae whensoever they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame,
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
 At e'en when he comes weary fae the hill,
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, when he toils through wind an' rain;
 A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth stane:
 An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to tak aff.
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good humour an' white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
 An' dosens down to nane as fowk grow auld.

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

Jenny. I've done—I yield; dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field.
 Wi' the assistance o' a little fae,
 Lies darn'd within my breast, this mony a day.

Sang VI.—Nancy's to the Green Wood gane.

I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
An' there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
Nor a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us.
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! *Jenny,* that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's*; or poor *Roger's* man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good;—for see the sun
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun
To freath the graith.—If canker'd *Madge,* our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gi'es a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the first act.

Act II. Scene I.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
He ns on the middin, ducks in the dubs are seen:
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre,
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is *Glaud's*—there you may see him lean,
And to his direct-seat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD mornin' nebour *Symon*—come sit down,
An' gi'e us your cracks.—What's a' the news in
town?

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

Symon. Wi' a' my heart:—An' tent me now, auld
 boy,

I've gather'd news will kittle your heart wi' joy.
 I coudna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell you things ha'e taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like fleas,
 An' skulk in hidings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah *Symie*: ratling chiels near
 stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand;
 Whilk soon flies round like will-fire, far an' near:
 But loose your pock, be't true or false let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*; an' I've seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been,
 Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
 An' left a fair estate to save his head,
 Because you ken fu' weel he bravely chose
 To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
 Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd Monk
 Has play'd the rumpel a right flee begunk,
 Restor'd King *Charles*; an' ilka thing's in tune;
 An' *Habby* says we'll see sir *William* soon.

Sang VII.—Cauld Cale in Aberdeen.

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

Glaud. That makes me blythe indeed :—But dinna flaw ;
 Tell o'er your news again ! an' swear till't a',
 An' saw ye Hab ! An' what did Halbert say ?
 They have been e'en a dirty time away.
 Now God be thank'd that our laird's come hame,
 An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

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

Glaud. And may he lang ; for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving, wi' a racket rent,
 Nor grumbl'd if ane grow rich, or stor'd to raise
 Our mailins when we put on Sunday's claihs.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
 Allow our layart noddles to be bare.
 “ Put on your bonnet Symon ;—tak a seat—
 “ How's a' at hame ? How's Elspa ? How does Pate ?
 “ How sells black cattle ?—What gie's woo this year ?”
 And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

Sang VIII.—Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

The Laird wha in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants wha labour
 To raise aboon poverty :
 Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
 And burden'd will tample down faint ;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tme their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen,
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean :
 Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
 And tak your dinner here wi' me the day ?
 We'll send for *Elspa* too ;—an' upo' sight,
 I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height,

I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught o' ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blythe design,
 Gif that it had na first of a' been mine :

For hear yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime and fat :

A furlet o' good cakes my *Elspa* beuk,

An' a large ham hings reesting in the neuk.

I saw mysell, ere I came o'er the loan,

Our meikle pot that scalds the whey put on,

A mutton bouk to boil ;—an' ane we'll roast ;

An' on the haggies *Elspa* spares nae cost,

Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice

The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice.

Fat are the puddins.—Heads an' feet weel sung,

And we've invited neibours auld an' young,

To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,

An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.

You manna then refuse to join the rest,

Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.

Bring wi' ye a' your family, an' then

Whene'er ye please I'll rant wi' ye again.

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

But at your banquet I shall first appear !

Faith we shall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,

Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.

Auld said I !—Troth I'm younger by a score,

Wi' your good news, than what I was before.

I'll dance or e'en ! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear ?

ENTER MADGE.

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

What wad ye *Glaud*, wi' a' this haste and din ?

Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel an' burn
your tow,
And set the muckle peet-stack in a low,
Syne dance about the banefire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

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

Glaud. What's that to you!—Gae get my *Sunday's* coat;
Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands;
My white skin hose and mittans for my hands.
Then, frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
An' mak ye'er sells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
As ye were a' to get young lads ere e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do honest *Madge*,—an', *Glaud*, I'll o'er the
gate,
An' see that a' be done as I wad hart.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen;
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and half-rai'd looks ye see.

BAULDY his lane.

Bauldy. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'tis war than
hell,

To be sae brunt with love, yet darna tell?
O *Peggy*! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the forest grows,
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;
The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!

For *Pate* looes her,—waes me, and she looes *Pate*,
 An' I wi' *Neps*, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow!—O but ane be a beast,
 That makes rash aith, till he's afore the priest.
 I dare na speak my min' else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 'Tis sare to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, an' win the other's heart.
 Here *Mausy* lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantrips, an' gi'e me advice.
 She can o'er cast the night, an' cloud the moon,
 An' mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk yards she raves,
 An' howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 An' rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 Seven times does her prayers backward say,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay.
 Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid's an' snakes,
 O' this unsonsy pictures, aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates: an' gars expire,
 Wi' slaw an' reeking pains afore a fire;
 Stuck fu' o' preens, the devilish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 An' yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
 When ane like me comes running to the deil.
 She an' her cat sits beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith, amaist I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive,
 They gallop fast that weils an' lasses drive.

Scene III.

A green kail yard, a little fount,
 Where water popland springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkl'd front,
 And yet she spins and sings.

Sang IX.—Carle and the King come.

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

Enter BAULDY.

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

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
 An' beeking my auld limbs afore the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
 Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough o' baith:—But something that re-
 requires

Your helping han', employs now a' my cares.

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

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, an' wiser far than we,
 Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. O' what kin' wisdom think ye I'm possess,
 That lifts my character aboon the rest?

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

Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I sud tell.

Mause. What fook say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear;
 Keep naithing up, ye naithing hae to fear.

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

When last the wind made Glau'd a roofless barn;
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When Brawny elf-shot never mair cam hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;

When Bessy Freelock's cuffy cheeket wean
 To a fairy turn'd, an' cudna stand its lane;
 When Wattie wander'd a' night thro' the shaw,
 An' tint himsel' amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's meere stood still an' swat wi' fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawsy shot to dead upo' the green,
 An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
 You, lucky, gat the weight o' a' fall out,
 An' ilk ane here dreads you round about.
 An' sae they may that mint to do ye skaith,
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist mak groats, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a furlet o' them mixt wi' peas.

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

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond o' me—
 Peggy likes Pate—an' Patie's bauld an' slee,
 An' loes sweet Meg: But Neps I downa see—
 Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then,
 Peggy's to me.—I'll be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
 Sae gang your ways an' come again at night.
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple thiags prepare,
 Worth a' your pease an' groats, tak' ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
 But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind,
 Syne rain an' thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant at Symon's at a feast,
 O will ye come like badrons, for a jest?
 An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what past
 'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

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

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty an' eild,
 Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,
 Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, a wrinkl'd witch.
 This fool imagines, as do many sic,
 That I'm a witch, in compact wi' Auld Nick;
 Because by education I was taught,
 To speak an' act aboon their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Nane ken'st but me; an' if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

*Exit.**Scena IV.*

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

PATIE and PEGGY.

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

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 An' Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as wee
 Here where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How saft the westlin winds sooth thro' the reeds.

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

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

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
 An' lambs shou'd tremble when the foxes preach.
 I darna stay—ye joker let me gang,
 Anither lass may gar ye change your sang,
 Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her kindness drap,
 An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap ;
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

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

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
 Though we're but young, I've lov'd you mony a year.
 I mind it weel, when thou couldst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
 O' a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tansy know, or rashy strand.

Thou smiling by my side—I took delyte
To pu' the rashes green, wi' roots sae white,
O' which, as vael as my young fancy could,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
An' I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corn grew yellow, an' the hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor an' rising fells;
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blue berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was fluttering fain:
At a' those sports thou gavest joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run or put wi' thee.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the Broom o' Cowdenknows;
An' Rosie lilt the Milking o' the Ewes;
There's nane like Nancy, Jenny Nettle sings,
At turns in Meggy Lawder, Marrion dings:
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
The Boatman, or the Lass o' Patie's Mill,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire;
An' roos'd by them we love, blaws up the fire:
But wha lo'es best, let time an' carriage try;
Be constant, an' my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, an' all my cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

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

Sang X.—*The yellow hair'd laddie.*

Peggy. When first my dear laddie gaid to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first shew'd my young skill,

To bear the milk-bowie nae toil was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

Patie. When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells
Nae birns, brier, or breckens gave troubles to me.
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

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

Patie. Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-broom-knows;
And Roly lifts sweetly the Milking the Ewes;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing;
At Thro'-the-wood-laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the Mill,
It's many times sweeter an' pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

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

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

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

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

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Patie. ————— Weel, I agree.

Sang XI.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth;
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my Laffie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should you deny?
Peggy. But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Patie. But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and fae may ye.
Red-checked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY singing falls into *PATIE*'s arms.

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

PATIE, (with his left hand about her waist.)
O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

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

End of the Second Act.

Act III. Scene I.

New turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
An' tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;
An' elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been,

But whilst ! it is the knight in mascurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, ance delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM *solus.*

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes,
Wi' a full view o' ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fa'en frae their bands ;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls o' Tap'stry all bereft.
My stables an' pavilions, broken walls !
That wi' each rainy blast decaying falls.
My gardens once adorn'd, the most compleat,
W' all that nature, all that art makes sweet :
Where round the figur'd green the pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks :
But o'ergrown wi' nettles, docks, an' brier,
No hiacinths or egantines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach an' nect'rine branches found a bield,
An' bask'd in rays which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use ?
All round in gaps, the walls in rubbish ly,
An' from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd :—an' now my joy,
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, an' object o' my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithfu' Symon brought,

An' charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himsel' he starts up by the dawn,
 An' ranges careless o'er the height an' lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 Wi' other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns an' courts, how cheerfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd wi' crimes!

Or sung as follows. *Sang XII.—Happy clown.*

Hid from himsel, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn;
 An' ranges o'er the heights an' lawn
 After his bleeting flocks:
 Healthfu', and innocently gay,
 He chants an' whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, an' then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.
 Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth an' love with joys agree,
 Unfullied wi' a crime;
 Unmov'd wi' what disturbs the great,
 In propping o' their pride an' state;
 He lives, an' unafraid o' fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 An' see what maks yon gamboling to-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthfu' tenants gayly dance an' sing.

Exit.

Act III. Scene II.

It's Symon's house, please to step in,
 An' vissy't round an' round;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.

Yet all is clean : a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best ;
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, an' tak' their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursels—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
 Troth, *Symon*, *Patie's* grown a strapon lad,
 An' better looks than his I never bade.
 Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
 An' tells his tale the cliverest o' them a'.

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

Glaud. I trow, good wife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be wi' *Peggy's* beauty tane ;
 An' troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye well ken ; a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better be't she were na kin to me.

Symon. Ha, *Glaud* ! I doubt that ne'er will be a match ;
 My *Patie's* wild, and will be ill to catch ;
 An' or he were, for reasons I'll not tell,
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel'.

Glaud. What reason can ye hae ? There's nane I'm sure,
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor :
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind :
 Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
 Five kye that ay at milking fills a kirn,
 I'll gie to *Peggy* that day she's a bride ;
 By an' attour, gif my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
An' twa quey caufs, I'll yearly to them give.

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

Simon. Or this day aught days, likely ye shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

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

(Their healths gae round.)

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*—by some 'tis said
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, an' bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatterin *Madge*, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter *JENNY*.

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

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nae shall gang hungry by my house th' day.

Exit Jenny.

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

Glaud. Spaemen! The truth of a' their saws I doubt:
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Jenny returns, bringing Sir William; wi' them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle—here tak' a feat.

Sir Wm. I gie ye thanks, good man, I'll be blate.

Glaud drinks.

Glaud. Come, t'ye frien'—how far came ye the day?

Sir Wm. I pledge ye, nebour, e'en but a little way,

Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

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

Sir Wm. That's kind unfought.—Weel gin ye hae a
bairn

That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest o' my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon pointing to Patie.

Symon. Only that lad, alake! I ha'e nae mae,
Either to make me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir Wm. Young man, let's see your han'.—What gars
you sneer!

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

Sir Wm. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elf. Betooch us too?—an' weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

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

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

Sym. I dinna ken; strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

Patie's health gae round.

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

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

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

Elf. Preservè's !—the man's a warlock, or possit
Wi' some nae good,—or second sight, at least:
Where is he now?—

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

Elf. Thae second-sighted fowk (His peace be here!)
See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, soon as he comes to himsel)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, lie heaves,
An' speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better,—Ellspa, haste ye, gae
An' fill him up a tofs o' usquebæ.

Sir William starts up, and speaks.

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

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel;
But faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
To tell some tales that fowk's wad secret keep:
Or do ye get them tald ye in your sleep?

Sir Wm. Howe'er I get them, ne'er fash your beard;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;

But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kin' men!
They're here that ken, an' here that disna ken,

The whimpled meanin' o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak' a noise o'er moor an' dale.

Gla. It's nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spaeman gies

O' flawin' fortunes, whilk he evens to pate:
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wm. Whisht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,

What I hae said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gla. Weel, be't sae friends, I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sony lasses young an' fair,

Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd forsee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

Sir Wm. Nae mair throw' secrets I can sift,
Till darkness black the bent;

I hae but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. E!spa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Wm. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,

Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire;
An', Glau, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;

We'll but gae roun' the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, an' tak our pint, an' crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play,
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey.

Exeunt.

Act III. Scene. III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame ;
 Young Roger draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 An' thow his Lassie's breast.
 Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet :
 See, Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.
 Poor Shepherd.

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
 An' yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' fet.

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

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
 Baith by my service, sighs, an' langing een.

An' I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
 Ye're ne'er frae my thoughts baith e'en an' morn.
 Ah ! cou'd I lo'e you less, I'd happy be ;
 But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

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

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

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

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

Jen. Ye ha'e my pity else, to see ye set
 On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.

Wow! but we're bonny, good, an' every thing!
 How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs or hug!
 But we're na sooner fools to gi'e consent,
 Than we our daffin an' tint pow'r repent;
 When prifon'd in our four wa's, a wife right tame,
 Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for sake o' gear,
 Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a meere;
 Or when dull parents bairns together bind,
 O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.

But love, true downright love engages me,
 (Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jen. What fagar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
 But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.
 I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
 An' soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
 I've seen the siller springs a while run clear,
 An' soon in mossy puddles disappear:
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

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

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

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! baud my head! —
 This gust o' pleasure's like to be my dead:
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
 Wi' wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.

Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' stars away,
 An' ferly at the quick return o' day.
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine.
 An' bris thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.

Which may be sang as follows: *Sang XIII.—Leith wynd.*

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

Roger. I'm happy now; ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
 Is Jenny than sae kind?
 O let me bris thee to my heart,
 An' round my arms entwine:
 Delightfu' thought! we'll ne'er part,
 Come prefs thy mouth to mine.

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

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

Sang XIV.—O'er Bogie.

Weel, I agree, you're sure o' me;
 Next to my father gae:
 Mak him content to gie consent,
 He'll hardly fay you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 An' will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain;
 Tho' a' my kin had said an' sworn,
 But thee I will hae nae.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree:
 An' if ye prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Rog. My fauld's contain twice fifteen furrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
 Five pack o' woo' I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
 Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty nither made.
 Ilk thing that maks a hartsome house an' tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a'; which now gie's joy to me,
 Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee:
 An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
 My love an' a' is yours; now haud them fast,
 An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

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

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
 Keep trist, an' meet me there;—there let us meet
 To kifs an' tell our love;—there's nought fae sweet.

Act III. Scene IV.

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

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wm. To whom belongs this house, so much decayd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws o' nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

(*Sir William draps his masking beard;*

Symon, transported, sees

The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,

An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe

To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!

Return'd to cheer his wishing tenant's sight,

To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Wm. Rise, faithfu' Symon, in my arms enjoy

A place, thy due, kind guardian o' my boy:

I came to view thy care in this disguise,

An' I'm confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;

Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,

An' ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict comman'

Was the first lock;—neist, my ain judgment fau'

Out reasons plenty; since, without estate,

A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh an' blate:

Sir Wm. An' aften vain an' idly spen' their time,

Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,

Hang on their friends; which gi'es their soul a cast,

That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye ha'e spoken true;

For there's laird Kytie's son that's lo'ed by few:

His father steght his fortune in his wame,

An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.

He gangs about fornan frae place to place,

As scrimp o' manners as o' sense an' grace:

Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin :
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him trust.

Sir Wm. Such useless branches o' a common wealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a state more health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—*Symon*, run
O'er all the observations o' my son :
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
But do not, wi' indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest summer day
Wad be o'er short.—cou'd I them right display
In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he runs before the lave ;
An' when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;
An' his decret stands good ;—he'll gar it stand,
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;
Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir Wm. Your tale much pleases—my good friend pro-
ceed,

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder weel : for, troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lear,
An' he deilytes in books :—he reads, an' speaks,
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Wm. Where gets he books to read ?—an' o' what
kind ?

Tho' some gi'e light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books, o' hist'ry, fangs, or sport :
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
An' carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
A-bout ane Shakespear, an' a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.

How sweetly Hawthresden an' Stirling sing,
 An' ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
 About fine poems, histories, an' plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir Wm. He answer'd well; an' much ye glad my ear
 When such accounts I o' my shepherd hear.
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
 When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
 Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's ourfell?

Sir Wm. Well jested, Symon.—But one question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then gi'e o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter arround young hearts, like cooing doves;
 Has nae young lassie, wi' inviting mien,
 An' rosy cheeks, the wonder o' the green,
 Engag'd his look, an' caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the worst, but kend the sma'est part,
 Till late, I saw him twa or three times mair sweet
 Wi' Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
 I had my fears; but now nae nought to fear,
 Since like yourself your son will soon appear.
 A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May bleis the fairest, best born lady's arms.

Sir Wm. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me:
 Nane but yourself shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 They come just at the time I gave command;

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to a' confess.

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

Exit Symon.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the third Act.

Act IV. Scene I.

The scene described in a former page.

Glaud's onset.—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

Madge.

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

Mau. That's news indeed!—

Mad. ————— As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard

Five nieves in length, an' white as driven snaw,
 Amang us cam, crying, *Haud ye merry a'*.
 We ferly'd meickle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fixt on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains an' skill wad naething ha'e.

Mau. Then sure the lassies an' ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flees skip to the tate o' woo,
 Whilk flee tod-lowry hauds about his mou'.
 When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
 In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
 Without the help o' conjuring or spell.

At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master:—round his knees he gat,
 Hung at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for;—happy lad was he!
 Symon tauld Elspa, Elspa tauld it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
 An' troth, it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsel.—
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

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

Mad. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher-good,
 'Tween a hred's bairn, an' ane o' gentle blood!
 Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
 But siccan ferlies stow we never see.

Mau. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain :
Yonder he comes, an' vow but he looks fain :
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

Mad. He get her ! flavarin' coof : it sets him weel
To yeke a plough where Patrick thought to teel ;
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mau. Ye'd be as darty in your choice as he ;
An' so wad I. But whicht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

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

I trow sae.—Lassies will come too at at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mau. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a' ;

Baul.———Faith unco right ;
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

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

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task ;
Poor bonny Peggy, wha man think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, an' onest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove ;
Lefs wilfu' an' ay constant in my love.

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

Baul. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! an' a' the rest !
Ye lee'd auld roudes—an' in faith, y' had best

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

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling gabbit brook;
Speak that again, an' trembling, dread my rock,
An' ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can fly the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm manl'worn;—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
An' thou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—

Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Mau. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy
leen;

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;

It's sae daft like:—

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

Mad.———It's daster like to thole
An ether cap like him to blaw the coal;

It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,

To cast up whether I be auld or young;

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

An' or they died, their bairn's bairns have seen.

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

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

Mad. Auld roudes! filthy fallow; I salt auld ye.

Mau. Howt, no!—ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest
Bauldy.

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

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I hae at Madge nae spite;
But she abusing first, was a' the wite
O' what has happen'd; an' thou'd therefore crave
My pardon first, an' shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
An' own your fault to her that ye wad cheat;
Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow, an' lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him de'il, he's o'er lang out o' hell!

Bauldy running off.

Baul. His presence be about us! curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee.

Exit Bauldy.

Madge laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me,
He's but a rascal that wou'd mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snoot gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,
An' breeding baith,—to tell me to my face
He hop'd I was a witch, an' wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to bear,
An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mau. Auld wither'd hands an' feeble joints like mine
Obliges fowk resentment to decline;
Till aft is seen, when vigour fails then we
Wi' cunning can the lack o' pith supply.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Synè badè him come, an' we wad gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryit; an' I cam here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. An' special sport we'll hae, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch an' I shall play the ghast;
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shake my head;

We'll beg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mau. Then let us gae: for see, it's hard on night,
The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

Exeunt.

Act IV. Scene II.

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

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

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves; my joy, an' yet I'm somtimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
Wi' looks a kindness, words that love confest,
He a' the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
O' thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth;
Who set too soon!—An' while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new born joys, an' this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail,
That speechless lang, my late kend fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself, wi' rising raptures, found
 The happy son o' ane so much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—too faithfu' Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids!—Ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

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

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

Sang. XV.—*Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, an' part o' reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love to superior calls treason,
 The strongest must be obey'd:
 For now tho' I'm ane o' the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels:
 For change in my heart has no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

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

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

Rog. Is not our master an' yourself to stay
 Among us here?—or are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,

Pat. To Edinbro' straight to-morrow we advance;
 To London neist; an' afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, an' learn to dance.
 An' twa or three ither monkey tricks.—That done
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.

Then it's design'd, an' when I can weel believe,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third weel.
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. They wha hae just enough can soundly sleep,
 The o'ercome only fastes fowk to keep :
 Good Mr Patrick tak your ain tale hame.

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

The poor an' rich differ but in the name.
 Content's the greatest blifs we can procure
 Frae 'boon the list.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
 When we büt pick it scanty on the bent ;
 Fine claihs, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
 Good cheer, an' witty friends, whene'er ye dine ;
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease ;
 Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks nae far amiss ;
 The passions rule the roast ;—an' if they're sow'r,
 Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goods in gentry's side.
 The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,
 Are frequentest wi' fowk o'erlaid wi' ease ;
 While o'er the moor the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, an' hale some air.

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

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill ;
 Thae best can teach what's real good an' ill.
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes o' cheese,
 To gain these silent friends, that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, an' ye shall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I've hae books, though I should sell my kye.
But now let's hear how you're desig'n'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

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

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deil's defy. *Exit Roger.*

PATIE solus.

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

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

Peg. I dar na think sae high; I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha' can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost!
Like to be carry'd, by some rover's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our love, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate;—come, kiss thy cares away:
I ken to lo'e as weel as to obey.

Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty an' true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, an' still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire.
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;
Then I, poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin haff breathless roun' the rucks o' hay;
As aft-times I ha'e fled from thee right fain,
An' fa'en on purpose that I might be ta'en,
Nae mair aroun' the *foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease;
May sudden death or deadly fair disease,
An' warst o' ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

Sang XVI.—Woes m' heart that we should sunder.

Speak on,—speak thus, an' still my grief;
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that will soon want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder;
A gentler face an' silk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,
Alake, poor me! will now conspire,
To tear thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we aften fray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented rucks roun' which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

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

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

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

Or sung as follows. Sang XVII.—Tweedside.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;

My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will fav't it for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Where'er he lodges by night,
 Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
 An' my soul keep him ever in sight!

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
 An' study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away, till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms,
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

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

Patie. ————— That's wisely said;
 An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps o' art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect a times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 An' for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae;
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scora'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

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

Patie. Na, na, my *Peggy*, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,

Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

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

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landward cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. Wi' every setting day an' rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, an' ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, an' on the suckler brae,
Where aft we wout, when bairns, to rin an' play;
An' to the haefel shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang an' tell the trees an' flowers,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. Sang XVIII.—Bush aboon Traquair.

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

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To green wood, shaw, or fountain,
Or where the simmer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love I'm yours
A heart which cannot wander.

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

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

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

*Exeunt.**End of the fourth Act.**Act V. Scene I.*

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

SIMON.

WHAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this early hour?
When drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power,
Far to the *North* the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.
What gars ye shake, an' glow'r, an' look fae waa?
Your teeth they chatter, hair like bristles stan'.

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

Symon gives him a drink.

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! to make so loud ado?

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

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Wm. How goes the night? Does day light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

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

Bauldy. O ay! dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
An' I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Wm. I lang to hear't.

Bauldy. ——— A! Sir, that witch ca'd *Mause*,
That wins about the hill among the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had tryked, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curst hag, instead o' doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood?)
Rais'd up a ghast or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corpse, in sheet as white as milk.
Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,
An' gat me down, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wou'd to be at school:
My heart out o' its hool was like to lowp,
I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, half dead wi' anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up an' fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dant
Till in a fat tar barrel *Mause* be brunt.

Sir Wm. Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted be,
Let *Mause* be brought this morning down to me.

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

Exit Bauldy.

Sir Wm. Troth Symon, Bauldy's mair afraid than hurt,
The witch an' ghaist hae made themselves good sport.
What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is, thro' want o' education, blind.

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae sic
thing,
As witches raising deels up thro' a ring;
Syne playing trickv? A thousand I could teil,
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Wm. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amangt a few aukl women, craz'd an' poor,
Wha are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp,
O'er braes an' bogs, wi' candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft times like bawtys, badrans, or a sow;
Then wi' this train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom staffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hard hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, an' stools
Whate'er's in spells, or if their witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

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

Sir Wm. I'm sure it will.—But see increasing light
Commands the imps o' darkness down to night:

Bid raise my servants, an' my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

Sang XIX.—Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray;
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
'To follow healthfu' labours o' the day!
Without a guilty string to wrinkle his brow:
The lark and linnet 'tend his levee,
An' he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace pageantry free.
While flutter'd wi' wine, or madden'd wi' loss
O' half an estate, the prey o' a main,
The drunkard an' gamester tumble an' tofs,
Wishing for calmness an' slumber in vain;
Be my portion health an' quietness o' mind,
Plac'd at d'ie distance from parties an' state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

Exeunt.

Act V. Scene II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair
Wi' a blue snood, Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle taks a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lassies please his cen,
An' now an' then his joke maun intervene.

Glaud. I wish my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light;
Nae doubt you now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave o' Patrick, or he gang:
But do you think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lassies will regard!

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

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

Peggy. A rake ! what's that ? Sure if it means ought
 ill,
 He'll ne'er be't, else I've tint my skill.

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

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood,
 An' may not Patrick too like him be good.

Glaud. That's true, an' mony gentry mae than he,
 As they are wiser, better are than we ;
 But thinner sawa ; they're fae puft up wi' pride,
 There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to heav'n.—I've heard mysell,
 Some o' them laugh at doom's-day, sin, an' hell.

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

Glaud. Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
 think,
 Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch, an' drink.
 But I'm not saying this, as if I thought
 That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

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

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear an' help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house, the Knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff.—Madge lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye, I'll step before.

Exit Glaud.

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd an' red wi' greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinbro' cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, an' a glancing headed cane:
To leave his Ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle among the beauties clad in silk;
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
An' tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

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

Madge. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away.

Act V. Scene III.

Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Maufe
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,

F

Because he brake good-breeding's laws,
An' wi' his nonesense rais'd their rage.

Sir Wm. An' was that a' ?—Weel, Bauldy, ye was
serv'd

Nae otherwise than what ye well deserv'd :
Was it so small a matter to defame,
An' thus abuse an honest woman's name ?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

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

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

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

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir William looking at Peggy.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora gown,
Wi' face so fair, an' looks a lovely brown ?
How sparkling are her eyes ? what's this ? I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd o' sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glau ?——

Gla.———Sir, she's my niece,—
An' yet she's no :—But I should haud my peace.

Sir Wm. This is a contradiction ; What dy'e mean ?
She is an' is not ! pray thee, Glau, explain.

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

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir *Wm.* Speak soon ; I'm all impatience—

Pat. ————— So am I !

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

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

This bonny foundling, ae clear morn o' May,

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

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

In infant weeds o' rich an' gentle make.

What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake ?

Wha, warse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air

Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young ? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms ; the bairnie smil'd }

Wi' sic a look, wad mak a savage mild.

I hid the story : she has past finfyne

As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.

Ye see she's bonny : I can swear she's good,

An' am right sure she's come o' gentle blood :

Of whom I kenna—Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir *Wm.* This tale seems strange !—

Pat. ————— The tale delights mine ear.

Sir *Wm.* Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be hush ;

Peggy may smile ;—thou hast nae cause to blush ;

Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth gi'e way ;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best an' nearest friend that she can claim ;

He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir *Wm.* Old woman, do not rave ;—prove what you say ;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

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

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

Sir Wm. Make haste, good woman, an' resolve each doubt.

Mause goes forward leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

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

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.
Yes, surely thou'it my niece; truth must prevail;
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words o' thine.

Mau. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang, but I the secret knew,
How they pursued, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possess't:
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror, an' wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sackless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight-hour, the floor I fastly prest,
An' stole the sleeping innocent away;
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day:
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon;
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains;

Afraid o' being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 An' took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, an' Symon, may
 Remember weel, how I that very day,
 Frae Roger's father took my little crue.

Glaud, with tears of joy hopping down his beard.
 I weel remember't: Lord reward your love;
 Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
 Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
 An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.
 She's mine by vows; an' wou'd, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wm. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care;
 Sweet image o' thy mother, good an' fair,
 Equal wi' Patrick. Now my greatest aim
 Shall be, to aid your joys, an' well match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 Wi' as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

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

Sir William raises them.

I gi'e you both my blessing; may your love
 Produce a happy race, an' still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
 While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.
 An' am I then a match for my ain lad,
 That for me so much generous kindneis had?
 Lang may Sir William bless the happy plains,
 Happy while heav'n grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our masters be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie ;
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

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

Sir Wm. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.

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

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

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

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

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty years
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God save the king, an' save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog Wha winna dance ? wha will refuse to sing ?
What shepherd's whistle winna hit the spring ?

Baul. I'm friends wi' Maufe, — wi' even Madge
'greed.

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fied ;

I'm now fu' blyth, an' frankly can forgive,
An' join an' sing, Lang may Sir William live.

Mad. Lang may he live ;—an', Bauldy, learn to steeck
Your gab a wee, an' think before ye speak ;
An' ne'er ca' her auld that wants a man.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
An' brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
O' our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
An', my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done to me ?

Mau. The flowing pleasures o' this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Wm. To faithfu' Symon, an' kind Glaud to you,
And' to your heirs, I gi'e an endless feu,
The mailins ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, an' these can spare.
Maufe, in my house, in calmness close your days,
Wi' nought to do but sing your maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord o' heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove.

Patie, presenting Roger to Sir William.

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

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

Gla. You crowd your bounties Sir ; what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay

Whate'er your honour wills I shall obey.
 Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing tak,
 An' still our master's right your business mak.
 Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld gray head
 Shall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

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

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

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey;
 I'll sing you ane the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XIX. Corn Rigs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy:
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair an' ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's comely in his wauking:
 The shining o' his een surprife;
 It's heaven to hear him tanking.
 Last night I met him on a baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing:
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That fet my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, an' vow'd he wad be mine,
 An' lo'ed me best o' ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 The corn rigs are bonny.

F I N I S.

Berwick
North