

# Vernacular Revival and Modern Ballads

## Texts for Scottish Literature 1

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Allan Ramsay (1684–1758)

*Lucky Spence's last Advice*<sup>1</sup>

THREE Times the Carline grain'd and rifted,  
Then frae the Cod her Pow she lifted,  
In bawdy Policy well gifted,

old woman; groaned; burped  
pillow; head

When she now faun  
That Death na langer wad be shifted.  
She thus began.

found  
no longer would

MY loving Lasses, I maun leave ye,  
But dinna wi' ye'r Greeting grieve me,  
Nor wi' your Draunts and Droning deave me,  
But bring's a Gill;  
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,  
'Tis 'gainst my Will.

must  
don't with; weeping  
nonsense; deafen  
10

O black Ey'd Bess and mim Mou'd Meg,  
O'er good to work or yet to beg;  
Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,  
For whan ye fail,  
Ye'r Face will not be worth a feg,  
Nor yet ye'r Tail.

mouthed  
over (=too)  
something (=provision)  
when  
fig

WHAN e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,  
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,  
Seem nice, but stick to him like Glew;  
And whan set down,  
Drive at the Jango till he spew,  
Syn he'll sleep soun.

drunk  
make him believe  
fill him with hard drink (=Jango)  
then

WHAN he's asleep, then dive and catch  
His ready Cash, his Rings or Watch;  
And gin he like to light his Match

if  
tinder-box  
don't hesitate

At your Spunk-box,  
Ne'er stand to let the fumbling Wretch  
E'en take the Pox.

30

CLEEK a' ye can be Hook or Crook,  
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook;  
Be sure to truff his Pocket-book,

grab  
rake every pocket from  
steal

Saxty Pounds Scots  
Is nae deaf Nits: In little Bouk  
Lie great Bank-Notes.

no small matter; bulk

TO get a Mends of whinging Fools,  
That's frightened for Repenting-Stools,<sup>2</sup>  
Wha often, when their Metal cools,

who  
slow, reluctant  
40

Turn sweer to pay,  
Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools  
Anither Day.

make the collection box make up  
another [the loss

BUT dawt Red Coats, and let them scoup,  
Free for the Fou of cutty Stoup;  
To gee them up, ye need na hope

caress; run about  
drunk on half-pint flagons (?)

E'er to do well:<sup>3</sup>  
They'll rive ye'r Brats and kick your Doup,  
And play the Deel.

spoil, tear; clothes; arse  
devil

THERE's ae sair Cross attends the Craft,  
That curst Correction-house, where aft  
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggings saft

one  
often  
50  
vile executioner's whip; soft

Makes black and blae,  
Enough to pit a Body daft;  
But what'll ye say.

make

<sup>1</sup> First published in "Broadside" form in 1718: see the National Library of Scotland's reproduction of this, and discussion of this type of publication, at <http://www.nls.uk/broadsides/broadside.cfm/id/15904>. The text of this poem given here is from Ramsay's *Poems* (1721), as is the following one. The speaker is a brothel-keeper, addressing her prostitutes.

<sup>2</sup> Sitting on the Stool of Repentance in church for a certain number of consecutive Sundays was a punishment meted out by Kirk Sessions for various moral transgressions.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. if you caress soldiers (Red Coats) and let them get drunk, then you'll have trouble on your hands.

NANE gathers Gear withouten Care,  
 Ilk Pleasure has of Pain a Skare;  
 Suppose then they should tirl ye bare,  
 And gar ye fike,  
 E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair  
 Ye're Nibour like.

none; wealth  
 each; share  
 strip  
 make you uneasy  
 endure  
 neighbour 60

FORBY, my Looves, count upo' Losses,  
 Ye'r Milk-white Teeth and Cheeks like Roses,  
 Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noses,  
 Faw down wi' Dads;<sup>4</sup>  
 To keep your Hearts up 'neath sic Crosses,  
 Set up for Bawds.

also  
 such

Wi' well crish'd Loofs I hae been canty,  
 Whan e'er the Lads wad fain ha'e faun t'ye;  
 To try the auld Game *Taunty Raunty*,  
 Like Coofers keen,  
 They took Advice of me your Aunty,  
 If ye were clean.

greased palms; merry  
 would like to have found you  
 idiots 70

THEN up I took my Siller Ca'  
 And whistl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa;  
 Roun'd in his Lug, That there was a  
 Poor Country *Kate*,  
 As halesom as the Well of *Spaw*,  
 But unka blate.

silver whistle (?)  
 through sometimes one; two  
 whispered; ear  
 wholesome; Spa  
 very shy

SAE whan e'er Company came in,  
 And were upo' a merry Pin,  
 I slade away wi' little Din,  
 And muckle Mense,  
 Left Conscience Judge, it was a' ane  
 To Lucky *Spence*.

so  
 had opened a good cask (?)  
 slipped  
 much discretion

MY Bennison come on good Doers,  
 Who spend their Cash on Bawds and Whores;  
 May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures  
 For a sair Snout:  
 Foul fa' the Quacks wha that Fire smoors  
 And puts nae out.

blessing  
 choice  
 sore  
 bad luck to; smothers 90

MY Malison light ilka Day  
 On them that drink, and dinna pay,  
 But tak a Snack and run away;  
 May't be their Hap  
 Never to want a *Gonorrhoea*,  
 Or rotten Clap.

curse  
 don't  
 share  
 fate

LASS gi'e us in anither Gill,  
 A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our Fill;  
 Let Death syne registrate his Bill  
 Whan I want Sense,  
 I'll slip away with better Will,  
 Quo' Lucky *Spence*.

an English pint  
 then record 100

<sup>4</sup> Fall down with rough treatment? That it is the bridge of the nose that falls down suggests the rough treatment is, specifically, tertiary syphilis.

To the Ph--- an ODE<sup>5</sup>

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte.—

HORACE<sup>6</sup>

LOOK up to *Pentland's* towring Taps,  
Buried beneath great Wreaths of Snaw  
O'er ilka Cleugh, ilk Scar and Slap,  
As high as ony *Roman Wa'*.

DRIVING their Baws frae Whins or Tee,  
There's no ae Gowfer to be seen,  
Nor dousser Fowk wysing a Jee  
The Byas Bouls on *Tamson's Green*.

THEN sling on Coals, and ripe the Ribs,  
And beek the House baith Butt and Ben,  
That Mutchkin Stoup it hads but Dribs,  
Then let's get in the tappit Hen.

GOOD Claret best keeps out the Cauld,  
And drives away the Winter soon,  
It leaves a Man baith gash and bauld,  
And heaves his Saul beyond the Moon.

LEAVE to the Gods your ilka Care,  
If that they think us worth their While,  
They can a Rowth of Blessings spare,  
Which will our fashious Fears beguile.

FOR what they have a Mind to do,  
That will they do, should we gang wood,  
If they command the Storms to blaw,  
Then upo' sight the Hailstanes thud.

BUT soon as e'er they cry, Bequiet,  
The batt'ring Winds dare nae mair move,

tops  
snow  
every gorge, cliff, gap  
any; wall  
balls from  
not one golfer  
graver folk coaxing to one side

rake the grate  
warm; both one end and the other  
pint-jug; holds  
quart-jug  
cold

both talkative and bold  
soul

plenty  
bothersome 20

go mad  
blow  
upon

no more

But cour into their Caves, and wait  
The high Command of supreme *Jove*.

LET neist Day come as it thinks fit,  
The present Minute's only ours,  
On Pleasure let's imploy our Wit,  
And laugh at Fortune's feckless Power.

BE sure ye dinna quat the Grip  
Of ilka Joy when ye are young,  
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,  
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.<sup>7</sup>

SWEET Youth's a blyth and heartsome Time,  
Then Lads and Lasses while it's *May*,  
Gae pou the Gowan in its Prime  
Before it wither and decay.

WATCH the saft Minutes of Delyte,  
When *Jenny* speaks beneath her Breath,  
And kisses, laying a the Wyte  
On you if she kepp ony Skæith.

HAITH ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,  
Ye'll worry me ye greedy Rook;  
Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
And hide her sell in some dark Nook:

HER Laugh will lead you to the Place  
Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
And plainly tells you to your Face,  
Nineteen Nay-says are haff a Grant.

NOW to her heaving Bosom cling,  
And sweetly toolie for a Kiss,  
Frae her fair Finger whop a Ring  
As Taiken of a future Bliss.

THESE Bennisons, I'm very sure,  
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;  
Then surly Carles, whisht, forbear  
To plague us with your whining Cant.

next 30

don't quit  
any  
old  
twofold; cudgel  
happy

go pull; daisy

soft

all the blame  
suffer any harm  
faith

then from; run  
self

50

quarrel  
pull quickly  
token  
blessings

fellows, shut up 60

<sup>5</sup> "The Phiz" was an Edinburgh club of which Ramsay and many of his male friends were members.

<sup>6</sup> These are the opening lines of the ninth Ode from Book I of Quintus Horatius Flacus (65-8 B.C.), the Roman lyric poet. Ramsay's poem is a free version of this poem: Horace begins by looking up to the snow-covered Soracte, a mountain ridge visible from Rome as the Pentlands are from Edinburgh. The 1721 *Poems* include four other versions of Horatian odes.

<sup>7</sup> The meaning seems to be: before old age gives you two types of pain: the physical pains of age, and regrets for those opportunities for pleasure not taken up in youth.

THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD;

A  
SCOTS

*Pastoral Comedy.*

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Sixth Edition, with the SONGS.<sup>1</sup>

EDINBURGH:

Printed by THO. And WALT. RUDDIMANS, for the AUTHOR. Sold at his Shop  
near the Cross, 1734.

The PERSONS.

MEN

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

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

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

SYMON,

GLAUD, *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *and 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 Edinburgh*  
Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Beneath the South-side of a craigy Beild,  
Where crystal Springs the halesom Waters yield,  
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans ly,  
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of May.  
Poor ROGER granes till hollow Ecchos ring;  
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and sing.*

shelter

daisies

tending

<sup>1</sup> The origins of *The Gentle Shepherd* lie in a pair of pastoral eclogues written by Ramsay in the early 1720s, 'Patie and Roger' and 'Jenny and Meggy', a Scottish naturalisation of Edmund Spenser (the title page of the early editions includes the first four lines of 'December' from Spenser's *The Shepherdes Calender* of 1579). This became Act I of the extended text published in 1725: it is not clear that it was publicly performed at this time. This first edition included four songs (here, songs IX, XI, Bauldy's song in Act IV scene I, and XX). Ramsay had already published, the previous year, the first volume of what would become a five-volume collection of verse, *The Tea-Table Miscellany*; this included many old Scots songs, to be sung to traditional tunes, tidied up and 'polished' for the polite audience suggested by his title. Following the precedent of John Gay's satirical 'ballad-opera', *The Beggar's Opera*, which appeared in London in 1728, Ramsay added a further 17 songs to *The Gentle Shepherd* in 1729, and this version enjoyed a successful life on the stage until the Licensing Act of 1737 closed the commercial theatres outside London. This text follows the copy of the sixth edition of 1734 in Harvard University Library, available through Eighteenth-Century Collections Online.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. The wawking of the Faulds.<sup>1</sup>

My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her Teens,  
Fair as the Day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the Day, and always gay.  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet well I like to meet her at  
The wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,  
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
But she gars a' my Spirits glow  
At wawking 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 blyth and bauld;  
And naithing gi'es me sic Delight,  
As wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
When on my Pipe I play;

10

remainder  
makes

20

By a' the rest, it is confest,  
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 wawking of the Fauld.

30  
best, choicest piece

THIS sunny Morning, Roger, chears my Blood,  
And puts all Nature in a jovial 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,  
An all the Sweets it bears when void of Care!  
What ails ye, Roger, then? what gars ye grane?  
Tell me the Cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

chirp 10  
cool, fresh

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart Fate;  
I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.  
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,  
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:  
But I, opprest with never ending Grief,  
Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

perverse, hostile  
dash; rolling  
crows; foxes; long for  
must ever 20

PATIE.

THE Bees shall loathe the Flow'r, and quit the Hive,  
THE Saughs on boggy Ground shall cease to thrive,  
E'er scornful Queans, or Loss of warldly Gear,  
Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

willows  
spoil

ROGER.

SAE might I say; but it's no easy done  
By ane whase Saul is sadly out of Tune.  
You have sae saft a Voice, and 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 their Leglens cleek,

smooth  
aim, design  
30

<sup>1</sup> The titles given for songs are the titles of the popular tunes to which they were sung. 'The wawking of the faulds': watching the sheepfold at weaning time.

An jeer me hameward fre the Loan or Bught,<sup>1</sup>  
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:  
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,  
 Nor mair unlikely to a Lass's Eye.  
 For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number Ten,  
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

PATIE.

Bur ablins, Nibour, 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 brow Nowt were smoor'd,  
 Three Elf shot were; yet I these Ills endur'd:  
 In Winter last my Cares were very sma',  
 Though Scores of Wathers perish'd in the Snaw.

PATIE.

WERE your bein Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,  
 Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine.  
 He that has just enough, can soundly sleep:  
 The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

ROGER.

MAY Plenty flow upon ye for a Cross,  
 That thou mayst thole the Pangs of mony a Loss.  
 O! mayst thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,  
 That ne'er will lout the lowan Drouth to quench;  
 Till, bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,  
 An awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

every  
 further through

perhaps  
 cannot/will not; easily;  
 possessions [money  
 narrow 40

cows; smothered

prosperous

surplus

endure 50  
 proud  
 stoop; flaming  
 pressed; grief

PATIE.  
 Sax good fat Lambs, I sauld them ilka Clute  
 At the *West-port*, and bought a winsome Flute,  
 Of Plum-tree made, with iv'ry Virles round,  
 A dainty Whistle, with a pleasant Sound:  
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,  
 Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

every single one

rings

cheerful  
 gloomy 60

ROGER.

NA, *Patie*, na! I'm na sic churlish Beast,  
 Some other thing lyes 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 and a' your Secrets kens!  
 Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
 Your well seen Love, and dorty *Jenny's* Pride.  
 Take Courage, *Roger*; me your Sorrows tell,  
 An safely think nane kens them but your sell.

proud, conceited

70

ROGER.

INDEED now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,  
 An there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.  
 Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon a-squint;  
 To speak but till her I daur hardly mint.  
 In ilka Place she jears me air and late,  
 And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate.  
 But Yesterday I met her 'yont a Know,  
 She fled as frae a Shellycoat or Kow.<sup>2</sup>  
 She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,  
 But gecks at me, and says, I smell of Tar.

confused; awful bashful  
 hillock

mocks 80

<sup>1</sup> 'Dit their Lugs': stop their ears. Leglens: 'a milking pail with one lug or handle' (Ramsey's definition in the glossary for his 1728 *Poems*); cleck: 'catch as with a hook' (Ramsey). Loan: milking-park near a village. Bught: 'the little fold where the ewes are enclosed at milking-time' (Ramsey).

<sup>2</sup> I have reinstated this from the original eclogue; it is mistranscribed as 'Shelly-coated Kow' in all the editions of *Gentle Shepherd*. A shellycoat is a particular kind of supernatural being: see Kinghorn and Law 1985: 200.

PATIE.  
 BUT *Bauldy* loes not her, right weel I wat;  
 He sighs for *Neps*:—Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.  
 I wish I cou'dna loo her:—But in vain;  
 I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.  
 My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like;  
 Ev'n while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb Tyke:  
 If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,  
 She wad have shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.  
 When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,  
 With a' her face she shaws a cauldribe Scorn.  
 Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic Spite)  
*O'er Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delite;  
 Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin speer'd,  
 Gif she could tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.  
 Flocks, wander where ye like; I dinna care:  
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

PATIE.  
 E'EN do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck,  
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn gabet Chuck?  
 Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all Hope,  
 Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

ROGER.  
 I needna mak sic Speed my Blood to spill:  
 I'll warrant Death come soon enough a Will.

PATIE.  
 DAFT gowk! leave off that silly whinging Way:  
 Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.  
 Hear how I serv'd my Lass I love as well  
 As ye do *Jenny*, and with Heart as leel.

cold 90

tune  
 asked

since; quarrelsome  
 lost 100

Last Morning I was gay and early out,<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon a Dike I lean'd, glowring about,  
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;  
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggy* saw na me:  
 For yet the Sun was wading through the Mist,  
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist.  
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw  
 Her straight bare Legs that whyter were than Snaw.  
 Her Cockernony snooded up fou sleek,  
 Her Haffet-Locks hang waving on her Cheek;<sup>2</sup>  
 Her Cheek sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear,  
 An O! her Mouth's like ony Hinny-Pear.  
 Neat, neat she was, in Bustine Waste-coat clean,  
 As she cam skiffing o'er the dewy Green.  
 Blythesome, I cry'd, My bonny *Meg*, come here,  
 I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer:  
 But I can guess; ye're gawn to gather Dew:  
 She scour'd awa, and said, *What's that to you?*  
 Then fare ye well, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye lyke,  
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.  
 I trow, when that she saw, within a Crack,  
 She came with a right thievless Errand back;  
 Miscaw'd me first,—then bad me hound my Dog  
 To wear up three waft Ews stray'd on the Bog.  
 I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste,  
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waste,  
 About her yielding Waste and took a Fouth  
 Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth.  
 While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,  
 My very Saul cam louping to my Lips.  
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka Smack:  
 But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.

walking briskly  
 110

fustian or cotton  
 120

wonder

even as you like

moment  
 wasted, unprofitable

wandered 130

abundance, plenty

scolded

<sup>1</sup> In modern Scots, 'gey early', i.e. pretty early.

<sup>2</sup> Cockernony: 'the gathering of a woman's hair, when 'tis wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood' (Ramsey). Fou: very. Haffet: 'the cheek, side of the head'. I have reinstated 'Haffet-Locks' from earlier editions, for 1734's 'Haffet looks', which makes no sense.



SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
And answer Kindness with a Slight,  
Seem unconcern'd at her Neglect,  
For Women in a Man delight:  
But them dispise who're soon defeat,  
And with a simple Face give Way  
To a Repulse—then be not blate,  
Push bauldly on, and win the Day.*

*When Maidens, innocently young,  
Say aften what they never mean;  
Ne'er mind their pretty lying Tongue;  
But tent the Language of their Een:  
If these agree, and she persist  
To answer all your Love with Hate,  
Seek elsewhere to be better blest  
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

ROGER.

*KIND Patie, now fair fa your honest Heart,  
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an Art  
To hearten ane: For no, as clean's a Leek,  
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.  
Sae, for your Pains, I'll make 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,  
With Spraings like Gowd, and Siller cross'd with black;  
I never had it yet upon my Back.  
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind  
Red up my ravel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.*

PATIE.

*WELL, hald ye there:—And since ye've frankly made  
A Present to me of your braw new Plaid,  
My Flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice  
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take 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 gies a bony Spring;  
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.*

PATIE.

*BUT first we'll take a Turn up to the Height,  
An see gif all our Flocks be feeding right;  
By that Time, Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese,  
Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please;  
Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they sae wise,  
To season Meat with Health instead of Spice.  
When we have tane the Grace-drink at this Well,  
I'll whistle sine, and sing t'ye like my sell.*

*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

*A flow'ry Howm between twa verdant Braes,  
Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claiths;  
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground,  
Its Channel Peebles, shining, smooth and round,  
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;  
First please your Eye, next gratify your Ear,  
While JENNY what she wishes discommends,  
And MEG with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

*COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,  
The shining Day will bleech our Linen clean;  
The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew,  
Will make them like a Lilly wet with Dew.*

160

taken  
then

140

gift or present

finest wool

stripes of colour

sorted out 150

plain on a river-bank

winding

10

sky

PEGGY.

Go farer up the Burn to *Habie's-How*,<sup>1</sup>  
Where a' the Sweets of Spring and Summer grow:  
Between twa Birks, out o'er a little Lin,  
The Water fa's, and makes a singand Din:  
A Pool Breast-deep beneath as clear as Glass,  
Kisses with easy Whirles the bordring Grass;  
We'll end our Washing while the Morning's cool,  
And when the day grows het, we'll to the Pool,  
There wash our sells—'Tis healthfou now in *May*,  
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a Day.

further

birches; waterfall

20

JENNY.

DAFT Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say  
Gif our twa *Herds* come bratling down the Brae,  
An see us sae? That jeering Fallow *Pate*  
Wad taunting say, Haith, Lasses, ye're no blate.

running

PEGGY.

WE'RE far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;  
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Height:  
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, (we're our lane)  
What gars ye plague your Wooer with Disdain?  
The Neighbours a' tent this as weel as I,  
That *Roger* loos you, yet ye carna by.  
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,  
He's wordy you the best Day e'er ye saw.

heed

30

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,  
With Ribbon-knots at his blew Bonnet-lug;  
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,  
And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.

affectedly

crossed 40

He falds his Owerlay down his Breast with Care,  
And few gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair:  
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,  
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bony Day*.

neck-tie  
neater

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 like's a dorty Maiden when she's auld?

SANG III. Polwart on the Green.

*The Dorty will repent,  
If Lover's Heart grow cauld;  
An name her Smiles will tent,  
Soon as her Face looks auld:  
The dauted Bairn thus takes the Pet,  
Nor eats tho' Hunger crave,  
Whimpers and tarrows at its Meat,  
And's laught at by the lave.  
They jest it till the Dinner's past;  
Thus by its sell abus'd,  
The fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,  
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

caressed with tenderness

10

Fy! *Jenny*, think, and dinna sit your Time.

JENNY.

I never thought a single Life a Crime.

50

PEGGY.

NOR I:—But Love in Whispers lets us ken,  
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

JENNY.

If *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himself;  
For sic a Tale I never heard him tell.

<sup>1</sup> *Habbie's Howe* is a real place: *Peggy* and *Jenny* do their washing in the upper-most reaches of the River North Esk, just below *Carlops* on the South side of the Pentland Hills.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the Cause,  
But wha's oblig'd to spell his *Hums* and *Haws*.  
When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,  
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.  
They're Fools that Slavery like, and may be free:  
The Cheils may a' knit up themsels for me.

fellows; burst 60

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 ye loo that Rattle-sculf?  
A very Deel 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 and Wife.

Devil

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 betyde you.  
Lasses when their Fancy's 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, with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed,  
Where on my *Patie's* Breast, I'll lean my Head.  
There we may kiss, as lang as Kissing's good,  
An what we do there's nane dare call it rude.  
He's get his Will: why no? 'Tis good my Part  
To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

each

70

JENNY.

HE may indeed for Ten or Fifteen Days,  
Mak meikle o'ye, with and unko Fraise,  
An daut ye baith afore Fouk, and your lane:  
But soon as his Newfangleness is gane,  
He'll look upon ye as his Tether-stake,  
And think he's tint his Freedom for your Sake,  
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,  
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:  
And may be, in his Barlikhoods, ne'er stick  
To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

much; exaggeration

lost 80

scold, chide  
fits of ill-humour  
a sound blow

PEGGY.

SIC course-spun Thoughts as thae want Pith to move  
My settl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.  
*Patie* to me is dearer than my Breath,  
But want of him I dread nae other Skaith.  
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the Green  
Has sic a Smyle, or sic twa glancing Een.  
And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,  
His Words they thirle like Musick throw my Heart.  
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,  
And jest at feckless Fears that fright the lave!  
Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,  
He reads fell Books that teach him meikle Skill.  
He is:—But what need I say that or this?  
I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!  
In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,  
The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.  
His better Sense will lang his Love secure:  
Ill Nature heffs in Sauls are weak and poor.

strength

hurt, damage

90

pierce

serious, great

way  
stupid fellows

dwells

JENNY.

HEY, bonny Lass of Branksome, or't be lang,  
Your witty *Pate* will put ye in a Sang.  
O 'tis a pleasant Thing to be a Bride;  
Syne whindging Gets about your Ingle-side,

[song-title]; before long

Yelping for this or that with faceous Din,  
 To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and 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 Wobster*: Hame grows Hell,  
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

troublesome  
 rags  
 child; scalds; broth  
 Loses 110  
 it all goes to blazes

PEGGY.

SANG V. How can I be sad on my Wedding-Day.

*How shall I be sad when a Husband I hae  
 That has better Sense than any 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 small Failing, but find an Excuse.*

nags, scolds

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, and 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, and obtain a Kiss?  
 Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night  
 The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight?

quarelling

120

JENNY.

BUT Poortith, *Peggy*, is the warst of a':  
 Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance shou'd Beggary draw;  
 But little Love, or canty Chear can come,  
 Frae duddy Doublets and a Pantry toom:  
 Your Nowt may die,—the Spate may bear away  
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay.—

poverty

ragged; empty  
 cows

The thick blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows,  
 May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.  
 A Dyvour buys your Butter, Woo and Cheese,  
 But, or the Day of Payment, breaks and flees:  
 With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:  
 'Tis no to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent.  
*His Honour* manna want; he poinds your Gear:  
 Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?  
 Dear *Meg*, be wise, and live a single Life:  
 Troth 'tis nae Mows to be a mairied Wife.

deluging thaws  
 130

bankrupt  
 before

taken flight  
 must not; restrains

no joke

PEGGY.

MAY sic ill Luck befa' that silly She  
 Wha has sick Fears; for that was never me.  
 Let Fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;  
 Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the rest.  
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say,  
 That Lads 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'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,  
 And win the Vogue at Market, Tron or Fair,  
 For halesome, clean, cheap and sufficient Ware.  
 A flock of Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Woo,  
 Shall first be sald to pay the Laird his due,  
 Syne a' behind's our ain;—thus without Fear,  
 With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer:  
 An when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rife,  
 He'll bless the Day he gat me for his Wife.

such 140

150

plenty

JENNY.

BUT what if some young Giglet on the Green,  
 With dimpled Cheeks, and twa bewitching Een,  
 Should gar your *Patie* think his haff-worn *Meg*,  
 And her kend Kisses hardly worth a Feg.

fig

160

PEGGY.

NAE mair of that,—Dear *Jenny*, to be free,  
There's some Men constanter in Love than we.  
Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature kind  
Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.  
They'll reason calmly, and with Kindness smile,  
When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile.  
Sae whensoe'er they slight their Maiks at Hame,  
'Tis ten to ane the Wives are maist to blame.  
Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art  
To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.  
At E'en, when he comes weary frae the Hill,  
I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will.  
In Winter, when he toils throw Wind and Rain,  
A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane:  
And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,  
The seathing Pot's be ready to tak aff;  
Clean Hag a bag I'll spread upon his Board,  
And serve him with the best we can afford.  
Good Humour and white Bigonets shall be,  
Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

partners

170

JENNY.

A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld,  
An dozens down to nane, as Fowk grow auld.

declines

PEGGY.

BUT we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find  
The Loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind.  
Bairns and their Bairns make, sure, a firmer Tye,  
Than ought in Love the like of us can spy.  
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side,  
Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride,  
Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,  
Till wide their spreading Branches are increast,  
And in their Mixture now are fully blest.  
This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,

hence

190

That in Return defends it frae the West.  
Sic as stand single—(a State sae lyk'd by you!)  
Beneath ilk Storm, frae ev'ry Airth, maun bow.

direction

JENNY.

I've done,—I yield; dear *Lassy*, I maun yield;  
Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,  
With the Assistance of a little Fae  
Lyes darn'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

foe

200

SANG VI. *Nansy'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.  
For 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 Prisoner! *Jenny* that's no fair,  
That ye'll no let the wie Thing take the Air:  
Hast let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,  
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* Man.

JENNY.

ANITHER Time's as good,—for see the Sun  
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun  
To freath the Graith:—if canker'd *Madge* our Aunt,  
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant.  
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;  
For this seems true,—nae Lass can be unkind.

make the suds foam

210

*End of the First ACT.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A snug Thack-house, before the Door a Green;  
Hens on the Midding, Ducks in Dubs are seen:  
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Byar;  
A Peet-stack joyns, and forms a rural Squair.  
The House is GLAUD's;—there you may see him lean,  
And to his Divet-seat invite his Friend.*

midden; puddles

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD-MORROW, Nibour *Symon*,—come sit down,  
And gie's 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 of Cut and Dry;  
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

conversation

streaked calf  
bought

SYMON.

WITH a' my Heart:—And, tent me now, auld Boy,  
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy.  
I coud'na rest till I came o'er the Burn,  
To tell ye Things have taken sic a Turn,  
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,  
And skulk in hidlings on the Hether-braes.

attend to  
stir

such  
make; skip, jump  
lurking places

GLAUD.

Fy, blaw!—Ah, *Symmie!* Rattling Chiels ne'er stand  
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies aff-hand;  
Whilk soon flies round, like Will-fire, far and near:  
But loose your Pock, be't true or fause let's hear.

loquacious fellows  
gossip 20

open your purse

SYMON.

SEENG's believing, *Glaud*; and I have seen  
*Hab*, that abroad has with our *Master* been,

Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,  
And left a fair Estate to save his Head;  
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose  
To stand his Liege's Friend with great MONTROSE.  
Now *Cromwell*'s gane to *Fitk*; and ane ca'd *MONK*  
Has played the *Rumple* a right slee *Begunk*,  
Restor'd King *CHARLES*; and ilka thing's in Tune;<sup>1</sup>  
And *Habby* says we'll see Sir *William* soon.

trick 30

SANG VII. Cauld Kale 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 his Station,  
That bravely stands in the Defence  
Of Conscience, King and Nation.*

gallows

GLAUD.

THAT makes me blythe indeed:—But dinna flaw;  
Tell o'er your News again! and swear till't a'.

tell fibs

And saw ye *Hab!* And what did *Halbert* say?  
They hae been e'en a dreary Time away.  
Now *GOD* be thanked that our Laird's come hame.  
And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim?

easily

<sup>1</sup> When the Scots entered an alliance with the English Parliament in its war with Charles I in 1644, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612–50) raised a (mostly Highland) army for the King in Scotland and fought a brilliant campaign for over a year before his defeat, and eventual capture and execution. The English 'Rump Parliament' consisted of the MPs remaining after those seeking a compromise with the King were purged in 1648. It was dissolved by Oliver Cromwell in April 1653, and in December Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector of the (English) Commonwealth. Cromwell died in September 1658, and in 1659 his son and successor was forced to recall the Rump. General George Monck (1608–70), the Commonwealth's military governor of Scotland, took his forces South in 1660 and forced the readmission into the Commons of the purged MPs, thus opening the way for new elections, the recognition of Charles II as King of England, and his restoration to the throne. Charles returned in May 1660: this is the news that Symon is bringing to his friend. (Auld) Nick is the Devil.

SYMON.  
 THEY that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,  
 Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
 And good Sir *William* sall enjoy his ain. 40

GLAUD.  
 AND may he lang; for never did he stent  
 Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent,  
 Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
 Our Mailens when we pat on *Sunday's* Claiths. tax  
 threatened  
 farm-rent

SYMON.  
 Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy Air,  
 Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare. hoary  
 "Put on your Bonnet, Symon;—tak a Seat.—  
 "How's all at hame?—How's *Elspa*? How does *Kate*?  
 "How sells black Cattle?—What gies Woo this year?— 50  
 And sic like kindly Questions wad he speer. ask

SANG VIII. Mucking of Geordie's Byer.

*The Laird who in Riches and Honour  
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
 Nor rack his puir Tenants, who labour  
 To rise aboon Poverty:  
 Else like the Pack-horse that's unfother'd  
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint;  
 Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,  
 And Rackers aft tine their Rent.* lose

GLAUD.  
 THEN wad he gar his *Buttler* bring beden  
 The nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean;  
 Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythesome 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 with me the Day? immediately  
 ale

We'll send for *Elspith* too;—and upo' sight,  
 I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.  
 I'll yoke my Sled, and send to the neist Town, 60  
 And bring a Draught of Ale baith stout and brown,  
 And gar our Cotters a', Man, Wife and Wean,  
 Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane. get...to; child  
 lose the way; alone

SYMON.  
 I wadna bauk my Friend his blyth Design,  
 Gif that it haedna first of a' been mine:  
 For heer yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,  
 Yestreen I slew twa Wathers prime and fat;  
 A Furllet of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,  
 And a large Ham hangs reesting in the Nook.  
 I saw my sell, or I came o'er the Loan, 70  
 Our meikle Pot that scads the Whey, put on,  
 A Mutton-bouk to boil;—and ane we'll roast;  
 And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares nae Cost:  
 Small are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice  
 The gusty Ingans with a Curn o' Spice:  
 Fat are the Puddings,—Heads and Feet well sung;  
 And we've invited Nibours auld and young,  
 To pass this Afternuin with Glee and Game,  
 And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome hame.  
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest, 80  
 Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.  
 Bring wi' ye all your Family and then,  
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' ye again.

GLAUD.  
 SPOKE like ye'r sell, Auld-birky; never fear  
 But at your Banquet I shall first appear:  
 Faith we shall bend the Bicker and look bauld,  
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.  
 Auld, said I!—Troth I'm younger by a Score,  
 With your good News than what I was before.  
 I'll dance or E'en! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear? before evening

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

THE Man's gane gyte!—Dear *Symon*, welcome here. mad  
What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din?  
Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

GLAUD.

SPIN! Snuff:—Gae break your Wheel, and burn your Tow,  
And set the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low; ablaze [flax for spinning  
Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,  
Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

MADGE.

BLYTHE News indeed!—And wha was't tald ye o't?

GLAUD.

WHAT's that t'you?—Gae get my *Sunday's* Coat; 99  
Wale out the whitest of my bobit Bands, select; neck-cloths  
My White-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;  
Then, frae their Washing, cry the Bairns in haste,  
And mak ye'r sells as trig, Head, Feet, and Waist, neat  
As ye were a' to get young Lads or E'en;  
For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

SYMON.

DO, honest *Madge*—and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the Gate,  
And see that a' be done as I wad ha't.

*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 falded Arms, and haff rais'd Look ye see.*

*BAULDY* his lane.

BAULDY.

WHAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than Hell;  
To be sae burnt with Love, yet darna tell! worse  
O *PEGGY!* sweeter than the dawning Day, dare not  
Sweeter than gowany Glens, or new mawn Hay: daisy-filled  
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out o'er the Knows; hillocks  
Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows. 10  
Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines; eyes  
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* loes her,—waes me, and she loes *Pate*,  
And I with *Neps*, by some unlucky Fate  
Made a daft Vow!—O but ane be a Beast,  
That makes rash Aiths till he's afore the Priest.  
I dare na speak my Mind, else a' the three, 20  
But Doubt, wad prove ilk ane my Enemy:  
Its sare to thole,—I'll try some Witchcraft Art, endure  
To break with ane, and win the other's Heart.  
Here *Mausy* lives, a Witch that for sma' Price,  
Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice: charms  
She can o'er cast the Night, and cloud the Moon,  
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.  
At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,  
And howks unchristen'd Weans out of their Graves;  
Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow;  
Rins withershins about the Hemlock Low; head  
30  
flame



And seven times does her Prayers backward pray,  
 Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of *Lapland* clay,  
 Mixt with the Venom of black Tuids and Snakes:  
 Of this, unsonsy Pictures aft she makes  
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire,  
 With slaw and racking Pains afore a Fire;  
 Stuck fou of Prines, the devilish Pictures melt,  
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.  
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou well,  
 When ane like me comes running to the Deil.  
 She and her cat sit 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 Deils and Lasses drive.

Satan

ill-natured

pins

40

basking

*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

*A green Kail-yard: a little Font,  
 Where Water poplan springs;  
 There sits a Wife with Wrinkle-front,  
 And yet she spins and sings.*

bubbling

MAUSE.

SANG IX. Carle, and the King come.

*Peggy, now the King's come,  
 Peggy, now the King's come,  
 Thou shall 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 o that Ilk,  
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

(white-faced) cows

*Enter BAULDY.*

BAULDY.

How does auld honest Lucky of the Glen?  
 Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

MAUSE.

E'EN twining out a Thread with little Din,  
 And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.  
 What brings my Bairn this Gate sae air at Morn?  
 Is there nae Muck to lead?—to thresh nae Corn?

early  
 cart

10

BAULDY.

ENOUGH of baith;—But something that requires  
 Your helping Hand, imployes now all my Cares.

MAUSE.

MY helping Hand! alake! what can I do,  
 That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow!

age and poverty

BAULDY.

AY, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,  
 Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

MAUSE.

OF what kind Wisdom think ye I'm possest,  
 That lifts my character aboon the rest?

above

BAULDY.

THE Word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and fell,  
 Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I soud tell.

grave

20

MAUSE.

WHAT Fouk says of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;  
 Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

BAULDY.

WELL, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'  
 That ilk ane talks about you but a Flaw.

even if it's lies

When last the Wind made *Glaud* a roofless Barn;  
 When last the Burn bore down my Mither's Yarn;  
 When *Brawny* Elf shot never mair came hame;  
 When *Tibby* kirm'd and there nae Butter came;  
 When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy cheeked Wean  
 To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;  
 When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night through the Shaw,  
 And tint himsel amaist amang the Snaw;  
 When *Mungo's* Mare stood still and swat with Fright,  
 When he brought East the Howdy under Night;  
 When *Bawsy* shot to dead upon the Green;  
 And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen:  
 You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,  
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about.  
 And sae they may that mint to do ye Skaith;  
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:  
 But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please  
 You with a Furllet of them mixt with Pease.

churned  
 30  
 wood  
 sweated  
 midwife  
 lost a hair-band  
 blame  
 every one  
 harm  
 40

MAUSE.

I thank ye Lad,—Now tell me your Demand,  
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

BAULDY.

THEN, I like *Peggy*; — *Neps* is fond o me—  
*Peggy* likes *Pate*;—and *Pate* is bauld and slee,—  
 And loes sweet *Meg*:—but *Neps* I downa see—  
 Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* love to *Neps*, and then,  
*Peggy's* to me,—I'd be the happiest Man.

cannot/will not

MAUSE.

I'll try my Art to gar the Bouls row right;  
 Sae gang your Ways and come again at Night.  
 'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,  
 Worth all your Pease and Grots, tak ye nae Care.

roll 50

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 and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,  
 Will make the Night sae rough, I'll tine the Gate.  
 We're a' to rant in *Symie's* at a Feast,  
 O will ye come like *Badrans*, for a Jest?  
 And there ye can our diff'rent Haviours spy;  
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

way

(a cat's name)  
 60

MAUSE.

'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past  
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

difficult outcome

BAULDY.

If I ought of your Secrets e'er advance,  
 May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*.

*Exit* Bauldy.

MAUSE *her lane*.

HARD Luck, alake! when Poverty and Eild,  
 Weeds out of Fashion, and a lanely Beild,  
 With a small Cast of Wiles, should, in a Twitch,  
 Gi'e ane the hatefu' Name, *A wrinkled Witch*.  
 This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,  
 That I'm a Wretch in Compact with *Auld Nick*;  
 Because by Education I was taught  
 To speak and 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;—and if the Morn were come,  
 I'll tell them Tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

shelter

70

*Exit*.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Behind a Tree upon the Plain,  
PATE and his PEGGY meet;  
In Love, without a vicious Stain,  
The bonny Lass and cheerfu' Swain  
Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'M laith to part sae soon, now we're alane,  
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane;  
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,  
To be alane themselves, I judge as we. 10  
Here where Primroses thickest paint the Green,  
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.  
Hark how the Lav'rocks chant aboon our Heads, larks  
How saft the Westlin Winds sough throw the Reeds. sigh

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 and blind:  
Gif I could fancy ought's sae sweet or fair 20  
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my Care.  
Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier;  
Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear;  
Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,  
That warble through the Merl or Mavis' throats. blackbird; song thrush

With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the field, dress up  
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.  
The sweetest Fruits that hing upon the Tree,  
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

PEGGY.

BUT Patrick for some wicked End may fleech, wheedle, coax, flatter  
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach. 30  
I darena stay,—ye Jocker let me gang,  
Anither Lass may gar ye change your Sang,  
Your Thoughts may flit, and I may thole the Wrang.

PATIE.

SOONER a Mother shall her fondness drap,  
And 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 all aboon.

PEGGY.

THEN keep your Aith. But mony Lads will swear, 40  
And be mansworn to twa in Haf a year.  
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;  
But if a fairer Face your Heart should steal,  
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,  
Hou she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'M sure I canna change, ye needna fear,  
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a Year.  
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,  
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang  
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand, 50  
Aft to the Tansy-know, or Rashy-Strand,  
Thou smiling by my Side. I took Delyte  
To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae white,

Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flow'ry Belt and Snood.

PEGGY.

WHEN first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,  
And I to milk the Ews first tried my Skill,  
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,  
When at the Bught at Even I met with thee.

one-handed bucket  
evening ewe-milking

PATIE.

WHEN Corn grew yellow, and the Hether Bells  
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells;  
Nae Birns, or Briers, or Whins, e'er troubled me,  
Gif I could find Blae Berries ripe for thee.

60

stems of burnt heather

PEGGY.

WHEN thou did wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,  
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:  
At all these Sports thoo still give Joy to me;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

fluttering, eager

PATIE.

JENNY sings saft the Broom of Cowdenknowes;  
And Rosie lilt the Milking of the Ews;  
There's nane like Nansy, Jenny Nettles sings,  
At Turns in Maggy Lauder Marion dings:  
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter Skill,  
The Boatman, or the Lass of Patie's Mill;  
It is a thousand Times mair sweet to me:  
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

70

PEGGY.

How eith can Lasses trow what they desire?  
And, roos'd by them we love, blows up that Fire;  
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try;  
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.

easily; believe

Be still as now, and a' my Cares shall be  
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

80

*The foregoing, with a small Variation, was sung at the Acting as follows,*

SANG X. The yellow hair'd laddie.

*When first my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,  
And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,  
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,  
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.*

tried  
small barrel

PATIE.

*When Corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blew Heather-bells  
Bloom'd bonny on Moorland and sweet rising Fells,  
Nae Birns, Briers, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,  
If I found the Berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,  
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain;  
Thy ilka Sport manly, gave Pleasure to me;  
For nane can put, wrestle or run swift as thee.*

10

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom Knows,  
And Rosie lilt sweetly the Milkin the Ews;  
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,  
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our Lugs ring:  
But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,  
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lass of the Mill,  
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;  
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

20

PEGGY.

*How easy can Lasses trow what they desire;  
And Praises sae kindly increases Love's Fire;  
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be  
To make my self 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 Heghts, for Trifles grieve:—  
Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how  
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.  
But thou, in better Sense, without a Flaw,  
As in thy beauty far excels them a'.  
Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

idle girl like the rest  
cows  
wonder  
promises

90

PEGGY.

AGREED.—But harken! yon's auld Aunty's Cry:  
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

PATIE.

AND let them ferly,—Now, a kindly Kiss,  
Or Fivescore good anes wad not be a-miss;  
And syne we'll sing the Sang with tunefu' Glee.  
That I made up last Owk on ye and me.

week

PEGGY.

SING first, syne claim your Hyre.————

PATIE.

————Well, I agree,

SANG XI. PATIE sings

*BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,  
And rowing Eye that smiling tell the Truth,  
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,  
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?*

rolling

PEGGY sings.

*But ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Woing's done?  
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Power,  
Like unripe Fruit will taste but hard and sowr.*

PATIE sings

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,  
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.  
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear.  
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Half-year.*

10

PEGGY singing falls into Patie's Arms.

*Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's Arms, for good and a':  
But stint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,  
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.*

aim, endeavour

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;  
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,  
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

own 20

Sung by both.

*Sun gallop down the Westlin Skies,  
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;  
O! Lash your Steeds, post time away,  
And haste about our Bridal Day:  
And if ye're wearied, honest Light,  
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

go

if

*End of the Second ACT.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lyme,  
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleach'd with Time,  
An Elwand fills his Hand, his Habit mean;  
Nae Doubt ye'll think he haes a Pedlar been:  
But whisht! it is the Knight in Masquerade,  
That comes hid in his Cloud to see his Lad.  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves  
Throw his auld Av'news, anes delightfu' Groves.*

*Sir WILLIAM solus.*

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,  
I'll for a Space, unknown delight mine Eyes,  
With a full View of every 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 faln from their Bands;  
The Casements all broke down, no Chimny left,  
The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.  
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!  
That with each rainy Blast decaying falls;  
My Gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,  
With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet:  
Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks,  
The dewy Flowers hung nodding on their Stalks:  
But over-grown with Nettles, Docks, and Brier,  
No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglintines* appear.  
How do these ample Walls to Ruin yield,  
Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* Branches found a Beild,  
And bask'd in Rays, which early did produce  
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the Use!

attend to  
yard-measure

10

20

shelter

30

All round in Gaps, the most in Rubbish ly,  
And from what stands the withered Branches fly.

THESE soon shall be repair'd;—and now my Joy  
Forbids all Grief,—when I'm to see my BOY,  
My only Prop, and Object of my Care,  
Since Heaven too soon call'd Home his MOTHER fair.  
Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,  
I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,  
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,  
'Till we should see what changing Times brought forth.  
Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,  
And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,  
After his fleecy Charge serenly gay,  
With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.  
Thrice happy Life, that's from Ambition free:  
Removed from Crowns and Courts, how cheerfully,  
A quiet, contented Mortal spends his Time,  
In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd wthi Crime!

40

Or sung as follows, SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the Dawn  
He starts as fresh as Roses blawn,  
And ranges o'er the Heights and Lawn,  
After his bleeting Flocks.  
Healthful, and innocently gay  
He chants and whistles out the Day;  
Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
Like courtly Weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from Ambition free  
Envy and vile Hypocrisie,  
Where Truth and Love with Joys agree,  
Unsullied with a Crime:  
Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,  
In proping of their Pride and State;  
He lives and, unafraid of Fate,  
Contented spends his Time.*

10

Now tow'rd's good Symon's House I'll bend my Way,  
 And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day; 50  
 All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,  
 My youthful Tenants gayly dance and sing.  
*Exit Sir WILLIAM.*

ACT III. SCENE II.

*'Tis Symon's House, please to step in,  
 And vissy't round and round,  
 There's naught superfluous to give Pain,  
 Or costly to be found.  
 Yet all is clean: a clear Peat-ingle fireplace  
 Glances amidst the Flour;  
 The Green Horn-spoons, Beech-Luggies mingle wooden dishes  
 On Skelfs foregainst the Door.  
 While the young Brood sport on the Green,  
 The auld anes think it best, 10  
 Wi the brawn Cow to clear their Een,  
 Snuff, crack, and take their Rest.*

*SYMON, GLAUD and ELSPA.*

GLAUD.  
 WE anes were young our sells,—I like to see  
 The Bairns bob round with other merrily.  
 Troth *Symon*, *Patie*'s grown a strapon Lad,  
 And better Looks than his I never bade.  
 Amang our Lads, he bears the Gree awa',  
 And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a' takes first place

ELSPA.  
 POOR Man! He's a great Comfort to us baith;  
 God mak him good, and 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. always from harm  
 early

GLAUD.  
 I true, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,  
 He seems to be with *Peggy*'s beauty tane;  
 And troth my *Neice* is a right dainty Wean,  
 As well ye ken—a bonnyer needna be,  
 Nor better—be't she were na Kin to me. throw, believe  
 child

SYMON.  
 HA, *Glaud*! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,  
 My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;  
 And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell, 30  
 I'd raither be mixt with the Mools my sell. 'the Earth of the Grave' (A.R.)

GLAUD.  
 WHAT reason can ye have? 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 of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,  
 Five Ky that at ae Milking fills a Kirn,  
 I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bride;  
 By and attour, gif my good Luck abide,  
 Ten Lambs at spaining-Time, as lang's I live,  
 And twa Quey Cawfs, I'll yearly to them gie. brand  
 cows; churn  
 over and above  
 weaning 40

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

SYMON.  
 OR this Day eight Days, likely he shall learn,  
 That our Denial disna slight his Bairn. before

GLAUD.  
 WELL, nae mair o't,—come gies the other Bend;  
 We'll drink their Healths, whatever Way it end. drink

(*Their Healths gae round.*)

SYMON.

BUT will ye tell me, *Glaud*,—by some 'tis said,  
Your Niece is but a *Fundling*, that was laid  
Doun at your Hallon-side ae Morn in *May*,<sup>1</sup>  
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry Hay.

50

rolled

GLAUD.

THAT clatteran *Madge*, my Titty, tells sic Flaws,  
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

sister; lies  
galls

*Enter* JENNY.

O! Father, there's and auld Man on the Green,  
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen;  
He tents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,  
Turns owre the Leaves, and gie's our Brows a Look;  
Syne tells the oddest Tales that e'er ye heard,  
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

reads our palms

SYMON.

GAE bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,  
Nane shall gang hungry by my House to Day:

60

*Exit* Jenny.

But for his telling Fortunes, troth I fear  
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mare.

GLAUD.

SPAEMEN! the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt;  
For greater Liars never ran thereoout.

fortune-tellers; sayings

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

SYMON.

YE'RE welcome, honest Carle;—here, tak a Seat.

fellow

*Sir* WILL.

I give ye Thanks, Goodman, I'se no be blate.

GLAUD *drinks*.

COME t'ye Friend—How far came ye the Day?

cheers

*Sir* WILL.

I pledge ye, Nibour;— e'en but little Way:  
Rousted with Eild, a wie Piece Gate seems lang:  
Twa Miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

dry with age  
can

SYMON.

YE'RE welcome here to stey all Night with me,  
And tak sic Bed and Board as we can gi' ye.

*Sir* WILL.

THAT's kind unsought.—Well, gin ye have a Bairn  
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,  
I shall employ the farthest of my Skill  
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

foretell

SYMON *pointing to* Patie.

ONLY that Lad;—alack! I hae nae mae,  
Either to mak me joyful now, or wae.

woeful

*Sir* WILL.

YOUNG man, let's see your Hand.—what gars ye sneer?

80

PATIE.

BECAUSE your Skill's but little Worth, I fear.

*Sir* WILL.

YE cut before the Point:—But, Billy, bide,  
I'll wager there's a Mouse-mark on your Side.

stay  
birthmark

<sup>1</sup> The hallon or hallan was the partition between the cottage door and the ingle or fireplace.



ELSPA.  
BETOOCH-us-to!—and well I wat that's true;  
Awa, awa! the Deil's owre grit wi' you.  
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

God save us!

arm-pit  
shirt

Sir WILL.  
I'LL tell ye mair' if this young Lad be spaird  
But a short While, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

ELSPA.  
A Laird!—Hear ye, Goodman—what think ye now!

90

SYMON.  
I dinna ken! strange auld Man, what art thou?  
Fair fa your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth;  
Come, turn the Timber to Laird *Patie's* Health.  
(*Patie's Health gaes round.*)

drink a round

PATIE.  
A Laird of twa good Whistles and a Kent,  
Twa Curs, my trusty Tenants on the Bent,  
Is all my great Estate,—and like to be:  
Sae, cunnin Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

shepherd's staff  
field

SYMON.  
WHISHT, *Patie*;—let the Man look owre your Hand;  
Aftimes as broken a Ship has come to land.

*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand, then  
counterfeits falling into a Trance, while they endeavour to  
lay him right..*

ELSPA.  
PRESERVE's!—the man's a Warlock, or possess  
With some nae good,—or Second-sight at least.  
Where is he now? \_\_\_\_\_

100

GLAUD.  
\_\_\_\_\_ He's seeing a' that's done  
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

beyond

ELSPA.  
THESE Second-sighted Fouk, his Peace be here!  
See things far aff, and Things to come; as clear  
As I can see my Thumb; wow, can he tell  
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)  
How soon we'll see Sir *William*? Whisht, he heaves,  
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

110

SYMON.  
HE'LL soon grow better.—*Elsa*, haste ye gae  
And fill him up a tass of *Usquebae*.

whisky

*Sir WILL. starts up and speaks.*  
A Knight that for a LYON fought,  
Against a Herd of Bears,  
Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,  
In which some Thousands shares.  
But now again the LYON rares,  
And Joy spreads owre the Plain,  
The LYON has defeat the Bears,  
The Knight returns again.

120

THAT Knight, in a few Days, shall bring  
A Shepherd frae the Fauld,  
And shall present him to his King,  
A Subject true and bauld.  
He Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd:—  
All you that hear me now,  
May well believe what I have tauld,  
For it shall happen true.

SYMON.

FRIEND, may your Spaeing happen soon and weel;  
But, Faith, I'm redd ye've bargained with the Deel,  
To tell some Tales that Fouks wad secret keep;  
Or do ye get them tald ye in your Sleep?

afraid 130

*Sir WILL.*

HOWE'ER I get them, never fash your Beard,  
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward;  
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,  
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

trouble yourself  
unravel

SYMON.

YOU prophesying Fouks are odd kind Men!  
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,  
The wimpld Meaning of your unko Tale,  
Whilk soon will make a Noise o'er Muir and Dale.

strange 140

GLAUD.

'Tis nae sma' Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,  
And takes't for Gospel what the Spaeman gives,  
Of flawing Fortunes whilk he evens to *Pate*:  
But what we wish, we trow at ony Rate.

*Sir WILL.*

WHISHT, doutfu' Carle, for ere the Sun  
Has driven twice down to the Sea,  
What I have said, ye shall see done  
In Part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

WELL, be't sae, Friend; I shall say naithing mair,  
But I have twa sonsy Lasses young and fair,  
Plump ripe for Men: I wish ye cou'd foresee  
Sic Fortunes for them, might bring Joy to me.

happy, lusty

*Sir WILL.*

NAE mair through Secrets can I sift,  
Till darkness black the Bent,  
I have but anes a-Day that Gift;  
Sae rest a While content.

once

SYMON.

*ELSPA*, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,  
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

out from the inner room  
make

*Sir WILL.*

DELAY a While your hospitable Care;  
I'd rather enjoy this Evening calm and fair,  
Aroond yon ruin'd Tower, to fetch a Walk  
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

160

SYMON.

SOON as ye please, I'll answer your Desire,—  
And, *Glaud*, you'll take your Pipe beside the Fire;  
We'll but gae round the *Place*, and soon be back,  
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint and Crack.

GLAUD.

I'LL out a While, and see the Young-anes play:  
My Heart's still light, abeit my Locks be gray.

*Exeunt.*



The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile;  
But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile. 50

ROGER.

I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,  
The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night;  
I've seen the spring rin wimpling throw the Plain, winding  
Increase, and join the ocean without Stain.

The Bridegroom may be blythe, the Bride may smile,  
Rejoice throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

JENNY.

WERE I but sure you lang wou'd Love maintain,  
The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain:  
For I maun own, since now at last you're free, 60  
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;  
And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,  
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'M happy now! o'er happy! had my Head!— hold  
This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Dead.  
Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd  
With wond'ring Love! let's kiss till we be tyr'd.  
Kiss, kiss! We'll kiss the Sun and Stars away,  
And ferly at the quick Return of Day!  
O Jenny! let my Arms about thee twine, 70  
And briss thy bonny Breasts and Lips to mine! press

Which may be sung as follows, SANG XIII. *Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,  
Ye should nae mair complain,  
The easy Maid beset with Love,  
Few Words will quickly gain;*

*For I must own, now since you're free,  
This too fond Heart of mine  
Has lang, a Black-sole true to thee,  
Wish'd to be pair'd wi thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my Head  
Upon thy Breast recline; 10  
The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!  
Is Jenny then sae kind?—*

*O let me briss thee to my Heart!  
And round my Arms entwine:  
Delytful Thought; we'll never part!  
Come press thy Mouth to mine.*

JENNY.

WITH equal Joy my easy Heart gi'es Way,  
To own thy well try'd Love has won the Day.  
Now by these warmest Kisses thou hast tane, taken  
Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

ROGER.

I swear by Fifty thousand yet to come,  
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;  
There shall not be a kindlier dawted Wife,  
If you agree wi me to lead your Life.

JENNY.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.*

*Well I agree, ye're sure of me;  
Next to my Father gae.  
Make him content to give Consent,  
He'll hardly say ye nay:  
For you have what he wad be at,  
And will commend you well,  
Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,  
Where Bairns want Milk and Meal.*

*Shou'd he deny, I carena by,  
He'd contradict in vain.  
Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,  
But thee I will hae nane.  
Then never range, or learn to change,  
Like these in high Degree:  
And if ye prove faithful in Love,  
You'll find nae Fault in me.*

ROGER.

MY faulds contain twice Fifteen furrow Nowt,  
As mony Newcal in my Byars rowt;<sup>1</sup>  
Five Pack of Woo I can at *Lammas* sell,  
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell:  
Good twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,  
With meikle Care my thrifty Mither made.  
Ilk Thing that makes a hartsome House and tight,  
Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.  
They left me all, whilk now gie's Joy to me,  
Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee:  
And haed I fifty times as meikle mair,  
Nane but my *Jenny* sho'ud the samen skair.  
My love and all is yours; now had them fast,  
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

JENNY.

I'LL do my best;—but see wha comes this Way,  
*Patie* and *Meg*—besides, I mauna stay;  
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the Morn,  
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal of scorn.

ROGER.

To where the Sauch tree shades the Mennin-pool,  
I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;  
Keep Tryst, and meet me there, there let us meet,  
To kiss and tell our Love;—there's nought sae sweet.

10

80

low

90

same (?) share

must not  
from each other  
suffer

willow; minnow

100

ACT III. SCENE IV.

*This Scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM  
Within a Galery of the Place,  
Where all looks ruinous and grim,  
Nor has the Baron shown his Face;  
But joking with his Shepherd leel,  
Aft speers the Gate he kens fou well.*

loyal  
often asks the way

*Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.*

*Sir WILL.*

To whom belongs this House sae much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that lost it, lending generous Aid,  
To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*  
Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.  
*Sir William Worthy* is our Master's name,  
Wha fills us all with Joy, now HE'S COME HAME.

10

*(Sir William draps his masking Beard,  
Symon transported sees  
The welcome Knight with fond Regard,  
And grasps him round the Knees.)*

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breathe!  
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae Skaith?  
Returned to cheer his wishing Tenant's Sight  
To bless his SON, my charge, the World's Delight?

20

*Sir WILL.*

Rise faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy  
A Place, thy due, kind Guardian of my Boy:  
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,  
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;

<sup>1</sup> Newcal are cows that have just calved, forrow nowt have not, but are still giving milk.

Since still the Secret thou'st securely seal'd,  
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

THE due Obedience to your strict Command  
Was the first Lock;—neist, my ain Judgment fand      next; found  
Out Reasons plenty:—Since, without Estate,  
A Youth, tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.      awkward, shy

Sir WILL.

AND aften vain and idly spend their Time,  
'Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,  
Hang on their Friends,—which gi'es their Sauls a Cast.  
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Now well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;  
For there's Laird *Kytie's* son that's loo'd by few:  
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,      stuffed  
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name.  
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,      sponging  
As scrimp of Manners as of Sense and Grace,      lacking in 40  
Oppressing all as Punishment of their Sin,  
That are within his tenth Degree of Kin:  
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, whae's sae unjust  
To his ain Fam'lie as to give him Trust.

Sir WILL.

SUCH useless Branches of a Commonwealth,  
Should be lopt off to give a State mair Health.  
Unworthy bare Reflection.—*Symon*, run  
O'er all your Observations on my Son:  
A Parent's Fondness easily finds Excuse:  
But do not with indulgence Truth abuse.      50

SYMON.

To speak his Praise, the langest Simmer-day

Wad be owre short,—could I them right display.  
In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,  
That out of Sight he rins afore the lave;      rest  
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,  
*Patrick's* made Judge, to tell whase Cause is best;  
And his Decreet stands good; he'll gar it stand:      legal judgment  
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting Hand.  
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,  
He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.      60

Sir WILL.

YOUR Tale much pleases,—my good Friend, proceed:  
What Learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

BAITH wonder well; for troth I didna spare  
To gi'e him at the School enough of Lair;  
And he delytes in Books:—He reads and speaks,  
With Fowks that ken them *Latin* wirds and *Greeks*.

Sir WILL.

WHERE gets he Books to read?—and of what Kind?  
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

SYMON.

WHEN e'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh* Port,  
He buys some Books of History, Sangs or Sport:      70  
Nor does he want of them a Routh at Will,      plenty  
And carries ay a Poutchfu' to the Hill.      pocketful  
Aboot ane *Shakspear*, and a famous *Ben*,  
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of Men.  
How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Stirling* sing,  
And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his King,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ben is the London playwright Ben Jonson (d. 1637). Alongside contemporary English poet and historian Abraham Cowley (1618–67), Patie has also been reading two of the most accomplished Scottish writers of the recent past, William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585–1649), neo-classical poet, scholar and historian, and William Alexander of Menstrie, later Earl of Stirling (d.1640), poet, playwright, and a courtier of James VI who followed him to London. Shakespeare aside, one might

He kens fou well, and gars their Verses ring.  
I sometimes thought he made o'er great Frase  
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.  
When I reprov'd him anes,—a Book he brings,  
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

*Sir WILL.*

HE answer'd well, and much ye glad my Ear,  
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:  
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind,  
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

*SYMON.*

WHAT ken we better, that sae sindle look,  
Except on rainy *Sundays* on a Book:  
When we a Leaf or twa. haf read, haf spell,  
'Till a' the rest sleep round as wells our sell?

*Sir WILL.*

WELL jested Symon;—but one Question more,  
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.  
The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves  
Flighter around young Hearts like cooing Doves;  
Has no young Lassie with inviting Mein,  
And rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,  
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthful Heart?

*SYMON.*

I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part,  
Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet,  
With *Glaud's* fair *Niece* than I thought right or meet:  
I had my Fears; but now have naught to fear,  
Since like your self your Son will soon appear.  
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,  
May bless the fairest best born, Lady's Arms.

exaggerate

80

talk

seldom

90

100

*Sir WILL.*

THIS Night must end his unambitious Fire,  
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.  
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,  
None but your self 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 all confess.

110

*SYMON.*

WITH how much Joy I on this Errand flee,  
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

*Exit Symon.*

*Sir WILL. solus.*

WHEN the Event of Hopes 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.

120

BUT from this rustick Business and Love,  
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,  
To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve:  
Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,  
Only in little Breakings shews its Light,  
Till artful polishing has made it shine:  
Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

*End of the Third ACT.*

note that all of these were either strongly identified with the Stuart court (Jonson and Alexander) or avowedly on the Royalist side in the Civil War (Drummond and Cowley).

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,  
Glaud's Onset.—Enter Mause and Madge.*

farmstead

MAUSE.

OUR Laird's come hame! and owns young *Pate* his Heir:  
That's News indeed! —————

MADGE.

—————As true as ye stand there.  
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,  
Sir *William* like a Warlock, with a Beard,  
Five Nives in length, and white as driven Snaw,  
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*.  
We ferly'd meikle at his unco Look,  
While frae his Poutch he whirl'd forth a Book.  
As we stood round about him on the Green,  
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;  
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,  
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naething hae.

hands  
stay  
wondered; strange  
pocket

slyly

MAUSE.

THEN sure the Lasses, and ilk gaping Coof,  
Wad rin about him, and had out their Loof.

each; idiot  
hold; palm

MADGE.

As fast as Flaes skip to the Tate of Woo,  
Whilk slee Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,  
When he, to drown them, and his Hips to cool,  
In Summer-days slides backward in a Pool:  
In short he did for *Pate* braw Things foretell,  
Without the Help of conjuring or Spell:  
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,  
Pow'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew  
His welcome Master;—round his Knees he gat,  
Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythness grat.

lock  
sly; fox; mouth  
20

*Patrick* was sent for—happy Lad is he!  
*Symon* tald *Elspa*; *Elspa* tald it me.  
Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;  
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,  
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell  
Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.  
Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

30

much  
sweetheart

MAUSE.

It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no.  
To lift a Love that's rooted, is great Pain:  
Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the Plain;  
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sic Nonsense! love tak Root but Tocher-good,  
'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood!  
Sic Fashions in King BRUCE's days might be:  
But siccan Ferlies now we never see.

dowry  
40  
such wonders

MAUSE.

Gif *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain'  
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,  
Nae Doubt he thinks that *Peggy's* now his ain.

MADGE.

HE get her! slaverin Doof! It sets him well  
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil;  
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see—

idiot  
till (?)

MAUSE.

YE'D be as dorty in your Choice as he.  
And so wad I: But whisht, here *Bauldy* comes.

proud  
50

*Enter Bauldy singing.*

*JENNY* said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,  
*Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell;*



*Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free;  
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow sae,—Lasses will come to at last,  
Tho' for a while they maun their Snaw-baws cast.

must

MAUSE.

WELL, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

BAULDY.

\_\_\_\_\_ Faith unco right:  
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this Night.

MADGE.

AND wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

60

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult Task:  
Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair  
On *Pate*, turned PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.  
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause* stand be,  
While *Meg*'s in Dumps, put in a Word for me.  
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove:  
Less wilful, and ay constant in my Love.

who must

MADGE.

As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,  
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was sworn;  
Fy, *Bauldy*! blush, and Vows of Love regard;  
What other Lass will trow a mansworn Herd?  
The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,  
That" ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.  
I'll ne'er advise my Niece sae gray a Gate;  
Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

70

believe

path  
know

BAULDY.

SAE gray a gate! Mansworn! and a' the rest;  
Ye leed, *auld Roudes*,—and in Faith had best  
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar ye stand,  
With a het Face, afore the haly Band.

ill-natured women  
make  
hot; Kirk Session

MADGE.

YE'LL gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit Brock;  
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my Rock,  
And Ten sharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,  
Can flyp the Skin o' ye'r Cheeks out ower your Chin.

slack-mouthed badger

BAULDY.

I tak ye Witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say  
That I'm mansworn,—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

YE'RE witness too, he ca'd me bonny Names,  
And shoud be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.  
Ye filthy Dog! \_\_\_\_\_

*Flies to his Hair like a Fury:—A stout Battle.*  
—*Mause endeavours to redd them.*

disentangle

MAUSE.

LET gang your Grips, fy, *Madge*! howt, *Bauldy*, leen,  
I wadna wish this *Tuilzie* had been seen;  
'Tis sae daft like. \_\_\_\_\_

cease  
fight 90

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bleeding Nose.*

MADGE.

\_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis dafter like to thole  
And Ether-cap, like him, to blaw the Coal!  
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit Tongue,  
To cast up whether I be auld or young.  
They're aulder yet than I have married been,  
And or they died their Bairn's Bairns have seen.

endure  
adder

before

MAUSE.

THAT'S true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to blame,  
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name.

BAULDY.

MY Luggs, my Nose, and Nodle finds the same. ears; head 100

MADGE.

*AULD Roudes*, Filthy Fallow; I shall auld ye.

MAUSE.

HOWT no;—ye'll e'en be Friends with honest *Bauldy*,  
Come, come, shake Hands; this maun nae farder gae:  
Ye maun forgi'e 'm; I see the Lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

IN troth now, *Mause*, I hae at *Madge* nae Spite:  
But she abusing first was a' the Wyte blame  
Of what has happen'd; and should therefore crave  
My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet, weep  
And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat; fault 110  
Gae, or be blasted in your Health and Gear, possessions  
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.  
Vow and loup back!—Was e'er the like heard tell?  
Swith tak him, Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell. jump  
quickly

BAULDY *running off*.

HIS Presence be about us! Curst were he,  
That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.  
*Exit Bauldy.*

MADGE *laughing*.

I think I have towzled his Harigals a wee;  
He'll no soon grein to tell his Love to me. inner organs  
crave

He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve  
A lassie sae he does but ill deserve.

aim, attempt  
120

MAUSE.

YE towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't;  
His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport;  
For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,  
And Breeding baith—to tell me to my Face,  
He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wad na stand  
To lend him in this Case my helping Hand. object

MADGE.

A *Witch*!—How had ye Patience this to bear,  
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear?

MAUSE.

AULD wither'd Hands and feeble Joints like mine,  
Obliges Fouk Resentment to decline, 130  
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we  
With Cunning, can the Lake of Pith supplie. lack of strength  
Thus I pat aff Revenge till it was dark,  
Syne bad him come, and we shou'd gang to Wark:  
I'm sure he'll keep his Triste; and I came here  
To seek your Help, that we the Fool may Fear. scare

MADGE.

AND special Sport we'll have, as I protest;  
Ye'll be the *Witch*, and I sall play the Ghaist.  
A Linen-sheet won'd round me like ane Dead,  
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my Head. chalk; groan  
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang frighten; go  
A conjuring to do a Lassie wrang.

MAUSE.

THEN let us go; for see, 'tis hard on Night;  
The Westlin Cloud shines red with setting Light.

*Exuent.*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*When Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,  
And the green Swaird grows damp with falling Dew;  
While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd,  
The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd,  
Walks through the Broom with Roger ever leel,  
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.*

ROGER..

Wow but I'm cadgie, and my Heart lowps light;  
O! Mr. *Patrick*, ay your Thoghts were right!  
Sure gentle Fouk are farer seen than we,  
That naithing ha'e to brag of Pedigree.  
My *Jenny* now, wha' brake my Heart this Morn,  
Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair Scorn.  
I spake my Mind,—she heard,—I spake again,  
She smil'd,—I kissed,—I wood, nor wood in vain.

PATIE.

I'M glad to hear't:—But O! my Change this Day  
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.  
I've found a Father gently kind as brave,  
And ane Estate that lifts me boon the lave.  
With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confest,  
He all the Father to my Soul exprest,  
While close he held me to his manly Breast.  
Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smiled the Mouth  
Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing of my Youth!  
Who set too soon!—And while he Praise bestow'd,  
Adown his graceful Cheek a Torrent flow'd.  
My new born Joys, and this his tender Tale,  
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail;  
That speechless lang, my late kend *Sire* I view'd,  
While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.  
Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,

happy; jumps  
always  
further seeing (?)  
10

above the rest  
20

30

Whilst I my self with rising Raptures found  
The happy Son of ane sae 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.

ROGER.

How to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand:  
But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE.

DUTY and haflen Reason plead his Cause:  
But what cares Love for Reason, Rules and Laws?  
Still in my Heart my Shepherdess excells,  
And Part of my new Happiness repells.

not fully grown  
40

Or sung as follows. SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and Part of Reason  
Plead strang on the Parents Side,  
Which Love Superior calls Treason;  
The strongest must be obey'd:*

*For now tho' I'm one of the Gentry,  
My Constancy Falsehood repells;  
For Change in my Heart is no Entry,  
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

ROGER.

ENJOY them baith;—Sir *William* will be won:  
Your *Peggy's* bonny—you're his only Son.

PATIE.

SHE's mine by Vows and stronger Ties of Love,  
And frae these Bands nae Change my Mind shall move.  
I'll wed nane else; through Life I will be true;  
But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

ROGER.  
 Is not our Master and your sell to stay  
 Amang us here,—or are ye gawn away  
 To *London* Court, or ither far aff Parts,  
 To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts? 50

PATIE.  
 To *Edinburgh* straight, Tomorrow we advance'  
 To *London* neist, and afterwards to *France*,  
 Where I maun stay some Years, and learn—to dance,  
 And twa three other Monky-tricks:—That done,  
 I come hame strutting in my Red-heel'd Shoon. shoes  
 Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,  
 That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,  
 For some few Bags of Cash, that I wate weel, know 60  
 I nae mair need nor Carts do a third Wheel:  
 But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,  
 Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

ROGER.  
*THEY* wha have just enough can soundly sleep,  
*The Owrecome* only fashes Fowk to keep.— surplus; troubles  
 Good Mr. *Patrick*, tak your ain Tale hame.

PATIE.  
 WHAT was my Morning Thought, at Night's the same:  
 The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.  
 CONTENT's the greatest Bless we can procure  
 Frae 'boon the Lift.—Without it Kings are poor. from above the sky

ROGER.  
 BUT an Estate, like yours, yields braw Content,  
 When we but pike it scanty on the Bent: pick at; field  
 Fine Claiths, saft Beds, sweet Houses and red Wine,  
 Good Chear, and witty Friends, whene'er ye dine,

Obeysant Servants, Honour, Wealth, and Ease;  
 Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

PATIE.  
 SAE Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss;  
 But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Bliss.  
 The Passions rule the Roast;—and if they're sour,  
 Like the lean Ky, will soon the Fat devour.<sup>1</sup> 80  
 The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride, lost  
 Stang like the sharpest Goads in Gentry's Side.  
 The Gouts and Gravels, and the Ill Disease,  
 Are frequentest with Fowk owerlaid with Ease;<sup>2</sup>  
 While o'er the Muir, the Shepherd, with less Care;  
 Enjoys his sober Wish, and halesome Air.

ROGER.  
 LORD Man, I wonder ay, and it delights  
 My Heart, whene'er I hearken to your Flights.  
 How gat ye a' that Sense I fain wad lear, learn  
 That I may easier Disappointments bear. 90

PATIE.  
 FRAE Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some Skill, choicest  
 These best can teach what's real Good and Ill.  
 Ne'er grudge ilk Year, to ware some Stanes of Cheese, spemd, lay out  
 To gain thae silent Friends that ever please.

ROGER.  
 I'LL do't, and ye sall tell me which to buy:  
 Faith I'se hae Books, tho' I shoud sell my Ky. cows  
 But now, let's hear how you're designed to move  
 Between Sir *William's* Will, and *Peggy's* Love.

<sup>1</sup> Referring of course to Pharoah's dream in Genesis 41.17-21.

<sup>2</sup> Gout and the gravel, related and agonising conditions involving the formation of crystals in the joints and urinary tract respectively, were linked to an excessive consumption of rich food and alcohol and thus perceived as maladies specific to the wealthy.

PATIE.

THEN here it lies,—his Will maun be obey'd,  
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:  
But I sometime this last Design maun hide.  
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here;  
I sent for *Peggy*; yonder comes my dear.

100

ROGER.

PLEAS'D that ye trust me with the Secret, I,  
To wyle it frae me, a' the Deels defy.

devils

*Exit Roger.*

PATIE *solus.*

WITH what a Struggle maun I now impart  
My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart!  
I ken she loves, and her saft Soul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink  
Of Disappointment—Heaven, support my Fair,  
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.  
Her Eyes are red——

holds

110

*Enter Peggy.*

———My *Peggy*, why in Tears?  
Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:  
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think sae high: I now repine  
At the unhappy Chance, that made not me  
A gentle Match, or still a Herd kept thee.  
Wha can, withouten Pain, see frae the Coast  
The Ship that bears his All like to be lost;  
Like to be carried by some Rever's Hand,  
Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land?

120

PATIE.

NE'ER quarrel Fate, whilst it wi me remains,  
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.

My Father has forbid our Loves I own;  
But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.  
I Falsehood hate: Come kiss thy Cares away;  
I ken to love, as well as to obey.  
Sir *William's* generous; leave the Task to me,  
To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

130

PEGGY.

SPEAK on!—speak ever thus, and still my Grief,  
But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.  
New Thoughts a gentler Face will soon inspire,  
That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire;  
Then I, poor me!—with Sighs may ban my Fate,  
When the young Laird's nae mair my hartsome *Pate*:  
Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest,  
By the blythe Shepherd that excell'd the rest:  
Nae mair be envy'd by the tatling Gang,  
When *Patie* kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:  
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!  
And rin haff-breathless round the Rucks of Hay:  
As afitimes I have fled from thee right fain,  
And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane:  
Nae mair around the *Foggy-Knowe* I'll creep,  
To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.  
But hear my Vow—'twill help to gie me Ease,  
May sudden Death, or deadly sair Disease,  
And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,  
If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

curse

140

gladly  
fallen; taken  
hillock

150

Or sung as follows, SANG XVI. Woes my Heart that  
we shou'd sunder.

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my Grief,  
Haud up a Heart that's sinking under  
These Fears, that soon will want Relief,  
When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:*

*A gentler Face, and Silk-attire,  
A Lady rich, in Beauty's Blossom,  
Alake poor me! will now conspire  
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the Shepherd, who excell'd  
The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,  
Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell,  
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,  
Ye Banks where we were wont to wander.  
Sweet scented Rucks round which we play'd,  
Ye'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep  
Around the Know with silent Duty,  
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
And wonder at thy manly Beauty?  
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering Lover,  
Throw Life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a wife to any other.*

PATIE.

SURE Heaven approves;—and be assur'd of me,  
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:  
And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a While,  
And I maun leave my Peggy and this Isle;  
Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,  
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.  
I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move  
The fair foundation of our faithful Love.  
If at my feet were Crowns and Scepters laid,  
To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;  
For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior Things  
To sic as hae the Patience to be Kings.  
Wherefore that Tear? believe, and calm thy Mind.

10

20

160

PEGGY.

I greet for Joy, to hear thy Words sae kind.  
When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Despair     dark  
Made me think Life was little worth my Care,  
My Heart was like to burst; But now I see  
Thy generous Thoughts will save thy Love for me.  
With Patience then, I'll wait each wheeling Year,     170  
Hope Time away till thou with Joy appear.  
And all the while I'll study gentler Charms,  
To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms;  
I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud*;—he's far frae Fool,  
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,  
Where I may Manners learn—————

Or sung as follows, SANG XVII. *Tweed-side.*

*When Hope was quite sunk in Despair,  
My Heart it was going to break;  
My Life appear'd worthless my Care,  
But now I will sav't for thy Sake.  
Where'er my Love travels by Day,  
Wherever he lodges by Night,  
With me his dear Image shall stay,  
And my Soul keep him e'er in Sight.*

*With Patience I'll wait the long Year,  
And study the gentlest Charms:     10  
Hope Time away till thou appear,  
To lock thee for ay in those Arms.  
Whilst thou was a Shepherd, I priz'd  
No higher Degree in this Life;  
But now I'll endeavour to rise  
To a Height is becoming thy Wife.*

*For Beauty that's only Skin deep,  
Must fade like the Gowans of May,     daisies  
But inwardly rooted, will keep  
For ever, without a Decay.     20  
Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,  
Can quench the fair Fire of Love.*

*If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,  
And the Husband have Sense to approve.*

PATIE.

—————That's wisely said,  
And what your Uncle wares shall be well paid.  
Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,  
Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart; 180  
Yet now, lest in our Station we offend,  
We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend; i.e. fashions  
Affect aft-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,  
And, for the Fashion, when we're blythe seem wae:  
Pay Compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,  
Then scandalize them when their Backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is Gentry, I had rather be  
What I am still;—but I'll be ought with thee. 190

PATIE.

No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest  
With Gentry's Apes; for still, amangst the best,  
Good Manners give Integrity a Bleeze, blaze i.e. glory  
When native Virtues join the Arts to please.

PEGGY.

SINCE with nae Hazard, and sae small Expence,  
My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sense; such  
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous Sea  
Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?  
Sir *William's* cruel, that wad force his Son,  
For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run. 200

PATIE.

THERE is nae Doubt, but Travelling does improve;  
Yet I oulad shun it for thy sake, my Love:

But soon as I've shook aff my Landwart Cast  
In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

PEGGY.

WITH every setting Day, and rising Morn,  
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe Return.  
Under that Tree, and on the *Suckler Brae*, clover slopes  
Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;  
And to the *Hissel Shaw*, where first ye vow'd hazel-wood  
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd, easily believed  
I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,  
With Joy, that they'll bear Witness I am yours.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVIII. Bush aboon *Traquair*.

*At setting Day and rising Morn,  
With Soul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe Return,  
With all that can improve thee.  
I'll visit aoft the Birkin-bush,  
Where first thou kindly told me  
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,  
Whilst round thou didst infold me.*

*To all our Haunts I will repair,  
To Greenwood-shaw or Fountain; 10  
Or where the Summer-day I'd share  
With thee, upon yon Mountain.  
There will I tell the Trees and Flowers,  
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours  
A Heart whjich cannot wander.*

PATIE.

MY Dear, allow me, frae thy Temples fair,  
A shining Ringlet of thy flowin Hair;  
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,  
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my Arm.

PEGGY.

WER'T in my Power with better Boons to please,  
I'd give the best I could with the same Ease:  
Nor wad I, if thy Luck had fallen to me,  
Been in ae Jot less generous to thee.

220

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 with Kisses on the Heart imprest.

waste

*Exeunt.*

*End of the Fourth ACT.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like an possess,*  
*And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:*  
*Bare leg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,*  
*See the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.*

one

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early Hour,  
While drowsy Sleep keeps a' benath its Power?  
Far to the North the scant approaching Light  
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.  
What gars ye shake and glowre, and look sae wan?  
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stad'.

10

BAULDY.

O len me soon some Water, Milk or Ale,  
My Head's grown giddy,—Legs with shaking fail;  
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at Night my lane;  
Alake! I'll never be my sell again.

alone

I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon!* O *Symon!* O!

get over

*Symon gives him a Drink.*

SYMON.

WHAT ails thee, Gowk!—to mak sae lood ad?  
You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his Bed,  
He comes, I fear ill-pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

*Enter Sir William.*

*Sir WILL.*

How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?  
*Symon*, your very timeously asteer.

stirring 20

SYMON.

I'M sorry, Sir, that we've disturbed your Rest;  
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit opprest;  
He's seen some *Witch*, or wrestl'd with a Ghaist.



BAULDY.

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

*Sir WILL. smiling.*

I lang to hear't. \_\_\_\_\_

BAULDY.

\_\_\_\_\_ Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Mause*,  
That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,  
First promis'd that she'd help me, with her art,  
To gain a bonny thrawart Lassie's Heart.  
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night;  
But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!  
For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing me good,  
(The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)  
Rais'd up a Ghaist or Deel, I kenna whilk,  
Like a dead Corse, in Sheet as white as Milk.  
Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death;  
Upon me fast the *Witch* and *it* fell baith.  
And gat me down, while I like a great Fool,  
Was laboured as I wont to be at School:  
My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,  
I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,  
Till with an elritch Laugh, they vanish'd quite;  
Syne I, haf dead with Anger, Fear and Spite,  
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,  
Hoping your Help, to gi'e the Deel his Due.  
I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,  
Till, in a fat Tar-barrel *Mause* be brunt.

dwells above

perverse 30

40

i.e. belaboured, beaten  
husk, body; jump

hideous, uncanny

crept

*Sir WILL.*

WELL, *Bauldy*, what e'er's just shall granted be;  
Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

50

BAULDY.

THANKS to your *Honour*, soon shall I obey;  
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,  
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,  
And cast her Cantraips that bring up the Deel.  
*Exit Bauldy*

more

spells

*Sir WILL.*

TROTH, *Symon*, *Bauldy's* more afraid than hurt,  
The Witch and Ghaist have made themselfess good Sport.  
What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,  
That is throw Want of Education, blind!<sup>1</sup>

SYMON.

BUT does your *Honour* think there's nae sic Thing,  
As Witches raising Deels up through a Ring;  
Syne playing Tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,  
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

60

then

*Sir WILL.*

SUCH as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,  
Amongst a few auld Women, craz'd and poor,  
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp  
O'er Braes and Bogs, with candles in his Dowp,  
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd Cow,  
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a Sow:  
Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,  
While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broomstaffs ride;  
Or in and Egg-shell skim out o'r the Main,  
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*:  
Then aft by Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,

backside

names for a dog and a cat

70

confuse

<sup>1</sup> The Witchcraft Act was in force in Scotland between 1563 and 1736, in which period we have records of approaching 4,000 accusations, 85% of them against women; on quite thin evidence historians guess that around two-thirds of these were executed, almost always by strangling at the stake before the body was burned. Despite Sir William's enlightened scepticism, the Scotland to which he has returned will soon enter one of its periodical witchcraft scares, that of 1661-2, involving nearly 700 cases. When *The Gentle Shepherd* was first published in 1725, the last (as it turned out) execution for witchcraft in Scotland was still two years in the future (of Janet Horne in Dornoch in 1727).

By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools:  
What e'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,  
Such Whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch  
Haed either meikle Sense, or yet was rich:  
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,  
And lives a quiet and very honest Life.  
That gars me think this *Hobleshew* that's past  
Will end in naithing but a Joke at last.

80

noise and fuss

*Sir WILL.*

I'M sure it will;—but see increasing Light,  
Commands the Imps of Darkness down to Night;  
Bid raise my Servants, and my Horse prepare,  
Whilst I walk out to tak the Morning Air.

SANG XXI. Bony gray-ey'd Morn.

*The bony grey-ey'd Morning begins to peep,  
And Darkness flies before the rising Ray,  
The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,  
To follow healthful Labours of the Day,  
Withoot a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,  
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,  
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plow,  
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss,  
Of half an Estate, the Prey of a Main,  
The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and toss,  
Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.  
Be my Portion Health and Quietness of Mind,  
Plac'd at a due Distance from Parties and State,*

*Where neither Ambition nor Avarice blind,  
Reach him wha has Happiness link'd to his Fate.  
Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,  
With a blew Snood Jenny binds up her Hair;  
Glaud by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek,  
The rising Sun shines motty throw the Reek,  
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lasses please his Een,  
And now and then his Joke maun interveen.*

hair ribbon  
fireside; warms himself  
smoke  
eyes  
must

GLAUD.

I Wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night,  
Ye do not use sae soon to see the Light;  
Nae Doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,  
To take your leave of *Patrick* or he gang:  
But do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,  
That he poor Landwart Lasses will regaird?

before he goes

rustic

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,  
And kiss'd my Cusin there frae Lug to Lug.

ear to ear

GLAUD.

AY, ay, nae Doubt o't, and he'll do't again;  
But be advised, his Company refrain:  
Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife,  
With her to live a chaste and frugal Life;  
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake  
Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

20

PEGGY.

A Rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,  
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

GLAUD.  
 DAFT lassie, ye ken naught of the Affair;  
 Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare:      pretty, very  
 A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame,  
 To do what like of us thinks Sin to name.  
 Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never stap,  
 To brag how aften they have had the Clap.      30  
 They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith flush'd,      youth  
 Syne mak ye a' their Jest, when ye're debauch'd.      then  
 Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e  
 Encouragement, or board with sic as he.

PEGGY.  
 SIR *William's* vertuous, and of gentle Blood;  
 And may not *Patrick* too like him be good?

GLAUD.  
 THAT's true; and mony Gentry mae than he,  
 As they are wiser, better are than we;  
 But thinner sawn: They're sae puft up with Pride,      sown  
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,      each holy 40  
 That shaws the Gate to Heaven.—I've heard my sell,  
 Some of them laugh at Doom's-day, Sin, and 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, and drink.  
 But I'm no sayin this, as if I thought  
 That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.  
 THE LORD forbid!—Na, he kens better Things:      knows  
 But here comes Aunt, her Face some Ferly brings.      wonder 50

*Enter Madge.*

MADGE.  
 HASTE, haste ye, we're a' sent for owre the Gate,      way  
 To hear and help to redd some odd Debate      sort out  
 'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft Spell,  
 At *Symon's* House: the Knight sits Judge himsel.

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 and red with greeting *look* her Een?      crying; eyes  
 This day her brankan Woorer takes his Horse,      prancing  
 To strut a gentle Spark at Edinburgh Cross:      60  
 To change his Kent, cut frae the branchy Plain      shepherd's staff  
 For a nice Sword, and glancing headed Cane;  
 To leave his Ram-horn Spoons, and kitted Whey,      basined  
 For gentler Tea, that smells like new won Hay:  
 To leave the Green-sward Dance, when we gae milk,  
 To rustle amang the Beauties clad in Silk.  
 But *Meg*, poor *Meg!* maun with the Shepherds stay,  
 And tak what God will send in Hodden-gray.      course cloth

PEGGY.  
 DEAR Aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your Scorn?      vex  
 That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.      70  
 Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,  
 I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green.  
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?  
 If he's made for another he'll ne'er be mine;  
 And then the like has been, if the Decree  
 Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

MADGE.  
A bonny Story, truth!—But we delay;  
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away.

*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Sir William fills the Twa arm'd Chair,  
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mause  
Attend, and, with loud Laughter, hear  
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his Cause:  
For now 'tis tell'd him that the Taz  
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,  
Because he brak good Breeding's Laws,  
And, with his Nonsense, rais'd their Rage.*

*tawse, whip*

Sir WILL.  
AND was that all? Well, *Bauldy*, ye was serv'd  
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.  
Was it so small a Matter to defame,  
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name?  
Besides your going about to have betray'd,  
By Perjury an innocent young Maid.

10

BAULDY.  
SIR, I confess my Faut thro' a' the Steps,  
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

*fault*

MAUSE.  
THUS far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,  
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

*knew*

BAULDY.  
AN'T like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;  
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the Deel;

20

Yet with your *Honour's* Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,  
She's baith a slee and a revengfu—  
And that my *Some-place* finds;—but I had best  
Had in my Tongue, for yonder comes the *Gaist*,  
And the young bonny *Witch*, whase rosy cheek  
Sent me, without my Wit, the Deel to seek.

*both; sly*

*hold; ghost*

*Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.*

*Sir WILL. looking at Peggy.*

WHOSE Daughter's she that wears th' *Aurora* Gown,  
With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely Brown?  
How sparkling are her Eyes! what's this I find?  
The Girle brings all my Sister to my Mind.  
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,  
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.  
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud*? —————

30

GLAUD.

—————Sir, she's my Niece,—  
And yet she's not:—but I should had my Peace.

*Sir WILL.*

THIS is a Contradiction.—What d'ye mean?  
She is, and is not! pray thee, *Glaud*, explain.

GLAUD.

BECAUSE, I doubt, if I should make appear  
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year.

MAUSE.

YOU may reveal what I can fully clear.

40

*Sir WILL.*

SPEAK soon; I'm all impatience!—

PATIE.

—————So am I!  
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

THEN, since my Master orders, I obey.—  
This BONNY FUNDLING ae clear morn of *May*,  
Close by the Lee-side of my Door I found,  
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round, covered  
In Infant-weeds of rich and gentle Make.  
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?  
Wha, warse than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air 50  
Sae much of Innocence, sae sweetly fair,  
Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me,  
Only about twa Towmonds auld to be. two years old  
I took her in my Arms, the Bairny smil'd,  
With sic a Look wad made a Savage mild.  
I hid the Story; she has past sinesyne, since then  
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine.  
Nor do I rue my Care about the Wean,  
For she's well worth the Pains that I hae tane.  
Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good, 60  
And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood;  
Of whom I kenna,—naithing ken I mair,  
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

*Sir WILL.*

THIS tale seems strange! —————

PATIE.

—————The Tale delights my Ear!

*Sir WILL.*

COMMAND your Joys, young Man, till Truth appear.

MAUSE.

THAT be my Task;—now, Sir, bid all be hush,  
*Peggy* may smile—thou hast no Cause to blush.  
Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,  
That I might safely to the Truth give Way; 70  
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name,  
The best and nearest Friend that she can claim.  
He saw't at first, and, with quick Eye did trace,  
His Sister's Beauty in her Daughter's Face.

*Sir WILL.*

OLD Woman, do not rave,—prove what you say;  
'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

WHAT Reason, Sir, can an old 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. 80

OMNES.

THE Story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

*Sir WILL.*

MAK haste, good Woman, and resolve each Doubt.

*Mause goes forward, leading  
Peggy to Sir William*

MAUSE.

SIR, view me well, has Fifteen Years so plow'd,  
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd.  
That here I as and unknown Stranger stand,  
Who nurs't her Mother that now holds my Hand?  
Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir WILL.

HA, honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before?  
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more;  
Yet, from the Lab'rinth, to lead out my Mind,  
Say, to expose her, wha was so unkind?

90

*Sir William embraces Peggy,  
And makes her sit by him.*

YES surely thou'rt my Niece, Truth must prevail:  
But no more Words till *Mause* relate her Tale.

PATIE.

GOOD Nurse, go on, nae Musick's haff sae fine,  
Or can give Pleasure like these Words of thine.

MAUSE.

THEN it was I that sav'd her Infant-life,  
Her Death being threatned by an Uncle's Wife.  
The Story's lang, but I the Secret knew;  
How they pursu'd, with avaritious View,  
Her rich Estate; of which they're now possesst:  
All this to me a Confident confest.  
I heard with Horror, and with trembling Dread,  
They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.  
That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,  
At Midnight Hour the Floor I saftly prest;  
And staw the sleeping Innocent away,  
With 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 needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.  
Then Fear of being found out, I to secure  
My *Charge*, e'en laid her at this Shepherd's Door.  
And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I,  
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.  
Here, honest *Glaud* himsell, and *Symon* may  
Remember well, how I that very Day,

100

smother; innocent

stole

110

*Frae Roger's Father* took my little *Crove*.

GLAUD, *with Tears of Joy happing down his Beard.*

I well remember't: LORD reward your love.  
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,  
Sic Knowledge sometime should about be brought.

120

PATIE.

'Tis now a Crime to doubt;—my Joys are full,  
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.  
Sir, with paternal Love, survey her Charms,  
And blame me not for rushing to her Arms:  
She's mine by Vows; and would, tho' still unknown,  
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir WILL.

MY Niece, my Daughter, welcome to my Care,  
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,  
Equal with *Patrick*; now my greatest Aim,  
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well match'd Flame.  
My Boy, receive her from your Father's Hand,  
With as good Will as either would demand.

130

*Patie and Peggy embrace,  
And kneel to Sir William.*

PATIE.

WITH as much Joy this Blessing I receive,  
As ane wad Life, that's sinking in a Wave.

*Sir WILL. raises them.*

I give you both my Blessing; may your Love  
Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

PEGGY.

MY Wishes are complete,—my Joys arise,  
While I'm haff dizzy wi the blest Surprise.

And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,  
That for me so much generous Kindness had?  
Lang may Sir *William* bless these happy Plains,  
Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains.

140

PATIE.  
Be lang our Guardian, still our Master be,  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:  
The Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

give

GLAUD.  
I hope your Honour now will take Amends  
Of them that sought her Life for wicked Ends.

*Sir WILL.*  
The base unnatural Villain soon shall know,  
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below.  
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

150

PEGGY.  
To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate,  
Seem light, when put in Balance wi my *Pate*;  
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow  
For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

always

SYMON.  
WHAT dooble Blythness wakens up this Day!  
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away?  
Sall I unsadle your Horse, and gar prepare  
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?  
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow  
Our Looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:  
Even *Bauldy* the bewitch'd has quite forgot  
Fell *Madge's* Taz, and pawky *Mause's* Plot.

160

hang; two

witty, sly

*Sir WILL.*  
KINDLY old Man,—remain with you this Day!  
I never from these Fields again shall stray;  
*Masons* and *Wrights* shall soon my House repair,  
And busy Gardners shall new Planting rear;  
My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see  
Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoice with me.

170

SYMON.  
THAT's the best News I heard this twenty Year;  
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

GLAUD.  
GOD save the King, and save Sir *William* lang,  
T'enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

ROGER.  
WHA winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?  
What Shepherd's Whistle winna lilt the Spring?

who will not  
tune

BAULDY.  
I'M Friends with *Mause*,—with very *Madge* I'm 'greed,  
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fled.  
I'm now fu' blythe, and frankly can forgive,  
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live*.

beat; madly; stung

180

MADGE.  
LANG may he live;—and, *Bauldy*, learn to steek  
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye speak,  
And never ca' her auld that wants a Man,  
Else ye may yet some Witch's Fingers ban.  
This Day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,  
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt  
Of our young Lady,—my dear bonny Bairn!

shut  
mouth for a bit

curse

PEGGY.

No other Name I'll ever for ye learn—  
And, my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be  
For a' thy matchless Kindness done for me!

190

MAUSE.

THE flowing Pleasures of this happy Day,  
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir WILL.

To faithful *Symon*, and kind *Glaud*, to you,  
And to your Heirs I give in endless Feu,  
The Mailens ye possess, as justly due  
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,  
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.  
*Mause*, in my House, in Calmness close your Days,  
With nought to do but sing your Maker's Praise.

tenure  
rented farms

OMNES.

THE LORD of Heaven return your Honour's Love.  
Confirm your Joys, and a' your blessings rove.

200

PATIE *presenting Roger to Sir WILL.*

SIR, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd  
My Bosom Secrets ere I was a Laird:  
*Glaud's* Daughter *Janet* (*Jenny* thinkna Shame)  
Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:  
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,  
And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son;  
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,  
That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

none

Sir WILL.

MY Son's Demand is fair,—*Glaud*, let me crave,  
That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have,

210

With frank Consent; and while he does remain  
Upon these Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

GLAUD.

YOU crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we say,  
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?  
Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey.  
*Roger*, my Daughter, with my Blessing, take,  
And still our Master's Right your Business make.  
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head  
Shall nod with Quietness doun among the Dead.

bankrupts

220

ROGER.

I ne'er was good a speaking a' my Days,  
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a Fraise;  
But for my Master, Father and my Wife,  
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

loved

Sir WILL.

MY Friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave  
Each in his Station as I'd wish or crave.  
Be ever vertuous, soon or late ye'll find  
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.  
The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild;  
And oft when Hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.  
Aft when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair,  
Some happy Turn, with Joy, dispells our Care.  
Now all's at Rights, who sings best, let me hear.

PEGGY.

WHEN you demand, I readiest should obey:  
I'll sing ye ane the newest that I hae.



SANG XX. Corn Riggs are bonny.

*My PATIE is a Lover gay,  
His Mind is never muddy;  
His Breath is sweeter than new Hay;  
His Face is fair and ruddy:  
His Shape is handsome, middle Size,  
He's comely in his Wawking;  
The Shining of his E'en surprise:  
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a Bawk,  
Where yellow Corn was growing,  
There mony a kindly Word he spake,  
That set my Heart a glowing.  
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And loo'd me best of ony,  
That gars me like to sing since syne,  
O Corn Riggs are bonny.*

*Let Lasses of a silly Mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding were design'd  
We chastly should be granting.*

*Then I'll comply and marry PATE,  
And syne my Cockernony  
He's free to tousle air or late,  
Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.*

*FINIS.*

Robert Fergusson (1750–1774)

CALLER OYSTERS.<sup>1</sup>

*Happy the man who, free from care and strife,  
In silken or in leathern purse retains  
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain  
New oysters cry'd, nor signs for cheerful ale.*

PHILLIPS<sup>2</sup>

Of a' the waters that can hobble	all; move	
A fishin yole or salmon coble,	yawl	
And can reward the fishers trouble,		
Or south or north	either	
There's nane sae spacious and sae noble	none so	
As Firth o' Forth.		
In her the skate and codlin sail,		
The eil sou souple wags her tail,	eel	
Wi' herrin' fleuk, and mackerel,	with	
And whitens dainty:		10
Their spindle-shanks the lobsters trail,		
Wi' partans plenty.	crabs	
AULD REIKIE's sons blyth faces wear; <sup>3</sup>	cheerful	
September's merry month is near,		
That brings in Neptune's caller cheer, <sup>4</sup>	fresh	
New oysters fresh;		
The halesomest and nicest gear	most wholesome; stuff	
Of fish or flesh.		

<sup>1</sup> "Caller" means fresh. This and "Elegy on the Death of Scots Music" are reproduced from Fergusson's *Poems* of 1773, the only volume of his work published in his lifetime. Until heavy industry and booming cities poisoned its coastline, oysters were common around Britain: a cheap food available to the urban poor, not the luxury item they are today.

<sup>2</sup> These are the first lines of John Phillips, *The Splendid Shilling* (1705).

<sup>3</sup> "Auld Reekie" ("Old Smokie") was a common nickname for Edinburgh.

<sup>4</sup> Oysters spawn in the summer months and are generally not eaten then.

O! then we needna gie a plack	needn't give tuppence	
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,	wandering	20
Wha o' their drogs sae bauldly crack,	who; so boldy boast	
And spread sic notions,	such	
As gar their feckless patient tak	makes	
Their stinking potions.		

Come prie, frail man! For gin thou <i>art sick</i> ,	taste; if	
The oyster is a rare cathartic,		
As ever doctor patient gart lick	made	
To cure his ails;		
Whether you hae the head or heart-ache,	have	
It ay prevails.	always	30

Ye tipplers, open a' your poses,	stores of money	
Ye wha are faush'd wi' plouky noses,	vexed	
Fling owr your craig sufficient doses,	throat	
You'll thole a hunder,	manage	
To fleg awa' your simmer roses, <sup>5</sup>	frighten	
And naething under.		

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,	run	
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin,	if; soaked	
To <i>Luckie Middlemist's</i> loup in, <sup>6</sup>		
And sit fu snug	perfectly	40
Oe'r oysters and a dram o' gin,		
Or haddock lug.		

When auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,	eight	
Gars merchant lowns their chopies lock,	makes; folk; shops	
There we adjourn wi' hearty fock	folk	
To birle our bodles,	blow our cash	
And get wharewi' to crack our joke,		
And clear our noddles.	heads	

<sup>5</sup> "Simmer roses": the skin eruption caused by excessive drinking.

<sup>6</sup> Luckie Middlemass kept a famous oyster tavern in the Cowgate.





MINSTRELSY  
OF THE  
SCOTTISH BORDER:  
CONSISTING OF  
HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC BALLADS,  
COLLECTED  
IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF SCOTLAND; WITH A FEW OF  
MODERN DATE,  
FOUNDED UPON LOCAL TRADITION.  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. I

The songs, to savage virtue dear  
That won of yore the public ear,  
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,  
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.—WARTON<sup>1</sup>

KELSO:  
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE,  
FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON;  
AND SOLD BY MANNERS AND MILLER, AND A. CONSTABLE, EDINBURGH

1802.

TO  
HIS GRACE,  
HENRY,  
*DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, &c. &c. &c.*  
THESE TALES,  
WHICH,  
IN ELDER TIMES, HAVE CELEBRATED THE PROWESS,  
AND  
CHEERED THE HALLS,  
OF

*HIS GALLANT ANCESTORS,*

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
HIS GRACE'S MUCH OBLIGED  
AND  
MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, *Dec.* 31. 1801

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Warton (1728–90), “Ode for the New Year 1787” II, ll.3–6; from *Poems on Various Subjects* (1791).

[From Volume I]

## INTRODUCTION<sup>2</sup>

...  
LESLEY, who dedicates to the description of border manners, a chapter which we have already often quoted, notices particularly the taste of the marchmen for music and ballad poetry. "*Placent admodum sidi sua musica, et rythmicis suis cantonibus, quas de majorum suorum gestis aut ingeniosis predandi precandive strategatematis ipsi confingunt.*"—LESLÆUS, in *capitulo de moribus eorum qui Scotiæ limites Angliam versus incolunt.*<sup>3</sup> The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music. The muse, whose effusions are the amusement of a very small part of a polished nation, records, in the lays of inspiration, the history, the laws, the very religion, of savages.—Where the pen and the press are wanting, the flow of numbers impresses upon the memory of posterity, the deeds and sentiments of their forefathers. Verse is naturally connected with music; and, among a rude people, the union is seldom broken. By this natural alliance, the lays, "steeped in the stream of harmony," are more easily retained by the reciter, and produce upon his audience a more impressive effect.—Hence, there has hardly been found a nation so brutishly rude, as not to listen with enthusiasm to the songs of

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<sup>2</sup> The following extract comes from the last thirty-odd pages (xc–cxx) of Scott's introduction in the first edition. The previous 90 concern the social and military history of the borders, concentrating on the great families of the area, and local superstitions. There follow another 28 pages of appendices to the introduction, reproducing historical accounts and documents, MS poems from the period, and "Supplemental Stanzas to Collin's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands" by William Erskine, Advocate, one of Scott's Edinburgh legal pals ("The reader must observe, that these verses form a continuation of the address by COLLINS to the author of *Douglas*, exhorting him to celebrate the traditions of Scotland"). All this occupies around a third of volume 1, before the reader arrives at the first of the ballads promised on the contents page.

<sup>3</sup> John Leslie (1527–1596), *De origine, moribus et rebus gestis Scotorum* (Rome, 1578), a Latin history of Scotland from the earliest times.

their bards, recounting the exploits of their forefathers, recording their laws and moral precepts, or hymning the praises of their deities. But, where the feelings are frequently stretched to the highest tone, by the vicissitudes of a life of danger and military adventure, this predisposition of a savage people to admire their own rude poetry and music, is heightened, and its tone becomes peculiarly determined.—It is not the peaceful Hindú at his loom, it is not the timid Esquimaux in his canoe, whom we must expect to glow at the war song of TYRTÆUS.<sup>4</sup> The music and the poetry of each country must keep pace with the usual tone of mind, as well as with the state of society.

The morality of their compositions is determined by the same circumstances. Those themes are necessarily chosen by the bard, which regard the favourite exploits of the hearers; and he celebrates only those virtues, which from infancy he has been taught to admire. Hence, as remarked by LESLEY, the music and songs of the borders were of a military nature, and celebrated the valour and success of their predatory expeditions. Razing, like SHAKESPEARE'S pirate, the eighth commandment from the decalogue,<sup>5</sup> the minstrels praised their chieftains for the very exploits, against which the laws of the country pronounced a capital doom. An outlawed freebooter was to them a more interesting person, than the king of Scotland exerting his power to punish his depredations; and, when the characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant. SPENSER'S description of the bards of Ireland applies in some degree to our ancient border poets. "There is among the Irish a certain kinde of people called bardes, which are to them instead of poets; whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men, in their poems or rithmes; the which are had in such high regard or esteem amongst them, that none dare displease them for fear of running into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men; for their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certain other persons whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them." SPENSER, having bestowed due praise upon the poets who sung the praises of the good and the virtuous, informs us, that the bards, on the contrary,

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<sup>4</sup> A Spartan poet, who wrote patriotic and martial poems during his city's Second Messinian War (685–667 B.C.).

<sup>5</sup> The eighth commandment is of course "Thou shalt not steal." Scott alludes to Lucio's joke, in *Measure for Measure*, about "the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table" (act I scene ii).

“seldom use to chuse unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but whomsoever they finde to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience, and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rithmes; him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow.” *Eudoxus*—“I marvel what kinds of speeches they can find, or what faces they can put on, to praise such bad persons, as live so lawlessly and licentiously upon stealths and spoyles, as most of them do; or how they can think that any good mind will applaud or approve the same.” In answer to this question, *Irenæus*, after remarking the giddy and restless disposition of the ill educated youth of Ireland, which make them prompt to receive evil counsel, adds, that such a person, “if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him any encouragement, as those bards and rithmers do, for little reward, or a share of a stolen cow,<sup>6</sup> then waxeth he most insolent, and half-mad with the love of himself and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of a most notorious thief, and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life-time of spoils and robberies, one of their bardes will say, ‘that he was none of the idle milk-sops that was brought up by the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprizes; that he never did eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night sluggin in his cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but, where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men’s love, and left but lamentations to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, or lays of love, but the cries of people, and clashing of armour; and, finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death.’ Do you not think, *Eudoxus*, that many of these praises might be applied to men of best deserts? Yet are they all yielded to a most notable traitor, and amongst

<sup>6</sup> The reward of the Welch bards, and perhaps of those upon the border, was very similar. It was enacted by HOWEL DHA, that if the king’s bard played before a body of warriors upon a predatory excursion, he should receive in recompence the best cow which the party carried off.—*Leges Walliæ*, l. I, cap. 19. [Scott’s note]

some of the Irish not smally accounted of.”—*State of Ireland*.<sup>7</sup> The same concurrence of circumstances, so well pointed out by SPENSER, as dictating the topics of the Irish bards, tuned the border harps to the praise of an outlawed ARMSTRONG or MURRAY.<sup>8</sup>

For similar reasons, flowing from the state of society, the reader must not expect to find in the border ballads, refined sentiment, and, far less, elegant expression; although the style of such compositions has, in modern hands, been found highly susceptible of both. But passages might be pointed out, in which the rude minstrel has melted in natural pathos, or risen into rude energy. Even where these graces are totally wanting, the interest of the stories themselves, and the curious picture of manners which they frequently present, authorise them to claim some respect from the public. But it is not the editor’s present intention to enter upon a history of border poetry; from which, should circumstances permit, he intends to form the introduction of the intended third volume of this work.<sup>9</sup> He will, therefore, now lay before the reader the plan of the present publication; pointing out the authorities from which his materials are derived, and slightly noticing the nature of the different classes into which he has arranged them.

The MINSTRELSY of the SCOTTISH BORDER contains three classes of poems:

I. HISTORICAL BALLADS.

II. ROMANTIC.

III. IMITATIONS OF THESE COMPOSITIONS BY MODERN AUTHORS.

<sup>7</sup> The poet Edmund Spenser (c.1552–90) was involved in the ongoing conquest and settlement of Ireland under Elizabeth I, and published an account of the country (*A View of the State of Ireland, written dialogue-wise betweene Eudoxus and Irenæus*, 1596) to justify this process.

<sup>8</sup> The first ballad in the collection is “The Sang of the Outlaw Murray”, the third is “Johnie Armstrang”.

<sup>9</sup> Thus the introduction to the first, two-volume edition of 1802. The third volume which appeared the following year has no such introduction; in the general introduction to the second, three-volume edition, “a history of border poetry” has become “a subject of great difficulty, and which the extent of his information does not as yet permit him to engage in” (cxvii).

The HISTORICAL BALLAD relates events, which we either know actually to have taken place, or which, at least, making due allowance for the exaggerations of poetical tradition, we may readily conceive to have had some foundation in history. For reasons already mentioned, such ballads were early current upon the border. BARBOUR informs us, that he thinks it unnecessary to rehearse the account of a victory in Eskdale over the English, because

—Quhasa lik, thai may her  
 Young wemen, quhen thai will play,  
 Syng it among thaim ilk day.—  
*The Bruce, Book xvi.*<sup>10</sup>

GODSCROFT also, in his history of the House of DOUGLAS, written in the reign of James VI, alludes more than once to the ballads current upon the border, in which the exploits of those heroes were celebrated.<sup>11</sup> Such is the passage relating to the death of WILLIAM DOUGLAS, lord of Liddisdale, slain by the Earl of DOUGLAS, his kinsman, his godson, and his chief.<sup>12</sup> Similar strains of lamentation were poured by the border poets over the

<sup>10</sup> John Barbour (c.1320–95) wrote *The Actes and Life of the Most Victorious Conquerour, Robert Bruce King of Scotland* in about 1376.

<sup>11</sup> John Hume of Godscroft (1558–c.1630), *The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus* (Edinburgh 1644). Scott is using an edition of this book published in 1743: see Introduction to “The Battle of Otterbourne”.

<sup>12</sup> The lord of Liddesdale being at his pastime, hunting in Ettrick forest, is beset by WILLIAM, Earl of DOUGLAS, and such as he had ordained for the purpose; and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galsewood, in the year 1353, upon a jealousy that the Earl had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth; for, so says the old song,

The Countess of Douglas out of her bower she came,  
 And loudly there that she did call—  
 —“It is for the lord of Liddesdale,  
 That I let all these tears down fall.”—

The song also declareth how she did write her love letters to LIDDESDALE, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his own killing at Galsewood; and how he was carried the first night to Lindin kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the abbacy of Melross.—  
*Godscroft, VOL. I, p.144, Ed. 1743. [Scott’s note]*

tomb of the hero of Otterbourne (p.28);<sup>13</sup> and over the unfortunate youths who were dragged to an ignominious death, from the very table at which they partook of the hospitality of their sovereign. The only stanza preserved of this last ballad is uncommonly animated—

Edinburgh castle, town and toure,  
 God grant thou sink for sinne!  
 And that even for the black dinoure,  
 Erl Douglas gat therein.

Who will not regret, with the editor, that compositions of such interest and antiquity should be now irrecoverable? But it is the nature of popular poetry, as of popular applause, perpetually to shift with the objects of time; and it is the frail chance of recovering some old manuscript which can alone gratify our curiosity regarding the earlier efforts of the border muse. Some of her later strains, composed during the sixteenth century, have survived even to the present day; but the recollection of them has, of late years, become like that of “a tale which was told”<sup>14</sup>. . . . [I]n a list of books, printed and sold by P.BROOKSBY (1688), occurs “Dick-a-the Caw,”<sup>15</sup> containing north country songs.” Could this collection have been found, it would probably have thrown much light on the present publication: but the editor has been obliged to draw his materials chiefly from oral tradition.

The causes of the preservation of these songs have either entirely ceased, or are gradually decaying.—Whether they were originally the composition of minstrels, professing the joint arts of poetry and music, or whether they were the occasional effusions of some self-taught bard; is a question into which I do not here mean to enquire. But it is certain, that, till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositories of oral, and particularly of poetical, tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their

<sup>13</sup> Another Earl of Douglas, James, killed at the battle of Otterburn in 1388 (“Battle of Otterbourne” is the second ballad in the first volume of the *Minstrelsy*.)

<sup>14</sup> [quote marks added in later editions.]

<sup>15</sup> That is, cow: “Dick o’ the Cow” is another of the ballads in volume I of the *Minstrelsy*.



lodging, and they were usually farther repaid with a donation of seed corn.<sup>16</sup> This order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggy Lauder*, who thus addresses a piper—

“Live ye upo’ the border?”

By means of these men much traditional poetry was preserved, which must otherwise have perished. Other itinerants, not professed musicians, found their welcome to their night’s quarters readily insured by their knowledge in legendary lore. JOHN GRÆME, of Sowport, in Cumberland, commonly called *The Long Quaker*, a person of this latter description, is still alive;<sup>17</sup> and several of the songs, now published, have been taken down from his recitation. The shepherds also, and aged persons, in the recesses of the Border mountains, frequently remember and repeat the warlike songs of their fathers. This is more especially the case in what are called the *South Highlands*, where, in many instances, the same families have occupied the same possessions for centuries.

It is chiefly from this latter source that the editor has drawn his materials, most of which were collected many years ago, during his early youth. But he has been enabled, in many instances, to supply and correct the

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<sup>16</sup> These town pipers, an institution of great antiquity upon the borders, were certainly the last remains of the minstrel race. ROBIN HASTIE, town piper of Jedburgh, perhaps the last of the order, died four or five years ago; his family were supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin himself a wretched performer; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him. The town pipers received a livery and salary from the community to which they belonged; and, in some burghs, they had also a small allotment of land, called the Piper’s Croft. For further particulars regarding them—See *Introduction to Complaynt of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1801, p. 142. [Scott’s note]

<sup>17</sup> This person is perhaps the last of our professed ballad reciters, and is now upwards of eighty years of age. He was by profession an itinerant cleaner of clocks and watches; but a stentorian voice, and a most tenacious memory, qualified him eminently for remembering accurately, and reciting with energy, the border gathering songs and tales of war. His memory is now much impaired by age; yet the number of verses which he can still pour forth, and the animation of his tone and gestures, form a most extraordinary contrast to his extreme feebleness of person, and dotage of mind. [Scott’s note to the first edition; the second edition notes its subject’s death in the intervening year.]

deficiencies of his own copies, from a collection of border songs, frequently referred to in the work, under the title of *Glenriddell’s MS*. This was compiled from various sources by the late Mr RIDDELL, of Glenriddell, a sedulous border antiquary; and, since his death, has become the property of Mr JOLLIE, bookseller at Carlisle; to whose liberality the editor owes the use of it while preparing this work for the press. No liberties have been taken either with the recited or written copies of these ballads, farther than that, where they disagreed, which is by no means unusual,<sup>18</sup> the editor, in justice to the author, has uniformly preserved what seemed to him the best or most poetical reading of the passage. Such discrepancies must very frequently occur, wherever poetry is preserved by oral tradition; for the reciter, making it a uniform principle to proceed at all hazards, is very often, when his memory fails him, apt to substitute large portions from some other tale, altogether distinct from that which he commenced. Besides, the prejudices of clans and of districts have occasioned variations in the mode of telling the same story. Some arrangement was also occasionally necessary to recover the rhyme, which was often, by the ignorance of the reciters, transposed or thrown into the middle of the line. With these freedoms, which were essentially necessary to remove obvious corruptions, and fit the ballads for the press, the editor presents them to the public, under the complete assurance, that they carry with them the most indisputable marks of their authenticity.

The same observations apply to the Second Class, here termed ROMANTIC BALLADS; intended to comprehend such legends as are current upon the border, relating to fictitious and marvellous adventures.—These, carrying with them a general, and not merely a local, interest, are much more extensively known among the peasantry of Scotland than the *border raid-ballads*, the fame of which is generally confined to the mountains where they were originally composed. Hence, it has been easy to collect these tales of romance, to a number much greater than the editor has chosen to insert in this publication. To the politeness and liberality of Mr HERD, of Edinburgh, the editor of the first classical collection of Scottish [sic] songs and ballads, (Edinburgh, 1774, 2 vols.)<sup>19</sup> the editor is indebted for the use of his MSS. containing songs and ballads, published and unpublished, to the

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<sup>18</sup> This clause added in second edition.

<sup>19</sup> David Herd (d. 1810), *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, Heroic Ballads &c.*, first published in 1769; Scott refers to a later, expanded edition.

number of ninety and upwards. To this collection frequent references are made in the course of the following pages. . . .<sup>20</sup>

In publishing both classes of ancient ballads, the editor has excluded those which are found in the common collections of this nature, unless in one or two instances, where he conceived it possible to give them some novelty by historical or critical illustration.

It would have been easy for the editor to have given these songs an appearance of more indisputable antiquity, by adopting the rude orthography of the period to which he is inclined to refer them. But this (unless when MSS. of antiquity can be referred to) seemed too arbitrary an exertion of the privileges of a publisher, and must besides have unnecessarily increased the difficulties of many readers. On the other hand, the utmost care is taken never to reject a word or phrase used by a reciter, however uncouth or antiquated. Such barbarisms, which stamp upon the tales their age and their nation, should be respected by an editor, as the hardy emblem of his country was venerated by the poet of Scotland.

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide  
Amang the bearded bear,  
I turned the weeder clips aside,  
And spared the symbol dear!  
BURNS.<sup>21</sup>

The meaning of such obsolete words is usually given at the bottom of the page. For explanation of the more common peculiarities of the Scottish dialect, the English reader is referred to the excellent glossary annexed to the last edition of BURNS' work.

The Third Class of ballads are announced to the public, as MODERN IMITATIONS of the Ancient Style of composition, in that department of poetry; and they are founded upon such traditions, as we may suppose in the elder times would have employed the harps of the minstrels. This kind

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<sup>20</sup> Scott goes on to discuss another source of MSS, Alexander Tytler of Woodhouselee, who got them from Thomas Gordon. Prof. of philosophy at King's College, Aberdeen, whose daughter, Mrs Brown of Falkland, learned them from an aunt who lived most of her life at Braemar; although many of these "seemed to be exclusively the property of the bards of Angus and Aberdeenshire" and hence not available for inclusion in this collection.

<sup>21</sup> Scott misquotes "The Answer [to the Guidwife of Wauchope House]" st. 4.

of poetry has been supposed capable of uniting the vigorous numbers and wild fiction which occasionally charm us in the ancient ballad, with a greater equality of versification, and elegance of sentiment, than we can expect to find in the works of a rude age. But upon my ideas of the nature and difficulty of such imitations, I ought in prudence to be silent; lest I resemble the dwarf, who brought with him a standard to measure his own stature.

...

In the notes and occasional Dissertations, it has been my object to throw together, perhaps without sufficient attention to method, a variety of remarks, regarding popular superstitions, and legendary history, which, if not now collected, must soon have been totally forgotten. By such efforts, feeble as they are, I may contribute somewhat to the history of my native country; the peculiar features of whose manners and character are daily melting and dissolving into those of her sister and ally. And, trivial as may appear such an offering to the manes of a kingdom,<sup>22</sup> once proud and independent, I hang it upon her alter with a mixture of feelings, which I shall not attempt to describe.

—"Hail! land of spearmen! seed of those who scorn'd  
To stoop the proud crest to Imperial Rome!  
Hail! dearest half of Albion, sea-wall'd!  
Hail! state unconquer'd by the fire of war,  
Red war, that twenty ages round thee blaz'd!  
To thee, for whom my purest raptures flow,  
Kneeling with filial homage, I devote  
My life, my strength, my first and latest song."—  
*Albania.*<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>22</sup> Manes: the deified souls of dead ancestors as objects of homage, reverence, or propitiation (*OED*).

<sup>23</sup> From *Albania: A Poem, Addressed to the Genius of Scotland*, an anonymous patriotic pamphlet printed in London in 1737, and dedicated to General Wade, head of the British army in Scotland. "Spearmen" replace "Bow-men" and there are a few other changes.

## BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

### THE SCOTTISH EDITION.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following edition of the Battle of Otterbourne, being essentially different from that which is published in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. and being obviously of Scottish composition, claims a place in the present collection.<sup>24</sup> The particulars of that noted action are related by Froissard, with the highest encomium upon the valour of the combatants on each side.<sup>25</sup> James, Earl of Douglas, with his brother, the Earl of Murray, in 1387 invaded Northumberland, at the head of 3000 men; while the Earls of Fife and Strathern, sons to the king of Scotland, ravaged the western borders of England, with a still more numerous army. Douglas penetrated as far as Newcastle, where the renowned Hotspur lay in garrison. In a skirmish before the walls, Percy's lance, with the pennon, or guidon, attached to it, was taken by Douglas, as most authors affirm, in a personal encounter betwixt the two heroes. The earl shook the pennon aloft, and swore he would carry it as his spoil into Scotland, and plant it upon his castle of Dalkeith. "That," answered Percy, "shalt thou never!"—Accordingly, having collected the forces of the marches, to a number equal,

<sup>24</sup> Thomas Percy, *Reliques of ancient English Poetry; chiefly of old heroic ballads, songs, and other pieces of our earlier poets* (London 1765): the first collection of English ballads, hugely influential, but based on manuscript sources.

<sup>25</sup> Jean Froissard (c.1337–c.1404), *Chroniques de France, d'Angleterre et des pais voisins* (finished c.1400), an important history of the Anglo-French wars of the 14th century which also mentions Anglo-Scottish developments.

or (according to the Scottish historians) much superior, to the army of Douglas, Hotspur made a night attack upon the Scottish camp, at Otterbourne, about thirty-two miles from Newcastle. An action took place, fought, by moon-light, with uncommon gallantry and desperation. At length, Douglas, armed with an iron mace, which few but he could wield, rushed into the thickest of the English battalions, followed only by his chaplain, and two squires of his body.<sup>26</sup> Before his followers could come up, their brave leader was stretched on the ground, with three mortal wounds: his squires lay dead by his side; the priest alone, armed with a lance, was protecting his master from farther injury. "I die like my forefathers," said the expiring hero, "in a field of battle, and not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard,<sup>27</sup> and avenge my fall! It is an old prophecy, that a dead man shall gain a field,<sup>28</sup> and I hope it will be accomplished this night."—*Godscroft*.—With these words he expired; and the fight was renewed with double obstinacy around his body. When morning appeared, however, victory began to incline to the Scottish side. Ralph Percy, brother to Hotspur, was made prisoner by the earl Marischal, and, shortly after, Harry Percy<sup>29</sup> himself was taken by Lord Montgomery. The number of captives, according to Wyntoun, nearly equalled that of the victors.<sup>30</sup> Upon this the English retired, and left the Scots masters of the dear-bought honours of the field. But the bishop of Durham approaching, at the head of a body of fresh forces, not only checked the pursuit of the victors, but made prisoners some of the stragglers, who had urged the chase too far. The battle was not, however, renewed, as the bishop of Durham did

<sup>26</sup> Their names were Robert Hart and Simon Glendinning. The chaplain was Richard Lundie, afterwards archdean of Aberdeen.—*Godscroft*. Hart, according to Wintoun, was a knight. That historian says, no one knew how Douglas fell. [Scott's note]

<sup>27</sup> The banner of Douglas, upon this memorable occasion, was borne by his natural son, Archibald Douglas, ancestor of the family of Cavers, hereditary sheriffs of Teviotdale, amongst whose archives this glorious relique is still preserved. The earl, at his onset, is said to have charged his son to defend it to the last drop of his blood. [Scott's note]

<sup>28</sup> This prophecy occurs in the ballad as an ominous dream. [Scott's note]

<sup>29</sup> Hotspur, for his ransom, built the castle of Penoon, in Ayrshire, belonging to the family of Montgomery, now earls of Eglintoun. [Scott's note]

<sup>30</sup> Andrew Wyntoun (1350–1422), *Original Chronicle*, a vernacular verse history of the world in general and Scotland in particular, probably finished around 1420.

not venture to attempt the rescue of Percy. The field was fought 15th August, 1388.—*Fordun, Froissard, Hollinshed, Godscroft*.<sup>31</sup>

The ground, on which this memorable engagement took place, is now the property of John Davidson, Esq. of Newcastle, and still retains the name of Battle Cross. A cross, erroneously termed *Percy's Cross*, has been erected upon the spot where the gallant Earl of Douglas is supposed to have fallen. These particulars were communicated to the editor, in the most obliging manner, by the present proprietor of Otterbourne.

The ballad, published in the *Reliques*, is avowedly an English production; and the author, with a natural partiality, leans to the side of his countrymen; yet, that ballad, or some one similar, modified probably by national prejudice, must have been current in Scotland during the reign of James VI.: for Godscroft, in treating of this battle, mentions its having been the subject of popular song, and proceeds thus: But that, which is commonly sung of the *Hunting of Chiviot*, seemeth indeed poetical, and a mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, either in the Scottish or English Chronicle. Neither are the songs, that are made of them, both one; for the *Scots song made of Otterbourne*, telleth the time, about Lammas; and also the occasion, to take preys out of England; also the dividing the armies betwixt the earls of Fife and Douglas, and their several journeys, almost as in the authentic history. It beginneth thus;

“It fell about the Lammas tide,  
“When yeomen win their hay,  
“The doughty Douglas ’gan to ride,  
“In England to take a prey.”—

GODSCROFT, *ed. Edin.* 1743. Vol. I. p. 195.

I cannot venture to assert, that the stanzas, here published, belong to the ballad alluded to by Godscroft; but they come much nearer to his description than the copy published in the first edition, which represented Douglas as falling by the poignard of a faithless page. Yet we learn, from the same author, that the story of the assassination was not without

<sup>31</sup> John Fordun (d.1363), author of (untitled) Latin chronicles of Scottish History; Raphael Holinshed (c.1525–c.1580), *History of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1577), a major source for Shakespeare’s history plays.

foundation in tradition.—“There are that say, that he (Douglas) was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his own men, a groom of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon, in ordering of the battle, because he saw him make somewhat slowly to. And they name this man John Bickerton of Luffness, who left a part of his armour behind, unfastened, and when he was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behind his back, and slew him thereat.”—*Godscroft, ut supra*.—“But this narration,” adds the historian, “is not so probable.”<sup>32</sup> Indeed, it seems to have no foundation, but the common desire of assigning some remote and extraordinary cause for the death of a great man. The following ballad is also inaccurate in many other particulars, and is much shorter, and more indistinct, than that printed in the *Reliques*, although many verses are almost the same. Hotspur, for instance, is called *Earl Percy*, a title he never enjoyed; neither was Douglas buried on the field of battle, but in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still shown.

This song was first published from Mr. Herd’s *Collection of Scottish Songs and Ballads*, Edin. 1774: 2 vols. octavo; but two recited copies have fortunately been obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out, and completed, in a manner much more correspondent to the true history.

I cannot dismiss the subject of the Battle of Otterbourne, without stating (with all the deference due to the father of this species of literature) a doubt, which occurs to me, as to the account given of “Sir John of Agurstone,” one of the Scottish warriors, in the learned and excellent notes subjoined to the ballad, in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. This personage is

<sup>32</sup> Wintown assigns another cause for Douglas being carelessly armed.

“The erle Jamys was sa besy,  
For til ordane his cumpany;  
And on his Fays for to pas,  
That reckles he of his armyng was;  
The Erle of Mwrrawys Bassenet,  
Thai sayd, at that tyme was feryhete.”

Book VIII. Chap 7.

The circumstance of Douglas’ omitting to put on his helmet, occurs in the ballad. [Scott’s note]

there supposed to have been one of the Haggerstons of Haggerston, a Northumbrian family, who, according to the fate of war, were sometimes subjects of Scotland. I cannot, however, think, that at this period, while the English were in possession both of Berwick and Roxburgh, with the intermediate fortresses of Wark, Cornwall, and Norham, the Scots sessed any part of Northumberland, much less a manor which lay within that strong chain of castles. I should presume the person alluded to rather to have been one of the Rutherfords, barons of Edgerstane, or Adgerston, a warlike family, which has long flourished on the Scottish borders, and who were, at this very period, retainers of the house of Douglas. The same notes contain an account of the other Scottish warriors of distinction, who were present at the battle. These were, the earls of Monteith, Buchan, and Huntley; the barons of Maxwell and Johnston; Swinton of that ilk, an ancient family which, about that period, produced several distinguished warriors; Sir David (or rather, as the learned editor well remarks, Sir Walter) Scott of Buccleuch, Stewart of Garlies, and Murray of Cockpool.

*Regibus et legibus Scotici constantes,  
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro patria pugnantes,  
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,  
In cantu et historia, perpes est memoria!*<sup>33</sup>

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#### BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.<sup>34</sup>

It fell about the Lammas tide,<sup>35</sup>  
When the muir-men win their hay,  
The doughty earl of Douglas rode  
Into England, to catch a prey.

<sup>33</sup> I have been unable to locate the source of these lines.

<sup>34</sup> Note that line numbers, and translations of Scots usage, have been added by the present editor: they are not there in Scott's text.

<sup>35</sup> Lammas is 1st August: traditionally the festival of the first harvest.

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,  
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;  
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,  
And part of Bambrough shire; 10  
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,  
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about;  
"O wha's the lord of this castle, who's  
"Or wha's the lady o't?" of it

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,  
And O but he spake hie!  
"I am the lord of this castle,  
"My wife's the lady gay." 20

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,  
"Sae weel it pleases me!  
"For, ere I cross the border fells,  
"The tane of us shall die." one or other

He took a lang spear in his hand.  
Shod with the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas there,  
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,  
Frae aff the castle wa', 30 from off; wall  
When down, before the Scottish spear,  
She saw proud Percy fa', fall

"Had we twa been upon the green,  
"And never an eye to see, two

"I wad hae had you, flesh and fell,<sup>36</sup>  
"But your sword sall gae wi' me." would have  
shall go

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
"And wait there dayis three;  
"And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
"A fause knight ca' ye me." 40 false; call

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
"Tis pleasant there to be;  
"But there is nought at Otterbourne,  
"To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
"The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
"But there is neither bread nor kale,  
"To fend<sup>37</sup> my men and me. runs

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
"Where you shall welcome be; 50  
"And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
"A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,  
"By the might of Our Ladye!"—  
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,  
"My trowth I plight to thee." await

They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown; moor; so  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down. cloaks

And he that had a bonnie boy, 60

Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was. own

But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn—  
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
"For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
"Sae loud I hear ye lie: 70  
"For Percy had not men yestreen,  
"To dight my men and me." last night  
deal with

"But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,  
"Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
"I saw a dead man win a fight,  
"And I think that man was I."

He belted on his good braid sword,  
And to the field he ran;  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain. 80

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu' fain! know; full glad  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain. brandished; sore;  
[sweated]

But Percy, with his good broad sword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page.  
And said—"Run speedilie, 90  
"And fetch my ain dear sister's son,

<sup>36</sup> Fell.—Hide. Douglas insinuates, that Percy was rescued by his soldiers. [Scott's note]

<sup>37</sup> Fend.—Support. [Scott's note]

“Sir Hugh Montgomery.”

“My nephew good,” the Douglas said,  
“What recks the death of ane!  
“Last night I dream’d a dreary dream,  
“And I ken the day’s thy ain,

one

know

“My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
“Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
“And hide me by the braken bush,  
“That grows on yonder lilye lee,

100

“O bury me by the braken bush,  
“Beneath the blooming briar;  
“Let never living mortal ken,  
“That ere a kindly Scot lies here.”

He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi’ the saut tear in his e’e;  
He hid him in the braken bush,  
That his merrie men might not see.

salt; eye

The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew,  
But mony a gallant Englishman,  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

110

fragments  
many

The Gordons good, in English blood,  
They steep’d their hose and shoon;  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till all the fray was done.

stockings; shoes

The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other were fain;  
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,

And aye the blude ran down between. 120 always

“Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!” he said,  
“Or else I vow I’ll lay thee low!”  
“Whom to shall I yield,” said Earl Percy,  
“Now that I see it must be so?”

“Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
“Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
“But yield thee to the braken bush,<sup>38</sup>  
“That grows upon yon lilye lee!”

“I will not yield to a braken bush,  
“Nor yet will I yield to a briar; 130  
“But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
“Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.”

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword’s point in the gronde; ground  
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the honde. hand

This deed was done at Otterbourne,  
About the breaking of the day;  
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,  
And the Percy led captive away. 140

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NOTES ON THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

<sup>38</sup> *Braken*.—Fern. [Scott’s note]

*He chose the Gordons and the Graemes.— v. 2.*<sup>39</sup>

The illustrious family of Gordon was originally settled upon the lands of Gordon and Huntly, in the shire of Berwick, and are, therefore, of border extraction. The steps, by which they removed from thence to the shires of Aberdeen and Inverness, are worthy notice. In 1300, Adam de Gordon was warden of the marches.—*Rymer*, Vol. II. p. 870.<sup>40</sup> He obtained, from Robert the Bruce, a grant of the forfeited estate of David de Strathbolgie, Earl of Athol; but no possession followed, the earl having returned to his allegiance.—John de Gordon, his great-grandson, obtained, from Robert II., a new charter of the lands of Strathbolgie, which had been once more and finally forfeited, by David, Earl of Athol, slain in the battle of Kilblene. This grant is dated 13th July, 1376. John de Gordon who was destined to transfer, from the borders of England to those of the Highlands, a powerful and martial race, was himself a redoubted warrior, and many of his exploits occur in the annals of that turbulent period. In 1371–2, the English borderers invaded and plundered the lands of Gordon, on the Scottish east march. Sir John of Gordon retaliated, by an incursion on Northumberland, where he collected much spoil. But, as he returned with his booty, he was attacked, at unawares, by Sir John Lillburne, a Northumbrian, who, with a superior force, lay near Carham in ambush, to intercept him. Gordon harangued and cheered his followers, charged the English gallantly, and, after having himself been five times in great peril, gained a complete victory; slaying many southerns, and taking their leader and his brother captive. According to the prior of Lochleven,<sup>41</sup> he was desperately wounded; but

“Thare rays a welle gret renowne,  
“And gretly prysyd wes gud Gordown.”

Shortly after this exploit, Sir John of Gordon encountered and routed Sir Thomas Musgrave, a renowned English marchman whom he made prisoner.

<sup>39</sup> As well as verse numbers, Scott gives page references, which I have omitted here.

<sup>40</sup> Scott refers to the collection of historical treaties between the English crown and other kingdoms edited by Thomas Rymer (c.1643–1713) under the Latin title *Foedera*, in its 20-volume version published between 1726 and 1735.

<sup>41</sup> I.e. the historian Andrew Wyntoun, noted above, who held this post.

The lord of Johnstone had, about the same time, gained a great advantage on the west border; and hence, says Wynton,

He and the Lord of Gordowne  
Had a soverane gud renown,  
Of ony that war of thare degré,  
For full thai war of gret bounté.

Upon another occasion, John of Gordon is said to have partially succeeded in the surprisal of the town of Berwick, although the superiority of the garrison obliged him to relinquish his enterprise.

The ballad is accurate, in introducing this warrior, with his clan, into the host of Douglas at Otterbourne. Perhaps, as he was in possession of his extensive northern domains, he brought to the field the northern broadswords, as well as the lances of his eastern borderers. With his gallant leader, he lost his life in the deadly conflict. The English ballad commemorates his valour and prudence;

“The Erle of Huntley, cawte and kene.”

But the title is a premature designation. The earldom of Huntly was first conferred on Alexander Seaton, who married the grand-daughter of the hero of Otterbourne, and assumed his title from Huntly, in the north. Besides his eldest son Adam, who carried on the line of the family, Sir John de Gordon left two sons, known, in tradition, by the familiar names of *Jock* and *Tam*. The former was the ancestor of the Gordons of Pitlurg; the latter of those of Lesmoir, and of Craig-Gordon. This last family is now represented by James Gordon, Esq. of Craig, being the eleventh, in direct descent, from Sir John de Gordon.

*The Graemes.*

The clan of Graeme, always numerous and powerful upon the border, were of Scottish origin, and deduce the descent of their chieftain, Graeme of Netherby, from John *with the bright sword*, a son of Malice Graeme, Earl of Menteith, who flourished in the fourteenth century. Latterly, they became *Englishmen*, as the phrase went, and settled upon the Debateable



Land, whence they were transported to Ireland, by James VI., with the exception of a very few respectable families; "because," said his majesty in a proclamation, "they do all (but especially the Graemes) confess themselves to be no meet persons to live in these countries; and also, to the intent their lands may be inhabited by others, of good and honest conversation." But, in the reign of Henry IV., the Graemes of the border still adhered to the Scottish allegiance, as appears from the tower of Graeme in Annandale, Graemes Walls in Tweeddale, and other castles within Scotland, to which they have given their name. The reader is, however, at liberty to suppose, that the Graemes of the Lennox and Menteith, always ready to shed their blood in the cause of their country, on this occasion joined Douglas.

*With them the Lindsays light and gay.—v. 2.*

The chief of this ancient family, at the date of the battle of Otterbourne, was David Liudissay, lord of Glenesk, afterwards created Earl of Crawford. He was, after the manner of the times, a most accomplished knight. He survived the battle of Otterbourne, and the succeeding carnage of Homildon. In May, 1390, he went to England, to seek adventures of chivalry; and justed, upon London Bridge, against the lord of Wells, an English knight, with so much skill and success, as to excite, among the spectators, a suspicion that he was tied to his saddle; which he removed, by riding up to the royal chair, vaulting out of his saddle, and resuming his seat without assistance, although loaded with complete armour. In 1392, Lindsay was nearly slain in a strange manner. A band of Catterans, or wild Highlanders, had broken down from the Grampian Hills, and were engaged in plundering the county of Angus. Walter Ogilvy, the sheriff, with Sir Patrick Gray, marched against them, and were joined by Sir David Lindsay. Their whole retinue did not exceed sixty men, and the Highlanders were above three hundred. Nevertheless, trusting to the superiority of arms and discipline, the knights rushed on the invaders, at Gasclune, in the Stormont. The issue was unfortunate. Ogilvy, his brother, and many of his kindred, were overpowered and slain. Lindsay, armed at all points, made great slaughter among the naked Catterans; but, as he pinned one of them to the earth with his lance, the dying mountaineer writhed upwards and, collecting his force, fetched a blow with his broad-sword which cut through the

knight's stirrup-leather and steel-boot and nearly severed his leg. The Highlander expired, and Lindsay was with difficulty borne out of the field by his followers—*Wyntown*. Lindsay is also noted for a retort, made to the famous Hotspur. At a march-meeting, at Haldane-Stank, he happened to observe, that Percy was sheathed in complete armour. "It is for fear of the English horsemen," said Percy, in explanation; for he was already meditating the insurrection, immortalised by Shakespeare. "Ah! Sir Harry," answered Lindsay, "I have seen you more sorely bestad by Scottish footmen than by English horse."—*Wyntown*. Such was the leader of the "*Lindsays light and gay*."

According to Froissard, there were three Lindsays in the battle of Otterbourne, whom he calls Sir William, Sir James, and Sir Alexander. To Sir James Lindsay there fell "a strange chance of war," which I give in the words of the old historian. "I shall shewe you of Sir Mathewe Reedman (an English warrior, and governor of Berwick), who was on horsebacke, to save himselfe, for he alone coude nat remedy the mater. At his departynge, Sir James Limsay was nere him, and sawe Sir Mathewe departed. And this Sir James, to wyn honour, followed in chase Sir Mathewe Reedman, and came so nere him, that he myght have stryken hym with hys speare, if he had lyst. Than he said, 'Ah! Sir knyght, tourne! it is a shame thus to fly! I am James of Lindsay. If ye will nat tourne, I shall strike you on the back with my speare.' Sir Mathewe spoke no worde, but struke his hors with his spures sorer than he did before. In this maner he chased hym more than three myles. And at last Sir Mathewe Reedman's hors foundered, and fell under hym. Than he stept forthe on the erthe, and drewe oute his swerde, and toke corage to defend himselfe. And the Scotte thoughte to have stryken hym on the brest, but Sir Mathewe Reedman swerved fro the stroke, and the speare point entred into the erthe. Than Sir Mathewe strake asunder the speare wyth his swerde. And whan Sir James Limsay sawe howe he had lost his speare, he cast away the tronchon, and lyghted a-fote, and toke a lytell battell-axe, that he carryed at his backe, and handled it with his one hand, quickly and delyverly, in the whyche feate Scottes be well experte. And than he set at Sir Mathewe, and he defended himselfe properly. Thus they journeyed toguyder, one with an axe, and the other with a swerde, a longe season, and no man to lette them. Fynally, Sir James Limsay gave the knyght such strokes, and helde him so shorte, that he was putte out of brethe in such wyse, that he yelded himselfe, and sayde,—'Sir James Limsay, I yeld me to you.'—'Well,' quod he; 'and I receyve you, rescue or

no rescue.'—'I am content,' quod Reedman, 'so ye dele wyth me like a good companyon.'—'I shall not fayle that,' quod Limsay, and so put up his swerde. 'Well,' said Reedman, 'what will ye nowe that I shall do? I am your prisoner; ye have conquered me; I wolde gladly go again to Newcastle, and, within fiftene dayes, I shall come to you into Scotlande, where as ye shall assigne me.'—'I am content,' quod Limsay; 'ye shall promyse, by your faythe, to present yourselfe, within these foure wekes, at Edinborowe; and wheresoever ye go, to repute yourselfe my prisoner.' All this Sir Mathewe sware, and promised to fulfil."

The warriors parted upon these liberal terms, and Reedman returned to Newcastle. But Lindsay had scarcely ridden a mile, when he met the bishop of Durham, with 500 horse, whom he rode towards, believing them to be Scottish, until he was too near them to escape. The bysshoppe stepte to him, and sayde, 'Limsay, ye are taken; yelde ye to me.'—'Who be you?' quod Limsay. 'I am,' quod he, 'the bysshoppe of Durham.'—'And fro whens come you, sir?' quod Limsay. 'I come fro the battell,' quod the bysshoppe, 'but I strucke never a stroke there. I go backe to Newcastle for this night, and ye shal go with me.'—'I may not chuse,' quod Limsay, 'sith ye will have it so. I have taken, and I am taken; suche is the adventures of armes.' Lindsay was accordingly conveyed to the bishop's lodgings in Newcastle, and here he was met by his prisoner, Sir Matthew Reedman; who founde hym in a studye, lying in a windowe, and sayde, 'What! Sir James Lindsay, what make you here?' Than Sir James came forth of the study to him, and sayde, 'By my fayth, Sir Mathewe, fortune hath brought me hyder; for, as soon as I was departed fro you, I mete by chaunce the bisshoppe of Durham, to whom I am prisoner, as ye be to me. I beleve ye shall not nede to come to Edenborowe to me to mak your fynaunce. I thynk, rather, we shall make an exchange one for another, if the bysshoppe be also contente.'—'Well, sir,' quod Reedman, 'we shall accord ryghte well toguyder; ye shall dine this day with me: the bysshoppe and our men be gone forth to fyght with your men. I can nat tell what we shall know at their retourne.'—'I am content to dyne with you,' quod Limsay."—*Froissart's Chronicle*, translated by Bouchier, Lord Berners, Vol. I, chap. 146.

*O gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui!  
Eran rivali, eran di fè diversi;  
E si sentian, de gli aspri colpi iniqui,  
Per tutta la persona anco dolersi;*

*E pur per selve oscure, e calle iniqui  
Insieme van senza sospetto aversi.  
L'Orlando.*<sup>42</sup>

*But the Jardines wald not with him ride.—v. 2.*

The Jardines were a clan of hardy west-border men. Their chief was Jardine of Applegirth. Their refusal to ride with Douglas was, probably, the result of one of those perpetual feuds, which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army.

*And he that had a bonny boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass.—P. 67. v, 4.*

Froissard describes a Scottish host, of the same period, as consisting of "III. M. men of armes, knightis, and squires, mounted on good horses; and other X.M. men of warre armed, after their gyse, right hardy and firse, mounted on lytle hackneys, the whiche were never tyed, nor kept at hard meat, but lette go to pasture in the fieldis and bushes."—*Cronykle of Froissart*, translated by Lord Berners, Chap. xvii.

## From Volume II

### THOMAS THE RHYMER

#### IN THREE PARTS

#### PART FIRST

FEW personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erceldoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in

<sup>42</sup> Ludovico Ariosto (1474–1533), *Orlando Furioso* (1516–32), This is from Canto I, verse 22: "Great was the goodness of the knights of old! Here they were, rivals, of different faiths, and they still ached all over from the cruel and vicious blows they had dealt each other; still, off they went together in mutual trust, through the dark woods and crooked paths" (trans. Guido Waldman, World's Classics 1983).

his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth place, of this ancient bard, was Erceldoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length, the son of our poet designs himself, "...son and heir of Thomas Rhymer of Ercildoun," which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont. . . .<sup>43</sup>

We are better able to ascertain the period, at which Thomas of Ercildoun lived; being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little further back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish [sic] Poets*);<sup>44</sup> which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which is son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of his property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation<sup>45</sup> as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty, of antiquity, must have already

<sup>43</sup> Scott here supplies, in a footnote, the Latin text of the medieval charter to this property, complete with its MS number in the Advocates Library.

<sup>44</sup> John Pinkerton (1758–1826), historian and song-collector; probably referring to his *Scottish Gallery: or, Portraits of eminent persons of Scotland* (1799).

<sup>45</sup> The lines alluded to are these:

I hope that Tomas's prophesie  
Of Erceldoun, shall truly be,  
In him, &c.

[Scott's note. The reference is to John Barbour's *Bruce* noted above.]

involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—*Cartulary of Melrose*.<sup>46</sup>

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoun was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*,

Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas  
Of Ercildoune, that sayd in Derne, [secret]  
There suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne.  
He sayd it in his prophecy;  
But how he wist it was *ferly*.  
*Book VIII., chap. 32*

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Wintown's eyes, at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution to the mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Lochlevin.<sup>47</sup>

<sup>46</sup> That is, Scott's source is the collected records of the Abbey of Melrose.

<sup>47</sup> Henry, the minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge.

Thomas Rhymer into the faille was than  
With the minister, which was a worthy man.  
He used oft to that religious place;  
The people deemed of wit he meikle can,  
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,  
Which happened sooth in many divers case;  
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.  
In rule of war whether they tint or wan:  
It may be deemed by division of grace, &c.

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence, he was permitted to return to earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.<sup>48</sup> Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends, in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.<sup>49</sup> The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, never to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land,<sup>50</sup> and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name from of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration, paid to his dwelling place, even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of the man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizzard.

It seemed to the editor unpardonable to dismiss a person, so important in border tradition as the Rhymer, without some further notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained

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*History of Wallace, Book II.* [Scott's note]

<sup>48</sup> See the dissertation on fairies, prefixed to *Tamlane*, p.237. [Scott's note is to the ballad that immediately precedes *Thomas the Rhymer* in this collection.]

<sup>49</sup> There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onward. [Scott's note. The discussion of this character, not to be confused with King Arthur's companion, comes in the preface to the second part, which I have omitted.]

<sup>50</sup> "Drees his weird": endures his fate.

from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description.<sup>51</sup> To this old tale the editor has ventured to add a second part, consisting of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a third part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind, to the land of Faërie. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the editor has prefixed to the second part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

## THOMAS THE RHYMER

### PART FIRST

#### ANCIENT—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank  
 A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e; marvel; eye  
 And there he saw a ladye bright,  
 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
 Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;  
 At ilka tett of her horse's mane, each; tuft  
 Hang fifty siller bells and nine. silver

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap, off  
 And louted low down to his knee, stooped  
 "All hail, thou mighty queen of heav'n!  
 For thy peer on earth I never did see."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said;  
 "That name does not belong to me; 10

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<sup>51</sup> The editor has been since informed, by a most eminent antiquary, that there is in existence a MS. copy of this ballad, of very considerable antiquity, of which he hopes to avail himself on some future occasion. [Scott's note in the second edition.]



“I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.” 50  
 “Now hold thy peace!” the lady said,  
 “For, as I say, so it must be.”

He has gotten a cloth of the even cloth,  
 And a pair of shoes of the velvet green;  
 And, till seven years were gane and past,  
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

TO

THOMAS THE RHYMER

PART FIRST

*She pu'd an apple frae a tree, &c—v.5*

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the queen of Faëry, alluded to in note [at end of introduction], and received while these sheets were in the press. The transcript is made from a MS. in the Cotton. Library. It will afford great amusement to those, who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same, yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

In a lande as I was lent	moor; lingering (?)
In the gryking of the day	dawn
Ay alone as I went	
In Huntle bankys mefor to play	
I saw the throstyl and the jay	thrush
Ye mawes movyde of her song	thrushes
Ye wodwale sange notes gay	songbird
That al the wod about range.	
In that longynge as I lay	
Uindir nethe a dern tre	dark or secret
I was war of a lady gay	aware
Come rydyng ouyr a fair le	
Zogh I suld sitt to domysday	though
With my tong to wrabbe and wry	speak
Certenly all hyr aray	
It beth neuyr discryuyd for me	could never be described by me
Hyr palfra was dappyll gray	
Sycke on say neuer none	such as has never been seen
As the son in somers day	
All abowte that lady schone	
Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone	ivory
A semly syght it was to se	
Bryht with mony a precyous stone	
...	

<sup>53</sup> I have only included the first 23 lines of Scott's transcription, to give students some idea of its nature: the rest is mostly very fragmentary. It takes the story further than the ballad, up to Thomas's exit from Elfland at the end of his stay (in this version three years rather than seven). The gloss on the medieval words is mine, not Scott's.

# THOMAS THE RHYMER

## PART SECOND

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.<sup>54</sup>

WHEN seven years were come and gane,  
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;  
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,  
He saw the flash of armour flee,  
And he beheld a gallant knight,  
Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;  
Of giant make he 'peared to be;           10  
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,           angry  
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!  
Some uncouth ferlies show to me."  
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!  
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

Lightdown, light down, Corspatrick brave,  
And I will shew thee curses three,  
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,  
And change the green to the black livery.           20

<sup>54</sup> This ballad is prefaced by a long discussion of the prophesies made use of in the ballad, their MS sources, historical context, the historical references made by particular prophesies, and the opinions of various contemporary antiquaries regarding all these.

"A storm shall roar, this very hour,  
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea."  
"Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!  
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea."

He put his hand on the earlie's head;  
He shewed him a rock, beside the sea,  
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,<sup>55</sup>  
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.           clad

"A Scottish king shall come full keen;  
The ruddy lion beareth he:           30  
A feather'd arrow, sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bleede,  
Thus to his men he still shall say—  
"For God's sake, turn ye back again,  
And give yon southern folk a fray!  
Why should I lose the right is mine?  
My doom is not to die this day."<sup>56</sup>

"Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,  
And woe and wonder sall ye see;           40           shall  
How forty thousand spearmen stand,  
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,  
And the libbards bear it clean away;           leopards  
At Pinklyn Cleuch there shall be spilt  
Much gentil blude that day."<sup>57</sup>

<sup>55</sup> King Alexander; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn. [Scott's note. Alexander III died in 1285, leaving only an infant granddaughter as direct heir the throne: after her death, uncertainty about the succession gave Edward I of England his chance and led to the Wars of Independence.]

<sup>56</sup> The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland, concerning the fate of James IV., is well known. [Scott's note. The reference is to James's death at the battle of Flodden in 1513]

“Enough, enough, of curse and ban;  
 Some blessing shew thou now to me,  
 Or, by the faith o’ my bodie,” Cospatrick said,  
 “Ye shall rue the day ye e’er saw me!” 50

“The first of blessings I shall thee shew,  
 Is by a burn, that’s call’d of bread;<sup>58</sup>  
 Where Saxon men shall tine the bow, lose  
 And find their arrows lack the head.

“Beside that brigg, out owre that burn, over  
 Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,  
 Shall many a falling courser spurn,  
 And knights shall die in battle keen.

“Beside a headless cross of stone,  
 The libbards there shall lose the gree;<sup>59</sup> 60 victory  
 The raven shall come, the erne shall go, eagle  
 And drink the Saxon blude sae free.  
 The cross of stone they shall not know,  
 So thick the corses there shall be.”

“But tell me now,” said brave Dunbar,  
 “True Thomas, tell now unto me,  
 What man shall rule the Isle Britain,  
 Even from the north to the southern sea?”

<sup>57</sup> Thomas’s third disaster for Scotland is the battle of Pinkie, fought outside Musselburgh (the “rank river” must be the Esk) in 1547, when English forces crushed the Scots and forced the flight of the infant Queen Mary to France.

<sup>58</sup> One of Thomas’s rhymes, preserved by tradition, run [sic] thus:

The burn of breid  
 Shall run fow reid.

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock* to a thick round cake, of unleavened bread. [Scott’s note]

<sup>59</sup> The leopards being referred to in this poem are the three lions (in French heraldic terminology, “leopards” because on all fours, not rampant) of the English royal coat of arms.

“A French queen shall bear the son,  
 Shall rule all Britain to the sea: 70  
 He of the Bruce’s blude shall come,  
 As near as in the ninth degree.<sup>60</sup>

“The waters worship shall his race;  
 Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;  
 For they shall ride ower the ocean wide,  
 With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.”<sup>61</sup>

## THOMAS THE RHYMER

### PART THIRD—MODERN

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates’ Library. The editor has undertaken the superintendance of a very limited edition of this curious work; which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Erceldoune, will be at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry, hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr Ellis’s *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, VOL. I, p.165, 3d. p.410; a work, to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the preservation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that, so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author—a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:

<sup>60</sup> A reference to James VI’s accession to the throne of England as James I in 1603; the son of Mary, French on her mother’s side and by upbringing. The Stuart family were descended from a daughter of Robert Bruce.

<sup>61</sup> A prophesy of the United Kingdom’s maritime empire from the eighteenth century.



I see in song, in sedgelyng tale,  
 Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.  
 Now thame says as they thame wrought,  
 And in thare saying it semes nocht.  
 That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,  
 Over gestes it has the sterne,  
 Over all that is or was;  
 If men it said as made Thomas, &c.<sup>62</sup>

...

The following attempt to commemorate the Rhymer's poetical fame, and the traditional account of his marvellous return to Fairy Land, being entirely modern, would have been placed with greater propriety among the class of modern ballads, had it not been for its immediate connection with the first and second parts of the same story.

WHEN seven years more had come and gone,  
 Was war through Scotland spread,  
 And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon,  
 His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,  
 Pitched palliouns took their room,  
 And crested helms, and spears a rowe,  
 Glanced gaily through the broom.

tents

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,<sup>63</sup>  
 Resounds the ensenzie;<sup>64</sup> 10  
 They roused the deer from Caddenhead,  
 To distant Torwoodlee.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,  
 In Learmont's high and ancient hall;  
 And there were knights of great renown,  
 And ladies, laced in pall.

Nor lacked they, while they sat at dine,  
 The music, nor the tale,  
 Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,  
 Nor mantling quaighs<sup>65</sup> of ale. 20

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,  
 When as the feast was done;  
 (In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,  
 The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,  
 And harpers for envy pale;  
 And armed lords lean'd on their swords,  
 And harken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale  
 The prophet pour'd along; 30  
 No after bard might e'er avail<sup>66</sup>  
 Those numbers to prolong.

<sup>62</sup> Robert Manning of Brunne (d. c.1338), *Story of England*, a well-known Middle-English chronicle. I have omitted the brief comparison which follows of Thomas's reputed *Sir Tristrem* and the Old French poem *Tristan*, which according to Scott cites the authority of the Scottish Thomas for its version of the story. But the French poem is now known to have been written by the Anglo-Norman Thomas of Britain between 1155 and 1160, a century before Thomas Learmonth of Ercildoune appears in the historical record: the idea that the latter wrote a version of the Tristan story was due to a confusion of the two Thomases and a lot of wishful thinking on Scott's part. His edition of *Sir Tristrem* was published in 1804.

<sup>63</sup> The Leader Water joins the Tweed near Melrose. The other places mentioned are explained in Scott's end-notes.

<sup>64</sup> *Ensenzie*—War-cry, or gathering word. [Scott's note]

<sup>65</sup> *Quaighs*—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together. [Scott's note]

<sup>66</sup> See introduction to this ballad. [Scott's note]

Yet fragments of the lofty strain  
Float down the tide of years,  
As, buoyant on the stormy main,  
A parted wreck appears.

He sung king Aurthur's table round:  
The warrior of the lake;  
How courteous Gawaine met his wound,  
And bled for ladies' sake. 40

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,  
The notes melodious swell;  
Was none excelled, in Arthur's days,  
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,  
A venomed wound he bore;  
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,  
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;  
No medicine could be found, 50  
Till lovely Isolde's lilye hand  
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,  
She bore the leech's part:  
And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,  
He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!  
For, doom'd in evil tide,  
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,  
His cowardly uncle's bride. 60

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard  
In fairy tissue wove;  
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,  
In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,  
High rear'd its glittering head;  
And Avalon's enchanted vale  
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,  
And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye; 70      magic  
Of that fam'd wizzard's mighty lore,  
O who could sing but he?

Thro' many a maze the winning song  
In changeful passion led,  
Till bent at length the listening throng  
O'er Tristram's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand;  
With agony his heart is wrung:  
O where is Isolde's lilye hand,  
And where her soothing tongue? 80

She comes! she comes! like flash of flame  
Can lovers' footsteps fly:  
She comes! she comes! she only came  
To see her Tristram die.

She saw him die: her latest sigh  
Joined in a kiss his parting breath:  
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,  
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound  
Died slowly on the ear;                   90  
The silent guests still bent around,  
For still they seem'd to hear.

The woe broke forth in murmurs weak;  
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;  
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek  
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,  
The mists of evening close;  
In camp, in castle, or in bower,  
Each warrior sought repose.               100

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,  
Dreamed o'er the woeful tale;  
When footsteps light, across the bent,  
The warrior's ears assail.

He starts, he wakes:—"What, Richard, ho!  
Arise, my page, arise!  
What venturous wight, at dead of night,  
Dare step where Douglas lies!"

Then forth they rushed: by Leader's tide,  
A selcouth<sup>67</sup> sight they see—               110  
A hart and hind pace side by side,  
As white as snow on Fairnalie.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,  
They stately move and slow;  
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,  
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont's tower a message sped,  
As fast as page might run;  
And Thomas started from his bed,  
And soon his cloaths did on.               120

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;  
Never a word he spake but three;  
"My sand is run; my thread is spun;  
This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,  
In minstrel guise, he hung;  
And on the wind, in doleful sound,  
Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft  
To view his ancient hall;               130  
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,  
The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,  
Danced shimmering in the ray:  
In deepening mass, at distance seen,  
Broad Soltra's mountains lay.<sup>68</sup>

"Farewell, my father's ancient tower!  
A long farewell," said he:  
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,  
Thou never more shall be.               140

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth  
Shall here again belong,  
And, on thy hospitable hearth,  
The hare shall leave her young.

<sup>67</sup> *Selcouth*—Wondrous. [Scott's note]

<sup>68</sup> Meaning the Lammermuirs and Moorfoots generally: "Soltra", now Soutra, is the hill above Fala on their northern edge.

“Adieu! Adieu!” again he cried,  
All as he turned him roun’—  
“Farewell to Leader’s silver tide!  
Farewell to Ercildoune!”

The hart and hind approached the place,  
As lingering yet he stood; 150  
And there, before lord Douglas’ face,  
With them he cross’d the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed,  
And spurr’d him the Leader o’er;  
But, tho’ he rode with lightning speed,  
He never saw them more.

Some sayd to hill, and some to glen,  
Their woderous course had been;  
But ne’er in haunts of living men  
Again was Thomas seen. 160

## NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER

THIRD PART

*And Ruberslaw shew’d high Dunyon.*—p.311.v.1.  
Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two hills above Jedburgh.

*Then all by bonny Coldingknow.*—p.311.v.2.  
An ancient tower near Erceldoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas’s prophecies is said to have run thus:  
Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?  
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!  
The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody, called the *Broom o’ the Cowdenknows*.

*They roused the deer from Caddenhead,  
To distant Torwoodlee.*—p.311.v.3.  
Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire.

*How courteous Gawaine met the wound.*—p.313. v. 2.  
See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword*.

*As white as snow on Fairnalie.*—p.316.v.5.  
An ancient seat upon the Tweed, in Selkirkshire. In a popular edition of the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, the fairy queen thus addressed him:  
“Gin ye wad meet wi’ me again,  
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie.”

THE  
QUEEN'S WAKE:

A  
Legendary Poem

BY  
*JAMES HOGG*

Be mine to read the visions old  
Which thy awakening Bards have told;  
And whilst they meet my tranced view,  
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

COLLINS<sup>1</sup>

THIRD EDITION

EDINBURGH:  
*Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.*  
FOR GEORGE GOLDIE, 34, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;  
AND  
HENRY COLBURN, 50, CONDUIT STREET,  
LONDON.

1814.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> William Collins, "Ode to Fear" from *Odes on several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects* (1747). Hogg has softened the third line from Collins's original 'And lest thou [Fear] meet my blasted View'.

<sup>2</sup> The first edition of *The Queen's Wake* had been published in 1813 to general acclaim.

TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES,<sup>3</sup>

A SHEPHERD

AMONG

THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND,

DEDICATES

*THIS POEM.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Publisher having been favoured with letters from gentlemen in various parts of the United Kingdom respecting the Author of the QUEEN'S WAKE, and most of them expressing doubts of his being a Scotch Shepherd, he takes this opportunity of assuring the Public, that THE QUEEN'S WAKE is really and truly the production of JAMES HOGG, a common Shepherd, bred among the mountains of Ettrick Forest, who went to service when only seven years of age; and since that period has never received any education whatever. Upon the consistency of this statement, with the merits of the following Work, it does not become of him to make any observation; all he wishes to say is, that it is strictly true, which he states upon the best of all possible authority—his own knowledge.*

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<sup>3</sup> The only daughter of the Prince Regent, the future George IV, and his estranged wife Caroline of Brunswick. Charlotte died in childbirth in 1816 at the age of 21.

## INTRODUCTION

Now burst, ye Winter clouds that lower,  
 Fling from your folds the piercing shower;  
 Sing to the tower and leafless tree,  
 Ye cold winds of adversity;  
 Your blights, your chilling influence shed,  
 On wareless heart, and houseless head,  
 Your ruth or fury I disdain,  
 I've found my Mountain Lyre again.

10

Come to my heart, my only stay!  
 Companion of a happier day!  
 Thou gift of heaven, thou pledge of good,  
 Harp of the mountain and the wood!  
 I little thought, when first I tried  
 Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side,<sup>4</sup>  
 When in a deep untrodden glen,  
 I little thought that idle toy  
 Should e'er become my only joy!

20

A maiden's youthful smiles had wove  
 Around my heart the toils of love,  
 When first thy magic wires I rung,  
 And on the breeze thy numbers flung.  
 The fervid tear played in mine eye;  
 I trembled, wept, and wondered why.  
 Sweet was the thrilling ecstasy:  
 I know not it 'twas love or thee.

30

Weened not my heart, when youth had flown  
 Friendship would fade, or fortune frown;  
 When pleasure, love, and mirth were past,  
 That thou should'st prove my all at last!  
 Jeered by conceit and lordly pride,

I flung my soothing harp aside;  
 With wayward fortune strove awhile;  
 Wrecked in a world of self and guile.<sup>5</sup>  
 Again I sought the braken hill;  
 Again sat musing by the rill;  
 My wild sensations all were gone,  
 And only thou were left alone.  
 Long hast thou in the moorland lain,  
 Now welcome to my heart again.

40

The russet weed of mountain gray  
 No more shall round thy border play;  
 No more the brake-flowers, o'er thee piled,  
 Shall mar thy tones and measures wild.  
 Harp of the Forest, thou shalt be  
 Fair as the bud on forest tree!  
 Sweet be thy strains, as those that swell  
 In Ettrick's green and fairy dell;  
 Soft as the breeze of falling even,  
 And purer than the dews of heaven.

50

Of minstrel honours, now no more;  
 Of bards, who sung in days of yore;  
 Of gallant chiefs, in courtly guise;  
 Of ladies' smiles, of ladies eyes;  
 Of royal feasts and obsequies;  
 When Caledon, with look severe,  
 Saw Beauty's hand her sceptre bear,—  
 By cliff and haunted wild I'll sing,  
 Responsive to thy dulcet string.

60

When wanes the circling year away,  
 When scarcely smiles the doubtful day,  
 Fair daughter of Dunedin, say,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> St Mary's Loch on the Yarrow. Hogg began composing poems and songs while shepherd at Blackhouse farm a few miles away (1790–1800).

<sup>5</sup> Having published a collection of poetry (*Scottish Pastorals*, 1801) with some success, Hogg spent the next ten years tied up in unsuccessful farming ventures, before returning to Edinburgh to pursue a literary career.

Hast thou not heard, at midnight deep,  
 Soft music on thy slumbers creep?  
 At such a time, if careless thrown  
 Thy slender form on couch of down,  
 Hast thou not felt, to nature true,  
 The tear steal from thine eye so blue?  
 If then thy guiltless bosom strove  
 In blissful dreams of conscious love,  
 And even shrunk from proffer bland  
 Of lover's visionary hand, 70  
 On such ecstatic dream when brake  
 The music of the midnight wake,  
 Hast thou not weened thyself on high,  
 List'ning to angels' melody,  
 'Scaped from a world of cares away,  
 To dream of love and bliss for aye?

The dream dispelled, the music gone,  
 Hast thou not, sighing, all alone,  
 Proffered thy vows to heaven, and then 80  
 Blest the sweet wake, and slept again?

Then list, ye maidens, to my lay,  
 Though old the tale, and past the day;  
 Those wakes, now played by minstrels poor,  
 At midnight's darkest, chilliest hour,  
 Those humble wakes, now scorned by all,  
 Were first begun in courtly hall,<sup>7</sup>  
 When royal MARY, blithe of mood,  
 Kept holiday at Holyrood.<sup>8</sup>

Scotland, involved in fractious broils, 90  
 Groaned deep beneath her woes and toils,  
 And looked o'er meadow, dale, and lea,  
 For many a day her Queen to see;  
 Hoping that then her woes would cease,  
 And all her vallies smile in peace.  
 The Spring was past, the Summer gone;  
 Still vacant stood the Scottish throne:  
 But scarce had Autumn's mellow hand  
 Waved her rich banner o'er the land,  
 When rang the shouts, from tower and tree, 100  
 That Scotland's Queen was on the sea.  
 Swift spread the news o'er down and dale,  
 Swift as the lively autumn gale;  
 Away, away, it echoed still,  
 O'er many a moor and Highland hill,  
 Till rang each glen and verdant plain,  
 From Cheviot to the northern main.

Each bard attuned the loyal lay,  
 And for Dunedin hied away;  
 Each harp was strung in woodland bower, 110  
 In praise of beauty's bonniest flower.  
 The chiefs forsook their ladies fair;  
 The priest his beads and books of prayer;  
 The farmer left his harvest day,  
 The shepherd all his flocks to stray;

The forester forsook the wood,  
 And hasted on to Holyrood.  
 After a youth, by woes o'er cast,  
 After a thousand sorrows past,  
 The lovely Mary once again 120  
 Set foot upon her native plain;  
 Kneeled on the pier with modest grace,  
 And turned to heaven her beauteous face.  
 'Twas then the caps in air were blended,  
 A thousand thousand shouts ascended;

<sup>6</sup> Dunedin is an anglicised version of the Gaelic name for Edinburgh.

<sup>7</sup> See Hogg's endnote I to these lines.

<sup>8</sup> That is, Mary I, Queen of Scots, who, after a childhood spent with her mother in France, returned aged 19 to a Scotland in the throws of religious reformation, landing at Leith on 19th August 1561.

Shivered the breeze around the throng;  
Grey barrier cliffs the peals prolong;  
And every tongue gave thanks to heaven,  
That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien,           130  
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen;  
The woes of one so fair and young,  
Moved every heart and every tongue.  
Driven from her home, a helpless child,  
To brave the winds and billows wild;  
An exile bred in realms afar,  
Amid commotions, broils, and war.  
In one short year her hopes all crossed,—  
A parent, husband, kingdom lost!<sup>9</sup>  
And all ere eighteen years had shed           140  
Their honours o'er her royal head.  
For such a Queen, the Stuarts' heir,  
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair,  
Who would not every foe defy!  
Who would not stand! who would not die!

Light on her airy steed she sprung,  
Around with golden tassels hung,  
No chieftain there rode half so free,  
Or half so light and gracefully.  
How sweet to see her ringlets pale           150  
Wide waving in the southland gale,  
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,  
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!  
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,  
What beauties in her form were seen!  
And when her courser's mane it swung,  
A thousand silver bells were rung.

A sight so fair, on Scottish plain,  
A Scot shall never see again.

When Mary turned her wondering eyes           160  
On rocks that seemed to prop the skies;  
On palace, park, and battled pile;  
On lake, on river, sea, and isle;  
O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew,  
To distant mountains wild and blue;  
She thought the isle that gave her birth,  
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Slowly she ambled on her way  
Amid her lords and ladies gay.           170  
Priest, abbot, layman, all were there,  
And Presbyter with look severe.  
There rode the lords of France and Spain,  
Of England, Flanders, and Lorraine,  
While serried thousands round them stood,  
From shore of Leith to Holyrood.<sup>10</sup>

Though Mary's heart was light as air  
To find a home so wild and fair;  
To see a gathered nation by,  
And rays of joy from every eye;  
Though frequent shouts the welkin broke,           180  
Though courtiers bowed and ladies spoke,  
An absent look they oft could trace  
Deep settled on her comely face.  
Was it the thought, that all alone  
She must support a rocking throne?  
That Caledonia's rugged land  
Might scorn a Lady's weak command,  
And the Red Lion's haughty eye  
Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie?

---

<sup>9</sup> Mary's first husband, François II King of France, and her mother Mary of Guise, both died in 1560.

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<sup>10</sup> See Hogg's endnote II to these lines.



No; 'twas the notes of Scottish song, 140  
 Soft pealing from the countless throng.  
 So mellowed came the distant swell,  
 That on her ravished ear it fell  
 Like dews of heaven, at evening close,  
 On forest flower or woodland rose.  
 For Mary's heart, to nature true,  
 The powers of song and music knew:  
 But all the choral measures bland,  
 Of anthems sung in southern land,  
 Appeared an useless pile of art, 150  
 Unfit to sway or melt the heart,  
 Compared with that which floated by,—  
 Her simple native melody.

As she drew nigh the Abbey stile,  
 She halted, reined, and bent the while:  
 She heard the Caledonian lyre  
 Pour forth its notes of runic fire:  
 But scarcely caught the ravished Queen,  
 The minstrel's song that flowed between;  
 Entranced upon the strain she hung, 160  
 'Twas thus the gray-haired minstrel sung.—

“O! Lady dear, fair is the noon,  
 But man is like the inconstant moon:  
 Last night she smiled o'er lawn and lea;  
 That moon will change, and so will he.

“Thy time, dear Lady, 's a passing shower;  
 Thy beauty is but a fading flower:  
 Watch thy young bosom, and maiden eye,  
 For the shower must fall, and the flowret die.”—

What ails my Queen? said good Argyle,  
 Why fades upon her cheek the smile? 170  
 Say, rears your steed too fierce and high?  
 Or sits your golden seat awry?—

Ah! no, my Lord! this noble steed,  
 Of Rouen's calm and generous breed,  
 Has borne me over hill and plain,  
 Swift as the dun-deer of the Seine.  
 But such a wild and simple lay,  
 Poured from the harp of minstrel gray,  
 My every sense away it stole,  
 And swayed a while my raptured soul. 180  
 O! say, my Lord, (for you must know  
 What strains along your vallies flow,  
 And all the hoards of Highland lore,)  
 Was ever song so sweet before?—

Replied the Earl, as round he flung,—  
 Feeble the strain that minstrel sung!  
 My royal Dame, if once you heard  
 The Scottish lay from Highland bard,  
 Then might you say, in raptures meet,  
 No song was ever half so sweet! 190  
 It nerves the arm of warrior wight  
 fellow  
 To deeds of more than mortal might;  
 'Twill make the maid, in all her charms,  
 Fall weeping in her lover's arms.  
 'Twill charm the mermaid from the deep;  
 Make mountain oaks to bend and weep;  
 Thrill every heart with horrors dire,  
 And shape the breeze to forms of fire.

When poured from greenwood-bower at even  
 'Twill draw the spirits down from heaven; 200  
 And all the fays that haunt the wood,  
 To dance around in frantic mood,  
 And tune their mimic harps so boon  
 Beneath the cliff and midnight moon.  
 Ah! yes, my Queen! if once you heard  
 The Scottish lay from Highland bard,  
 Then might you say in raptures meet,  
 No song was ever half so sweet.—

Queen Mary lighted in the court;  
 Queen Mary joined the evening's sport;           210  
 Yet though at table all were seen,  
 To wonder at her air and mien;  
 Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung,  
 Still in her ear the accents rung,—  
*"Watch thy young bosom and maiden eye,  
 For the shower must fall and the flowret die."*  
 And much she wished to prove ere long,  
 The wonderous power of Scottish song.

When next to ride the Queen was bound,  
 To view the lands and city round,           220  
 On high amid the gathered crowd,  
 A herald thus proclaim'd aloud:—  
*"Peace, peace to Scotland's wasted vales,  
 To her dark heaths and Highland dales;  
 To her brave sons of warlike mood,  
 To all her daughters fair and good;  
 Peace o'er her ruined vales shall pour,  
 Like beam of heaven behind the shower.  
 Let every harp and echo ring;  
 Let maidens smile and poets sing;           230  
 For love and peace entwined shall sleep,  
 Calm as the moon-beam on the deep;  
 By waving wood and wandering rill,  
 On purple heath and Highland hill.*

*"The soul of warrior stern to charm,  
 And bigotry and rage disarm,  
 Our Queen commands, that every bard  
 Due honours have, and high regard.  
 If, to his song of rolling fire,  
 He join the Caledonian lyre,           240  
 And skill in legendary lore,  
 Still higher shall his honours soar.  
 For all the arts beneath the heaven,  
 That man has found, or God has given,*

None draws the soul so sweet away,  
 As music's melting mystic lay;  
 Slight emblem of the bliss above,  
 It soothes the spirit all to love.

*"To cherish this attractive art,  
 To lull the passions, mend the heart,           250  
 And break the moping zealot's chains,  
 Hear what our lovely Queen ordains.*

*"Each Caledonian bard must seek  
 Her courtly halls on Easter week,  
 That then the royal wake may be  
 Cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy.  
 No ribaldry the Queen must hear,  
 No song unmeet for maiden's ear,  
 No jest, nor adulation bland,           260  
 But legends of our native land;  
 And he whom most the court regards,  
 High be his honours and rewards.  
 Let every Scottish bard give ear,  
 Let every Scottish bard appear;  
 He then before the court must stand,  
 In native garb, with harp in hand.  
 At home no minstrel dare to tarry:  
 High the behest.—God save Queen Mary!"*

*Little recked they, that countless throng  
 Of music's power or minstrel's song;           270  
 But crowding their young Queen around,  
 Whose stately courser pawed the ground,  
 Her beauty more their wonder swayed,  
 Than all the noisy herald said;  
 Judging the proffer all in sport,  
 An idle whim of idle court.  
 But many a bard preferred his prayer;  
 For many a Scottish bard was there.*

Quaked each fond heart with raptures strong,  
Each thought upon his harp and song; 280  
And turning home without delay,  
Coned his wild strain by mountain gray.

Each glen was sought for tales of old,  
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,  
Of ravished maid, or stolen child  
By freakish fairy of the wild;  
Of sheeted ghost, that had revealed  
Dark deeds of guilt from man concealed;  
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright, 290  
Of dead-lights glimmering through the night.  
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir,  
Could waken pity, love, or fear,  
Were decked anew, with anxious pain,  
And sung to native airs again.

Alas! those lays of fire once more  
Are wrecked 'mid heaps of mouldering lore!  
And feeble he who dares presume  
That heavenly wake-light to relume.  
But, grieved the legendary lay  
Should perish from our land for aye, 300  
While sings the lark above the wold,  
And all his flocks rest in the fold,  
Fondly he strikes, beside the pen,  
The harps of Yarrow's braken glen.

December came; his aspect stern  
Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn;  
A polar sheet was round him flung,  
And ice-spears at his girdle hung;  
O'er frigid field, and drifted cone,  
He strode undaunted and alone; 400  
Or, throned amid the Grampians gray,  
Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay.

Not stern December's fierce controul  
Could quench the flame of minstrel's soul:  
Little recked they, our bards of old,  
Of Autumn's showers, or Winter's cold.  
Sound slept they on the nighted hill,  
Lulled by the winds or babbling rill:  
Curtained within the Winter cloud;  
The heath their couch, the sky their shroud. 410  
Yet theirs the strains that touch the heart,  
Bold, rapid, wild, and void of art.

Unlike the bards, whose milky lays  
Delight in these degenerate days:  
Their crystal spring, and heather brown,  
Is changed to wine and couch of down;  
Effeminate as lady gay,—  
Such as the bard, so is his lay!

But then was seen, from every vale,  
Through drifting snows and rattling hail, 420  
Each Caledonian minstrel true,  
Dressed in his plaid and bonnet blue,  
With harp across his shoulders slung,  
And music murmuring round his tongue,  
Forcing his way, in raptures high,  
To Holyrood his skill to try.

Ah! when at home the songs they raised,  
When gaping rustics stood and gazed,  
Each bard believed, with ready will, 430  
Unmatched his song, unmatched his skill.  
But when the royal halls appeared,  
Each aspect changed, each bosom feared;  
And when in court of Holyrood  
Filed harps and bards around him stood,  
His eye emitted cheerless ray,  
His hope, his spirit sunk away:

There stood the minstrel, but his mind  
Seemed left in native glen behind.

Unknown to men of sordid heart,  
What joys the poet's hopes impart;           440  
Unknown, how his high soul is torn  
By cold neglect, or canting scorn:  
That meteor torch of mental light,  
A breath can quench, or kindle bright.  
Oft has that mind, which braved serene  
The shafts of poverty and pain,  
The summer toil, the Winter blast,  
Fallen victim to a frown at last.  
Easy the boon he asks of thee;  
O! spare his heart in courtesy!           450

There rolled each bard his anxious eye,  
Or strode his adversary by.  
No cause was there for names to scan,  
Each minstrel's plaid bespoke his clan;  
And the blunt borderer's plain array,  
The bonnet broad and blanket gray.  
Bard sought of bard a look to steal;  
Eyes measured each from head to heel.  
Much wonder rose, that men so famed,  
Men save with rapture never named,           460  
Looked only so,—they could not tell,—  
Like other men, and scarce so well.  
Though keen the blast, and long the way,  
When twilight closed that dubious day,  
When round the table all were set,  
Small heart had they to talk or eat;  
Red look askance, blunt whisper low,  
Awkward remark, uncourtly bow,  
Were all that past in that bright throng,  
That group of genuine sons of song.           470

One did the honours of the board,  
Who seemed a courtier or a lord.  
Strange his array and speech withal,  
Gael deemed him southern—southern, Gael.  
Courteous his mien, his accents weak,  
Lady in manner as in make;  
Yet round the board a whisper ran,  
That this same gay and simpering man  
A minstrel was of wonderous fame,  
Who from a distant region came,           480  
To bear the prize beyond the sea  
To the green shores of Italy.<sup>11</sup>

The wine was served, and, sooth to say,  
Insensibly it stole away.  
Thrice did they drain th' allotted store,  
And wondering skinkers dun for more;  
Which vanished swifter than the first,—  
Little weened they the poets' thirst.

Still as that ruddy juice they drained,  
The eyes were cleared, the speech regained;           490  
And latent sparks of fancy glowed,  
Till one abundant torrent flowed  
Of wit, of humour, social glee,  
Wild music, mirth, and revelry.

Just when a jest had thrilled the crowd,  
Just when the laugh was long and loud,  
Entered a squire with summons smart;—  
That was the knell that pierced the heart:—  
"The court awaits;"—he bowed—was gone,—  
Our bards sat changed to busts of stone.           500

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<sup>11</sup> As the introduction to the *First Night* will confirm, this is David Rizzio, Mary's Italian private secretary. The historical Rizzio (or Riccio, 1533–66), who was indeed a talented musician and singer, was murdered in front of the pregnant queen by a gang of Protestant noblemen in 1566.

As ever ye heard the green-wood dell,  
On morn of June one warbled swell,  
If burst the thunder from on high,  
How hushed the woodland melody!  
Even so our bards sunk at the view  
Of what they wished, and what they knew.

Their numbers given, the lots were cast,  
To fix the names of first and last;  
Then to the dazzling hall were led,  
Poor minstrels less alive than dead. 510

There such a scene entranced the view,  
As heart of poet never knew.  
'Twas not the flash of golden gear,  
Nor blaze of silver chandelier;  
Not Scotland's chiefs of noble air,  
Nor dazzling rows of ladies fair;  
'Twas one enthroned the rest above,—  
Sure 'twas the Queen of grace and love!  
Taper the form, and fair the breast  
Yon radiant golden zones invest, 520  
Where the vexed rubies blench in death,  
Beneath yon lips and balmy breath.  
Coronal gems of every dye,  
Look dim above yon beaming eye;  
Yon cheeks outvie the dawning's glow,  
Red shadowed on a wreath of snow.

Oft the rapt bard had thought alone,  
Of charms by mankind never known;  
Of virgins, pure as opening day,  
Or bosom of the flower of May: 530  
Oft dreamed of beings free from stain,  
Of maidens of the emerald main,  
Of fairy dames in grove at even,  
Of angels in the walks of heaven:

But, nor in earth, the sea, nor sky,  
In fairy dream, nor fancy's eye,  
Vision his soul had never seen  
Like MARY STUART, Scotland's Queen.

\* \* \* \* \*

### From "Night the Second"<sup>12</sup>

The next was named,—the very sound  
Excited merriment around.  
But when the bard himself appeared,  
The ladies smiled, the courtiers sneered;  
For such a simple air and mien  
Before a court had never been.  
A clown he was, bred in the wild,  
And late from native moors exiled,  
In hopes his mellow mountain strain  
High favour from the great would gain. 10  
Poor wight! he never weened how hard  
For poverty to earn regard!  
Dejection o'er his visage ran,  
His coat was bare, his colour wan,  
His forest doublet darned and torn,  
His shepherd plaid all rent and worn;  
Yet dear the symbols to his eye,  
Memorials of a time gone bye.

guessed, imagined

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<sup>12</sup> The competition takes place over three nights. Eight bards sing on the first night, though Hogg only gives us the songs of three of them, starting with Rizzio. The second night begins with "Glen Avin" sung by the ninth bard, Farquhar of Speyside; the tenth bard follows with "Old David", included here: two more follow, and the night's performances ending with the thirteenth bard's "Kilmeny", also included here. A further four bards sing on the final night.

The bard on Ettrick's mountain green  
 In Nature's bosom nursed had been, 20  
 And oft had marked in forest lone  
 Her beauties on her mountain throne;  
 Had seen her deck the wild-wood tree,  
 And star with snowy gems the lea;  
 In loveliest colours paint the plain,  
 And sow the moor with purple grain;  
 By golden mead and mountain sheer,  
 Had viewed the Ettrick waving clear,  
 Where shadowy flocks of purest snow  
 Seemed grazing in a world below. 30

Instead of Ocean's billowy pride,  
 Where monsters play and navies ride,  
 Oft had he viewed, as morning rose,  
 The bosom of the lonely Lowes,<sup>13</sup>  
 Plowed far by many a downy keel,  
 Of wild-duck and of vagrant teal.  
 Oft thrilled his heart at close of even,  
 To see the dappled vales of heaven,  
 With many a mountain, moor, and tree,  
 Asleep upon the Saint Mary; 40  
 The pilot swan majestic wind,  
 With all his cygnet brood behind,  
 So softly sail, and swiftly row,  
 With sable oar and silken prow.  
 Instead of war's unhallowed form,  
 His eye had seen the thunder-storm  
 Descend within the mountain's brim,  
 And shroud him in its chambers grim;  
 Then from its bowels burst amain  
 The sheeted flame and sounding rain, 50

And by the bolts in thunder borne,  
 The heaven's own breast and mountain torn;

<sup>13</sup> The Loch o' the Lowes lies on the Yarrow, upstream from St Mary's Loch.

The wild roe from the forest driven;  
 The oaks of ages peeled and riven;  
 Impending oceans whirl and boil,  
 Convulsed by Nature's grand turmoil.

Instead of arms or golden crest,  
 His harp with mimic flowers was drest:  
 Around, in graceful streamers, fell 60  
 The briar-rose and the heather bell;  
 And there, his learning deep to prove,  
*Naturæ Domum* graved above.  
 When o'er her mellow notes he ran,  
 And his wild mountain chaunt began,  
 Then first was noted in his eye,  
 A gleam of native energy.

### Old David

#### THE TENTH BARD'S SONG

Old David rose ere it was day,  
 And climbed old Wonfell's wizard brae;<sup>14</sup>  
 Looked round, with visage grim and sour,  
 O'er Ettrick woods and Eskdale-moor.  
 An outlaw from the south he came,  
 And Ludlow was his father's name;  
 His native land had used him ill,  
 And Scotland bore him no good-will.

As fixed he stood, in sullen scorn,  
 Regardless of the streaks of morn, 10  
 Old David spied, on Wonfell cone,  
 A fairy band come riding on.  
 A lovelier troop was never seen;

<sup>14</sup> Windfell is a hill at the head of the Ettrick valley.

Their steeds were white, their doublets green,  
Their faces shone like opening morn,  
And bloomed like roses on the thorn.  
At every flowing mane was hung  
A silver bell that lightly rung;  
That sound, borne on the breeze away,  
Oft set the mountaineer to pray. 20

Old David crept close in the heath,  
Scarce moved a limb, scarce drew a breath;  
But as the tinkling sound came nigh,  
Old David's heart beat wonderous high.  
He thought of riding on the wind;  
Of leaving hawk and hern behind; heron  
Of sailing lightly o'er the sea,  
In mussel shell, to Germany;  
Of revel raids by dale and down; 30  
Of lighting torches at the moon;  
Or through the sounding spheres to sing,  
Borne on the fiery meteor's wing;  
Of dancing 'neath the moonlight sky;  
Of sleeping in the dew-cup's eye.  
And then he thought—O! dread to tell!—  
Of tithes the fairies paid to hell!

David turned up a reverend eye,  
And fixed it on the morning sky;  
He knew a mighty one lived there,  
That sometimes heard a warrior's prayer— 40  
No word, save one, could David say;  
Old David had not learned to pray.

Scarce will a Scotsman yet regard  
What David saw, and what he heard.  
He heard their horses snort and tread,  
And every word the riders said;  
While green portmanteaus, long and low,  
Lay bended o'er each saddle bow.

A lovely maiden rode between,  
Whom David judged the Fairy Queen; 50  
But strange! he heard her moans resound,  
And saw her feet with fetters bound.

Fast spur they on through bush and brake;  
To Ettrick woods their course they take.  
Old David followed still in view,  
Till near the Lochilaw they drew;<sup>15</sup>  
There in a deep and wonderous dell,  
Where wandering sun-beam never fell,  
Where noon-tide breezes never blew  
From flowers to drink the morning dew; 60  
There, underneath the sylvan shade,  
The fairies' spacious bower was made.  
Its rampart was the tangling sloe,  
The bending briar, and mistletoe;  
And o'er its roof, the crooked oak  
Waved wildly from the frowning rock.

This wonderous bower, this haunted dell,  
The forest shepherd shunned as hell!  
When sound of fairies' silver horn  
Came on the evening breezes borne, 70  
Homeward he fled, nor made a stand,  
Thinking the spirits hard at hand.  
But when he heard the eldrich swell  
Of giggling laugh and bridle bell,  
Or saw the riders trop along,  
His orisons were loud and strong.  
His household fare he yielded free  
To this mysterious company,

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<sup>15</sup> Hogg says in one of the endnotes (IX), "The Back-burn which joins the Ettrick immediately below this hill, has been haunted since time immemorial, both by the fairies, and ghost of a wandering minstrel who was cruelly murdered there, and who sleeps in a lone grave a small distance from the ford".

The fairest maid his cot within  
Resigned with awe and little din;           80  
True he might weep, but nothing say,  
For none durst say the fairies nay.

Old David hasted home that night,  
A wonderous and a wearied wight.  
Seven sons he had, alert and keen,  
Had all in Border battles been;  
Had wielded brand, and bent the bow,  
For those who sought their overthrow.  
Their hearts were true, their arms were strong,  
Their faulchions keen, their arrows long;           90       swords  
The race of fairies they denied,—  
No fairies kept the English side.

Our yeomen on their armour threw,  
Their brands of steel and bows of yew,  
Long arrows at their backs they sling,  
Fledged from the Snowdon eagle's wing,  
And boun' away brisk as the wind,  
The sire before, the sons behind.

That evening fell so sweetly still,  
So mild on lonely moor and hill,           100  
The little genii of the fell  
Forsook the purple heather-bell,  
And all their dripping beds of dew,  
In wind-flower, thyme, and violet blue;  
Aloft their viewless looms they heave,  
And dew-webs round the helmets weave.  
The waning moon her lustre threw  
Pale round her throne of softened blue;  
Her circuit, round the southland sky,  
Was languid, low, and quickly bye;           110  
Leaning on cloud so faint and fair,  
And cradled on the golden air;

Modest and pale as maiden bride,  
She sunk upon the trembling tide.

What late in daylight proved a jest,  
Was now the doubt of every breast.  
That fairies *were*, was not disputed;  
But *what* they were was greatly doubted.  
Each argument was guarded well,  
With "if," and "should," and "who can tell."       120

"Sure He that made majestic man,  
And framed the world's stupendous plan;  
Who placed on high the steady pole,  
And sowed the stars that round it roll;  
And made that sky, so large and blue,—  
Could surely make a fairy too."

The sooth to say, each valiant core  
Knew feelings never felt before.  
Oft had they darned the midnight brake,  
Fearless of aught save bog and lake;           130  
But now the nod of sapling fir,  
The heath-cock's loud exulting whirr,           grouse  
The cry of hern from sedgy pool,  
Or airy bleeter's rolling howl,           snipe  
Came fraught with more dismaying dread  
Than warder's horn, or warrior's tread.

Just as the gloom of midnight fell,  
They reached the fairies' lonely dell.  
O heavens! that dell was dark as death!  
Perhaps the pit-fall yawned beneath!           140  
Perhaps that lane that winded low,  
Led to a nether world of woe!  
But stern necessity's controul  
Resistless sways the human soul.



The bows are bent, the tinders smoke  
 With fire by sword struck from the rock.  
 Old David held the torch before;  
 His right hand heaved a dread claymore,  
 Whose Rippon edge he meant to try  
 On the first fairy met his eye. 150  
 Above his head his brand was raised;  
 Above his head the taper blazed;  
 A sterner or a ghafter sight,  
 Ne'er entered bower at dead of night.  
 Below each lifted arm was seen  
 The barbed point of arrow keen,  
 Which waited but the twang of bow  
 To fly like lightning on the foe.  
 Slow move they on, with steady eye,  
 Resolved to conquer or to die. 160

At length they spied a massive door,  
 Deep in a nook, unseen before;  
 And by it slept, on wicker chair,  
 A sprite of dreadful form and air.  
 His grizzly beard flowed round his throat,  
 Like shaggy hair of mountain goat;  
 His open jaws and visage grim,  
 His half-shut eye so deadly dim,  
 Made David's blood to's bosom rush,  
 And his gray hair his helmet brush. 170  
 He squared and made his faulchion wheel  
 Around his back from head to heel;  
 Then, rising tiptoe, struck amain,  
 Down fell the sleeper's head in twain;  
 And springing blood, in veil of smoke,  
 Whizzed high against the bending oak.

"By heaven!" said George, with jocund air,  
 "Father, if all the fairies there  
 Are of the same materials made,  
 Let them beware the Rippon blade!" 180

A ghastly smile was seen to play  
 O'er David's visage, stern and gray;  
 He hoped, and feared; but ne'er till then  
 Knew whether he fought with sprites or men.

The massy door they next unlock,  
 That oped to hall beneath the rock,  
 In which new wonders met the eye:  
 The room was ample, rude, and high,  
 The arches caverned, dark, and torn,  
 On Nature's rifted columns borne; 190  
 Of moulding rude the embrazure,  
 And all the wild entablature;  
 And far o'er roof and architrave,  
 The ivy's ringlets bend and wave.  
 In each abrupt recess was seen  
 A couch of heath and rushes green;  
 While every alcove's sombre hue,  
 Was gemm'd with drops of midnight dew.

Why stand our heroes still as death,  
 Nor muscle move, nor heave a breath? 200  
 See how the sire his torch has lowered,  
 And bends recumbent o'er his sword!  
 The arcubalister has thrown  
 His threatening, thirsty arrows down!  
 Struck in one moment, all the band  
 Entranced like moveless statues stand!  
 Enchantment sure arrests the spear,  
 And stints the warrior's bold career!

List, list, what mellow angel-sound  
 Distils from yonder gloom profound! 210  
 'Tis not the note of gathering shell,  
 Of fairy horn, not silver bell!  
 No, 'tis the lute's mellifluous swell,  
 Mixed with a maiden's voice to clear,  
 The flitting bats flock round to hear!

So wildly o'er the vault it rung,  
That song, if in the green-wood sung,  
Would draw the fays of wood and plain  
To kiss the lips that poured the strain. 220  
The lofty pine would listening lean;  
The wild birch wave her tresses green;  
And larks, that rose the dawn to greet,  
Drop lifeless at the singer's feet.  
The air was old, the measure slow,  
The words were plain, but words of woe.

Soft died the strain; the warriors stand,  
Nor rested lance, nor lifted brand,  
But listening bend, in hopes again  
To hear that sweetly plaintive strain. 230  
'Tis gone! and each uplifts his eye,  
As waked from dream of ecstasy.

Why stoops young Owen's gilded crest?  
Why heave those groans from Owen's breast?  
While kinsmen's eyes in raptures speak,  
Why steals the tear o'er Owen's cheek?  
That melting song, that song of pain,  
Was sung to Owen's favourite strain;  
The words were new, but that sweet lay  
Had Owen heard in happier day.

Fast press they on; in close-set row, 240  
Winded the lab'rinth far and low,  
Till, in the cave's extremest bound,  
Arrayed in sea-green silk, they found  
Five beauteous dames, all fair and young;  
And she, who late so sweetly sung,  
Sat leaning o'er a silver lute,  
Pale with despair, with terror mute.

When back her auburn locks she threw,  
And raised her eyes so lovely blue,

'Twas like the woodland rose in dew! 250  
That look was soft as morning flower,  
And mild as sun-beam through the shower.  
Old David gazed, and weened a while,  
He saw a suffering angel smile;  
Weened he had heard a seraph sing,  
And sounds of a celestial string.  
But when young Owen met her view,  
She shrieked, and to his bosom flew:  
For, oft before, in Moodlaw bowers, 260  
They two had passed the evening hours.  
She was the loveliest mountain maid,  
That e'er by grove or riv'let strayed;  
Old Raeburn's child, the fairest flower  
That ever bloomed in Eskdale-moor.  
'Twas she the Sire that morn had seen,  
And judged to be the Fairy Queen;  
'Twas she who framed the artless lay,  
That stopt the warriors on their way.

Close to her lover's breast she clung,  
And round his neck enraptured hung:— 270  
"O my dear Owen! haste and tell,  
What caused you dare this lonely dell,  
And seek your maid, at midnight still,  
Deep in the bowels of the hill?  
Here in this dark and drear abode,  
By all deserted but by God,  
Must I have reft the life he gave,  
Or lived in shame a villain's slave.  
I was, at midnight's murkest hour, 280  
Stole from my father's stately tower,  
And never thought again to view  
The sun or sky's ethereal blue;  
But since the first of Border-men  
Has found me in this dismal den,  
I to his arms for shelter fly,  
With him to live, or with him die."

darkest

How glowed brave Owen's manly face,  
While in that lady's kind embrace!  
Warm tears of joy his utterance staid;  
"O, my loved Ann!" was all he said. 290  
Though well they loved, her high estate  
Caused Owen aye aloof to wait;  
And watch her bower, beside the rill,  
When twilight rocked the breezes still,  
And waked the music of the grove  
To hymn the vesper song of love.  
Then underneath the green-wood bough,  
Oft had they breathed the tender vow.

With Ann of Raeburn here they found  
The flowers of all the Border round; 300  
From whom the strangest tale they hear,  
That e'er astounded warrior's ear.  
'Twould make even Superstition blush,  
And all her tales of spirits hush.

That night the spoilers ranged the vale,  
By Dryhope towers, and Meggat-dale.  
Ah! little trowed the fraudulent train,  
They ne'er should see their wealth again!  
Their lemans, and their mighty store,  
For which they nightly toils had bore, 310  
Full twenty Autumns moons and more!  
They little deemed, when morning dawned,  
To meet the deadly Rippon brand; sword  
And only find, at their return,  
In their loved cave an early urn.  
Ill suits it simple bard to tell  
Of bloody work that there befel.  
He lists not deeds of death to sing,  
Of spintered spear, and twanging string,  
Of piercing arrow's purpled wing, 320  
How faulchions flash, and helmet's ring.  
Not one of all that prowling band,

So long the terror of the land,  
Not one escaped their deeds to tell;  
All in the winding lab'rinth fell.  
The spoil was from the cave conveyed,  
Where in a heap the dead were laid:  
The outer cave our yeomen fill,  
And left them in the hollow hill.

But still that dell, and bourn beneath, 330  
The forest shepherd dreads as death.  
Not there at evening dares he stray,  
Though love impatient points the way;  
Though throbs his heart the maid to see,  
That's waiting by the trysting tree.

Even the old Sire, so reverend gray,  
Ere turns the scale of night and day,  
Oft breathes the short and ardent prayer,  
That heaven may guard his footsteps there; 340  
His eyes, meantime, so dim with dread,  
Scarce ken the turf his foot must tread.  
For still 'tis told, and still believed,  
That there the spirits were deceived,  
And maidens from their grasp retrieved:  
That this they still preserve in mind,  
And watch, when sighs the midnight wind,  
To wreck their rage on humankind.

Old David, for this doughty raid,  
Was keeper of the forest made;  
A trooper he of gallent fame, 350  
And first of all the Laidlaw name.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Hogg's maternal grandfather was a Laidlaw, and reputed to be the last man in Etrick "who heard, saw, and conversed with the fairies" (Hogg, *The Shepherd's Calendar* [ed. Mack, 2002], p.107). It was on this side of the family that Hogg was related to James Laidlaw of Blackhouse farm, for whom he worked as shepherd from 1790 to 1800, and who gave Hogg access to his comprehensive

E'er since, in Etrick's glens so green,  
 Spirits, though there, are seldom seen;  
 And fears of elf, and fairy raid,  
 Have like a morning dream decayed.<sup>17</sup>  
 The bare-foot maid, of rosy hue,  
 Dares from the heath-flower brush the dew,  
 To meet her love in moon-light still,  
 By flowery den or tinkling rill;  
 And well dares she till midnight stay,           360  
 Among the coils of fragrant hay.

True, some weak shepherds, gone astray,  
 As fell the dusk of Hallow-day,  
 Have heard the tinkling sound aloof,  
 And gentle tread of horse's hoof;  
 And flying swifter than the wind,  
 Left all their scattered flocks behind.

True, when the evening tales are told,  
 When winter nights are dark and cold,  
 The boy dares not to barn repair           370  
 Alone, to say his evening prayer;  
 Nor dare the maiden ope the door,  
 Unless her lover walk before;  
 Then well can counterfeit the fright,  
 If star-beam on the water light;  
 And to his breast in terror cling,  
 For such a dread and dangerous thing.

O, Etrick! shelter of my youth!  
 Thou sweetest glen of all the south!

---

library. This ten-years self-education led directly to Hogg's starting to write himself. William Laidlaw, James's son, became Hogg's lifelong friend, and Walter Scott's factor and amanuensis at Abbotsford: he is the "W— L—w" of the final scenes of *Confessions of A Justified Sinner*.

<sup>17</sup> See Hogg's endnote X to these lines.

Thy fairy tales, and songs of yore,           380  
 Shall never fire my bosom more.  
 Thy winding glades, and mountains wild,  
 The scenes that pleased me when a child,  
 Each verdant vale, and flowery lea,  
 Still in my midnight dreams I see;  
 And waking oft, I sigh for thee;  
 Thy hapless bard, though forced to roam  
 Afar from thee without a home,  
 Still there his glowing breast shall turn,  
 Till thy green bosom fold his urn.           390  
 Then, underneath thy mountain stone,  
 Shall sleep unnoticed and unknown.

---

When ceased the shepherd's simple lay,  
 With careless mien he lounged away.  
 No bow he deigned, nor anxious looked  
 How the gay throng their minstrel brooked.  
 No doubt within his bosom grew,  
 That to his skill the prize was due.  
 Well might he hope, for while he sung,  
 Louder and louder plaudits rung;           10  
 And when he ceased his numbers wild,  
 Fair Royalty approved and smiled.  
 Long had the bard, with hopes elate,  
 Sung to the low, the gay, the great;  
 And once had dared, at flatterer's call,  
 To tune his harp in Branxholm hall;<sup>18</sup>

---

<sup>18</sup> Branxholme Castle, on the Teviot, south of Hawick, was the seat of the Scotts of Buccleuch, in 1561 a powerful local dynasty and in Hogg's day the largest landowners in the area (in 2008, among the largest private landowners in the U.K.). Walter Scott's *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1801) is sung by a bard to Lady Scott at Branxsholme; the reference here is perhaps a sly dig at Scott's cultivation of aristocratic friends, and the Scotts of Buccleuch in particular.

But nor his notes of soothing sound,  
 Nor zealous word of bard renowned,  
 Might those persuade, that worth could be  
 Inherent in such mean degree. 20  
 But when the smile of Sovereign fair  
 Attested genuine nature there,  
 Throbb'd high with rapture every breast,  
 And all his merit stood confest.

\* \* \* \* \*<sup>19</sup>

Again is every courtier's gaze  
 Speaking suspense, and deep amaze;  
 The bard was stately, dark, and stern,—  
 'Twas Drummond, from the moors of Ern.<sup>20</sup>  
 Tall was his frame, his forehead high,  
 Still and mysterious was his eye;  
 His look was like a winter day,  
 When storms and winds have sunk away.

Well-versed was he in holy lore;  
 In cloistered dome the cowl he wore; 10  
 But, wearied with the eternal strain  
 Of formal breviats,<sup>21</sup> cold and vain,  
 He wooed, in depth of Highland dale,  
 The silver spring and mountain gale.

In gray Glen-Ample's forest deep,  
 Hid from the rains and tempest's sweep,  
 In bosom of an aged wood  
 His solitary cottage stood.

Its walls were bastioned, dark, and dorn,  
 Dark was its roof of filmot fern, 20  
 And dark the vista down the linn,  
 But all was love and peace within.  
 Religion, man's first friend and best,  
 Was in that home a constant guest;  
 There, sweetly, every morn and even,  
 Warm orisons were poured to heaven:  
 And every cliff Glen-Ample knew,  
 And green wood on her banks that grew,  
 In answer to his bounding string, 30  
 Had learned the hymns of heaven to sing;  
 With many a song of mystic lore,  
 Rude as when sung in days of yore.

His were the snowy flocks, that strayed  
 Adown Glen-Airtney's forest glade;  
 And his the goat, and chesnut hind,  
 Where proud Ben-Vorlich cleaves the wind:  
 There oft, when suns of summer shone,  
 The bard would sit, and muse alone,  
 Of innocence, expelled by man; 40  
 Of nature's fair and wonderous plan;  
 Of the eternal throne sublime,  
 Of visions seen in ancient time,  
 Till his rapt soul would leave her home  
 In visionary worlds to roam.  
 Then would the mists that wandered bye  
 Seem hovering spirits to his eye:  
 Then would the breeze's whistling sweep,  
 Soft lulling in the cavern deep,  
 Seem to the enthusiast's dreaming ear  
 The words of spirits whispering near. 50

Loathed his firm soul the measured chime  
 And florid films of modern rhyme;  
 No other lays became his tongue  
 But those his rude forefathers sung.

<sup>19</sup> The eleventh and twelfth bards' songs have been omitted here.

<sup>20</sup> That is, Strathearn in Perthshire.

<sup>21</sup> Presumably the contents of his breviary, the prayers to be said and sung throughout the day by a monk.

And when, by wandering minstrel warned,  
 The mandate of his Queen he learned,  
 So much he prized the ancient strain,  
 High hopes had he the prize to gain.  
 With modest, yet majestic mien,  
 He tuned his harp of solemn strain: 60  
 O list the tale, ye fair and young,  
 A lay so strange was never sung!

### Kilmeny

#### THE THIRTEENTH BARD'S SONG

BONNIE KILMENY gaed up the glen; went  
 But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,<sup>22</sup> wasn't  
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing, yellowhammer  
 And pu' the cress-flower round the spring; pull  
 The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye, bramble  
 And the nut that hung frae the hazel tree; from  
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa', 10 long; mother; over;  
 But lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw; in; copse [wall  
 Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame! weep; before; home

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mess for Kilmeny's soul had been sung, mass  
 When the bedesman had pray'd and the dead bell rung,  
 Late, late in gloamin' when all was still, twilight  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill, western  
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane, 20 dry  
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain, smoke of

Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
 When the ingle low'd wi' an eiry leme,  
 Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

alone  
 fireplace glowed  
 [with; eery gleam

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;  
 By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree,  
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
 Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?  
 That bonnie snood of the birk sae green? 30  
 And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?  
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

have; both  
 waterfall  
 healthy  
 got; mantle  
 hair ribbon; birch

Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace,  
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
 As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,  
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
 For Kilmeny had been, she knew not where,  
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;  
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew, 40  
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.  
 But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,  
 And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue,  
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
 And a land where sin had never been;  
 A land of love and a land of light,  
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;  
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
 And the light a pure celestial beam;  
 The land of vision, it would seem, 50  
 A still, an everlasting dream.

no  
 eye  
 emerald

swelled

In yon green-wood there is a waik,  
 And in that waik there is a wene,  
 And in that wene there is a maike,  
 That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
 And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

deep grass for  
 habitation [pasture  
 image, resemblance

<sup>22</sup> Dunira is an estate at the east end of Loch Earn.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
 Her bosom happ'd wi' flowerets gay;  
 But the air was soft and the silence deep,  
 And bonnie Kilmeny fell sound asleep.      60  
 She kenn'd nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,  
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

covered with  
 knew no more

She waken'd on a couch of the silk sae slim,  
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
 And lovely beings round were rife,  
 Who erst had travell'd mortal life;  
 And aye they smiled and 'gan to speer,  
 "What spirit has brought this mortal here?"—

fine  
 ask

"Lang have I journey'd, the world wide,"  
 A meek and reverend fere replied;      70  
 "Baith night and day I have watch'd the fair,  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.  
 Yes, I have watch'd o'er ilk degree,  
 Wherever blooms femenity;  
 But sinless virgin, free of stain  
 In mind and body, fand I nane.  
 Never, since the banquet of time,  
 Found I a virgin in her prime,  
 Till late this bonnie maiden I saw  
 As spotless as the morning snaw:      80  
 Full twenty years she has lived as free  
 As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie:  
 I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
 That sin or death she never may ken."—

fellow  
 unceasing  
 ilk class  
 found  
 snow

They clasp'd her waist and her hands sae fair,  
 They kiss'd her cheek and they kemed her hair,  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying, 'Bonnie Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!  
 Women are freed of the littand scorn:  
 O blest be the day Kilmeny was born!      90

combed  
 light [?]

Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
 Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain,  
 Many a lang year through the world we've gane,  
 Commission'd to watch fair womankind,  
 For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.  
 We have watch'd their steps as the dawning shone,  
 And deep in the green-wood walks alone;  
 By lily bower and silken bed,      100  
 The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
 Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
 Or left the couch of love to weep.  
 We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,  
 And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O would the fairest of mortal kind  
 Aye keep the holy truths in mind,      always  
 That kindred spirits their motions see,  
 Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,  
 And grieve for the guilt of humanity!  
 O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,      110  
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!  
 And dear to Heaven the words of truth,  
 And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!  
 And dear to the viewless forms of air,  
 The minds that kyth as the body fair!      appear

"O bonnie Kilmeny! free frae stain,  
 If ever you seek the world again,  
 That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,  
 O tell of the joys that are waiting here;  
 And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;      120  
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
 And she walk'd in the light of a sunless day;  
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:

The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
 And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie 130  
 In the stream of life that wander'd bye.  
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
 She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
 It fell on the ear like a dream of the morn:  
 "O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
 A borrow'd gleid frae the fountain of light; 140  
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
 Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
 Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.  
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
 When the sun and the world have elyed away; 140  
 When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,  
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

spark  
 makes shiny; dark  
 golden

vanished, faded  
 gone; woeful

They bore her away, she wist not how,  
 For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
 But so swift they wain'd her through the light, 150  
 'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
 They seem'd to split the gales of air,  
 And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
 Unnumber'd groves below them grew,  
 They came, they pass'd, and backward flew,  
 Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
 In moment seen, in moment gone.  
 O, never vales to mortal view  
 Appear'd like those o'er which they flew!  
 That land to human spirits given, 160  
 The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;  
 From thence they can view the world below,

carried

And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,  
 More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
 To see what mortal never had seen;  
 And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
 And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
 And note the changes the spirits wrought, 170  
 For now she lived in the land of thought.  
 She look'd, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes:  
 She look'd, and she saw nae land aright,  
 But an endless whirl of glory and light:  
 And radiant beings went and came,  
 Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.  
 She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view;  
 She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
 And clouds of amber sailing bye; 180  
 A lovely land beneath her lay,  
 And that land had glens and mountains gray;<sup>23</sup>  
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
 And marled seas, and a thousand isles. 180  
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
 The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray;  
 Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung,  
 On every shore they seem'd to be hung; 190  
 For there they were seen on their downward plain  
 A thousand times and a thousand again;  
 In winding lake and placid firth,  
 Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

many-coloured

<sup>23</sup> The "lovely land" is of course Scotland.



Kilmeny sigh'd and seem'd to grieve,  
 For she found her heart to that land did cleave;  
 She saw the corn wave on the vale,  
 She saw the deer run down the dale;  
 She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,<sup>24</sup>  
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore; 200  
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
 The fairest that ever the sun shone on!  
 A lion lick'd her hand of milk,  
 And she held him in a leish of silk;  
 And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee, lovely, full of love  
 With a silver wand and melting e'e;  
 Her sovereign shield till love stole in,  
 And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedesman came, 210  
 And hundert the lion on his dame;<sup>25</sup>  
 And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,  
 She dropp'd a tear, and left her knee;  
 And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,  
 Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;  
 A coffin was set on a distant plain,<sup>26</sup>  
 And she saw the red blood fall like rain;  
 Then bonnie Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
 And she turn'd away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girn'd amain, fellow; snarled  
 And they trampled him down, but he rose again;

<sup>24</sup> Claymore, from Gaelic *claidheamh mòr*: broadsword, such as that carried by Highland warriors.

<sup>25</sup> The lady is Mary Stuart, and the gruff bedesman (clergyman) is John Knox (c. 1514–1572), Calvinist leader of the Scottish Reformation. The lion that he turns against Mary in this allegory is the Scottish nobility. The leifu' maiden is perhaps Mary's guardian angel, or her innocence.

<sup>26</sup> A reference to Mary's death in England, beheaded in 1587 after a 19-year captivity.

And he baited the lion to deeds of weir, war  
 Till he lapp'd the blood to the kingdom dear;  
 And weening his head was danger-preef, proof  
 When crown'd with the rose and clover leaf,  
 He gowl'd at the carle, and chased him away howled  
 To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.<sup>27</sup>  
 He gowl'd at the carle, and geck'd at Heaven, mocked  
 But his mark was set, and his arles given, his punishment  
 Kilmeny a while her e'en withdrew; 230 [stored up  
 She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw before her fair unfur'd  
 One half of all the glowing world,  
 Where oceans roll'd, and rivers ran,  
 To bound the aims of sinful man.  
 She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
 Their lilies grew, and the eagle flew;  
 And she herked on her ravening crew, egged on  
 Till the cities and towers were wrapp'd in a blaze, 240  
 And the thunder it roar'd o'er the lands and the seas.<sup>28</sup>  
 The widows they wail'd, and the red blood ran,  
 And she threaten'd an end to the race of man;

<sup>27</sup> In the allegory of this verse-paragraph, the grim carle, previously representing Knox, now seems to represent the reformed church in general; its Presbyterian constitution suppressed under Charles II and James VII, with ministers who refused to accept royal supremacy in religion evicted from their churches, and forced to preach to their loyal congregations in secret locations in the hills. Open revolt by these 'Covenanters' followed in 1679. The lion now seems to represent these Stuart kings, emboldened by the 1603 regal union with England and Ireland (represented by the rose and the cloverleaf) to turn on their own people in this way. If this reading is correct, Hogg's representation here of the 17th-Century Kirk is markedly less sympathetic to its sufferings (largely brought on itself in this account) than in Hogg's other writing, especially his fiction, which is characteristically pro-Covenanter.

<sup>28</sup> The people fierce and fell are the French, although in Hogg's own lifetime the lilies of the French royal banner had been replaced by the revolutionary tricolour and Napoleon's imperial eagle as the French state's symbols (1.238).

She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.<sup>29</sup>  
 O, then the eagle swink'd for life,  
 And brainyell'd up a mortal strife;  
 But flew she north, or flew she south,  
 She met wi' the gowl o' the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
 The eagle sought her eiry again;  
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
 Before she sey another flight,  
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
 So far surpassing nature's law,  
 The singer's voice wad sink away,  
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play.  
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye, 260  
 And all was love and harmony;  
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
 Like flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see  
 The friends she had left in her own countrie;  
 To tell of the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
 To warn the living maidens fair,  
 The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,  
 That all whose minds unmeled remain 270  
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

<sup>29</sup> The lion now seems to represent the British state, at war with France since 1793; though in l.255 it has become a specifically "Norland" lion, suggesting that Hogg has in mind the Scottish regiments in the British army, whose prowess in the war was a source of some national pride. In 1813, when this poem was first published, Napoleon's defeat seemed imminent, though at this stage the crucial British contribution to the alliance leagued against him was financial rather than military.

relented [?]

laboured  
 stirred

moulted; moan

attempt

would

unblemished  
 gone

With distant music, soft and deep,  
 They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;  
 And when she awaken'd, she lay her lane,  
 All happ'd with flowers, in the green-wood wene.  
 When seven lang years had come and fled,  
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
 When scarce was remember'd Kilmeny's name,  
 Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!  
 And O, her beauty was fair to see, 280  
 But still and steadfast was her e'e!  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there;  
 And the soft desire of maiden's e'en  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower, chemise  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melodye,  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raik the lanely glen, 290  
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.  
 But wherever her peaceful form appear'd,  
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd;  
 The wolf play'd blythly round the field,  
 The lordly byson low'd and kneel'd;  
 The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,  
 And cower'd aneath her lily hand. beneath  
 And when at even the woodlands rung, 300  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion!  
 The wild beasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
 And goved around, charm'd and amazed;  
 Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed,  
 And murmur'd and look'd with anxious pain  
 For something the mystery to explain. milking pens; folds  
 stared

The buzzard came with the throstle-cock; 310  
 The corby left her houf in the rock;  
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began,  
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;  
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merle and the mavis forhooy'd their young;  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd;  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

thrush  
 corby; shelter  
 along  
  
 fox  
 heron; out over  
 blackbird; thrush;  
 [neglected]

When a month and a day had come and gane. 320  
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth  
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And return'd to the land of thought again. 330

gone  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
 knew not  
 wasn't; couldn't

He ceased; and all with kind concern  
 Blest in their hearts the bard of Ern.

By that the chill and piercing air,  
 The pallid hue of ladies fair,  
 The hidden yawn, and drumbly eye,  
 Loudly announced the morning nigh.  
 Beckoned the Queen with courteous smile,  
 And breathless silence gazed the while:—

cloudy

"I hold it best, my lords," she said,  
 "For knight, for dame, and lovely maid, 10

At wassail, wake, or revel hall,  
 To part before the senses pall.  
 Sweet though the draught of pleasure be,  
 Why should we drain it to the lee?  
 Though here the minstrel's fancy play,  
 Light as the breeze of summer-day;  
 Though there in solemn cadence flow,  
 Smooth as the night-wind o'er the snow;  
 Nor bound away with rolling sweep,  
 Like tempest o'er the raving deep; 20  
 High on the morning's golden screen,  
 Or casemate of the rainbow lean;—  
 Such beauties were in vain prolonged,  
 The soul is cloyed, the minstrel wronged.

"Loud is the morning-blast, and chill,  
 The snow-drift speeds along the hill;  
 Let ladies of the storm beware,  
 And lords of ladies take a care;  
 From lanes and alleys guard them well,  
 Where lurking ghost of sprite may dwell; 30  
 But most avoid the dazzling flare,  
 And spirit of the morning air;  
 Hide from their eyes that hideous form,  
 The ruthless angel of the storm.  
 I wish, for every gallant's sake,  
 That none may rue our royal wake:  
 I wish what most his heart approves,  
 And every lady what she loves,—  
 Sweet be her sleep on bed of down,  
 And pleasing be her dreams till noon. 40  
 And when you hear the bugle's strain,  
 I hope to see you all again."—

Whether the Queen to fear inclined,  
 Or spoke to cheer the minstrel's mind,  
 Certes, she spoke with meaning leer,  
 And ladies smiled her words to hear.

Yet, though the dawn of morning shone,  
 No lady from that night-wake gone,  
 Not even the Queen, durst sleep alone.  
 And scarce had Sleep, with throb and sigh,      50  
 O'er breast of snow, and moistened eye,  
 Outspread his shadowy canopy,  
 When every fervid female mind,  
 Or sailed with witches on the wind,      either  
 Drank, unobserved, the potent wine,  
 Or floated on the foamy brine.  
 Some strove the land of thought to win,  
 Impelled by hope, withstood by sin;  
 And some with angry spirit stood  
 By lonely stream, or pathless wood.      60  
 And oft was heard the broken sigh,  
 The half-formed prayer, and smothered cry;  
 So much the minds of old and young  
 Were moved by what the minstrels sung.  
 What Lady Gordon did or said  
 Could not be learned from lady's maid,  
 And Huntley swore and shook his head.

But she and all her buskined train  
 Appeared not at the wake again.

#### END OF NIGHT THE SECOND

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#### CONCLUSION

FRIEND of the bard! peace to thy heart,  
 Long hast thou acted a generous part,  
 Long hast thou courteously in pain  
 Attended to a feeble strain,

While oft abashed has sunk thine eye,—  
 Thy task is done, the Wake is bye.

I saw thy fear, I knew it just;  
 'Twas not for minstrels long in dust,  
 But for the fond and venturesome swain      10  
 Who dared to wake their notes again;  
 Yet oft thine eye has spoke delight,  
 I marked it well, and blest the sight:  
 No sour disdain, nor manner cold,  
 Noted contempt for tales of old;  
 Oft hast thou at the fancies smiled,  
 And marvelled at the legends wild.  
 Thy task is o'er; peace to thy heart!  
 For thou hast acted a generous part.

'Tis said that thirty bards appeared,  
 That thirty names were registered,      20  
 With whom were titled chiefs combined,  
 But some are lost, and some declined.  
 Woe's me, that all my mountain lore  
 Has been unfit to rescue more!  
 And that my guideless rustic skill  
 Has told those ancient tales to ill.

The prize Harp still hung on the wall;  
 The bards were warned to leave the hall,  
 Till courtiers gave the judgement true,      30  
 To whom the splendid prize was due.  
 What curious wight will pass with me,  
 The anxious motley group to see;  
 List their remarks of right and wrong,  
 Of skilful hand and faulty song,  
 And drink one glass the bards among?

There sit the men—behold them there,  
 Made maidens quake and courtiers stare,



Whose generous heart and taste refined,  
Alike to bard and courtier kind,  
This high repast for all designed. 100  
For shame! your party strife suspend,  
And list the counsel of a friend.

“Unmeet it is for you or me  
To lessen one of all the three,  
Each excellent in his degree;  
But taste, as sapient sages tell,  
Varies with climes in which we dwell.

“Fair emblem of the Border dale,  
Is cadence soft and simple tale;  
While stern romantic Highland clime, 110  
Still nourishes the rude sublime.

“If Border ear may taste the worth  
Of the wild pathos of the north,  
Or that sublimed by Ossian’s lay,<sup>35</sup>  
By forest dark and mountain gray,  
By clouds which frowning cliffs deform,  
By roaring flood and raving storm,  
Enjoy the smooth, the fairy tale,  
Or evening song of Teviotdale;  
Then trow you may the tides adjourn, 120  
And nature from her path-way turn;  
The wild-duck drive to mountain tree,  
The capperkayle to swim the sea,

The heath-cock to the shelvy shore,  
The partridge to the mountain hoar,  
And bring the red-eyed ptarmigan  
To dwell by the abodes of man.

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<sup>35</sup> Ossian is the bard of Gaelic tradition, best known to Hogg’s generation through the “translations” (mostly fabrications) of James Macpherson (1736–96) in a series of volumes starting with *Fragments of Ancient Poetry* (1760).

“To end this strife, unrul’d and vain,  
Let all the three be call’d again;  
Their skill alternately be tried, 130  
And let the Queen alone decide.  
Then hush’d be jeer and answer proud,”—  
He said, and all, consenting, bow’d.

When word was brought to bard’s retreat,  
The group were all in dire debate;  
The Border youth (that stranger wight)  
Had quarrell’d with the clans outright;  
Had plac’d their merits out of ken,  
Deriding both the songs and men.  
’Tis said—but few the charge believes,— 140  
He brand’d them as fools and thieves.  
Certes that war and woe had been,  
For gleaming dirks unsheath’d were seen,  
The Highland minstrels ill could brook  
His taunting word and haughty look.

The youth was chafed, and with disdain  
Refus’d to touch his harp again;  
Said he desired no more renown  
Than keep those Highland boasters down;  
Now he had seen them quite undone, 150  
The south had two, the north but one;  
But should they bear the prize away,  
For that he should not, would not play;  
He cared for no such guerdon mean,  
Nor for the harp, nor for the Queen.

His claim withdrawn, the victors twain  
Repaired to prove their skills again.

The song that tuneful Gardyn sung  
Is still admir’d by old and young,  
And long shall be at evening fold, 160  
While songs are sung or tales are told.

Of stolen delights began the song,  
 Of love the Carron woods among,  
 Of lady borne from Carron side  
 To Barnard towers and halls of pride,  
 Of jealous lord and doubtful bride,  
 And ended with Gilmorice' doom  
 Cut off in manhood's early bloom.  
 Soft rung the closing notes and slow,  
 And every heart was steeped in woe. 170

The harp of Ettrick rung again,<sup>36</sup>  
 Her hand, intent on fairy strain,  
 And fairy freak by moonlight shaw,  
 Sung young Tam Lean of Carterha'.<sup>37</sup>

Queen Mary's harp on high that hung,  
 And every tone responsive rung,  
 With gems and gold that dazzling shone,  
 That harp is to the Highlands gone,  
 Gardyn is crowned with garlands gay,  
 And bears the envied prize away.<sup>38</sup> 180  
 Long, long that harp, the hills among,  
 Resounded Ossian's mountain song;  
 Waked slumbering lyres from every tree  
 Adown the banks of Don and Dee,  
 At length was borne, by beauteous bride,  
 To woo the airs on Garry side.

When full two hundred years had fled,  
 And all the northern bards were dead,  
 That costly harp, of wonderous mould,  
 Defaced of all its gems and gold, 190

With that which Gardyn erst did play,  
 Back to Dunedin found its way.

As Mary's hand the victor crowned,  
 And twined the wreath his temples round,  
 Loud were the shouts of Highland chief—  
 The Lowlanders were dumb with grief;  
 And the poor Bard of Ettrick stood  
 Like statue pale, in moveless mood;  
 Like ghost, which oft his eyes had seen  
 At gloaming in his glens so green. 200  
 Queen Mary saw the minstrel's pain,  
 And bade from bootless grief refrain.

She said a boon to him should fall  
 Worth all the harps in royal hall;  
 Of Scottish songs a countless store,  
 Precious remains of minstrel lore,  
 And cottage, by a silver rill,  
 Should all reward his rustic skill:  
 Did other gift his bosom claim,  
 He needed but that gift to name. 210

"O, my fair Queen," the minstrel said,  
 With faltering voice and hanging head,  
 "Your cottage keep, and minstrel lore,—  
 Grant me a harp, I ask no more.  
 Form thy own hand a lyre I crave,  
 That boon alone my heart can save."

"Well hast thou asked; and be it known,  
 I have a harp of old renown  
 Hath many an ardent wight beguiled;  
 'Twas framed by wizard of the wild, 220  
 And will not yield one measure bland  
 Beneath a skillless stranger hand;  
 But once her powers by progress found,  
 O there is magic in the sound!

<sup>36</sup> See Hogg's endnote XXII to this line.

<sup>37</sup> "The Young Tam Lane" is one of the traditional ballads included in Walter Scott's collection, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1801).

<sup>38</sup> See Hogg's endnote XXIII to these lines.

“When worldly woes oppress thy heart,—  
And thou and all must share a part,—  
Should scorn be cast from maiden’s eye,  
Should friendship fail, or fortune fly,  
Steal with thy harp to lonely brake,  
Her wild, her soothing numbers wake,                   230  
And soon corroding cares shall cease,  
And passion’s host be lulled to peace;  
Angels a gilded screen shall cast,  
That cheers the future, veils the past.

“That harp will make the elves of eve  
Their dwelling in the moon-beam leave,  
And ope thine eyes by haunted tree  
Their glittering tiny forms to see.  
The flitting shades that woo the glen  
'Twill shape to forms of living men,                   240  
To forms on earth no more you see,  
Who once were loved, and aye will be;  
And holiest converse you may prove  
Of things below and things above.”

“That is, that is the harp for me!”  
Said the rapt bard in ecstasy;  
“This soothing, this exhaustless store,  
Grant me, my Queen, I ask no more.”

O, when the weeping minstrel laid  
The relic in his old grey plaid,                   250  
When Holyrood he left behind  
To gain the hills of mist and wind,  
Never was hero of renown,  
Or monarch prouder of his crown.  
He tript the vale, he climbed the coomb,  
The mountain breeze began to boom;  
Aye when the magic chords it rung,  
He raised his voice and blithely sung.

“Hush, my wild harp, thy notes forbear;  
No blooming maids nor elves are here:                   260  
Forbear a while that witching tone,  
Thou must not, canst not, sing alone.  
When Summer flings her watchet screen                   blue-light  
At eve o’er Ettrick woods so green,  
Thy notes shall many a heart beguile;  
Young Beauty’s eye shall o’er thee smile,  
And fairies trip it merrily  
Around my royal harp and me.”

Long has that harp of magic tone  
To all the minstrel world been known:                   270  
Who has not heard her witching lays,  
Of Ettrick banks and Yarrow braes?  
But that sweet bard, who sung and played  
Of many a feat and Border raid,  
Of many a knight and lovely maid,  
When forced to leave his harp behind,  
Did all her tuneful chords unwind;  
And many ages past and came  
Ere man so well could tune the same.

Bangour the daring task essayed,                   280  
Not half the chords his fingers played;  
Yet even then some thrilling lays  
Bespoke the harp of ancient days.<sup>39</sup>

Redoubted Ramsay’s peasant skill  
Flung some strained notes along the hill;  
His was some lyre from lady’s hall,  
And not the mountain harp at all.<sup>40</sup>

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<sup>39</sup> William Hamilton of Bangour (1704–54), a poet/song-lyricist and important collaborator of Ramsay’s in adapting folk forms to a high literary idiom. The 1730 edition of Ramsey’s collection *The Tea-Table Miscellany* includes his “Braes of Yarrow”, which is perhaps in Hogg’s mind at this point.



Langhorn arrived from Southern dale,  
And chimed his notes on Yarrow vale,  
They would not, could not, touch the heart;  
His was the modish lyre of art.<sup>41</sup> 290

Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand:<sup>42</sup>  
Then Leyden came from Border land.  
With dauntless heart and ardour high,  
And wild impatience in his eye.  
Though false his tones at times might be,  
Though wild notes marred the symphony  
Between, the glowing measure stole  
That spoke the bard's inspired soul.  
Sad were those strains, when hymned afar, 300  
On the green vales of Malabar:

O'er seas beneath the golden morn,  
They travelled, on the monsoon borne,  
Thrilling the heart of Indian maid,  
Beneath the wild banana's shade.—  
Leyden! a shepherd wails thy fate,  
And Scotland knows her loss too late.<sup>43</sup>

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<sup>40</sup> An interesting assessment of Allan Ramsay (1684–1758), the most influential figure in the vernacular revival of the first part of the eighteenth century.

<sup>41</sup> John Langhorne (1735–1779), English poet and clergyman, author of *Genius and Valour: a Scotch Pastoral* (1763), a poem inspired more by political sympathies with the Britain's then prime minister, the Earl of Bute, than by any actual experience of Scotland.

<sup>42</sup> John Logan (1747–88), Edinburgh minister and writer in various genres, including *Poems* (1781).

<sup>43</sup> From a borders farming background slightly more prosperous than Hogg's, John Leyden (1775–1811) is included here as author of "The Elf King", a ballad imitation written for M.G. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* (1801), as collaborator with Scott on *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and for his major collection *Scenes of Infancy* (1803). Appointed Assistant Surgeon in the East India Company at Madras, on the Malabar coast of south-west India, he travelled widely and wrote prodigiously on South Asian languages and cultures. He died on expedition near Batavia (now Jakarta) in Java.

The day arrived—blest be the day,  
Walter the abbot came that way!—<sup>44</sup>  
The sacred relic met his view— 310  
Ah! well the pledge of heaven he knew!  
He screwed the chords, he tried a strain;  
'Twas wild—he tuned and tried again,  
Then poured the numbers bold and free,  
The simple magic melody.

The land was charmed to list his lays;  
It knew the harp of ancient days.  
The Border chiefs, that long had been  
In sepulchres unheard and green,  
Passed from their mouldy vaults away, 320  
In armour red and stern array,  
And by their moonlight halls were seen,  
In visor helm, and habergeon.  
Even fairies sought our land again,  
So powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye!  
He told me where the relic lay;  
Pointed my way with ready will,  
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;  
Watched my first notes with curious eye, 330  
And wondered at my minstrelsy:  
He little weened a parent's tongue  
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

O could the bard I loved so long,  
Reprove my fond aspiring song!  
Or could his tongue of candour say,  
That I should throw my harp away!  
Just when her notes began with skill,  
To sound beneath the southern hill,

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<sup>44</sup> Walter Scott (1771–1832), of course: "the abbot" because Scott had bought a house at Abbotsford, near Melrose, in 1812.

And twine around my bosom's core,                    340  
How could we part for evermore!  
'Twas kindness all, I cannot blame,  
For bootless is the minstrel flame;  
But sure, a bard might well have known  
Another's feelings by his own!<sup>45</sup>

Of change enamoured, woe the while!  
He left our mountains, left the isle;  
And far to other kingdoms bore  
The Caledonian harp of yore;<sup>46</sup>  
But, to the hand that framed her true,                    350  
Only by force one strain she threw.  
That harp he never more shall see,  
Unless 'mong Scotland's hills with me.

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Now, my loved Harp, a while farewell;  
I leave thee on the old grey thorn;  
The evening dews will mar thy swell,  
That waked to joy the cheerful morn.

Farewell, sweet soother of my woe!  
Chill blows the blast around my head;  
And louder yet that blast may blow,                    360  
When down this weary vale I've sped.

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<sup>45</sup> Hogg first met Scott when the latter was collecting ballads for the *Minstrelsy*: Hogg's mother was a rich source of material, and Scott recognised and encouraged the talent of her son. But in 1804 he advised Hogg to stick to farming, to Hogg's lasting anger; his advice not motivated by any assessment of the quality of Hogg's work, but by Scott's conservative conviction that the labouring classes should not aspire above the station in which God had placed them.

<sup>46</sup> After poems set in Scotland such as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810) Hogg knew that Scott's new poem, *Rokeby* (1813) was set in the North of England.

The wreath lies on Saint Mary's shore;  
The mountain sounds are harsh and loud;  
The lofty brows of stern Clokmore  
Are visored with the moving cloud.

But Winter's deadly hues shall fade  
On moorland bald and mountain shaw,  
And soon the rainbow's lovely shade  
Sleep on the breast of Bowerhope Law;

Then will the glowing suns of spring,  
The genial shower and stealing dew,                    10  
Wake every forest bird to sing,  
And every mountain flower renew.

But not the rainbow's ample ring,  
That spans the glen and mountain gray,  
Though fanned by western breeze's wing,  
And sunned by summer's glowing ray,

To man decayed, can ever more  
Renew the age of love and glee!  
Can ever second spring restore  
To my old mountain Harp and me!                    20

But when the hue of softened green  
Spreads over hill and lonely lea,  
And lowly primrose opes unseen  
Her virgin bosom to the bee;

When hawthorns breathe their odours far,  
And carols hail the year's return,  
And daisy spreads her silver star  
Unheeded by the mountain burn;