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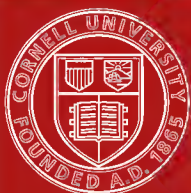
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# The Ever Green

VOLUME SECOND





The Ever Green

A COLLECTION

OF



Scots



Poems

*Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600*

BY ALLAN RAMSAY

=

Reprinted from the Original Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME SECOND

Glasgow

ROBERT FORRESTER, 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE

1876

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T H E  
Ever Green,  
B E I N G A  
COLLECTION  
O F  
S C O T S P O E M S,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

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VOL. II.

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*Quba dar perfume thir Poetis to impung,  
Qubais Sentence sweit throw ALBION bin sung.*

S<sup>r</sup>. D. LINDSAY.

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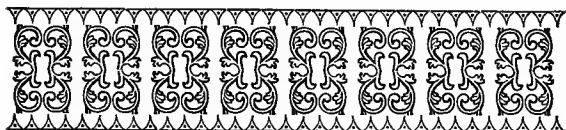
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E D I N B U R G H,

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for ALLAN  
RAMSAY. M.DCC.XXIV.

Q  
am





A

## NEW YEIR GIFT

*To Queen MARY, when she  
came first Hame, 1562.*



I.

WELCUM, illustrat Lady, and our Quene,  
Welcum our Lyone with the *Floure-de-Lyce*;  
Welcum our Thistle with the *Lorane Grene*;  
Welcum our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,  
Welcum our Jem, and joyfull Gentryce;  
Welcum our Beil of ALBION to beir;  
Welcum our plesand Princes maist of Pryce,  
GOD give you Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

II. THIS

## II.

THIS Gude New Zeir we hope with Grace of GOD,  
 Sall be of Peace, Tranquility and Rest;  
 This Zeir sal Richt and Reason rule the Rod,  
 Quhilk fae lang Season has bene fair suprest;  
 This Zeir firm Faith sall freily be confest,  
 And all eronious Questions put arrear  
 To labour that this Lyfe amang us left,  
 GOD give zou Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## III.

HEIRFORE address thee duely to decore,  
 And rule thy Regne with hie Magnificence;  
 Begin at GOD to gar set forth his Glore,  
 And of his Gospel get Experience;  
 Cause his true Kirk be had in Reverence,  
 So sall thy Name and Fame spreid far and neir,  
 Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,  
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## IV.

FOUND on the first four Vertues cardinall,  
 On Wisdom, Justice, Force and Temperance,  
 Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall  
 Of verteous Lyfe, thy Worship to advance:

Wey

Wey Justice equal without Discrepance,  
Strengthen thy State, with Stedfastness to steir,  
To temper Tyme with true Continuance,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## V.

CAST thy Confate by Council of the Sage,  
And cleave to Chryft has kept thee weil in Cure,  
Attingent now to twenty Zeirs of Age,  
Preservand thee from all Misaventure.  
Wald thou be ferved and thy Countrie sure,  
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Eir,  
Pres ay to be Protectrix of the Pure,  
Sae GOD fall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

## VI.

GAR stanche all Stryfe, and stable thy Estates,  
In Constance, Concord, Charity and Luve:  
Be biffy now to banish all Debates,  
That twixt Kirk-men and tempral Men dois  
muve,  
The pulling down of Policy reprove,  
And let perverfed Prelates live perquier,  
To do the best beseikand GOD abuve,  
To give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## VII. Ar

## VII.

AT Crofs gar cry be opin Proclamation,  
 Undir grit Pains, that nowther he nor scho  
 Of haly Writ have ony Disputation,  
 But letterd Men or learned Clerks therto;  
 For Lymmer Lads and little Laffes lo,  
 Will argue baith with Bishop, Preift and Freir:  
 To danton this thou has enouch to do,  
 God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## VIII.

BUR wyte the wickit Pastors wald not mend  
 Their vicious Living, all the Warld prescryves;  
 They tuke nae tent their Traik sould turn till end,  
 They were fae proud of their Prerogatyves,  
 For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,  
 Nor zit live chaft, but chop and change their Cheir;  
 Now to reform their lecherous leud Lyves,  
 God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## IX.

THEY brocht their Bastards with the Skrufe they  
       skraip  
 To blande their Blude with Barrons by Ambition,  
 They purchest pithless Pardons frae the Paip,  
 To cause fond Fuils confyde he hes Fruition,

As

As GOD, to give for Sins a full Remission,  
And Sauls to saif from suffering Sorrow feir:  
To fet afyde sic Sort of Superstition,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## X.

THEY Benifice and Pention tint that marriet;  
On *Frydays* quha eit Flesh was fyr-fangt;  
It made nae Mifs quhat Maydens they miscarriet,  
On Fasting Days, they were not brunt or hangt.  
Licence for Lechry frae their Lord belangt,  
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,  
To mend that Menzie has fae mony mangt,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## XI.

THEY lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,  
And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they mein:  
They bad them beck and bingie to deid Mens Banes,  
Offer on Kneis to kifs, syne saif their Kin,  
Pilgrims and Palmers pass with them between,  
Sanct *Blais*, Sanct *Boit*, blate Bodies Ene to bleir;  
Now to forbid this grit Abuse hes bene,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XII. THEY

## XII.

THEY tyart GOD with Trifles tume and Trantals,  
 And deivd him with their daft and daylie Dargeis,  
 With owklike Abits to augment their Rentals,  
 Mantand, Mort, Mumbelings, mixt with mony  
 Lies.

Sic Sanctitude was Sathans Sorceries,  
 Chryfts filly Sheip and sobir Flock to smeir,  
 To ceife all findrie Sects or Herefseis,  
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## XIII.

WITH Mefs and Mattins nae ways will I mell,  
 To juge them justly paffes my Ingyne,  
 They gyde not ill that governs weil themfell,  
 And honestly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,  
 Doubts to difcus, for Doctors are divyne,  
 Cunning in Clergie to declair them cleir:  
 To order this the Office now is thyne,  
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,  
 So dois the Faithful of GODS Word tak Fruit,  
 As Wasps receive frae aff the same but four,  
 Sae Reprobates the Scripture dois rebute.

Words



Words without Warks availeth not a Cute,  
To feis thy Subjects fae in Luve and Feir,  
That Richt and Reason in thy Realm my rute,  
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XV.

THE Epistles and Evangells now are Preicht,  
Bot Sopheftrie or Ceremonys vain;  
Thy People, maist Part, truely now are teicht  
To put away Idolatrie prophane,  
But in sum Hearts is graven new again,  
An Image callit curfd Coveticé of Geir,  
Now to expell that Idol stands up plain,  
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

FOR Sum are fene at Sermons sum fa haly,  
Singand Sanct *David's* Pfalter on their Buiks,  
And are but Biblifts fairfing full their Belly,  
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,  
Ruggand and reivand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;  
Lyke very Wasps against GODS Word mak Weir;  
Now sic Christians to kifs with Chanters Kuiks  
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVII. DEWTIE

## XVII.

DEWTIE and Detts are driven by Doubleness,  
 And Folks are flemit frae zung Faith Professors,  
 The greateft ay the greidyar I gefs,  
 To plant quhere Preifts and Parfons were Pof-  
 feffors,  
 Teinds are uptane by Testament Transgreflors,  
 Credence is paff of Promise thocht they fweir,  
 To punifh Palmers, and reproach Oppreffors,  
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## XVIII.

PUIR Folk ar famif with their Faffions new,  
 They fail for Falt that had before at fouth,  
 Leil Labourers lament and Tennants trew,  
 That they ar hurt and herriet North and South:  
 The Heidfmen have *Cor mundum* in their Mouth,  
 But nevir mynd to give the Man his Meir,  
 To quench thir quent Calamities fo cowth,  
 GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## XIX.

PROTESTANDS tak the Friers auld Antetewme,  
 Ready Refavers, but to render nocht,  
 So Lairds uplift Mens Leiving, ower thy Rewme,  
 And are richt crabit quhen they crave them ocht.

Be

Be they unpaid, thy Purfevants are focht,  
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,  
To viffy all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

## XX.

*PAUL* bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,  
Nor quhair Hypocrafie hes bene committit;  
But Kirk-mens curfed Subftance aft feims fweit,  
Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are  
lyttit.

Gif thou perfave fum Senzior it has fmittit,  
Solift them faftly not to perfeveir;  
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hienefs wit it,  
But graciously forgive them this new Zeir.

## XXI.

*FORGIVNES* grant with Gladnefs and Gude-will,  
*Gratis* to all into zour Parliament,  
Syne ftablish Statutes, ftedefaft to ftand ftill,  
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,  
Thy Nobles, Earls, and Lords in confequent,  
Treit tender to obtain their Hearts inteir,  
That they may ferve, and be obedient  
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

## XXII.

SEN fae thou fits in Seat superlative,  
 Cause every State to their Vocation go,  
 Scolaftick Men the Scriptures to discryve,  
 And Majeftrates to use their Sword also,  
 Merchands to trade and trafick to and fro,  
 Mechanicks Work, Husbands to faw and Sheir,  
 So fall be Wealth and Weifare without Woe,  
 Be Grace of GOD agains this gude new Zeir.

## XXIII.

LET all thy Realme be now in Readyness,  
 With coftly cleathing to decore thy Corfs,  
 Zung Gentlemen for dauncing them address,  
 With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conforfs,  
 Frak feirce Gallands the Feild Games to en-  
 forfs,  
 Enarmed Knychts at Lifts with Scheild and Speir,  
 To feicht in Barrows baith on Fute and  
 Horfs,  
 Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV. THIS

## XXIV.

THIS Zeir fall be Embaffies heir belyve,  
For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and  
Kings,  
This Zeir within thy Region fall aryfe  
Rowts of the Rankest that in *Europe* rings;  
This Zeir baith Blythnefs and Aboundance  
brings,  
Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to fneir,  
With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,  
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

## XXV.

GIF Saws be fute to fchaw thy Celfitude,  
Quhat Bairn fould bruke all *Britain* be the Sie,  
The Prophecie exprefly dois conclude,  
The *French* Wyfe of the BRUCEIS Blude fould be,  
Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,  
And was King *Francis* Partie maik and Peir.  
Sae by Defcent the fame fould fpring of thee,  
By Grace of GOD agane this gude new Zeir.

XXVI. Now

---

*Gif Saws be fute.* By this Verfe it appears that the Prophecy of *JAMES* the VI. fucceeding to the Crown of *England*, and being the firft King of *Great Britain*, was not, as fome would alledge, made after his Acceffion; this Poem being wrote in 1562, fome Years before his Birth.

## XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Chryft cast thy comfort,  
 And cherish them that thou has under Charge,  
 Supone maist fure he fall send thee support,  
 And len the lusty Liberos at large,  
 Believe that Lord can Harbary so thy Bairge,  
 To mak braid *Britain* blyth as Bird on Brier,  
 And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,  
 Victoriously again this gude new Zeir.

*L' Envoy.*

## XXVII.

PRUDENT, maist gent, tak tent, and prent the Words,  
 Intill this Bill, with Will, them still, to face,  
 Quhilk ar, not skar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,  
 But feal, bot feal, may heal, avel thy Grace,  
 Sen lo, thou show, this to, now do, has Place,  
 Receive and faif, and haif, ingrave it heir, [brace  
 This now, for Prow, that you, sweit Dow, may  
 Lang Space, with Grace, solace and Peace this Zeir.

*LECTORI.*

## XXVIII.

FRESCH, fulgent, flurist, fragrant, Flower formose,  
 Lantern to Luve, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,  
 Cherry, maist chaft, cheif Carbuncle and Choife,  
 Sweit smyling Sovraign shining bot a Spot,

Bleff

Bleft, beautyful, benygn, and best begot,  
To this Indyte please to inclyne thine Eir,  
Sent be thy simple Servant *Sanders Scot*,  
Greiting great GOD to grant thy Grace gude Zeir.

*Quod* ALEX<sup>r</sup>. SCOT.



*To his HEART.*



I.

RETURN Hamewart my Heart again,  
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;  
Thou art a Fule to suffer Pain,  
For Luve of her that luveth thee;  
My Heart let be sic Fantasie,  
Luve nane but quhair thou has gud Cause,  
An let hir seik a Heart for thee,  
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

II. TO

---

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, some of older Date having come to Hand after others, some hundred Years later have been printed, besides most of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents to which they related, was judged as useleſs as it would have proven difficult.

## II.

To quhat Effect fould thou be thrall,  
 But thank fen thou has thy free Will;  
 My Heart be nocht fae beftial,  
 But know quha dois the Gude or Ill;  
 At Hame with me then tarry ftill,  
 And fe then quha playis beft thair Pawis,  
 And let the Fillock fling hir fill,  
 For Feynd a Crum of thee fcho faws.

## III.

THOCHT fcho be fair I will not fenzie,  
 Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;  
 For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,  
 That feimeth gude, and are not fae:  
 My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae  
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory* or *Mawis*;  
 But be thou glad, and let her gae,  
 For Feynd a Crum of thee fcho faws.

## IV.

REMEMBER how that *Medea*  
 Wyld for a Sicht of *Jafon* zeid,  
 Remember how that *Creffida*,  
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*.

Remember



Remember *Helen*, as we reid,  
Brocht *Troy* from Blifs unto bare Waws ;  
Then let her gae quhair scho may speid,  
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

## V.

BECAUSE I find scho tuke in ill,  
At hir departing mak nae Care ;  
But all beguyld, go quhair scho will,  
A schrew the Heart that mane makes mair ;  
My Heart be mirry late and air.  
This is the final End and Clawfe,  
And let her feid and fullzie fair,  
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

## VI.

NEIR dunt again within my Breift,  
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage spill,  
Nor gie a Sob abeit scho sneift,  
Schois faireft payd that gets hir Will :  
Scho gecks as gif I meind her Ill,  
Quhen scho glaiks pauchty in hir Braws,  
Now let hir snirt, and fyk hir fill,  
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

*Quod* ALEX<sup>r</sup>. SCOT.



## *A Brash of WOUING.*



### I.

**I**N secret Place this hinder Nicht,  
 I heard a Bairn fay till a Bricht,  
 My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,  
 I haif been lang zour Luivar leil,  
 And can of zou get Comfort nane,  
 How lang will ze with Danger deil ?  
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

### II.

His bony Baird was kemd and cropit,  
 But all with Kail it was bedropit,  
 Comich he was, fulish and goukit,  
 He clapit fast, he kist, he chukit,  
 As with the Glaicks he were oergane,  
 Zit be his Feirs he wald have —  
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

### III. QUOD

## III.

QUOD he, my Heart, fweít as the Hinny,  
Sen that I born was of my Minny,  
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,  
My Wame is of your Luve fae fou,  
    That as a Ghaift I glowr and grane,  
I trymil fae ze wadna trow,  
    Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

## IV.

TEHEI, quod scho, and gae a Gawf,  
Be still my Cowfyne, and my Cawf,  
My new spaind Howphyn frae the Souk,  
And all the Blythnefs of my Bouk,  
    My fwanky fweet, faif thee alane,  
Nae Leid haif I luivd all this Owk,  
    Fow leis me on that gracles gane.

## V.

QUOD he, my Claver, my Curledody,  
My Hinnyfopps, my fweít Poffody,  
Be not owre bowftrous to your Billy,  
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;

Zour Hals as whyt as Quhalis Bane,  
 Gars rise on Loft my Quilly-lillie,  
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

## VI.

QUOD scho, my Clip, my unspaynd Lam,  
 With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,  
 My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawfy,  
 My Honneyguks, my Siller Tawfy,  
 Zour Pleins wad pers a Heart of Stane;  
 Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawfy,  
 Fou lies me on zour gracles gane.

## VII.

QUOD he, my Kid, my Capercalzeane,  
 My bony Bab with the ruch Brilzeane,  
 My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,  
 My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,  
 Quhen that our Mouths do meit in ane,  
 My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,  
 Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

## VIII. QUOD

VIII.

QUOD fcho then tak me be the Hand,  
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,  
My Chirry and my maiklefs Mynzion,  
My Sucker fweit as ony Unzeon, <sup>2</sup>  
    My Strummil Stirk zit new to spane,  
I am applyd to your Opinzion,  
    Fou leis me on that gracles gane.

IX.

HE gaif till hir ane Aple-ruby,  
Gramerce, quod fcho, my kind Cowhubby,  
Syne they twa till a Play began,  
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.  
    Quhile baith thair Fancies met in ane,  
O vow! quoth she, quhair will ye Man,  
    Leil lies me on that gracles gane.

*Quod* CLERK.





. THE  
GOLDIN TERGE.



I.

**R**ICHT as the Stern of Day began to schyne,  
 Quhen gone to Bed was *Vesper* and *Lucyne*,  
 I raise, and by a Roseir did me rest;  
 Upsprang the goldin Candill maculyne,  
 With cleir depurit Beims Christalyne,  
 Glading the mirry Fowlis in thair Nest,  
 Or *Phebus* was in purpure Kaip reveft;  
 Up sprang the Lark, the Hevenis Minstral syne,  
 In *May* intill a Morrow mirthfullest.

II. FULL

---

The finding of this Poem amongst the old Manuscripts, gives a great Pleasure, it being particularly quoted by Sir *David Lindsay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of the *Papingo*, where he mentions many of the old Poets. In Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he says,

*Or of Dunbar quha Language had at large,  
 As may be sene into his Goldin Terge.*

## II.

FULL Angelyk thir Birdis fang thair Hours,  
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,  
    Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys fweit,  
Enamalit was the Feild with all Collours,  
The Perlit Dropis fchuke in filver Schours,  
    Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fleit,  
    Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,  
Hir cristal Teirs I saw hing on the Flours,  
    Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

## III.

FOR Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hopps,  
The Birds fang upon the tendir Cropps,  
    With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clarks;  
The Roffes reid, now spreiding aff thair Knopps,  
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,  
    With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby Sparks,  
    The Skyis rang with Schouting of the Larks,  
The Purple Hevin owre fkailt in Silver Slopps,  
    Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Leivs and Barks.

## IV. DOUN

## IV.

DOUN throwch the Ryfs an River ran, quhois  
Streims

So lustely upon the lykand Leims,

That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,  
Quhilk schadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,  
The Bewis baithit were in secound Beims,

Throw the Reflex of *Phebus* Visage bricht,

On every Syde the Ege raife on hicht:

The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,

The Streimers cleir as Sternis in frofty Nicht.

## V.

THE Cristal Air, the Saphier Firmament,

The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,

Keft Berial Gleims on Emerant Bewis grene,

The Rosy Garth depaynt and redolent,

With Purpore, Afure, Gold and Gowlis gent,

Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,

Sae nobilie that Joy was for to sene,

The Roche against the River resplendant,

As low illuminate the Levis schene.

## VI. QUHAT



## VI.

QUHAT throw the mirry fowls fast Harmony,  
Quhat throw the Rivers Sound that ran me by,  
On *Floras* Weid I slepit quhair I lay,  
Quhair fune into my dreimand Fantify,  
I saw approche agane the Orient Sky,  
Ane Schip on fail as blofome on the Spray,  
With Mast of Gold, bricht as the Stern of Day,  
Quhilk tendit to the Land full lustely,  
With swiftest Motion throu a Crystal Bay.

## VII.

AND hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,  
Amangs the Grene Rispies and the Reids,  
Aryvit scho quheirfrae annon thair Lands,  
Ane hundreth Ladeis lustie intill Weids,  
Als fresh as Flours that in the *May* upspreids,  
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,  
Thair fhynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand  
In Trefis cleir wypit with goldin Threids,  
With Pawps quhyte, and Middills small as  
Wands.

## VIII. DISCRYVE

## VIII.

DISCRYVE I wald but quha culd weil indyte,  
 How all the Flours with all the Lillies quhyt,  
     Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,  
 Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,  
 For all thy ornat Style the maift perfyte,  
     Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais Oratiouns fweit  
     In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,  
 Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,  
     For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

## IX.

THERE faw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,  
*Aurora* fresh, and Lady *Flora* schene,  
     *Juno*, *Latona*, and *Proserpina*,  
*Diane* the Goddes of Chest and Wods grene,  
 My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,  
     *Thetis* fe grene and prudent *Minerva*,  
     Fair faynt Fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,  
 Thir mighty Quenis, with Crownis might be fene,  
     With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

## X. THAIR

## X.

THAIR saw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,  
Betwix *Apryl* and *June* her Sisters schene,  
    Within the Garden walkand up and doun,  
Quhom of the Fowls resaiif Gladnefs bedene,  
Scho was full tendir in hir *Ziers Grene*;  
    Thair saw I Nature give till hir a Goun,  
    Rich to behald, and noble of Renoun,  
Of ilka Hew that undir Hevin has bene  
    Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

## XI.

FULL lustiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,  
Enterit into this Park of maift Pleseir,  
    Quhair that I lay heilit with *Leivs Rank*,  
The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;  
Nature salust methocht in thair Maneir,  
    And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,  
    Openit and spred thair balmy *Levis donk*,  
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,  
    Quhom for thair noble nurifing they thank.

## XII.

SYNE to Dame *Flora*, on the famyne Ways,  
 They saluft and they thank a Thousand Syis,  
 And to fweit *Venus* neift, Luvis bony Quene,  
 They fang Ballatis of Luve, as was the Gyis,  
 With amorous Nottis maift lufy to devyis,  
 As that they had Luve in thair Heartis grene,  
 Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene,  
 With Warbills fweit they perft the Hevinly Skyis,  
 Quhyle loud refount the Firmament ferene.

## XIII.

ANE uther Court thair faw I subfequent,  
*Cupid* the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,  
 And dreidfull Arrows grundin fherp and fquhair,  
 Thair faw I *Mars* the God armipotent,  
 Awful and stern, braid, ftrong and corpulent.  
 Thair faw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,  
 His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air,  
 Thair was *Mercurius*, wyfe and eloquent  
 Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris fae fair.

## XIV. THAIR

## XIV.

THAIR was the God of Gardens *Priapus*,  
Thair was the God of Wildernes *Phanus*,  
And *Janus* God of Entries delectable.  
Thair was the God of Oceans *Neptunus*:  
Thair was the God of Winds bauld *Eolus*,  
With variand Blafts lyke to an Lord unstable,  
Thair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the Table;  
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,  
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was clade in Sable.

## XV.

AND every ane of thir in grene arrayt,  
An Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt,  
And Ballats fang with mighty Nottes cleir:  
Ladys to daunce full sobirly affyit,  
Endlang the trotting River so they mayit;  
Thair Observance richt hevinly was to heir;  
Then crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,  
Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,  
All throw a Luke that I haif coft full deir.

## XVI. AND

## XVI.

AND schortlie for to speik, by Luves fair *Quene*  
 I was espyit, scho bad hir Archers kene  
     Go me areift; and they nae Tyme delayit;  
 Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,  
 With Bowis big, in traffit Hairs schene,  
     Richt suddenly they had a Feild arrayit;  
     And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;  
 The Party was sae plesand to be sene,  
     A Wondir lufy Bikar me affayit.

## XVII.

AND first of all with Bow in Hand ay bent,  
 Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as scho wald me schent,  
     Syne followit all her Damofells in Feir,  
 With mony divers awfull Instrument,  
 Into the preifs fair *Having* with hir went,  
     Syne *Portrator*, *Plesance* and lufy *Cheir*,  
     Then *Refoun* came with SCHEILD of GOLD fo  
         cleir,  
 In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,  
     Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

## XVIII. SYNE

## XVIII.

SYNE tendir *Zouth* came with hir Virgins zing,  
Grene *Innocence* and *schamefull Abasing*,  
    And quaking *Dreid*, with humbyl *Obedience*,  
The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,  
Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;  
    Full fune they dreid to do a Violence:  
    Sweit *Womanheid* I saw come in Prefence,  
A Warld of *Artelzie* scho did in bring,  
    And servit Ladyis full of Reverence.

## XIX.

SCHO with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlienefs*,  
*Continuance*, *Paciencie*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfastness*,  
    *Discretion*, *Gentilness*, *Confidderans*,  
*Leful Company*, and honest *Buiness*,  
*Benign Luke*, *myld Cheir* and *Sobirness*,  
    All thir bure *Genzies* to do me *Grivans*;  
    But *Resoun* bure the TERGE with sic *Constans*,  
Thair *scharp Afflay* nicht do me no *Deirence*,  
    For all their *Preis* and awful *Ordinans*.

## XX.

UNTO the Preifs purfewit *Hie Degrie*,  
 Hir followit ay *Eftait* and *Dignitee*,  
*Comparison*, *Honour* and *nobill Array*,  
*Will*, *Wantonefs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,  
*Riches* and *Fredome* and *Nobility*;

Wit ze they did thair Banner hie Difplay.

A Clud of Flanes lyke Hail-fchot lowfit they,  
 And fchot till waftit was thair Artelzie,  
 Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

## XXI.

QUHEN *Venus* had perfavit this Rebute,  
 Scho had *Diffembance* gae mak a Perfute

With all her Power to prefs the GOLDIN TERGE;  
 And fcho that was of Doublenefs the Rute,  
 Askit hir Choifs of Archers in Refute :

*Venus* thè beft bad hir to wale at lerge;

Scho tuke *Prefence* plicht Anker of the Berge;  
 And *Fair Calling* that weil a Flane can fchute,  
 And *Cheriffing* for to compleit hir Charge.

## XXII. DAME



## XXII.

DAME *Hamelinefs* scho tuke in Company,  
That hardy was and heynd in Archery,  
    And brocht in *Bewtie* to the Feild again,  
With all the Choife of *Venus* Chevelly,  
They came and bikkart unabaitfitly:  
    The Showris of Arrows rappit on lyke Rain,  
    Perrelus *Preſence*, that mony a Syre has flain;  
The Battill brocht on Bordour hard me by,  
    The Affalt was all the fairer Suth to fane.

## XXIII.

THICK was the Schot, of grundin Arrows kene,  
But *Reſſoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD fae ſchene,  
    Weirly deffendit quhoſeir affayit;  
The awfull Schower he manly did fuſtene,  
Till *Preſence* keſt a Powdir in his Ene,  
    And then as drukken Man he all forwayit,  
    Quhen he was blind, the Fule with him they  
        playit;  
And banniſt him amang the Bewis Grene;  
    That Sicht fae fair me ſuddenly affrayit.

## XXIV. THEN

## XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the Deth full neir,  
 And zoldin as ane woefull Prifoneir,  
     To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moments Space,  
 Methocht scho feimit lustyer of Cheir,  
 Aftir that *Ressoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,  
     Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;  
     Quhy was thou blindit, *Ressoun*? quhy? allace!  
 And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appear,  
     And Mercy seim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

## XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was biffy me to affyle,  
 And *Fair Calling* did aft upon me smyle,  
     And *Cheriffing* me fed with Words fair,  
*Acquentance new* embrasit me a quhyle,  
 And favourt me, till Men nicht gae a Myle,  
     Syne tuke hir Lief, I saw hir nevir mair;  
     Then saw I *Denger* towart me repair,  
 I cowth eschew hir Prefence be nae Wyle,  
     On Syde scho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI. AND

## XXVI.

AND at the laft departing couth hir Drefs,  
And me delyverit unto *Havynefs*,  
For to remane, and fcho in Cure me tuke;  
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodnefs,  
God *Eolus* his Bougill blew, I gefs,  
That with the Blaft the Aiks in Foreft fchuke,  
And fuddenlie in the Space of a Luke,  
All was hyne went, ther was but Wildernefs,  
Ther was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke.

## XXVII.

IN twynckling of an Ee to Schip they went,  
And fwift up Sail unto the Tap they ftent,  
And with fwift Courfe out owre the Flude they  
frak;  
They fyrit thair Guns with Powdir violent,  
Till that the Reik raife to the Firmament,  
The Rochis all refoundit with the Rak,  
For Reird it femit that the Rain-brow brak;  
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I fprent  
Amangs the Clewis, fae cairfull was the Crak.

## XXVIII.

AND as I did awake off this Swowning,  
 The joyfull Minstralls mirryly did sing,  
     For Mirth of *Phebus* tendir Beims schene;  
 Sweit wer the Vapouris, fast the Morrowing,  
 Hailsum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,  
     The Air atemperit, fobir and amene;  
 In quhyte and reid was all the Eard besene,  
 Throw Natures nobill fresch enamaling,  
     In mirthfull *May*, of every Moneth Quene.

## XXIX.

O reverend \**Chawfer*, Rose of Rethouris all,  
 As in our Tounge the Flowir imperiall,  
     That evir raife in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,  
 Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,  
 The fresch enamallit Termes celestially;  
     This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,  
     Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?  
 Surmounting every Tounge terrestriall,  
     As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnicht.

XXX. O

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\* This Panygyrick on *Chawfer*, as 'tis perfectly generous and handsome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewise shews that the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *Englisb* at that Time were the same.

## XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,  
Zour fuggurat *Toungs* and *Lipps* aureat  
    Bene till our Eirs Cause of grit Delyte;  
Zour Mouths angelick, maift mellifluat,  
Our rude Language hes cleir ilumynat,  
    And has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte  
    Stude, or zour goldin Pens did schupe to wryt,  
This Yle befor was bair and difolate  
    Of Rethorick, or lusty fair indyte.

## XXXI.

THOU litle *Quair* be evir obedient,  
Humbyl subject, and semple of Intent,  
    Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,  
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has spent,  
Of hir maift lyftie *Roses* redolent  
    Is nane into thy *Garland* fet on Hicht;  
    O *Schame* thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht:  
Rude is thy *Weid*, bare, destitute and rent,  
    Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.

*Quod* DUNBAR.

Lorges,



Lorges, lerges, lorges ay,  
*Lerges of this new Zeirs Day.*



## I.

**F**IRST *Lerges* of the King my Cheif,  
 Quhilk came as queitly as ane Theif,  
 And in my Hand flaid Schillings twae,  
 To put his Lergnes to the Preif,  
 For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

## II.

SYNE *Lerges* of my Lord Chancelar,  
 Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,  
 He sonziet not, nor said me nay,  
 But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,  
 For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

## III.

Of *Galloway* the Bifchop new,  
 Forth of my Hand ane Ballat drew,  
 And me delivert bot Delay,  
 A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,  
 For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

## IV. AND

## IV.

AND fyne of *Croce* the Abbot zing,  
I did to him ane Ballat bring ;  
    But or I paff a Pice him frae,  
I gat nae lefs than Deil a thing,  
    For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

## V.

THE Secretar baith war and wyfe,  
Hecht me a Cast of his Office ;  
    And for to reid my Bill alfway,  
He said for him that nicht suffice,  
    For *Lorges* of this new Zeir Day.

## VI.

THE Treasurer and Comptrollair,  
They bad me cum I wait not quhair,  
    And they wald gar, I wait not quhae,  
Gife me, I wait not quhat, full fair,  
    For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

## VII.

Now *Lorges* of my Lordis all  
Baith temporall State and spirituall,  
    My self fall evir fing and fay,  
I haif them fund fae liberall  
    Of *Lerges* on this new Zeir Day.

## VIII. FOUL

## VIII.

FOUL fa this Frost that is fae fnell,  
 It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,  
     Baith Hands and Purfs it binds up fae,  
 They may gife naithing bye themfell,  
     For *Lorges* of this new Zeir Day.

## IX.

Now *Lorges* of my Lord *Bothwell*,  
 The quhilk in Fredome did excell;  
     He gaif to me a Cursfour gray  
 Worth all this Sort, that I with Mell,  
     For *Lorges* of this new Zeir Day.

## X.

GRIT GOD releif *Margaret* our Quene,  
 For gif scho wer as scho hes bene,  
     Scho wald be lurger of LufRAY  
 Than all the laif that I of mene,  
     For *Lorges* of this new Zeir Day.

*Quod* STEWART.







## DUMBAR'S DREGY;

*Made to K. JAMES V. being  
in Stirvling.*



WE that ar heir in Heavens Glory,  
 To zou that ar in Purgatory,  
 Commends us on our hearty Ways,  
 I mene we Folk in Paradyce,  
 In *Edinbrugh* with all Mirrynes,  
 To zou in *Stirvling* in Distrefs,  
 Quhair nowther Pleasance nor Delyt is,  
 Thus pittying ane Apoflle wryts :  
 O ze Hermits and Hankersfaidlis,  
 That tak zour Penance at zour Tables,  
 And eit nae Meit reftorative,  
 Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,  
 But Ale that is baith thin and fmall,  
 With but few Courfes in zour Hall,

Bot Company of Lords or Knychts,  
 Or ony uther guidly Wichts,  
 Solitar walkand zour alane,  
 Seing naething but Stock or Stane  
 Out of zour painfull Purgatory,  
 To bring zou to the Bles of Glory:  
 Of *Edinbrugh* the mirry Toun  
 We fall begin a carefull Soun,  
 Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,  
 The Bleft abune we fall befeik  
 Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,  
 And bring zou fune to *Edinbrughs* Joy,  
 Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,  
 And fae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

THE \* \* \*

The mirthfull *Mary*, Virgin chaft,  
 Of Angels all the Orders nyne,  
 And all the heavenly Court divyne,  
 Sune bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae  
 Of *Stirvling*, ilka Court Mans Fae,

Again

Again to *Edinbrugh's* Joy and Blifs,  
Quhair Worship, Wealth and Weifair is,  
Play, Pleafance, and eik Honefty,  
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

*Refponfio, tu autem Domine.*

TAK Confolation in zour Pain,  
In Tribulation, tak Confolation,  
Out of Vexation cum hame again,  
Tak Confolation in zour Pain;

*Jube Dom. benedicite.*

Out of Diftrefs of *Stirling* Toun  
To *Edinbrugh* blefs GOD mak ze boun.

*LECTIO II.*

PATRIARCHS, Prophets and Apoffles deir,  
Virgins, Confefouris, Martyris cleir,  
And all the Seat celeftiall,  
Devoutly we upon them call,  
That fune out of zour Pains fell,  
Ze may in Heaven heir with us dwell,

To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,  
 And every Fisch that fwymys in River,  
 To drink with us the new fresch Wyne  
 That grew upon the River *Ryne*,  
 Fresch fragrant Clarits out of *France*,  
 Of *Angiers* and of *Orliance*,  
 With mony Comforts of grit Dainty,  
 Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

*Responsum, tu autem Dom.*

GOD and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy  
 Baith fune and weil, GOD and Sanct *Jeil*,  
 To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,  
 GOD and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy,  
 Out of *Stirvolings* Pains fell,  
 In *Edinbrugh* Joy fune mot ze dwell.

### LECTIO III.

WE pray to all the Saints in Heaven,  
 That ar abune the Starns seven,  
 Zou to bring out of zour Penance,  
 That ze may fune sing, play and daunce

In *Edinbrugh* heir, and mak gude Cheir,  
Quher Wealth and Weifare is bot Weir;  
And I that do zour Pains difcryve  
Intend to viffy zou belyve,  
In Defart not with zou to dwell,  
But as the Angel Saint *Gabriell*  
Dois go betwein, frae Heavens Glory,  
To them that ar in Purgatory,  
Sum Confolation them to give,  
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,  
And fchaw them, quhen thair Pains ar pafte,  
They fall cum up to Heaven at lafte;  
Hou nane deferves to haif Sweitnefs,  
That nevir taftit Bitternefs;  
And therfor hou fuld ze confidder  
Of *Edinbrugh's* Bles, quhen zou cum hidder:  
But gif ze taftit had befoir  
Of *Stirling* Toun, the Pains foir,  
And therfor tak in Patience  
Zour Penance and zour Abftinence,  
And ze fall cum or *Zule* begin  
Into the Bles that we ar in;  
Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,  
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

*Refponf.*

*Responſ. tu autem Dom.*

CUM hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,  
 Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,  
 Quhair Fiſch to fell ar nane but Spirrling,  
 Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,

*ET ne nos induoas in temptationem de Stirvling,*

*Sed libera nos à malo illius.*

*Regiam Edinburgi dona iis, Domine,*

*Et lux ipſius luceat iis;*

*A porta triſticiæ de Stirvling,*

*Orna, Domine, animas eorum:*

*Credo guſtare ſtatim vinum Edinburgi,*

*In villa Vinentium,*

*Requieſcant Edinburgi. Amen.*

*DEUS, qui juſtos in corde humiles*

*Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,*

*Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling verſantes,*

*A pænis & triſtitiis ejuſdem,*

*Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,*

*Ut requieſcat Striviling. Amen.*





*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie  
Hereafter follows, jocund and merrie.*



## I.

**S**R *John* the *Rofs*, ane Thing ther is compyld  
 In generall, be *Kennedie* and *Quinting*,  
**Q**uhilk has themselfs abune the Sterns styld;  
 But had they made of Menace ony mynting  
 In special, then sic Stryfe fuld ryse bot stynting:  
 Howbeit with Boift thair Bofoms wer as bendit  
 As *Lucifer*, quha frae the Heavens descendit;  
 Hell fuld not hyd thair Harnis frae Harms  
 hynting.

## II.

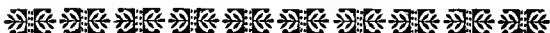
**T**HE Eard fuld tremble, Firmament fuld schake,  
 And all the Air invenomt sudden stink,  
 And all the Deils in Hell for Redour quake  
 To heir quhat I fuld wryte with Pen and Ink;  
 For gif I flyt, fum Sage for Schame fuld sink,  
 The Se fuld burn, the Mune fuld tholl Eclips,  
 Roches fuld ryve, the Warld fuld hald nae Grips,  
 Sae loud of Care the common Bell fuld clink.

III. BUT

III.

BUT Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,  
Flyting to ufe, for gritly I eschame;  
Sen it is nowther Winning nor Rewaird,  
But Tinfell baith of Honour and of Fame,  
Increase of Sorrow, Sklander and ill Name;  
Zit micht they be fae bauld in thair Back-byting  
To gar me ryme and raise the Feynd with Flyting,  
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

*Quod* DUNBAR *to* KENNEDIE.



Kennedie *to* Dunbar.

I.

DIRTEN *Dunbar*, on quhome blaws thou thy  
Boift?

Pretendant thee to wryte sic scaldit Skrows,  
Thou raw-moud Rebald, fall down at the Roift;  
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,  
Mandrag,



Mandrag, Mymmerkin, maid Maifter but in  
Mows,  
Thou thryce scheild Trumpir, with a threid-bare  
Goun,  
Say *Deo* Mercy, or I cry the doun,  
And leave thy ryming, Rebald, and thy Rows.

II.

DREID, dirtfast Dearch, that thou has disobeyt  
My Coufin *Quintine*, and my Commiffar,  
Fantaftick Fule, trust weil thou fall be fleyt,  
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,  
Skaldit Skaitbird and common Skandelar ;  
Wanfucket Funnling, that Nature maid an Yrle,  
Baith *John* the *Rofs* and thou fall squeil and  
fkirle,  
Gif eir I heir ocht of zour making mair.

III.

HERE I put Silence to thie in all Parts,  
Obey and ceife the Play that thou pretends ;  
Weak Waly-draig and Werlot of the Carts,  
Se fune thou mak my Commiffar Amends,

And

And let him lay fax Leifchis on thy Lends,  
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,  
Or thou fall ban the Tyme that thou was born,  
For *Kennedie* to thee this Schedule fends.

*Quod KENNEDIE unto DUNBAR,  
Fuge in the nixt quha gat the war.*



## Dunbar *to* Kennedie.

### I.

**E**RSCH brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy  
Bratts,  
Sunt-bittin *Kennedie*, Coward of Kynd,  
Ill-fart and dryit, as *Densman* on the Ratts,  
Lyke as the Gledds had on thy gule Snowt dynd;  
Monfter mismaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,  
Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,  
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;  
A lawland Erfe wald mak a better Noyis.

### II. RIVEN

II.

RIVEN, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,  
Scart Scorpion, scaldit in Scurilitie,  
I fe the haltane in thy Harlotrie,  
And into uther Science nothing flie,  
Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may fe;  
Quyit claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,  
Blafphemar Baird, in Brybrie ay to be;  
Wifdom and Wit a Wisp frae thee may rub.

III.

DASTARD, thou speirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?  
Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, therof haif thou nae Dout;  
Quhair eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht  
To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:  
Throw *Britain* braid it fall be blawn about,  
Hou that thou, poyfond Pelour, gat thy Paiks  
With a Dog-Leifch, I fchepe to gar the fchout,  
And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

IV.

THOU Crop and Rute of Traytor treasonable,  
Fader and Muder of Morthor and Mifcheif,  
Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tungd, unftable,  
Cuckald, Cradoun, Couard and common Theif;  
Thou

Thou purpofd anes to undo our Lord and Chief  
In *Paislay*, with a Poyfon that was fell,  
For quhilk Brybour zit fall thou thole a Breif;  
Pelor, I fall it prieve on thee my fell.

V.

THO I wald lie, thy frawart Phifnomy  
Dois manifest thy Malice to all Men;  
Fy Traytour Thief, fy Glengore Loon, fy, fy,  
Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,  
My Freynds thou haft reprovit with thy Pen,  
Traytour thou leis, quhilk I fall on thee prieve;  
Suppose thy Heid wer armit Tymis ten,  
Thou fall recryit, or I thy Crown fall cleive.

VI.

OR thou durft move thy Mynd malicious,  
Thou saw the Sail abune my Heid updraw;  
But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunus*,  
Mirk and Munelefs, was met with Wind and  
Waves,  
And mony a hundreth Myles hynd coud us blaw  
By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway* Coaft,  
In Deserts vast, quhair we wer famist aw,  
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boaft.

VII. THOU

VII.

THOU callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps:  
Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,  
Thou art but Glunfchoch with the giltit Hipps,  
That for thy Lounrie mony a Leifch has fyld;  
Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,  
Laithly and lowfy, lathand as a Leik,  
Sen thou of Worfchip wad fae fain be ftyld;  
Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.

FORWORTHIN Fule, of all the Warld Refufe,  
Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoyce to flyt?  
Sic Eloquence as they in *Earsfy* use,  
In sic is fet thy trawart Appityte;  
Thou has full litle Feil of fair Indyte,  
I haif on me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps,  
Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfyte,  
Than thou can bleber with thy *Carrick* Lipps.

IX.

BETTIR thou gains to leid a Dog to skomer,  
Pynd Pyck-purfe Pelour, than with thy Maifter  
pingle;  
Thou lay richt pryldes in the Peis this Sommer,  
And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,

Syne

Syne rubbd it at ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:  
In Winter now for Purthith thou art trakit,  
Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle;  
Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou fall gae nakit.

## X.

LEAN, lounger, lowfy, baith in Lisk and Lunzie,  
Fy, fkwodert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and  
Skrumple;  
For he that rosted *Laurance* had thy Grunzie,  
And he that hid Saint *Johns* Een with a Wimple,  
And he that dang Saint *Augustyne* with a Rumple,  
Thy foul Front had he that *Bartilmo* flayd;  
The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,  
As thou wald for a Haggies, hungrey Gled.

## XI.

COMERWALD Crawdon, nane compts the a Kerfs,  
Sweir fwapit, fwanky Swyne, Kepar ay for Swats:  
Thy Commiffar *Quintyne* bids the cum kis his Erfs,  
He lykes not sic a forlane Loun of Laits;  
He fays, Thou skaffs and begs mair Beir and Aits,  
Nor ony Crippe in *Carrick* Land about:  
Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,  
Carlings decript on *Kennedie* cry out.

## XII. MATTER

XII.

MATTER enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,  
Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me lied,  
Carrion corrupt, hich fall I cry thy Senzie;  
Thinks thou not hou thou came into grit Neid,  
Greitand in *Galloway*, lyke *Gallow Breid*,  
Ramand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,  
I saw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,  
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.

ERSCH Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,  
Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang  
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and  
Schilling,  
Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,  
Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,  
Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;  
A Thoufand Kids wer they in Falds full strang,  
Thy Limmer Luke wald fley them and thair Dams.

XIV.

INTILL a Glen thou has, out of Repair,  
A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,  
With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Blifs as bair,  
Ze lyke twa Stalkers steils in Cocks and Hens,  
Thou

Thou pluks the Poultry, scho pulls aff the Pens.  
All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drown'd;  
And quhen thou heirs a Gufe quaik in the Glens,  
Sweiter thou thinkst than Mattins Bell of Sound.

XV.

THOU *Lazarus*, thou laithly lein Tramort,  
To all the Warld thou may Example be,  
To luke upon thy gryslie pitious Port,  
For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ee,  
Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikint is thy Blie,  
Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chaste,  
Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;  
I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaift.

XVI.

THE larbar Lukes of thy lang leinest Craig,  
Thy pure pynd Throple peilt, and out of Ply,  
Thy skoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron-bag,  
Gars Men dispyt thair Flesch, thou Spreit of Gy:  
Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyks Face, Fy! O Fy!  
Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock-man on a Ladder;  
Thy ghaiftly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,  
Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

XVII. NYSE



XVII.

NySE Nagus, Nipcaik, with thy Schuldurs narrow,  
Thou lousy lukes, and tume of Lumis Aw,  
Hard Hurcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;  
Thy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Ribs on raw,  
Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harfh and  
haw,  
Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:  
Obey, Theif Bard, or I fall brek thy Gaw,  
Foul Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

XVIII.

THOU scowry hippit, ugly Averil,  
With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy  
Hyde,  
Reifit and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,  
And aft beswakit with an owre hie Tyde,  
Quhilk brews richt meikle Barret to thy Bryd,  
Hir Care is all to clenge thy Cabroch Hows,  
Quhair thou lyes sawffy in Saffron back and Syde,  
Powdert with Primrose, swarmand all with Clows.

XIX.

WORLIN Wanworth, I warn thee it is written,  
Thou skyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,  
Wan wraigland Wasp, mae Worms thou has be-  
shitten  
Than there is Grafs on Ground or Beift on Lind;  
Tho

Tho thou did first sic Folly to me find;  
Thou fall again with mae Witnes than I,  
Thy Gulschoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,  
Thy whoftand Hipps let neer thy Hofe be dry.

XX.

THOU held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown,  
And an Caprowfy barkit all with Sweit;  
And quhen the Lads saw thee fae like a Loun,  
They bickert thee with mony a Bae and Bleit,  
Now upland thou lives rife on rubit Quhiet,  
Aft for ane Cause thy Burdclaith neids nae spred-  
ding,  
For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,  
But like a berdless Bard that had nae Bedding.

XXI.

STRAIT Gibbons Air, that neir owretrade a Horfe,  
Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born;  
Thou brings the *Carrik* Clay to *Edinburgh* Crofs,  
Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,  
Strae Wifps hing out quhair that the Wats ar  
worn,  
Cum thou again to skar us with thy Straes,  
We fall gar skale our Schulis all thee to skorn,  
And ftane thee up the Cawfy as thou gaes.

XXII. THE

XXII.

THE Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis out thraws,  
And ay crys out, *Heir cumis our awin quier Clerk*;  
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaift with Craws,  
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark,  
Then Carlings cry, Keip Curches in the merk,  
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a gracelefs gaes:  
Anither fays, I fe him want a Sark,  
I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

XXIII.

THEN rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,  
And all the Town-Tykes hingand at thy Heils;  
Of Lads and Lowns thér ryfes sic a Noyse,  
Quhyle Wenches rin away with Cards and  
Quheils,  
And Cadgers Avers cast baith Coals and Creils;  
For Reird of thee, and rattling of thy Butes.  
Fifh Wyves cry fy, and cast down Skulls and skeils,  
Sum clafhes thee, some clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.

LOUN lyke *Mahoun*, be boun me till obey;  
Thief, now in Greif, Mifcheif fall betyde,  
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chafe and fley,  
Owl, rair and zoul, I fall defoul thy Pryde;

Peild

Peild Gled, baith fed, and bred of Bitches Syde,  
Sae lyke a Tyke, Purspyke, quhat Man sets by thee,  
Forfitten, Sunt-bitten, besh—— barkit Hyde.  
Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, foul Edder, I defy thee.

XXV.

MAUCH Mutton, byle Button, percht Glutton, Air  
to Hillhouse;  
Rank Beggar, Oyfter-dreggar, foul fleggar in the  
Fleit;  
Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-fchilling in the  
Mill-houfe:  
Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, false Traytor,  
Feynds Get,  
Filling of Tauch, Rak fauch, Cry Crauch thou  
art owrefet;  
Mutton Dryver, Giral Ryver, zad Skyvar foul  
fell thee;  
Herityck, Lunatyck, Purspyk, Carlines Pet,  
Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I fall quell  
thee.





Kennedies *Answer* to Dunbar.



I.

DOTHANE Deils Son, and Dragon dispytous,  
    *Abirams* Birth, and bred with *Beliall*,  
Wod Werwouf Worm, and Scorpion vennemous  
    *Lucifers* Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;  
    Thou *Sodomite* seperate frae Saints Celestal;  
    Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,  
    Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,  
Thou fall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Bestial.

II.

How thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,  
    Of *Cockburns-Peth*, the Writ makes me awar,  
Generit betwixt a scho Beir and a Deil;  
    Sae he was calld *Deilber* and not *Dunbar*:  
    This *Deilber* generit of a Meir of *Mar*.  
    *Corspatrick* Earl of *Merch*, and be Ilusion,  
    The first that eir pat *Scotland* in Confusion,  
Was that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

III. QUHEN

III.

QUEEN BRUCE and *Baliol* differt for the Croun,  
Scots Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Laws;  
This *Corspatrick* betrayed *Berwick* Town,  
And flew Seven thousand Scots within thae Waws:  
The Battle fyne of *Spottsmuir* he gart cause,  
And came with *Edward Langshanks* to the  
Feild,  
Where Twelve thousand true *Scottish* Men  
were killd,  
And *Wallace* chaift, as the Chronicle shaws.

IV.

SCOTS Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and  
Cheffon,  
In Firmance fast, till all the Feild was done,  
Within *Dumbar* that auld Spelunk of Treason;  
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* was abune;  
Then spulziet they the Haly Stane of *Scone*;  
The Crofs of *Halyroodhouse*, and sic Jewells;  
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,  
This *Corspatrick* that *Scotland* has undone.

V.

WALLACE gart cry an Counfale into *Perth*,  
And calld *Corspatrick* Traytor be his Style,  
But that damnd *Dragon* drew him in Diferth,  
And said he kend but *Wallace* King in *Kyle*,

Out

Out of *Dunbar* that Theif he made Exyle,  
Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again:  
Serpents and Taidis and Tigers fall remain,  
In *Dunbar* Waws, Tods, Woufs and Beifts vyle.

VI.

NAE Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,  
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,  
Thy Stanes of Treafon as the Bruntftane flinks,  
Of *Deilbers* Mother caften in the Se.  
The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,  
That *Adam* eit quhen he tint Paradyce,  
Scho eit envennom'd like a Cockatryce,  
Synne marriet with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

ZIT of new Treafon I can tell the Tales,  
That cums on Nicht by Vifion in my Sleip,  
*Archbauld Dunbar* betrayd the Houfe of *Hales*,  
Because the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,  
Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;  
Richt crewely his Castle he purfeuet,  
Broucht him forth boundin, and the Place re-  
skewt,  
Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

VIII.

It were against baith Nature and gude Reason,  
That *Deilbers* Bairns were true to GOD or Man,  
Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treason,  
*Belzebubbs* Oys and curst *Corspatricks* Clan.  
Thou was prescryvt and ordaind be Sathan,  
Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,  
And gar me fhaw thy Antecessors Schame,  
Thy Kin that lives may wary thee and ban.

IX.

SEN thou on me thus Lymmer leis and trattlis,  
And sends sic Sentence foundit of Envy;  
Thy Elders Banes ryfe ilka Nicht and ratle;  
And on thy Corfs, Vengance, Vengance they cry,  
Thou art the Cause they may not rest nor ly;  
Thou says for them few *Paters*, Salms or  
Creids,  
But gars me tell their Rentells and Misdeids,  
And thair auld Sin with new Schame certefy.

X.

INSESWAT Sow, ceis fals *Eustaces* Air,  
And knaw, kein Scald I hald of *Alathia*,  
And gar me not the Cause lang to declair,  
Of thy curst Kin *Deilber* and his *Alia*;

Cum



Cum to the Corfs on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,  
Confess thy Cryme, hald *Kennedie* thy King,  
And with a Hawthorn scourge thy fell and  
ding,  
Thus drie thy Pennance *dele quisti quia*.

XI.

PASS to my *Commisar* and be confest,  
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in Will;  
And syne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe protest:  
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,  
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee still.  
Do thou not this Brigane thou fall be brint  
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,  
On *Arthur-Sate*, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

I haif ambulate on *Parnaso* the Mountain,  
Inspyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,  
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,  
Quhen purifeet with Frost, and flowand cleir,  
And thou hast cum in *Merch* or *Februeir*;  
There till ane Pule and drunk the Padock Rude,  
That gars thee Ryme in Terms of Sence  
denude,  
And blaber Things that wyse Men hate to heir.

XIII. THOU

XIII.

THOU luv'es nae *Eriſh*, Elf, I underſtand,  
But it fuld be all tru e *Scotiſmens* Beid;  
It was the firſt gude Language of this Land,  
And SCOTA gart it multyplie and ſpreid,  
Till *Corſpatrick* that we of Treason reid,  
Thy Fore-fader, made *Erfche* and *Erfchmen* thin,  
Throu his Treason brocht *Inglis* Faſſouns in,  
Sae wald thyfell, nicht thou to him ſucceed.

XIV.

FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,  
It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,  
Quhen thou wryts *Denſmen* dryd upon the Ratts,  
*Denſmen* of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,  
The Wit thou fuld have had was caſten in,  
Even at thy Erſe backward with an Staw-flung;  
Therefore, fals Harlot Hure-ſon, hald thy  
Tung;  
*Delbier* thou deives the Deil thy Eme with Din.

XV.

QUHAIRAS thou ſays, that I ſteil Hens and Lamms,  
I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,  
Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gamms  
Under my Burde fruſh Banes behind Dogs Backs.  
Thy

Thy Purse its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,  
Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;  
Thy Geir and Subftance is a Widdy teuch,  
On *Saltone* Mount, about thy Craig to rax.

XVI.

AND zit Mount *Saltone* Gallowè is owre fair,  
For to be fleyt with fic a frontles Face;  
Cum hame and hing under an Trie of *Air*,  
To eard thee under it, I fall purchafe Grace,  
To eit thy Flesh the Dog fall haif nae Space.  
Ravens fall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;  
For thou fic Malice of thy Mafter mutes,  
It is weil fet that thou fic barret brace.

XVII.

A fmall Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,  
To ftanche thy fkorne with haly Mulds thou loft  
Thou faild to get a Dowkar for t<sup>o</sup> dreggit;  
It lyes clofd in a Clout on *Northway* Coaft,  
Sic Revel gars thee be servt with cauld Roaft,  
And aft fit fupperlefs beyond the Se,  
Cryand at Doris, *Caritas amore DEI*,  
Breikles, Barefute, and all in Duds up doft.

XVIII. *DEIL-*

XVIII.

*DEILBER* has nocht ado with a *Dunbar*;  
The Earls of *Murray* bure that Surname richt,  
That to their King ay true and constant war;  
Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Westfield* Knicht,  
That Succession is hardy, wyse and wicht;  
And has naithing ado now with the Deil,  
But *Deilber* is thy Kin, and kens the Weil,  
And has in Hell for thee a Chalmer dicht.

XIX.

*CURST* crupand *Craw*, I fall gar crop thy *Tung*,  
And thou fall cry *Cormundum* on thy *Kneis*,  
Derch I fall ding thee till I gar thee dung,  
And thou fall lick thy *Lipps* and sweir thou lies:  
I fall degrad the gracless of thy *Greis*,  
Scald thee for *Skorn*, and scor thee af thy *Sule*,  
Gar round thy *Heid* transform thee as a *Fule*,  
And with *Treason* gar trone thee on the *Treis*.

XX.

*RAWMOUD* *Rebald*, and *Ranegald* *Rehator*,  
My *Lynage* and *Forbeirs* war evir leil,  
It cums aft to thy fell to be a *Traytor*,  
To ryde by *Nicht*, to rin, to reive and steil,  
Quhen

Quhen thou puts Poyson to me I appeil  
Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Person,  
Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Garfoun*,  
Thou fall buy it deir enouch, Derch of the Deil.

XXI.

IN *England*, Owl, fould be thy Habitation;  
Homage to *Edward Langshanks* made thy Kin,  
Into *Dunbar* refaivt him thy fals Nation:  
They fould be exylt *Scotland* mair and myn,  
Ane stark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin:  
The Heid Poynt of thy Elders Arms are  
Written abune in Poyfie, Hang *Dunbar*,  
Quarter and draw, and make that Surname thin.

XXII.

I am the Kings Blude, his trew and special Clerk,  
That nevir zit imagind his Offence,  
Constant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark,  
Dependand only on his Excellence,  
Trestand to have of his Magnificence,  
Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benyface bedein,  
Quhair that the Ravins fall ryve out baith thy  
Ein  
And on the Rattis fall be thy Residence.

XXIII.

FRAE *Atrick* Forest forward to *Domfreise*,  
Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,  
Collaps, Cruuds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Geis,  
And undernicht quhyles thou ffall Staigs and Stirks,  
Because now *Scotland* of thy begging irks,  
Thou shaips in *France* to be Knicht of the Feild,  
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun  
keild,  
Ilk Ways unhoneft, Wolrun, that thou works.

XXIV.

THOU may not pas Mont *Bernard* for wild Beifts,  
Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the Snaw,  
Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreifts,  
Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw.  
In *Paris* with thy Master *Burreau*,  
Abyde and be his Prentife neir the Bank,  
And help to hang *Fripons* for half a *Frank*,  
And at the laft thy felf maun thole the Law.

XXV.

THOU haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,  
For Falt of Puffance, Peilor, thou may pak thee;  
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedfet thy Clais;  
There is nae Lord in Service that will tak thee.

A Pack of Flae-Skins Fynance for to mak thee,  
Thou fall receive at *Danskyn* of my Tailzie,  
With *de profundis* fet thee and that failzie,  
And I fall fend the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

INTO the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute ;  
For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to steir,  
Upon her Sydes was fein that thou could schute,  
The Dirt cleaves till hir Tows this Twenty Zeir,  
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,  
Quhile thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the  
Sie,  
Ilk Saul had funkin throu the Sin of thee,  
War not the People made fae mickle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was faynt and under Sail,  
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpoff for to pass,  
Thou schot and was not sicker of thy Tail,  
Behait the Steir, the Compas and the Glas,  
The Skiper bad gar land thee at the Bas,  
Thou spewd and custe mony a laithly Lump,  
Faster nor all the Mariners coud pump,  
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

XXVIII. HAD

XXVIII.

HAD they been fae provided of Schot of Gun  
By Men of Weir, bot perell they had past;  
As thou was lowfe and ready with thy Bun,  
They neid haif tane nae towing at the laft,  
For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Cast;  
Ther is nae Ship that thee will now refaif,  
Faster thou fylt than Fyfteenfum might laife,  
And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Maft.

XXIX.

THROW *Ingland* theive, and tak thee to thy Fute,  
And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,  
Ane Horsmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,  
And with that Craft convoy thee throw the  
Land;  
Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;  
Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumber*,  
Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,  
For that maun be thy Dume I understand.

XXX.

HIE soverain Lord, let neir this finful Sot  
Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;  
Let neir again sic an be calld a *Scot*,  
A rotten Crok Lowfe of the Dok ther down.

Frae



Frae honest Folk devyde the laithly Loun,  
On sum wyld Defert quhair ther is no Repair,  
For fying and infecting of the Air,  
Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

XXXI.

THOU was confavit in the grit Eclipps,  
Ane Monster maid be grit *Mercurius*,  
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,  
Infortunate, curst, false and furious,  
Ill-schreven, wan-thriven, not clein nor curious,  
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdome maist lyke,  
A crabbit, scabbit, ill-facit Meffen tyke,  
A Schit, bot Wit, schrewt and injurious.

XXXII.

GREIT in the Glaiks, gude Maister Gwiliane  
Gowkks,  
Maist imperfyte in Poetrie and Prose,  
All clofs under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;  
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Rose!  
Lunatick Lymmar, Luschbald, lous thy Hofe,  
That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,  
In recompensing of thy Conspiration,  
Or turfs thee out of *Scotland*, tak thy Choice.

XXXIII. A

XXXIII.

A Benefice quha wald gife sic a Beist,  
But gif it wer to jingle *Judas* Bells,  
Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jeft,  
Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,  
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam-schells,  
Cleik on thy Crofs, and fair on into *France*,  
And cum thou neir again without Mifchance;  
The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

XXXIV.

CANKERT Cayne, tryd Trowane, *tute-villous*,  
Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monfter of all Men,  
I fall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hillhouse*,  
To swelly thee instead of a pullt Hen;  
Fazart Fowmart, foffert in Filth and Fen,  
Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phyfnomy,  
Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry;  
To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

CURST Conspirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,  
Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemperate,  
Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apostata*,  
*Judas*, *Jew*, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,

*Sarazen*

*Sarazen*, *Symbnite*, proud Pagan, pronounceat,  
*Mahomeit*, manfworth, Atheist abominable,  
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce infatiable;  
With *Gog* and *Magog* greit Glorificat.

XXXVI.

*NERO* thy Nevoy, *Goliah* thy Grandfyre,  
*Pharo* thy Fader, *Egyppa* thy Dame,  
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cause that I conspyre  
Gainst thee, and ilka futie Deil thy Eme;  
*Belzebub* thy full Brudder he will claim  
To be thy Air, and *Cayphas* thy Sector,  
*Pluto* Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,  
To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leme.

XXXVII.

*DEILBEIR*, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir, thou zeild,  
Hangit, Mangit, Edder-ftangit, Stryndie *Stultorum*,  
To me, maift hie, *Kennedie*, and fie the Feild;  
Picket, wicket, ftricket, convickit, Lump *lullar-*  
*dorum*,  
Defamit, fchamit, blamit, *primus Paganorum*;  
Out out, I schout upon that Snout that snevils,  
Tale-teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Di-  
vels;  
Spink, fink, with Stink *ad Tartara termagorum*.

*The*



*The merry Testament of Master Andro  
Kennedy,  
Maid by Master William Dunbar, when  
he was like to dy.*



## I.

I Master *Andro Kennedy*,  
*A curio quando sum vocatus,*  
 Begotten with sum Incuby,  
 Or with sum Freir *infatuatus* ;  
 I cannot, Faith, tell redely,  
*Unde aut ubi fui natus,*  
 But this in Truth I trow trewly,  
*Quod sum Diabolus incarnatus.*

## II.

*CUM nihil sit certius morte,*  
 We maun all die quhen we haif done,  
*Nescimus quando, vel qua forte,*  
 Nor blind allane wait of the Mone ;  
*Ego patior in pectore,*  
 Throw Nicht I could not fleip a Wink,  
*Licet æger in corpore,*  
 Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

NUNC

III.

*NUNC* condo *Testamentum meum*,  
I leave my Saul for evirmair,  
*Per omnipotentem Deum*,  
Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,  
*Semper ibi ad remanendum*,  
Till Dumesday cum without Dissever,  
*Bonum vinum ad bibendum*,  
With fweit *Cuthbert* that luv'd me nevir.

IV.

*IPSE est dulcis ad amandum*,  
He wald aft ban me in his Braith,  
*Det mihi modò ad potandum*,  
And I forgave him laith and wraith,  
*Quia in Cellar cum cervisia*,  
I had leur ly baith air and late,  
*Nudus solus in camisia*,  
Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

A Barrell being at my Bosom,  
Of warldly Gude I bad nae mair,  
*Et corpus meum ebriosum*,  
I leif unto the Toun of *Air*,

In a Draff Midding eir and ay,  
*Ut ibi sepelire queam;*  
Quhair Drink and Draff may ilka Day  
Be cuften *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was ficker,  
*Sed semper variabile,*  
That evermair wad flow and flicker,  
*Conforti meo Jacobi;*  
Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,  
*Verum Deum renui,*  
But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,  
*Hoc pactum semper tenui.*

VII.

SYNE leif I the best Aucht I bocht,  
*Quod est Latinum propter cape*  
To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,  
*Quis est ille,* than schrew my Skape:  
I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,  
*Sed mille alii hoc sciverunt,*  
We wer as sib as Sive and Riddle,  
*In una silva quæ creverunt.*

VIII. *QUIA*

VIII.

*QUIA mea solatia,*

They wer but Leifings all and ane,  
*Cum omni fraude & falacia,*  
I leif the Maifter of Sanct *Anthane,*  
To *William Gray* ein *sine gratia,*  
My ain deir Cufine, as I wene,  
*Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,*  
But quhen the Holand-tree grows grene.

IX.

MY fenzeing and my false Winning,  
*Relinquo falsis fratribus,*  
For thats conform to GODS ain Bidding,  
*Disparsis dedit pauperibus;*  
For Mens Sauls they fay and fing,  
*Mentientes pro muneribus,*  
Now GOD give them an evil Ending,  
*Pro suis pravis operibus.*

X.

To *Jok* the Fule, my Folly frie,  
*Lego post corpus sepultum,*  
In Faith I am mair Fule than he,  
*Licet ostendo bonum multum,*

Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fie,  
*Ipse habet valde multum,*  
And zit he bleiris my Lordis Ee,  
*Fingendo eum fore stultum.*

XI.

To Master *Johny Clerk* syne,  
*Do & lego intime,*  
GODS braid Malefon and myne,  
*Nam ipse est causa mortis meæ,*  
Wer I a Dog, and he a Swyne,  
*Multi mirantur super me,*  
But I fuld gar that Lurdane quhryne,  
*Scribendo dentes sine D.*

XII.

*RESIDUUM omnium bonorum*  
Refts to dispone my Lord fall haif,  
*Cum tutela puerorum,*  
Baith *Edie, Katie,* and all the laife;  
In Faith I will nae langer raife,  
*Pro sepultura ordino,*  
On the new Gyse, fae GOD me faife,  
*Non sicut more solito.*



XIII.

*In die meæ sepulturæ,*  
I will haif nane but our ain Gang,  
*Et duos rusticos de rure,*  
Bearand ane Barrell on a Staug,  
Drinkand and playand Cap-out evin,  
*Sicut egomet solebam,*  
Singand and greitand with the Stevin,  
*Potum meum cum fetu miscebam.*

XIV.

I will nae Priests for me fhall sing,  
*Dies illa dies iræ,*  
Nor zit nae Bells for me to ring,  
*Sicut semper solet fieri,*  
But a Bag-pyp to play a Spring,  
*Et unum Ale-wisp ante me,*  
Instead of Torches for to bring,  
*Quatuor lagunas cervisiæ,*  
Within the Grave to set sic Thing  
*In modum crucis juxta me,*  
To fley the Feynds, than hardly sing  
*De terra plasmasti me.*

*Dif-*



## *Discretion in Asking.*



### I.

**O**F every Asking follows nocht  
 Reward, but gif sum Cause were wrocht :  
 And quhair Cause is Men weil may fe,  
 And quhair nane is, it will be thocht  
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

### II.

ANE Fule, thocht he haif Cause or nane,  
 Cryis ay, Gife me, unto a Drene ;  
 And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,  
 Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane ;  
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

### III.

SUM askis mair than he deservs,  
 Sum askis far les than he servs,  
 Sum schames to ask, and braids of me,  
 And all without Reward he sterves ;  
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

### IV. To

## IV.

To ask bot Service hurts gude Fame,  
To ask for Service nane fuld blame,  
To serve and leif in Beggartie,  
To Man and Maister baith is Schame;  
In Asking fuld Discration be.

## V.

HE that dois all his best Servyis,  
May spill it all with Crakks and Cryis,  
And be foul Importunitie ;  
For fewest Words may serve the wyis ;  
In Asking fuld Discration be.

## VI.

NOCHT neidfull is Men fuld be dum,  
Nathing is gotin without Words sum,  
Nocht speids bot Diligence we fe ;  
For nathing it alane will cum ;  
In Asking fuld Discration be.

## VII.

ASKING wald haif convenient Place,  
Convenient Tyme, Laifar and Space,  
Bot Haift or Preis of grit Menzie,  
Bot Heart abaift, bot Tung reckles ;  
In Asking fuld Discration be.

## VIII. SUM

## VIII.

SUM nicht haif (ze) with little Cure,  
 That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour  
 All for, that Tyme not byde can he,  
 And tyns baith Eirand and Honour ;  
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

## IX.

SUPPOSE the Servand be lang unquit,  
 The Lord sumtyme reward will it,  
 Gif he dois not quhat Remedie ;  
 To fecht with Fortune is nae Wit ;  
 In Asking fuld Discretion be.

*Discretion in Giving.*

## I.

TO speik of Gifts or almous Deids,  
 Sum gives for Merit, sum for Meids,  
 Sum warlldie Honour to up hie,  
 Gives aft to them that nathing neids ;  
 In Giving fuld Discretion be.

## II. SUM

## II.

SUM gives for Pryd and Glory vain,  
Sum gives with Grudging and with Pain,  
Sum gives in Prattick for Supplie,  
Sum gives for twyis as gude again ;  
In Giving fuld Discration be.

## III.

SUM gives for Thank, sum Cheritie,  
Sum Money gives, and sum gives Meit,  
And sum give Words baith fair and flie ;  
But Gifts frae sum can nae Man treit ;  
In Giving fuld Discration be.

## IV.

SUM gives so littil full wretchedly,  
That all his Gifts ar not set by,  
And for a Hude-pyk haldin his he,  
That all the Warld cryis on him, Fy !  
In Giving fuld Discration be.

## V.

SUM in his Giving is fae large,  
That all owre-laidin is his Berge,  
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie ;  
Thairof his Honour dois discharge ;  
In Giving fuld Discration be.

VI. SUM

## VI.

SUM to the rich Man gives his Geir,  
 That nicht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,  
 Zit thoct the Pure for Falt fuld die,  
 His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir ;  
 In Giving fuld Discration be.

## VII.

SUM gives to Strangeris with Face new,  
 That zifterday frae *Flanderis* flew,  
 And auld Servands lifts not se,  
 Wer they neir of sic grit Vertew ;  
 In Giving fuld Discration be.

## VIII.

SUM gives to them can ask and plenzie,  
 Sum gives to them can fleich and fenzie,  
 Sum gives to Men of Honestie,  
 And holds all Jangelars at Disfdenzie ;  
 In Giving fuld Discration be.

## IX.

THAIR sum gets Gifts and rich Arrayis,  
 To sweir all that his Maister sayis,  
 Thoct all the contrair weil kens he ;  
 Ar mony sic now in our Dayis ;  
 In Giving fuld Discration be.

X. SUM

## X.

SUM gives gude Men for thair gude Kewis,  
Sum gives to Trumppers and to Schrews,  
Sum gives to schaw his Auçtoritie;  
But in thair Office gude foundin few is;  
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

## XI.

SUM gives Parochines full wyde,  
Kirks of Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Bryde*,  
To teich, to rule, and to owresie,  
To sum richt skant of Grace to gyde;  
In Giving fuld Discretion be.



*Follows Discretion in Taking.*



## I.

NOW after Giving I speik of Taking,  
But littill of ony Gude forsaiking;  
Sum taks owre scrimp Autoritie,  
And sum owre-mekle, and that is glaiking;  
In Taking fuld Discretion be.

II. THE

## II.

THE Clerks tak Benifices with Brawls,  
 Sum of Saint *Peter*, sum of Saint *Pauls*,  
 Take he the Rents, nae Cair hes he,  
 Abeit the Deil tak all thair Sauls;  
 In Taking fuld Discration be.

## III.

BARONS tak frae thair Tennants pure  
 All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,  
 In Mails and Gerfomes raift owre hié,  
 And gars them beg frae Dore to Dore;  
 In Taking fuld Discration be.

## IV.

AND sum tak uther Mens Takks,  
 And on the Pure Oppreffion maks,  
 And nevir myndis that he maun die,  
 Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;  
 In Taking fuld Discration be.

## V.

SUM taks be Sie and sum be Land,  
 And nevir frae Taking hald thair Hand,  
 Till they be tyit up to a Trie;  
 And fyn they gar them underftand  
 In Taking fuld Discration be.

## VI. SUM



## VI.

SUM wald tak all his Nichbours Geir,  
Had he of Man as little Feir,  
As he hes Dreid that GOD him fe,  
To tak then fould he nevir forbeir;  
In Taking fuld Discretion be.

## VII.

SUM wald tak all this Warlds Breid,  
And zet nocht fatisfiet thair Neid,  
Throw Heart unfatiable and greidie,  
Sum wald tak littill, and cannot speid;  
In Taking fuld Discretion be.

## VIII.

GRIT Men for Taking and Oppreffion,  
Ar fett full famous at the Seffion,  
Quhile pure Takkars are hangit hie,  
Schamit for evir and thair Succession;  
In Taking fuld Discretion be.

## IX.

SUM taks the Makkaris ruifing kynd,  
But a Rewaird dois nevir mynd,  
Few Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,  
That gars my poutch be aft ill lynd;  
In Taking fuld Discretion be.

*The foregoing three quod MR. Wm. DUNBAR.*

*On*



*On Detraction and Deming.*



I.

M<sup>U</sup>SING alane this hinder Nicht,  
 Of mirry Day, quhen gane was Licht,  
 Within a Garth undir a Trie,  
 I hard ane Voce that said on Hicht,  
 May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

FOR thocht I be an crownit King,  
 Zit fall I not eschew Deming;  
 Sum calls me gude, sum says I lie,  
 Sum craifs of GOD to end my Ring,  
 Sae fall I not undemit be.

III.

BE I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,  
 Than every Pelour and Purfe-pyke,  
 Says, Land wer better waird on me,  
 Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,  
 Zit can he not let Deming be.

IV. BE

IV.

BE I a Lady fresch and fair,  
With Gentlemen makand repair,  
Then will they say baith scho and he,  
That I am japit late and air,  
Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.

BE I an Courtman or a Knycht,  
Honestly cled that sets me richt,  
Ane prydfull Man fyne call they me:  
But God fend them a Widdy wicht,  
That cannot let sic Deming be.

VI.

BE I but little of Stature,  
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,  
And be I large of Quantity,  
They call me monfterous of Nature;  
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.

AND be I ornat in my Speich;  
Then *Towsy* sayis I am fae streich,  
I speik not lyke thair Houfe Menzie,  
Suppose her Mouth mifters a Leich,  
Zit can scho not let Deming be.

VIII. BUT

VIII.

BUT wist thir Folk that uther deims,  
How that their Saws to uthers feims,  
    Their vicious Words and Vanity,  
Their trattling Tungs that all furth teims,  
    Tharis sum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.

GUDE JAMES the Ferd our nobill King,  
Quhen that he was of Zeirs zing,  
    In Sentence faid full subtilie,  
*Do weil and set nocht by Deming,*  
    *For nae Man fall undemit be.*

X.

AND fae I fall with God his Grace,  
Keip his Command into that Cafe,  
    Befickand ay the TRINITY,  
In Hevin that I may haif a place,  
    For thair fall no Man demit be.

*Quod Mr. W. DUNBAR.*





*Sons exylt by Pryde.*



I.

**S**ONS hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,  
 Sen ilka Knaif was cled in filken Goun,  
 Welfare and Welth ar gane without gude Nicht,  
 And in thair Rowms remains dull Derth and Neid,  
 Pryd is amang us enterit, bot GOD speid,  
 And leird our Lords to gang now lefs and mair,  
 With filken Gouns, and Cellars tume and bair.

II.

Now a small *Barons* rich Abulzement,  
 In filkin Furrings, Chenzies and sic Geir,  
 Micht furnis Fourty into *Jack* and Splent,  
 Weil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir  
 It wer full meit gif it happens be Weir,  
 That all this Pryd of Silk wer quyt laid down.  
 And changit in *Jack Knapska* and *Abergown*.

III. WALD

## III.

WALD all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,  
 And gar unfulziet keip them clene and fair,  
 And weir them but on hie triumphand Days,  
 And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,  
 They neidit not buy Silk Rayments mair,  
 This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succession,  
 Gif sinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Discretion.

## IV.

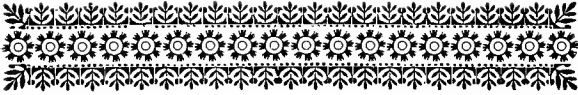
THAIR Men also maun be bot Smyt or Smot,  
 Frae his Caproufy be with Ribbons laift,  
 With Velvet Bord about his threid-bare Coit:  
 On Woman Wayis weil tyit about his Waift,  
 His Hat on Syde fet up for ony Haift,  
 For Hichtines the Culroun dois misken,  
 His awin Maifter as weil as uther Men.

## V.

QUHA sinns in Pryd, does first to God Grivance,  
 Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a Fall;  
 Synne of himself westis fast his Substtance,  
 Sae lerge, that it owrepasses his Rentall,  
 His Tennants pure he dois oppres with all;  
 His coiftly Gown, with Tail sae wyde out spred,  
 His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Bed.

*Quod* CLERK.

*Satyre*



*SATYRE on Covetousness.*



I.

**F**REIDOM, Honour and Nobillness,  
 Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentillness,  
 Ar now in Court repute as Vyce,  
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

II.

ALL Weifare, Welth and Wantoness,  
 Ar changit into Wretchedness,  
 And Play is fet at little Pryce,  
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

III.

HALKING, Hunting and swift Horse rining,  
 Ar changit all in wranous winning,  
 Thair is nae Play but Cards and Dyce,  
 And all for Cause of Covetyce.

V. HEARTY

## IV.

HEARTY Houfe-halding is all laid down,  
A Laird has with him but a Loun,  
That leids him after his Devyce,  
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

## V.

IN Burghs to Landwart and to Sie,  
Quhair Plefour was and grit Plentie,  
Venifon Wyld-foul Wyn, and Spyce,  
Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

## VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,  
Cattle and Corn to fell and eit,  
Hes now nae Beifts but Cats and Myce,  
And all throw Cause of Covetyce.

## VII.

HONEST Zemen in every Toun,  
Quha wont to weir baith Red and Broun,  
Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce,  
And all throw Cause of Covetyce.

VIII. AND



## VIII.

AND Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,  
For quhilk thair Tennants fald Summer Meil,  
And lives on Ruits under the Ryfs,  
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

## IX.

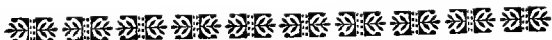
QUHA that dois Deids of Pietie,  
And lives in Pece and Cheritie,  
Is haldin a Fule, and that full Nyce,  
And all, &c.

## X.

AND quha can reive uther Mens Rowms,  
And upon pure Men gadder Sowms,  
Is thocht an active Man and Wyfe,  
And all, &c.

## XI.

MAN, pleis thy Maker, and be merry,  
And value nocht this Warld a Cherry;  
Work for a Place in Paradyce,  
For thairin rings nae Covetyce.



*The* CHERRIE *and the* SLAE,  
*Compylt into* Scottis Meeter<sup>n</sup> *by* Captain Alexander  
 Montgomery.



## I.

ABOUT an Bank with Balmy Bewis,  
 Quhair Nychtingales thair Notis renewis  
 With gallant Goldspinks gay;  
 The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,  
 The Lintquhyt, Lark and Lavrock loud,  
 Salutit mirthful *May*.  
 Quhen *Philomel* had sweitly sung,  
 To Progne scho deplord,  
 How *Tereus* cut out hir Tung,  
 And falsly her deflourd;  
 Quhilk Story so forie  
 To schaw hir self scho feimt,  
 To heir hir so neir hir,  
 I doutit if I dreimt.

## II. THE

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This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by *Robert Walgrave*, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himself; the other by *Andro Hart*, printed 1615, said on the Title Page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quatuorzeims, not long before the Author's Death.

II.

THE Cusnat crouds, the Corbie crys,  
The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,  
    To geck hir they begin :  
The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,  
The craiking Craws, and keckling Kays,  
    They deavt me with thair Din.  
The painted pawn with *Argos* Eysis,  
    Can on his Mayock call ;  
The Turtle wails on witherit Treis,  
    And Eccho answers all,  
    Repeting with Greiting,  
    How fair *Narcissus* fell,  
    By lying and spying  
    His Schadow in the Well.

III.

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare  
In Hidlings hirpling heir and thair,  
    To mak thair Morning mange.  
The Con, the Cuning and the Cat,  
Quhais dainty Downs with Dew were wat,  
    With stiff Mustachis strange.

The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,  
 The Fulmart and false Fox ;  
 The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae,  
 With birrly Bairs and Brocks ;  
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding  
 The Hunters subtle Snairs,  
 With skipping and tripping,  
 They playit them all in Pairs.

## IV.

THE Air was fobir, fast and fweit,  
 Nae mifty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,  
 But quyit, calm and clear,  
 To foster *Floras* fragrant Flowris,  
 Quhairon *Apollos* Paramouris,  
 Had trinklit mony a Teir ;  
 The quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers shynd,  
 Embroydering Bewties Bed,  
 Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd,  
 In *Mayis* Collouris cled,  
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,  
 Of balmy Liqueur fweit,  
 Excelling and smelling,  
 Throw *Phebus* hailsum Heit.

V.

METHOCHT an heavenlie heartfum Thing,  
Quhair Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,  
    Owre twinkling all the Treis,  
To study on the Flurist Twists,  
Admiring Natures Alchymists,  
    Laborious buffie Bies,  
Quhair of fum sweiteft Honie socht,  
    To stay thair Lyves frae Sterve,  
And fum the waxie Veschells wrocht,  
    Thair Purchase to preserve ;  
    So heiping, for keeping  
    It in thair Hyves they hyde,  
    Precifely and wyfely,  
    For Winter they provyde.

VI.

To pen the Pleasures of that Park,  
How every Blossom Branch and Bark,  
    Against the Sun did shyne,  
I pass to Poetis to compyle,  
In hich heroick staitlie Style,  
    Quhais Muse surmatches myne.

But

But as I lukit myne alane,  
 I faw a River rin  
 Outowre a fteipie Rock of Stane,  
 Syne lichtit in a Lin,  
 With tumbling and rumbling  
 Amang the Roches round,  
 Devalling and falling,  
 Into a Pit profound.

## VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,  
 The Roches founding lyke a Sang,  
 Quhair Das Kane did abound ;  
 With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,  
 And Ecchoe blew a Bafe betwene,  
 In Diapafon Sound,  
 Set with the *C--fol--fa--uth* Cleif,  
 With Lang and Large at lift ;  
 With Quaver, Crotchet, Semibreif,  
 And not an Minum mift,  
 Compleitly mair fweetly  
 Scho fridound flat and fchairp,  
 Nor Mufes that ufes  
 To pin *Apollos* Harp.

## VIII. QUHA

VIII.

QUHA wald haif tyrt to heir that Tune,  
Quhilk Birds corroborate ay abune,  
    With Lays of luvefum Larks,  
Quhilk clim fae high in Chryftal Skys,  
Quhyle *Cupid* wālkens with the Crys,  
    Of Natures Chappel Clerks,  
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,  
    Allichted on the Eird.  
Lo how that little Lord of Luve,  
    Before me thair appeird,  
    Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyk,  
    With Bow three Quarters scant,  
    Syne moylie and coylie,  
    He lukit lyke ane Sant.

IX.

ANE cleinly Crisp hang owre his Eyis,  
His Quaver by his nakit Thyis  
    Hang in an Silver Lace;  
Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,  
Twa pretty Wings quhairwith he flew,  
    On his left Arm ane Brace.

This God fone aff his Geir he schuke,  
 Upon the graffie Grund;  
 I ran als lichtly for to luke,  
 Quhair Ferlies micht be fund:  
 Amasit I gasit  
 To see his Geir fae gay,  
 Perfaifing myne Haveing,  
 He countit me his Prey.

## X.

His Zouth and Stature made me stout,  
 Of Doubleness I had nae Doubt,  
 But bourded with my Boy:  
 Quod I, How call they thee my Chyld,  
*Cupido*, Sir, quod he, and snyld,  
 Please you me to imploy;  
 For I can serve you in your Suite,  
 If you please to impyre,  
 With Wings to flie, and Schafts to schute  
 Or Flamis to fet on Fyre.  
 Mak Choice then of those then,  
 Or of a thousand Things,  
 But crave them and have them,  
 With that I wowd his Wings.

## XI. QUHAT



XI.

QUHAT wald thou gif my Freind, *quod he*,  
To haif thir wanton Wings to flie,  
    To sport thy Sprit a quhyle;  
Or quhat gif I fuld lend the Heir,  
Bow, Quaver, Schafts and Schuting Geir,  
    Sum Body to begyle:  
That Geir, *quod I*, cannot be bocht,  
    Zit I wald haif it fain;  
Quhat gif, *quod he*, it coft thee nocht,  
    But rendering all again:  
    His Wings then he brings then,  
    And band them on my Back,  
    Go flie now, *quod he*, now,  
    And fae my Leif I tak.

XII.

I sprang up with *Cupidoes* Wings,  
Quha Bow and Schuting Geir resigns,  
    To lend me for a Day:  
As *Icarus* with borrowit Flicht,  
I mountit hichar nor I nicht,  
    Owre perrelous ane Play;

Then

Then furth I drew that double Dart  
 Quhilk sumtyme schot his Mother,  
 Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairt,  
 In Hope to hurt ane uther:  
 It hurt me or burnt me,  
 Quhyle either End I handill;  
 Cum fe now in me now  
 The Butter-flie and Candill.

## XIII.

As scho delysts into the Low,  
 Sae was I browdin of my Bow,  
 Als ignorant as scho;  
 And as scho flies quhyl scho be fyrt,  
 Sua with the Dart that I defyrt,  
 My Hand has hurt me to;  
 As fulish *Phaeton* be Sute  
 His Fathers Cart obtáind,  
 Sa langt I in Lufis Bow to schute,  
 Not marking quhat it meind;  
 Mair wilfull than skilfull,  
 To flie I was fae fond,  
 Defyring, aspyring;  
 And fae was fene upond.

XIV. Too

XIV.

Too late I knew quha hewis to Hie,  
The Spail fall fall into his Eie,  
    Too late I went to Schuils;  
Too late I heard the Swallow preich,  
Too late Experience dois teich,  
    The Schuil-maifter of Fuils;  
Too late to fynd the Nest I feik,  
    Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;  
Too late the Stabil-dore I feik,  
    Quhen all the Steids ar frowin;  
    Too late ay thair State ay,  
    All fulifh Folk espy,  
    Behind fae, they find fae  
    Remeid, and fae do I.

XV.

GIF I had ryplie bene advyft,  
I had not rafchly enterpryft,  
    To foir with borrowit Penns;  
Nor zit had feyd the Archer-craft,  
To fchute my fell with fik a Schaft,  
    As Reason quyte miškenns:

Frae Wilfullnefs gaif me my Wound,  
 I had nae Force to flie,  
 Then came I grainand to the Ground,  
 Freind, Welcum hame, *quod he*;  
 Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?  
 Or quha brings hame the Buiting?  
 I fe now, *quod he*, now,  
 Ze haif bene at the Schuting.

## XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,  
 Sa I behuift to byde them baith,  
 Sae ftakkering was my Stait!  
 That undir Cure I gat fik Chek,  
 Quhilk I nicht nocht remuif nor nek,  
 But eyther ftail or mait;  
 My Agony was fae extreme,  
 I fwelt and ffound for Feir,  
 But or I walkynt of my Dreime,  
 He fpulzied me of my Geir;  
 With Flicht then on Hicht then  
 Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,  
 Forzetting and setting  
 At nocht my cairfull Cryis.

XVII.

SAE lang with Sicht I followit him,  
Quhyle baith my dazelit Eysis grew dim  
    With stairing on the Starns,  
Quhilk flew fae thick befoir my Ein,  
Sum reid, sum zellow, blew, sum grene,  
    Quhilk trublit all my Harns,  
That every Thing apperit twae  
    To my barbulzeit Brain,  
But lang nicht I ly luiking fae,  
    Or *Cupid* came again;  
    Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,  
    I hard up throw the Air,  
    Throw Cluds so he thuds so,  
    And flew I wift not quhair.

XVIII.

THEN frae I saw that God was gane,  
And I in Langour left allane,  
    And fair tormentit to;  
Sumtyme I ficht, quhyl I was sad,  
Sumtyme I mufit and maist gane mad,  
    I wift not quhat to do;

Sumtyme

Sumtyme I ravit, half in a Rage,  
 As ane into Dispair,  
 To be opprest with sic a Page,  
 Lord gif my Heart was fair;  
 Lyke *Dido, Cupido,*  
 I widdill and I warie,  
 Quha reft me and left me  
 In sic a Feirie-farie.

## XIX.

THEN felt I *Curage* and *Desyre*  
 Inflame my Heart with uncouth Fyre,  
 To me befoir unknowin;  
 But now nae Blude in me remains  
 Unbrunt and boyld within my Vaines,  
 By Luve his Bellies blawin;  
 To quench it or I was devorit,  
 With Sichts I went about,  
 But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,  
 The baulder it brak out;  
 Ay preifing bot ceifing,  
 Quhyl it nicht breik the Bounds,  
 My Hew so furth schew so  
 The Dolour of my Wounds.

XX.

WITH deidly Vifage, pail and wan,  
Mair lyke Anatomy than Man,  
    I widdert clein away,  
As Wax befor the Fyre, I felt  
My Heart within my Bosom melt,  
    And Peice and Peice decay,  
My Veines with brangling lyk to brek,  
    My Punfis lap with Pith ;  
Sae Fervency did me infek,  
    That I was vext thairwith :  
    My Heart ay did start ay,  
    The fyrie Flamis to flie,  
    Ay howping, throw lowping,  
    To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

BUT, O alace ! it was abufit,  
My cairfull Corps kept it incluißt,  
    In Prefoun of my Breift ;  
With Sichs fae fowpit and owre-fet,  
Lyk to ane Fifch faßt in the Net,  
    In Deid thraw undeceift.

Quha thocht in vain scho fryve by Strenth  
For to pull out hir Heid,  
Quhilk profits naething at the length,  
But haistning to hir Deid ;  
With wristing and thirsting,  
The faster still is scho,  
Thair I so did ly fo,  
My Death advancing to.

## XXII.

The mair I wrestlit with the Wind,  
The faster still my self I find,  
Nae Mirth my Mynd nicht meise ;  
Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,  
I was fae altert and owre-gane,  
Throw Drowth of my Diseise :  
Zit weakly as I nicht I raife,  
My Sicht grew dim and dark,  
I stakkerit at the Windill-straes,  
Nae Takin I was stark ;  
Baith sichtles and nichtles  
I grew allmaist at ains,  
In Angwische I langwische,  
With mony grievous Grains.

## XXIII. WITH



## XXIII.

WITH sober Pace I did approche  
Hard to the River and the Roche,  
    Quhair of I spak befor ;  
The River sic a Murmur maid,  
As to the Sea it fastly flaid,  
    The Craig hich, stay and schoir :  
Then Pleasure did me fae provok  
    Thair partly to repair,  
Betwixt the River and the Rock,  
    Quhair *Houp* grew with *Dispaire* ;  
    A Trie than I fie than  
    Of CHERRIES on the Braes,  
    Belaw to I faw to  
    Ane Bufs of bitter SLAES.

## XXIV.

THE Cherries hang abune my Heid,  
Lyke twynkland Rubies round and reid,  
    Sae hich up in the Hewch,  
Quhais Schadowis in the River schew,  
Als graithly glancing as they grew  
    On trimbling Twiftis, and tewch,

Quhilk

Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,  
Declyning doun thair Toppis,  
Reflex of *Phebus* aff the *Firth*,  
New colourit all thair Knoppis ;  
With danfing and glanfing,  
In Tyrles dornik champ,  
Quhilk streimaned and leimed  
Throw Lichtness of that Lamp.

## XXV.

WITH earnest Eie, quhyl I espy  
The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,  
Half-gaite almaift to Hevin ;  
The Craig fae cumberfum to clim,  
The Trie fae tall of Growth, and trim,  
As ony Arrow evin :  
I calld to mynd how *Daphne* did  
Within the Laurell schrink,  
Quhen from *Apollo* scho hir hid  
A thoufand Tymes I think ;  
That Trie thair to me thair,  
As he his Laurell thocht,  
Aspyring bot tying,  
To get that Fruit I focht.

XXVI. To

XXVI.

To clim the Craig it was nae Buit,  
Let be to preifs to pull the Fruit  
    In Top of all the Trie;  
I saw nae Way quhairby to cum,  
Be ony Craft to get it clum,  
    Appeirandlie to me:  
The Craig was ugly, stay and dreich,  
    The Trie lang, found and small,  
I was affrayd to clim fa hich,  
    For Feir to fetch a Fall;  
    Affrayit to sey it,  
    I luikit up on loft,  
    Quhys minting, quhys flinting,  
    My Purpose changit oft.

XXVII.

THEN *Dreid*, with *Danger* and *Dispair*,  
Forbad my minting onie mair  
    To rax abune my Reiche;  
Quhat, Tufche, quod *Curage*, Man go to,  
He is but daft that has to do,  
    And spairs for every Speiche:

For

For I haif aft hard fuith Men fay,  
 And we may see ourfells,  
 That Fortune helps the hardy ay,  
 And Pultrones plain repells;  
 Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,  
*Dreid, Danger or Dispair,*  
 To Fazarts hard Hazarts,  
 Is deid or they cum thair.

## XXVIII.

QUHA speids, but sic as heich aspyris,  
 Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tryes  
 To win a nobill Name;  
 Of schrinking, quhat but Schame succedeis,  
 Then do as thòu wald haif thy Deids  
 In Register of Fame:  
 I put the Cais thou nocht prevailld,  
 Sae thou with Honour die;  
 Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage, failld,  
 Sall Poets pen of thee:  
 Thy Name than from Fame than  
 Sall nevir be cut aff,  
 Thy Graif ay fall haif ay  
 That honest Epitaff.

## XXIX. QUHAT

XXIX.

QUHAT can thou losse, quhen Honour lives?  
Renown (thy Vertew) ay revives,  
    Gif valiauntlie thou end:  
Quod *Danger*, Huly, Freind, tak heid,  
Untymous Spurring spills the Steid;  
    Tak tent quhat ze pretend:  
Thocht *Courage* counsell thee to clim,  
    Beware thou kep nae Skaith,  
Haif thou nae Help but *Hope* and him,  
    They may begyle thee baith:  
    Thyfell now may tell now  
    The Counsell of thae Clerks,  
    Quhairthrow zit I trow zit  
    Thy Breift dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the *Danger* dreids,  
Sa I belief thy Bosome bleids,  
    Sen laft that Fyre thou felt:  
Befyds that, feindle Tymes thou feis  
That evir *Courage* keeps the Keis  
    Of Knowledge at his Belt;

Thocht he bid fordwart with his Guns,  
 Small Powder he provyds,  
 Be not ane Novice of that Nunnes,  
 That faw nocht baith the Syds;  
 Fule-haift ay almaift ay,  
 Owre-fails the Sicht of fum,  
 Quha huiks not, nor luiks not  
 Quhat eftirward may cum.

## XXXI.

ZIT Wifdom wifches thee to wey  
 This Figure in Philofophy,  
 A Lefoun worth to leir,  
 Quhilk is in Tyme for to tak tent,  
 And not quhen Tyme is paf, repent,  
 And buy Repentance deir;  
 Is thair nae Honour eftir Lyfe,  
 Except thou flay thyfell,  
 Quhairfoir has *Atropos* that Knyfe?  
 I trow thou cannot tell:  
 Quha bot it wald cut it,  
 Quhilk *Clotho* skairs has spun,  
 Diftroying thy Joying  
 Befoir it be begun.

## XXXII. ALL

XXXII.

ALL Owres ar repute to be Vyce,  
Owre hich, owre law, owre rafch, owre nyce,  
Owre het or zit owre cauld ;  
Thou feims unconfant, be thy Signs,  
Thy Thocht is on a thousand Things,  
Thou wats not quhat thou wald ;  
Let Fame hir Pitie on the poure,  
Quhen all thy Banes ar brokin,  
Zone SLAE, fuppose thou think it foure,  
May fatisfie to flokkin  
Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,  
Quhilk dries thee with Defyre,  
Affwage than thy Rage, Man,  
Foul Watter quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

QUHAT Fule art thou to die of Thrift,  
And now may quench it, gif thou lift  
Sae eafylie bot Pain ;  
Mair Honour is to vanquifch ane  
Than feicht with tenfum and be tane,  
And owther hurt or flain :

The Prattick is to bring to pas,  
 And not to enterpryse,  
 And als gude drinking out of Glas  
 As Gold in ony Ways;  
 I levir haif evir  
 A Foul in hand or tway,  
 Nor fieand ten fieand  
 About me all the Day.

## XXXIV.

LUKE quhair thou licht befor thou lowp,  
 And flip na Certainty for Howp,  
 Quha gyds thee but begefes.  
 Quod *Courage*, Cowards tak nae Cure  
 To fit with Schame, fae they be sure,  
 I lyke them all the lefs;  
 Quhat Plesure purchest is bot Pain,  
 Or Honour win with Eife,  
 He will not ly quhair he is slain,  
 That douttis befor he dies:  
 For *Feir* then I heir then,  
 But only ane Remeid,  
 Quhilk latt is, and that is  
 For to cut aff the Heid.

## XXXV. QUHAT



## XXXV.

QUHAT is the Way to heil thy Hurt?  
Quhat is the Way to stay thy Sturt?  
    Quhat meins may mak the merrie?  
Quhat is the Comfort that thou craivs?  
Suppose thir Sophists thee defaivs:  
    Thou knaws it is the *Cherrie*;  
Sen for it only thou but thrifts,  
    The *Slae* can be nae Buit;  
In it also thy Helth consists,  
    And in nae uther Fruit;  
    Quhy quaiks now, and schaiks thou?  
    And studys at our Stryfe,  
    Advyse thee, it lyes thee,  
    On nae less than thy Lyfe.

## XXXVI.

GIF any Patient wald be panft,  
Quhy suld he lowp quhen he is lanft,  
    Or schrink quhen he is schorn;  
For I haif hard Chirurgians say,  
Aftymes defferring of a Day,  
    Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak Tyme in Tyme, or Tyme be tint ;  
 For Tyme will not remain :  
 Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint,  
 But als hard match again.  
 Delay not, and fray not,  
 And thou fall fie it fae,  
 Sic gets ay that fetts ay,  
 Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

## XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginnings be maift hard,  
 The End is plesand afterward ;  
 Then schrink not for a Schowre ;  
 Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,  
 Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,  
 The Sweit exceids the Soure ;  
 Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,  
 For *Howp* gude Hap hes hecht.  
 Quod *Danger* be not suddan, Sir,  
 The Matter is of Wecht ;  
 Firft spy baith, and try baith,  
 Advysement does nane Ill,  
 I say then, ye may then,  
 Be willfull quhen ze will.

## XXXVIII. BUT

XXXVIII.

BUT zit to Mynd the Proverb call,  
*Quha uses Perrils perish fall,*  
Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them lafts.  
And I haif hard, *quod Howp*, that he  
Sall nevir schaip to fail the Se,  
That for all Perrills cafts.  
How mony throw Dispair are Deid,  
That nevir Perrills preivt ?  
How mony alfo, gif thou reid,  
Of Lyves have we releivt ?  
Quha being evin dieing,  
Bot Danger, but dispaird ;  
A Hunder, I wonder,  
But thou haft hard declaird.

XXXIX.

GIF we twa hald not up thy Heart,  
Quhilk is the Cheif and nobleft Part,  
Thy Wark wald not gang weil,  
Confidering thae Companions can  
Diswade a filly fimple Man,  
To hafard for his Heil,

Suppose

Suppose they haif defavit fum,  
 Or they and we nicht meit ;  
 They get nae Credence quhair we cum,  
 With ony Man of Spreit,  
 By Reafoun thair Treafoun  
 Be us is first espyt,  
 Reveiling thair Deiling,  
 Quhilk dow not be denyt.

## XL.

WITH fleikit Sophisms feiming sweit  
 As all thair Doings war discreit,  
 They wifh thee to be wyfe,  
 Postponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,  
 But Faith in underneath the Flowr,  
 The lurking Serpent lyes ;  
 Suppose thou feis her not a Styme,  
 Till that scho ftings thy Fute :  
 Perfais thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,  
 Thy flewthing does owrefchute.  
 Allace Man! thy Cafe Man,  
 In lingring I lament,  
 Go to now and do now,  
 That Courage be content.

XLI.

QUHAT gif Melancholy cum in,  
And get ane Grip or thou begin,  
    Than is thy Labour loft ;  
For he will hald thee hard and fast,  
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be past,  
    And thou give up the Ghost :  
Than fall be graivd upon the Stane,  
    Quhilk on thy Graif is laid,  
Sumtyme thair lived sic a ane ;  
    But how fall it be said ?  
    Here lyes now, but pryfe now  
    Into Dishonours Bed,  
    And Cowart as thou art,  
    That from his Fortune fled.

XLII.

IMAGYNE Man, gif thou wer laid  
In Graif, and syne nicht heir this said,  
    Wald thou not fweit for Schame ?  
Yes, Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald :  
Therefoir gif thou has Ene behald,  
    How they wald smoir thy Fame.

Gae to and mak nae mair Excuse,  
Or Lyfe and Honour lose,  
And outhier them or us refuse,  
There is nae uther Chose.  
Confider togidder,  
That we can nevir dwell,  
At length ay by Strenth ay  
Thae Pultrones we expell.

## XLIII.

Quod *Danger*, Sen I understand,  
That Counfell can be nae Command,  
I have nae mair to fay,  
Except gif that he thocht it good ;  
Tak Counfell zit or ze conclude  
Of wyfer Men nor they.  
They are but rackles, zung and rasche,  
Suppose they think us fleid ;  
Gif of our Fellowship zou fasche,  
Gang with them hardly beit.  
God speid zou, they leid zou,  
That has not meikle Wit.  
Expell us, zeil tell us,  
Heirastir comes not zit.

## XLIV. QUHYLE

XLIV.

QUHYLE *Danger* and *Dispair* retyrt,  
*Experience* came in and speirt  
    Quhat all the Matter meind ;  
With him came *Reason*, *Wit* and *Skill*,  
And they began to speir at *Will*,  
    Quhair mak ze to my Freind ?  
To pluck zone lusty Cherrie loe,  
    Quod he, and quyte the Slae :  
Quod they, Is there nae mair ado,  
    Or ze win up the Brae ?  
    But to it, and do it,  
    Perforce the Fruit to pluck,  
    Weil, Brother, fum uther  
    Were better to conduct.

XLV.

WE grant ze may be gude aneuch ;  
But zit the Hazard of zon Heuch,  
    Requyris ane graver Gyde ;  
As wyfe as ze are may gae wrang ;  
Thairfore tak Counfai! or ze gang  
    Of fum that stand besyde.

But

But quha war zon three ze forbad  
    Zour Company richt now;  
Quod *Will*, three Prechours to perfwad  
    The poyfond Slae to pow.  
    They trattlit and prattellit,  
    A lang half Hour and mair;  
    Foul fall them, they call them  
    *Dreid, Danger and Dispair.*

## XLVI.

THEY are mair fashious nor of Feck,  
Zon Fazards durst not for thair Neck  
    Clim up the Craig with us;  
Frae we determinit to die,  
Or else to clim zon Cherrie Trie,  
    They baid about the Bufs.  
They are conditiond lyk the Cat,  
    They wald not weit thair Feit,  
But zit gif ony Fisch ze gat,  
    They wald be fain to eit.  
    Thocht they now, I fay now,  
    To hazard haif nae Heart,  
    Zit luck we and pluck we,  
    The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII. BUT



XLVII.

BUR frae we get our Voyage wun,  
They fall not than a Cherrie cun,  
    That wald not enterpryse ;  
Weil, quod *Experience*, ze boift ;  
But he that counts without his Oift,  
    He aftentymes counts twyfe.  
Ze fell the Beirs Skin on his Back,  
    But byde quhyle ze it get ;  
Quhen ze have done, its Tyme to crack  
    Ze fish befor the Net.  
    Quhat haift, Sir, ze taift, Sir,  
    The Cherry or ze pou it ;  
    Bewar zit, ze ar zit  
    Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

CALL Danger back again, quod *Skill*,  
To se quhat he can say to *Will*,  
    We see him schod fae strait :  
We may nocht trōw quhat ilk ane tells ;  
Quod *Courage* we concludit ells,  
    He fervis not for our Mait ;

For

For I can tell zou all perqueir  
 His Counfail or he cum :  
 Quod *Will* quhairto foud he cum heir,  
 He cannot hald his himdumb ;  
 He speiks ay, and feiks ay  
 Delay of Tyme be Drifts;  
 He grievis us, and deivs us,  
 With Sophifries and Schifts.

## XLIX.

QUOD *Reafoun*, quhy was he debard ?  
 The Tale is ill may not be hard,  
 Zet let us heir him anis.  
 Then *Danger* to declair began,  
 How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,  
 To leid him all thair lains ;  
 For they wald haif him up the Hill,  
 Bot owther Stap or Stay :  
 And quha was welcomer than *Will*,  
 He wald be formoft ay ;  
 He could do, and fould do,  
 Quha evir wald or nocht,  
 Sic speiding proceeding  
 Unlyklie was I thocht.

L.

THAIRFOR I wifht them to bewar,  
And rafhly not to run owre far,  
    Without sic Gyds as ze.  
Quod *Courage*, Freind, I heir zou fail,  
Tak bettir tent unto zour Tale,  
    Ze faid it could not be ;  
Befydis that ze wald not consent,  
    That evir we fuld clim :  
Quod *Will* for my Pairt I repent,  
    We faw them mair than him :  
    For they are the Stayer  
    Of us, as weil as he ;  
    I think now they schrink now,  
    Go forwart let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks ;  
They fay the Voyage nevir luks,  
    Quhair ilk ane has a Vote.  
Quod *Wisdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,  
We were nae warfe zour Vote to Want,  
    Sum Sentance heir I note.

Suppose ze speak it but begets,  
 Sum Fruit thairin I fynd ;  
 Ze wald be forward I confes,  
 And cums aftymis behynd.  
 It may be that they be  
 Defavit that nevir doutit ;  
 Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,  
 Has mekle Wit about it.

## LII.

THEN willfull *Will* began to rage,  
 And fware he saw naithing in Age,  
 But Anger, Yre and Grudge ;  
 And for my fell, quod he, I sweir  
 To quat all my Companzions heir,  
 Gif they admit zou Judge.  
*Experience* is grown fae auld,  
 That he begins to rave ;  
 The laif but *Courage* are fae cauld,  
 Nae Hazzarding they haif ;  
 For *Danger*, far fstranger  
 Has made them than they war,  
 Gae frae then, we pray then,  
 That nowther dow nor dar.

## LIII. QUHY

LIII.

QUHY may not these three leid this ane,  
I led an hunder myne alane,  
    Bot Counfal of them all.  
I grant quod *Wisdom* ze haif led ;  
But I wald speir how mony fped,  
    Or furdert bot a Fall.  
But owther few or nane I trow,  
    *Experience* can tell ;  
He fays the Man may wyte but zou  
    The first Tyme that he fell.  
    He kens then, quhais Penns then,  
    Thou borrowit him to flee ;  
    His Wounds zet, that ftounds zet,  
    He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

THAT, quod *Experience*, is trew ;  
*Will* flatterit him quhen first he flew ;  
    *Will* fet him in a Low.  
*Will* was his Counfell and Convoy,  
To borrow frae the blindit Boy  
    Baith Quaver, Wings and Bow ;

Quhair-

Quhairwith before he feyd to flute,  
 He nowther zield to Zouth,  
 Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,  
 To quench his deidlie Drouth.  
 Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him  
 To Deid, I wate not how,  
 Gif *Will* then did ill then,  
 Himself remembers now.

## LV.

FOR I *Experience* was thair  
 Lyke as I use to be all quhair,  
 Quhat Tyme he wytit *Will*  
 To be the Grund of all his Greif,  
 As I my self can be a Preif  
 And Witnefs thairuntill :  
 Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bene,  
 Nor Hidlings frae me hid,  
 Nor secreet Things that I haif fene  
 That he or ony did :  
 Thairfoir now, no moir now,  
 Let him think to conceild ;  
 For quhy now, even I now  
 Am Det bound to reveild.

LVI.

MY Custome is for to declair  
The Truth, and nowther eik nor pare,  
For ony Man a Jot :  
Gif wilful *Will* delyts in Leis,  
Example in thy self thou feis  
How he can turn his Coat ;  
And with his Language wald alure  
Thee zet to brek thy Bains :  
Thou knaws thy self, gif he was fure,  
Thou ufd his Counsell anes,  
Quha wad zet be bauld zet,  
To wrak thee war not we,  
Think on now of zon now,  
Quod *Wisdom* then to me.

LVII.

WEIL, quod *Experience*, gif he  
Submits himself to you and me,  
I wate quhat I fould fay,  
Our gude Advyfe he fall not want,  
Provyding always that he grant  
To put zon *Will* away,

And

And banifch baith him and *Dispair*,  
That all gude Purpofe Spills ;  
Sae he will mell with them nae mair,  
Let them twa flyte thair fills,  
Sic Coiffing bot Loffing,  
All honeft Men may ufe ;  
That Change now were ftrange now,  
Quod *Reason* to refufe.

## LVIII.

QUOD *Will*, Fy on him quhen he flew,  
That poud not Cherries then anew,  
For to haif ftayd his Sturt.  
Quod *Reason*, thocht he bear the Blame,  
He nowther faw nor neidit them,  
Till he himfelf had hurt :  
Firft quhen he miftert not, he nicht,  
He neids and may not now  
Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht  
Empafhed him to pow.  
Baith he now and we now  
Perfaive thy Purpofe plain  
To turn him, and burn him,  
And blaw on him again.

## LIX. QUOD



LIX.

QUOD *Skill*, Quhy suld we langer stryve?  
Far better late than never thryve,  
    Cum let us help him zit;  
Tint Tyme we may not get again,  
We waft but present Tyme in vain,  
    Beware with that, quod *Wit*:  
Speik on, *Experience*, lets fe,  
    We think ze hald ze dum,  
Of Byganes I haif hard, quod he,  
    I knaw not Things to cum.  
    Quod *Reason*, The Seafon  
    With Slowthing flyds away,  
    Firft tak him and mak him  
    A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

QUOD *Will*, Gif he be not a Man,  
I pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?  
    He lukes lyke ane at leift.  
Quod *Reason*, Gif he follow thee,  
And mynd not to remain with me,  
    Nocht but a brutal Beift:

A Man in Schape doth not confist,  
For all zour taunting Tales,  
Thairfoir Sr *Will*, I wald ze wift  
Zour Metaphysick fails ;  
Gae leir zit a Zeir zit  
Zour Logick at the Schulis,  
Sum Day then ze may then  
Pafs Master with the Mulis.

## LXI.

QUOD *Will*, I marvell quhat ze mein,  
Suld not I trow my ain twa Een,  
For all zour Logick Schulis,  
If I did not I war not wyfe :  
QUOD *Reason*, I haif tald zou thryfe,  
Nane ferlies mair than Fulis :  
Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,  
Quhilk ze owre-hale for Hafte,  
To wit, gif ze remember richt,  
Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Taste,  
All quick Things haif sic Things,  
I mein baith Man and Beist,  
By Kynd then, we fynd then  
Few laks them in the leift.

LXII.

SAE be that Consequens of thyne,  
Or Syllogifm said lyke a Swyne,  
    A Cow may teach thee Lair ;  
Thou uses only but thyne Eies,  
Scho touches, taftes, fmells, heirs, and feis,  
    Quhilk matches thee and mair :  
But fince to triumph ze intend,  
    As prefently appeirs,  
Sir, for zour Clergie, to be kend,  
    Tak ze twa Affes Eirs ;  
    Nae Myter perfyter  
    Gat *Midas* for his Meid,  
    That Hude Sir is gude Sir  
    To hap zour Brain-fick Heid.

LXIII.

ZE haif nae Feil for to defyne,  
Thoch ze haif Cunning to declyne  
    A Man to be a Mule,  
With litle Wark zit ze may vowd  
To grow a galant Horfe and gude,  
    To ryde thairon at *Zule* :

But

But to our Ground quhair we began,  
 For all zour guftless Jests,  
 I muft be Mafter to the Man,  
 But thou to brutall Beifts ;  
 Sae we twae maun be twae,  
 To caufe baith Kynds be knawn,  
 Keip thyne then frae myne then,  
 And ilk ane ufe thair awin.

## LXIV.

THEN *Will* as angrie as an Ape,  
 Ran ramping fweiring rude and rape,  
 Saw he none other Schift ;  
 He wald not want ane Inch of Will,  
 Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,  
 For thirty of his Thrift ;  
 He wald be formoift in the Feild,  
 And Maifter gif he nicht,  
 Yea he fuld rather die than zield,  
 Though *Reason* had the richt :  
 Shall he now mak me now  
 His Subject or his Slaif,  
 Na rather, my Father  
 Shall quick gang to his Graif.

LXV.

I hecht him quhyle my Heart is heal,  
To perifch firft or he prevail,  
    Cum after quhat fo may :  
Quod *Reason*, Dout ze not indeed,  
Ze hit the Nail upon the Heid,  
    It fall be as ze fay.  
Suppofe ze fpur for to afpyre,  
    Zour Brydle wants a Bit,  
That Meir may leif zou in the Myre,  
    As ficker as ze fit.  
    Zour Sentance, Repentance,  
    Sall learn zou, I believe,  
    And anger zou langer,  
    Quhen ze that pratick prieve.

LXVI.

As ze haif dyted zour Decreit,  
Zour Prophefie to be complete,  
    Perhaps, and to zour Pains,  
It has bein faid, and may be fae,  
A wilfull Man wants nevir Wae,  
    Thocht he gets litle Gains.

But

But fen ze think it eafy Thing  
 To mount aboif the Mune,  
 Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,  
 And daunce quhen ze haif done ;  
 If than Sir the Man Sir  
 Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,  
 But speir firft and heir firft  
 Quhat he himfell will fay.

## LXVII.

THEN all together they began  
 To fay, Cum on, thou martyr it Man,  
 Quhat is thy Will, advyfe ?  
 Abaifd a bony quhyle I baid,  
 And mufd or I my Answer maid,  
 I turnd me anes or twyfe,  
 Behalding ilky ane about,  
 Quhais Motions muvit me maift,  
 Sum feimd affurd, fum dred for Dout,  
*Will* ran reid-wod for Haift,  
 With wringing and flinging,  
 For Madnefs lyke to mang ;  
*Dispair* to, for Care to,  
 Wald neids himfell gae hang.

## LXVIII. QUHILK

LXVIII.

QUHILK quhen *Experience* perfavit,  
Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,  
    As *Will* alledgt of lait,  
Quhen that he sware he naithing saw  
In Age, but Anger, flak and flaw,  
    And cankert of Confait ;  
Ze could not luck as he aledgt,  
    That all Opinions speirt,  
He was sae frak and fyrie edgt,  
    He thocht us four but feirt :  
    Quha panfis, quhat chanfis,  
    Quod he, nae Worfchip wins,  
    To sum best fall cum best  
    That hap weil rak weil rins.

LXIX.

ZIT, quod *Experience*, behald,  
For all the Tales that he has tald,  
    How he himsell behaifs,  
Because *Dispair* could not cum speid,  
Lo quhair he hangs all but the Heid,  
    And in a Widdy waifs :

Gif zou be fure anes thou may fe,  
 To Men that with them mells,  
 Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,  
 Confidder be themfells.  
 Then chufe thee to use thee,  
 By us, or sic as zone,  
 Sae fone now, haif done now,  
 Mak owther aff or on.

## LXX.

PERSAVES thou not quhairfrae proceids  
 The frantick Fantasie that feids,  
 Thy furious flaming Fyre,  
 Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breift combuir,  
 That nane but we, quod they, can cuir  
 Or help thy Hearts Difyre :  
 The perfing Paffion of thy Spreit  
 That waitfs thy vital Breath,  
 Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,  
*Defyre* draws on thy Death.  
 Thy Puncis renouncis  
 All kynd of quiet Rest,  
 That Fever has ever  
 Thy Person fae opprest.



LXXI.

COUD thou cum anes acquaint with *Skill*,  
He kens quhat Humors dois the ill,  
    And how thy Cair contracts;  
He knaws the Ground of all thy Greife,  
And Recipies for thy Releife,  
    All Medicines he maks :  
Cum on, quod *Skill*, content am I  
    To put my helping Hand,  
Providing allways he apply  
    To Counsell and Command ;  
    Quhyle we than, quod he, than,  
    Ar mindit to remain,  
    Gife Place now, in cafe now  
    Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

ASSURE thyfell, gif that we fched,  
Thou fall not get thy Purpofe fped,  
    Tak tent we haif thee tald ;  
Haif done, and dryve not aff the Day,  
The Man that will not quhen he may,  
    He fall not quhen he wald.

Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wift,  
     Accept or gife us owre :  
 Quod I, I think me mair than blift  
     To find sic famous four  
     Befyde me, to gyde me,  
     Now quhen I haif to do,  
     Confiddering the fwiddering  
     Ze fand me first into.

## LXXIII.

QUHEN *Courage* craift a Stamok stout,  
 And *Danger* draif me into *Dout*,  
     With his *Companzion Dreid* :  
 Quhyls *Will* wald up aboif the Air,  
 Quhyls I was dround in deip *Dispair*,  
     Quhyls *Hope* held up my Heid :  
 Sic pithy Refouns and Replis  
     On ilka Syde they schew,  
 That I quha was not verie wyfe  
     Thocht all thair Tales wer trew,  
     Sae mony and bony  
     Auld Problemes they propond  
     Baith quicklie and liklie,  
     I marveld mekle ond,

LXXIV.

ZIT *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Feild,  
Thocht *Dreid* and *Danger* neir wald zeild,  
But fled to find Refuge ;  
Swa, fra zou Four met, they wer fain,  
Because ze gart us cum again,  
They greind to get ze Juge :  
Quhair they wer Fugitive befoir,  
Zou maid them frank and fre,  
To speik and stand in Aw nae moir,  
Quod *Reason*, Swa suld be :  
Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now,  
But even *per Force* it falls  
The Strang ay, with Wrang ay,  
Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

QUHILK is a Fault ze maun confes,  
Strength is not ordaind to oppres  
With Rigour, bye the richt ;  
But on the contrair, to sustein  
The waik-anes that owerburdent bein,  
Als mekle as they micht.

Sae *Hope* and *Courage* did, quod I,  
 Experimented lyke  
 Schaw skilld and pithie Refouns quhy  
 That *Danger* lap the Dyke.  
 Quod *Dreid*, Sir, tak heid, Sir,  
 Lang speiking Part maun spill,  
 Infist not, ze wift not  
 We went againft our Will.

## LXXVI.

WITH *Courage* ze wer fae content,  
 Ze nevir focht our small Consent,  
 Of us ze stude nae Aw :  
 Thair Logick Lessons ze allowt,  
 Ze wer determined to trowit  
 Alledgence pafst for Law ;  
 For all the Proverbs we perufd,  
 Ze thocht them skantly skilld,  
 Our Reasons had bein als weil rufd,  
 Had ze bein als weil willd  
 Till our Syde as zour Syde,  
 Sae trewlie I may term it,  
 We see now in thee now  
 Affection dois affirm it.

LXXVII. Ex-

LXXVII.

EXPERIENCE then fmyrkling fmyld,  
We are na Bairns to be begyld,  
    Quod he, and schuke his Heid;  
For Authors, quha alledges us,  
They wald not gae about the Bufs  
    To foster deidlie Feid :  
For we ar equall for ze all,  
    Nae Person we respect,  
We haif bene fae, ar zit, and fall  
    Be found fae in Effect.  
    Gif we wer as ze wer,  
    We had cumd unrequyrd,  
    But we now, ze see now,  
    Do naithing undefyrd.

LXXVIII.

THAIR is a Sentence said be fum,  
Let nane uncalld to Counsell cum  
    That welcum weins to be ;  
Zea I haif hard anither zit,  
Quha cum uncalt, unservd fuld fit,  
    Perhaps, Sir, fae may ze.

Gudeman, Gramercy for zour Geck,  
Quod *Hope*, and lawly louts,  
Gif ze wer fent for, we suspect,  
Because the Doctour douts :  
Zour Zeirs now appeir now  
With Wisdom to be vext,  
Rejoycing in glossing,  
Till ze haif tint zour Text.

## LXXIX.

QUHAIR ze wer fent for, let us fe  
Quha wald be welcomer than we,  
Pruve that, and we ar payd.  
Weill, quod *Experience*, beware,  
Ze ken not in quhat Cafe ze are,  
Zour Tung has zou betrayd :  
The Man may ablens tyne a Stot  
That cannot count his Kinfch,  
In zour awin Bow ze ar ower-schot  
Be mair than half ane Inch :  
Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,  
Be four, quhilk feimeth sweit ;  
I feir now ze heir now  
A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX. SIR

LXXX.

SIR, by that Sentence ze haif sayd,  
I pledge, or all the Play be playd,  
    That sum fall lose a Laike ;  
Sen ze but put me for to pruve,  
Sic heids as help for my Behuve,  
    Zour Warrant is but waik :  
Speir at the Man zour self, and fe,  
    Suppose ze stryve for State,  
Gif he regarded not how he  
    Had learnd my Lesson late ;  
    And granted he wanted  
    Baith *Reason, Wit* and *Skill*,  
    Compleining and meining  
    Our Absence did him Ill.

LXXXI.

CONFRONT him furder Face to Face,  
Gif zit he rews his rackles Race,  
    Perhaps, and ze fall heir ;  
For ay since *Adam* and since *Eve*,  
Quha first thy Leifings did believe,  
    I sald thy Doctrine deir :

Quhat has bein done, even to this Day  
I keip in Mynd allmaist,  
Ze promise furder than ze pay,  
Sir, hope for all zour Haift;  
Promitting, unwitting,  
Zour Hechts zou nevir huiked,  
I schaw zou, I knaw zou,  
Zour Byganes I haif buiked.

## LXXXII.

I could, in Cafe a Count wer craivt,  
Schaw Thoufands Thoufands thou defaivt,  
Quhair thou was trew to ane;  
And by the contrair I may vaunt,  
Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thee, grant,  
I trumpit nevir a Man,  
But trewly tald the nakit Truth  
To Men that melld with me,  
For nowther Rigour nor for Rueth,  
But only laith to lie:  
To sum zit, to cum zit,  
Thy Suckour will be slicht,  
Quhilk I then maun try then,  
And register it richt.

LXXXIII. HA,



LXXXIII.

HA, ha ! quod *Hope*, and loudlie leuch,  
Ze are but a Prentife at the Pleuch,  
    Experience ye prieve ;  
Suppose all Byganes as ze spak,  
Ze are nae Prophet worth a Plak,  
    Nor I bund to believe.  
Ze fuld not fay, Sir, till ze fe,  
    But quhen ye fe it fay ;  
Zit, quod *Experience*, at thee  
    Mak mony Mints I may,  
    By Signs now, and Things now  
    Quhilk ay befor me beirs,  
    Expressing by gueffing  
    The Perril that appeirs.

LXXXIV.

THEN *Hope* replyd, and that with Pith,  
And wyselie weyd his Words thairwith,  
    Sententioullie and fhort :  
Quod he I am the Anchor Grip  
That saifs the Sailours and thair Ship,  
    Frae Perril to thair Port.

Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,  
     As we haif fund befoir,  
 And lofes mony thoufand Lyves,  
     By Shipwrack on the Shore.  
     Zour Grips aft, but flips aft  
     Quhen Men haif maift to do,  
     Syne leivs them and reivs them  
     Of thy Companzions to.

## LXXXV.

THOU leifs them not thy felf alane,  
 But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,  
     Gars Courage quhat them als ;  
 Quod *Hope*, I wald ze underftude,  
 I grip faft gif the Grund be gude,  
     And fleit quhair it is falfe ;  
 Ther fuld nae Fault with me be fund ;  
     Nor I accused at all,  
 Wyte fic as fuld haif plumd the Grund,  
     Befoir the Anchor fall,  
     Their Leid ay at Neid ay,  
     Micht warn them if they wald,  
     Gif they thair wald ftay thair,  
     Or haif gude Anchor hald.

LXXXVI. GIF

LXXXVI.

GIF ze reid richt it was not I,  
But only Ignorance quhairby  
    Thair Carvells all wer cloven.  
I am not for a Trumper tane,  
All, quod *Experience*, is ane,  
    I haif my Procefs proven,  
To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane  
    To cum before we came ;  
That now Objection ze haif nane,  
    Zour felf may fay the fame :  
    Ze ar now owre far now,  
    Cum forward for to flie ;  
    Perfave then ze haif then,  
    The warft End of the Trie.

LXXXVII.

QUHEN *Hope* was gawd into the Quick,  
Quod *Curage*, kicking at the Prick,  
    We let ze weil to wit.  
Mak he zou welcomer than we,  
Then Byganes, Byganes, fairweil he,  
    Except he feik us zit :

He understands his awn Estate,  
Let him his Chiftains chuse ;  
But zit his Battill will be blate,  
Gif he our Forfs refuse ;  
Refuse us or chuse us,  
Our Counfell is he clim ;  
But stay he or stray he,  
We haif nae Help for him.

## LXXXVIII.

EXCEPT the Cherrie be his Chose ;  
Be ze his Freinds we are his Foes,  
His Doings we dispyte ;  
Gif we persave him settled fae,  
To satisfie him with the Slae,  
His Companie we quyte :  
Then *Dreid* and *Danger* grew full glad,  
And wont that they had won ;  
They thocht all feild that they had said,  
Sen they had first begun ;  
They thocht then they moucht then,  
Without a Party pleid,  
But zit thair, with Wit thair,  
They wer dung down with Speid.

LXXXIX. SIRs,

LXXXIX.

SIRS, *Dreid* and *Danger* then, quod *Wit*,  
Ze did zour fells to me submit,  
    *Experience* can proife.  
That, quod *Experience*, I pafst,  
Thair awin *Confessions* make them faft,  
    They may nae mair remoife ;  
For Gif I richt remember me,  
    This *Maxime* then they made,  
To wit, the Man with *Wit* fould wey  
    Quhat *Philosofhs* haif faid,  
    Quhilk *Sentance* *Repentance*  
    Forbad him deir to buy,  
    They knew then how trew then,  
    And preffd not to reply.

XC.

THOCHT he dang *Dreid* and *Danger* doun,  
Zit *Courage* could not be owrecum ;  
    *Hope* hecht him sic a Hyre ;  
He thocht himfelf, how fone he faw  
His *Enemies* were laid fae law,  
    It was nae *Tyme* to tyre :

He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,  
 In cafe it fould grow cauld ;  
 For he esteemt his Faes defate,  
 Quhen anes he fand them fald ;  
 Thoch we now, quod he now,  
 Haif bein fae frie and frank,  
 Unfocht zit he mocht zit,  
 For Kyndnefs cund us thank.

## XCI.

SUPPOSE it fae as thou haft said,  
 That unrequyrd we proffert Aid,  
 At leift that came of Luve.  
*Experience* ze ftart owre fone,  
 Ze naithing dow till all be done,  
 And then perhaps ze pruve  
 Mair plain than pleafant to perchance,  
 Sum tell that have zou tryt,  
 As faft as ze zour fell advance ;  
 Ze cannot weil denyt :  
 Abyde then zour Tyde then,  
 And wait upon the Wind,  
 Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,  
 To hald ze ay behind.

## XCII. QUHEN

XCII.

QUHEN ze haif done fum duchtie Deids,  
Syne ze fuld fe how all fuceids,  
    To wryt them as they wer ;  
Friend, huly, haft not half fae fast,  
Leift, quod *Experience*, at laft,  
    Ze buy my Doctrine deir ;  
*Hope* puts that Haste into zour Heid,  
    Quhilk Boyls zour barmy Brain ;  
Howbeit Fulis haft cums huly Speid,  
    Fair Hechts will mak Fulis fain.  
    Sic Smyling begyling  
    Bids feir not any Freits ;  
    Zit I now deny now,  
    That all is Gold that gleits.

XCIII.

SUPPOSE not Silver all that fhynes,  
Aftymes a tentlefs Merchand tymes,  
    For bying Geir begefis ;  
For all the Vantage and the winning,  
Gude Buyers get at the Beginning,  
    Quod *Courage* nocht the lefs.

Quhys as gude Merchants tynes as wins,  
 Gif auld Mens Tales be trew,  
 Suppose the Pack cum to the Pins,  
 Quha can his Chance eschew.  
 Then gude Sir, conclude, Sir,  
 Gude Buyers haif done baith,  
 Advance then, tak Chance then,  
 As fundrie gude Ships hath.

## XCIV.

QUHA wist quhat wald be cheip or deir,  
 Should neid to traffique but a Zeir,  
 Gif Things to cum were kend:  
 Suppose all bygane Things be plain,  
 Zour Prophecie is but prophane,  
 Ze had best behald the End;  
 Ze wald accuse me of a Cryme,  
 Almaist befoir we met,  
 Torment zou not befoir the Tyme,  
 Since Dolour pays nae Det,  
 Quhats bypast that I past,  
 Ze wot gif it was weil,  
 To cum zit by Dume zit,  
 Confess ze haif nae Feil.

XCV. ZIT,



XCV.

ZIT, quod *Experience*, quhat then,  
Quha may be meitest for the *Man*,  
Let us his Answer haif ;  
Quhen they submitted them to *me*,  
To *Reason* I was fain to flie,  
His Counsell for to craif.  
Quod *he*, since ze zourfells submit,  
To do as I decreit ;  
I fall advyse with *Skill* and *Wit*,  
Quhat they think may be meit ;  
They cryd then, we byde then,  
At *Reason* for Refuge ;  
Allow him and trow him,  
As Governour and Juge.

XCVI.

THEN said they all with ane Consent,  
Quhat he concludes we are content  
His Bidding to obey ;  
He hath Authoritie to use,  
Then tak his Choice quhom he will chuse,  
And langer not delay :

Then

Then *Reason* raife and was rejoyfd;  
 Quod he, myne Hearts cum hidder,  
 I hope this Pley may be compofd,  
 That we may gang togidder;  
 To all now I fall now  
 His proper Place affign,  
 That they heir fall fay heir,  
 They think nane uther Thing.

## XCVII.

COME on, quod he, Companzion, *Skill*,  
 Ze understand baith Gude and Ill,  
 In Phyfick ze are fyne,  
 Be Mediciner to the Man,  
 And fchaw fic Cunning as ze can,  
 To put him out of Pyne;  
 Firft gaird the Grund of all his Grief,  
 Quhat Sicknes ze fufpect,  
 Syn luke quhat laiks for his Relief,  
 Or furder he infeck.  
 Comfort him, exhort him,  
 Give him zour gude Advyce,  
 And pance not, nor fkance not,  
 The Perril nor the Pryce.

## XCVIII. THOCH

XCVIII.

THOCH it be cummerfom quhat reck,  
Find out the Cause by the Effect,  
    And working of his Veins;  
Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,  
Se first quhat Fashion may be fund,  
    To pacifie his Pains;  
Do quhat ze dow to haif him haile,  
    And for that Purpose preife,  
Cut aff the Cause, the Effect maun fail,  
    Sae all his Sorrows ceife.  
    His Fever fall nevir  
    Frae thencefurth haif a Forfs,  
    Then urge him to purge him,  
    He will not wax the warfe.

XCIX.

QUOTH *Skill*, his Sences are fae fick,  
I knaw nae Liquor worth a Leik  
    To quench his deidlie Drouth,  
Except the Cherry Help his Heit,  
Quhais fappy Slokning sharp and sweit,  
    Micht melt into his Mouth,

And

And his Melancholie remuve,  
 To mitigate his Mynd,  
 Nane hailfomer for his Behuve,  
 Nor of mair cooling Kynd.  
 Nae *Nectar* directar,  
 Could all the Gods him give,  
 Nor fend him to mend him,  
 Nane lyke it I believe.

## C.

FOR Drouth decays, as it digests;  
 Quhy then, quod *Reason*, naithing rests,  
 But how it may be had?  
 Maist trew, quod *Skill*, that is the Scope,  
 Zit we maun haif sum Help of *Hope*.  
 Quod *Danger* I am red;  
 His Hastyness bred us Mishap;  
 Quhen he is highlie horst;  
 I wis we lukit or we lap.  
 Quod *Wit*, that wer not warft.  
 I mein now convey now  
 The Counsell ane and all,  
 Begin then, call in then;  
 Quod *Reason*, sae I fall.

CI.

THEN *Reason* raise with *Gesture* grave,  
Belyve conveying all the lave,  
    To heir quhat they wald fay,  
With Silver Scepter in his Hand,  
As Chiftain chosen to command,  
    And they bent to obey.  
He panfed lang befor he fpak,  
    And in a studie ftude,  
Syne he began and Silenfs brak,  
    Cum on, quod he, conclude  
    Quhat Way now we may now  
    Zon Cherrie cum to catch,  
    Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,  
    Haif done, let us Difpatch.

CII.

QUOTH *Courage*, fkurge him firft that fkars,  
Much Mufing Memorie but mars,  
    I tell zou myne intent.  
Quod *Wit*, quha will not partlie panfe,  
In Perils perishes perchance,  
    Owre rackles may repent.

Then,

Then, quod *Experience*, and spak,  
    Sir, I haif fein them baith,  
In Braidienefs and lye aback,  
    Escape and cum to Skaith:  
    But quhat now of that now,  
    Sturt follows all Extreams;  
    Retain then the Mein then,  
    The surest Way it feims.

## CIII.

QUHAIR fum has furderd, fum has faild;  
Quhair Part has perisht, Part prevaild,  
    Alyke all cannot luck;  
Then owther venture with the ane,  
Or with the uther let alane,  
    The Cherrie for to pluck.  
Quod *Houp*, for Feir Folk maun not fash,  
    Quod *Danger* let not licht;  
Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor rash;  
    Quod *Reason* ze haif Richt:  
    The Rest then thocht best then,  
    Quhen Reason said it fae,  
    That roundlie and foundlie  
    They fuld togidder gae.

CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all Haft,  
As for my Saftie serving maift,  
    Tho *Dreid* and *Danger* feird,  
The Perril of that irksome Way,  
Left that thairby I fould decay,  
    Quha then fae weak appeird;  
Zit *Hope* and *Courage* hard befyde,  
    Quha with them wont contend,  
Did tak in Hand us all to gyde,  
    Unto our Journeys End,  
    Implaidging and waidging  
    Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,  
    Provyding the Gyding  
    To them were granted fyne.

CV.

THEN *Dreid* and *Danger* did appeal,  
Alledging it could neir be well,  
    Nor zit wald they agrie;  
But faid they fould found thair Retreat,  
Because they thocht them nae Ways meit  
    Conducters unto me;

Nor to no Man in myne Estate,  
    With Sicknefs fair opprest ;  
For they tuke ay the neireft Gate,  
    Omitting of the best.  
    Thair neireft perqueireft,  
    Is always to them baith,  
    Quhair they, Sir, may fay, Sir,  
    Quhat recks them of zour Skaith.

## CVI.

BUT as for us twa now we sweir  
Be him befoir we maun appeir,  
    Our full Intent is now  
To haif ze hale, and always was,  
That Purpose for to bring to pass,  
    Sae is not thairs I trow :  
Then *Hope* and *Courage* did attest,  
    The Gods of baith these Parts,  
Gif they wrocht not all for the best  
    Of me with upright Hearts :  
    Our Chiftain then listan  
    His Scepter did enjoyn  
    Nae moir thair Uproir there ;  
    And fae there Stryf was done.



CVII.

REBUICKING *Dreid* and *Danger* fair,  
Suppose they meint weil evirmair  
    To me, as they had sworn ;  
Because thair Nibours they abufit,  
In swa far as they had accufit  
    Them, as ze hard befor.  
Did he not els, quod he, consent  
    The *Cherrie* for to pou ?  
Quod *Danger*, We are weil content,  
    But zit the Manner how ?  
    We fall now, evin all now,  
    Get this *Man* with us thair,  
    It rests then, ands best then  
    Zour Counfell to declair.

CVIII.

WEIL said, quod *Hope* and *Courage*, now  
We thairto will accord with zou,  
    And fall abyde by them ;  
Lyk as befor we did submit,  
Sae we repeat the samyn zit,  
    We mynd not to reclaime :

Quhome they fall chuse to gyde the Way,  
    We fall them follow straicht,  
And furder this Man, quhat we may,  
    Because we haif fae hecht ;  
    Promitting, bot flitting,  
    To do the Thing we can,  
    To pleife baith, and eife baith  
    This filly sickly Man.

CIX.

QUHEN *Reason* heard this, then, quod he,  
I se zour cheifest Stay to be,  
    That we haif namd nae Gyde :  
The worthy Counsell hath therfoir,  
Thocht gude that *Witt* fuld gae befoir,  
    For Perrills to provyde.  
Quod *Witt*, Ther is but ane of thre,  
    Quhilk I fall to ze schaw,  
Quhairof the first twa cannot be,  
    For ony thing I knaw :  
    The Way heir fae ftey heir,  
    Is that we cannot clim,  
    Evin owre now, we four now,  
    That will be hard for him.

CX.

THE next, gif we gae doun about,  
Quhyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,  
    The Streim is thair fae fark,  
And also passeth waiding deip,  
And braider far than we dow leip,  
    It fuld be ydle Wark:  
It grows ay braider to the Sea,  
    Sen owre the Lin it came,  
The rinning Deid dois signife  
    The Deipnefs of the fame :  
    I leive now to deive now,  
    How that it swiftly flyds,  
    As fleiping and creiping,  
    But Nature fae provyds.

CXI.

OUR Way then lyes about the Lin,  
Quhairby I warrand we fall win,  
    It is fae ftraight and plain,  
The Watter allso is fae schald,  
We fall it pass, evin as we wald,  
    With Plefour, and bot Pain :

For as we fe a Mischeif grow  
Aft of a feckles Thing,  
Sae lykways dois this River flow  
Forth of a prettie Spring ;  
Quhois Throt, Sir, I wot, Sir,  
Ze may ftap with zour Neive,  
As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir,  
*Experience* can preive.

## CXII.

THAT, quod *Experience*, I can,  
And all ze faid fen ze began,  
I ken to be a Truth.  
Quod *Skill*, The famyn I apruve ;  
Quod *Reason*, Then let us remuve,  
And fleip nae mair in Sleuth :  
*Witt* and *Experience*, quod he,  
Sall gae befoir a Pace,  
The *Man* fall cum with *Skill* and *me*  
Into the fecond Place ;  
Attowre now zou Four now  
Sall cum into a Band,  
Proceeding and leiding  
Ilk uther be the Hand.

CXIII. As

CXIII.

As *Reason* ordert, all obeyd,  
Nane was owre rash, nane was affrayd,  
    Our Counsell was fae wyfe,  
As of our Journey, *Witt* did note,  
We fand it trew in ilka Jot,  
    God blifs the Enterpryse :  
For evin as we came to the Tree,  
    Quhilk as ze heard me tell,  
Could not be clum thair suddenlie,  
    The Fruit, for Rypeness, fell ;  
    Quhilk haifting and taisting,  
    I fand my self reliev'd  
    Of Cair all and Sairs all  
    That Mynd and Body griev'd.

CXIV.

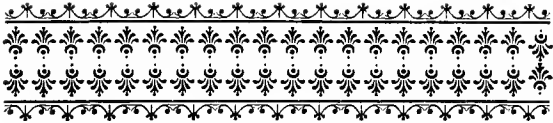
PRAISE be to GOD my LORD thairfoir,  
Quha did myne Helth to me restoir,  
    Being fae lang Tyme pynd ;  
And blessed be His haly Name,  
Quha did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,  
    Me quha was fae unkynd.

All Nations allfo magnifie  
    This evirliving LORD,  
Lat me with zou, and zou with me,  
    To laud Him ay accord ;  
    Quhois Luve ay we pruve ay  
    To us abune all Things,  
- And kifs Him and blifs Him,  
    Quhois Glore eternall rings.

*FINIS.*



THE



## THE

*Justing and Debate up at the Doun,  
Betwixt William Adamson and John Sym.*



## I.

THE Grit Debate and Turnament,  
Of Truth nae Tongue can tell,  
Was for a luffy Lady gent,  
Betwixt twa Frieks fae fell ;  
For *Mars* the God armipotent  
Was not fae ferfs himsell,  
Nor *Hercules*, that Aiks uprent,  
And dang the Deil of Hell  
With Horns that Day.

II. DOUBT-

## II.

DOUBTLES was not ſic dughty Deids  
 Amangſt the dowfy Peirs,  
 Nor zit nae Clerk in Story reids  
 Of fae triumphand Weirs ;  
 To ſe hou ſtoutly on thair Steids  
 The ſtalwart Knychtis ſteirs,  
 Quhyle Bellies bair with brodding bleids  
 With Spurs as ſcherp as Breirs,  
 And kene that Day.

## III.

UP at the *Down* the Day was ſet,  
 And fixed was the Feild,  
 Quher baith thir noble Chiftains met  
 Enarmit under Schield ;  
 They wer fae hafty and fae het,  
 That nane of them wad zield,  
 But to debait, or be down bait,  
 And in the Quarrell kield,  
 Or ſlane that Day.

## IV. THERE



IV.

THERE was ane better and ane worfs,  
I wald that it were wittin,  
For *William* wichtar was of Corfs  
Than *Sym*, and better knittin.  
*Sym* said, He fet nocht by his Forfs,  
But hecht he suld be hittin,  
And he nicht counter *Will* on Horfs,  
For *Sym* was better fittin  
Nor *Will* that Day.

V.

To see the Stryfe came Zonkers ftout,  
And mony a galziart Man,  
All Dainties deir was thair bot Dout,  
The Wyne on broch it ran:  
Trumpetts and Schalims, with a Schout,  
Playd or the Rink began,  
And equal Juges fat about  
To see quha tint or wan  
The Field that Day.

VI. WITH

## VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs squair,  
 It was their Interprise,  
 To fecht with baith their Faces bair,  
 For Luve, as is the Gyfe;  
 A Friend of theirs, throu hap cam thair,  
 And heard the Roumor ryfe,  
 He ftall away their Stings baith clair,  
 And hid in fecret Wayes,  
 For Skaith that Day.

## VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and meikle Micht,  
 Wer fet them for to furdir;  
 The Harald cryd, GOD fchaw the richt,  
 Syn bad them go togidder.  
 Quhair is my Speir? fays *Sym* the Knicht,  
 Sum Man go bring it hidder;  
 But wald they tarry thair all Nicht,  
 Thair Launces cam too lidder  
 And flaw that Day.

VIII. *SYM*

VIII.

*SYM* flew as fery as a Fown,  
Down frae the Horſe he ſlaid,  
Says, He fall rew my Staff has ſtawn,  
For I fall be his Deid.  
*William* his Vow plicht to the Powin,  
For Favour or for Feid,  
Als gude the Trie had nevir grown,  
Quherof my Speir was maid  
To juſt this Day.

IX.

THEIR Vows now maid to Sun and Mune,  
They raikit baith to reſt,  
Them to refresch with their Diſjune,  
And aff their Armour kieft;  
Not knawing of the Deid was done,  
Quhen they fuld haif fawn beſt,  
The Fyre was piſcht out lang or Nune,  
Their Denner fuld haif dreſt,  
And dicht up at the *Doun* that Day.

X. THEN

## X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,  
 Far mair than of beforne,  
 They wist not hou to get him pynd,  
 That them had driven to Scorn:  
 Ther was nae Death micht be devynd,  
 But braid Aiths haif they sworn,  
 He suld deir buy be they had dynd,  
 And ban that he was born,  
 Up at the *Doun* that Day.

## XI.

THEN to *Dalkieth* they maid them boun,  
 Reid-wod of this Reproach,  
 There was baith Wyne and Venifon,  
 And Barrells ran on brotch.  
 They band up Kyndnes in that Toun,  
 Nane frae his Feir to fotch,  
 For there was nowther Lad nor Loun  
 Micht eat a Bakin-lotch  
 For Fownes, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

## XII. SYNE

XII.

SYNE after Denner raife the Din,  
And all the Toun on Steir,  
*William* was wyfe, and held him in,  
For he was in a Feir.  
*Sym* to haif Bargain could not blin,  
But bukkit *Will* on Weir,  
Says, Gif thou wald this Lady win;  
Cum furth and break a Speir  
With me, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIII.

THUS fill for Bargin *Sym* abydes,  
And schoutit *Will* to Schame,  
*Will* faw his Faes on baith the Sydes,  
Full fair he dred for Blame :  
*Will* fchortly to his Horfe he flydes,  
And fays to *Sym* be Name,  
Better we baith were buyand Hydes  
And Wedder Skins at hame,  
Nor here, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIV. Now

## XIV.

Now is the Grume that was fae grim  
 Richt glad to live in Lie,  
 Fy, Thief, for Schame, cryes litle *Sym*,  
 Wilt thou not fecht with me!  
 Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,  
 Nor I am be'ic thrie:  
 And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,  
 Sae cowardly tuke the Flie  
 For Feir, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

## XV.

THEN every Man gave *Will* a Mock,  
 And said, He was owre miek.  
 Says *Sym*, Send for thy Brither *Jock*,  
 I fall not be to fie; k  
 For were ze foursum in a Flock,  
 I compt ze not a Leik,  
 Tho I had naithing but a Rok  
 To gar zour Rumples reik  
 Behind, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

## XVI. THERE

XVI.

THERE was richt nocht but haif and gae,  
With Lauchter loud they leuch,  
Quhen they saw *Sym* sic Courage tae,  
And *Will* mak it fae teuch:  
*Sym* lap on Horfe-back lyk a Rae,  
And ran him till a Heuch,  
Says, *William*, cum ryde down this Brae,  
Thocht ze suld brek a Beugh,  
For Lufe, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVII.

SYNE down the Brae *Sym* braid lyke Thunder,  
And bad *Will* follow fast;  
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did funder,  
Be he Mid-hill had past.  
*William* saw *Sym* in sic a Blunder,  
To gae he was agast;  
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder  
His Courfour suld him cast,  
And hurt him up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XVIII. THEN

## XVIII.

THEN all the Zonkers bad him zield,  
 Or doun the Glen to gang;  
 Sum cryd the Couard fuld be kield,  
 Sum doun the Cleuch they thrang;  
 Sum rufchd, fum rumbled, and fum rield,  
 Sum be the Bewis hie hang:  
 Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,  
 They were fae fou and pang,  
 With Eife, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

## XIX.

THEN jelly *John* came in a Jak,  
 To Field quhair he was feid it,  
 Abune his Brand a Buckler black,  
 Bail fell the Bairn that baid it;  
 He flipit fwiftly to the Slak,  
 And rudly doun he raid it,  
 Before his Curpall was a Crak,  
 Could nae Man tell quha maid it,  
 For Lauchter, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XX. BE



XX.

BE than the Bougil gan to blaw,  
For Nicht had them owretane:  
Alace, said *Sym*, for faut of Law,  
That Bargin get I nane.  
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw  
They pass'd every ane,  
Syne partit at the *Potter-Raw*,  
And findry Gaits are gane,  
To rest them within the Toun that Nicht.

XXI.

THIS *Will* was he beguild the *May*,  
And did hir Marriage spill;  
He promist hir to let him play,  
Hir Purpose to fulfill;  
Frae scho fell fow, he fled away,  
And came nae mair hir till;  
Quherfore he tint the Feild that Day,  
And tuke him to a Mill,  
To hyde him as a Coward false of Fay.

*Finis, quod SCOT.*



On M A Y.



I.

MAY is a Month maift amene  
 For them in *Venus* Service bene,  
 To recreate their heavy Hearts:  
*May* caufes Courage frae the Splene,  
 And evry Thing in *May* reverts.

II.

In *May* the pleafant Spray upfprings,  
 In *May* the mirthful Maveis fings,  
 And now in *May* to Maidens falls,  
 With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,  
 And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.

In *May* gois Gallants bring in Symmer,  
 And trymmly occupy their Tymmer,  
 With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:  
 In *May* gois Gentlewomen gymmer,  
 In Gardens grene their Grumes to glade.

IV. IN

## IV.

IN *May* quhen Men zied everichone,  
With *Robene Hoid* and *Littil-John*,  
    To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbys;  
Now all sic Game is faflings gone,  
    But gif it be amangs clovin *Robbysns*.

## V.

ABBOTTS by Rule, and Lords bot Reason,  
Sic Senzeors Tymes owerweil this Season,  
    Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;  
Quhen falsit Feiblenefs and Treason,  
    Has rung thryfs owre this Zodiack.

## VI.

IN *May* begins the Gowk to gail;  
In *May* Deir draw to Doun and Dale,  
    In *May* Men mells with Famynie,  
And Ladys meit their Luvairs leil,  
    Quhen *Phebus* is in *gemini*.

## VII.

BUTTER, new Cheife, and Beir in *May*,  
Connans, Cockles, Cruds and Whey,  
    Lapfters, Lempets, Muffels in Shells,  
Greinleiks, and all sic Men may fey,  
    Suppose sum of them fourly smells.

VIII. IN

## VIII.

IN *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,  
 Sum halks the Walters, sum with Hounds,  
 The Hares out throw the Forest catches,  
 Syne after them thair Ladeis Sounds,  
 To scent the Rynning of the Ratches.

## IX.

IN *May* frank Archers will affix  
 Ane Place to meit, syne Marrows mix,  
 To schute at Butts, at Banks and Braes,  
 At Revers sum, sum at the Prikks,  
 Sum laich and to beneth the Clais.

## X.

IN *May* Men of Amours fuld gae  
 To serve their Ladies and nae mae;  
 Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes;  
 For sum may cum in Favour fae,  
 To kifs their Luve on *Buchan Ways*.

## XI.

IN *May* gois Damofells and Dams  
 In Gardens grein to play lyke Lamms;  
 Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers;  
 Sum rin at Barlabreiks like Rams,  
 Sum round about the standing Pillars.

XII. IN

## XII.

IN *May* gois Maidens till *La Reit*,  
And hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,  
To horfe them quhair the Gate is ruch :  
Sum at *Inchbuckling-brae* they meit,  
Sum in the Mids of *Musselbrugh*.

## XIII.

So *May* and all thir Moneths three,  
Are het and dry in thair Degrie;  
Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,  
For Health of Body now haif ze,  
Not aft to mell with *thankles Mouth*.

## XIV.

SEN evry Pastyme is at Pleasure,  
I council you to sport with Measure,  
And namely now *May, June* and *July*,  
Delyt not lang in Luvers Leafure,  
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

*Quod* ALEX. SCOT.





## JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.



SUM speiks of Lords, sum speiks of Lairds,  
 And siclyke Men of hie Degrie,  
 Of a Gentleman I sing a Sang,  
 Sumtyme calld Laird of *Gilnockie*.  
 THE King he wrytes a luving Letter  
 With his ain Hand fae tenderly,  
 And he hath sent it to *Johny Armstrang*,  
 To cum and speik with him speidily.

THE

---

This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous *John Armstrang* of *Gilnockhall* in *Liddisdale*, a Head of a numerous Clan and Faction, who used to pass over in Troops to *England*, making continual Incurfions, and taking much Plunder in the bordering Parts. See an Account of his being taken and executed, with many of his Followers (in his own Country, not contending with his Prince at *Edinburgh*, as the vulgar Ballad falsely narrates) in *Buchanan's History* of *JAMES* the Vth, about the Year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's Mouth of the Name of *Armstrang*, who is the 6th Generation from this *John*. He tells me this was ever esteemd the genuine Ballad, the common one, false.

THE *Eliots* and *Armstrangs* did convene;  
They were a gallant Company,  
Weill ryde and meit our lawful King,  
And bring him fae to *Gilnockie*.  
MAKE Kinnen and Capon ready then,  
And Venifon in great Plenty,  
Weill welcome Hame our Royal King,  
I hope heill dyne at *Gilnockie*.

THEY ran their Horfe on the *Langum Houn*,  
And brake their Speirs with mekle main;  
The Ladys lukit frae their loft Windows,  
*GOD bring our Men weil back again*.  
QUHEN *Johny* came before the King,  
With all his Men fae brave to see,  
Thè King he movit his Bonnet to him,  
He weind he was a King as well as He.

MAY I find Grace, my Sovereign Liege,  
Grace for my loyal Men and me;  
For my Name it is *Johny Armstrang*,  
And Subject of zours, my Liege, said he.

*Away,*

*Away, away, thou Traytor Strang,  
 Out of my Sicht thou mayst sune be,  
 I grantit nevir a Traytors Lyfe,  
 And now I'll not begin with thee.*

GRANT me my Lyfe my Liege, my King,  
 And a bony Gift I will give to thee,  
 Full Four and twenty Milk whyt Steids,  
 Were a foald in a Zeir to me.  
 I'll gie thee all these Milk whyt Steids,  
 That prance and nicher at a Speir,  
 With as mekle gude *Inglis* Gilt,  
 As four of their braid Backs dow beir.

*Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.*

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,  
 And a bony Gift I'll gie to thee,  
 Gude Four and twenty ganging Mills,  
 That gang throw a the Zeir to me.  
 These Four and twenty Mills complete,  
 Sall gang for thee throw all the Zeir,  
 And as mekle of gude reid Quheit,  
 As all thair Happers dow to beir.

*Away,*



*Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.*

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,  
And a great Gift I'll gie to thee,  
Bauld Four and twenty Sisters Sons,  
Sall for thee fecht tho all fould flee.

*Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.*

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,  
And a brave Gift I'll gie to thee;  
All betwene heir and *Newcastle* Town,  
Sall pay thair zeirly Rent to thee.

*Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.*

ZE leid, ze leid now, King, he fays,  
Althocht a King and Prince ze be;  
For I luid naithing in all my Lyfe,  
I dare well sayit but Honesty:  
But a fat Horfe and a fair Woman,  
Twa bony Dogs to kill a Deir;  
But *Ingland* fuld haif found me Meil and Malt,  
Gif I had livd this hundred Zeir.

SCHO fuld haif found me Meil and Malt,  
 And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;  
 But neir a *Scots* Wyfe could haif said,  
 That eir I skaithd her a pure Flie.  
 To feik het Water beneath cauld Yce,  
 Surely it is a great Folie;  
 I haif asked Grace at a gracelefs Face,  
 But there is nane for my Men and me.

BUR had I kend or I came frae Hame,  
 How thou unkynd wadft bene to me,  
 I wad haif kept the Border-syde,  
 In spyte of all thy Force and thee.  
 Wist *Englands* King that I was tane,  
 O gin a blyth Man wald he be;  
 For anes I flew his Sifters Son,  
 And on his Breift-bane brak a Tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,  
 Imbroiderd owre with burning Gold,  
 Bespangled with the same Mettle,  
 Maist beautifull was to behold.

Ther

Ther hang nine Targats at *Johnys* Hat,  
And ilk an worth Three hundred Pound,  
*What wants that Knave that a King suld haif,*  
*But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.*

*O quhair gat thou these Targats, Johnie,*  
*That blink sae brawly abune thy Brie?*  
I gat them in the Field fechtin,  
Quher, cruel King, thou durst not be.  
Had I my Horfe and my Harnes gude,  
And Ryding as I wont to be,  
It suld haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,  
The Meiting of my King and me.

GOD be withee, *Kirsty*, my Brither,  
Lang live thou Laird of *Mangertoun*;  
Lang mayst thou dwell on the Border-fyde,  
Or thou se thy Brither ryde up and doun.  
And GOD be withee, *Kirsty*, my Son,  
Quhair thou fits on thy Nurfes Knee;  
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir,  
Thy Fathers better thoul't never be.

FARWEIL, my bonny *Gilnockhall*,  
    Quhair on *Eske* syde thou standest stout,  
Gif I had lived but seven Zeirs mair,  
    I wald haif gilt thee round about.  
*John* murdred was at *Carlinrigg*,  
    And all his galant Companie;  
But *Scotlands* Heart was never fae wae,  
    To see fae mony brave Men die.

BECAUSE they savd their Country deir  
    Frae *Englishmen*; nane were fae bauld,  
Quhyle *Johnie* livd on the Border-syde,  
    Nane of them durst cum neir his Hald.





*Of heidstrang Zouth ill to command,  
Advysd to keip a Hank in Hand.*



O GALLANTS all, I cry and call,  
Keip Strenth, quhyle that ze haif it,  
Repent ze fall, quhan ze are thrall,  
Frae Tyme the Dub be lavit.  
With wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,  
With Courage hie on loft ;  
Suppose great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,  
Beware drink not owre aft.

TAK but at Lift, suppose ze thrift,  
Zour Mouth at Leafure cule,  
Zour Mynd solist weil to resist,  
Langer lefts Zeir than Zule.

Tho

Tho ze ryd fast, cast not owre aft  
Zour Speir into the Reift,  
With Stuff uncoft, fet upon loft,  
*Enouch is even a Feist.*

IN *Cupids* Grace suppose ze trace,  
Thinkand zour fell abune,  
Ze may percase cast *Daweis* Ace,  
And fae be lotchit fune.  
Frae Tyme ze stank into the Bank,  
And Drypoynt cumis in Play;  
Ze tyne the Thank, Man, hald a Hank,  
Or all be past away.

FRAE thou rin tume, as I presume,  
Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,  
Thee to consume with Fyre allume,  
That Bourd may be forborn.  
Far in that Play, I suthly say,  
Gude Will is not allowit;  
Gif thou nocht may, gae Way, gae Way,  
Then art thou all forhowit.

CONSIDDERANCE has no Luvance,  
Frae thou be bair thairben,  
At that Semblance, is no Plefance,  
Quhen pithles grows thy Pen.  
Quhen thou has done thy Det abune,  
Forfochten in the Feild,  
Scho will fay, fune get thee an Spune.  
*Adieu*, baith Speir and Sheild.

FRAE thou inlaiks to lay on Straiks,  
Frae Hyne, my Son, *adieu*;  
Than thy Roum vaiks, an uther takes  
That Solace to perfue.  
Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,  
Gude is in Tyme to ceife;  
To tar and tig, fyn Grace to thig,  
That is a pityous Preis.

THEREFORE bewar, hald the on far,  
Sic Chafwair for to prys,  
To tig and tar, then get the War,  
It is ill Merchandyse.

Mak thou nae Vant, owre aft to hant  
In Places dern thair doun,  
Frae Tyme thou want, that Stuff is scant  
To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,  
For shuiting at the Schells,  
Out of zour Shins the Substane rins,  
They get no Genzell Ells.  
In Tyme let be, I counsell thee,  
Use not that offerand Stok;  
Quhen thee they see, they bleir thyne Ee,  
And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou suppose haif at thy Chois,  
I red thee for the Nains;  
Keip Stuff in Pose, tyne not thy hois,  
Wair not all in that wains.  
Frae Tyme scho see under thyne Ee,  
The Brawn away it munts:  
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,  
Thou maun let be sic Hunts.



FRAE thou luke cheft, *adieu* that Faift,  
To hunt into that Schaw,  
Quhen on that Beift at thy requeift,  
Thy Kennets will not kaw.  
Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou fowp,  
And Wirdis to be fweir,  
And makes a Stop, when they fould hop,  
*Adieu* the Thriffil deir.

THEREFORE albeit thy Hounds haif fpeid  
To rin owre aft let be,  
In thy maift Neid fometyne bot Dreid,  
They will rebuted be;  
Owre aft to hound in uncouth Ground,  
Thou may tak up unbatit:  
Therefore had bound thocht fcho be found,  
Or dreid thy Dogs be flaitit.

SCHO is not ill that fitteth fill,  
Perfewed in the Sait,  
That Beift fcho will give thee thy fill,  
Till thou be even Chakmait.

Suppose thou range owre all the *Grange*,  
And feik baith Syke and Sewch ;  
Still will scho menge, and make it strenge,  
And give thee even eneuch.

THE WITH advyse, suppose scho ryse,  
Laich underneth thy Fute ;  
But be thou wyse, scho will furpryse  
Thy Hounds and them rebute.  
In Tyme abyde, the Feilds are wyde,  
I counfell thee, gude Bruther ;  
Ill is the Gyde that fails bot Tyde,  
Synne racklefs is the Ruther.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze persue  
To hunt at evry Beift,  
Ze will it rew, ther is anew,  
Thairto haif ze no Haste.  
With an O and an I, ze Hunters all and Sum,  
Quhen best is Play, pafs hame away,  
Or Dreid, War after cum.

*Quod* BALNEVIS.

*The*



*The blate Luvair that fain wad,  
but fears to speik.*



## I.

MY Heart is loft only for Luve of one,  
For Laik of Speich, and all for Shamefulness,  
I dare not speik my Purpose to propone,  
Nor wat not how my Purpose I fall drefs;  
Speik I till hir and scho be mercylefs,  
And denzie not again to speik to me,  
Then haif I tint my Speiking mair and lefs,  
And unsped Speich had better unspoken be.

## II.

I dar not speik for Dreid that scho dispyt  
My rural Terms, and fay I do but raif,  
And speik I not unto my Lady quhyte,  
Withouten Speich hir Luve I cannot haif:  
But gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?  
I spare to speik for laik of Eloquence;  
O couth scho without Speich my Synis perfaif,  
I wald nocht speik to hir Magnificens.

## III. FAIN.

## III.

FAIN wald I speik, gif Speiking nicht avail,  
 Gif scho for Speich wald speik to me again:  
 I spare to speik for spilling of my Tale,  
 Then I my speiking spendit haif in vain:  
 To speik and speid not is an leftand Pain.  
 How fall I speik? I dare not speik for Dreid;  
 Be it gude or ill, scho speiks to me again,  
 Zit fall I speik, unspoken can nocht speid.

## IV.

QUHAT fall I speik, sen I maun speik on forfs  
 To hir that is of Speich maist eloquent?  
 Then I fall speik, how that my cairful Corfs  
 Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and Hour Tor-  
 ment  
 Cause I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,  
 For want of Speich and ornat Termis plain,  
 Beseiking hir with speiking reverent,  
 That scho wald speik to comfort me again.

*Quod STEWART.*



*LUVÉ*



## *L U V E a Leveler.*



### I.

**L** UVE pryfis, bot Comparifon,  
 The Gentill and the Sempill all,  
 And of Free-will gives Warefon,  
 As Fortune chances to befall;  
 For Luvè maks nobill Ladyis thrall  
 To bafer Men of Birth and Blude,  
 Sae Luvè gars fobir Women fmall  
 Find Favour with grit Men of Gude.

### II.

**FIRM** Luvè for Favour, Feir or Feid,  
 Of rich nor pure to fpeik fuld fpair;  
 For Luvè to Hienes hes nae Heid,  
 Nor lichtlys Lawlines ane Hair,  
 But puts all Perfons in compair;  
 This Proverb plainly for to pruve,  
 That Men and Women, lefs and mair;  
 Ar cumd of *Adam* and of *Eve*.

### III. SAE

## III.

SAE thocht my Liking wer a Lady,  
 And I nae Lord, zit nocht the lefs,  
 Scho fuld my Service fynd als redy,  
 As Duke to Dutches docht him drefs;  
 For as hie Princely Luve exprefs,  
 Is to haif Soverenitie,  
 Sae Service cums of Simpilnefs,  
 And lieleft Luve of law Degrie.

## IV.

So Luvaris Lair no Leid fuld lak,  
 A Lord to luve a sempill Lafs,  
 A Lady als for Luve to tak  
 Ane proper Page hir Tyme to pafs;  
 For quhy, as bricht bene birnist Brafs,  
 As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,  
 And als gude drinking out of Glafs  
 As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

*Quod SCOT.*





## *The Floure of Womanheid.*



### I.

**T**HOU Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid,  
 And Patronefs of hevinly Patiens,  
 Lady of Lawty baith in Word and Deid,  
 Sobir, ferene, full of meik Eloquens,  
 Baith gude and fair: To zour Magnificens  
 I recommend, as I haif done befoir,  
 My fempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

### II.

FOR evirmoir I fall zou Service mak,  
 Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,  
 Sen first I knew zour Ladyship, bot Lak,  
 All Bewtie, Zouth and Womanheid ze had,  
 Withouten Rest my Heart couth not evade.  
 Thus am I zours, and ay fenfyne haif bene  
 Commandit therto by zour twa fair Ene.

III. ZOUR

III.

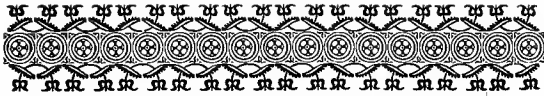
ZOUR twa fair Ene maks me aft fyis to fing,  
Zour twa fair Ene maks me to sich also,  
Zour twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,  
Zour twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,  
Zour twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,  
But links him fast that gets a Sicht of them,  
Of every Vertew bricht ze beir the Name.

IV.

ZE beir the Name of Gentilnefs of Blude,  
Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,  
Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,  
Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,  
Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,  
Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,  
The Well of Vertew and Floure of Womanheid.







## Donald Owyr's *Epitaph*.



### I.

**I**N Vyce maist vicious he excells,  
 That with the Vyce of Treafoun mells,  
 Thocht he Remiffion  
 Haif for Prodiffion,  
 Schame and Suspiffion  
 Ay with him dwells.

### II.

HE evir odious as ane Howle,  
 The Falt fae filthy is and foul,  
 Horrible to Nature  
 Is ane Traytour,  
 As Feynd in *Frater*  
 Undir a Coul.

### III. QUHA

## III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,  
 Upon himfell turns the Mifcheif;  
     His fraudfull Wylis  
     Himfell begylis,  
 As in the Ylis  
     Is now a Preif.

## IV.

THE fell ftrong Traytour *Donald Owyr*,  
 Mair Falfet had nor udir four,  
     Round Ylis and Seis  
     In his Suplies,  
 On Gallow Treis,  
     Zit dois he glowir.

## V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defens  
 Be Practick, Powir nor Puffiens,  
     Thocht it frae Licht  
     Be smoid frae Sicht,  
 GOD fchawis the Richt  
     With foir Vengens.

VI.

OF the fals Fox diffimulator  
Kynde, is ilka Theif and Traytour,  
After Respyte  
To mak Despyte,  
Mair Appytyte  
He has of Nature.

VII.

WER the Tod tane a thousand Faud,  
And Grace him given as aft for Fraud;  
Wer he on Plane,  
All wer in vain,  
Frae Henns again  
Micht nane him had.

VIII.

THE Murtherer ay Murther mais,  
And ay till he be slane he flays;  
Wyvis thus mak Mokks  
Spynand on Roks.  
Ay rynns the Fox  
Quhyle he Fute hes.

*Quod* DUNBAR.

COM-



## COMPARISONE.

THE Bramble growis, althocht it be obfcure,  
 Quhylis Mountane Cederis tholes the boufteous  
 Winds,  
 And myld *Plebyan* Spirits may leif fecure,  
 Quhylis mighty Tempeftis tofs Imperial Mynds.



*The Solfequium, or the Lover com-  
 pairing himself to Sun-Flowir.*

### I.

LYK as the dum *Solfequium* with Cair owrecum  
 Dois forrow, quhen the Sun gois out of Sicht,  
 Hings doun his Heid, and droupis as deid, and will  
 not spreid,  
 But lukis his Levis throw Langour all the Nicht,  
 Till fulifch *Phaeton* aryse with Quhip in Hand  
 To purge the Chrifal Skyis, and licht the Land.  
 Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,  
 And to thair King ane glade Gudemorrow gives,  
 Frae than that Flowir lifts not to lour,  
 But lauchs on *Phebus* lowfing out his Leivs.

II. SWA

## II.

SWA stands with me, except I be quhair I may fe  
My Lamp of Licht, my Lady and my Luve,  
Frae scho depairts, a thousand Dairts in findry Airts  
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Rest or Ruve,  
My Countenance declairs my inward Greif,  
And Howp almaist dispairs to find Releif.  
I die, I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,  
I loth on every Thing I luke, allace!  
Till *Titian* myne upon me schyne,  
That I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

## III.

FRAE scho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir  
The Dawing of my lang defyrit Day,  
Then Courage cryis on Howp to ryse, quhen he  
espyis  
The noysum Nicht of Abfens went away;  
No Noyis, frae I awalke, can me impefche,  
But on my staitly Stalk I flurische fresche,  
I spring, I sprout, my Leivs ly out,  
My Collour changis in ane hairtsfum Hew;  
Na mair I lout, but stand up stout,  
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

## IV. O

## IV.

O happy Day! go not away, *Apollo* stay  
Thy Chair frae going down unto the West,  
Of me thou mak thy *Zodiak*, that I may tak  
My Plefour to behald quhome I luve best:  
Thy Presens me restoris to Lyfe from Deth,  
Thy Absens lykways schoris to cut my Breth;  
I wis in vain thee to remain,  
Sen *primum mobile* fays me always nay,  
At leift thy Wane bring sune again,  
Fareweil with *Patiens per Fors* till Day.

*Quod* MONTGOMERY.





*The First* PSCHALME.



I.

WEIL is the Man,  
     Zea blifit than,  
 Be Grace that can  
 Efchew ill Counfale and the godlefs Gaits,  
     Quha walks not in  
     The Way of Sin,  
     Nor dois begin  
 To fit with Mokkaris in thair fchamefull Saits,  
     But in JEHOVAH's Law  
     Delyts aricht,  
 And ftudys it to know  
     Baith Day and Nicht.  
 That Man fall be lyke to ane Tre  
 That plantit by the rying River grows,  
     Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,  
 Quhais Leivis fall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowfe.

II. HIs

## II.

HIS Actions all  
 Ay proſper fall:  
 So fall not fall

To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand,  
 Quhilk Day by Day  
 Winds dryve away:  
 Thairfore I ſay

The wicket in thair Jugment fall not ſtand,  
 Nor Sinners cum nae mair,  
 Quhome GOD diſdains,  
 In the Affembly quhair  
 The Juſt remains.

For quhy? The LORD quha beirs Record,  
 He knows the richteous Converſation ay,  
 But godles Gaits, quhilk he ſo haits,  
 Sall quickly perreifs, and bot Dout decay.







*The Twenty third* PSCHALME.



I.

THE LORD maift hie,  
     I knaw will be,  
 An Hird to me,  
 I cannot lang haif Strefs, nor ftand in Neid;  
     He maks my Lair,  
     In Feilds maift fair,  
     Quhair I bot cair,  
 Repofing at my Pleafure fafely feid.  
     He fweetly me convoyis  
     To pleifand Springs,  
     Quhair naething me anoyis,  
     But Pleafour brings :  
     He brings my Mynd, fit to fic Kynd,  
 That Forfs or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve :  
     He dois me leid in perfyt Freid,  
 And for his Name he will me nevir live.


II. THOCHT

II.


THOCHT I wald ftray,  
Ilk Day by Day,  
In deidly Way,  
Zit will I not dispair, I feir none ill;  
For quhy thy Grace,  
In every Place,  
Dois me imbrace,  
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me ffill.  
In dispyt of my Foes,  
My Tabill grows,  
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy,  
My Cup owreflows.  
Kyndnefs and Grace, Mercy and Peice,  
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,  
And me convoy to endlefs Joy  
In Hevin, quhair I fall be with thee always.

*These two Pschalmes quod MONTGOMERY.*





*A Discription of Pedder Coffes  
their having no Regard to Ho-  
nesty in their Vocation.*



## I.

IT is my Purpose to discryve  
 This holy perfyte Genologie  
 Of Pedder Knaves superlatyve,  
 Pretendand to Authoritie,  
 That wate of nocht but Beggartie :  
 Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Louns,  
 That wald distroy Nobilitie,  
 And baneifs it all Borrows Towns.

## II.

THEY are declarit in seven Parts,  
 Ane stroppit Coffe, quhen he begins,  
 Ay fornand all and findry Arts,  
 To buy up Hens reidwod he rins ;  
 Syne locks them up into his Inns,  
 Waiting a Derth, and fells their Eggs,  
 Regretandly on them he winns,  
 And secondly his Meit he beggs.

III. ANE

III.

ANE Swyngeor Coffe amangft the Wyves,  
In Landwart dwells with fubtile Meins,  
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,  
And fains them fyne with Deid Mens Bains;  
Like *Rome*-rakers with awfterne Grains,  
Speikand Cur-lyke ilk an till uther,  
Peipand puirly with pityous Manes,  
Lyke fenzeit *Symmie* and his Brother.

IV.

THIR currifh Coffes that fails owre fune,  
And Thretiefum about a Pack,  
With bair blew Bonnets and hobeld Shune,  
And Beir Bannocks with them they tak,  
The fchamlefs Shrews, God gie them lak,  
At Nune quhen Merchants make guid Cheir,  
Steil down and ly behind a Sack,  
Drinkand but Dreggs and barmy Beir.

V.

KNAVATICK Coffe, mifkens himfelf,  
Quhen he gets on a furrit Goun;  
But *Lucifer* the Laird of Hell,  
Is not lefs haly than that Loun;

As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,  
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,  
That Calf clovin futed fleid Cuftroun,  
Will wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

VI.

ANE Dyvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,  
Distroys the Honnour of our Nation,  
Taks Guids a frift frae fremit Men,  
And breaks with them his Obligation,  
Quhilks dois our Merchants Defamation,  
They are reprievt for that Regratour;  
Therefore we give our Declaration  
To hang and draw that common Traytour.

VII.

A curloreous Coffe, that Hege-Scraper,  
He fits at hame quhen that they bake;  
That Pedder Brybour that Sheip-keipar,  
He tells them ilk ane Cake by Cake,  
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Faik  
Betwixt his Doublet and his Jacket,  
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,  
Ill than he mort into a Racket.

VIII. A

VIII.

A Codroch Coffe, he is owre rich,  
And hes nae Hap his Gude to spend,  
But lives lyke ony wareit Wretch,  
And trefts never till take an End,  
With Falsheid ever does him defend,  
Proceeding ftill in Avarice,  
And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,  
But walks a wilfome Way I wifs.

IX.

I zou exhort all that this heir,  
And reids this Bill, ze wald it schaw  
Unto the Provost, and him require,  
That he would give thir Coffes the Law,  
And banish them the Burges Raw;  
And to the Shoe-ftreit gar them sten,  
Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw  
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

*Quod* LINDSAY.





*The fyne Advyce Jock gied his Ded,  
Zeil ken quhen ze thir Lynes haif red.*



**J**OCK, quod his Ded, quhat will me eisy make?  
With standing my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil  
My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;  
Lying irks my Back, and gif I fit I feil  
My Hipps' ar hurt; and lein I neir fae weil,  
My Elbuck smarts.—Quod *Jock*, *Pain to exyle*,  
*Since all these eise not, best ein hing a quhyle.*

*A N S W E R.*

**I** THANK ze, *Jock*, for zour Advyce,  
My kyndly Cock, I thank ze, *Jock*,  
Weil have ze spoke and counchild nyce;  
I thank ze, *Jock*, for zour Advyce.





*The Ballat of the Reid-Squair,  
fought on the 7th July 1576.*



## I.

ON *July* seventh, the Suth to say,  
 At the *Reid-Squair* the Tryft was fet,  
 Our Wardens they affixt the Day,  
 And as they promift, sae they met:  
 Allace! that Day I'll neir forzet,  
 Was fure sae feird, and then sae fain,  
 They came ther Justice for to get,  
 Will nevir grein to cum again.

## II.

*CARMICHAELL* was our Warden then,  
 He caufit the Countrey to convene,  
 And the Laird *Watt*, that worthy Man,  
 Brocht in his Surname weil be sene:  
 The *Armstrangs* to that ay haif bene  
 A hardy House, but not a hail;  
 The *Eliots* Honours to mentain,  
 Broucht in the laif of *Liddisdail*.

## III. THEN



III.

THEN *Twidail* came to with Speid,  
The Scherif brocht the *Douglas* down,  
With *Cranstane*, *Gladstane*, gude at Neid,  
Baith *Rewls-Watter* and *Hawick-Toun*.  
*Beangeddert* bauldly maid him boun,  
With all the *Trumbulls* strang and ftout;  
The *Rutherfuirds*, with grit Renoun,  
Convoyit the Toun of *Fedbruch* out.

IV.

WITH uther Clanns I can nocht tell,  
Because our Wairning was nocht wyde,  
Be this our Folk hes tane the Fell,  
And plantit Pallions thair to byde:  
We lukit doun the uther Syde,  
And saw cum breifing owre the Brae,  
And Sr *George Foster* was thair Gyde,  
With Fyftene hundrid Men and mae.

V.

It greivt him fair that Day I trow,  
With Sr *John Hinrome* of *Schipsydehouse*,  
Because we wer not Men enow,  
He counted us not worth a Soufe;

Sr

Sr *George* was gentill, meik and doufe,  
But he was hail, and het as Fyre ;  
But zit, for all his Cracking crouse,  
He rew'd the Raid of the *Reid-squyre*.

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,  
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,  
Or els nae Answer mak again,  
But play the Beist, and let him be.  
It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,  
Had *Tyndall*, *Redsdaile* at his Hand,  
With *Cuckfsdaile*, *Gladfsdaile* on the Lie,  
Auld *Hebfrime* and *Northumberland*.

VII.

ZIT was our Meiting meik enough,  
Begun with Mirrines and Mows,  
And at the Brae abune the Heugh  
The Clerk fat doun to call the Rows,  
And fum for Ky and fum for Ewis,  
Callit in of *Dandrie*, *Hob* and *Jock*,  
I saw cum merching owre the Knows,  
Fyve hundred *Fennicks* in a Flock.

VIII. WITH

VIII.

WITH Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,  
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;  
Howbeit we wer not weil content,  
Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:  
Sum zeid to drink, and sum stude still,  
And sum to Cairds and Dyce them sped,  
Quhyle on ane Farstein they fyld a Bill,  
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

*CARMICHAELL* bad them speik' out plainly,  
And cloke nae Cause for Ill nor Gude,  
The uther answering him full vainly,  
Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude.  
He raife and raxd him quhair he stude,  
And bad him match him with his Marrows:  
Then *Tyndall* hard these Refouns rude,  
And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

THEN was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,  
And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,  
A *Schaften* and a *Fennick* their,  
Gude *Symmingtoun* was slain frae Hand.

The

The *Scotismen* cryd on uther to stand,  
Frae Tyme they saw *John Robson* flain:  
Quhat suld they cry! The Kings Command  
Culd caufe nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

UP raise the Laird to red the Cumber,  
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boist,  
Quhat suld we do with sic a Number,  
Fyve thousand Men into ane Hoist?  
Then *Henrie Purdie* proud hes coft,  
And verie narrowlie had mischeifd him,  
And ther we had our *Warden* lost,  
Wart not the grit GOD he releivd him.

XII.

ANE uther throw the Breiks him bair,  
Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell:  
Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,  
Into my Heart it struk a Knell;  
Zit up he raise, the Truth to tell,  
And laid about him Dunts full dour,  
His Horsemen they faucht stout and snell,  
And stude about him in the Stour.

XIII. THEN

XIII.

THEN raifd the Slogan with ane Schout,  
    Fy, *Tyndall* to it, *Fedbrugh* heir:  
I trow he was not half fae stout,  
    But anes his Stomak was a Steir,  
    With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,  
He nicht se mony a crackit Crown,  
    But up amang the Merchant Geir  
The Buffie were as we were down.

XIV.

THE Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,  
    Fyve hundred slain into the Flicht,  
But we had Pestellets anew,  
    And schot among them as we nicht.  
    With Help of GOD the Game gade richt,  
Frae Tyme the foremost of them fell;  
    Hynd owre the Know, without Gude-nicht,  
They ran with mony a Schout and Zell.

XV.

AND after they had turned Backs,  
    Zit *Tyndall* Men they turnd again,  
And had not bene the Merchant Packs,  
    There had bene mae of *Scotland* slain:

But

But JESU gif the Folk was fain  
To put the Buffing on thair Theis,  
And fae they fled with all thair Main,  
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

SR *Francis Ruffell* tane was thair,  
And hurt, as we heir Men reherfe;  
Proud *Wallingtoun* was woundit fair,  
Albeit he was a *Fennick* ferfs.  
But gif ze wald a Souldier ferche  
Amang them all was tane that Nicht,  
Was nane fae wordie of our Verfe  
As *Colingwood* that courteous Knicht.

XVII.

ZUNG *Henrie* skapit Hame, is hurt,  
A Souldier schot him with a Bow,  
*Scotland* has Cause to mak grit Sturt,  
For laiming of the Laird of *Mow*.  
The Laird *Watt* did weil indeid,  
His Friends stude stoutly by himsell,  
With litle *Gladstone*, gude in Neid,  
For *Gretein* kend not Gude be Ill.

XVIII. THE

XVIII.

THE *Scheriff* wantit not Gude-will,  
Howbeit he nicht not ficht fae fast:  
*Beanjeadart*, *Hundlie* and *Hunthill*,  
Three, on they laid weil at the last,  
Except the Horfe-men of the Gaird ;  
If I could put Men to Avail,  
Nane stoutlier stude out for thair Laird,  
Nor did the Lads of *Liddisdail*.

XIX.

BUT litle Harnife had we thair,  
But auld *Badrule* had on a Jack,  
And did richt weil, I zou declair,  
With all the *Trumbulls* at his Back.  
Gude *Ederstane* was not to lack,  
With *Kirktown*, *Newtown*, Nobill-men;  
Thir is all the Specials I haif spak,  
Forby them that I could nocht ken.

XX.

QUHA did invent that Day of Play,  
We neid nocht feir to find him sune,  
For Sr *John Foster*, I dare weil fay,  
Maid us that noyfome Afternune:

Not

Not that I speik preceisly out,  
That he supposd it wald be Perrill,  
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dout,  
Gart *Tyndall* Lads begin the Quarrell.

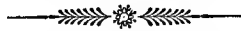






T H E

*Eagle and Robin Red-breist.*



THE Prince of all the fethert Kynd,  
 That with spred Wings out fleis the Wind,  
 And tours far out of humane Sicht  
 To view the schynand Orb of Licht:  
 This Ryall *Bird*, tho braif and great,  
 And armit strang for stern Debait,  
 Nae Tyrant is but condescends  
 Aftymes to treit inferiour Friends.

ANE Day at his Command did flock  
 To his hie Palace on a Rock,  
 The Courtiers of ilk various Syze  
 That swiftly swim in Christal Skyis;  
 Thither the valiant *Terfals* doup,  
 And heir rapacious *Corbies* croup,  
 With greidy *Gleds* and flie *Gormahs*,  
 And dinsome *Pyis* and clatterin *Daws*;

Proud

Proud *Pecoeks*, and a hundred mae,  
Bruscht up thair Pens that solemn Day,  
Bowd first submissive to my Lord,  
Then tuke thair Places at his Borde.

MEIN Tyme quhyle feisting on a Fawn,  
And drinking Blude frae *Lamies* drawn,  
A tunefull *Robin* trig and zung,  
Hard by upon a Bour-tree fung.  
He fang the *Eagles* Ryall Lyne,  
His persing Ee and Richt divyne,  
To sway out-owre the fetherit Thrang,  
Quha dreid his martial Bill and fang:  
His Flicht sublime, and Eild renewit,  
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;  
In faster Notes he fang his Luve,  
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for *Jove*.

THE Monarch *Bird* with Blythnefs hard  
The chaunting lital Silvan *Bard*,  
Calit up a *Buzart*, quha was than  
His Favourite and Chamberlane.  
Swith to my Treasury, quod he,  
And to zon canty *Robin* gie  
As mekle of our currant Geir  
As may mentain him throw the Zeir;

We can weil spairt, and its his Due.  
He bad, and furth the *Judas* flew,  
Straight to the Brench quhair *Robin* fung,  
And with a wickit lieand Tung,  
Said, Ah! ze sing fae dull and ruch,  
Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,  
His *Majestie* hes a nyse Eir,  
And nae mair of zour Stuff can beir;  
Poke up zour Pypes, be nae mair fene  
At Court, I warn ze as a Frein.

HE spak, quhyle *Robinis* swelling Breift,  
And drouping Wings his Greif exprest;  
The Teirs ran happing doun his Cheik,  
Grit grew his Hairt, he coud nocht speik,  
No for the Tinfell of Rewaird,  
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;  
Straicht to the Schaw he spred his Wing,  
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,  
Quhair Princelie Bountie is supprest,  
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,  
Quha cannot beir (because they want it)  
That'ocht fuld be to Merit grantit.

*Quod* AR. SCOT.



*Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.*



I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of Pryde,  
 He hes us blindit lang,  
 For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,  
 Na Wonder they ga wrang:  
 Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring  
 Of all Iniquitie,  
 Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-  
 Trie.

II.

BOT his Abhominatioun  
 The LORD hes brocht to Licht,  
 His Popische Pryde and thrinfald Crowne  
 Almaist hes loft thair Micht.  
 His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,  
 Of new found Vanitie,  
 Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III. His

III.

HIS Cardinallis hes Caus to murne,  
His Bifchoppis borne aback;  
His Abbotis gat ane uncouth Turne,  
Quhen Schavelingis went to fack,  
With Burges Wyfis thay led thair Lyvis,  
And fure better nor we,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IV.

HIS *Carmelites* and *Jacobinis*,  
His *Dominiks* had greit Do,  
His *Cordeleiris* and *Augustinis*,  
Sanct *Frances* Ordour to;  
Thay fillie Freiris, mony Zeiris,  
With babling blerit our Ee,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

V.

THE Sifteris gray, befor this Day,  
Did crune within thair Cloister,  
They feit ane Freir thair Keyis to beir,  
The Feind reffave the Foster;  
Syne in the Mirk fa weill culd wirk,  
And kittil them wantounlie,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI. THE

VI.

THE blind Bifchop he culd nocht preiche,  
For playing with the Laffis;  
The fyllie Freir behuffit to fleiche,  
For Almous that he affis;  
The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,  
Schame fall the Cumpanie,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VII.

THE Bifchop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,  
The Abbote not perfew ane,  
Thinkand it was ane luffie Lyfe,  
Ilk Day to have ane new ane,  
In everie Place ane uncouth Face,  
His Luft to fatisfie,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

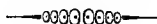
VIII.

THE Perfoun wald nocht have ane Hure,  
Bot twa, an thay war bony;  
The Vicar (thocht he was pure)  
Behuiffit to have als mony;  
The Pareis Preift, that brutall Beift,  
He polit thame privelie,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

## IX.

OF *Scotland* well, the Freiris of *Faill*,  
The *Lymmerie* lang hes leftit,  
The Monkis of *Melros* maid gude Kaill  
On *Frydayis*, quhen thay fastit;  
The fillie Nunnis keist up thair Bunnis,  
And heifit thair Hippis on hie,  
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene  
Wod-Trie.

\* \* \* \* \*

*On the Mes.*

## I.

**K**NAW ze not GOD omnipotent,  
He creat Man and maid him fre,  
Quhill he brak his Commandement,  
And eit of the forbiddin Tre;  
Had not that bliffit Barne bene borne,  
Sin to redres,  
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,  
For all zour Mes.

II. SEN

## II.

SEN we war all to Sin maid fure,  
 Throw *Adamis* Inobedience,  
 (Saif CHRIST) thair was na Creature  
 Maid Sacrifice for our Offence;  
 Thair is na Sanct may fave zour Saull,  
 Fra ze transgres,  
 Suppois Sanct *Peter* and Sanct *Paull*  
 Had baith faid Mes.

## III.

KNAWING thair is na Chriff bot ane,  
 Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;  
 Quhy give ze Glore to Stock and Stane,  
 In worshipping of uther Goddis?  
 Thir Idoles that on Alteris standis,  
 Ar Fenzeitnes,  
 Ze gat not GOD amang zour Handis,  
 Mumling zour Mes.

## IV.

AND fen na Sanct zour Saull may fave,  
 Perchance ze will speir at me than,  
 How may the Paip thir Pardounis have,  
 With Power baith of Beift and Man?

Throw



Throw nathing bot ane fenzeit Faith,  
For Halynes  
Inventit Wayis to get thame Graith,  
Lyke as the Mes.

## V.

OF Marriage ze maid zou quyte,  
Thinking it Thraldome to refraine:  
Wanting of Wyffis is Appetyte,  
That Curage nicht increas againe;  
That honny Lippis, ze did perfew,  
Grew Gall I ges,  
Thinking it was Contritioun trew  
To dance ane Mes.

## VI.

GIF God was maid of Bittis of Breid,  
Eit ze not ouklike fax or fevin,  
As it had bene a mortall Feid,  
Quhill ze had almaist heryit Hevin,  
Als mony Devilis ze man devoir,  
Quhill Hell grow les,  
Or doutles we dar nocht restoir  
Zou to zour Mes.

## VII. GIF

## VII.

GIF God be transubstantiall  
 In Breid, with *hoc est corpus meum*,  
 Quhy war ze fa unnaturall,  
 As tak him in zour Teith and fla him?  
 Tripairtit and devydit him  
 At zour dum Dres,  
 Bot God knawis how ze gydit him  
 Mumling zour Mes.

## VIII.

ZE partit with Dame Povertie,  
 Tuke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,  
 Fra Charitie and Chastitie,  
 With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;  
 That raifit the Mother of Mischeif,  
 Zour Gredynes,  
 Beleving ay to get Releif  
 For faying Mes.

## IX.

O wickit vaine Venerienes,  
 Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze feme haly)  
 Proude poysonit *Epicuriens*,  
 Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellie:  
 Beleve,

Beleve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis  
    Zour Idilnes,  
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Browis  
    For faying Mes.

## X.

HAD not zour self begun the Weiris,  
    Zour Stepillis had bene standand zit:  
It was the flattering of zour Freiris  
    That ever gart Sanct *Frances* flit;  
Ze grew fa superstitious  
    In Wickitnes,  
It gart us grow malicious,  
    Contrair zour Mes.

## XI.

OUR Bischoppis ar degenerate,  
    Thocht they be mountit upon Mulis,  
With Huredome clene effeminate,  
    And Freiris oft-tymes previs Fulis;  
For duffit and bob at Evin,  
    Do fa increas,  
Hes drevin fum of them to teine,  
    For all thair Mes.

## XII. CHRIST

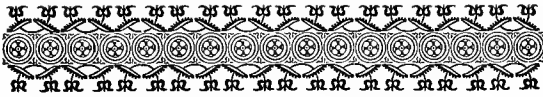
## XII.

CHRIST keip all faithfull Christianis  
 From perverſt Pryde and Papiftrie;  
 GOD grant thame trew Intelligens  
 Of his Law, Word and Veritie;  
 GOD grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,  
 Syne Blis poſſes,  
 Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,  
 And nocht on Mes.

## XIII.

SEN Mes is nathing ellis to fay,  
 Bot ane wickit Inventioun,  
 Without Authoritie, or Stay,  
 Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:  
 Gif Kingis wald Mes to *Rome* hence dryve  
 With Haiftines,  
 Suld be the Meane to have belyve  
 Ane End of Mes.





## *On Purgatorie.*



### I.

OF the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,  
 Is nocht left in ane Sponk;  
 Thairfoir fayis Gedde, Wayis me,  
 Gone is Preist, Freir and Monk.

### II.

THE Reik fa wounder deir thay solde  
 For Money, Gold and Landis,  
 Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,  
 Is feafit in thair Handis.

### III.

THAY knew nathing bot Covetice  
 And Lufe of Paramouris,  
 And lat the Saulis burne and bis  
 Of all thair Foundatouris.

IV. AT

## IV.

AT Corps Prefence thay wald fing,  
 For Ryches, to flokkin the Fyre:  
 Bot all pure Folk that had nathing  
 Was skaldit vaine and lyre.

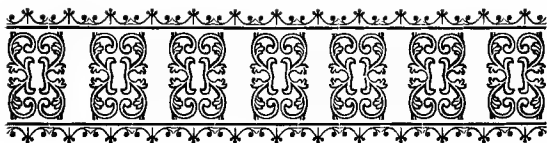
## V.

ZIR fat they heich in Parliament,  
 Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,  
 Untill now that the New Testament  
 Hes it and thame brocht downe.

## VI.

AND thocht thay fuffe at it, and blaw  
 Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,  
 The mair thay blaw, full weill they knaw  
 The mair it dois mifhryve.





# HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.



I.

**S**TATELY stept he East the Wa,  
 And stately stept he West,  
 Full Seventy Zeirs he now had sene,  
 With skerfs sevin Zeirs of Rest.  
 He livit quhen *Britons* Breach of Faith  
 Wroucht *Scotland* meikle Wae:  
 And ay his Sword tauld to their Coft,  
 He was their deidly Fae.

II. HIE

## II.

HIE on a Hill his Castle stude,  
 With Halls and Touris a Hicht,  
 And guidly Chambers fair to fe,  
 Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.  
 His Dame fae peirless anes and fair,  
 For Chast and Bewtie deimt,  
 Nae Marrow had in all the Land,  
 Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

## III.

FULL Thirtein Sons to him fcho bare,  
 All Men of Valour stout;  
 In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand  
 Nyne lost their Lives bot doubt;  
 Four zit remain, lang may they live  
 To stand by Liege and Land:  
 Hie was their Fame, hie was their Micht,  
 And hie was their Command.

## IV.

GREAT Luve they bare to *Fairly* fair,  
 Their Sifter fast and deir,  
 Her Girdle shawd her Middle gimp,  
 And gowden glift her Hair.

Quhat



Quhat waefou wae hir Bewtie bred?  
Waefou to zung and auld,  
Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,  
As Story ever tauld.

## V.

The King of *Norse* in Summer Tyde,  
Puft up with Powir and Micht,  
Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,  
With mony a hardy Knicht:  
The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King  
Came, as he sat at Dyne,  
With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,  
Drinking the Blude-reid Wyne.

## VI.

“To Horfe, to Horfe, my Ryal Liege,  
“Zour Faes stand on the Strand,  
“Full Twenty thousand glittering Spears  
“The King of *Norse* commands.  
*Bring me my Steed Mage dapple gray,*  
Our gude King raife and cryd,  
*A trustier Beast in all the Land*  
*A Scots King nevir feyd.*

VII. GO,

## VII.

*GO, little Page, tell Hardyknute,  
That lives on Hill so hie,  
To draw his Sword, the Dreid of Faes,  
And haste and follow me.*

The little Page flew swift as Dart  
Flung by his Masters Arm,  
*Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,  
And rid zour King frae Harm.*

## VIII.

THEN reid, reid grew his dark-brown Cheiks,  
Sae did his dark-brown Brow;  
His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,  
In Dangers great to do;  
He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glafs,  
And gien five Sounds fae fhrill,  
That Treis in grene Wod schuke thereat,  
Sae loud rang ilka Hill.

## IX.

HIS Sons in manly Sport and Glie,  
Had past that Summers Morn,  
Quhen lo down in a grassy Dale,  
They heard their Fatheris Horn.

*That*

*That Horn, quod they, neir founds in Peace,  
We haif other Sport to byde;  
And fune they heyd them up the Hill,  
And fune were at his Syde.*

## X.

*LATE late Zestrene I weind in Peace  
To end my lengthned Lyfe,  
My Age nicht weil excuse my Arm  
Frae manly Feats of Stryfe;  
But now that Norfe dois proudly boast  
Fair Scotland to inthrall,  
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,  
He feard to ficht or fall.*

## XI.

*ROBIN of Rothfay bend thy Bow,  
Thy Arrows schute sae leil,  
Mony a comely Countenance  
They haif turnd to deidly Pale:  
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour Lance,  
Ze neid nae Weapons mair,  
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes  
Gainst Westmorlands ferss Heir.*

XII. MAL-

## XII.

*MALCOM, licht of Fute as Stag  
That runs in Forest wyld,  
Get me my Thousands Thrie of Men  
Well bred to Sword and Schield:  
Bring me my Horſe and Harniſine,  
My Blade of Mettal cleir.  
If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,  
They fune had fled for Feir.*

## XIII.

*FAREWELL my Dame ſae peirleſs gude,  
And tuke hir by the Hand,  
Fairer to me in Age 'zou ſeim,  
Than Maids for Bewtie famd:  
My zoungeſt Son ſall here remain  
To guard theſe ſtately Towirs,  
And ſhut the Silver Bolt that keips,  
Sae faſt zour painted Bowirs.*

## XIV.

AND firſt ſcho wet hir comely Cheiks,  
And then hir Boddice grene,  
Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twift,  
Weil plett with Silver ſchene;

And

And Apron fet with mony a Dice  
Of Neidle-wark fae rare,  
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may guefs,  
Saif that of *Fairly* fair.

## XV.

AND he has ridden owre Muir and Mofs,  
Owre Hills and mony a Glen,  
Quhen he came to a wounded Knicht  
Making a heavy Mane;  
*Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,*  
*By Treacheries false Gyles;*  
*Witlefs I was that eir gaif Faith*  
*To wicked Womans Smyles.*

## XVI.

*SR Knicht, gin ze were in my Bowir,*  
*To lean on Silken Seat,*  
*My Ladyis kyndlie Care zoud prove,*  
*Quha neir kend deidly Hatè;*  
*Hir self wald watch ze all the Day,*  
*Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;*  
*And Fairly fair zour Heart wald cheir,*  
*As scho stands in zour Sicht.*

XVII. *A-*

## XVII.

*ARYSE, zoung Knicht, and mount zour Steid,  
 Full lowns the schynand Day,  
 Cheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis  
 To leid ze on the Way.*  
 With smylefs Luke and Vifage wan,  
 The wounded Knicht replyd,  
*Kynd Chiftain, zour Intent pursue,  
 For heir I maun abyde.*

## XVIII.

*TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,  
 Can eir be sweit or fair,  
 But sune beneath sum draping Trie,  
 Could Deith fall end my Care.*  
 With him nae Pleiding nicht prevail,  
 Braif *Hardyknute* to gain,  
 With faireft Words and Reason strang,  
 Straif courteously in vain.

## XIX.

*SYNE* he has gane far hynd attowre,  
 Lord *Chattans* Land fae wyde,  
 That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,  
 Quhen Faes his Courage feyd:

Of *Pictish* Race by Mothers Syde,  
Quhen *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,  
Lord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid,  
Quhen he faift *Pictish* Crown.

## XX.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart Train,  
He reicht a ryfing Heicht,  
Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,  
*Norfs* Army lay in Sicht;  
*Zonder my valziant Sons and feris*,  
*Our raging Revers wait*,  
*On the unconquerit Scottifh Swaird*  
*To try with us thair Fate.*

## XXI.

*MAK* Orifons to him that faift  
*Our Sauls upon the Rude*,  
*Syne braifly fcharw zour Veins ar filld*  
*With Caledonian Blude.*  
Then furth he drew his trusty Glaive,  
Quhyle Thousands all arround,  
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanft in the Sun,  
And loud the Bougills found.

XXII. To

## XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill  
 In Haft his Merch he made,  
 Quhyle, playand Pibrochs, Minstralls meit  
 Afore him stately strade.  
*Thryse welcum valziant Stoup of Weir,*  
*Thy Nations Scheild and Pryde;*  
*Thy King nae Reason has to feir*  
*Quhen thou art be his Syde.*

## XXIII.

QUHEN Bows were bent and Darts were thrawn,  
 For thrang scarce could they flie,  
 The Darts clove Arrows as they met,  
 The Arrows dart the Trie.  
 Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,  
 With little Skaith to Man,  
 But bludy, bludy was the Field,  
 Or that lang Day was done.

## XXIV.

THE King of *Scots* that findle bruikd  
 The War that luikt lyke Play,  
 Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,  
 Sen Bows feimt but Delay :

Quoth



Quoth noble *Rothsay*, *Myne I'll keip,*  
*I wate its bleid a Skore.*  
*Haft up my merry Men,* cryd the King,  
As he rade on before.

## XXV.

THE King of *Norfe* he socht to find,  
With him to mense the Faucht,  
But on his Forehead there did licht  
A sharp unsonfie Shaft;  
As he his Hand put up to find  
The Wound, an Arrow kene,  
O wacfou Chance! there pinnd his Hand  
In midft betwene his Ene.

## XXVI.

REVENGE, *revenge*, cryd *Rothsays Heir*,  
*Your Mail-coat fall nocht byde*  
*The Strength and Sharpness of my Dart;*  
Then fent it throuch his Syde:  
Another Arrow weil he markd,  
It perfit his Neck in twa,  
His Hands then quat the silver Reins,  
He law as Eard did fa.

## XXVII. SAIR

## XXVII.

*SAIR bleids my Liege, fair, fair he bleids.*  
 Again with might he drew  
 And Gesture dreid his sturdy Bow,  
 Fast the braid Arrow flew:  
 Wae to the Knicht he ettled at,  
 Lament now Quene *Elgreid*,  
 Hie Dames to wail zour Darlings Fall,  
 His Zouth and comely Meid.

## XXVIII.

*TAKE aff, take aff his costly Fupe*  
 (Of Gold weil was it twynd,  
 Knit lyke the Fowlers Net through quhilk  
 His steilly Harnes slynd)  
*Take, Norfe, that Gift frae me, and bid*  
*Him venge the Blude it beirs;*  
*Say, if he face my bended Bow,*  
*He sure nae Weapon feirs.*

## XXIX.

*PROUD Norfe* with Giant Body tall,  
 Braid Shoulder and Arms strong,  
 Cryd, *Quhair is Hardyknute sae famd,*  
*And feird at Britains Throne:*

*The Britons tremble at his Name,  
I June fall make him wail,  
That eir my Sword was made sae sharp,  
Sae saft his Coat of Mail.*

## XXX.

THAT Brag his stout Heart coud na byde,  
It lent him zouthfou Micht:  
*I'm Hardyknute this Day, he cryd,  
To Scotlands King I hecht,  
To lay thee law as Horses Hufe,  
My Word I mean to keip.*  
Syne with the first Strake eir he strake,  
He garrd his Body bleid.

## XXXI.

*NORSE* ene lyke gray Gofehawks staird wyld,  
He ficht with Shame and Spyte;  
*Disgracd is now my far famd Arm,  
That left thee Power to stryke:*  
Then gaif his Head a Blaw fae fell,  
It made him down to stoup,  
As law as he to Ladies usit  
In courtly Gyfe to lout.

XXXII. FULL

## XXXII.

FULL fune he rais'd his bent Body,  
 His Bow he marvelld fair,  
 Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd  
 As Touch of *Fairly* fair:  
*Norse* ferliet too as fair as he  
 To se his stately Luke,  
 Sae fune as eir he strake a Fae,  
 Sae fune his Lyfe he tuke.

## XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a Fyre to Hether set,  
 Bauld *Thomas* did advance,  
 A sturdy Fae with Luke enragd  
 Up towards him did prance;  
 He spurd his Steid throw thickest Ranks  
 The hardy Zouth to quell  
 Quha stude unmufit at his Approach  
 His Furie to repell.

## XXXIV.

*THAT* schort brown Shaft sae meanly trimd,  
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands Geir,  
 But dreidfull seims the rusty Poynt!  
 And loud he leuch in Jeir.

*Aft* Britains *Blude* has dimd its *Shyne*  
*This Poynt* cut *short* their *Vaunt*;  
Syne piercd the boifteris bairded Cheik,  
Nae Tyme he tuke to taunt.

## XXXV.

SCHORT quhyle he in his Sadill swang,  
His Stirrip was nae Stay,  
Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,  
Sure taken he was fey:  
Swith on the hardened Clay he fell,  
Richt far was hard the Thud,  
But *Thomas* luikt not as he lay  
All waltering in his Blude.

## XXXVI.

WITH cairles Gesture Mynd unmuvit  
On raid he north the Plain,  
His feim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,  
Quhen Winner ay the fame;  
Nor zit his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik,  
Coud meife fast Luve to bruik,  
Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his Scorn,  
Then languid grew his Luke.

XXXVII. IN

## XXXVII.

IN Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Cheik  
 All panting on the Plain,  
 The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,  
 Neir to aryse again ;  
 Neir to return to native Land,  
 Nae mair with blythfom Sounds,  
 To boift the Glories of the Day,  
 And fchaw thair Shyning Wounds.

## XXXVIII.

ON *Norways* Coast the Widowit Dame  
 May wash the Rocks with Teirs,  
 May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis  
 Befoir hir Mate appeirs.  
 Ceife, *Emma*, ceife to hope in Vain,  
 Thy Lord lyis in the Clay,  
 The valziant Scors nae *Revers* thole  
 To carry Lyfe away.

## XXXIX.

THERE on a Lie quhair stands a Crofs  
 Set up for Monument,  
 Thousands full fierce that Summers Day  
 Filled kene Waris black Intent,

Let

Let *Scots*, quhyle *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*,  
Let *Norse* the Name ay dreid,  
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,  
Sal lateft Ages reid.

## XL.

LOUD and chill blew the westlin Wind,  
Sair beat the heavy Showir,  
Mirk grew the Nicht eir *Hardyknute*  
Wan neir his stately Tower,  
His Towir that ufd with Torchis bleife  
To shyne fae far at Nicht,  
Seimd now as black as mourning Weid,  
Nae Marvel fair he fichd.

## XLI.

*THAIRS* nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir  
*Thairs* nae Licht in my Hall;  
Nae Blink shynes round my Fairly fair,  
Nor Ward stands on my Wall.  
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas say,  
Nae Answer fits their Dreid.  
Stand back, my Sons, I'll be zour Gyde,  
But by they pass with Speid.

XLII. AS

## XLII.

*AS fast I haif sped owre Scotlands Faes,*  
There ceist his Brag of Weir,  
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his Dame,  
And Maiden *Fairly* fair.  
Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir  
He wist not zit with Dreid ;  
Sair schuke his Body, fair his Limbs,  
And all the Warrior fled.

\* \* \* \* \*







## A

## GLOSSARY;

OR,

An EXPLANATION of the *Scots*  
Words.



## A

*A* All.  
*Abaid, Abade, Abode,*  
 stayed.  
*Abaisit,* abashed.  
*Abeit,* albeit.  
*Abergown,* Coat of Mail.  
*Ablens,* perhaps.  
*Aboife, abuse,* above.  
*Abulziement,* Habit.  
*Abune,* above.  
*Adoun,* downward.  
*Aff,* off.  
*Aft, aften,* oft, often.  
*Affair,* frightened.  
*Afrey,* Fear.  
*Agit,* aged.  
*Agast,* afrighted.  
*Aidir,* either.  
*Aik,* Oak.  
*Ain,* own.  
*Aits,* Oats.  
*Air,* Time past.

## A T

*Air,* soon, early, *item* Heir.  
*Aith,* Oath. [Acre.  
*Akerbraid,* breadth of an  
*Alaft,* aloft.  
*Allane,* allone.  
*Almous,* Alms.  
*Alkynd,* all kind, or Sort of.  
*Als,* as, and.  
*Amene,* pleasant.  
*Ane,* one.  
*Anes, anis,* once.  
*Anteterwme,* Example.  
*Apenit,* opened.  
*Appleis,* please.  
*Arles,* earnest.  
*Artilzie,* Artillery.  
*Afs,* ask.  
*Affalzet,* assailed.  
*Attains,* at once.  
*Attemperit,* tempered.  
*Attowre,* out over.  
*Attercap,* a Wasp.

Av.

*Avalziet*, availed.  
*Aventure*, Adventure.  
*Aver*, a Horse.  
*Averil*, senseless Fellow.  
*Aucht*, ought, *item* eight.  
*Auld*, old.  
*Aw*, owe.  
*Awin*, own.  
*Awis*, ows.  
*Aureat*, Golden.  
*Ayd*, Aid.  
*Ayvsfe*, Advice.  
*Aynd*, Breath.

## B A

**B***AID*, *bade*, did abide.  
*Band*, bound.  
*Banes* or *Bains*, Bones.  
*Bannocks*, Bread.  
*Bair*, bare.  
*Bairn*, *Bern*, Child, Youth.  
*Baith*, both.  
*Bale* or *Beal*, Sorrow.  
*Balmit*, embalmed.  
*Ban*, to curse.  
*Bang*, to move hastily.  
*Barbir*, barbarous.  
*Barbulziet*, to confuse.  
*Barret*, Sort of Liquor.  
*Barrow Trams*, Staves of a Barrow.  
*Barm*, Yeast.  
*Barmy*, fermented and muddy.  
*Bauld*, bold.  
*Bawsy*, white fac'd.  
*Bedene*, immediately.  
*Befoir*, *beforn*, before.  
*Beft*, beaten.  
*Begouth*, began.  
*Begylyt*, beguiled.

*Behald*, behold.  
*Behoif*, Behove.  
*Beil*, any Shelter against the Inclemency of the Weather.  
*Belyve*, immediatly.  
*Bellies*, Bellows.  
*Beik*, to bask or warm.  
*Beims*, Beams.  
*Beir*, to bear, *item* to moan.  
*Beir*, Barley.  
*Beit*, Help.  
*Ben*, inner part of a House.  
*Bene*, been.  
*Bene*, Bean.  
*Bent*, the Feild.  
*Berkit*, barkened.  
*Beseik*, beseech.  
*Beswakit*, blanched.  
*Betwifsch*, betwixt.  
*Bewis*, Boughs.  
*Bewtie*, Beauty.  
*Bezond*, beyond.  
*Bigg*, build.  
*Biggit*, built.  
*Bikkerit*, contended.  
*Bink*, Bench.  
*Bin*, been.  
*Biquour* or *Bicker*, a large Cup or Dish.  
*Birkin Bobyns*, a Knot of Birch Leaves.  
*Birs*, Bristle.  
*Birn*, to burn.  
*Birnist*, burnished.  
*Biffilie*, busily.  
*Blad*, a Strok, *item* a big Piece of .....  
*Blae*, livid.  
*Bland*, to mix.

*Bla-*

- Blasby*, wet.  
*Blate*, bashful.  
*Blaw*, Blow.  
*Bleber*, to bable.  
*Bledoch*, Butter-milk.  
*Bleir*, to make the Eyes red or dim.  
*Blent*, looked.  
*Blether*, to stammer and speak Nonfense.  
*Blink*, a small Sight, *item* to sparkle.  
*Blinkit*, looked hastily.  
*Blume*, Bloom.  
*Blude*, Blood.  
*Bodin*, furnished.  
*Bodword*, Message.  
*Bocht*, bought.  
*Bog*, Marsh.  
*Boist*, to boast.  
*Bok*, to vomit.  
*Bony*, beautiful, *item* little.  
*Boitings* or *Buitings*, Bqots.  
*Bot*, but, *item* without.  
*Bougars*, Rafters.  
*Bouk*, the Body, *item* Bulk.  
*Bougil*, a young Bull, *item* his Horn.  
*Boun*, ready to go.  
*Bourd*, a Sport, *item* to sport.  
*Bowsteous*, boisterous.  
*Bowster*, a Bolster.  
*Bow*, a Fold of Cattle.  
*Brand*, a Sword.  
*Brawnd*, the Muscles.  
*Branglit*, brandished.  
*Braif*, brave.  
*Brankand*, Prancing.  
*Brattle*, to clash.  
*Braw*, brave, fine.
- Brae*, Side of a Hill, Bank of a River.  
*Braid*, broad, *item* to haste, arise.  
*Braids* or *Brades*, is like, or takes after.  
*Brais* or *brace*, Embrace.  
*Brafb*, brush.  
*Breiks*, Breeches.  
*Bricht*, bright.  
*Brie*, Eye-brow.  
*Brilzean*, Brilliant.  
*Brim*, fierce.  
*Brocht*, brought.  
*Brod*, to prick or spur.  
*Brock*, the Badger.  
*Browdin*, fond of.  
*Browster*, Brewer.  
*Brudie*, teeming, fertile.  
*Bruik*, brook or enjoy.  
*Brukut*, blackened.  
*Brukil*, brittle.  
*Brynt*, brunt.  
*Bud*, Bribe.  
*Buke* or *Buik*, Book.  
*Buith*, Booth or Shop.  
*Buith-meal*, Shop Rent.  
*Buiting*, Booty.  
*Bundin*, bound.  
*Bun*, Arse.  
*Bure*, did bear.  
*Burde*, Board.  
*Burn*, a Brook.  
*Burdoun*, a Palmers Staff.  
*Bushment*, Men lying in Ambush.  
*Buff*, a Bush.  
*Bute*, Help, Advantage.  
*But* and *bot*, without.  
*Byre*, Cow-house.

## CA

*CA*, call.  
*Cabroch*, poor lean Flesh.  
*Cadgers*, Higglers.  
*Callit*, called.  
*Campion*, Champion.  
*Cankert*, angry, *item* ulcerated.  
*Canny*, happy, convenient.  
*Canty*, chearful.  
*Caprousy*, an upper Garment.  
*Carlina*, an old Woman.  
*Carp*, to talk.  
*Carvell*, a Kind of Ship.  
*Cast*, a throw. [Slave.  
*Cative* or *Catif*, Captive or  
*Carwd*, called.  
*Carwf*, Calf.  
*Carwk*, Chalk.  
*Carwkit*, did shyte.  
*Cauld*, Cold.  
*Ceis*, to cease.  
*Celcitude*, Highness.  
*Celest*, heavenly.  
*Chalmer*, Chamber.  
*Chaitp*, escape.  
*Chafis*, the Chops.  
*Chack*, to check.  
*Chat*, to hang on a Gallows.  
*Cheil*, a Person.  
*Cheir*, Sheer, *item* chear.  
*Chenzie*, Chain.  
*Cheris*, cherish.  
*Clam Shells*, Scalop Shells.  
*Clan*, a Tribe.  
*Clasbes*, idle Tales.  
*Clasb*, to throw Dirt.  
*Claitb*, Cloath.  
*Clais*, Cloaths.  
*Clatter*, chatter.  
*Claw*, to scratch.

*Cleft*, the Cleaving.  
*Clene*, clean.  
*Clerk*, generally used for a  
learned Man.  
*Clewis* or *Cleuchs*, Clifts.  
*Cleikit*, laid hold on.  
*Cleith*, Cloath.  
*Cleuch*, Hollow betwixt Hills.  
*Clipit*, called.  
*Clips*, Eclips.  
*Clokks*, Beetles.  
*Clod*, to throw.  
*Cluds*, Clouds.  
*Cluke*, to hook.  
*Clum* or *clam*, climbed.  
*Cluves*, Hoves.  
*Codroch*, miserable and nasty.  
*Combure*, to burn.  
*Coft*, bought.  
*Con*, the Squirrel.  
*Comich*, comick.  
*Corbie*, a Raven.  
*Corinoch*, a Highland Tune.  
*Cowhowby*, Cowherd.  
*Cowd*, cut or clipped.  
*Courtas*, courteous.  
*Couth*, cold, *item* familiar.  
*Covetice*, Covetousness.  
*Cour*, to stoop and creep slow.  
*Crabit*, furly, angry.  
*Craig*, the Neck, *item* a Rock.  
*Craif*, crave.  
*Craw*, the Crow.  
*Crap*, did creep.  
*Craik*, to croak.  
*Crawdon*, faint hearted.  
*Creish*, Greafe.  
*Creils*, Baskets.  
*Crouse*, brisk and bold.  
*Cruif*, a Lodge.

*Cryne*,

*Cryne*, wither and grow lefs.  
*Crum*, a little Bit.  
*Cule*, Cool.  
*Cum*, come.  
*Cunzie*, Coyn.  
*Cun*, Taffe.  
*Cummerfom*, troublefom.  
*Culroun*, a Rafcal.  
*Curches*, Kerchiefs or Head-  
 Linnen.  
*Cuik*, Cook.  
*Curpal*, Crupper.  
*Cufte*, did caft, *item* vomit.  
*Cute*, Ankle, Joint, *item* a  
 Trifle.

## D A

**D***AE*, Do.  
*Daft*, mad, foolifh,  
*Dairthful*, dear. [merry.  
*Dander*, wander carelefly.  
*Dang*, Defeat.  
*Danion*, to quell.  
*Dapill*, duple.  
*Daw*, Dawn, *item* a Sluggard.  
*Dawing*, dawning.  
*Deave* or *Deif*, to deafen.  
*Deid*, dead, *item* Death, *item*  
 deed.  
*Deil*, deal, *item* Devil.  
*Dink*, *dynk*, faucy, *item* finely  
*Denty*, fine. [dreff.  
*Deme*, to deem. [ning.  
*Demyng*, condemning or dam-  
*Depairt*, to divide.  
*Depaynt*, painted.  
*Deray*, Noife, Sporting,  
 Gambols.  
*Derch*, a Dwarf.  
*Dern*, Secret.

*Derth*, Dearth.  
*Defavit*, deceived.  
*Det*, Debt.  
*Devalling*, defcending haftily.  
*Dew*, due. [deckt.  
*Dicht*, to clean, *item* drefsed,  
*Ding*, to beat or overcome.  
*Ding*, worthy.  
*Dirtin*, befshitten.  
*Denzie*, to deign.  
*Docht*, could, availed.  
*Dochter*, Daughter.  
*Dois*, does.  
*Dok*, Arfe.  
*Donk*, Moift.  
*Dofs*, neat, regular.  
*Up doft*, Put in Order.  
*Dow*, to be able.  
*Dow*, Dove.  
*Dowbart*, dull Fellow.  
*Douchty*, hardy, valiant.  
*Dowf*, heavy Fool, *item* dull,  
 melancholy.  
*Dour*, fullen, hard.  
*Dous*, folid, grave.  
*Draif*, drave.  
*Drait* or *Dret*, fhit.  
*Drawkit*, wet.  
*Drie*, to endure.  
*Dreich*, tedious.  
*Dreiry*, lonfome & mournful.  
*Dring*, a Mifer.  
*Droich*, a Dwarf.  
*Drone*, to aft lazily.  
*Droukit*, drenched.  
*Droup*, to droop.  
*Dryt*, fhite.  
*Dwam*, Qualm.  
*Dubs*, Mire and little Pools.  
*Duds*, Rags.

*Duils*

*Duils*, Goals.  
*Dule*, Pain.  
*Dum*, Dumb.  
*Dume*, Doom.  
*Dunt*, to beat hard.  
*Dung*, beaten.  
*Duris*, Doors.  
*Dwalm*, to swoon or take a  
 Qualm.

*Dyne*, to dine.  
*Dynt*, Stroak.  
*Dyvour*, a Bankrupt.

## E A

**E***ARD*, *Eird*, or *Erde*,  
 Earth.

*Ee*, Eye.

*Edert*, Edward.

*Edder-flangit*, stung by an  
 Adder.

*Egil*, the Eagle.

*Eik*, to add, *item* also.

*Eild*, Age.

*Eir*, Ear, *item* E'er.

*Eirynefs*, Fear of Spirits and  
 Goblins.

*Eise*, Ease.

*Eit*, to eat.

*Eith*, easy.

*Eme*, Uncle.

*Empasbed*, hindered.

*Elbuck*, Elbow.

*Elritch*, ghostly, wild, lone-  
 some.

*Enamilit*, enameled.

*Ene*, Eyes.

*Eneuch*, enough.

*Ensenzie*, Ensign.

*Erfeh*, Irish.

*Ettle*, to aim.

*Esperance*, Hope.

*Eschapit*, Escaped.

*Everichone*, every one.

*Eydently*, see *Ithandly*.

*Eyndle*, to be jealous.

*Eynling*, Jealousy.

## F A

**F***A*, fall.

*Fae*, Foe.

*Falset*, Falshood.

*Faik*, a Fold, to quit.

*Fair*, to go or pass.

*Fairdy*, clever and tight.

*Falzie* or *Felzie*, to fail.

*Fand*, found.

*Fangs*, Paws and Claws.

*Fang*, to grasp.

*Fankle*, to intangle.

*Fasb* or *Fasche*, to trouble.

*Fassoun*, Fashion.

*Faw*, Fall.

*Faws*, gets.

*Fauld* or *Fund*, Fold.

*Faut*, Fault.

*Fay*, Faith.

*Fazart*, a Dastard.

*Fecht*, Fight.

*Feckless*, without Strength.

*Fedder*, a Father.

*Fedderem*, Wings.

*Feid*, Feud, Hatred.

*Feidom*, Fatality.

*Feilty*, Subjection.

*Feil*, Sense, *item* many.

*Feir*, Fear.

*Feir*, tight.

*Feir* or *fere*, Companion.

*Feit*

- Feit*, hired.  
*Fen*, to live.  
*Fenzie*, to feign.  
*Ferly*, to wonder, a wonder.  
*Ferd*, Fourth.  
*Ferfs*, Force.  
*Fey*, predestinated to Death,  
 or some Misfortune.  
*Feynd*, Fiend, the Devil.  
*Ficht*, Fight.  
*Fie* or *Fe*, a Herd of Cattle.  
*Firy-fary*, Hurry, Confusion.  
*Fifch*, Fish.  
*Fitch*, to move.  
*Flendris*, Splinters.  
*Flang*, did fling.  
*Flane*, an Arrow.  
*Flaught*, a Blaze of Lightning.  
*Flauchter-Spade*, Spade for  
 flaying Turf.  
*Flaws*, Lies—*Flaw*, to lie.  
*Fleisch*, to flatter.  
*Fleim* or *Fleme*, to banish.  
*Flet*, did flyte or chide.  
*Fley*, to fright.  
*Flit*, to remove.  
*Flichter*, flutter like a Bird.  
*Flocht*, Flight, Fear, Anxiety.  
*Flyte*, Chide.  
*Flure*, Floor.  
*Fog*, Mofs.  
*Forfairn*, abused.  
*Forfochten*, tired and faint  
 with fighting.  
*Forleit*, to forsake.  
*Forrent*, opposite to.  
*Forwayit*, gave Way.  
*Forworthin*, worthless.  
*Forlane*, alone.  
*Forlopin*, Vagabond.
- Forzet*, to forget, *item* for-  
 gotten.  
*Fofter*, a Forrefter, *item* Nurfe.  
*Fow*, full, *item* drunk.  
*Foumart*, a Pole-cat.  
*Fouth*, Abundance.  
*Frac*, from.  
*Fragil*, weak, tender, frail.  
*Frak*, haft.  
*Frawart*, crofs and ugly.  
*Freiks*, impertinent Fools.  
*Freid*, Freedom.  
*Fremit*, strange, not a Kin.  
*Freprie*, the ruffling or Folds  
*Fricht*, Fright. [of Cloath.  
*Fripon*, a Knave.  
*Frist*, to Trust or give Credit.  
*Frusch* easily broken.  
*Fu*, full.  
*Fud*, the Tail.  
*Fude*, Food.  
*Fuff*, to blow.  
*Fule*, Fool.  
*Fund*, found.  
*Furder*, to speed, *item* further.  
*Fure*, wait on, *item* fared.  
*Furthy*, free in Behaviour.  
*Fute*, Foot.  
*Futher* or *fudder*, a great many.  
*Fyrefangt*, burnt.  
*Fylock*, a young Mare.  
*Fyle*, defile.  
*Fyke*, to be restive.  
*Fyne*, fine.

## G A

- G**AB, the Mouth.  
*Gad* or *Ged*, Goad.  
*Gadder*, gather.  
*Gae*, go.

*Gaif*,

- Gaif*, gave.  
*Gains*, ferves.  
*Gair*, greedy.  
*Gait*, *Gate*, Way, Method,  
*item* Goat.  
*Gaislings*, Goslings.  
*Galziart*, brisk, jolly, wanton.  
*Gams*, Gums.  
*Gan*, began.  
*Gane*, gone, *item* ferve.  
*Gane*, Mouth.  
*Gang*, to go.  
*Gaunt*, to yawn.  
*Gar*, to make or oblige.  
*Gardevyance*, a Case of Instru-  
ments.  
*Garth*, a Garden or Inclosure.  
*Gaw*, Gall.  
*Gawf*, a Laugh.  
*Gawfy*, large and fat.  
*Geck*, Mock, or cast up the  
Head in Derision.  
*Gein*, given.  
*Geir*, Wealth.  
*Gemmer*, gender.  
*Gent*, gentle.  
*Genterice*, honourable Birth.  
*Gentilenefs*, Clemency.  
*Genzie*, a Dart or Arrow.  
*Gersome*, a certain Fine paid  
at the renewing of a  
Leaf.  
*Get*, a Child.  
*Ghaisf*, Ghost.  
*Gie*, give.  
*Gif*, *gin*, if.  
*Gild*, Clamour.  
*Gilt*, gilded.  
*Gimp*, see *Fimp*.  
*Gird*, to strike.

- Girn*, to grin, *item* a Trap or  
Snare.  
*Girth*, a Sanctuary.  
*Glamour*, the Sight deceived.  
*Glaik*, to pass Time idly.  
*Glar*, Myre.  
*Glave*, a Sword.  
*Gle* or *Glie*, Mirth.  
*Gled*, a Kite.  
*Gleim*, small Flame.  
*Gleid*, Small Spunk of Fire.  
*Glen*, a Hollow between  
Mountains.  
*Glengore* or *Grandgore*, the  
French Pox.  
*Glore*, Glory.  
*Glunfchoch*, four Fellow.  
*Gloum*, to knit the Eye-brows.  
*Glour*, to stare.  
*Gluves*, Gloves.  
*Goldpink*, the Goldfinch.  
*Golk* or *Gowk*, the Cuckow.  
*Glist*, to Glisten.  
*Gowden*, Golden.  
*Gowkit*, foolish.  
*Grape*, to grope.  
*Graif*, the Grave, *item* grave.  
*Grain*, *grane*, groan.  
*Grangis*, Corn Fields, Barns  
and Grannaries.  
*Graith*, to make ready, *item*  
Utenfils, necessary Things.  
*Graithed*, attyred, made ready.  
*Grat*, did weep.  
*Grein*, to long for earnestly.  
*Greit*, weep, *item* great.  
*Grene*, green.  
*Grei*, Degree.  
*Gres* or *Gers*, Grass.  
*Grit* or *greit*, great.

*Grots*,



*Grots*, Oats half ground.  
*Growf*, to ly flat on ones  
*Grund*, Ground. [Belly.  
*Grundin*, fharped.  
*Gruntill*, a Sow.  
*Grunzie*, Snout or Nose.  
*Gryce*, a Pig.  
*Gwairdown*, Protection.  
*Guiks*, expects Time foolishly  
 and Delays.  
*Gude* or *guid*, good.  
*Gudes*, Riches.  
*Guims*, Gums.  
*Gule*, redish Yellow.  
*Gule Snout*, red Nos'd.  
*Guleschoch*, the Jaundice.  
*Gurlie*, furlie.  
*Gyant*, Giant.  
*Gyde*, Guide.  
*Gydar*, Guider.  
*Gymmer*, court and enjoy.  
*Gymp*, neat, pretty.  
*Gyse* or *Gyis*, Guife.

## H A

**H**A, Hall.  
*Habitiklis*, Tabernacles.  
*Hae*, have.  
*Haggies*, a kind of Pudding.  
*Hailfum*, wholesome.  
*Haif*, have.  
*Hairns* or *Harnis*, Brains.  
*Hair*, or *hairy*, hoary gray.  
*Hald*, Hold.  
*Haly*, Holy.  
*Hals*, to salute.  
*Hame*, Home.  
*Handsell*, the first Money that  
 a Merchant gets.

*Hankit*, held with Ropes.  
*Hap*, hop, *item* Chance.  
*Harle*, to drag.  
*Harnist*, harnished.  
*Harns*, see *Hairns*.  
*Harfe* or *Hairs*, hoarse.  
*Having*, Behaviour.  
*Hawkit*, white faced.  
*Hawtane*, haughty.  
*Heal*, *Heil*, Health.  
*Hecht*, to promise, a Promise.  
*Hecht*, named.  
*Heich*, high.  
*Heilit* or *heilded*, upheld.  
*Heir*, here, *item* hear.  
*Heisit*, lifted up, hoised.  
*Herbry*, Harbour.  
*Heryit*, spoiled, impoverished.  
*Hether*, Heath.  
*Hevin*, Heaven.  
*Heuch*, a Rock, a steep Hill.  
*Hew*, Hue.  
*Heynd*, quick, clever.  
*Hie*, high.  
*Hicht*, Height.  
*Hicher*, higher.  
*Hiddlings*, hiding Places.  
*Hint*, snatched.  
*Hinny*, Honey.  
*Hir*, her.  
*Hird*, who watches the Flocks  
 or Cattle.  
*Hirpland*, going like one lame.  
*Hitch*, to move.  
*Ho*, the Singular of *Hose*.  
*Hobled*, cobbled.  
*Hoist*, Cough.  
*Holk*, to dig.  
*Holkit*, made hollow.  
*Holtis*, Hills, high Ground.

How

*How*, hollow.

*Howis*, ----

*Howdrand*, hiding.

*Howk*, to dig.

*Howlat*, an Owl.

*Howp*, hope.

*Hude*, Hood.

*Hud-pyk*, a Churl.

*Huly*, flow.

*Hure*, Whore.

*Hurcheon*, Hedge-hog.

*Hurklis*, goes bowed and decrepid.

*Hynd*, straight.

*Hyd*, to hide.

*Hynt*, to take.

### J A

*J Anglers*, Contenders.

*Jaip*, to jest or cheat,  
*item* to heave and set.

*Jap*, a Dash of Water.

*Jely*, joly.

*Jimp*, neat.

*Jeil* or *Geil*, (Saint) the Patron Saint of *Edinburgh*.

*Fouk*, to bow.

*Fyb*, to mock.

*Ilk*, each.

*Ilka*, every.

*Infek*, Insect.

*Inlaik*, to come short.

*Ilfard*, illfavoured.

*Inding*, unworthy.

*Ingle*, a Fire.

*Inglis*, English.

*Ithandly*, busily, without Intermission.

### K A

*KA*, to drive.

*Kabute*, a little House.

*Kail*, Colewort or Cabage,  
*item* Broth.

*Kaip* or *Kap*, Cap or Top.

*Kaves*, Calves.

*Keist*, did cast.

*Kemd*, combed.

*Ken*, to know.

*Kene*, keen.

*Kend*, knew.

*Kensy*, a Rustick.

*Kep*, to catch what moves toward one.

*Kepar*, such a Catcher.

*Kinrick*, Kingdom.

*Kimmer*, a Comer or she-Gossip.

*Kinnen*, Rabits.

*Kilhit*, tucked up.

*Kirn*, Churne.

*Kirtle*, Petycoat.

*Kist*, Chest.

*Kittle*, difficult, *item* ticklish.

*Kinsch*, a Loop, to count his

*Kinsch*, to hit his Part.

*Knaisf*, Knave.

*Knapska*, Knapsack.

*Knaw*, know.

*Knicht*, Knight.

*Know*, Hillock.

*Kowshot* or *Cowshot*, the Ring-Dove.

*Kuke*, Cook.

*Ky*, Kine.

*Kyte*, Belly.

*Kyth*, to shew.

### L A

## L A

*L Aggerit*, bemired.  
*Laich*, low.  
*Laid*, Load.  
*Laif* or *lave*, the rest.  
*Lair*, Learning, *item* a Place  
*Laik*, to want. [to ly in.  
*Lains*, themselves.  
*Laip*, to lap as a Dog.  
*Laisure*, Leafure.  
*Laiſt*, laced.  
*Laitb*, loath.  
*Laitbly*, Lothſome.  
*Laits*, Manners.  
*Landwart*, the Country.  
*Lane*, Loan.  
*Langour*, Wearynefs.  
*Lans*, a Lance.  
*Lans*, to dart.  
*Lap*, did leap.  
*Larbour*, wooden.  
*Lathand*, feeble, weak and  
*Law*, low. [faded.  
*Larwie*, Honefty, Juſtice.  
*Larwland*, Lowland.  
*Leil* or *leal*, honeſt.  
*Leiſches*, Laſhes.  
*Leich*, Leech or Dr.  
*Leid*, a Perſon, *item* Language.  
*Leif*, Leave, *item* to live.  
*Leim* or *Leam*, Flame.  
*Leil*, honeſt, lawful.  
*Leis*, Loves, *leis me*, it pleaſes  
*Leiſings*, Lies. [me.  
*Leiſt*, leaſt.  
*Leir*, to learn.  
*Lemman*, Courtezan or Con-  
*Lends*, Buttocks. [cubine.  
*Lefum*, lawful.

*Leuch*, did laugh.  
*Lever*, rather.  
*Leur*, rather.  
*Liar* or *Lyart*, hoary.  
*Licht*, Light, *item* merry.  
*Licharie*, Lechery.  
*Lichtly*, undervalue.  
*Lickmadowps*, ſervile Flat-  
 terers, that ſalute like Dogs.  
*Lidder*, ſlow, lazy.  
*Lie*, Corn Lands untiled for  
 ſome Years.  
*Lie* or *le*, calm.  
*Lift*, the Sky.  
*Ligg*, to ly.  
*Limm*, Limb.  
*Limmer*, Thief and Whore.  
*Limp*, to halt.  
*Lin*, a Precipice where Water  
*Linkit*, went haſtily. [falls.  
*Lippen*, depend.  
*Lipper*, leaperous.  
*Liſk*, the Groin or Flank.  
*Loan*, where the Cows are  
*Lokar*, curled. [milked.  
*Loppin*, did leap.  
*Lore*, Learning.  
*Low*, Flame.  
*Lown*, a Whore or Rogue.  
*Lounger*, hanging-headed.  
*Loun*, calm.  
*Lowp*, to leap.  
*Lowpar*, Leaper.  
*Lout*, to bow low.  
*Lows*, looſe.  
*Lude*, loved.  
*Lufe*, Love, *item* the Palm  
 of the Hand.  
*Lufray*, Gifts.  
*Luggs*, Ears.

*Luggit*,

*Luggit*, to draw by the Ears.  
*Luid*, loved.  
*Luims*, Looms.  
*Luirvar*, Lover.  
*Luk* or *Luck*, Fortune.  
*Luke* or *Luik*, Look.  
*Lukit* or *lucken*, closed to-  
*Lum*, Chimney. [gether.  
*Lundge*, to hang downward.  
*Lunzie*, Loyne.  
*Lute*, did let. [Fellow.  
*Lurdane*, a Blockhead or lazy  
*Luschbald*, a Slugard.  
*Lyfe*, Life.  
*Lyke*, Like.  
*Lyking*, beloved.  
*Lymmer*, a Whore and Knave.  
*Lyre*, the Complexion.  
*Eyth*, a Joynt.  
*Lytit*, dyed, litted.

## M A

*M<sup>AE</sup>*, moe.  
*Maboun*, the Devil.  
*Maid*, made.  
*Mak*, make.  
*Makkars*, Poets.  
*Malefon*, Malediction.  
*Maik*, Mate or Match.  
*Mailpayers*, Farmers.  
*Main* or *mane*, to moan.  
*Mair*, more.  
*Maiß*, most.  
*Mait*, Mate.  
*Man*, must.  
*Mandrag*, Mandrake.  
*Mangit*, bruised, maimed.  
*Mankit*, wanting.  
*Mant*, to stammer.

*Mantil*, Mantle.  
*Marrow*, Fellow or Mate.  
*Mauchs*, Magots.  
*Maun*, must.  
*Mavis*, a Thrush.  
*Meid* or *Mede*, Mood, *item* z  
*Meil*, Meal. [Reward.  
*Mein* or *mene*, mean.  
*Meis*, to still or mitigate.  
*Meiths*, Bounds, Limits or  
 Marks.  
*Mekle* or *meikle*, much.  
*Mell*, to meddle or contend.  
*Mellistuat*, sweet flowing.  
*Melteth*, a Male of Meat.  
*Mends*, amends.  
*Menzie*, Company or Retinue.  
*Mensweir*, swear against.  
*Mensworn*, perjured.  
*Merchand*, marking.  
*Merle*, the Merlin, a Bird.  
*Messen*, a Lap-Dog.  
*Mete*, to measure.  
*Micht*, might.  
*Midding*, Dunghill.  
*Milane*, alone.  
*Minglit*, mingled.  
*Mint*, to attempt, to aim.  
*Minny*, Mother.  
*Minstrell*, Musician.  
*Mirk* or *merk*, dark.  
*Misken*, to Milkknow, *item*  
 forbear.  
*Mismade*, deformed.  
*Mister*, to need.  
*Mok*, to mock.  
*Mold*, the Ground.  
*Mony*, many.  
*Morther*, Murder.  
*Mot*, may.

*Mou,*

*Mou*, Mouth.  
*Moud*, mouthed.  
*Mows*, Jest.  
*Muck*, Dung.  
*Mude*, Mood.  
*Mune*, Moon.  
*Muir* or *Mure*, a Heath.  
*Mumting*, muttering.  
*Murderiest*, murdered.  
*Murgeon*, to make Signs or imitate.  
*Muve* or *muve*, move.  
*Myce* or *Myfs*, Mice.  
*Mynd*, Mind.  
*Myne*, mine.  
*Mynt*, to offer or attempt.  
*Mynzion*, Mignon.  
*Myting*, a Mite.

## N A

*NA*, *nae*, no.  
*Nains*, *nanes*, the Pur-  
*Naithing*, nothing. [pose.  
*Nane*, none.  
*Neir*, near.  
*Neir*, never.  
*Neis*, the Nose.  
*Neist*, next.  
*Neif* or *Nieve*, Fift.  
*Nek*, a Term at Chefs, when  
the King cannot be guarded  
from a Check.  
*Nevell*, a Stroak with the  
*Nicht*, Night. [Fift.  
*Niggarts*, Niggards.  
*Nocht*, nought, frequently  
for not.  
*Noit*, Stroak on the Head.  
*Nold*, would not.

*None* or *Nune*, Noone.  
*Noy*, annoy.  
*Noyis*, Noife.  
*Nowther*, neither.  
*Nuik* or *Nuke*, Nook, Corner.  
*Nurifar*, nurishing.  
*Nurture*, Education, *item*  
Correction.  
*Nybill*, to pike.  
*Nys*, Nice.

## O B

*OBlisit*, obliged.  
*Ocht*, ought or aught.  
*Odivill*, hateful.  
*Ockerar*, an Uferer.  
*Oift*, Host.  
*Ony*, any.  
*Opinzion*, Opinion.  
*Or*, before.  
*Orifons*, Prayers.  
*Ot*, of it.  
*Owre*, over.  
*Owrefrett*, overspread, im-  
bellished.  
*Owrequhelm*, overwhelm,  
&c., all the other *owres*.  
*Owk*, Week.  
*Owther*, either.  
*Owsen*, Oxen.  
*Oxter*, Arm-pit.  
*Oys*, Grandchildren.

## P A

*PAddock*, a Frog.  
*Paddock-rude*, Spawn of  
*Padzian*, Pageant. [Frogs.  
*Paiks*, Chastisement.

*Pais*,

*Pais*, Pasch or Ester.  
*Paitlait*, an Under-coat.  
*Paip*, the Pope.  
*Pallions*, Pavilions.  
*Palat*, Skin.  
*Pang*, to stuff.  
*Panfe*, Pause.  
*Pare*, to empair.  
*Paughty*, haughty.  
*Pawps*, Paps or Breasts.  
*Payntit*, painted.  
*Pech*, to breath short.  
*Peild*, stript.  
*Peir*, an equal.  
*Peis*, Peas.  
*Pelour*, a Pilgarlick.  
*Pennair*, a Pen-Cafe.  
*Pens*, Plumes.  
*Perfay*, in Faith.  
*Perse*, pierce.  
*Perfave*, perceive.  
*Perfew*, pursue.  
*Pet*, a Favourite, *to take the*  
*Pet*, to be peevish.  
*Pingle*, to strive or labour  
with Difficulty.  
*Pik*, Pitch.  
*Pisch*, to pifs.  
*Pith*, Strength.  
*Plaid*, a loofe upper Garment.  
*Plait*, fold.  
*Plaint*, Complaint.  
*Plack*, third of a Peny.  
*Pleids*, Contentions.  
*Plein*, complain.  
*Plenzie*, complain.  
*Pleis*, please.  
*Plefans*, Pleasure.  
*Plet*, to twist, twisted.  
*Pleuch*, Plow.

*Pley*, Contest or Squable.  
*Plight*, plighted.  
*Polk*, Poke, or little Sack.  
*Posody*, a Sort of *Highland*  
Broth.  
*Pow*, to pull.  
*Pow*, Poll or Head.  
*Poutch*, Pocket.  
*Powter*, to prog.  
*Pratick*, Practice.  
*Preif* or *preive*, prove, try,  
or Taste.  
*Preincod*, Pincusheon.  
*Preiving*, trying.  
*Preise*, pres.  
*Prent*, Print or Impression.  
*Prevene*, to prevent.  
*Propyne*, a Present.  
*Prydless*, humble.  
*Prysis*, Prizes.  
*Puncis*, Pulfes.  
*Punde*, to sequester.  
*Pulchritude*, Beauty.  
*Pure* or *Puir*, poor, *item* pure.  
*Puirtiit*, Poverty.  
*Purflit*, ruffled.  
*Purse-pyk*, Pick-purse.  
*Pushance*, Power.  
*Pyne*, Pain.

## Q U

*Quantance*, Acquaintance.  
*Quat*, did quite or quit.  
*Quay*, young Cow.  
*Quaver*, Quiver.  
*Quene*, Queen.  
*Quell*, to kill.  
*Quba*, who.  
*Qubail*, Whale.

*Qubais*,

*Qubais*, whose.  
*Qubair*, where.  
*Qubat*, what.  
*Qubat-reck*, what the Matter.  
*Qubelp*, a Whelp.  
*Qubeils*, Wheels.  
*Qubeit*, Wheat.  
*Quben*, when.  
*Qubenc*, a Part.  
*Qubilk*, which.  
*Qubidder*, whither.  
*Qubip*, Whip.  
*Qubittle*, a Knife.  
*Qubitly*, pale and thin.  
*Qubirl*, whirl.  
*Qubois*, whose.  
*Qubom*, whom.  
*Qubylsome*, sometime ago.  
*Quby*, why.  
*Qubyle*, while, *item* until.  
*Qubyte*, White.  
*Quod, quoth*, said.

## R A

*RAE*, Roe.  
*Rad* or *Red*, feared.  
*Rackles* or *reckles*, to act carelessly or rash.  
*Raif*, rave, did rive.  
*Raing*, a Circle.  
*Raik*, to go a quick Pace.  
*Raip*, a Rope.  
*Rair*, to roar.  
*Rait*, Rate.  
*Rang*, Rung.  
*Ranigald*, a foolish Scold.  
*Rak*, Fog or Mist.  
*Ramand*, crying.  
*Rafch*, Rash.

*Ratches*, Hounds.  
*Raw*, row.  
*Rawmoud*, beardless, simple.  
*Raucht*, reacht.  
*Rax*, Stretch.  
*Rebald*, a Talker of Nonfense or Rebaldry.  
*Red* or *reid*, to wish, *item*  
*Redour*, Fright. [Fear.  
*Rebatour*, a malicious Enemy.  
*Reid*, Red, *item* to read.  
*Reik*, Smoak, *item* to reach.  
*Reikit*, rigged, *item* smoked.  
*Reird*, Noise.  
*Reist*, to dry in a Chimney.  
*Reive* or *reve*, to rob.  
*Rever*, a Rober.  
*Renzie*, the Rein of a Bridle.  
*Reprieve*, reprove.  
*Resave*, receive.  
*Resone* or *Resoun*, Reason.  
*Revers*, Robbers.  
*Revers*, the Rovers at which the Archers shoot.  
*Rewth*, Pity.  
*Rewme*, Realm.  
*Rewyne*, Ruin.  
*Rew*, to take Pity, *item* to repent.  
*Richt*, Right.  
*Richt now*, lately.  
*Rift*, to belch.  
*Rigg*, the Back, *item* a Ridge.  
*Rilling*, a Shoe made of rough raw untan'd Leather.  
*Rink*, a Course.  
*Ring*, to reign.  
*Rispies*, Bulrushes.  
*Roches*, Rocks.  
*Roir*, to roar.

- Rok*, a Distaff, *item* to roll  
 or move from one Side to  
 the other.  
*Rone*, Bramble or Briar.  
*Row*, a Roll, to roll.  
*Rowth*, Abundance.  
*Rowpand*, crying-hoarfe.  
*Rowms*, Rooms.  
*Rowmis*, to make a Noife.  
*Roun*, Whisper.  
*Roung* or *Rung*, a Cloun's  
 Staff.  
*Rowt*, to bellow or low like  
 a Bull.  
*Royis*, raves.  
*Ruch*, rough.  
*Rude*, Rednefs.  
*Rude*, a Crofs.  
*Rug*, to pull with Force.  
*Rukes*, Crows.  
*Rukis*, Ricks.  
*Rundge*, to range and gather.  
*Rumple*, a Rump.  
*Rute*, Root.  
*Rufe* or *ruife*, to commend,  
 praife, extoll.  
*Ruther*, the Rudder.  
*Ryall*, Royall.  
*Ryfe* or *Rife*, common.  
*Rynk*, Rank.  
*Rys* or *Ryce*, Dwarf Bufhes  
 of Wood.  
*Ryfe*, rife.  
*Ryve*, to tear and fpleet.
- S A
- SA*, *fae*, fo.  
*Saft*, foft.  
*Saif*, fave.
- Saiklefs*, innocent.  
*Sain* or *fane*, to blefs.  
*Sair*, fore.  
*Sane*, fay.  
*Sall*, fhall.  
*Sald*, fold.  
*Sang*, Song.  
*Sans*, without.  
*Sar*, Savour.  
*Sargeand*, Serjeant.  
*Sark*, Shirt.  
*Sary*, Sorry.  
*Saw*, old Saying or Prophecy.  
*Saw*, Word or Promife.  
*Sauch*, a Willow.  
*Saucht*, at Eafe, in Peace.  
*Saul*, Soul.  
*Sauld*, fee *Sald*.  
*Sawrs*, Savours, Smells.
- N.B.* the *c* here between the  
*f* and *b*, tho' it is never  
 ufed now, yet it was fel-  
 dom neglected by our old  
 Gentlemen; therefore any  
 hard Word that begins  
 with only *fb*, look for it  
 in *sch*.
- Scant*, fcarce.  
*Schaisp*, to fit.  
*Schairp*, sharp.  
*Schaw*, fhew.  
*Schawrs*, little Woods.  
*Sched*, feparate.  
*Scheil*, Shepherd's Cot.  
*Schene*, fhining.  
*Schent*, troubled, confounded,  
 fpoiled, ruined.  
*Scheip*, Sheep.  
*Scheild*, unhuked, *item* a Sheild.  
*Schilling*,



- Schilling*, Meal before it is sifted.  
*Schit*, a blasted little Creature.  
*Schogled*, dangled.  
*Schoil*, she will, or she 'll.  
*Schog*, to shake.  
*Scho*, she.  
*Schorz*, to threaten.  
*Schot*, Shot.  
*Schir*, Sir.  
*Schrewis*, Shrews.  
*Schuke*, hook.  
*Schuder*, to Shiver.  
*Schune*, Shoes.  
*Schule*, School.  
*Schupe*, made ready, intended.  
*Schure*, did sheer.  
*Scrimp*, scant.  
*Scoul*, to look grim, by letting fall the Brows.  
*Seil*, Seal.  
*Seil*, Happiness, Prosperity.  
*Seimly*, comely.  
*Seir*, or *Sere*, several.  
*Sell*, self.  
*Seindle*, feldom.  
*Sen*, since.  
*Sene*, seen.  
*Sens*, Sense.  
*Sensyne*, since that Time.  
*Senzie*, Signority.  
*Senzior*, Senior.  
*Sesoun*, Season.  
*Serve*, or *Serf*, to deserve.  
*Sets*, becomes.  
*Seuch*, a Furrow or Ditch.  
*Sey*, to try.  
*Scaldit*, burnt.  
*Scart*, Hermaphrodite.  
*Scowrie* or *Skowrie*, meagre.
- Scunder*, a Qualm, to loath.  
*Sib*, a Kin.  
*Sic* or *fik*, such.  
*Sich*, sigh.  
*Sicht*, Sight.  
*Sicker*, sure.  
*Siller*, Silver.  
*Sindle*, feldom. [Corns.  
*Single*, a Handful of gleaned  
*Skail*, to scatter.  
*Skairs* or *Skers*, scarce.  
*Skaith*, Lofs, Harm.  
*Skapit*, escaped.  
*Scant*, scarce.  
*Skap*, Scalp.  
*Skar*, Scar.  
*Skelf*, Shelf.  
*Sklander*, Scandal.  
*Sklander*, Slender.  
*Sklent*, to go aside, to lie.  
*Skonce*, to cover, a Cover.  
*Skoldirt*, parched.  
*Skorn*, Scorn.  
*Skeich*, Skittish.  
*Skoul*, hang or knit the Brows.  
*Skink*, to fill Drink, *item* strong Broth.  
*Skirl*, to cry.  
*Skrows*, Scrolls.  
*Skrudging* or *Skurging*, Scourging.  
*Skrufe*, Scruf.  
*Skraip*, Scrape.  
*Skryk*, to screech.  
*Skugry*, in Hidlings.  
*Skulls*, Hand Baskets.  
*Skum*, Scim.  
*Skyth*, Lofs, Hurt.  
*Sla*, Slay.  
*Slae*, Sloc.

- Slaif*, Slave.  
*Slait*, did slit or cut.  
*Slak*, an opening between  
*Slaw*, flow. [Hills.  
*Sleik*, smooth.  
*Sleuth*, cunning.  
*Slicht*, Slight.  
*Slie*, Slouth.  
*Slokin*, to quench.  
*Slogan* or *Slugborn*, a Watch-  
 word, peculiar to a certain  
 Name or Set of People,  
 used to know their Friends  
 from Enemies.  
*Slouch*, a Husk.  
*Smaik*, a silly pitiful Fellow.  
*Smeir*, befmeare.  
*Smidy*, Smith's Work-house.  
*Smit*, to infect. [Cloaths.  
*Smot*, a Spot, as of Grease on  
*Smorit*, smothered.  
*Smuke*, Smoak.  
*Smyt*, a small Spot.  
*Smyle*, to smile.  
*Snack*, clever.  
*Sneift*, to speak tartly.  
*Sneir*, to snore.  
*Snell*, sharp.  
*Snift*, to shew Displeasure by  
 disdainful Looks.  
*Snude*, a Womans Headband  
 for binding back the Hair.  
*Soir*, Sore.  
*Solace*, Recreation.  
*Solist*, to solicit. [ness.  
*Sonce* or *sonfs*, Luck, Happi-  
*Sonk*, a Wreath of Straw  
 used as a Cushion, or a  
 Load Sadle.  
*Sonziet*, made Excuse.
- Sornand*, to go about begging.  
*Sould*, should.  
*Soverane*, Sovereign.  
*Soup*, sweep.  
*Sound*, smooth.  
*Spae*; to prophesy.  
*Spae*, wane from Suck.  
*Spate* or *Spait*, Land Flood  
 or Torrent.  
*Spang*, to leap.  
*Spavie*, Stiffness in the Hams,  
 a Horse Disease.  
*Spaul*, *Spald*, the Shoulder.  
*Speik*, to speak.  
*Speil*, to climb.  
*Speir*, to ask, *item* a Spear.  
*Spence*, the Buttery.  
*Spenzie*, Spain.  
*Spill*, to spoil.  
*Spirling*, a very small Fish.  
*Sound*, smooth.  
*Spout*, a Gush.  
*Spray*, Sprigs, Bushes.  
*Spring*, a Tune.  
*Spulzie*, Spoil, *item* to spoil.  
*Sprent*, a Spring, to spring  
 as a Clock.  
*Spule*, a Weaver's Shuttle.  
*Squeil*, Squeek.  
*Spunk*, a Spark of Fire.  
*Spyrand*, Spinning.  
*Stane*, Stone.  
*Stang*, Sting.  
*Stakis*, Piles of Corn.  
*Stall*, stole.  
*Stallwart*, robust.  
*Stakkar*, Stagger.  
*Stark*, strong.  
*Stay*, Streight, Steep.  
*Staw*, stole.

*Steik*,

*Steik*, to fhut.  
*Steir*, fir.  
*Stend*, long Stryde.  
*Stern*, Star.  
*Stevin*, the Voice.  
*Sting* or *Stang*, a Pol.  
*Stirk*, a big Bull Calf.  
*Stot*, Bullock, *item* a Note  
in Musick.  
*Stour*, Duft in Motion.  
*Stour*, Throng of Battle.  
*Stoup*, Prop or Pillar.  
*Stown*, stolen.  
*Staig*, young Horfe.  
*Strang*, strong.  
*Strae*, Straw.  
*Strak*, did strike.  
*Strinkil*, to sprinkle.  
*Strynd*, strain, *item* Kindred.  
*Stalwart*, large and strong.  
*Stalkers*, sturdy Beggars.  
*Stude*, flood.  
*Study*, Smith's Anvil.  
*Sturdy*, stout and strong.  
*Sturt*, Vexation.  
*Styme*, Small Sight.  
*Styband*, Benefice.  
*Stynt*, to stay or hold.  
*Sua*, fo.  
*Sukkar*, Sugar.  
*Suith* or *Suth*, Truth.  
*Suld*, should.  
*Sune*, *fone*, foon.  
*Swapit*, featured.  
*Swats*, Small-bear or Dreg.  
*Swankies*, cliver young Fel-  
*Sum*, fome. [lows.  
*Sulzie*, to foil, *item* Soil,  
Land.  
*Supone*, suppose.

*Sute*, Soot.  
*Suth*, Truth.  
*Swaird*, the Grafy Surface of  
the Ground.  
*Swat*, did fweat.  
*Swankie*, fouple Youngster.  
*Sweir*, lazy, *item* to fwear.  
*Sweirnefs*, Lafinefs.  
*Swith*, Haft, haftylic.  
*Swom*, Swim.  
*Swoun*, Faint.  
*Swyngeor*, a tall Wencher,  
*item*, a Scoundrel.  
*Swyth* or *fwyth*, foon.  
*Syis*, Times.  
*Syke*, a Water Ditch.  
*Symmer*, Summer.  
*Syne*, afterward, then.  
*Syre*, Sire, Father.  
*Syte*, Sorrow.

## T A

**T***AE*, Toe.  
*Tais*, Toes.  
*Tacht*, Taught.  
*Tallon*, to Tallow or Greafe.  
*Tald* or *Tauld*, told.  
*Taid*, Toad.  
*Talzior*, Taylor.  
*Targats*, Clafps or Buckles.  
*Targe*, a Shield.  
*Tarrow*, to refuse.  
*Tauch*, Tallow.  
*Tawfy*, little Cup.  
*Tax*, a Scourge or little  
Whip.  
*Tedder*, a Rope or Band for  
Horfes.  
*Telzie*, a Cut of Beef.

*Tene*,

*Tene*, Anger.  
*Tent*, to notice.  
*Teugh*, tugh.  
*Teynd*, Anger.  
*Thae*, those.  
*Thair*, their, there.  
*Thairin*, within.  
*Thairout*, without.  
*Thay*, those.  
*Thie*, Thigh.  
*Thir*, those.  
*Thocht*, thought, tho't.  
*Thole*, to suffer.  
*Thrawart* or *trawart*, cross.  
*Thrawis*, Throws.  
*Thrawn*, cross, *Thrawn vult*, ill natured Countenance.  
*Threse*, in Corn, twenty four Sheaves; applied to other Things it means a great deal.  
*Thring*, to wring or Throng.  
*Throple*, the Wind Pipe.  
*Thyne*, thine, *item* thence.  
*Thud*, The Noise rather stronger than sharp that Things make that come on other with Force and Quickness.  
*Ticht*, handsome, tight.  
*Tig*, to sport with gentle touches, patting and the  
*Tinsell*, Lose. [like.  
*Tint*, Lost.  
*Tirl*, to give a small sharp Stroke, *item* to uncover.  
*Tirly mirly*, a Whirlygig.  
*Tittar*, rather.  
*Tod*, a Fox.  
*Toder*, the other.  
*Toits* or *toyts*, Freeks.

*Tolbuitb*, a Prison.  
*Towdy*, the Arse.  
*Towris*, Towers.  
*Towmond*, Twelve Months.  
*Trantals*, Nig-nays.  
*Trattles*, silly Tales.  
*Traikit*, dragled.  
*Trayn*, Train or Lead.  
*Treachour* or *treichour*, treacherous.  
*Trete* or *treit*, treat.  
*Tretie*, intreating.  
*Trew*, true.  
*Trig*, neat.  
*Trow*, believe.  
*Truncheon*, Head or Piece of a Spear.  
*Trumpours*, Deceivers.  
*Tryme*, handsome.  
*Trymbill*, Tremble.  
*Tryst*, an Appointment.  
*Tung*, Tongue.  
*Tuke*, took.  
*Tume*, empty, *item* to empty.  
*Tway* or *twae*, two.  
*Twich*, Touch.  
*Twyne*, to twine.  
*Tyde*, Tide.  
*Tyke*, a Dog.  
*Tymmer*, Timber.  
*Tyne* or *tene*, loss.  
*Tyne*, *tein*, or *tine*, Anger.  
*Tynt*, lost.  
*Tyte*, streight, soon, quickly.

## WA

*WA*, Wall.  
*Wad* or *Wed*, Wager.  
*Wae*, Woe.

*Waefu*,

- Waefu*, woeful.  
*Wag*, Shake.  
*Waif*, lonely, alone.  
*Waif*, Wave.  
*Wair* or *ware*, to bestow.  
*Waik*, weak, *item* wait.  
*Waith*, wandred or strayed.  
*Wakryfe*, little enclined to sleeping.  
*Wale*, the Choice, to choife.  
*Wald*, would.  
*Walop*, to Galop.  
*Wallowit*, withered.  
*Waly*, large.  
*Wally-gowdy*, great Jewell.  
*Walydraig*, a pityful Creature, or the most worthlefs of a number.  
*Wame*, Womb.  
*Wan*, pale, *item* went.  
*Wanfuckit*, ill nurfed.  
*Wanworth*, worthlefs.  
*Wane* or *wain*, Houfe.  
*Wanflers*, Venus Gamefters.  
*Wanrufe*, uneasy.  
*Warden*, Guardian.  
*Warifon*, Reward.  
*Wark*, Work.  
*Warlo*, a Wretch.  
*Warie*, to fret.  
*Wate* or *wait*, to know.  
*Waw*, a Wall, a Wave.  
*Wedfet*, to Mortgage.  
*Weil*, well.  
*Weind*, fupposed.  
*Weir*, War.  
*Weird*, Fortune.  
*Weit*, Rain, *item* to wet.  
*Wene* or *wein*, to think or fuppose.
- Wend*, go away.  
*Weirly*, cautiously.  
*Wypit*, wiped or woped.  
*Wicht*, clever.  
*Wicht*, Wight, a Perfon.  
*Wicker*, Willow.  
*Wid*, mad.  
*Widdert*, withered.  
*Widdy* or *Wody*, the Gallows.  
*Wie*, little.  
*Widdyfow*, Gallows fac'd.  
*Widdill*, an uneasy reftlefs Motion.  
*Will*, wild.  
*Willfom*, wild.  
*Wimple*, to fold back and foreward.  
*Winning*, Dwelling.  
*Winnocks*, Windows.  
*Wirde* or *wordy*, worthy.  
*Wirk*, to work.  
*Wirry*, to worry.  
*Wift*, to know.  
*Wod*, a Wood.  
*Won*, to dwell.  
*Wond*, dwelt.  
*Wont*, thought or fupposed.  
*Wouit*, courted.  
*Wrak*, Wreck.  
*Wowf*, Wolf.  
*Wow*, a Note of Wonder.  
*Wraik*, to vex.  
*Wraith*, the Waste.  
*Wrait*, wrote.  
*Wrang*, wrong.  
*Wrocht*, wrought.  
*Wympler*, a Curle or Wave.  
*Wylie*, cunning.  
*Wyfe*, Wife.  
*Wyfis*, Wives.

*Wyt*, to blame, the Cause or  
*Wys*, wife. [Blame.

*Wyssp*, a Handful of Straw,  
 or the like.

*Valziant*, valiant.

*Vanise*, vanish.

*Udder*, other.

*Velziet*, availed.

*Venomit*, Envenomed.

*Vertew*, Virtue.

*Ug*, to loath.

*Ug some*, loathsome.

*Vissy*, take a View of.

*Ulic*, Oyl.

*Undocht*, one that can do  
 nothing.

*Unfulziet*, undefiled.

*Ungeird*, unarmed.

*Unquit*, uncleared or unpaid.

*Unficker*, unsure.

*Unxeon*, Union.

*Vyce*, Vice.

*Vyle*, vile.

## Y

*YCE*, Ice.

*Ydle*, idle.

*Yle*, Isle.

*Ynd*, India.

*Yre*, Ire.

*Yreland*, Ireland.

*Yron*, Iron.

## Z A

*Zaip* or *zap*, sharp fet,  
 hungry.

*Zamer*, to make a Grum-  
 bling like a Child.

*Ze*, ye, *item* yea.

*Zell*, ye 'll.

*Zellow*, Yellow.

*Zeid*, went.

*Zeil*, ye will.

*Zeid*, yield.

*Zeir*, Year.

*Zelp*, yelp, cry like a Dog.

*Zemen*, Yeamen.

*Zestrene*, Yesternight.

*Zet*, Yet or Gate.

*Zing*, young.

*Zit* or *Zet*, yet.

*Zisterday*, Yesterday.

*Zolden*, holden.

*Zoke*, Yoak.

*Zonkers*, Youngsters.

*Zon*, yon.

*Zoul*, howl.

*Zouth*, Youth.

*Zouthheid*, Youth-head.

*Zule*, Christmas.

*Zung*, young.

*Zyrne*, to carn or cruddle as  
 new Cheafe.

*N.B.* Some old *Scots* Words not explained in this Glossary, through Inadvertency in collecting and ranging of them, and some few, for which we can plead a better Excuse, shall be annexed, with such in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which Volume is to be published in a short Time, consisting chiefly of Satyres and Interludes, wrote by Sir *David Lindsay* of the *Mount*, Lyon King at Arms, and acted on the *Play Green* between *Leith* and *Edinburgh*, with several other Pieces never before printed.

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