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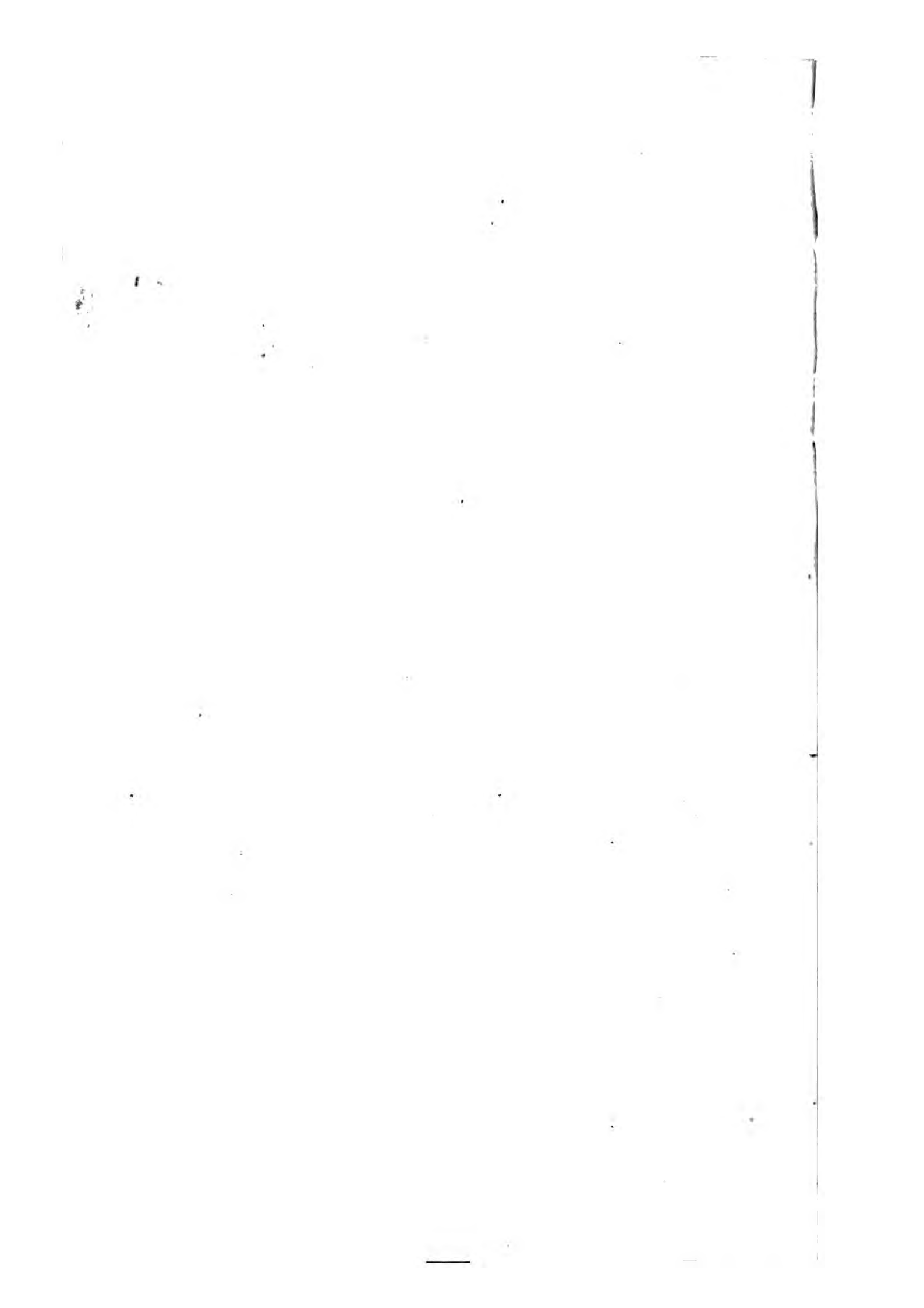
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THE  
M O N K  
AND THE  
MILLER'S WIFE,

A TALE,

WRITTEN BY  
ALLAN RAMSAY, Esq.

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*With a Translation into*  
LATIN RHYME.

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EDINBURGH:  
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1802.

**N**OW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,  
 Wha ken the benefit of wine,  
 And you wha laughing scud brown ale,  
 Leave Jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest miller winn'd in Fife,  
 That had a young and wanton wife,  
 Wha sometimes thol'd the parish priest  
 To make her man a twa-horn'd beast.  
 He paid right mony visits till her ;  
 And, to keep in wi' Hab the miller,  
 He 'ndeavour'd aft to mak him happy,  
 Whane'er he kent the ale was nappy.  
 Sic condescension in a pastor  
 Knit Halbert's love to him the faster ;  
 And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
 Hab learn'd to preach—when he was fou.  
 Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,  
 The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd ;  
 This ground his corns, and that did cherish  
 Himself with dining round the parish ;  
 Bes, the gudewife, thought it nae skaith,  
 Since she was fit to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
 And Ceres gives the schools the play,  
 A youth sprung frae a gentle *pater*,  
 Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma mater*,  
 Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,  
 And him benighted by the gate :

To

**P**OTORES inclyti, divini,  
 Qui scitis beneficia vini,  
 Quos risus juvat dum bibatis,  
 Fabellam lepidam audiatis.

In Fisa molitor degebat  
 Vitam, qui conjugem habebat  
 Lascivam, sponsi quæ confortem  
 Admisit sacerdotem fortem.  
 Alberto pater hic benignè  
 Officium præstitit infigne ;  
 Cùm sciret ei cervisiam bonam,  
 Sæpius se dedit combibonem ;  
 Et mirum dictu, hic Albertus,  
 Pollenti spiritu refertus,  
 Dum sanctum patrem honorabat,  
 Ebrius et ipse prædicabat.  
 Sic cuique erat satisfactum ;  
 Sponsæ, marito, opus actum ;  
 Hic dum pistrino sese præbet,  
 Alter parochiæ incumbebat ;  
 Et *Bella*, alacris ubique,  
 Se commodam dedit utrique.

Umbræ quum lucibus æquales,  
 Et feriæ redeunt autumnales,  
 Redibat fortè domum patris  
 Alumnus solers almæ matris  
 Andreæ Sancti : dies cadit,  
 Nox polum tenebris invadit :

To lye without, pit-mirk did shore him,  
 He coudna see his thumb before him :  
 But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,  
 Whilk led him by the lug theretill.  
 To tak the thread of tale alang,  
 This mill to Halbert did belang ;  
 Nor lefs this note your notice claims,  
 The fcholar's name was Mafter James.

Now, fmiling mufe, the prelude paff,  
 Smoothly relate a tale fhall laft  
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,  
 As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab faw and ken'd him,  
 An' offer'd kindly to befriend him  
 With sic good cheer as he could make  
 Baith for his ain and father's fake.  
 The fcholar thought himfelf right fped,  
 And gave him thanks in terms wiel bred.  
 Quoth Hab, " I canna leave my mill  
 As yet ;—but ftep ye weft the kill  
 A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame :  
 Gae warm ye, and crack wi' our dame,  
 'Till I fet aff the mill, fyne we  
 Shall tak what Befly has to gi'e."  
 James, in return, what's handsome faid,  
 O'er lang to tell, and aff he gade,

Out

Digitum nequimus cùm spectare,  
Horrendum foris est cubare.

Fors erat molam tunc audire

Quæ grato fonitu lenire :

Mola hæc erat bene nota

Alberti, ædes nec remota.

Alumnus intrat, cui cognomen

Jacobus ; faustum quod sit omen !

Nunc, Musa, pergas enarrare

Fabellam lepidè, preclarè,

Gratum, dum restent molendina,

Vel Scotis vivitur farinâ.

Intrat Jacobus, nec ignotus

Alberto, quippe haud remotus

A villula qua habitabat

Pater, hic operam navabat.

Sic hospiti benignum vultum

Præbebat, gratulatus multùm ;

Et dixit tunc adolescenti,

Gratas quàm plurimas reddenti,

“ I, mi amice, petas ædes

Qua juxta fitas ducant pedes.

Oportet morer hinc paulisper,

Sed te conveniam tantisper ;

Interea hinc dum opus actum

Ibis ad focum calefactum,

Dum redeam, isthic tempus teres

Et cum uxore colloqueris.”

Jacobus anquit contentus,

Et ædes quærit nihil lentus,

Huc

Out of the house some light did shine,  
 Which led him till't as with a line :  
 Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were steekit ;  
 Straight through a window Bessy keekit,  
 And cries, " Wha's that, gies folk a fright  
 At sic untimeous time o' night ?"  
 James, with good humour, maist discreetly,  
 Tald her his circumstance completely.  
 " I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,  
 " And up an down the thieves are rife ;  
 Within my lane, I'm but a woman,  
 Sae I'll unbar my door to no man.  
 But since 'tis very like, my dow,  
 That a' ye're telling may be true,  
 Hae, there's a key, gang in your way  
 At the neist door there's braw ait frae ;  
 Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn  
 They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."

Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,  
 James fand he coudna mend the matter ;  
 And since it mightna better be,  
 With resignation took the key,  
 Unlock't the barn—clam up the mou,  
 Where was an opening near the hou,  
 Through whilk he saw a glent of light,  
 That gave diversion to his sight :  
 By this he quickly could discern  
 A thin wa' sep'rate house and barn ;  
 And through this rive was in the wa',  
 All done within the house he saw :

He



Huc ducit luminis scintilla  
 Fulgens ex tenui favilla ;  
 Occlusas fores dum pulsabat,  
 Ab intus *Bella* vocitabat ;  
 “ Infulsus quisnam peregrinus  
 Fores sic turbat ferotinus ? ”  
 Jacobus comiter respondens,  
 Amicum nec ignotum spondens,  
 Quod accidit enarrat clarè :  
 At *Bella* : “ Licet ignorare  
 “ An falsa dicas sive vera ;  
 Fures abundant nocte serâ ;  
 Sic nolo ædes aperiri :  
 Quum tamen possis non mentiri,  
 Vicinum horreum intres statim,  
 En clavem ; paleæ est affatim ;  
 Hic cubes ; bene est, profecto,  
 Cui stramen bonum fit pro lecto.”

Hospes, quum melius non videtur,  
 In horreum pergit, ut jubetur :  
 Confertum stramen vidit purum  
 In altam molem juxta murum :  
 Ascendit cumulum sublimem,  
 Et circumspiciens vidit rimam,  
 Per quam licebat clam tueri  
 In æde quicquid est videri.

Monstrum

He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
 And scarce gave credit to his een)  
 The parish priest of reverend fame  
 In active courtship with the dame.—  
 To lengthen out description here,  
 Would but offend the modest ear,  
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame  
 That we by satire strive to tame.  
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
 And James continuing still to glowr ;  
 Wha saw the wife as fast as able,  
 Spread a clean servite on the table,  
 And syne frae the ha' ingle, bring ben  
 A pyping het young roasted hen,  
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But, wicked luck ! just as the priest  
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,  
 Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,  
 Cry'd, " Bessy, haste ye ope the door."  
 With that the haly letcher fled,  
 And darn'd himself behind a bed ;  
 While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,  
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;  
 Syne loot him in,—but out of tune,  
 Speer'd why he left the mill fae soon ;  
 " I come," said he, " as manners claims,  
 To crack and wait on Mr James,  
 Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er so bizzy ;  
 I sent him here, gudewife, where is he ?"

" Ye

Monstrum horrendum, turpe visu,  
 At nec spectandum absque risu;  
 En sacerdotem fœdo more  
 Confociatum cum uxore.—  
 Non decet amplius enarrari:  
 Quod inhonestum est profari:  
 Ad finem pone rem perductam;  
 Jacobus vidit mensam structam,  
 Quam desuper citò repositam  
 Gallinam spectat bene tostam,  
 Et amphorâ plus unâ bonâ  
 Cervisiæ plenâ ex caupona.

Ast, O fortunam infelicem!  
 Quum jam sacerdos in cervicem  
 Pulli tenelli cultrum dedit,  
 En molitor Albertus redit;  
 Et improvisus ut ingratus,  
 Ad ostium vociferatus,  
 “Heus, *Bella!* aperi marito.”  
 O quàm sacerdos fugit citò,  
 Et condit sese pone lectum,  
 Dum omne mundum fit et rectum.  
 Marito tunc reclusæ ædes;  
 Cum *Bella*: “Cur tam citò redis?”  
 Albertus inquit, “Stultè fata,  
 “Incultum adeò es me rata  
 Ut nollem hospiti me dare  
 Quem fors nobiscum dat cœnare;  
 Jacobum nempe hunc formosum  
 Adolescentem generosum

B

Quem

“ Ye fent him here, (quoth Bessy grumbling),  
Kend I this James? A chiel came rumbling,  
But how was I affured when dark,  
That he had been nae thievish spark,  
Or some rude wencher gotten a doze,  
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?”

“ And what came of him? speak nae langer,”  
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.

“ I fent him to the barn,” quoth she :

“ Gae quickly bring him in,” quoth he.

James was brought in—the wife was bawked—  
The priest stood close—the miller cracked—

Then ask'd his funkan gloomy spouse,

What supper had she in the house,

That might be fuitable to gi'e

Ane of their lodger's qualitie?

Quoth she, “ Ye may wiel ken, gudeman,

Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :

The stov'd and roasted we afford,

Are aft great strangers on our board.”

“ Pottage!” quoth Hab, “ ye fenfeless tawpie!

Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy?

And that his gentle stamock's master

To worry up a pint of plaster?

Like our mill-knives that lift the laiding,

Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.

Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,

And fend for ale frae Maggy Picken's.”

“ Hout aye,” quoth she, “ ye may wiel ken,

'Tis ill brought butt that's no there ben;

When

Quem isthuc misi."—" Vos misistis !  
 At nobis quæso quid cum istis  
 Qui noctu pervagantur? Fures  
 Ut bene notum sunt complures  
 Libidinosi vel potores,  
 Et horum unus pulsât fores—  
 Quid quæso, timens cùm latronem?  
 Ad horreum misi nebulonem."  
 " Ad horreum huncce," irâ fremens  
 Albertus: " I, duc intrò, demens!"  
 Intrat Jacobus, *Bella* malè  
 Ærumnam celat; penetrabile  
 Sacerdos tenet; " Uxor ito  
 (Albertus ait) vide citò  
 Ut cœnam pares; quicquid dabis,  
 Esto de optimo quod habes."  
 Respondet uxor: " Pulchrè dictum  
 Nobis, pertenuè queis victum  
 Pultes sufficiant vel frumenta  
 Et cibus optimus pulmenta!"  
 " Quid de pulmentis aut de pulte  
 (Infit Albertus) garris stultè?  
 Huic ventrem durum uti rastrum  
 Vorare credis hoc emplastrum?  
 Ut rustici, queis alvi putres  
 Distendi valeant ut utres!  
 Heus potum quæras ex popinâ  
 Igne dum coquitur gallina."  
 At *Bella*: " Frustrâ flagitandum  
 Nequaquam quod suppeditandum;

Gallinæ

When but last owk, nae farder gane,  
The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a guefs  
Of what was in the house as Befs,  
With pawky smile, this plea to end,  
To please himsel and ease his friend,  
Firft open'd, with a flee oration,  
His wondrous skill in conjuration.  
Said he, " By this fell art I'm able  
To whop off ony great man's table  
Whate'er I like to mak a meal of,—  
Either in part, or yet the haill of—  
And if ye please I'll fhaw my art'—"  
Cries Halbert, " Faith with all my heart!"  
Befs fain'd herfelf,—cry'd, " Lord be here!"  
And near hand fell a swoon for fear.  
James leugh, and bade her naithing dread,  
Synne to his conjuring went with fpeed:  
And firft he draws a circle round,  
Then utters mony a magic found  
Of words, part Latin, Greek, and Dutch,  
Enow to fright a very witch:  
That done, he fays, " Now, now 'tis come,  
And in the boal befide the lum:  
Now fet the board; gudewife, gae ben,  
Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."  
She wadna gang, but Habby ventur'd;  
And foon as he the ambrie enter'd,

It

Gallinæ cunctæ nosti tute  
 Hero pro canone solutæ.”  
 Jacobus interim peritus  
 Rerum plus æquo, nec invitus  
 Repensitare bona bonis,  
 Ut suadet norma talionis,  
 Astutè incipit testari  
 Se arte magicâ versari :  
 “ Per hanc mirandam (dixit) artem  
 Vel totum possumus vel partem  
 Opimæ cœnæ suffurari :  
 Visne experimentum dari.”  
 Albertus refert, “ Vellem benè  
 Partem habere lautæ cœnæ.”  
 At *Bellæ* malum suspicatæ  
 Sententiæ nullo modo gratæ ;  
 Se divis donat in commendam ;  
 Dum alter suadet nil timendum.  
 Tunc orbe magico vallatus  
 Jacobus plurimum profatus,  
 Infuetis vocibus Latinis,  
 Græcis, Germanis, peregrinis,  
 Horrore foret stupefacta  
 Ut ipsa maga : “ Nunc peracta  
 Sunt omnia ; ritè jam curatam  
 Habebis cœnam præparatam ;  
 En profer optimam gallinam  
 Ex arcula ponè caminum.”  
 Renuente conjuge, maritus  
 Ad arcam pergat haud invitus ;

Nec

It smell'd fae wiel, he short time fought it,  
 And wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it,  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smelt it,  
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.  
 Thus ilka sence he did conveen,  
 Left glamour had beguil'd his een ;  
 Then all in an united body,  
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.  
 " Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,  
 " The fowl looks wiel, and we'll fa' till her."  
 Sae be't, says James ; and in a doop,  
 They snapt her up baith stoop and roop.

" Nienst, O !" cries Halbert, " could your skill  
 But help us to a waught of ale,  
 I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,  
 And offer to the deel my wife ;  
 To see if he'll discreeter mak' her,  
 But that I'm fleyd he winna tak' her.  
 Said James, " Ye offer very fair,  
 The bargain's hadden, fae nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,  
 With kittle words thrice gave command ;  
 That done, with looks baith learn'd and grave,  
 Said, " Now ye'll get what ye wad have ;  
 Twa bottles of as nappy liquor  
 As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,  
 Behind the ark that hads your meal,  
 Ye'll find twa standing corkit wiel."  
 He said, and fast the miller flew,  
 And frae their nests the bottles drew ;

Then



Nec mirum certe quod narratu,  
 Discum invenit odoratu ;  
 Quem primùm oculis inspectans  
 Et sæpius digitis attractans  
 Tunc cautè positum in mensa  
 Declarant unico consensu  
 Meliorem nunquam hac gallinâ  
 Abbatis coctam in culina :  
 Nec gustus fallit opinatum  
 Sic tandem optimè cœnatum.

“ Quàm vellem zythi boni haustum !  
 Rogemus dummodo quod faustum,  
 (Albertus inquit) do instanter  
 Uxorem Satanæ lubenter,  
 Ut illam redderet mansuetam,  
 Ni suspicarer donum spretum.”  
 Alter, “ Nil amplius dicendum  
 Quod cupis statim suppetendum.”

Virgam salignam ter quassabat,  
 Ter voce raucâ signum dabat ;  
 Hoc factò, gravia et decora  
 Ut incantator, fingens ora ;  
 “ Ad arcam frumentariam ito  
 Ampullas et invenies citò  
 Binas, cœrvisiâ repletas,  
 Sic cuncta teneas quod petas.”  
 Albertus facit uti jussum,  
 Et omnia fiunt ad amuffim.

Jacobo

Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
 Whase art had gar't him feed on roasted ;  
 His father s nieft, —and a' the rest  
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,  
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,  
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller and the youth  
 Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,  
 Befs, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,  
 The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

“ O wow !” said Hab, “ if ane might spier,  
 Dear Master James wha brought our cheer ?  
 Sic laits appear to us fae awfu',  
 We hardly think your learning lawfu'.”

“ To bring your doubts to a conclusion,”  
 Says James, “ ken I'm a Rosicrucian ;  
 Ane of the set that never carries  
 On traffic with black deels or fairies ;  
 There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,  
 That constantly around us wheel.  
 There was a fage call'd Albumazor,  
 Whase wit was gleg as ony razor :  
 Frae this great man we learn'd the skill  
 To bring these gentry to our will ;  
 And they appear, when we've a mind,  
 In ony shape of human kind :  
 Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,  
 I'll gar my Pacolet appear.”

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :

At

Jacobo primum propinare  
 Qui dedit lautè sic cœnare  
 Albertus judicat honestum,  
 Dein patri, reliquis :—molestum  
 Si brevi fabulâ dicendum  
 Locutum quid inter bibendum.

At istis sic dum fabulatum,  
 Et gratulatum est potatum,  
*Bella* concoquitur furore,  
 Sacerdos fudat præ timore.

“ O si liceret nunc rogare  
 Quis cœnam valeat hanc parare  
 Albertus ait ; nam fatendum  
 Hoc aliquantum est horrendum.”

Alter : “ Myſterium quod videtur  
 Verbis perpauca exponetur :  
 Scis denique me Roſæ—crucis  
 Verſatum arte, filium lucis ;  
 Infernos dolos haud callentem  
 Sed ſacris ritibus pollentem,  
 Sic bonis Geniis dum verſamur  
 Diabolos abominamur.  
 Ex Albumazare perſpicaci  
 Ter docto, callido, ſagaci,  
 Nobis quod volumus eſt datum  
 A Geniis hiſce operatum :  
 Si Dæmonem nunc vis ſpectare  
 Dem verbum, apparebit clarè.”

Albertus neſcius dum rideret  
 Viſum plus cuperet an timeret,

C

Audacior

At last his courage wan the day,  
He to the scholar's will gave way.

Bessy by this began to smell  
A rat, but kept her mind to 'r fell :  
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,  
But meantime tipp'd young James a wink.  
James frae his een an answer sent,  
Which made the wife right wiel content :  
Then turn to Hab, and thus advis'd :  
" Whate'er you see be nought surpris'd,  
But for your faul move not your tongue ;  
And ready stand with a great rung ;  
Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
Be sure to lend him a found rout :  
I bidna this by way of mocking,  
For nought delights him mair than knocking."

Hab got a kent,—stood by the hallan,  
And straight the wild mischievous callan  
Cries, " RHADAMANTHUS HUSKY MINGO,  
MONK, HORNER, HIPOCK, JINKO, JINGO,  
Appear in likeness of a priest ;  
No like a deel, in shape of beast,  
With gaping chafts to fleg us a' :  
Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
The priest approach'd right wiel content ;  
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,  
'Till he was drawing near the door,

Then

Audacior paululum fiebat  
Nec quod projectum renuebat.

*Bella*, finistrum augurata,  
Et intus maledicens fata,  
Dum ire perditum se putat,  
Astutum hospitem annutat;  
Et ille clam ostentat ore  
Nec planè inimicum fore:  
Deinde hortatur sic Albertum,  
“ Quicquid videbis, esto certum  
Te nil officere, paratus  
Dum aſtes fores. obarmatus  
Ingenti baculo vel tigno  
Quem dabis Dæmoni pro signo;  
Nec parcas fortiter pulſare,  
Nam hunc delectat vapulare.”

Albertus, fuſti tunc arrepto,  
Stat promptus obſequi præcepto;  
Dum alter, “ RHADAMANTHE, TUTE,  
CUCULLE, MONACHE, CORNUTE,  
Aſſumptâ ſpecie ſacerdotis,  
Non cacodæmonis, ſi potes,  
Des te ſpectandum; referantur  
En fores: egredi iſtanter!”

Ex antro minimè invitus  
Qua latuit ſacerdos citus  
Juſſo morigerans, ad fores  
Graditur nullas neſtens moras;

Ad

Then to escape the cudgel ran,  
But was not mis'd by the gudeman,  
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,  
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.  
Darkness soon hid him frae their fight;  
Ben flew the miller in a fright;  
" I trow," quoth he, " I laid wiel on;  
But wow he's like our ain Mefs John!"

THE END.

Ad limen tandem cum accessum  
Timor acceleravit gressum.  
Ast hïc Albertus bene catus,  
Et jussum probè recordatus,  
Dat mœcho inter fugiendum  
Ictum in humeros horrendum :  
Evadit nocte jam favente ;  
Albertus inquit tunc repente,  
“ Ni Dæmonis cognossem rostrum,  
Heu ! Parochum putassem nostrum !”

FINIS.

---

PRÆLIUM GILLICRANKIANUM,

CANTILENA.

---

I.

**G**RAHAMIUS notabilis coegerat Montanos,  
Qui clypeis et gladiis fugârunt Anglicanos ;  
Fugerant Vallicolæ atque Puritani,  
Cacavère Batavi et Cameroniani.

II.

Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,  
Cujus regi fuerat intemerata fides ;  
Agiles Monticolas marte inspiravit,  
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profigavit.

III.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilo-dumensis,  
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis ;  
Nobilis est sanguine, nobilior virtute,  
Regi devotissimus, intus et in cute.

IV.

Pitcurrus heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,  
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, et invicta manus ;  
Capita rebellium is excerebravit,  
Hostes unitissimos ense dissipavit.

V.



V.

Glengarius, magnanimus atque bellicosus,  
Functus ut Æneas pro Rege animosus,  
Fortis atque strenuus, hostes expugnavit,  
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Infulanus,  
Pugnauerat viriliter cum copiis Skyanis;  
Pater atque filii non diffimularunt,  
Sed pro Rege proprio unanimi pugnauerunt.

VII.

MacLeanius, circumdatus tribu martiali,  
Semper devinctissimus Familiæ Regali,  
Fortiter pugnauerat, more atavorum,  
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

VIII.

Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,  
Hostes ense peremit, et Abrio pugione;  
Istos et intrepidus orco dedicavit,  
Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit.

IX.

MacNeillius de Barra, Glencous, Keppochanus,  
Bellechius, cum filio, Stuartus Appianus,  
Pro Jacobo Septimo fortiter gessere  
Pugiles, fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

X.

Canonius clarissimus, Gallovidianus  
Acer et indomitus, consilioque sanus,  
Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona ;  
Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit Bellona.

XI.

Deucalidoni dominum speraverat Gradivus  
Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus ;  
Nam cum nativum Principem exulem audiret,  
Redit ex Hungaria, ut Regi inferviret.

XII.

Illic et adfuerat tutor Ranaldorum,  
Qui strenuè pugnaverat cum copia virorum ;  
Et ipse Capitaneus, ætate puerili,  
Intentus est ad prælia spiritu virili.

XIII.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator,  
Subitò jam factus est optimus venator,  
Perduelles Whiggios ut pecora prostravit,  
Ense et fulmineo Mackaium fugavit.

XIV.

Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,  
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro Principe pugnantes.—  
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,  
In cantu et historia perpes est memoria !

F I N I S.

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THE  
WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY \*.

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I.

**I**N *Auchtermuchty* dwelt a man,  
An husband, as I heard it tald,  
Quha weil cou'd tipple out a can,  
And nowther luvit hungir nor cauld;  
Till anes it fell upon a day,  
He zokit his plewch upon the plain;  
But schorst the storm wald let him stay,  
Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

II.

He lows'd the plewch at the land's end,  
And draife his owfen hame at ene;  
Quhen he came in he blinket ben,  
And saw his *Wyfe* baith dry and clene,  
Set beikand by a fyre full bauld,  
Suppand fat sowp, as I heard fay:  
The man being weary, wet and cauld,  
Betwein thir twa it was nae play.

D

III.

\* It is much to be feared, that many of the beauties of this excellent poem will be lost to modern readers, from the ancient Scottish dialect in which it is written. By an elegant translation into the Latin language, these would be preserved to latest posterity. It is therefore much to be wished, that some classical scholar would do the same honour to this poem as has lately been done to some others.

III.

Quod he, Quhair is my horfes corn?  
 My owfen has nae hay nor frae;  
 Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,  
 I fall be huffy gif I may.  
 This feid-time it proves cauld and bad,  
 And ze fit warm, nae troubles fe;  
 The morn ze fall gae wi' the lad,  
 And fyne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

IV.

Gudeman, quod scho, content am I,  
 To tak the plewch my day about,  
 Sae ze rule weil the kaves and ky,  
 And all the houfe baith in and out:  
 And now fen ze haif made the law,  
 Then gyde all richt and do not break;  
 They sicker raid that neir did faw;  
 Therefore let naething be neglect.

V.

But fen ye will huffyskep ken,  
 First ze maun sift and fyne fall kned;  
 And ay as ze gang butt and ben,  
 Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed:  
 And lay a fast wyfp to the kiln,  
 We haif a dear farm on our heid:  
 And ay as ze gang forth and in,  
 Keip weil the gaislings frae the gled.

VI.

VI.

The *Wyfe* was up richt late at ene,  
 I pray luk gife her ill to fare,  
 Scho kirn'd the kirn, and skumt it clene,  
 Left the Gudeman but bladoch bare :  
 Then in the morning up scho gat,  
 And on hir heart laid hir disjune,  
 And pat as meikle in hir lap,  
 As micht haif ferd them baith at nune.

VII.

Says, *Jok*, be thou maister of wark,  
 And thou fall had, and I fall ka ;  
 Ise promise thee a gude new fark,  
 Either of round claith or of fma.  
 Scho lowft the owfen aught or nyne,  
 And hynt a gad-staff in her hand :  
 Up the *Gudeman* raise aftir syne,  
 And saw the *Wyfe* had done command.

VIII.

He draif the gaislings forth to feid ;  
 Thair was but sevensum of them aw,  
 And by thair comes the greidy gled,  
 And lickt up five, left him but twa ;  
 Then out he ran in all his mane,  
 How fune he hard the gaislings cry ;  
 But than ere he came in again,  
 The kaves brak louse and suckt the ky.

IX.

IX.

The kaves and ky met in the loan,  
 The man ran with a rung to red,  
 Than by came an ill-willy roan,  
 And brodit his buttocks till they bled.  
 Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,  
 And he sat down to fey the spinning;  
 He loutit down our neir the low,  
 Quod he, This wark has ill beginning.

X.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,  
 The fute tuke fyre, it fleyd him than;  
 Sum lumps did fall and burn his pow;  
 I wat he was a dirty man:  
 Zit he gat water in a pan,  
 Quhairwith he floken'd out the fyre:  
 To foup the house he fyne began;  
 To had all richt was his defyre.

XI.

Hynd to the kirn then did he stoure,  
 And jumblit at it till he swat,  
 Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,  
 The sorrow crap of butter he gat;  
 Albeit nae butter he could get,  
 Zit he was cummert with the kirn,  
 And fyne he het the milk fae het,  
 That ill a spark of it wad zyrne.

XII.

XII.

Then ben thair cam a greedy fow,  
 I trow he cund hir little thank :  
 For in scho shot hir meikle mow,  
 And ay scho winkit, and scho drank.  
 He tuke the kirnstaff be the schank,  
 And thocht to reik the fow a rout,  
 The twa left gairlings gat a clank,  
 That fraik dang baith thair harnis out.

XIII.

Then he bure kendling to the kiln,  
 But scho start all up in a low ;  
 Quhateir he heard, quhateir he saw,  
 That day he had nae will to \* \* .  
 Then he zied to take up the bairns,  
 Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,  
 The first that he gat in his arms,  
 Was a bedirten to the een.

XIV.

The first it smellt fae fappylie,  
 To touch the lave he did not grein :  
 The deil cut aff thair hands, quoth he,  
 That cramd zour kytes fae strait zestrein.  
 He traild the foul sheits down the gate,  
 Thocht to haif wush them on a stane ;  
 The burn was risen grit of spait,  
 Away frae him the sheits has tane.

XV.

XV.

Then up he gat on a know-heid,  
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout :  
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,  
 But stoutly steird the stots about.  
 Scho draif the day unto the nicht,  
 Scho lowft the plewch, and syne came hame ;  
 Scho fand all wrang that fould bene richt ;  
 I trow the man thocht meikle schame.

XVI.

Quod he, My office I forsake,  
 For all the hale days of my lyfe ;  
 For I wald put a hause to wraik,  
 Had I been twenty days Gudewyfe.  
 Quod scho, Weil mot ze bruke your place,  
 For truly I fall neir accept it ;  
 Quod he, Feynd fa the lyars face,  
 Bat zit ye may be blyth to get it.

XVII.

Then up scho gat a meikle rung ;  
 And the Gudeman made to the door,  
 Quod he, Dame, I fall hald my tung,  
 For an we fecht I'll get the war :  
 Quod he, When I forfuke my plewch,  
 I trow I but forsake my skill :  
 Then I will to my plewch again ;  
 For I and this hause will nevir do weil.