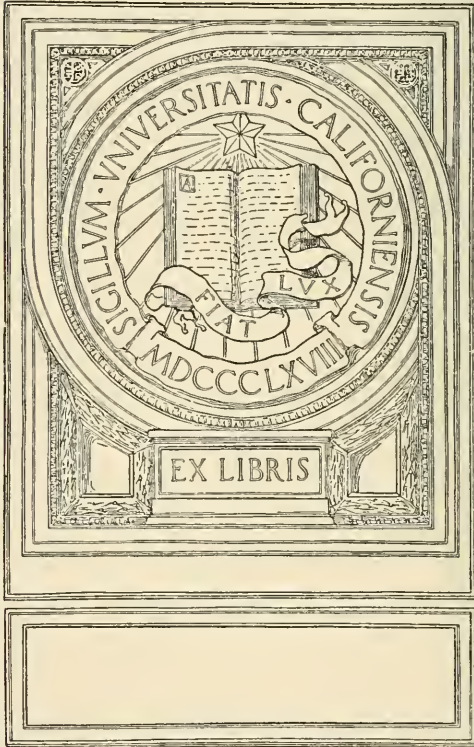


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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THE
CALEDONIAN MUSE:
A CHRONOLOGICAL SELECTION
OF
SCOTISH POETRY
FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

EDITED BY THE LATE
JOSEPH RITSON, ESQ.

WITH VIGNETTES ENGRAVED BY HEATH,
AFTER THE DESIGNS OF STOTHARD.

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THE
CALEDONIAN MUSE.
PART I.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

BY KING JAMES I.*

*From the Maitland manuscript, in the Pepysian library,
Cambridge.*

New begin

AT Beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the play,
To heir the singin and the foundis,
The solace suth to say,

* Born 1393; dyed 1437.

V. 1. Beltane, or Beltein, was a great, and, originally, Celtic, festival, held on the first of May.

V. 2. Peblis, or Peebles, is the principal town in the shire of Tweeddale.

280577

Be firth and forrest furth thay found, 5
 Thay graythit thame full gay,
 God wait ' that' wald thai do that found,
 For it wes thair feist day,
 Thay said.
 Of Peblis to the play. 10

All the wenchis of the west
 War vp or the cok crew,
 For reilling thair nicht na man rest,
 For garray and for glew,
 Ane said my curches ar nocht prest; 15
 Than ansuerit Meg full blew,
 To get ane hude I hald it best,
 Be goddis faull that is trew,
 quod scho,
 Of Peblis to the play. 20

Scho tuik the tippet be the end,
 To lat it hing scho leit nocht;
 Quod he, thy bak fall beir ane bend;
 In fayth, quod scho, we meit nocht,
 Scho wes so gucket and so gend, 25
 That day ane byt scho eit nocht;
 ' Than' spak hir fallowis that hir kend,
 Be still, my joy, and greit nocht,
 Now.
 Of Peblis to the play. 30

Euir, allace, than said scho,
 Am I nocht cleirlye tynt,
 I dar nocht cum zon mercat to,
 I am so ewill sone brint;
 Amang zon merchandis my erandis do, 35
 Marie I fall anis mynt,
 Stand of far, and keik thaim to,
 As I at hame wes wont,
 Off Peblis to the play. Quod scho. 40

Hopcalze and Cardronow
 Gaderit out thik fald,
 With hay and how rolumbelow,
 The zoung follis wer full bald
 The ' bag pyp' blew, and thai out threw 45
 Out of the townis vntald;
 Lord! sic ane schout wes thame amang,
 Quhen thai wer our the wald,
 Off Peblis to the play. Thair west. 50

Ane zoung man stert in to that steid,
 Als cant as ony colt,
 Ane birkin hat vpon his heid,
 With ane bow and ane bolt;
 Said, mirrie madinis, think nocht lang, 55
 The wedder is fair and smolt.
 He cleikit vp ane hie ruf fang,

V. 41. Hopcalze and Cardronow are supposed to be the names of adjacent villages.

V. 45. byg pyk. MS.

Thair fure ane man to the holt,
 Quod he.
 Of Peblis to the play. 60

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
 Quhen the madinis come vpon thame,
 Ilk ane man gaif his confait,
 How at thair wald dispone thame :
 Ane said, the fairest fallis me, 65
 'Tak ze the laif and fone thame.
 Ane vther said, wyfe' ane lat be,
 On 'Tweddell syd, and on thame,
 Swythe.
 Of Pebles to the play. 70

Than he to ga and scho to ga
 And never ane bad abyd zow :
 Ane winklot fell, and hir taill vp ;
 W. . . . , quod Malkin, hyd zow :
 Quhat neidis zow to maik it sua ? 75
 Zon man wul nocht our ryd zow.
 Ar ze our gude, quod scho, I fay,
 To lat thame gang besyd zow,
 Zonder.

Of Peblis to the play. 80

Than thair come to the townis end
 With outtin more delay,
 He befoir, and scho befoir,
 To se quha wes maist gay.

V. 58. The beginning of his song,—well known, perhaps, in the authors time.

V. 74. A word or two not legible.

All that luikit thame vpon 85
 Leuche fast at thair array ;
 Sum said that thai wer merkat folk ;
 Sum said the quene of may
 Wes cumit.
 Of Peblis to the play. 90

Than thai to the taverne hous
 With meikle oly prance ;
 Ane spak with wourdis wonder crouse,
 A done with ane mischance.
 Braid vp the burde, he ' bydis,' tyt, 95
 We ar all in ane trance,
 Se that our napre be quhyt,
 For we will dyn and daunce,
 Thair out.
 Of Peblis to the play. 100

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
 Ane scorit vpon the wauch.
 Ane bad pay, ane vther said nay,
 Byd quhill we rakin out lauche.
 The gudwyf said, haue ze na dreid, 105
 Ze fall pay at zo ' auche'.
 Ane zoung man stert vpon his feit,
 And he began to lauche,
 For heydin.
 Off Peblis to the play. 110

He gat ane truncheair in his hand,
 And he began to compt ;
 Ilk man tua and ane happenie,
 To pay thus we war wount.
 Ane vther stert vpon his feit, 115
 And said, thow art our blunt
 To ' tak' sic office vponn hand ;
 Be god thow seruice ane dunt
Of me.
 Of Peblis to the play. 120

Ane dunt ! quod he, quhat dewill is that ?
 Be god thow dar nocht dud.
 He stert till ane broggit stauf,
 Wincheand as he war woode.
 All that hous wes in ane reirde ; 125
 Ane cryit, the halie rude !
 Help ws, lord, vpon this erde,
 That thair be spilt na blude,
Heir in,
 Of Peblis to the play. 130

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis,
 With outtin ony reddin ;
 Gilbert in ane guttar glayde,
 He gat na better beddin.
 Thair wes nocht ane of thame that day 135
 Wald do ane vtheris biddin.
 Thair by lay thre and threttie sum
 Thrumland in ane midding
Off draff,
 Of Peblis to the play. 140

V. 117. stak. MS.

Ane

Ze fylit me, fy for schame, quod scho,
 Se as ze haue drest me ; 170
 How feill ze, schir? As my girdin brak,
 Quhat meikle deuil may lest me ;
 I wait [nocht] weill quhat it wes,
 My awin gray meir that kest me,
 Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt, 175
 And syn lay down to rest me,
 Zonder.
 Of Peblis to the play.

Be that the bargan wes all playit,
 The stringis stert out of thair nokkis ; 180
 Sewin sum that the tulze maid
 Lay gruffingis in the stokkis.
 Johne Nikfoun of the Nether warde
 Had lever haue giffin ane ox
 Or he had cuming in that cumpanie, 185
 He swore be Goddis cokkis,
 And mannis bayth.
 Of Peblis to the play.

With that Will Swane come sweitand out
 Ane meikle millar man ; 190
 Gif I fall dance haue doune, lat se,
 Blaw vp the bagpyp than :
 The schamons dance I mon begin
 I trow it fall nocht pane.
 So havelie he hochit about, 195
 To se him, lord! as thai ran
 That tyd.
 Of Peiblis to the play.

Thay

Thay gadderit out of the toun,
 - And neirar him thai dreuche; 200
 Ane baid gif the daunfaris rowme,
 Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
 Than all the wenschis te he thai playit;
 Bot lord! as Will Zoung leuche.
 Grande gossip cum hyn zon gaitis, 205
 For we haue daunfit aneuche,
 At anis,
 At Peblis at the play.

Sa ferlie fyr hait wes the day
 His face began to frekill, 210
 Than Tisbe tuik him by the hand,
 Wes new cuming fra the heckill;
 Allace, quod scho, quhat fall I do?
 And our doure hes na stekill.
 And scho to ga as hir taill brynt, 215
 And all the cairlis to kekill
 At hir.
 Of Peblis to the play.

'The' pyper said, now I begin
 To tyre for playing to [zow], 220
 Bot zit I haue gottin na thing
 For all my pyping to zow;
 Thre happennis for half ane day,
 And that will nocht vndo zow:

And gif ze will gif me richt nocht, 225
 The meikill deuill gang with zow,
 Quod he.
 Of Peblis to the play.

Ba that the daunfing wes all done,
 Thair leif tuik les and mair ; 230
 Quhen the winklottis and the wawaris twynnit,
 To se it wes hart fair.
 Quhat Atkin said to fayr Ales,
 My bird now will I fayr :
 The dewill a wourde that scho nicht speik, 235
 Bot swownit that sweit of fwair,
 For kyndnes.
 Of Peblis to the play.

He fippillit lyk ane faderles sole,
 And [said] be still, my sweit thing. 240
 Be the haly rud of Peblis,
 I may nocht rest for greting.
 He quhiffillit and he pypit bayth,
 To mak hir blyth that meiting :
 My hony hart, how sayis the fang ? 245
 Thair fal be mirth at our meting
 Zit.
 Of Peblis to the play.

Be that the sone wes settand schaftis,
 And neir done was the day : 250
 Thair men nicht heir schukin of schaftis,
 Quhen that thai went thair way.

Had

Had thair bein mair made of this fang,
Mair fuld I to zow fay.
At Beltane ilka bodie bound
To Peiblis to the play.

255



THE
THRISSEL AND THE ROSE.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.*

*From the edition published by sir David Dalrymple, bart.
lord Hailes, after the Hyndford MS. in the Advocates
library, Edinburgh, 1770.*

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had with hir silver shouris
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt :

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day, 10
And halfit me, with visage paile and grene ;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
Awalk luvaris out of your flemering,
Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

Methocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude, 15
In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys ; 20
Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

* Born 14..; dyed 15... This poem was written on the nuptials
of James IV. with Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII. in 1504.

Slugart,

Slagart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt; 25
 Yet nocht increfs thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blifsfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I upryse at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing; 30
 Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their forrow;
 Thy air it is nocht holfum nor benyng;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring:
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne. 35

With that this lady fobirly did smyll,
 And said, Uprise, and do thy observance,
 Thou did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the Rose of most plesance.
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance, 40
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,
 Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho this quene,
 And enterit in a lusty garding gent;
 And than methocht full heftely besene, 45
 In serk and mantill after her I went
 Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,
 And grene levis doing of dew down sleit.

The purpour fone, with tendir bemys reid, 50
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
 Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
 Quhois gilt treffis schone so wondir cleir,
 That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
 To luke upone his fresche and blifsfull face, 55
 Doing all fable fro the Hevynis chace.

And as the blifsfull sonene of cherarchy
 The fowlis sung throw comfort of the licht;
 The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,
 O luvaris so away throw dully nicht, 60
 And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
 Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora schene,
 Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
 To fers Neptunus, and Eolus the bauld, 65
 Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
 And that no schöuris nor blastis cawld
 Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fauld:
 Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,
 That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry. 70

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist
 Befoir her Hienes suld annone compeir,
 And every flour of vertew, most and leist,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As they had wont in May fro yeir to yeir, 75
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

With

With that annone scho fend the swiyft ro
 To bring in beistis of all condition ;
 The restles swallow commandit scho also 80
 To fetch all foull of small and greit renown,
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun ;
 Full craftely conjurit scho the yarrow,
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane ce, 85
 Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene.
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degre,
 Was callit thair, and he most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befoir Dame Nature come, and did inclyne, 90
 With visage bauld, and courage leonyne.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,
 Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Ryght strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance, 95
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,
 In feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With floure-de-Lycis sirculit lustely.

This lady listit up his cluvis cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kne, 100
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Of raydous stonis, most ryall for to se ;
 Saying, The King of Beistis mak I the,
 And the cheif protector in wodds and schawis,
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis. 105

Exerce justice with mercy and consciens,
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir pufience :
 Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgls with his busleous hornis 110
 The meik pluch-ox opprefs, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him befyd.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,
 All kynd of beistis into thair degre
 At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*, 115
 And till his feit fell with humilite ;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewte ;
 And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is proteir prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis, 120
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bad him be als just to awppis and owlis,
 As unto pakokkis, papingais, or crenis,
 And mak a law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis,
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay, 125
 Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
 Discryving all thair fassious and effeirs ;
 Upon the awfull THRISSILL scho beheld,
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speiris ; 130
 Considering him so able for the weiris,
 A radius crown of rubies scho him gaif,
 And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif.

And fen thou art a King, thou be discret,
 Herb without vertew thou hald nocht of sic pryce 135
 As herb of vertew and of odor sweit ;
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
 Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce ;
 Nor lat no wyld weid full of churlifhnefs
 Compar her till the lilleis nobilnefs. 140

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty
 As the fresche ROSE, of cullour reid and quhyt :
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
 Considdering that no flour is so perfyt,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt, 145
 So full of blifsfull angelik bewty,
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignite.

Than to the ROSE scho turnit hir visage,
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
 Aboif the lilly, illustrare of lynage, 150
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,
 But ony spot or macull doing spring,
 Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,
 For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

A costly crown, with clarefeid stonis bricht, 155
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht ;
 Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did reiose,
 Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richest Rose,
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris, 160
 To the be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull foun wes marvellus to heir;
 The mavys fang, Haill Rose most riche and richt,
 That dois upflureifs under Phebus speir! 165
 Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
 Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperial.

The merle scho fang, Haill Rose of most delyt,
 Haill of all fluris quene and soverane. 170
 The lark scho fang, Haill Rose both reid and quhyt,
 Most pleafand flour, of mighty coullours twane.
 The nichtingail song, Haill Naturis suffragene
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnes,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilnes. 175

The common voce upraife of burdis small
 Upone this wys, O blissit be the hour
 That thou wes chosén to be our principall;
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour, 180
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicite;
 Chryst the conferf frome all adversite.

Than all the burdis song with sic a schout
 That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnit me about 185
 To se this court; bot all wer went away;
 Then up I leinyt, halflinges in affrey,
 And thus I wret as ye haif hard to sorrow,
 Of lusty May upone the nynt morrow.



ADVICE TO THE COURTIER.

BY QUYNTENE SCHAW.*

From the Maitland manuscript.

SUPPOIS the courte zow cheir and tretis,
And fortoun on zow schynis and betis,
I rid zow than, war lufe, war le;
Suppois ze fale betuix twa scheittis,
Utheris hes falit als weill as ze. 5

Giff chynge the wynd on force ze mon
Bolyn huke haik and schete hale on,
Thairfoir bewar with ane scharpe blawar;
Giff ze be wys avyse heiron,
And set zour fale a little lawar. 10

For gif ze hauld zour fale our strek,
Thair may cum bubbis ze not suspek;
Thair may cum contrairis ze not knaw;
Thair may cum stormes, and caus a lek,
That ze man cap be wynd and waw. 15

And thocht the air be fair and stormles,
Zit thair hauld not zour fale our pres;
For of hie landis thair may cum flaggis,
At Saint Tabbis heid and Buchan nes,
And ryve zour foirfaill all in raggis. 20

* Born 1 . . . ; dyed 15 Nothing of this authors is elzewhere
to be found in print.

Be than vexit and at undir,
 Zour freindis will fre and on zou wondir ;
 Thairfoir bewar with our hie landis,
 Sic flaggis may fall, suppois a hundir,
 War zow to help thai have no handis.

25

Dreid this danger, gud freind and brudir,
 And tak exemple befoir of uther ;
 Knaw courtis and wynd hes oft syc vareit :
 Keip weill to zour cours, and rewle zour rudir,
 And think with kingis ze ar not mareit.

30



ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

BY ROBERT HENRYSONE.*

From Lord Hailese's edition.

ROBENE fat on gud grene hill,
 Keipand a flok of fie,
 Mirry Makyne said him till,
 Robene, thow rew on me;
 I haif the luvit lowd and still, 5
 Thir yeiris two or thre;
 My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
 Doutless bot dreid I de.

Robene answerit, Be the rude,
 Na thing of lufe I knaw, 10
 Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,
 Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
 Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
 Makyne, to me thow schaw;
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude? 15
 Faine wald I leir that law.

At luis lair gife thow will leir,
 Tak thair ane A, B, C;
 Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 Wyse, hardy, and fre. 20
 Se that no denger do the deir,
 Quhat dule in dern thow dre;
 Preifs the with pane at all poweir,
 Be patient and previc.

* "*Scholmaister of Dumfermline.*" Born 1...; dyed 15...

Robene answerit her agane, 25
 I wait nocht quhat is luve,
 Bot I haif mervell incertaine,
 Quhat makis the this wanrufe ;
 The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
 My schein gois haill aboif, 30
 And we wald play us in this plane,
 Thay wald us bayth reproif.

Robene, tak tent unto my taill,
 And wirk all as I reid,
 And thow fall haif my hairt all haill, 35
 And eik my maidinheid.
 Sen God sendis bute for baill,
 And for murning remeid,
 I dern with the ; bot gif I daill,
 Dowbtles I am bot deid. 40

Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,
 And ye will meit me heir,
 Peraventure my schein ma gang besyd,
 Quhyll we haif liggit full neir ;
 Bot maugre haif I and I byd, 45
 Fra they begin to steir ;
 Quhat lysis on hairt I will nocht hyd ;
 Makyne, than mak gud cheir.

Robene, thou reivis me roifs and rest,
 I lufe bot the allone. 50
 Makyne, adew, the sone gois west,
 The day is neirhand gone.

*V. 36. This appears, from the Evergreen, to be the genuine reading.
 Lord Hailes has taken the strangest liberty with it.*

Robene, in dule I am so drest,
 That lufe will be my bone.
 Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou list, 55
 For leman I lue none.

Robene, I stand in sic a style
 I sicht, and that full fair.
 Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle,
 At hame God gif I wair. 60
 My hinny Robene, talk anc quhyle,
 Gif thou wilt do na mair.
 Makyne, sum uthir man begyle,
 For hamewart I will fair.

Robene on his wayis went, 65
 As licht as leif of tre ;
 Makyne murnit in her intent,
 And trowd him nevir to fe.
 Robene brayd attour the bent ;
 Than Makyne cryit on hie, 70
 Now ma thow sing, for I am schent!
 Quhat alis lufe with me ?

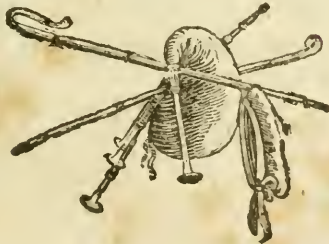
Makyne went hame withouttin fail,
 Full werry eftir cowth weip :
 Than Robene in a ful-fair dail 75
 Assemblit all his schein.
 Be that sum parte of Makynes ail
 Out-throw his hairt coud creip ;
 He followit hir fast thair till assail,
 And till her tuke gude keep. 80

- Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing ;
 For all my luvè it fall be thyne,
 Withouttin departing. .
 All hail ! thy hairt for till haif myne, 85
 Is all my cuvating ;
 My scheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,
 Will neid of no keping.
- Robene, thou hes hard foug and fay,
 In gestis and storeis auld, 90
 The man that will not quhen he may,
 Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
 I pray to Jesu every day,
 Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
 That first preiffis with the to play, 95
 Be firth, forrest, or fawld.
- Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wedder is warme and fair,
 And the grene woud rycht neir us by
 To walk attour all quhair : 100
 Thair ma na janglour us espy,
 That is to lufe contrair ;
 Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
 Unfene we ma repair.
- Robene, that warld is all away, 105
 And quyt brocht till ane end,
 And nevir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend ;
 For

For of my pane thou maide it play,
 And all in vane I spend : 110
 As thou hes done, sa fall I fay,
 Murne on, I think to mend.

Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
 My hairt on the is fett,
 And evir ma to the be leill, 115
 Quhile I may leif but lett ;
 Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
 Quhat grace that evir I gett.
 Robene, with the I will not deill ;
 Adew, for thus we mett. 120

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,
 Attoure the holtis hair ;
 Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche ;
 Scho sang, he sichit fair :
 And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch, 125
 In dolour and in cair,
 Kepand his hird under a huche,
 Amangis the holtis hair.



CHRISTS KIRK ON THE GREEN.

BY KING JAMES V.*

From the Maitland manuscript.

WAS never in Scotland hard nor fene
Sic danfing nor deray,
Nother in Falkland on the grene,
Nor Peblis to the Play,
As was of wowaris, as I wene, 5
At Chryftis kirk on ane day,
Thair come our Kittie, wesching clene,
In hir new kirtill of gray,
Full gay,
At Chryftis kirk on the grene. 10

To dance the damifallis thame dicht,
And lassis licht of laittis,
Thair gluvis war of the raffell richt,
Thair schone war of the straitis,
Thair kirtillis war of the lincum licht, 15
Weill prest with mony plaitis,
Thay war so nyce quhen men thame nicht,
Thay squeild lyk ony gaitis,
Ful loud,
At Chryftis kirk on the grene. 20

* Born 1511; dyed 1542.

V. 3. Falkland in Fife, where the Scottish kings had a palace.

V. 6. Christs-kirk is a town near Falkland.

In honour of the feist,
 At Chrystis [kirk] on the grein. That day,
50

Thome Lucar was yair menstrale meit,
 O lord! gif he culd lance!
 He playit fo' schill, and sang so sweit,
 Quhill Towfie tuik ane trance;
 All auld lycht futtis he did forleyt, 55
 And counterfutit France,
 He him avyfit as man discreit,
 And vp the moreis dance,
 At Chrystis [kirk on the grene]. 'He' tuik,
60

Than Robene Roy begouth to revell,
 And Dowie to him druggit,
 Lat be, quod Jokke, and callit him gavell,
 And be the tail him tuggit,
 He turnit and cleikit to the cavell, 65
 Bot, lord, than gif thai luggit!
 Thai partit thair play thane with ane nevell,
 Men wait gif hair wes ruggit
 At Chrystis kirk [on the grene.] Betwene thame,
70

Ane bend ane bow, sic sturt couth fleir him,
 Grit scayth war to haue scard him,
 He' chefit ane 'flane' as did affeir him,
 The tother said dirdum dardum,
 Throw bayth the cheikis he thocht to their him, 75
 Or throw the chafis haue charde him,

V. 59. Scho. MS.

V. 73. flame. MS.

Bot

Bot be ane myle it come nocht neir him,
I can nocht say quhat mard him

Thair,

At Chrystis kirk [on the grene].

80

With that ane freynd of his cryit fy,

And vp ane arow drew,

He forgeit it so ferflye,

The bowe in flenders flew ;

Sa was the will of god trow I,

85

For had the tre bene trew,

Men said, that kend his archerie,

That he had flane anew

That day,

At Chrystis kirk [on the grene].

90

Ane haistie henfour callit Harie,

Quhilk wes ane archer heynd,

Tit wp ane takill but ony tarye,

That turment so him teynd ;

I wait nocht quhidder his hand culd varie,

95

Or gif the man was his freynd,

Bot he chapit throw the michtis of Marie,

As man that na ewill meynd

That tyme,

At Chrystis kirk [on the grene].

100

Than Lowrie as ane lyoun lap,

And fone ane flane culd fedder,

He hecht to pers him at the pape,

Thairon to wed ane wedder,

He hit him on the wambe ane wap,

105

And

And it buft lyk ane bledder,
 But, lo! as fortoun was and hap,
 His doublat was of ledder,
 And fauft him,
 At Crhryflis kirk of [the grene]. 110

The 'buff' fo bouftuoufflie abafit him,
 To the erd he dufchit doun,
 The tother for dreid he preiffit him,
 And fled out of the toun;
 The wyffis come furth and vp thay paifit him, 115
 And fand lyff in the loun,
 And with thre routis [up] thay raifit him,
 And coverit him of fwoune,
 Agane,
 At Crhyflis kirk [on the grene]. 120

Ane zaip zoung man that ftude him neift,
 Loufit of ane fchot with ire,
 He etlit the berne ewin in the breift,
 The bout flew our the byre,
 Ane cryit that he had flane ane preift, 125
 Ane myle be zond ane myre,
 Than bow and bag fra him he caift,
 And fled als fers as fyre
 Of flint,
 At Chryflis kirk [on the grene]. 130

With ferkis and flalis thay leit grit flappis,
 And flang togither with friggis,
 With bougaris of barnis thai birft blew cappis,
 Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis:

The rerde rais rudlie with the rappis, 135
 Quhen rungis was layd on riggis,
 The wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis,
 Lo quhair my lyking liggis !

Quod scho,
 At Chryftis kirk [on the grene]. 140

Thay girnit and leit girdis with granis,
 Ilk goffop vther grevit,
 Sum fraikit stingis, sum gadderit stanis,
 Sum fled and 'ewill' eschewit ;
 'The menstrall wan win 'twa' wanis, 145
 That day full weill he previt,
 For he come hame with vnbrisde banis,
 Quhair fechtaris war mischevit

For ever,
 At Chryftis kirk [on the grene]. 150

Heich Huchoun with ane hissill ryfs,
 To red can throw thame rummill,
 He mudlit thame down lyk ony myse,
 He wes na baty bummill ;
 Thocht he wes wicht he wes nocht wyfs, 155
 With sic jatouris to geummill,
 For fra his thoume thay dang ane sklyfs,
 Quhill he cryit barlaw fummill,

Ouris,
 At Chryftis kirk [on the grene]. 160

V. 144. weill. MS.

V. 145. ane. MS. But within twa wains (according to Ramsay) is the reading of the Hyndford MS. and the alteration is absolutely necessary to render the passage intelligible. The piper preserved himself by getting between two waggons, or carts.

Quhen

Twa that was herdismen of the herde
 Ran vpone vther lyk rammis,
 Thai forsy freikis richt vneffeird,
 Bet on with barow trammiss;
 Bot quhan thair gobbis war bayth vngird, 195
 Thai gat vpon the gammis,
 Quhill bludie barkit was thair berd,
 As thay had worreit lambis,
 Most lyk,
 At Chrystis kirk [on the grene]. 200

The wyffis cast vp ane hiddwous zell,
 Quhen all the zoungkeiris zokkit;
 Als fers as ony fyr flauchtis fell,
 Freikis to the feild yn flokit;
 'Thay cavellis with clubbis culd vther quell, 205
 Quhill blude at breiftis out bokkit;
 So rudlie rang the commoun bēll,
 Quhill all the steipill rokkit,
 For rerde;
 At Chrystis kirk on [the grene]. 210

Quhen thai had beirit lyk batit bullis,
 And brane wode brynt in balis,
 Thai wox als mait as ony mulis
 'That mangit ar' with malis:
 For fantnes thay forfochtin fulis 215
 Fell down lyk flauchter falis;
 Frefche men com hame, and halit the dulis,

V. 214. Thai maggit war. *MS.*

V. 215. forfochin. *MS.*

T O H I S H E A R T .

BY ALEXANDER SCOTT.*

From Lord Haileles edition.

R E T U R N E the hamewart, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
'T hou art ane fule to suffer pane,
For luvè of hir that luvis not the :
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie, 5
Luvè nane bot as thay mak the cause ;
And lat her seik ane hairt for the,
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

To quhat effect fould thou be thrall ?
But thank sen thou hes thy fre will ; 10
My hairt, be not sa bestiall,
But knaw quha dois the guid or ill :
Remane with me, and tarry still,
And se quha playis best their pawis,
And lat fillok sling her fill, 15
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

Thocht scho be fair, I will not fenzie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma :
For quhy ? thair is a felon menzie,
That femis gud, and ar not sa. 20

* *Born* I . . . ; *died* I

My hairt, tak nowdir pane nor wa,
 For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,
 But be thou glaid, and latt hir ga,
 For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,
 At her departing thow mak na cair,
 Bot all begyld; go quhair scho will,
 A shrew the hairt that mane makis mair.
 My hairt, be mirry, lait and air,
 This is the fynall end and claufe,
 And let her fallow ane filly fair,
 For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

25

30



- The cushat crouds, the corbie crys, 15
 The coukow couks, the prattling pyes,
 To geck hir they begin ;
- The jargoun ' of ' the jangling jayes,
 The craiking craws, and keckling kayes,
 They deavt me with thair din : 20
- The painted pawn, with Argos eyis,
 Can on his mayock call,
 The turtle wails on witherit tries,
 And Eccho answers all,
 Repeting, with greiting, 25
 How fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying, and spying
 His schadow in the well.
- I saw the hurcheon and the hare,
 In hidlings, hirpling here and thair, 30
 To mak thair morning mange ;
 The con, the cuning, and the cat,
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stif mustachis strange ;
- The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae, 35
 The fulmart and false fox ;
 The beardit buck clam up the brae,
 With birfily bairs and brocks ;
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding
 The hunters subtile snairs, 40
 With skipping, and tripping,
 They playit them all in pairs.

V. 18. or. PCC.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
 How every blossom, branch and bark,
 Against the sun did shyne,
 I pass to poetis to comyle,
 In hich, heroick, staitlie style, 75
 Quhais muse surmatches myne.

But as I lukit myne alane,
 I saw a river rin,
 Out owre a steipie rock of stane,
 Syne lichtit in a lin; 80
 With tumbling, and rumbling,
 Amang the roches round,
 Devalling, and falling
 Into a pit profound.

Throw rowting of the river rang 85
 The roches, founding lyke a fang,
 Quhair 'descant' did abound;
 With triple, tenor, counter, mein,
 And Ecchoe blew a base betwene,
 In diapason found, 90
 Set with the C-fol-fa-uth cleif,
 With lang and large at list,
 With quaver, crotchet, femibreif,
 And not an minum mist;
 Compleitlie, mair sweitlie, 95
 Scho fridound flat and sharp,
 Nor muses, that uses
 To pin Apollos harp.

V. 87. Das Kane. R.

Quha

- Quha wald haif tyrt to heir that tune,
 Quhilk birds corroborate ay abune, 100
 With lays of luvfum larks,
 Quhilk clim fae high in chrystal skys;
 Quhyle Cupid walkens with the crys
 Of natures chappel clerks:
 Quha leving all the hevins abuve, 105
 Allichted on the eird;
 Lo, how that little lord of luv
 Before me thair appeird,
 Sae myld lyke, and chyld lyk,
 With bow three quarters scant, 110
 Syne moylie, and coylie,
 He lukit lyke ane fant.
- Ane cleinly crisp hang owre his eyis,
 His quaver by his nakit thysis
 Hang in an silver lace, 115
 Of gold betwixt his schoulders grew
 Twa pretty wings, quhairwith he flew,
 On his left arm ane brace.
 This god sone aff his geir he schuke,
 Upon the grassie grund; 120
 I ran as lichtly for to luke,
 Quhair ferlies nicht be fund:
 Amasit I gafit
 To see his geir fae gay;
 Perfaising myne haveing, 125
 He countit me his prey.

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? 130

Cupido, fir, quod he, and smyld,
 Please you me to imploy:
 For I can serve you in your suite,
 If you please to impyre,
 With wings to flie, and schafsts to schute, 135
 Or flamis to set on fyre.

Mak choice then of those then,
 Or of a thousand things,
 But crave them, and have them:
 With that I woud his wings. 140

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 suld lend the heir,
 Bow, quaver, schafsts, and schuting geir, 145
 Sum body to begyle?
 That geir, quod I, cannot be bocht,
 Zit I wald haif it fain.

Quhat gif, quod he, it cost thee nocht,
 . But rendering all again? 150
 His wings then he brings then,
 And band them on my back:
 Go flie now, quod he now;
 And fae my leif I tak.

I sprang up with Cupidoes wings, 155

Quha bow and schuting geir resigns,
To lend me for a day :

As Icarus with borrowit flicht,
I mountit hichar nor I nicht,

Owre perrilous ane play. 160

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, 165

Quhyle either end I handill :

Come se now in me now

The butterflie and candill.

As scho delysts into the low,

So was I browdin of my bow, 170

As ignorant as scho ;

And as scho flies quhyl scho be fyrt,

Sua with the dart that I desyrt,

My hand has hurt me to.

As fulish Phaeton be fuit,

His fathers cart obtaind, 175

Sa langt I in Lufis bow to schute,

Not marking quhat it meind ;

Mair wilfull, than skilfull,

To flie I was fae fond, 180

Desyring, aspyring ;

And fae was sene upond.

- Too late I knew, quha hewis to hie,
 The spail fall fall into his eie,
 Too late I went to the schuils; 185
 Too late I heard the swallow preich,
 Too late experience dois teich,
 The schuil-maister of fuils;
 Too late I find the nest I feik,
 Quhen all the birds ar flowin; 190
 Too late the stabil-dore I steik,
 Quhen all the steids are stowin;
 Too late ay, thair state ay,
 All fulish folk espy;
 Behind fae, they find fae 195
 Remeid, and fae do I.
- Gif I had rylie bene advyft,
 I had not raschly enterpryft
 To soir with borrowit penns;
 Nor zet had seyde the archer-craft, 200
 To schute mysell with sik a schaft,
 As reason quyte miskenns.
 Frae willfulness gaif me my wound,
 I had no force to flie,
 Then came I grainand to the ground; 205
 Freind, welcum hame, quod he;
 Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?
 Or quha brings hame the buiting?
 I se now, quod he now,
 Ze haif bene at the schuting. 210
- As

As skorne cums commonlie with skaith,
 Sa I behuift to byde them baith,
 Sae stakkering was my stait ;
 That undir cure I gat sik chek,
 Quhilk I nicht nocht remuif nor nek, 215
 But eyther stail or mait :
 My agony was fae extreme,
 I swelt and swound for feir,
 But or I walkynt of my dreame,
 He spulzied me of my geir ; 220
 With slicht then, on hicht then,
 Sprang Cupid in the skyis,
 Forzetting, and setting
 At nocht my cairfull cryis.

Sae lang with slicht I followit him, 225
 Quhyle baith my dazelit eyis grew him,
 With stairing on the starns,
 Quhilk flew fae thick befoir my ein,
 Sum red, sum zellow, blew, sum grene,
 Quhilk trublit all my harns, 230
 That every thing apperit twae
 To my barbulzeit brain ;
 But lang nicht I ly luiking fae,
 Or Cupid came again ;
 Quhais thundering, with wondering, 235
 I hard up throw the air,
 Throw cluds so he thuds so,
 And flew I wist not quhair.

Then

Then frae I saw that god was gane,
 And in a langour left allane, 240
 And fair tormentit to,
 Sumtyme I sicht, quhyl I was sad,
 Sumtyme I musit, and maist gane mad,
 I wist not quhat to do ;
 Sumtyme I ravit, half in a rage, 245
 As ane into despair ;
 To be opprest with sic a page,
 Lord, gif my heart was fair !
 Like Dido, Cupido,
 I widdill, and I warie, 250
 Quha rest me, and left me,
 In sic a feirie-farie.

Then felt I Curage and Desyre
 In flame my heart with uncouth fyre,
 To me befoir unknawn : 255
 But now nae blude in me remains
 Unburnt and boylt within my vaines,
 By Luve his bellies blawin ;
 To quhench it or I was devorit,
 With sichts I went about ; 260
 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 265
 The dolour of my wounds.

With

With deidly visage, pail and wan,
 Mair lyke anatomy than man,
 I widdert clein away;
 As wax befoir the fyre, I felt 270
 My heart within my bosom melt,
 And peice and peice decay :
 My veines with brangling lyk to brek,
 My punsis lap with pith ;
 Sae fervency did me infek, 275
 That I was vext thairwith :
 My heart ay did start ay,
 The fyrie flamis to flie ;
 Ay howping, throw lowping,
 'To leap at libertie. 280

But, O alace ! it was abusit,
 My cairfull corps kept it incluisit,
 In presoun of my breist ;
 With sichts sae sowpit and owre-set,
 Lyk to ane fisch fast in the net, 285
 In deid-thraw undeceist ;
 Quha thocht in vain scho stryve by strenth
 For to pull out hir heid,
 Quhilk profits naething at the length,
 But haistning to hir deid ; 290
 With wristing, and thirsting,
 The faster still is scho ;
 Thair I so did ly so,
 My death advancing to.

The mair I wrestlit with the wind, 295
 The faster still my self I find,
 Nae mirth my mynd nicht meise;
 Mair noy nor I had nevir nane,
 I was fae alert and owre-gane,
 Throw drowth of my diseise : 300
 Zit weakly, as I nicht, I raise,
 My sicht grew dim and dark,
 I stakkerit at the windill-straes,
 Nae takin I was stark ;
 Both sichtles and nichtles, 305
 I grew allmaist at ains ;
 In angwische, I langwische,
 With mony grievous grains.

With sober pace I did approche
 Hard to the river and the roche, 310
 Quhair of I spak befor :
 The river sic a murmur maid,
 As to the sea it saftly flaid,
 The craig hich, itay and schoir :
 Then Pleasure did me fae provok 315
 Thair partly to repair,
 Betwixt the river and the rock,
 Quhair Houp grew with Dispaire :
 A trie than I sie than,
 Of CHERRIES on the braes ; 320
 Below to I saw to
 Ane bufs of bitter SLAES.

The

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, 355
 Appeirandlie to me :

The craig was ugly, stay and dreich,
 The trie lang, sound and small,
 I was affrayd to clim fa hich,
 For feir to fetch a fall ; 360
 Affrayit to sey it,
 I luikit up on loft,
 Quhyls minting, quhyls flinting,
 My purpose changit oft.

Then Dreid, with Danger, and Dispair, 365
 Forbad my minting onie mair
 To rax abune my reiche.

Quhat, tusche, quod Curage, man, go to!
 He is but daft that has to do,
 And spairs for every speiche : 370

For I haif aft hard fuith men say,
 And we may see ourfells,
 That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
 And pultrones plain repells ;
 Then feir nocht, nor heir nocht 375
 Dread, Danger, or Dispair,
 To fazarts, hard hazarts
 Is deid, or they cum thair.

- Quha speids, but sic as heich aspyris?
 Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tyres 380
 To win a nobill name?
 Of schrinking quhat but shame succoids?
 Then do as thou wald haif thy deids
 In register of Fame.
- I put the cais, thou nocht prevaild, 385
 Sae thou with honour die,
 Thy lyfe, but not thy courage, faild,
 Sall poets pen of thee :
 Thy name than from fame than
 Sall nevir be cut aff, 390
 Thy graif ay fall haif ay
 That honest epitaff.
- Quhat can thou losse, quhen honour lives?
 Renown thy vertew ay revives,
 Gif valiauntlie thou end. 395
 Quoth Danger, Huly, freind, tak heid,
 Untymous spurring spills the steid,
 Tak tent quhat ze pretend :
 Thoch Courage counsell thee to clim,
 Beware thou kep nae skaith ; 400
 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, 405
 Thy breift dois beir the marks.

V. 380. tryes. R.

Brunt bairn with fyre the danger dreids,
 Sa I belief thy bosome bleids,
 Sen last that fyre thou felt :
 Befyds that, seindle tymes thou feis, 410
 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 415
 That saw not baith the fyds :
 Fule-haist ay, almaist ay,
 Owre-sails the sicht of fum ;
 Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
 Quhat eftirward may cum. 420

Zit wisdom wisches thee to wey
 This figure in philofophy,
 A leffoun worth to leir ;
 Quhilk is in tyme for to tak tent,
 And not, quhen tyme is past, repent, 425
 And buy repentance deir ;
 Is thair nae honour eftir lyfe,
 Except thou slay thyfell ?
 Quhairfoir has Atropos that knyfe ?
 I trow thou can not tell : 430
 Quha bot it wald cut it,
 Quhilk Clotho skairs has spun,
 Distroying thy joying,
 Befoir it be begun ?

All owres ar repute to be vyce 435
 Owre hich, owre law, owre rafch, owre nyce,
 Owre het, or zit owre cauld;
 Thou feims unconstant, be thy figns,
 Thy thoct is on a thousand things,
 Thou wats not quhat thou wald; 440
 Let Fame hir pitie on the poure,
 Quhen all thy banes ar brokin;
 Yon Slae, fuppose thou think it foure,
 May fatisfie to flokkin
 Thy drouth now of zouth now, 445
 Quhilk dryes thee with defyre:
 Affwage than thy rage, man;
 Foul watter quenches fyre.

Quhat fule art thou to die of thrist,
 And now may quench it, gif thou list, 450
 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, 455
 And not to entepryfe;
 And als gude drinking out of glas,
 As gold, in ony ways:
 I levir haif evir
 A foul in hand or tway, 460
 Nor feand ten flieand
 About me all the day.

- Luke quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
 And slip na certainty for Howp,
 Quha gyds thee but begefis. 465
- Quod Courage, Cowards tak nae cure
 To fit with schame, sae they be sure ;
 I lyke them all the lefs.
- Quhat plesure purchest is bot pain,
 Or honour won with eife ? 470
- He will not ly quhair he is slain,
 That douttis befoir he dies.
 For feir then, I heir then
 But only ane remeid,
 Quhilk latt is, and that is, 475
 For to cut aff the heid,
- Quhat is the way to heil thy hurt ?
 Quhat is the way to stay thy sturt ?
 Quhat meins may mak thee merrie ?
- Quhat is the comfort that thou craivs ? 480
 Suppose thir sophists thee defaivs,
 Thou knaws it is the Cherrie :
 Sen for it only thou but thrifis,
 The Slae can be nae buit ;
- In it also thy helth confits, 485
 And in nae uther fruit.
 Quhy quaiks now, and schaiks thou,
 And studys at our stryfe ?
 Advyse thee, it lyes thee
 On nae lefs than thy lyfe. 490
- V, 470. win. R.
- Gif

Gif any patient wald be panit,
 Quhy fuld he lowp quhen he is lanft,
 Or fchrink quhen he is fchorn ?
 For I haif hard chirurgians fay,
 Aftymes defferring of a day 495
 Micht not be mend the morn.
 Tak tyme in time, or styme be tint,
 For tyme will not remain ;
 Quhat forces fyre out of the flint,
 But ais hard match again ? 500
 Delay not, and fray not,
 And thou fall sic it fae ;
 Sic gets ay that fetts ay
 Stout stomaks to the brae.

Thocht all beginnings be maift hard, 505
 The end is plesand afterward,
 Then fchrink not for a fchowre ;
 Frae anes that thou thy greining get,
 Thy pain and travel is forzet,
 The sweit exceids the foure : 510
 Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
 For Howp gude hap hes hecht.
 Quod Danger, Be not sudden, fir,
 The matter is of wecht :
 First spy baith, and try baith, 515
 Advysement does nane ill ;
 I fay then, ye may then
 Be willfull quhen ze will.

But zit to mynd the proverb call,
 Quha uses perrills perish fall, 520

Schort quhyle thair lyfe them lasts,
 And I haif hard, quod Howp, that he
 Sall nevir schaip to fail the fe,
 That for all perrills casts.

How mony throw Dispair are deid,
 That nevir perrills preivt ! 525

How mony also, gif thou reid,
 Of lyves have we releivt !

Quha being evin dieing,
 Bot Danger, but dispaird ; 530
 A hunder, I wonder,
 But thou hast hard declaird.

Gif we twa hald not up thy heart,
 Quhilk is the cheif and noblest part,
 Thy wark wald not gang weil, 535

Considering thae companions can
 Diswade a filly simple man,
 To hafard for his heil.

Suppose they haif defavit sum,
 Or they and we nicht meit, 540

They get nae credence quhair we cum,
 With ony man of spreit ;

By reasoun thair treasoun
 Be us is first espyt ;
 Reveiling thair deiling, 545
 Quhilk dow not be denyt.

Imagyne, man, gif thou wer laid 575

In graif, and syne nicht heir this said,

Wald thou not sweit for schame?

Yes, faith, I doubt nocht but thou wald;

Therefoir, gif thou has ene, behald

How they wald smoir thy fame. 580

Gae to, and mak nae mair excuse,

Or lyfe and honour lose;

And outhet them or us refuse,

There is nae uther chose:

Consider, togidder 585

That we can nevir dwell,

At length ay, by strenth ay,

The pultrones we expell.

Quod Danger, Sen I understand,

That counsell can be nae command, 590

I have nae mair to say;

Except gif that he thocht it good,

Tak counsel zit, or ze conclude,

Of wyfer men nor they;

They are but racklefs, zung and rasche, 595

Suppose they think us fleid,

Gif of our fellowschip zou fasche,

Gang with them hardly beit;

God speid zou, they leid zou

That has not meikle wit; 600

Expell us, zeil tell us,

Heirastir comes not zit.

Quhyle Danger and Dispair retyrt,
 Experience came in and speirt
 Quhat all the matter meind: 605
 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 lo,
 Quod he, and quyte the Slae. 610
 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, sum uther 615
 Were better to conduct.

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, 620
 Thairfore tak counsaill or ze gang,
 Of sum that stand besyde.
 But quha war zon three ze forbad
 Zour company richt now?
 Quod Will, Three prechours to perfwad 625
 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. 630

They

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,

635

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.

640

Thocht they now, I say now,

To hazard haif nae heart,

Zit luck we, and pluck we

The fruit, they wald haif part.

But frae we get our voyage wun,

645

They fall not than a Cherrie cun,

That wald not enterpryse.

Weil, quod Experience, ze boist;

But he that counts without his oist,

He aftentymes counts twyse.

650

Ze fell the beirs skin on his back,

But byde quhyle ze it get:

Quhen ze have done its tyme to crack,

Ze fisch befoir the net.

Quhat haist, fir, ze taist, fir,

655

The Cherry or ze pou it:

Bewar zit, ze ar zit

Mair talkative not trowit.

Call

Call Danger back again, quod Skill,
To se quhat he can fay to Will; 660

We see him schod fae strait:

We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells.

Quod Courage, We concludit ells,

He servis not for our mait;

For I can tell zou all perqueir, 665

His counfail or he cume.

Quod Will, Quhairto soud he cum heir?

He cannot hald him dum:

He speiks ay, and feiks ay

Delay of tyme be drifts, 670

He grievis us, and deivs us,

With sophistries and schifts.

Quod Reafoun, Quhy was he debard?

The tale is ill may not be hard;

Zet let us heir him anis. 675

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; 680

And quha was welcomer than Will,

He wald be formost ay;

He could do, and sould do,

Quha evir wald or nocht;

Sic speiding proceeding. 685

Unlyklie was I thoct.

V. 668. hald ~~his~~ himdum. R.

Thairfor

Thairfor I wisht them to bewar,
 And rashly not to run owre far,
 Without sic gyds as ze.
 Quod Courage, Freind, I heir zou fail, 690
 Tak bettir tent unto zour tale,
 Ze said it could not be;
 Besydis that ze wald not consent,
 That evir we suld clim.
 Quod Will, For my pairt I repent 695
 We saw them mair than him :
 For they are the itayer
 Of us, as weil as he ;
 I think now they schrink now,
 Go forwart, let them be. 700

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks,
 They say, the voyage nevir luks
 Quhair ilk ane has a vote.
 Quod Wisdom, gravely, Sir, I grant,
 We were nae warfe zour vote to want, 705
 Sum sentance heir I note :
 Suppose ze speak it but begets,
 Some fruit thairin I fynd ;
 Ze wald be forward I confes,
 And cums aftymis behynd. 710
 It may be, that they be
 Defavit that nevir doutit :
 Indeid, sir, that heid, sir,
 Has mekle wit about it.

Then

Then willful Will began to rage,
And sware, he saw naithing in age, 715

But anger, yre, and grudge;
And for my sell, quod he, I sweir
To quit all my companzions heir,
Gif they admit zou judge. 720

Experience is grown fae auld,
That he begins to rave;
The laif, but Courage, are fae cauld,
Nae hazarding they haif:
For Danger, far stranger 725
Hath made them than they war;
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

Quhy may not these three leid this ane?
I led an hunder myne alane, 730
Bot counsal of them all.

I grant, quod Wisdom, ze haif led,
But I wald speir how mony sped,
Or furdert bot a fall:

But owther few, or nane I trow, 735
Experience can tell;

He says the man may wyte but zou,
The first tyme that he fell;
He kens then, quhais penns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee; 740
His wounds zet, that stounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

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, 775
 How he can turn his coat ;
 And with his language wald allure
 Thee zet to brek thy bains :
 Thou knaws thy self, gif he ' be' sure,
 Thou ufd his counsell anes : 780
 Quha wald zet be bauld zet,
 'To wrak thee, war not we.
 Think on now of zon now,
 Quod Wisdom then to me.

Weil, quod Experience, gif he 785
 Submits himself to you and me,
 I wate quhat I fould say ;
 Our gude advyse he fall not want,
 Provyding always that he grant
 To put zon Will away ; 790
 And banisch baith him and Dispair,
 That all gude purpose spills ;
 Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
 Let them twa flyte thair fills :
 Sic coissing, bot lossing, 795
 All honest men may use.
 'That change now were strange now,
 Quod Reason, to refuse.

V. 779. was. R.

F

Quod

Quod Will, Fy on him, quhen he flew,
 That poud not Cherries then anew, 800
 For to haif stayd his sturt.

Quod Reason, Thecht he bear the blame,
 He nowther saw nor neidit them,
 Till he himself had hurt.

First, quhen he mistert not, he nicht; 805
 He neids, and may [not], now:
 Thy foly, quhen he had his flicht,
 Empashed him to pow.

Baith he now and we now
 Persaive thy pürpöse plain, 810
 To turn him, and burn him,
 And blaw on him again.

Quod Skill, Quhy suld we langer stryve?
 Far better late than never thryve,
 Cum let us help him zit: 815

Tint tyme we may not get again,
 We wast but present tyme in vain.

Beware with that, quod Wit;
 Speik on, Experience, lets se,
 We think ze hald ze dum. 820

Of byganes I haif hard, quod he,
 I knaw not things to cum.

Quod Reason, The season
 With slowthing flyds away:
 First tak him, and mak him 825
 A man, gif that ze may.

Quod

Quod Will, Gif he be not a man,
I pray zou, firs, quhat is he than?
He lukes lyke ane at leist.

Quod Reason, Gif he follow thee, 830
And mynd not to remain with me,
Nocht but a brutal beist:

A man in schape doth not consist,
For all zour taunting tales;
Thairfoir, fr Will, I wald ze wist 835
Zour metaphysick fails.

Gae leir zit a zeir zit,
Zour logick at the schulis;
Sum day then, ze may then
Pass master with the mulis. 840

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 wyse.

Quod Reason, I haif tald zou thryse, 845
Nane ferlies mair than fulis:

Thair be mae fences than the sicht,
Quhilk ze owre-hale for haste,
To wit, gif ze remember richt,

Smell, heiring, touch, and taste: 850

All quick things haif sic things,
I mein baith man and beist;
By kynd then we fynd then
Few laks them in the leist.

Sae be that consequens of thyne, 855
 Or syllogism said lyke a swine,
 A cow may teach thee lair;
 Thou uses only but thyne eies,
 Scho touches, tastes, smells, heirs, and feis,
 Quhilk matches thee and mair. 860
 But since to triumph ze intend,
 As presently appeirs,
 Sir, for zour clergie to be kend,
 Tak ze twa asses eirs;
 Nae myter perfyter 865
 Gat Midas for his meid;
 That hude, fir, is gude, fir,
 To hap zour brain-sick heid.

Ze haif nae feil for to defyne,
 Thoch ze haif cunning to declyne 870
 A man to be a mule:
 With little wark zit ze may vovd,
 To grow a galant horse and gude,
 To ryde thàiron at Zule.

But to our ground quhair we began; 875
 For all zour guffless jests,
 I must be master to the man,
 But thou to brutall beifts.

 Sae we twae maun be twae,
 To cause baith kynds be knawn; 880
 Keip thyne then frae myne then,
 And ilk ane use thair awin.

Then

As ze haif dyted zour decreit,
 Zour prophesie to be complete,
 Perhaps, and to zour pains.
 It has bein said, and may be sae,
 A wilfull man wants nevir wae, 915
 Thocht he gets litle gains.
 But sen ze think it easy thing
 To mount aboif the mune,
 Of zour awin fidle tak a spring,
 And daunce quhen ze haif done : 920
 If than, sir, the man, sir,
 Lykes of zour mirth, he may ;
 But speir first, and heir first,
 Quhat he himsell will fay.

Then all together they began, 925
 To fay, Cum on, thou martyrit man,
 Quhat is thy will, advyse ?
 Abaisd a bony quhyle I baid,
 And musd or I my answer maid,
 I turnd me anes or twyse, 930
 Behalding ilky ane about,
 Quhat is motions muvit me maist,
 Sum seimd affurd, sum dred for dout,
 Will ran reid-wod for haist :
 With wringing and flinging, 935
 For madneis lyke to mang ;
 Dispair to, for care to,
 Wald neids himsell gae hang.

- Quhilk quhen Experience persavit,
 Quod he, Remember gif we ravit, 940
 As Will alledgt of lait;
 Quhen that he sware he naething saw,
 In age, but anger, flak and flaw,
 And cankert of confait:
 Ze could not luck, as he aledgt, 945
 That all opinion speirt;
 He was sae frak, and fyrie edgt,
 He thocht us four but feirt:
 Quha pansis, quhat chanfis,
 Quod he, nae worschip wins, 950
 To sum best fall cum best,
 That hap weil rak weil rins.
- Zit quod Experience, behald,
 For all the tales that he has tald,
 How he himsell behaifs; 955
 Because Dispair could not cum speid,
 Lo quhair he hangs all but the heid,
 And in a widdie waifs:
 Gif zou be sure anes thou may se,
 To men that with them mellis, 960
 Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
 Consider be themfells.
 Then chuse thee, to use thee
 By us, or sic as zone;
 Say sone now, hait done now, 965
 Make owther aff or on.

Perfaves thou not, quhairfrae proceids
 That frantick fantasie that feids
 Thy furious flaming fyre ;
 Quhilk dois thy bailfull breift combuir, 970
 That nane but we, quod they, can cuir,
 Or help thy hearts difyre ?
 The perfing passion of thy spreit,
 That waists thy vital breath,
 Has holit thy heavy heart with heit, 975
 Desyre draws on thy death.
 Thy puncis renouncis
 All kynd of quiet rest ;
 That fever has ever
 Thy perfon fae opprest. 980

Coud thou cum anes acquaint with Skill,
 He kens quhat humors dois the ill,
 And how thy cair contractks ;
 He knaws the ground of all thy greife,
 And recipies for thy releife, 985
 All medicines he maks.
 Cum on, quod Skill, content am I
 To put my helping hand,
 Providing allways he apply
 To counsell and command. 990
 Quhyle we than, quod he than,
 Ar mindit to remain,
 Gife place now, in case now
 Thou get us not again.

Affure thyfell, gif that we fched, 995

Thou fall not get thy purpose sped,

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. 1000

Quhat wald thou do? I wald we wist;

Accept, or gife us owre.

Quod I, I think me mair than blift

To find sic famous four

Befyde me, to gyde me, 1005

Now quhen I haif to do,

Confiddering the fwiddering

Ze fand me first into.

Quhen Courage craift, a flamok stout,

And Danger draif me into dout, 1010

With his companzion Dreid;

Quhys Will wald up aboif the air,

Quhys I was dround in deip dispair,

Quhys Hope held up my heid:

Sic pithy refouns and replys, 1015

On ilka fyde, they fchew,

That I, quha was not verie wyfe,

Thocht all thair tales wer trew;

Sae mony and bony

Auld problemes they proponnd, 1020

Baith quicklie and liklie,

I marveld meikle ond.

Zit Hope and Courage wan the feild,
 Thocht Dreid and Danger neir wald yeild,
 But fled to find refuge : 1025
 Swa, fra zon 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 1030
 To speik, and stand in aw nae moir.
 Quod Reason, Swa fuld be :
 Aft tymes now, bot crymes now,
 But even per^rforce it falls;
 The strang ay, with wrang ay, 1035
 Put weaker to the walls.

Quhilk is a fault ze maun confefs,
 Strength is not ordaind to oppress
 With rigour, bye the richt ;
 But, on the contrair, to sustein 1040
 The waik-anes, that owreburdent bein,
 Als mekle as they micht.

Sae Hope and Courage did, quod I,
 Experimented lyke,
 Schaw skilld and pithie resouns quhy, 1045
 That Danger lap the dyke.
 Quod Dreid, Sir, tak heid, fir,
 Lang speiking part maun spill :
 Infist not, ze wist not,
 We went against our will. 1050
With

With Courage ze wer fae content,
 Ze nevir socht our Ysmall consent,
 Of us ze stude nae aw;
 Thair logick lessons ze allowt,
 Ze wer determined to trowit,
 Alledgence past for law. 1055

For all the proverbs we perusd,
 Ze thocht them skantly skilld;
 Our reasons had bein als weil rusd,
 Had ze bein as weil willd 1060
 Till our syde, as zour syde,
 Sae trewlie I may term it,
 We see now in thee now
 Affection dois affirm it.

Experience then smyrkling smyld,
 We are nae bairns to be begyld,
 Quod he, and schuke his heid;
 For authors quha alledges us,
 They wald not gae about the bus
 To foster deidlie feid: 1065
 1070

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 cum unrequyrd;
 But we now, ze see now,
 Do naithing undesyrd. 1075

Thair

Thair is a sentence said be sum,
 Let nane uncalld to counsell cum, 1080
 That welcum weins to be ;
 Zea, I haif hard anither zit,
 Quha cum uncallt unservd fuld fit,
 Perhaps, fir, sae may ze.
 Gude man, gramercy for your geck, 1085
 Quod Hope, and lawly louts ;
 Gif ze wer sent for, we suspect,
 Because the doctour douts :
 Zour yeirs now appeirs now
 With wisdom to be vext, 1090
 Rejoycing in glossing,
 Till ze haif tint zour text.

Quhair ze wer sent for, let us se,
 Quha wald be welcomer than we,
 Pruve that, and we ar payd. 1095
 Weill, quod Experience, beware,
 Ze ken not in quhat case ze are,
 Zour tung has zou betrayd :
 The man may ablens tyne a stot,
 That cannot count his kinsch, 1100
 In zour awin bow ye ar owre-schot,
 Be mair than half ane inch :
 Quha wats, fir, if that, fir,
 Be four, quhilk seimeth sweit ;
 I feir now, ze heir now 1105
 A dangerous decret.

Sir,

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 1110
 Sic heids as help for my behuve,
 Zour warrand is but waik:
 Speir at the man zour self, and se,
 Suppose ze stryve for state,
 Gif he regarded not, how he 1115
 Had learn'd my lesson late;
 And granted, he wanted
 Baith Reason, Wit and Skill,
 Compleining, and meining
 Our absence did him ill. 1120

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, 1125
 I fald 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 haist; 1130
 Promitting, unwitting,
 Zour hechts zou nevir huiked:
 I schaw zou, I knaw zou,
 Zour byganes I haif buiked.

I could, in case a count wer craivt, 1135
Schaw thousands thousands 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 mae ; 1140

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, 1145
 Thy suckour will be slicht,
 Quhilk I then maun try then,
 And register it richt.

Ha, ha! quod Hope, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a prentise at the pleuch, 1150

 Experience, ye prieve ;
Suppose all byganes as ze spak,
Ze are nae prophet worth a plak,
 Nor I bund to believe:

Ze suld not say, fir, till ze se, 1155
 But quhen ye se it say.

Zit, quod Experience, at thee
Mak mony mints I may,

 By signs now, and things now,
 Quhilk ay befoir me beirs, 1160
 Expressing, by gueffing,
 The perril that appeirs.

Then Hope replyd, and that with pith,
 And wyselie weyd his words thairwith,
 Sententiouſlie and ſhort: 1165

Quod he, I am the anchor grip,
 That ſaifs the ſailours, and thair ſhip,
 From perril to thair port.

Quod he, Aft times that anchor dryves,
 As we haif fund befoir; 1170
 And loſes mony thousand lyves,
 By ſhipwrack on the ſhore :

Zour grips aft, but ſlips aft
 Quhen men haif maift to do;
 Syne leivs them, and reivs them, 1175
 Of thy companzions to.

Thou leiſs them not thyſelf alane,
 But, to thair grief, quhen thou art gane,
 Gars Courage quhat them als.

Quod Hope, I wald ze underſtude, 1180
 I grip faſt, gif the grund be gude,
 And ſleit quhair it is falſe.

Ther ſuld nae fault with me be fund,
 Nor I accuſd at all,

Wyte ſic as ſuld haif plumd the grund, 1185
 Befoir the anchor fall;

Their leid ay, at neid ay,
 Micht warn them, if they wald,
 Gif they thair wald ſtay thair,
 Or haif gude anchor hald. 1190

Gif ze reid richt, it was not I,
 But only Ignorance, quhairby
 Thair carvels all wer cloven :
 I am not for a trumper tane.
 All, quod Experience, is ane, 1195
 I haif my proces proven ;
 To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane,
 To come before we came ;
 That now objection ze haif nane,
 Zour self may say the same. 1200
 Ze are now, owre far now,
 Cum forward for to flie ;
 Perfave then, ze haif then,
 The warst end of the trie.

Quhen Hope was gawd into the quick, 1205
 Quod Curage, kicking at the prick,
 We let ze weil to wit,
 Mak he zou welcomer than we
 Then byganes, byganes, fareweil he,
 Except he seik us zit : 1210
 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, 1215
 Our counsell is, he clim ;
 But stay he, or stray he,
 We haif nae help for him.

Except

Except the Cherrie be his chose,
 Be ze his freinds, we are his foes ;

1220

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,

1225

And wont that they had won ;

They thocht all scild that they had said,

Sen they had first begun :

'They thocht then, they moucht then

Without a party pleid ;

1230

But zit thair, with Wit thair,

They wer dung down with speid.

Sirs, Dreid and Danger, then quod Wit,
 Ze did yourfells to me submit,

Experience can proife.

1235

That, quod Experience, I past,

Their awin confessions make them fast,

They may nae mair remoife.

For, gif I richt remember me,

This maxime then they made,

1240

To wit, the man with Wit fould wey

Quhat philosophs haif said.

Quhilk sentance repentance

Forbad him deir to buy ;

They knew then how trew then,

1245

And preffd not to reply.

Thocht he dang Dreid and Danger doun,
Zit Courage could not be owrecum,

Hope hecht him sic a hyre ;

He thocht himsell, how sone he saw

1250

His enemies were laid fae law,

It was nae tyme to tyre :

He hit the yron quhyle it was het,

In case it fould grow cauld ;

For he esteemt his faes defate,

1255

Quhen anes he fand them fald.

Thoch we now, quod he now,

Haif bein fae frie and frank,

Unfocht zit, he mocht zit

For kyndness cund us thank.

1260

Suppose it fae as thou hast said,

That unrequyrd we proffert aid,

At leist that came of luv.

Experience, ze start owre sone ;

Ze naething dow till all be done,

1265

And then perhaps ze pruve

Mair plain than pleasant to, perchance,

Sum tell, that have zou tryt ;

As fast as ze your fell advance,

Ze can not weil denyt :

1270

Abyde then zour tyde then,

And wait upon the wind :

Ze knaw, fir, ze aw, fir,

To hald ze ay behind.

Quhen

Quhen ze haif done sum duchtie deids,
Synce ze suld se how all succedeis,

1275

To wryt them as they wer.

Friend, huly, hast not half sae fast,
Lest, quod Experience, at last

Ze buy my doctrine deir.

1280

Hope puts that haste into zour head,

Quhilk boyls your barny brain :
Howbeit fulis hast cums huly speid,

Fair hechts will mak fulis fain.

Sic smyling, begyling,

1285

Bids feir not any freits ;

Zit I now deny now

That all is gold that gleits.

Suppose not silver all that shynes ;
Aftymes a tentless merchand tynes,

1290

For bying geir begets.

For all the vantage and the winning,
Gude buyers get at the beginning.

Quod Courage, Nocht the less ;

Quhyls as gude merchants tynes as wins,

1295

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 :

1300

Advance then, tak chance then,

As sundrie gude ships hath.

Quha wist quhat wald be cheip or deir,
 Should neid to traffique but a zeir,
 Gif things to cum were kend. 1305
 Suppose all bygane things be plain,
 Zour prophesie is but prophane,
 Ze had best behald the end.
 Ze wald accuse me of a cryme,
 Almaist befoir we met ; 1310
 Torment ' me ' 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, 1315
 Confess ze haif nae feil.

Zit, quod Experience, quhat then ?
 Quha may be meitest for the Man,
 Let us his answer haif.

Quhen they submitted them to me, 1320
 To Reason I was fain to fie,
 His counsell for to craif.

Quod he, Since ze zoursells submit,
 To do as I decreit ;
 I fall advyse with Skill and Wit, 1325
 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. 1330

V. 1311. zou. R.

Then

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, 1335
 And langer not delay.
 Then Reason raise, and was rejoyfd,
 Quod he, Myne hearts cum hidder,
 I hope this pley may be compofd,
 That we may gang togidder. 1340
 To all now I fall now
 His proper place assign,
 That they heir fall say heir,
 They think nane uther thing.

Come on, quoth he, companzion Skill, 1345
 Ze understand baith gude and ill,
 In physick ze are fyne;
 Be mediciner to the man,
 And schaw sic cunning as ze can,
 To put him out of pyne. 1350
 First gaird the grund of all his grief,
 Quhat sicknes ze suspect;
 Syn luke quhat laiks for his relief,
 Or furdur he infeck.
 Comfort him, exhort him, 1355
 Give him zour gude advyce;
 And pance not, nor skance not
 The perril nor the pryce.

Thoeh it be cummersom, quhat reck?
 Find out the cause by the effect, 1360
 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 ye dow to haif him haile, 1365
 And for that purpose preise;
 Cut aff the cause, the effect maun fail,
 Sae all his sorrows ceise.
 His fever fall nevir
 Frae thencefurth haif a forfs, 1370
 Then urge him to purge him,
 He will not wax the warfe.

Quoth Skill, His fences are sae sick,
 I knaw nae liquor worth a leuk,
 To quench his deidlie drouth; 1375
 Except the Cherrie help his heit,
 Quhais sappie flokning, sharp and sweit,
 Micht melt into his mouth,
 And his melancholie remove,
 To mitigate his mynd; 1380
 Nane hailfomer for his behuve,
 Nor of mair cooling kynd:
 Nae nectar directar
 Could all the gods him give,
 Nor send him, to mend him, 1385
 Nane lyke it, I believe.

For

- For drouth decays as it digests.
 Quhy then, quod Reason, naithing rests,
 But how it may be had.
 Maist true, quod Skill, that is the scope, 1390
 Zit we maun haif sum help of Hope.
 Quod Danger, I am red,
 His hastyness breeds us mishap,
 Quhen he is highlie horst;
 I wifs we lukit or we lap. 1395
 Quod Wit, That wer not warst:
 I mein now, conveyin now
 The counsell, ane and all:
 Begin then, call in then.
 Quod Reason, Sae I fall. 1400
- Then Reason raise with gesture grave,
 Belyve conveyin all the lave,
 To heir quhat they wald say,
 With silver scepter in his hand,
 As chiftain chosen to command, 1405
 And they bent to obey.
 He pansed lang befoir he spak,
 And in a studie stude;
 Sync he began and silenfs brak,
 Cum on, quod he, conclude, 1410
 Quhat way now we may now
 Zon Cherrie cum to catch:
 Speik out, firs, about, firs,
 Haif done, let us dispatch.

- Quoth Courage, Skurge him first that skars, 1415
 Much musing memory but mars;
 I tell zou myne intent.
- Quod Wit, Quha will not partly panse,
 In perils perishes perchance;
 Owre rackles may repent. 1420
- Then, quod Experience, and spak,
 Sir, I have sein them baith
 In braidiedienefs, and lye aback,
 Escape and cum to skaith:
 But quhat now of that now? 1425
 Sturt follows all extreams;
 Retain then the mein then,
 The surest way it feims.
- Quhair sum has furderd, sum has faild,
 Quhair part has perisht, part prevaild, 1430
 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. 1435
 Quod Danger, Let not licht.
- Quod Wit, Be nowther rude not rash.
 Quod Reason, Ze haif richt.
 The rest then thocht best then,
 Quhen Reason said it sae, 1440
 That roundlie and soundlie,
 They suld togidder gae.

To get the Cherrie in all haft,
 As for my faftie ferving maift.
 Tho Dreid and Danger feird 1445
 The perril of that irkfom way,
 Left that thairby I fould decay,
 Quha then fae weak appeird :
 Zit Hope and Courage hard befye,
 Quha with them wont contend, 1450
 Did tak in hand us all to gyde
 Unto our journeys end ;
 Implaidging, and waidging
 Baith twa thair lyves for myne,
 Provyding the gyding 1455
 To them were granted fyne.

Then Dreid and Danger did appeal,
 Alledging it could neir be weil,
 Nor zet wald they agrie ;
 But faid they fould found thair retreat, 1460
 Because they thocht them nae ways meit
 Condufters unto me ;
 Nor to no man in myne eftate,
 With ficknefs fair opprest ;
 For they tuke ay the neireft gate 1465
 Omitting of the beft :
 Thair neireft perqueireft
 Is always to them baith,
 Quair they, fir, may fay, fir,
 Quhat recks them of zour fkaith. 1470

But

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, 1475
 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: 1480
 Our chiftain, then listan
 His scepter, did enjoyn
 Nae moir thair uproir there,
 And sae their stryf was done.

Rebuking Dreid and Danger fair, 1485
 Suppose they meint weil evirmair
 To me, as they had sworn;
 Because thair nibours they abusit,
 In swa far as they had accusit
 Them, as ze hard befor. 1490

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, 1495
 Get this man with us thair;
 It rests then, ands best then,
 Zour counsell to declair.

V. 1484. there. R.

Weil

Weil said, quod Hope and Courage, now
 We thairto will accord with zou, 1500

And fall abyde by them ;

Lyk as befoir we did submit,

Sae we repeit the samyn zit,

We mynd not to reclaime :

Quhome they fall chuse to gyde the way, 1505

We fall them follow straight,

And furder this man, quhat we may,

Because we haif sae hecht :

Promitting, bot flitting,

To do the thing we can, 1510

To pleise baith, and eise baith,

This fillie sickly man.

Quhen Reason heard this, Then, quod he,
 I se zour cheifest stay to be,

That we haif namd nae gyde : 1515

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, 1520

Quhairof the first twa cannot be,

For ony thing I knaw :

The way heir sae stey heir

Is that we cannot clim,

Evin owre now, we four now, 1525

That will be hard for him.

The

The next, gif we gae doun about,
 Quhyle that this bend of craigs rin out,
 The streim is thair sae stark,
 And also passeth waiding deip, 1530
 And braider far than we dow leap,
 It suld be ydle wark :

It grows ay braider to the sea,
 Sen owre the lin it came ;
 The rinning deid dois signifie 1535
 The deipness of the same.

I leive now, to deive now,
 How that it swiftly flyds,
 As sleiping and creiping,
 But Nature sae provyds. 1540

Our way then lyes about the lin,
 Quhairby I warrand we fall win,
 It is sae straight and plain :
 The watter allso is sae schald,
 We fall it pafs, evin as we wald, 1545

With plesour, and bot pain :
 For as we se a mischeif grow
 Aft of a feckles thing,
 Sae lykways dois this river flow
 Forth of a prettie spring ; 1550

Quhois throt, fir, I wot, fir,
 Ze may stap with your neive ;
 As zou, fir, I trow, fir,
 Experience can preive.

That,

That, quod Experience, I can, 1555
 All that ze said fen ze began

I ken to be a truth.

Quod Skill, The samyn I apruve.

Quod Reason, Then let us remuve,
 And sleip nae mair in sleuth. 1560

Witt and Experience, quod he,
 Sall gae befoir a pace ;

The Man fall cum with Skill and me
 Into the second place.

Attowre now, zou four new 1565

Sall cum into a band,

Proceeding, and leiding

Ilk uther be the hand.

As Reason ordert, all obeyd ;

Nane was owre rasch, nane was affrayd, 1570

Our counsell was sae wyse ;

As of our journey Witt did note,

We fand it true in ilka jot,

God blifs the enterpryse.

For evin as we came to the tree, 1575

Quhilk, as ze heard me tell,

Could not be clum, thair suddenlic

The fruit, for rypeness, fell ;

Quhilk haisting and taisting,

I fand my self reliev'd 1580

Of cair all, and fairs all,

That mynd and body griev'd.

S O N N E T.

[T O P R I N C E H E N R Y.]

BY KING JAMES VI.*

From the "Βασιλικον Δωρον," 1603.

GOD giues not Kings the stile of GODS in vaine,
 For on his throne his Scepter doe they swey :
 And as their subiects ought them to obey,
 So Kings should feare and serue their God againe.
 If then ye would enioy a happie raigne, 5
 Obserue the statutes of your heauenly King ;
 And from his Law make all your Lawes to spring :
 Since his Lieuetenant here ye should remaine,
 Reward the iust, be stedfast, true and plaine ;
 Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right ; 10
 Walke alwaies so, as euer in his sight,
 Who guards the godly, plaguing the prophane :
 And so ye shall in Princely vertue shine,
 Resembling right your mightie King Diuine.

* Born 1566 ; dyed 1625.



A I T O N.

97

Yet some men, rather than incur the slander
 Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove,
 But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
 I'll neither drown nor hang my self for love.
 Methinks a wise man's actions should be such
 As always yields to reason's best advice, 30
 Now for to love too little or too much
 Are both extreams, and all extreams are vice.
 Yet have I been a lover by report,
 Yea I have dy'd for love, as others do ;
 But, prais'd be God, it was in such a fort, 35
 That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
 Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd, 'till now,
 And find no reason to repent me yet ;
 And whosoever otherways will do,
 His courage is as little as his wit. 40



ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

BY THE SAME.

From the same collection.

I Lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I shou'd be the same?
 He that can love unlov'd again 5
 Hath better store of love than brain.
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fools their love away.

II

Nothing

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou had still continued mine ; 10
 Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recal,
 That if thou might elsewhere intral ;
 And then how could I but disdain 15
 A captive's captive to remain.

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
 And chang'd the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 No constancy, to love thee still : 20
 Yea it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no pray'rs to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice, 25
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost :
 The height of my disdain shall be
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ; 30
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging at a beggar's door.



S O N N E T S.

BY [SIR] WILLIAM [ALEXANDER OF MENSTRIE]
EARL OF STIRLING.*

*From his "Aurora . . . the first fancies of the authors
youth," 1604.*

WHEN as that lovely tent of beautie dies,
And that thou as thine enemy fleest thy glasse,
And doest with griefe remember what it was
That to betray my heart allur'd mine eyes;
Then hauing bought experience with great paines, 5
Thou shalt (although too late) thine error find,
Whilst thou reuolu't in a digested mind,
My faithful loue, and thy unkind disdaines:
And if that former times might be recald,
While as thou sadly sitt'st retir'd alone, 10
Then thou wouldst satisfie for all that's gone,
And I in thy hearts throne would be instald:
Deare, if I know thee of this mind at last,
He thinke my selfe aueng'd of all that's past.



LONG time I did thy cruelties detest,
And blaz'd thy rigor in a thousand lines;
But now through my complaints thy vertue shines,
That was but working all things for the best:
Thou of my rash affections held'st the raines, 5
And spying dangerous sparkes come from my fires,
Didst wisely temper my enflam'd desires,
With some chaste fauours, mixt with sweet disdaines:

* Born 15 . . ; dyed 1640.

And when thou saw'st I did all hope despise,
And look'd like one that wrestled with despaire, 10
Then of my safetie thy exceeding care
Shew'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine eyes:
 For whilst thy reason did thy fancies tame,
 I saw the smoke, although thou hidst the flame.



S O N N E T S.

BY WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN
ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems," 1659.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd, among these pines,
Sweet hermitresse, she did all alone repaire;
Here did she spread the treasure of her haire,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines;
Here fate she by these musket eglantines, 5
The happy flow'rs seeme yet the print to beare,
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugred lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an eare;
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morne
Of bright carnations did o'respread her face; 10
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were borne,
Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what serves't t' have been made happy foe,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?



THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternall love:

* Born 1586; dyed 1649.

S. I. v. 1. Alexis is lord Stirling.

O how more sweet is birds harmonious moane, 5
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings neer a princes throne,
 Which good make doubtfull do the evill approve!
 O how more sweet is Zephyres wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold, 10
 Than that applause vaine honour doth bequeath!
 How sweet are streames, to poyson dranke in gold!
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, flights,
 Woods harmelesse shades have only true delights.



M A D R I G A L.

BY THE SAME.

From the same authority.

SWEET rose, whence is this hue,
 Which doth all hues excell?
 Whence this most fragrant smell?
 And whence this forme and graceing grace in you?
 In faire Paestanas fields perhaps you grew, 5
 Or Hybla's hills you bred,
 Or odoriferous Enna's plaines you fed,
 Or Tmolus, or where bore yong Adon slew;
 Or hath the Queen of Love you died of new
 In that deare bloud, which makes you look so red? 10
 No, none of those, but cause more high you blist,
 My ladies brest you bore, her lips you kist.



T O

T O A N O W L E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

From the same authority.

A SCALAPHUS, tell me,
 So may nights curtaine long time cover thee,
 So ivy ever may
 From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed,
 And in moons liv'ry cled, 5
 So may'st thou scorne the quiresters of day,
 When playning thou dost stay
 Neare to the sacred window of my deare,
 Dost ever thou her heare
 To wake, and steale swift houres from drowsie sleep? 10
 And when she wakes, doth ere a stollen sigh creep
 Into thy list'ning eare?
 If that deafe god doth yet her carelesse keep,
 In louder notes my grieve with thine expresse,
 Till by thy shriekes she think on my distresse. 15



M A J E S T Y I N M I S E R Y :

O R A N

IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS,

BY KING CHARLES I.*

WRITTEN DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AT CARISBROOK
CASTLE, ANNO DOM. 1643.

From Burnets Memoirs of the dukes of Hamilton, 1677.

GREAT Monarch of the World, from whose Power
Springs

The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe my Suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in Truths Seraphick Line, 5
To track the Treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy Divine Decree,
(The only Root of Righteous Royaltie)
With this dim Diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred Scepter, Purple Robe, 10
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest Furies, that do daily tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Dis-crowned Head,
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread. 15

* Born 1600; dyed 1643.

They

They raise a War, and Christen it *The Cause*,
 Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
 Plunder and Murder are the Kingdoms Laws;

Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation*,
 Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation*, 20
 Oppression gains the name of *Sequestration*.

My loyal Subjects, who in this bad season
 Attend me, (by the law of God and Reason),
 They dare impeach, and punish for High Treason.

Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown, 25
 Pious Episcopacy must go down,
 They will destroy the Crozier and the Crown.

Church-men are chain'd, and Schismatics are free'd,
 Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,
 The Crown is crucified with the Creed. 30

The Church of England doth all factions foster,
 The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Ex tempore excludes the *Pater noster*.

The *Presbyter*, and *Independent* seed
 Springs with broad blades; to make Religion bleed 35
 Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The Corner-stone's misplac'd by every Pavier:
 With such a bloody method and behaviour
 Their Ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful Womb 40
 So many Princes legally have come,
 Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

Great Britain's Heir is forced into France,
 Whil'ft on his father's head his foes advance :
 Poor Child ! He weeps out his Inheritance. 45

With my own Power my Majesty they wound,
 In the King's Name the King himself's uncrown'd :
 So doth the Dust destroy the Diamond.

With Propositions daily they enchant
 My Peoples ears, such as do Reason daunt, 50
 And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
 To make Me great, t' advance my Diadem,
 If I will first fall down, and worship them.

But for refusal they devour my Thrones, 55
 Distress my Children, and destroy my bones ;
 I fear they'l force me to make bread of stones.

My Life they prize at such a slender rate,
 That in my absence they draw Bills of hate,
 To prove the King a Traytor to the State. 60

Felons obtain more priviledge than I,
 They are allow'd to answer e're they die ;
 'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But,

But, Sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'ft do not know what they do.

65

For fince they from their Lord are fo disjointed,
As to contemn thofe Edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,
Preferve my Issue, and inspire my Mate,
Yet, though We perish, blefs this Church and State.

70



L I N E S

UPON THE

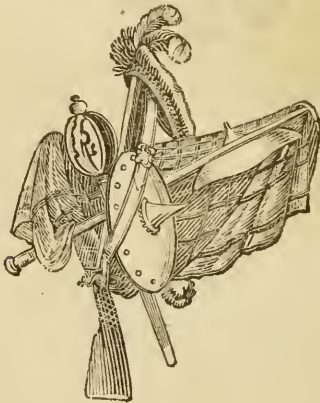
DEATH OF KING CHARLES I.

BY JAMES MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.*

From the History of his Wars, 1720.

GREAT, good, and just! could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should once deluge again :
But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies 5
More from Briareus hands than Argus eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

* Born 1612; dyed 1650.



ON
BLACK EYES.

BY GEORGE? LORD GORDON.*

From the "Collection of ... Scots Poems," 1706, &c.

BLESS me! how strange a light appears
Shrewded within those jettish spheres!
Where no vicissitude is known,
But day still bears dominion:
Dark circles, which about them run,
Are but like shadows to the sun,
Which curious Nature only meant
Not in defect, but ornament.

5

* Son of George marquis of Huntley? Born 16..; dyed 1645?



STRUAN'S FAREWELL TO THE HERMITAGE,
SITTING ON THE TOP OF
MOUNT ALEXANDER.

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON OF STRUAN
ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems."

WITH this diversity of view,
Oft have I wav'd my anxious pain,
When from the summit I pursue
The rock, the river, woods, or plain;

* Born 1668; dyed 1749. This gentleman was a powerful Highland chief, of an ancient and honorable family, and, from his infancy till his death, a zealous, active, and firm adherent to the House of Stewart, whose cause he supported with his sword, his followers, and his pen. His estate was repeatedly forfeited, and his person reduced to inconceivable distresses. Independently of his political principles, he appears to have been a most amiable and respectable character, honoured by his friends, and adored by his clan. And, as a poet, the pieces here reprinted will shew that he was inferior to none of any country or of any age.

Since the malvolence of party is now subsided, it will give pleasure to every reader to learn that the heir of this ingenious and unfortunate man is one of those restored by the late forfeited-estates-bill, a proceeding which reflects the highest honour on the justice and humanity of all concerned in it.

This first poem seems to have been occasioned by the fatal consequences of the affair of 1715.

Lakes, mountains, meads, fields fertile far and nigh, 5
Divert my gloomy thought, and court my wand'ring eye.

Imagine then, thou blest'd abode,
Ere while thy master's fond delight,
Where he was certain to unload
His anguish, spite of lawless might, 10
Think on the woes our first forefathers knew,
Thrust out of Paradise, and such I feel for you.

And you, my pretty feather'd quire,
Who sung each morn your chearful lays,
Who could your patron's soul inspire, 15
To join in your Creator's praise,
For whom will you rehearse your heav'nly notes,
Erect your gorges, and distend your throats?

A barb'rous unrelenting throng
Cuts down your bow'rs with ev'ry tree, 20
Revenging your melodious song,
Meerly because you sung for me.
Soon from your native mansions must you fly,
Be for your rightful lord expell'd, as well as I.

Alas! that I should see an age, 25
Which boundless perjury has brought,
That I must leave to noisy rage,
The peaceful labours of my thought.
What swain so void of sympathy but grieves
To think my spotless cell is made a den of thieves? 30

The groves that raptures to me gave,
 Contemplating the works above,
 Must harbour now each filthy slave,
 Compos'd of the reverse of love:
 My solitary pure recesses must 35
 Suffer rebellious hate, and shelter lust.

The letcher, on each flowry brink,
 Will hear his fulsom doxy sing;
 The traitors, too, with lab'ring think
 How to withstand their native king; 40
 Abominations of such deep disgrace,
 As ne'er polluted yet this holy place.

The thickets of yon shady brow,
 Where wildest creatures freely rang'd,
 No more that privilege allow, 45
 So wonderfully things are chang'd:
 All must pour out their little lives apace,
 To feast the vilest sons of human race.

Methinks I see that harmless crowd,
 Viewing their murderers around, 50
 In dying sighs and groans aloud
 Proclaim the pain of every wound;
 Wishing him safe who ne'er could see them bleed,
 Ev'n to subsist himself, whom they were born to feed.

And thou, my lovely fountain, show, 55
 For thou could'st well inspire the swain,
 And make his icy bosom glow,
 Or cool or quench his raging pain,

Tell

Tell how the friendly bushes strove t' excel,
To rear a shade for so divine a well.

60

As I revere thy silver streams,
Thy cooling rills, thy murmuring noise,
Where often, with a health to James,
Thou could'st revive our scanty joys,
Be muddy still, if any wretch begin
A health to tyrants, or success to sin.

65

Lo! Argentinus lifts his head,
With melancholy in his look,
Whither! O whither art thou fled
(He cries) from thy beloved brook?
By this my godhead, till thy face return,
I'll pour out arfnick, or I'll close my urn.

70

Yet e'er we part, let's once remind
Diviner pow'rs, as heretofore,
The worthiest prince of human kind,
With all his faithful to restore.
He quaff'd; with much ado he drank it up,
So fast his gushing eyes supply'd the cup.

75

Then I! and streight the watry fire
Sunk down into the reedy ground;
Adieu, said he, I must retire,
Then utter'd with a broken sound,
Since thou'rt for acting justly, thus oppress'd,
Go keep thy fortitude, and hope the best.

80

And now the hellish bands advance, 85

Bent to destroy whate'er they meet :

Lo ! while the furious horsemen prance,

Poor peasants gasp beneath their feet :

Yet Cruelty fits smiling on their cheeks,

To hear the orphan's cries and widow's shrieks. 90

O Heav'ns! let me remove as far,

If ever ship so far could roll,

To freeze beneath the northern star,

Or perish at the other pole,

Ere I behold such an unnat'ral war, 95

Christians commit what pagans would abhor.

What then remains, but that I go,

As Argentinus kindly bid,

Since there's a fate that rules below,

From whom there nothing can be hid? 100

That fate can bear me witness of my heart,

How I have lov'd this land, how loath I am to part.

Retract not, O my soul! I must

Perform what destiny ordains;

In providence I put my trust, 105

Adieu to woods, to hills, to plains.

Thou envy of the turbulently great!

Farewel my sweet, my innocent retreat!



T H E

H Y M N O F A R G E N T I N U S

O N S T R U A N ' S R E T U R N T O T H E H E R M I T A G E .

B Y T H E S A M E .

From the same authority.

E X P A N D thy gates, thou blest'd abode !
Thy long neglected cells repair,
Confess the bounteous care of God,
Our Strephon breathes his native air :
Lo! he returns to cheer our dismal state, 5
And purify once more his sweet, his lov'd retreat.

Ere while we mourn'd, with honest grief,
Strephon, just object of our tears,
Our swains in fighting sought relief,
Our nymphs in silent floods of tears ; 10
Our callow shepherds, in a doleful mood,
Like orphans dwindled, and despair'd of food.

But now they congregate to sing
Te Deums with distended throats ;
The woody rocks, disus'd to ring, 15
Repeat with joy the heav'nly notes,
And bless the great Creator, who displays
His secret providence in wondrous ways.

Our pretty feather'd quire apace,
 In shady bow'rs commence to build, 20
 And propagate a num'rous race,
 Fearing no more to be expell'd,
 Like Strephon, in their mansions to remain
 Obscure, till Innocence revive her drooping train.

The groves that raptures nightly gave ; 25
 While we survey'd the works above,
 Harbour no more the wretched slave,
 Who boasts of the reverse of love :
 Our solitary pure recesses hold
 Unspotted faith, as in the days of old. 30

The thickets of yon shady brow,
 Where wildest creatures freely rang'd,
 Once more that privilege allow,
 So bountifully things are chang'd ;
 They lose no more their little lives to feast 35
 The glutt'nous maw, or the luxurious taste.

The gleanings of the slaughter'd train,
 Who 'scap'd from their devouring foes,
 Whose fires sent up their vows to gain
 For Strephon his desir'd repose, 40
 Behold they pour a deluge from each eye,
 The common symptoms of uncommon joy.

And lo! his lovely fountain swells
 With gladness at his safe return ;

His crystal purity excels

45

The common glories of my urn,
Inviting us to taste the limpid streams
Reserv'd for Strephon,—to remember JAMES.

And I, (obedient to his will,

When tears supply'd our parting bowl) 50
When traitors sued, grew muddy still,
Hating the purpose of their soul :
And often spying their approach from far,
I chang'd my channel, and I seal'd my jar,

Oh Strephon! he whose destin'd hour 55

Has calm'd the tempest of thy foes,
Will bounteously exert his pow'r,
To fix the seat of thy repose,
And, for the troubles of thy dawn and prime,
Will crown thy wishes in the close of time. 60

Then strike thy lute unstrung so long,
And sooth the sorrows of thy mind,
Display the force of sacred song,
And heal the obstinately blind ;
Seraphick airs, from a melodious hand, 65
May calm the rage of a distracted land.

So Saul, possess'd with inward smart,
Unable for the rueful sway
Of rancour, restless in his heart,
'Th' harmonious minstrel call'd to play, 70

And as the numbers of the heav'nly spell
Rose to their highest pitch, his fury fell.

Thus let us sue in hymns divine,
Addressing plaints and offering praise,
The stars that o'er the righteous shine 75
Will yet restore our halcyon days :
Let's hope our sacred Lord, that Son of Grace,
At length will bless our land with equity and peace.



T H E
H O L Y O D E.
B Y T H E S A M E.

From the same authority.

WHEN we survey this mighty frame,
With all its orbs around,
Tho' still in motion, still the same,
In space without a bound :
The various seasons of the year 5
In beauteous order fall ;
Which makes it to our reason clear,
That God must govern all.

Yet do we find, to our disgrace,
Of miscreants profane, 10
A crooked, perverse, stubborn race,
Who scoffingly maintain,

Because they prosper in their lust,
 And virtue's force defy,
 That Heav'n approves of the unjust, 15
 Or there's no God on high.

Thus haughty man, in reason low
 Compar'd with thee, All-wise!
 Presumes he can the secret know
 That's hid from human eyes. 20
 Could shallow man thy depth explore,
 Thy godhead were but small;
 Thy sov'reign care needs be no more,
 And man might rule the ball.

But oh! thy providential spring 25
 Is past all human ken,
 And flows to the minutest thing
 That moves, as well as men,
 Permitting or commanding still,
 In each thy pow'r's express'd, 30
 And all perform their good or ill,
 As fits thy glory best.

Why then should trials of mankind,
 Which thou dost here bestow,
 Exalt a sublunary mind, 35
 Or yet depress it low?
 The wicked thou permitt'it to reign,
 And bloom but for a while;
 The righteous only drag their chain,
 Till Heav'n thinks fit to smile. 40

Then, sacred James, let not thy lot,
 Tho' seemingly severe,
 Make thee suspect thy cause forgot,
 Thy crosses nobly bear :
 He who thy heart has in his hand, 45
 (Trust thou his holy skill)
 Has too the people's at command,
 And turns them at his will.

But thou who sit'st upon the throne
 Of Stuarts ancient race, 50
 Abandoning thy rightful own
 To fill another's place,
 A crown's but a precarious thing,
 Thy fate thou dost not see,
 They who betray'd their native king 55
 Will ne'er prove true to thee.

O great, eternal Source of love!
 Extend thy gracious hand,
 And hasten justice from above,
 To this unhappy land. 60
 O! let our panting hearts have peace,
 And innocence restore,
 Then shall thy sacred law take place,
 And faction rule no more.



A

MELANCHOLY MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

BY THE SAME.

From the same authority.

THE fable empress of the dusky sphere
 In state 'had' re-assum'd her rowling chair,
 And o'er the face of the terrestrial globe
 Had spread abroad her universal robe,
 Her gloomy veil involv'd the stary skies, 5
 And left no light but in Celestia's eyes;
 When lo! the midnight god, who still descends,
 When night her shady canopy extends,
 Waving his drowsy sceptre round his head,
 Hush'd all to silence, as if all lay dead. 10
 Young Philocles alone awake remains,
 And finds no respite from his raging pains,
 But from his dark recess, oppress'd with love,
 Curs'd the malignant stars that rule above;
 He fetch'd a groan, and chid the cruel fair, 15
 He paus'd a while, and then he dropt a tear.
 At length, in doleful words, he thus began
 His melancholy thought of wretched man.
 If wand'ring mortals ponder'd human life,
 With all its troubles and unequal strife, 20
 The viceful events that attend the maze
 Of transitory things by length of days;

V. 2. that. PC.

The

The fleeting pleasures of their youthful rage,
 And the contempt of their decrepid age ;
 The little ease that nature does bestow 25
 On the proud monarch of the world below,
 With all the pains about a gasp of breath,
 Who would not ope his arms and welcome death ?
 Who would not gladly chuse the silent grave,
 In search of ease, rather than live a slave, 30
 And gratefully restore his earthy frame
 To the material dust from whence it came.
 Here in this baneful world we daily see
 Both rich and poor accurs'd in each degree,
 Down from the monarch in his lofty chair, 35
 To the mean clown that breathes the common air ;
 All struggle to subsist, nor know the cause,
 But yield to Nature's arbitrary laws.
 As if they hop'd, upon the barren soil,
 An everlasting harvest for their toil. 40
 Not all the dire examples which arise,
 And still present themselves before our eyes,
 Can influence our perverse hearts to leave
 Those fleeting follies, which at length deceive :
 So the deluded trav'ler wanders on, 45
 Till by the faithless meteor he's undone.
 Once we beheld Lewis the Great of France,
 With num'rous armies in the field advance,
 Driving the vanquish'd princes thro' the plain,
 Scatt'ring their fleets, and ruling on the main, 50
 Nor ought his fury stay'd; where'er he flew
 The mighty victor conquer'd still a-new ;

Whole nature seem'd to favour his intent,
 And Fame proclaim'd his actions as he went,
 But when his lovely mistress prov'd unkind, 55
 Who can express the tempest of his mind?
 Not all the fam'd success he won in arms,
 Could equal half his fair La Vallier's charms:
 Restless he roam'd about from place to place,
 With royal fury raging in his face, 60
 And found no gentle cure to sooth his care,
 But on the bosom of the haughty fair,
 Who would have thought a monarch so renown'd,
 Loaded with riches, and with laurels crown'd,
 O'er-charg'd with all that Fortune could bestow, 65
 To please her darling favourite below,
 Might be reduc'd at length to sue in vain,
 And see his flames repell'd by cold disdain, }
 Ev'n in his younger days, and his then glorious reign? }
 But this he felt, he saw his love despis'd, 70
 The nymph averse whom he so much had priz'd.
 Now in his drooping age, his pleasure cross'd,
 * His will control'd, his reputation lost,
 He spends the rest of his unhappy days,
 Dropping the trophies which his youth could raise. 75
 Was it not better far his life to close,
 Than live the laughter of insulting foes,
 And bravely, Roman-like, in such a case,
 Teach kings not to survive their own disgrace?
 But he ignobly lives, ev'n tho' he knows 80
 A glorious way to disappoint his woes.

* At the Peace of Ryfwick.

Next, should I trace the much commended life
 Of country swains, so void of care and strife,
 Sum all their satisfaction up, and try
 To view their joys with an impartial eye ; 85
 Yet find I not, ev'n in their happy state,
 A sanctuary from the reverse of fate.
 Here one removes far from the noise of town,
 Despising fame, and carelefs of renown,
 In quest of happiness, and hopes to find, 90
 In his retreat, tranquillity of mind :
 Pleas'd with the prospect of his country-seat,
 Expressing more of nature than of state,
 He seeks the murmuring grove and purling stream,
 And each becomes the subject of his theme ; 95
 Sometimes to shady forests he resorts,
 And with his friends pursues the manly sports,
 Till weary with the pleasing toil, they slay,
 Drench'd in the fatal brook, the trembling prey.
 Then he invites his weary friends to taste 100
 The sweet refreshments of a rural feast ;
 His board is loaded with the choicest meat,
 They drink with joy, with satisfaction eat ;
 And having cheer'd their spirits with the best
 Of homely dainties, they retire to rest : 105
 We see him blest'd with all that's fit for life,
 With sprightly children and a careful wife,
 And each contributes to increase his joys,
 She smooths his sorrow, while his prattling boys

Hang on his neck, rejoice their smiling fire, 110
 Nor can he wish his satisfaction higher.
 But ah! perhaps a dismal hour attends,
 When grief commences, and when pleasure ends;
 Perhaps the comfort of his halcyon days,
 By some pernicious inward cause decays; 115
 Her blooming beauty fades, the youthful grace
 Forsakes the lovely features of her face,
 Till wasted by degrees she yields her breath,
 While the bewailing husband mourns her death:
 Nor is this all, for Fate pursues him still, 120
 Bent upon mischief, fond of doing ill;
 Accumulated sorrows she contrives,
 And next invades the tender offspring's lives,
 Destroying, to conclude what she begun,
 His beautiful daughter and his hopeful son. 125
 Then he, whose easy mind once knew no cares,
 Bedews his lonely couch with floods of tears,
 Runs to the gloomy shade, abhors the light,
 Sighs all the day, and groans the live-long night;
 His life's a curse, yet he is glad to live, 130
 And suffer what capricious Fate can give.

Lastly, we see a beggar, in the streets,
 Whining his indigence to all he meets,
 With piteous groans exposing all his rags,
 His starving orphans, and his empty bags; 135
 He craves the means of living to support
 His sinking fabrick, and is grateful for't;
 The miserable wretch goes thus about,
 Pain'd with the stone, contracted with the gout;

He too would gladly live, tho' scarce can crawl 140
 To the next door supported by the wall;
 Where, bending to his mother-earth, he pines,
 And on a sapless morsel poorly dines;
 Next day more happy, when he gasping lies,
 Spite of himself, and on a dunghill dies. 145

Since then malicious stars, too plain we find,
 Love to disturb the race of poor mankind,
 And haughty kings and princes are the scorn
 Of Fate, as well as he that's meanly born,
 Is there a mortal upon earth can say 150
 He can secure his happiness a day?

No; nor prolong his time a minute's space
 Beyond the destin'd hour of his decease;
 And one would think that Heav'n, with fury warm'd
 Against a miscreant while yet unform'd, 155
 Ordains a lingering life, so full of pain,
 Only to make him long to be dissolv'd again.

Then tell me, wretched man, whence does proceed
 This love of living? Since 'tis once decreed
 We leave this worthless world, why should we fear 160
 The period of a being so severe?

Your softest joys endure but for a while,
 And if capricious Fortune longer smile,
 She but deludes, for 'tis her usual way
 To sink by night whom she upholds by day; 165
 To live in pain, sure there are secret bands,
 That daunt our courage and restrain our hands;
 And what that deep mysterious force can be,
 What human wisdom can reveal to me?

Is it the fear of an eternal fire,
 That feeds this unaccountable desire?
 Or the distracting doubts of future state,
 So much the world's belief and world's debate,
 Uncertain of your visionary blifs,
 Forbids your leap into the dark abyfs?
 Or do you frame the grim and grisly foe,
 Impending over while you strike the blow,
 Dreadful alone because you think him so?
 Sure this it is, else man could ne'er endure
 So much affliction, when he knows the cure.

170

175

}

180



T H E C A P R I C I O U S.

B Y T H E S A M E.

From the same authority.

W H E N on my helpless bed I gasping ly,
 Expecting the last stroke of Nature's hand,
 When no relief is left, but I must die,
 Might I the hated universe command,

With what delight my senses should expire,
 If, in obedience to my pow'rful nod,
 The mighty fabrick should, at my desire,
 Tremble a shock by some avenging God.

5

This petty globe of earth, that's but a span,
 When we compare it to the All so vast
 Should, with its haughty favorite call'd Man,
 Dissolve to crumbled atoms by my blast.

10

Rous'd

Rous'd by offence, I'd all the heav'ns confound,
 While 'tis design'd to crush my little world,
 And in my rage the rolling orbs around 15
 Should be to Nothing's ancient bosom hurl'd.

Just as the daily labourer, who tries
 To ease his weary limbs with needful rest,
 Blows out the lamp, obnoxious to his eyes,
 When gentle sleep becomes a welcome guest. 20

So, when eternal night would seal my eye,
 And life's no more than if't had ne'er begun,
 Since uselefs rays instruct not where I ly,
 I'd with my latest breath puff out the sun.

Thus Nature's workmanship I'd quite deface, 25
 And all should perish by my indignation,
 Nor should I leave so much as mighty space,
 Left idle gods should raise a new creation.

V. 21. eyes. PC.



PATIE AND ROGER:

A PASTORAL,

INSCRIBED TO JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ. SECRETARY
OF THE ADMIRALTY.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.*

From his "Poems," 1731.

(DEDICATION.)

THE nipping frosts and driving sna
Are o're the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyres blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra' 4
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
'To try anes mair the landart lay
With a' thy speed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play 8
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker fight,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me 12
In truest light.

* Born 1...; dyed 1758. This eclogue, after its original publication, was adopted by the authour as the first scene of "The Gentle Shepherd."

II. To weaker fight, set these, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

How tosie is't to snuff the cauller air,
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill feason'd pain.

R O G E R.

I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate! 15
 I'm born to strive with hardships dire and great;
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood:
 But I opprest with never ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief. 20

P A T I E.

The bees shall loath the flower and quit the hive,
 The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 E'er scornfou queans, or losf of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

R O G E R.

Sae might I fay, but it's nae eafy done 25
 By ane wha's faul is fadly out o'tune:
 You have sae fast a voice and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, fyn up their leglens cleek, 30
 And jeer me hameward frae and loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
 Yet I am tall, and as well shap'd as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lasse's eye:

For

For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten, 35
 And should, as ane might think, come farrer ben.

P A T I E.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
 Nor downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
 If that be true, what signifies your gear?
 'A' mind that's scrimpit never wants some care. 40

R O G E R.

My byar tumbled, nine brow nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd.
 In winter last my cares were very sma,
 Tho' scores of wedders perish'd in the sna.

P A T I E.

Were your bein rooms as thinly flock'd as mine, 45
 Lefs you wad los, and lefs you wad repine:
 He wha has just enough can soundly sleep,
 The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

R O G E R.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'd thole the pangs of frequent los; 50

17. 40. And. PC.

42. Elf-shot.] Bewitch'd, shot by fairies; country people tell odd tales of this disemper amongst cows. When elf-shot, the cow falls down suddenly dead, no part of the skin is pierced, but often a little triangular flat stone is found near the beast, as they report, which is called the elf's arrow.

O may'ft thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
 Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,
 'Till, birfs'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
 And awn that ane may fret ' that' is nae fool.

P A T I E.

Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka cloot 55
 At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plumb-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
 A dainty whistle wi' a pleafant found ;
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you with a' your gear, ye dowie fool. 60

R O G E R.

Na, Patie, na, I'm nae sic churlish beast,
 Some ither things ly heavier at my breast ;
 I dream'd a dreery dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

P A T I E.

Now to your friend how filly's this pretence, 65
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens :
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
 Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but your fell. 70

F. 54. there. *PC.*

56. West-port,] The sheep market-place of Edinburgh.

64. Flesh a' creep.] A phrase which expreffes shuddering.

R O G E R,

R O G E R.

O Patie, ye have ghest indeed o'er true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you ;
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
 To speak but 'till her I dare hardly mint ;
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late, 75
 And gars me look bumbas'd and unco' blate,
 But yesterday I met her yount a know,
 She fled as frae a shellycoat or kow ;
 She Bauldy loo's, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o'tar. 80

P A T I E.

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

R O G E R.

I wish I cou'd na loo her,—but in vain,
 I still maun dote and thole her proud disdain.
 My Bauty is a cur I dearly like, 85
 'Till he youl'd fair, she strake the poor dumb tyke :
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.

72. Keep up.] Hide or retain.

78. Shelly coat.] One of those frightful spectres the ignorant people are terrified at, and tell us strange stories of; that they are clothed with a coat of shells, which make a horrid rattling; that they'll be sure to destroy one, if he gets not a running water between him and it; it dares not meddle with a woman with child, &c.—It is shelly-coated kow in the *Gentle Shepherd*.

When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 With a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn: 90
 Last time I play'd, ye never saw sic spite,
 O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte,
 Yet tauntingly she at her nibour speer'd
 Gin she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care; 95
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

P A T I E.

E'en do fac, Roger, wha can help misluck,
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabet chuck;
 Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,
 Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the lover's loup. 100

R O G E R.

I need na make sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrand death come soon enough a will.

P A T I E.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whindging way,
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Last morning I was unco' airly out, 105
 Upon a dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,
 I saw my Meg, but Maggie saw na me:
 For yet the sun was wading throw the mist,
 And she was clofs upon me e'er she wist. 110
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs, which whiter were than snaw:

89. Stock and horn.] A reed or whistle, with a horn fixed to it by the smaller end.

Her cokernony fnooded up fou fleek,
 Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek :
 Her cheek fae ruddy ! and her een fae clear ! 115
 And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was in bustline wastecoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :
 Blythsome I cry'd, my bonny Meg come here,
 I fairly wherefore ye'er fae soon a steer ; 120
 But now I guesf ye'er gawn to gather dew.
 She scour'd awa, and said what's that to you ?
 Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 I carelesf cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack 125
 With a right thievelesf errand she came back ;
 Miscau'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog
 To weer up three waff ews were on the bog.
 I leugh, and fae did she, then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste ; 130
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth :
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, fair she flete wi' me 'tween ilka smak, 135
 But well I kend she mean'd na as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb :
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood. 140

120. Soon a steer.] Soon stirring or up.

133. Never fash your thumb.] Be not the least vexed, be easy.

R O G E R.

Kind Patie, now fair faw your honest heart,
 Ye'r ay fae kedgie, and ha'e sick an art
 To hearten ane:—for now as clean's a leek
 Ye've cherisht me since ye began to speak :
 Sae for your pains I'll make you a propine, 145
 My mither, honest wife, has made it fine ;
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hauflock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
 With sprains like gou'd and filler, cross'd wi' black,
 I never had it yet upon my back. 150
 Well are ye wordy o't wha ha'e fae kind
 Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

P A T I E.

Well, had ye there,—and since ye've frankly made
 A present to me of your bra new plaid,
 My flute's be yours, and she too that's fae nice, 155
 Shall come a will, if you'll take my advice.

R O G E R.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't,
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't;

143. Clean's a leek.] Perfectly clever and right.

147. Hauflock woo.] A fine wool which is pulled off the necks of sheep before the knife be put in, this being so much gained without spoiling the sale of the skin, is gathered for such an use.

152. Red up.] Is a metaphorical phrase from the putting in order, or winding up yarn that has been ravel'd.

156. Come a will.] Come willingly, of her own accord, without constraint.

Now

Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny spring,
For I'm in tist to hear you play or sing.

160

P A T I E.

But first we'll take a turn up to the hight,
And see gin a' our flocks be feeding right :
Be that time bannocks and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please ;
Might please our laird, gin he were but fae wife 165
To season meat wi' health instead of spice :
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell.

167. The grace-drink.] The king's health, begun first by the religious Margaret queen of Scots, known by the name of St. Margaret. The piety of her design was to oblige the courtiers not to rise from table till the thanksgiving-grace was said, well judging, that though some folks have little regard for religion, yet they will be mannerly to their prince.



H Y M N T O S O L I T U D E .

BY JAMES THOMSON ESQUIRE.*

From his "Works," 1762.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk, 5
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease.

And still in every shape you please. 10

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream

A lone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,

And now you sweep the vaulted sky,

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain, 15

And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now with all the grace

Of that sweet passion in your face:

Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume

The gentle-looking Harford's bloom, 20

As, with her Musidora, she

(Her Musidora fond of thee)

Amid the long-withdrawing vale

Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn, 25

Just as the dew-bent rose is born;

* *Born 1700; dyed 1748.*

And

And while meridian fervours beat,
 'Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landkip swims away, 30
 'Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels blefs thy train,
 The virtues of the sage and swain ;
 Plain Innocence, in white array'd, 35
 Before thee lifts her fearless head :
 Religion's beams around thee shine,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
 About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
 And rapt Urania sings to thee. 40

Oh ! let me pierce thy secret cell,
 And in thy deep recesses dwell.
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
 When Meditation has her fill,
 I just may cast my careless eyes 45
 Where London's spiry turrets rise,
 Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
 Then shield me in the woods again.



O D E.

(TO MRS. A. R.)

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR
ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems," 1760.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus —
H O R.

NOW Spring begins her smiling round,
Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground;
The birds exalt their chearful voice,
And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand, 5
Knit in love's eternal band,
With dancing step at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where'er the youthful sisters move,
They fire the soul to genial love. 10
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride:
While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Above the feather'd songster woos.
Soon will the rip'ned Summer yield 15
Her various gifts to ev'ry field;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow;

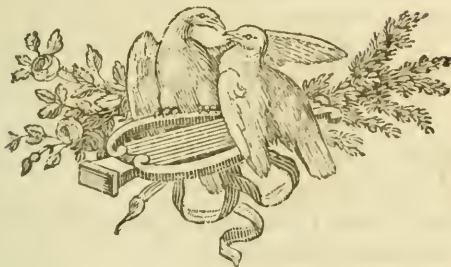
* Born 1704; dyed 1754.

Sweet smells, from beds of lilies born,
 Perfume the breezes of the morn : 20
 The sunny day, and dewy night,
 To rural play my fair invite.
 Soft on a bank of violets laid,
 Cool she enjoys the evening shade ;
 The sweets of Summer feast her eye : 25
 Yet soon, soon will the Summer fly.
 Attend, my lovely Maid, and know
 To profit by th' instructive show :
 Now young and blooming thou art seen,
 Fresh on the stalk, for ever green ; 30
 Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
 Full blown to fight the blushing rose :
 Yet, once the sunny season past,
 Think not the coz'ning scene will last :
 Let not the flatt'rer Hope persuade ; 35
 Ah! must I say that it will fade ?
 For see the Summer posts away,
 Sad emblem of our own decay.
 Now Winter, from the frozen North,
 Drives his stiff iron chariot forth ; 40
 His grizly hand in icy chains
 Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains :
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
 He wanders on the tops of Yare !
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen 45
 Confess'd on many a with'ring green.
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see,
 A snowy wreath to clothe each tree,

Frequenting now the stream no more
 Thou fly'st, displeas'd, the frozen shore. 50
 When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
 But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
 Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou say,
 Be like to this some other day?
 Yet, when in snow and dreary frost 55
 The pleasure of the field is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 We do not lose, but change our joy; 60
 Happy abandon ev'ry care,
 To lead the dance, to court the fair,
 To turn the page of sacred bards,
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
 But when the beauteous white and red 65
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled;
 When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
 Make beauty fly we know not where;
 The fair whom Fates unkind disarm,
 Have they for ever ceas'd to charm? 70
 Or is there left some pleasing art,
 To keep secure a captive heart?
 Unhappy Love! might lovers say,
 Beauty thy food does swift decay;
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent, 75
 What art thy famine can prevent?
 Lay virtues in with early care,
 That love may live on wisdom's fare:

Tho' extasy with beauty flies,
Esteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy virtues shall delight his age.

80



EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY DAVID MALLETT ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems," 1762.

*Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it. It is silly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.*

SHAKES. TWELFTH NIGHT.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

Thereauteous Emma flourish'd fair, 5
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads 10
Gave color to her cheek :
Such orient color smiles thro heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains :
That sun, who bids *their* diamond blaze, 15
To paint *our* lilly deigns.

* Born 17..; dyed 1765.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair. 20

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art ;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught : 25
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow ! 30
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His Sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like *her* in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill, 35
 Each darker art employ'd.

The Father too, a fordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew. 40

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd:
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove:
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love. 45

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept. 50

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd. 55

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast:
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast. 60

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed;
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love!

65

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

70

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
“ My Edwin live for me.”

75

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

80

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad-sounding in the gale!

85

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door— 99
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side—
 From her white arm down sunk her head; 95
 She shivering sigh'd, and died.

*Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes in Yorkshire,
 on the subject of the preceding poem.*

TO MR. COPPERTHWAITÉ AT MARRICK.

Worthy Sir,

* * * As to the affair mentioned in yours; it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows.

THE family name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age; that is growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that *blood* was nothing without *grats*.

The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about *Sbrove-tuesday*, and died the Sunday fennight after.

On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the Mother, who bid her welcome—when

it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

The then Curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15. 1714. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former times the earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. Camb. Brit.



A

F R A G M E N T.

BY THE SAME.

From his "*Works*," 1759.

* * *

F AIR morn ascends: soft Zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
 Of balmy smell, of healing power,
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in every gale.
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where, sweetly-pensive, *Silence* reigns;
 And there at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky;

L 4

10
 While

While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rowls with sounding sweep.
 Of human art no traces near,
 I seem alone with *Nature* here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred HEALTH! 15
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth!
 The seasoning of all good below!
 The sovereign friend in joy or woe!
 O *Thou*, most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence duly priz'd! 20
Power of the soft and rosy face!
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
 The spirits when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
 O *sun* of life! whose heavenly ray 25
 Lights up, and cheers, our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till *Nature*, with thy *parting* light,
 Reposes late in *Death's* calm night: 30
 Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain, and hate;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot *Riot* would his anguish steep,
 But tosses thro' the midnight-shade, 35
 Of death, of life, alike afraid;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where *Temperance*, where the *Muses* dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn: 40
 Or

Or on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye,
 With song and prospect, which abound
 From birds, and woods and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray, 45
 Flames forth intolerable day ;
 While *Heat* sits fervent on the plain,
 With *Thirst* and *Languor* in his train ;
 All nature sickening in the blaze :
Thou, in the wild and woody maze, 50
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
 Where breathing *Coolness* has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown, 55
Imagination lays him down ;
 Attentive, in his airy mood,
 To every murmur of the wood :
 The bee in yonder flowery nook ;
 The chidings of the headlong brook ; 60
 The green leaf shivering in the gale ;
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;
 The distant woodman's echoing stroke ;
 The thunder of the falling oak.
 From thought to thought in vision led, 65
He holds high converse with the dead ;
 Sages, or Poets. See they rise !
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.

Hark !

Hark! ORPHEUS strikes the lyre again,
 That soften'd savages to men : 70
 Lo! SOCRATES, the *Sent* of heaven,
 To whom its *moral will* was given.
 Fathers and friends of human kind,
 They form'd the nations or refin'd,
 With all that mends the head and heart, 75
 Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
 At once the sounding breeze was laid :
 And *Nature*, by the *unknown law*,
 Shook deep with reverential awe. 80
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour ;
 A browner night involv'd the bower :
 When issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair *Freedom's GENIUS* good.
 O *Freedom!* sovereign boon of heaven; 85
Great Charter, with our being given ;
 For which the patriot, and the sage,
 Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age!
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace : 90
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
 What but from God immediate came!

* * * *



E L E G Y.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.*

From "The Adventures of Roderick Random," (1766).

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest;—
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call, 5
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bower,

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around; 10
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the musick of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall, 15
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew;

* Born 1720; dyed 1771.

There leagu'd with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
A-while in ſilence o'er my fate repine :

Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign. 20

Wilt thou, Monimia ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt ?

Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on my breſt ?



T H E
T E A R S O F S C O T L A N D.

M D C C X L V I.

B Y T H E S A M E.

From a collection of Songs.

MOURN, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurel torn !
'Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lye ſlaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more 5
Invite the ſtranger to the door,
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lye,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner ſees afar
His all become the prey of war, 10

Bethinks

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life!
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where late they fed their wanton flocks;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain, 15
 Thine infants perish on the plain!

What boots it, that in every clime,
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze? 20
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke!
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay 25
 No more shall cheer the happy day,
 No social scenes of gay delight
 Beguile the dreary winter's night;
 No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe; 30
 Whilst the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baleful cause! O fatal morn!
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn:
 The sons against their fathers stood, 35
 The parent shed his children's blood;
 Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd;

The

The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and conqu'ring steel!

40

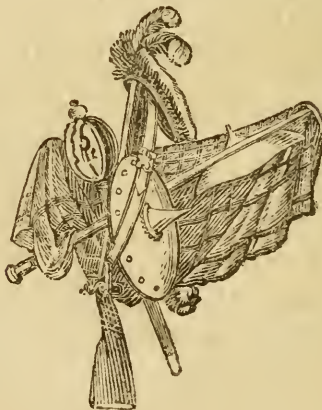
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forfaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies!

45

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn!

50

55



THE
GRAVE,

BY ROBERT BLAIR*.

The house appointed for all living. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
 Their aims as various as the roads they take
 In journeying through life;—the task be mine
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb; 5
 Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
 These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
 Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing!
 Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature, appall'd, 10
 Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
 Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
 Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
 Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams 15
 Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper

* Born 1699; died 1746.

By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 (Furr'd round with mouldy damp and ropy slime)
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome. 20
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms :
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports) 25
 Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane ;—the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And bury'd midst the wreck of things which were ; 30
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks
 'Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy ailes, 35
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 'scutcheons

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise, 40
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.
 Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms, 45
 (Coeval near with that) all ragged show,

Long lath'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks : others so thin a top,
 That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here : 50
 Wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs :
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
 (Such tales their chear, at Wake or Gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night.) 55

OFT, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen
 By glimpse of moonshine, chequering through the trees,
 The school-boy, with his fatchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones, 60
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels :
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind, 65
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new open'd grave ; and (strange to tell !) 70
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

THE new-made *Widow*, too I've sometimes 'spy'd,
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :

V. 73. ov'r.

* K

Little's,

Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
 Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye, 75
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops; whilst busy meddling Memory
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours, 80
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

INVIDIOUS *Grave*—how dost thou rend in sunder 85
 Whom Love has knit, and Sympathy made one!
 A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band!
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
 Sweetner of life, and folder of society;
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me 90
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
 Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on, 95
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd Thrush
 Mended his song of love; the footy Blackbird 101
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note:

The

The Eglantine smell'd sweeter ; and the Rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury 105
 Of drefs.—Oh ! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too too much in haste : still the full heart
 Had not imparted half : 'Twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance! 110

DULL *Grave*--thou spoil'ft the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'ft out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;
 Branding our *laughter* with the name of *madness*.
 Where are the *Jesters* now ? the men of health, 115
 Complexionally pleasant ? where the *Droll*
 Whose ev'ry look and jesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crouds,
 And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile 120
 Before she was aware ? Ah ! fullen now,
 And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.

WHERE are the mighty thunderbolts of war ?
 The *Roman Cæsars*, and the *Grecian Chiefs*,
 The boast of story ? Where the hot-brain'd youth, 125
 Who the *Tiara* at his pleasure tore,
 From Kings of all the then discover'd globe ;
 And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work ?
 Alas ! how slim, dishonourably slim ! 130

And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
 Proud *Royalty* ! how alter'd are thy looks !
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue !
Son of the morning ! whither art thou gone ?
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head, 135
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
 Felt from afar ? Pliant and powerless now,
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife : 140
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born croud,
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful *Grave*,
 Of being unmolested and alone. 145
Arabia's guns and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the *Heralds* duly paid
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple—
 O cruel *Irony* ! These come too late ;
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour. 150
 Surely there's not a dungeon-slave, that's bury'd
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as found as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
 Above the vulgar born, to rot in state. 155

BUT see ! the well-plum'd *Hearse* comes nodding on,
 Stately and slow ; and properly attended
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,

By

By letting out their persons by the hour 160
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
 How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
 And glittering in the sun; triumphant entries
 Of Conquerors, and Coronation-pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people 165
 Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements
 And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
 Why this ado in earthing-up a Carcase
 That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril 170
 Smells horrible?—Ye *Undertakers* tell us,
 Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 Ye make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
 What would offend the eye in a good picture 175
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

PROUD *Lineage*, now how little thou appear'st
 Below the envy of the private man.
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
 Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor stops there short. 180
 Strange persecution! when the *Grave* itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

ABSURD to think to over-reach the *Grave*,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame 185
 Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
 The far-fam'd *Sculptor*, and the laurell'd *Bard*,

Those bold infurancers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
 The tap'ring *Pyramid*, th' *Egyptian's* pride, 190
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
 Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
 Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years, 195
 'The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crufted,
 At once gives way. Oh ! lamentable fight :
 The labour of whole ages, lumbers down,
 A hideous and mi[s]shapen length of ruins.
 Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain 200
 With all-subduing Time : his cank'ring hand
 With calm delib'rate malice wasteth them :
 Worn on the edge of days, the brafs consumes,
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge : 205
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty *Troublers of the earth*,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood ;
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying Villains, 210
 Who ravag'd kingdoms and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of power
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert. 215

Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
 That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable.—Here too the *petty Tyrant*,
 Whose scant domains *Geographer* ne'er notic'd,
 And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short; 220
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of Misery:
 (As if a Slave was not a shred of nature, 225
 Of the same common feelings with his *Lord* :)
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;
 Nor pleads his rank and birth-right. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; Vassal and Lord, 230
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

WHEN self-esteem, or others adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The *Grave* gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are. 236

Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The *Grave* discredits thee: thy charms expung'd, 240
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy Lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst, surfeited upon the damask cheek, 245
 The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd.—For this was all thy caution?
 For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
 T'improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder,
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well, 251
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
 Look, how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew drops on the bells of flowers:
 Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain 255
 Labours to put a gloss on its distress.

Strenght too—thou furly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that laugh loud at the village-ring;
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling, 260
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath 265
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?
 See how he tugs for life, and lays about him, 270
 Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,

Just

Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
 Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom, 275
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
 It was his last.—See how the great *Goliath*,
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty Boaster,
 To vaunt of nerves 'like' thine? What means the Bull, 281
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man;
 That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts only in the well-invented knife? 285

WITH *study* pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying *Sage*, close to his eye
 Applies the sight-invigorating Tube;
 And, travelling through the boundless length of space,
 Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs, 290
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud Man,
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
 And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place 295
 Where *nor device nor knowledge* ever came.

HERE the *Tongue-Warrior* lies, disabled now,
 Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
 And cannot tell his ail to passers by.

Great man of language,—whence this mighty change?
 'This dumb despair, and drooping of the head? 301
 Tho' strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And fly Infination's softer arts
 In ambush lay about thy flowing Tongue;
 Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and silence
 Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast 306
 Unceasing.—Ah! where now's the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the force of words,
 The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
 With all the lesser ornaments of Phrase? 310
 Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been.
 Raz'd from the book of Fame: or, more provoking,
 Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten Scribbler
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes, 315
 With heavy-halting pace that drawl along;
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm with red Resentment the wan Cheek.

HERE the great masters of the *Healing-art*,
 These mighty mock-defrauders of the *Tomb*, 320
 Spite of their *Juleps* and *Catholicons*,
 Resign to fate.—Proud *Æsculapius'* son!
 Where are thy boasted implements of Art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of Health?
 Nor Hill, nor Vale, as far as ship could go, 325
 Nor margin of the gravel bottom'd Brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling hand:—from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring Virtues out,

And

And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research. 330
 But why this *apparatus*? why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the *Grave*,
 Where are thy *Recipes* and *Cordials* now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
 Alas! thou speakest not.—The bold impostor 335
 Looks not more silly when his cheat's found out.

HERE the lank-sided *Miser*, worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift,
 From back, and belly too, their proper cheer;
 Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay 340
 To his own carcase; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clam'rous Appetites no longer teaz'd,
 Nor tedious Bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
 Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed. 345
Robb'd of his Gods, what has he left behind?
 Oh! curst lust of Gold; when for thy sake,
 The fool throws up his Int'rest in both Worlds,
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, Oh *Death*! 350
 To him who is at ease in his possessions;
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay Tenement, 355
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,

But

But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains, 360
 And fit her for her passage!—Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror.—But the Foe,
 Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of Life, 365
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous Verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

SURE 'tis a serious thing *to die!* My soul,
 What a strange moment must it be, when near 370
 Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd,
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting; 375
 For part they must: *Body* and *Soul* must part;
 Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty Source,
 The Witness of its actions, now its Judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome *Grave*, 380
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

IF *Death* was nothing, and nought *after death*,
 If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,

Whence

Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee 385
 Untrembling inouth the Heav'ns:—Then might the dru-
 kard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bug-bear *Death*:—Then might the Wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life, 390

At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
 And by what way; whether by hemp, or steel.
Death's thousand doors stand open.—Who could force
 The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time, 395

Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When able. But if there is an *Hereafter*,
 And that there is, Conscience, uninfluenc'd,
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man; 400

Then must it be an awful thing *to die*:
 More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self murder!—name it not: our island's shame:
 That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
 Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate, 405

Self-preservation, *fall* by her own act?
 Forbid it heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of his own lord.—Dreadful attempt!

Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage 410
 To rush into the presence of our Judge;
 As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard of tortures

Must

Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
 The common damn'd shun their society, 415
 And look upon themselves as Fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
 How long, how short, we know not :—this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission : 420
 Like Centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
 Those only are the Brave, who keep their ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick : to run away 425
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst,
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad :
 No frenzy half so desperate as this. 430

TELL us, ye Dead ; will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
 Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out ;
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
 I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes 435
 Forewarn'd men of their death :—'Twas kindly done
 To knock, and give 'th' alarum'.—But what means
 This stinted charity ?—'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
 'Tell us what 'tis *to die* ?—Do the strict laws 440
 Of your society forbid your speaking

V. 437. the alarm.

Upon

Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more :
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, ye shine,
 Enlight'ning but yourselves. Well,—'tis no matter ;
 A very little time will clear up all, 445
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the Village swain,
 And there his pamper'd Lord.—The cup goes round ;
 And who so artful as to put it by ?
 'Tis long since *Death* had the majority ; 450
 Yet strange ! *the Living lay it not to heart.*
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The *Sexton*, hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle Tear ; with mattock in his hand 455
 He digs through rows of Kindred and Acquaintance,
 By far his Juniors.—Scarce a scull's cast up,
 But well he knew its Owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years ; 460
 And yet ne'er Yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale :—When drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
 More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch ! he minds not,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade, 465
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

ON this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out,
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long Livers

In the world's hale and undegen'rate days, 470
 Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
 Never to think of *Death* and of *ourselves*
 At the same time : as if to learn *to die*
 Where no concern of ours.—Oh ! more than fottish,
 For creatures of a Day in gamefome mood 475
 To frolic on Eternity's dread brink,
 Unapprehensive ; when, for aught we know,
 The very first fwoln Surge fhall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, *Time* hurries on
 With a refiftlefs unremitting ftream ; 480
 Yet treads more foft than e'er did midnight-thief,
 That slides his hand under the Mifer's pillow,
 And carries off his prize.—What is *this World* ?
 What ? but a fpacious *burial-field* unwall'd,
 Strew'd with Death's fpoils, the fpoils of animals 485
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
 The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd :
 And we that live muft lend our carcafes
 To cover our own offspring :—In their turns
 They too muft cover theirs.—'Tis *here* all meet ; 490
 The fhiv'ring *Icelander*, and fun-burnt *Moor* ;
 Men of all climes, that never met before ;
 And of all creeds, the *Jew*, the *Turk*, and *Chriftian*.
Here the proud *Prince*, and *Favourite* yet prouder,
 His Sov'reign's keeper, and the People's fcourge, 495
 Are huddled out of fight.—*Here* lie abafh'd
 The great *Negotiators* of the earth,

V. 47. ought.

And

And celebrated *Masters of the balance*,
 Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
 Now vain their *Treaty-skill*:—Death scorns to treat. 500
Here the o'erloaded *Slave* flings down his burthen
 From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the cruel Tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
 Is meditating some unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm:—and quick as thought escapes 505
 Where Tyrants vex not, and the Weary rest.
Here the warm *Lover*, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale *Echo*, and the bubbling stream,
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of *Love*,)
 Fast by his gentle Mistress lays him down, 510
 Unblasted by foul tongue.—*Here* friends and foes
 Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd *Prelate*, and plain *Presbyter*,
 'Erewhile' that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle *here*, like sister-streams 515
 That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large limb'd *Peasant*: *here* the *Child*
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in Life's porch.
Here is the *Mother*, with her sons and daughters: 520
 The barren *Wife*; and long-demurring *Maid*,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the *Prude* severe, the gay *Coquet*, 525

V. 514. E'erwhile.

V. 523. cowslips.

* L

And

And sober *Widow*, and the young green *Virgin*,
 Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley *here!*
Here garrulous *Old Age* winds up his tale ;
 And jovial *Youth*, of lightsome vacant heart, 530
 Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth:—The shrill-tongu'd *Shrew*,
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
 Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave,
 The just, the good, the worthless, the profane ; 535
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
 The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
 The wrecks of Nations, and the spoils of Time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years. 540

POOR *Man!* how happy once in thy *first state!*
 When yet but warm from thy great maker's hand,
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
 Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
 Sound was the *Body*, and the *Soul* serene ; 545
 Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
 That play their several parts.—Nor head nor heart
 Offer'd to ache : Nor was there cause they should ;
 For all was pure within : No fell remorse,
 Nor anxious castings-up of what might be, 550
 Alarm'd his peaceful bosom :—Summer seas
 Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds
 Just ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,
 The generous soil with a luxuriant hand

Offer'd

Offer'd the various produce of the year, 555
 And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
 Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But, ah! how short!
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of Holy Men;
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
 Oh! flipp'ry state of things.—What sudden turns! 560
 What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
 Of man's sad history?—To-day most happy,
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.
 How scant the space between these vast extremes!
 Thus far'd it with *our Sire*:—Not long h' enjoy'd 565
 His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
 Or sum them up; when strait he must be gone,
 Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
 Can nought compound for the first dire offence 570
 Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parly with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish odours of the place
 Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon, 575
 Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty Angel,
 With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
 His glory, and his God.—If mortal now, 580
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—*Man has sinn'd.*
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: Nor try'd in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!)

Where the worst thing could happen 'was' success,) 585
 Alas! too well he sped:—The *Good* he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
 Not to return;—or, if it did, its visits,
 Like those of *Angels*, short, and far between:
 Whilst the black *Dæmon*, with his hell-scrap'd Train, 590
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the *Man*; who now too late
 Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
 An error fatal not to him alone, 595
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

WHAT havock hast thou made, foul monster, *Sin!* 600
 Greatest and first of Ills.—The fruitful parent
 Of Woes of all dimensions!—But for *thee*
 Sorrow had never been.—All noxious Thing,
 Of vilest nature.—Other sorts of Evils,
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds. 605
 The fierce *Volcano*, from its burning entrails
 That belches molten Stone and globes of Fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
 Marrs the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,
 And there it stops.—The big-swoln *Inundation*, 610
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,

P. 585. is.

Buries

Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more ;
 But that too has its Shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than these ! *Sin* has laid waste,
 Not here and there a country, but a *World* : 615
 Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
 Entire mankind ; and for their sakes defacing
 A whole Creation's beauty with rude hands ;
 Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
 And marking all along its way with ruin. 620
 Accursed Thing !—Oh ; where shall Fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors ?—Pregnant womb of Ills !
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That Toads and Serpents of most deadly kind, 625
 Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
 Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round !
 Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
 Wades deep in blood new spilt ; yet for to-morrow 631
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

BUT hold,—I've gone too far ; too much discover'd
 My Father's nakedness, and Nature's shame. 635
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest Tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,
 O'er all those ample desarts *Death* hath spread,
 This *Chaos* of mankind. O great *Man-eater* !

Whose ev'ry day is *Carnival*, not fated! 640
 Unheard-of *Epicure!* without a fellow!
 The veriest *Gluttons* do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the Appetite: *Thou* seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd, 645
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up;
This, less than *this*, might gorge thee to the full.
 But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'ft for more:
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand, 650
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
 (As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine, and war, were not thy Caterers.

BUT know, that thou must *render up thy Dead*,
 And with high Int'rest too. They are not thine; 655
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of Restitution;
 When loud diffusive sound, from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd Cherub, shall alarm thy Captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life, 660
 Day-light, and liberty.—
Then must thy Gates fly open, and reveal
 The mines that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible, 665
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire
 And inquisition of the forge.—We know

¶. 640. not fated yet!

Th'

Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 THE SON OF GOD, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
 Thou could'st not hold :—self-vigorous he rose, 670
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall)
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
 And shew'd himself alive to *chosen Witnesses*, 675
 By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
 Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
 He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I see him
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along.
 Athwart the severing clouds: But the faint eye, 680
 Flung backwards in the chace, soon drops its hold,
 Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in ;
 Nor are his friends shut out : as some great Prince
 Not for himself alone procures admission, 685
 But for his train :—It was his Royal will,
 That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path !
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears :
 But not untrod, nor tedious : The fatigue 690
 Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no by-road
 To blifs.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships, in the way
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,
 And a ne'er-setting sun ?—Fools that we are ! 695
 We wish to be where Sweets unwith'ring bloom ;
 But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So

So have I seen upon a summer's ev'n,
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a Youngster play :
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide, 700
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd :
 At last, he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank, 705
 And smil'd so sweet of late.—Thrice welcome *Death!*
 That after many a painful bleeding step
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long-wish'd-for shore.—Prodigious change!
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—*Death* disarm'd 710
 Loses his fellness quite.—All thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the venom out.——Sure *the last end*
 Of the good Man is *Peace!*—How calm his *Exit!*
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft. 715
 Behold him in the evening-tide of Life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green :
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting. 720
 (High in his faith and hopes,) look how he strives
 After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away :
 Whilst the glad gates of fight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits 725
 Of the fast-coming harvest.—*Then!* Oh! *then!*
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,

Shrunk

Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
 'Tis done! and now he's happy:—The glad *Soul* 730
 Has not a wish uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag *Flesh*
Refs too in *Hope* of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain:—The time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial-earth, 735
 Whether on Land, or in the spacious Sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolate:—And faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account; not the least atom
 Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale. 740
 Each *Soul* shall have a *Body* ready furnish'd;
 And each shall have his own.—Hence ye prophane,
 Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts, 745
 And put them as they were.—Almighty God
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days; and what he can, he will:
 His Faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
 (Not unattentive to the call,) shall wake: 750
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state.—Nor shall the conscious *Soul*
 Mistake its partner; but amidst the Croud 755

V. 729. dismiss'd.

Singling

Singling its other half, into its arms
 Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a Man
 That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
 With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting! 760
 Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a Night, a long and moonless Night,
 We make the *Grave* our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary Bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake 765
 Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.



Behold ! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs ;
 Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
 The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose ;
 The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene. 20

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
 Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun :
 The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
 Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers, 25
 From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
 And cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
 That fill the air with fragrance all around, 30
 The linet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
 While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
 Along the green-sward, mark'd with Roman mound,
 Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye, 35
 The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
 Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
 Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove.
 And follow Nature up to Nature's God. 40

Thus

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
 Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
 Thus heav'n-taught Plato trac'd th' Almighty cause,
 And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd Academic bays; 45
 Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons roll,
 Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
 And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
 My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn; 50
 Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
 And gather'd health from all the gales of morn,

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged year,
 I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
 Tho' frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear, 55
 Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet blest'd my days;
 I fear'd no loss, my MIND was all my store;
 No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
 Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more. 60

Now Spring returns: but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known;
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind, 63
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest; 70
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
 And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate, 75
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more. 80

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
 Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve, 85
 When sleep fits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis* lies.

* "A young boy of great parts," to whose memory the author has
 left a monody, in imitation of Milton's Lycidas.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes, 90
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night's gone, and the 'last' morn 'rise'.

V. 91. lost. arise. PC.





THE
CALEDONIAN MUSE.
 PART II.

P O E M S
 BY UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

SIR PENNY.

From Lord Hailese's edition, after the Hyndford MS.

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
 With Sir Penny; and wat ye quhy?
 He is a man will undertak
 Lands for to fell, and [als to] by;
 Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wuld I 5
 With him in fellofchip to repair;
 Becaus he is in cumpany
 Ane noble gyd bayth lait and air.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
 His cumpany thay think so sweit, 10
 Sum givis na cair to fell his land,
 With gud Sir Penny for to meit ;
 Because he is a noble spreit,
 Ane furthy man, and ane forseand ;
 Thair is no matter to end compleit, 15
 Quhill he sett to his feill and hand.

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
 Off mekle strenth and dignitie,
 And evir sen the warld began,
 In to this land autoreift is he ; 20
 With king and quene may ye nocht fe,
 They treit him ay so tendirly,
 That thair can na thing endit be,
 Without him in thair cumpany.

Sir Penny is a man of law, 25
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyis and war,
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standand at the bar ;
 Is nane so wyis can him defar,
 Quhen he proponis furth ane ple, 30
 Nor yit fa hardy man that dar
 Sir Penny tyne, or disobey.

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyis,
 The kirks to steir he takks on hand ;
 Disponar he is of benefyis, 35
 In to this realme, our all the land,

Is none so wicht dar him ganestand ;
 So wyisly can Sir Penny wirk,
 And als Sir Simony his ferwand,
 That now is gydar of the kirk. 40

Gif to the courts thow maks repair,
 And thow haif materis to proclame,
 Thow art unable weill to fair,
 Sir Penny and thow leif at hame.
 To bring him furth thynk thow na schame, 45
 I do ye weill to understand ;
 Into thy bag beir thow his name,
 Thy mater cummis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is made ane owle,
 Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene, 50
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair-mowle,
 And makis him blind of baith his ene;
 Thairowt he is bot seyndill fene,
 Sa fast thairain they can him steik,
 That pure commownis can nocht obtene 55
 Ane day to byd with him to speik.



THE
WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTY.

From the same authority.

IN Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man,
An husband, as I hard it tawld,
Quha weill could tippill out a can,
And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld :
Quhill anis it fell upon a day, 5
He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain ;
Gif it be trew, as I heard fay,
The day was fowll for wind and rain.

He lowsit the pleuch at the landis end,
And draife his oxin hame at evin ; 10
Quhen he come in he lukit ben,
And saw the wif baith dry and clene,
And sittand at ane fyre, beik and bawld,
With ane fat fowp, as I hard fay :
The man being verry weit and cawld, 15
Betwein thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsis corn ?
My ox hes naithir hay nor stray ;
Dame, ye man to the pleuch to morn,
I fall be hussy, gif I may. 20

And cawd the gaislingis furth to feid,
 Thair was bot sevenfum of tham all ; 50
 And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
 And lickit up five, left him bot twa ;
 Than out he ran in all his mane,
 How sune he hard the gaislingis cry ;
 But than or he came in againe, 55
 The calvis brak louse, and suckit the ky.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,
 The man ran with ane rung to red ;
 Than thair cumis ane ill-willy cow,
 And brodit his buttock quhill that it bled. 60
 Than hame ran to an rok of tow,
 And he satt down to say the spinning ;
 I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
 Quoth he, this wark hes ill beginning.

Than to the kirn that did he stoure, 65
 And jumlit at it quhill he swat :
 Quhen he had fumblit a full lang hour,
 The sorow scrap of butter he gatt.
 Albeit na butter he could gett,
 Yit he was cummerit with the kirne, 70
 And fyne he het the milk our het,
 And sorrow a spark of it wald yyrne.

Than ben their cam ane greidy sow,
 I trow he cund hir littill thank ;
 For in scho schot hir mekle mow, 75
 And ay scho winkit and scho drank.
 He

He cleikit up ane crukit club,
 And thocht to hitt the fow a rout,
 The twa gaislings the gled had left,
 That fraik dang baith their harnis out. 80

Than he bear kendling to the kill,
 But scho start all up in ane low;
 Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he saw,
 That day he had na will to wow.
 Than he gied to take up the bairnis, 85
 Thocht to haif fund thame fair and clene;
 The first that he got in his armis,
 Was all bedirtin to the ene.

The first that he gat in his armis,
 It was all dirt up to the einc; 90
 The devill cut aff thair hands, quoth he,
 That fild you all as fow yistrein.
 He trailit the foull sheitis down the gait,
 Thocht to haif wascht them on an stane,
 The burn wes risen grit of spait, 95
 Away fra him the sheitis hes tane.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,
 On hir to cry, on hir to schout,
 Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
 Bot stoutly steirid the stottis about. 100
 Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
 Scho lowfit the pleuch and fyne come hame;
 Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
 I trow the man thocht right grit schame.

Quoth

Quoth he, my office I forsaik, 105

For all the dayis of my lyfe,

For I wald put anc house to wraik,

Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife.

Quoth scho, weill met ye bruke your place,

For trewlie I will never exceptit ; 110

Quoth he, feind fall the lyaris face,

Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.

Than up scho gat ane mekle rung,

And the gudman maid to the doir;

Quoth he, Deme, I fall hald my tung, 115

For and we fecht I'll gett the woir.

Quoth he, quhen I forseik my pleuch,

I trow I bot forsuk my feill,

And I will to my pleuch agane,

For I and this hous will nevir do weill. 120



H O N E Y - M O O N .

*From a MS. of the latter part of the 16th century, in the
Cotton library.*

BY west of late as I dyd walke,
 In the pryme tyme of the day,
 Yt was my chaunce to here the talke
 Of two yonge folkes in 'fay';
 They had not bene marred at the kyrke 5
 Thre dayes then fully past,
 The good man had his wyffe to worke,
 Nay soft, quod she, no haste,
 For now
 I wyll, quod she, not worke for the, 10
 I make to God a vowe.

And yf thou wylt not worke, quod he,
 Thou drab I shall the dryve.
 I would to God, thou knave, quod she,
 Thou durst that matter 'pryve.' 15
 The godman for to beate his wyffe
 In hande a pafe he went, —
 He caught two blowes vpon his head
 For every one he lent,
 In dede; 20
 He never 'blan' beating her than —
 Tyll both hys eares dyd blede.

v. 4. fay. MS.

v. 15. preve. MS.

v. 21. blandc. MS.

He

He was so flowte and sterne that stoure,
 And fearsse with her in fyght,
 That even vpon the stony flowre — 25
 She knokt his head full ryght.
 The good wyffe was wonderous wake in hande,
 Fearefull and nothing bold,
 But he — had never a fott to stande
 When she of hym caught hold, 30
By the crage;
 And with her fyft his mouth she kyft,
 As fast as yt myght wagge.

 Now then, she cryed lowd, a lake!
 I do you well to wytt— 35
 But he lay downe vpon his bake,
 And she stode on her fett;
 Bending her selfe to hym a pacce,
 She cryed him merfy then,—
 And pylled the barke even of hys face 40
 With her commaundementes ten;
And oft
 She dyd hym doffe abowt the nosse,
 Tyll 'al' hys facce was softe.

 Now when the neybowres hard the noyse, 45
 So longe betwen them twayne,
 They wyft yt was no wanton toyes,
 And fast thether they ranne;
 But when they came, in vayne yt was,
 The dores was sparred rounde, 50

The good wyffe cryed owt alas!
 But he — lay on the grounde,
 Well beate ;
 Lying alonge he sayd among
 That better he would her heate. 55

Hys neybowres they were fore afrayde
 That he would kyll hys wyffe,
 Then hym full instantly they prayde
 To stynt and leave hys stryffe,
 And not hys wrath vpon her ‘ wreache’, 60
 They dyd hym all exorte ;
 Nay, nay, quod he, I shall her teache
 How she shall be so shorte
 With me ;—

Yet on his face she layd apace, 65
 And cryed hym styll mercè.

Whiche thing to here the neyboures all
 Dyd pytty her so fore,
 That to the goodman they dyd call,
 And sayd, for shame, no more : 70
 He bad them then go pyke them home,
 And there go medle them now ;
 I am, quod he, not fuche a one,
 To leave fighting for yowe,
 I trow: 75
 Yet for all this, they sayd, I wys,
 Small neyboure hede he dyd showe.

To neyboures the goodman myrth dyd make,
To them that sawe that dede,

All and some;

To whom he sware, that he had thare
Slane her had they not come.

110

'Wish' all yong marryed wyves I wyll
No such masters to 'pryve',
But even obey youre husbandes styll,
Lesse they to worke yowe dryve;
And seing that yt ys not the best
To leve in debate and stryffe,
God send all 'then' that quiet rest
May be with man and wyffe,

115

To the end:

Grant vs all pray both night and day,
That God such grace may sende.

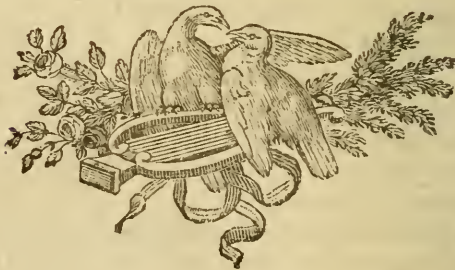
120

V. III. with. *MS.*

V. II2. preve. *MS.*

V. II7. them. *MS.*

V. 120. Grant] sic *MS.* f. Lat (*Let*).



T H E

B A T T L E O F H A R L A W,

FOUGHTEN UPON FRIDAY, JULY 24. 1411, AGAINST
DONALD OF THE ISLES.

From "the Ever Green."

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se
The noys and dulefum hermonie, 5
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy : 10
I wist nocht quha was fae or freind ;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.
But sen the days of auld king Hairy,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene,
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy, 15
For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man and bad him stay,
Requeisting him to mak me quaint, 20

N

OF

Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw ;
 Then he entreited me tak tent,
 And he the truth fould to me schaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim 25
 Unto the lands of Rofs sum richt,
 And to the Governour he came,
 Them for to haif gif that he micht:
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht ;
 And thairfore answerit with disdain ; 30
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer duke Robert gaif,
 He vovd to God omnipotent, 35
 All the hale lands of Rofs to haif,
 Or ells be graithed in his graif.
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a slaif.
 That bargin fould be deirly bocht. 40

Then haistylye he did command,
 That all his weir-men should convene,
 Ilk an well harnisit frae hand,
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein ;

V. 27. Governour.] Robert duke of Albany, uncle to King James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

He

He waxit wrath and vowit tein, 45
 Sweirand he wald surpryfe the North,
 Subdew the brugh of Aberdene
 Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding boun, 50
 With money maid, with forfs and wyls,
 Richt far and neir baith up and down :
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Allangst the lands of Rofs he roars,
 And all obey'd at his bandown, 55
 Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

Then all the countrie men did zield ;
 For nae resitants durft they mak,
 Nor offer battil in the feild,
 Be forfs of arms to beir him bak ; 60
 Syne they resolvit all and spak,
 That best it was for thair behoif,
 They fould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing weil he did them luv.

Then he a proclamation maid, 65
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
 Frae Arthurfyre unto Spey-ness.
 And further mair, he fent exprefs,
 To schaw his collours and ensenzie, 70
 To all and findry, mair and less,
 Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursue,
 And quhafoevir durst gainstand, 75
 That race they should full fairly rew.
 Then he bad all his men be trew,
 And him defend by foris and slicht,
 And promise them rewardis anew,
 And mak them men of mekle nicht. 80

Without resistans as he said,
 Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
 Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
 But Garioch was all agast.
 Throw all these feilds he sped him fast, 85
 For sic a sicht was never sene;
 And then, forsuith, he lang'd at last
 To se the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this proud enterprise,
 The stout and mighty erle of Marr 90
 With all his men in arms did ryse,
 Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
 And down the fyde of Don richt far,
 Angus and Mearns did all convene
 To fecht, or Donald came fae nar 95
 The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

V. 90. Marr] Alexander earl of Mar, son of Alexander the
 governour's brother.

And

And thus the martial erle of Marr,
 Marcht with his men in richt array,
 Befoir theemie was aware,
 His banner bauldly did display. 100
 For weil enewch they kend the way,
 And all their semblance weil they saw,
 Without all dangir or delay,
 Came haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif lord Ogilvy, 105
 Of Angus sherriff principall,
 The constabill of gude Dundee,
 The vanguard led before them all.
 Suppose in number they war finall,
 Thay first richt bauldly did pursue, 110
 And maid thair faes befoir them fall,
 Quha then that race did fairly rew.

And then the worthy lord Salton,
 The strong undoubted laird of Drum,
 The stalwart laird of Lawristone, 115
 With ilk thair forces all and sum.
 Panmuir with all his men did cum,
 The provost of braif Aberdene,
 With trumpets and with tuick of drum,
 Came schortly in thair armour schene. 120

These with the erle of Marr came on,
 In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
 Thair enemies to sett upon;
 In awfull manner hardily,

Together vowit to live and die, 125
 Since they had marchit mony mylis,
 For to suppress the tyrannie
 Of douted Donald of the Yles.

But he in number ten to ane,
 Richt subtilie along did ryde, 130
 With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean,
 With all their power at thair syde,
 Prefumeand on thair strenth and pryde,
 Without all feir or ony aw,
 Richt bauldie battill did abyde, 135
 Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
 The dandring drums alloud did touk,
 Baith armies byding on the bounds,
 Till ane of them the feild fould bruik. 140
 Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
 Ferfs was the fecht on ilka syde,
 And on the ground lay mony a bouk
 Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutsum victorie they dealt, 145
 The bludy battil lastit lang,
 Each man his nibours forfs thair felt;
 The weakest aft-tymes gat the wrang:
 Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
 Naithing was hard but heavy knocks, 150
 That Eccho maid a dulefull fang,
 Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

But

But Donalds men at last gaif back;
 For they war all out of anay.
 The erl of Marri's men throw them brak, 155
 Pursewing shairply in thair way,
 Thair enemys to tak or slay,
 Be dynt of foris to gar them yield,
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And fae for feirdnefs tint the feild. 160

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
 To mountains hich for all his nicht;
 For he and his war all agast,
 And ran till they war out of sicht;
 And fae of Rofs he lost his richt, 165
 Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
 Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was deirlic bocht.

This is, (quod he) the richt report
 Of all that I did heir and knaw, 170
 Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
 Tak this to be a richt suthe saw:
 Contrairie God and the kings law,
 Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
 Into the battil of Harlaw; 175
 This is the sum, fae I conclude.

But zit a bony quhyle abyde,
 And I fall mak thee cleirly ken
 Quhat slaucher was on ilkay fyde,
 Of Lowland and of Highland men, 180
 N 4 Quha

Quha for thair awin haif evir bene :
 These lazie lowns nicht weil be spaird,
 Cheffit lyke deirs into thair 'den',
 And gat thair waiges for rewaird.

Malcomtofeh of the clan heid cheif, 185
 Macklean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and releif,
 War dulefully dung to the deid :
 And now we are freid of thair feid,
 They will not lang to cum again ; 190
 Thousands with them without remeid,
 On Donalds syd that day war slain.

And on the uther syde war lost,
 Into the feild that dismal day,
 Chief men of worth (of mekle cost) 195
 To be lamentit fair for ay.
 The lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
 A man of micht and mekle main ;
 Grit dolour was for his decay,
 That sae unhappylie was slain. 200

Of the best men amang them was,
 The gracious gude lord Ogilvy,
 The sberiff-principal of Angus ;
 Renownit for truth and equitie,
 For faith and magnanimitie ; 205
 He had few fallows in the field,
 Zit fell by fatall destinie,
 For he nac ways wad grant to zield.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knight,
 Grit constabill of fair Dundee, 210
 Unto the dulefull deith was dicht,
 The kingis cheif banner-man was he,
 A valziant man of chevalrie,
 Quhais predecessors wan that place
 At Spey, with gude king William frie, 215
 Gainst Murray and Macduncans race.

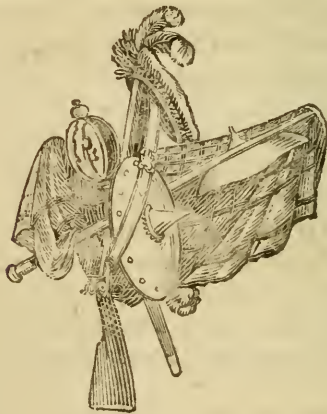
Gude fir Allexander Irving,
 The much renownit laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was bettir sene,
 Quhen they were semblit all and sum? 220
 'To praise him we sould not be dumm,
 For valour, witt and worthyness,
 To end his days he ther did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidylefs.

And thair the knight of Lawriston 225
 Was slain into his armour schene,
 And gude fir Robert Davidson,
 Quha provest was of Aberdene,
 The knight of Panmure, as was sene,
 A mortall man in armour bricht, 230
 Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
 Left to the warld thair last gude nicht.

Thair was not sen king Keneths days
 Sic strange intestine crewel stryfe
 In Scotland sene, as ilk man says, 235
 Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe;

Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony childrene fatherless,
 Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
 Lord help these lands, our wrangs redrefs. 240

In July, on Saint James his even,
 That four and twenty dismall day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven,
 Of zeirs sen Chryst, the futhe to say:
 Men will remember as they may, 245
 Quhen thus the veritie they knaw,
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim battil of the Harlaw.



THE
BALLAT OF THE REID-SQUAIR,

FOUGHT ON THE 7TH JULY 1576.

From the same authority.

ON July seventh, the suth to fay,
 At the Reid Squair the tryft was fet,
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 And as they promist, fae they met :
 Allace ! that day I'll neir forzet, 5
 Was sure fae feird, and then fae fain,
 They came ther justice for to get,
 Will nevir grein to cum again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
 He caufit the countrey to convene, 10
 And the laird Watt, that worthy man,
 Brocht in his surname weil be sene :
 The Armstrangs to that ay haif bene
 A hardy houe, but not a hail ;
 The Eliots honours to mentain, 15
 Broucht in the laif of Liddisdail.

Then 'Tewidail' came to with speid,
 The scherif brocht the Douglas doun,
 With Cranstane, Gladstane, gude at neid,
 Baith Rewls-Watter and Hawick-Toun. 20

V. 17. 'Tewidail'] i. e. *Tevidale* or *Tewiotdale*. Twidail. R.
 Beangeddert

Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
 With all the Trumbulls strang and stout ;
 The Rutherfuirds, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With uther clanns I can nocht tell, 25
 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, 30
 And fr George Foster was thair gyde,
 With fystene hundrid men and mae.

It greivt him fair that day I trow,
 With fr John Hinrome of Schipfydehouse,
 Because we wer not men enow, 35
 He counted us not worth a soufe ;
 Sr George was gentill, meik and doufe,
 But he was hail, and het as fyre ;
 But zit, for all his cracking croufe,
 He rewd the raid of the Reid-sqyre. 40

To deil with proud men is but pain,
 For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
 Or els nae answer mak again,
 But play the beift, and let him be.
 It was nae wondir tho he was hie, 45
 Had Tyndall, Redfdaile at his hand,
 With Cuckfdaile, Gladfdaile on the lie,
 Auld Hebfrime and Northumberland.

Zit

Zit was our meiting meik enough,
 Begun with mirrines and mows, 50
 And at the brae abune the heugh
 The clerk fat doun to call the rows,
 And sum for ky and sum for ewis,
 Callit in of Dandrie, Hob and Jock,
 I saw cum merching owre the knows, 55
 Fyve hundred Fennicks in a flock.

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 : 60
 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.

Carmichaell bad them speik out plainly, 65
 And cloke nae cause for ill nor gude,
 The uther answering him full vainly,
 Begouth to reckon kin and blude.
 He raise and raxd him quhair he stude,
 And bad him match him with his marrows: 70
 Then Tyndall hard these refouns rude,
 And they lute aff a slicht of arrows.

Then was ther nocht but bow and speir,
 And ilka man pullit out ane brand,
 A Schaften and a Fennick their, 75
 Gude Symmingtoun was slain frae hand.

The

The Scotifmen cryd on uther to stand,
 Frae tyme they saw John Robson slain :
 Quhat fuld they cry ! The kings command
 Culd cause nae cowards turn again. 80

Up raise the laird to red the cumber,
 Quhilk wald not be for all his boist,
 Quhat fuld we do with sic a number,
 Fyve thousand men into ane hoist ?
 Then Henrie Purdie proud hes cost, 85
 And verie narrowlie had mischeifd him,
 And ther we had our warden lost,
 Wart not the grit God he releivd him.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
 Quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell : 90
 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 horsfemen they faucht stout and snell, 95
 And stude about him in the flour.

Then raisd the slogan with ane schout,
 Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedbrugh heir :
 I trow he was not half sae stout,
 But anes his stomak was a steir, 100
 With gun and genzie, bow and speir,
 He nicht se mony a crackit crown,
 But up among the merchant geir
 The buffie wer as we were down.

The

UNCERTAIN AUTHOURS. 191

The swallow-tail frae teckles flew, 105

Fyve hundred slain into the flight,

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; 110

Hynd owre the know, without gude-nicht,

They ran with mony a schout and zell.

And after they had turned backs,

Zit Tyndall men they turnd again,

And had not bene the merchant packs, 115

There had bene mae of Scotland slain :

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. 120

Sr Francis Ruffell tane was thair,

And hurt as we heir men reherse ;

Proud Wallingtoun was woundit fair,

Albeit he was a Fennick ferfs.

But gif ze wald a fouldier serche 125

Amang them all was tane that nicht,

Was nane fae wordie of our verse

As Colingwood that courteous knicht.

Zung Henrie skapit hame, is hurt,

A fouldier schot him with a bow, 130

Scotland has cause to mak grit sturt,

For laiming of the laird of Mow.

The

The laird Watt did weil indeid,
 His friends stude stoutly by himsell,
 With litle Gladstane, gude in neid, 135
 For Gretein kend not gude be ill.

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, 140
 Except the horse-men of the gaird,
 If I could put men to avail,
 Nane stoutlier stude out for thair laird,
 Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

But litle harnise had we thair, 145
 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 Kirktoun, Newtoun, nobill-men ; 150
 Thir is all the specials I haif spak,
 Forby them that I could nocht ken.

Quha did invent that day of play,
 We neid nocht feir to find him sune,
 For fr John Foster, I dare weil say, 155
 Maid us that noysome afternune:
 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. 160



THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF THE
PIPER OF KILBARCHAN:

OR,

The epitaph of Habbie Simson,
Who on his drone bore bonny flags;
He made his cheeks as red as crimfon,
And babbed when he blew the bags.

From the collection of "Scots Poems," 1706, &c.

KILBARCHAN now may fay, Alas!
For she hath lost her game and grace,
Both trixie and the maiden trace:
But what remead?
For no man can supply his place, 5
Hab Simson's dead!

Now who shall play, *The Day it dawns?*
Or, hunt up, when the cock he craws?
Or who can for our Kirk-town cause,
Stand us in stead? 10
On bagpipes (now) no body blaws,
Sen Habbie's dead.

Or wha will cause our shearers shear?
Wha will bend up the brags of weir,
Bring in the bells or good play meir, 15
O In

In time of need?
 Hab Simfon cou'd, what needs you speer?
 But (now) he's dead!

So kindly to his neighbours neeft,
 At Beltan and Saint Barchan's feest, 20
 He blew, and then held up his breest
 As he were weid;
 But now we need not him arrest,
 For Habbie's dead!

At fairs he play'd before the spearmen, 25
 All gaily graithed in their gear-men.
 Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then,
 Like any bead.
 Now wha shall play before such weir-men,
 Sen Habbie's dead? 30

At Clark-plays when he wont to come,
 His pipe play'd trimly to the drum,
 Like bikes of bees he gart it bum,
 And tun'd his reed.
 Now all our pipers may fing dum 35
 Sen Habbie's dead!

And at horse races many a day,
 Before the black, the brown, the gray,
 He gart his pipe when he did play,
 Baith skirl and skreed. 40
 Now all such pastime's quite away,
 Sen Habbie's dead!

He

He counted was a weil'd wightman,
 And fiercely at foot-ba' he ran ;
 At every game the gree he wan,
 For pith and speed. 45

The like of Habbie was na than,
 But now he's dead !

And than, besides his valiant acts,
 At bridals he wan many placks, 50
 He bobbed ay behind fo'ks backs,
 And shook his head.

Now we want many merry cracks,
 Sen Habbie's dead !

He was convoyer of the bride, 55
 With kittock hinging at his side ;
 About the kirk he thought a pride
 The ring to lead.

But now we may gae but a guide ;
 For Habbie's dead. 60

Sa well's he kept his decorum,
 And all the stots of Whip-meg-morum,
 He slew a man, and wae's me for him,
 And bare the feed ;

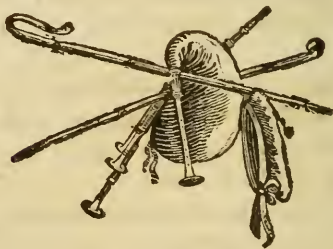
But yet the man wan hame before him, 65
 And was not deed.

Ay whan he play'd, the lasses leugh,
 To see him teethless, auld and teugh.
 He wan his pipes beside Borscheugh,

Withoutten dread ; 70
 Which after wan him gear enough,
 But now he's dead !

Ay whan he play'd, the gaitlings gedder'd,
 And whan he spake, the carl bledder'd.
 On fabbath days, his cap was fedder'd, 75
 A seemly weid.
 In thè kirk-yard his mare stood tedder'd,
 Where he lies dead !

Alas! for him, my heart is fair,
 For of his springs I gat a skair, 80
 At every play, race, feast and fair,
 But guile or greed.
 We need not look for piping mair,
 Sen Habbie's dead !



THE
BANISHMENT OF POVERTY,

BY J. D. OF ALBANY.*

To the tune of *The last Good-night*.

From an old printed copy, compared with one in the collection of "Scots Poems," 1706, &c.

POX fa that poultring Poverty,
Wae worth the time that I him saw!
Since first he laid his fang on me,
Myself from him I dought ne'er draw:
His wink to me hath been a law, 5
He haunts me like a penny-dog,
Of him I stand far greater awe,
Than pupil does of pedagogue.

The first time that he met with me
Was at a clachen in the west, 10
Its name, I trow, Kilbarchan be,
Where Habbies drones blew many a blast.
There we shook hands, cald be his cast,
An ill deed may that custeron die:
For there he gripped me right fast 15
Where first I fell in cautionry.

* Afterwards K. James VII. See the concluding stanza.

Yet I had hopes to be reliev'd,
 And freed from that foul laidly lown,
 Fernzier when whiggs were all mischiev'd,
 And forc'd to fling their weapons down ; 20
 When we chafst them from Glasgow town,
 I with that fwinger thought to grapple,
 But when Indempnity came down,
 The lathron pow'd me by the thrapple.

And yet in hope of some relief 25
 A rade I made to Arinfrew ;
 Where they did bravely buff my bief,
 And made my body black and blew :
 At Iustice court, I them pursew,
 Expecting help by their reproof ; 30
 Indempnity thought nothing dew,
 The deill a farthing for my loof.

But wishing that I wode ride east,
 To trot on foot I soon wode tire,
 My page allow'd me not a beast, 35
 I wanted guilt to pay the hire :
 He and I lap o're many a fire,
 I ieuucked him at Cather-cult ;
 But long er I wan to Slipes-myre,
 The ragged rogue raught me a whilt. 40

By Hollin-bush and brig of Bony
 We bickered down toward Bankier,
 We fear'd no reavers for our money,
 Nor whilly-whaes to grip our gear ;

My

My tatter'd tutor took no fear, 45
 Tho' we did travel in the mirk,
 He thought it fit, when we drew near,
 To filsh a forrage at Falkirk.

No man wo'd open me the door,
 Because my comrade stood me by, 50
 They dread full ill I was right poor
 By my forcasten company.
 Then Cuningham did me espy,
 By how and hair he haild me in,
 And swore we should not part so dry, 55
 Tho' I were stripped to the skin.

We baid all night, but, lang or day,
 My curst companion bade me rise,
 I start up soon and took my way,
 He needed not to bid me twice. 60
 But what to do we did advise,
 In Lithgow we might not sit down,
 On a Scots groate we baited thrice,
 And in at night to Edinburgh town.

We held the lang-gate to Lieth-wind, 65
 Where purest purfes use to be,
 And in the Caltown lodged fine,
 Fit quarters for sik company.
 Yet the High-town I fain would see,
 But that my man did me discharge, 70
 He will'd me Blackburns ale to pric,
 And muff my baird, it was right large.

The morn I ventur'd up the winde,
 And flung'd in at the Nether-bow,
 Thinking that trooker for to tine, 75
 Who does me damnage what he dow;
 His company he does bestow
 On me to my great grief and pain,
 Ere I the throng could wrestle throw,
 The lown was at my heills again. 80

I grien'd to gang on the plain-flanes,
 To see if comrades wad me ken,
 We twa gaid paceing there our lanes,
 The hungry hours 'twixt twelve and ane;
 When I kent na way how to fen, 85
 My guts rumbl'd like a hurle-barrow,
 I din'd with saints and noblemen,
 Ev'n sweet St. Giles and earle of Murray.

Tykes testment take him for his treat,
 I needed not my teeth to pike, 90
 Though I was in a cruel sweat,
 He set not by, say what I like:
 I call'd him Turk and traked tyke,
 And wearied him with many a curse,
 My banes were hard like a stone-dyke, 95
 No *Reg. Mari.* was in my purse.

Kind widow Caddel sent for me,
 To dine, as she did oft forsooth,
 But ere alace that might not be
 Her house was o're near the Tolbuith. 100
 Yet

Yet God reward her for her love
 And kindness, whilk I fechtie fand,
 Most ready still for my behove,
 Ere this hell's hound took her in hand.

I slipt my page, and stour'd to Lieth, 105
 To try my credit at the wine,
 But foull a dribble fyl'd my teeth,
 He gripp'd me at the Coffy-signe.
 I sta' down through the Nether-winde,
 My lady Semples house was near, 110
 To enter there was my designe,
 Where Poverty durst ne're appear.

I din'd there but I bade not lang,
 My lady fain would shelter me,
 But e'r alace I needs must gang, 115
 And leave that comely company.
 Her lad convey'd me, with her key,
 Out throw her garden to the fields,
 But I the Links cou'd grathly see,
 My governour was at my heills. 120

I dought not dance to pipe nor harp;
 I had no stock for cards and dice;
 But I fuir to fir William Sharp,
 Who never made his counsel nice.
 That little man he is right wise, 125
 And sharp as any brier can be,
 He bravely gave me his advice,
 How I might poyson Poverty.

V. 107, fed full sound. Old Copy.

Quoth

Quoth he, there grows, hard by the dyal,
 In Hattons garden bright and sheen, 130
 A soveraigne herb call'd penny-royal,
 Whilk all the year grows fresh and green.
 Cou'd ye but gather 't fair and clean,
 Your businesse would go the better;
 But let account of it be seen 135
 To the physitians of-Exchequer.

Or if that ticket ye bring with you,
 Come unto me, ye need not fear;
 For I some of that herb can give you,
 Whilk I have planted this fame year. 140
 Your page it will cause disappear
 Who waits on you against your will,
 To gather it I shall you leave,
 In my own yards of Stonny-hill.

But when I dread, that wod not work, 145
 I underthought me of a wyle,
 How I might at my leasure lurk,
 My gracelesse guardion to beguile.
 It's but my galloping a myle,
 Throw Cannogate with little los, 150
 Till I have sanctuary a while
 Within the girth of Abbey cloffe.

There I wan in, and blyth was I
 When to the Inner-court I drew,
 My governour I did defy, 155
 For joy I clapt my wings and crew.

V. 134. not go backward. O. C.

There

There messengers dare not pursue,
 Nor with their wands mens shou'ders fear,
 There dwells distressed lairds enew
 In peace, tho' they have little gear, 160

There twa hours I did not tarry,
 Till my blest fortune was to see
 A fight, sure by the mights of Mary,
 Of that brave duke of Albany.
 Where one blink of his princely eye 165
 Put that fowle foundling to the flight,
 Frae me he banisht Poverty,
 And gard him take his last goodnight.



THE

V I S I O N.*

COMPYLIT IN LATIN BE A MOST LERNIT CLERK
IN TYME OF OUR HAIRSHIP AND OPPRESSION,
ANNO 1300, AND TRANSLATIT IN 1524.

From the Ever Green.

BEDOUN the bents of Banquo brae
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Mufand our main mischaunce ;
How be thay faes we ar undone,
That staw the sacred stane † frae Scone, 5
And leids us sic a daunce :

* *Dr. Beattie has pronounced this piece "the best Scottish poem of modern times that 'he has' seen." He adds that "there are noble images in it, and a harmony of versification superior to every thing 'he has' seen in the kind." And, notwithstanding the pretence of remote antiquity in the title, the learned critic suspects, with evident reason, "that it is the work of some friend of the family of Stuart, and must have been composed about the year 1715." This information is derived from a volume of "Select Scottish Ballads" (as they are called), published in 1783.*

† The old chair (now in Westminster Abbey) in which the Scots kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a piece of marble with this inscription :

*Ni fallat fatum, SCOTI, quocunq; locatum
Inveniunt lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

Quhyle

Quhyle Inglands Edert taks our tours,
 And Scotland ferst obeys,
 Rude ruffians ranfakk ryal bours,
 And Baliol homage pays; 10
 Throch feidom our freidom
 Is blotit with this skore
 Quhat Romans or no mans
 Pith culd eir do befoir.

The air grew ruch with bousteous thuds, 15
 Bauld Boreas branglit outthrow the cluds,
 Maist lyke a drunken wicht;
 The thunder crakt, and flauchts did rift
 Frae the blak vissart of the list:
 The forrest schuke with fricht; 20
 Nae birds abune thair wing extenn,
 They ducht not byde the blast,
 Ilk beist bedeen bangd to thair den,
 Untill the storm was past:
 Ilk creature in nature 25
 That had a spunk of sence,
 In neid then, with speid then,
 Methocht cryt, In defence.

To se a morn in May fae ill,
 I deimt dame Nature was gane will, 30
 To rair with rackles reil;
 Quhairfoir to put me out of pain,
 And skonce my skap and shanks frae rain,
 I bure me to a beil,

V. 7. Edward I.

Up

Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaft, 35
 Out owre a canny cave,
 A curious cruif of Natures craft,
 Quhilk to me schelter gaif ;
 Ther vexit, perplexit,
 I leint me doun to weip, 40
 In brief ther, with grief ther
 I dottard owre on fleip.

Heir Somnus in his filent hand
 Held all my fences at command,
 Quhyle I forzet my cair ; 45
 The myldest meid of mortall wichts
 Quha pafs in peace the private nichts,
 That wauking finds it rare ;
 Sae in fast slumbers did I ly,
 But not my wakryfe mind, 50
 Quhilk still stude watch, and couth espy
 A man with aspeck kynd ;
 Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
 With baird thre quarters skant,
 Sae braif lyke and graif lyke, 55
 He seemt to be a sanct.

Grit darring dartit frae his ee,
 A braid-sword schogled at his thie,
 On his left arm a targe ;
 A shynand speir filld his richt hand, 60
 Of stalwart mak, in bane and brawnd,
 Of just proportions, large ;

A various

A various rain-bow colourt plaid
 Owre his left spanl he threw,
 Down his braid back, frae his quhyt heid, 65
 The silver wymplers grew ;
 Amaisit, I gaisit
 To se, led at command,
 A strampant and rampant
 Ferfs lyon in his hand. 70

Quhilk held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar graift I saw
 This poesie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune laceff-
Et :—In Scots, Nane fall opprefs 75
Me unpunist with pain.
 Still schaking, I durst naithing fay,
 Till he with kynd accent
 Sayd, Fere let nocht thy hairt affray,
 I cum to hier thy plaint ; 80
 Thy graining and maining
 Haith laitlie reikd myne eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All eirynefs or feir.

For I am ane of a hie station, 85
 The warden of this auntient nation,
 And cannocht do the wrang ;
 I vissyt him then round about,
 Syne with a resolution stout,
 Speird, quhair he had bene fae lang? 90
 Quod

Quod he, Althocht I sum forfuke,
 Becaus they did me slicht,
 To hills and glens I me betuke,
 To them that lues my richt;
 Quhase mynds zet inclyndz zet 95
 To damm the rappid spate,
 Devysing and prysing
 Freidom at ony rate.

Our trechour peirs thair tyranns treit,
 Quha jyb them, and thair substance eit, 100
 And on thair honour stramp;
 They, pure degenerate! bend thair baks,
 The victor, Langshanks, proudly cracks
 He has blawn out our lamp:
 Quhyle trew men, fair complainand, tell, 105
 With sobs, thair silent greif,
 How Baliol thair richts did fell,
 With small howp of releife;
 Regretand and fretand
 Ay at his cursit plot, 110
 Quha rammed and crammed
 That bargin doun thair throt.

Braif gentrie sweir, and burgers ban,
 Revenge is muttert be ilk clan
 Thats to' their nation trew; 115
 The cloysters cum to cun the evil,
 Mailpayers wifs it to the devil,
 With its contrying crew;

The

The hardy wald, with hairy wills,
 Upon dyre vengeance fall; 120

The fecklefs fret owre heuchs and hills,
 And Eccho answers all,
 Repetand and greitand,
 With mony a fair alace,
 For blasting and casting 125
 Our honour in disgrace.

Waes me! quod I, our case is bad,
 And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful paction:
 We are felld and herryt now by forfe; 130
 And hardly help fort, thats zit warfe,
 We are fae forfairn with faction.

Then has not he gude cause to grumble,
 Thats forst to be a slaif?
 Oppression dois the judgment jumble, 135
 And gars a wyse man raif.

 May cheins then, and pains then
 Infernal be thair hyre
 Quha dang us, and flang us
 Into this ugfum myre. 140

Then he with bauld forbidding luke,
 And staitly air, did me rebuke,
 For being of sprite fae mein:
 Said he, its far beneath a SCOT
 To use weak curses quhen his lot 145
 May sumtymys four his splein.

He rather fould, mair lyke a man,
 Some braif design attempt;
 Gif its nocht in his pith, what than?
 Rest but a quhyle content; 150
 Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
 And wait the will of fate,
 Which mynds to desygn to
 Renew zour auntient state.

I ken sum mair than ze do all 155
 Of quhat fall afterwart befall,
 In mair auspicious tymes;
 For aften, far abuse the mune,
 We watching beings do convene,
 Frae round eards outmost climes, 160
 Quhair evry warden represents
 Cleirly his nations case,
 Gif famyne, pest, or sword torments,
 Or vilains hie in place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay 165
 Up to themselves grit store,
 By rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious pure.

Say then, said I, at zour hie fate,
 Lernt ze ocht of auld Scotland's fate, 170
 Gif eir schoil be her fell?
 With smyle celest, quod he, I can,
 But its nocht fit an mortal man
 Sould ken all I can tell:

But

But part to the I may unfold, 175

And thou may faifly ken,

Quhen Scottifh peirs flicht Saxon gold,

And turn trew heartit men ;

Quhen knaivry and flavrie

Ar equally difpyfd, 180

And loyalte and royalte

Univerfalie are pryfd.

Quhen all zour trade is at a fand,

And cunzie clene forfaiks the land,

Quhilk will be very fune ; 185

Will preifts without their ftypands preich ?

For nocht will lawyers caufes ftreich ?

Faith thatis nae eafy done.

All this and mair maun cum to pafs,

To cleir zour glamourit ficht ; 190

And Scotland maun be made an afs,

To fet her jugment richt.

Theyil jade hir and blad hir,

Untill fcho brak hir tether,

Thocht auld fchois zit bauld fchois, 195

And teuch lyke barkit lether.

But mony a corfs fall braithlefs ly,

And wae fall mony a widow cry,

Or all rin richt again ;

Owre Cheviot prancing proudly North, 200

The faes fall tak the feild neir Forthe,

And think the day their ain :

But burns that day fall rin with blude
 Of them that now opprefs ;
 Thair carcasses be corbys fude, 205
 By thousands on the grefs.
 A king then fall ring then,
 Of wyfe renoun and braif,
 Quhase pufians and sapiens
 Sall richt restoir and saif. 210

The view of freidomis sweit, quod I,
 O say, grit tennant of the skye,
 How neiris that happie tyme.
 We ken things but be circumstans,
 Nae mair, quod he, I may advance, 215
 Leif I commit a cryme,
 Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,
 I fall not fash ze moir,
 Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
 As ze did hint befoir. 220
 With air then sae fair then,
 That glanst like rayis of glory,
 Sae godlyk and oddlyk,
 He thus resumit his storie.

Frae the suns ryfing to his sett, 225
 All the pryme rait of wardens met,
 In solemn bricht array,
 With vehicles of aither cleir,
 Sic we put on quhen we appeir
 To fauls rowit up in clay ; 230

Thair

Thair in a wyde and splendit hall,
 Reird up with shynand beims,
 Quhais rufe-treis wer of rainbows all,
 And paift with starrie gleims,
 Quhilk prinked and twinkled 235
 Brightly beyont compair,
 Much famed, and named
 A castill in the air.

In midft of quhilk a table stude,
 A spacious oval reid as blude, 240
 Made of a fyre-flaucht,
 Around the dazeling walls were drawn,
 With rays be a celestial hand,
 Full mony a curious draucht.

Inferiour beings flew in haift, 245
 Without gyd or dereftour,
 Millions of myles throch the wyld waste,
 To bring in bowlis of nectar:

Then roundly and foundly
 We drank lyk Roman gods; 250
 Quhen Jove fae dois rove fae,
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

Quhen Phebus heid turns licht as cork,
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,
 And limpand Vulcan blethers; 255
 Quhen Pluto glows as he were wyld,
 And Cupid, lues we wingit chyld,
 Fals down and fyls his fethers;

Quhen Pan forzets to tune his rei d,
 And 'flings' it cairless bye, 263
 And Hermes, wingd at heils and heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye:
 Quhen staggirand and swagirrand,
 They stoyter hame to sleip,
 Quhyle centeries at enteries 265
 Imortal watches keip.

Thus we tuke in the high browin liquour,
 And bangd about the nectar biquour;
 But evir with 'this' ods:
 We neir in drink our judgments drensche, 270
 Nor scour about to feik a wensch,
 Lyk these auld baudy gods;
 But franklie at ilk uther ask,
 Quhats proper we suld know,
 How ilk ane hes performt the task 275
 Assignd to him below:
 Our minds then, fae kind then,
 Are fixt upon our care,
 Ay noting and plotting
 Quhat tends to thair weilfair. 280

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
 Quhyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a snuff,
 Quhilk made Allmane to stare;
 Latinus bad him naithing feir,
 But lend his hand to haly weir, 285
 And of cowd crowns tak care;

V. 260. flings. R.

V. 269. his. R,
Batavius

Batavius, with his paddock-face,
 Lukiſg afquint, cryd, Piſch !
 Zour monks ar void of ſence or grace,
 I had leur ſicht for fiſch ; 290
 Zour ſchule-men ar fule-men,
 Carvit out for dull debates,
 Decoying and deſtroying
 Baith monarchies and ſtates.

Iberius, with a gurlie nod 295
 Cryd, Hogan, zes, we ken zour God,
 Its herrings ze adore.

Heptarchus, as he uſd to be,
 Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore ; 300

Ane quhyle he ſays, It is not richt
 A monarch to reſiſt ;
 Neift braith all ryall powir will ſlicht,
 And paſſive homage jeſt :
 He hitches and fitches 305

 Between the *hic* and *hoc*,
 Ay jieand and flieand
 Round lyk a wedder-cock.

I ſtill ſupport my precedens
 Abune them all, for ſword and ſens, 310
 Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,
 Quhylk was, becaus I bure a grudge
 At ſum fule Scotis, quha lykd to drudge
 To princes no thair awin ;

Sum thanis thair tennants pykit and squeist, 315
 And purfit up all thair rent,
 Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleist,
 Till riggs and schaws war spent ;
 Syne byndging and whyndging,
 Quhen thus redusit to howps, 320
 They dander and wander
 About purè lickmadowps.

But now its tyme for me to draw
 My shynand sword against club-law,
 And gar my lyon roir ; 325
 He fall or lang gie sic a found,
 The ecchoe fall be hard arround
 Europe, frae schore to schore :
 Then lat them gadder all thair strenth,
 And stryve to wirk my fall, 330
 Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
 I will owrecum them all,
 And raise zit and blase zit
 My braifrie and renown,
 By gracing and placing 335
 Arright the Scottis crown.

Quhen my braif BRUCE the same fall weir
 Upon his ryal heid, full cleir
 The diadem will shyne ;
 Then fall zour fair oppreffion ceis, 340
 His intrest zours, he will not fleice,
 Or leif zou eir inclyne :
 Thocht millions to his purse be lent,
 Zell neir the puirer be,
 But

But rather richer, quhyle its spent 345
 Within the Scotifh fe:
 The field then fall zeild then
 To honest husbands welth;
 Gude laws then fall cause then
 A fickly state haif helth. 350

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
 A wondir fair etherial dame,
 And to our warden fayd,
 Grit Callidon, I cum in ferch
 Of zou, frae the hych starry arch, 355
 The counfill wants zour ayd;
 Frae every quarter of the sky,
 As swift as quhirl-wynd,
 With spirits speid the chiftains hy,
 Sum grit thing is desygd: 360
 Owre muntains, be funtains,
 And round ilk fairy ring,
 I haif chaist ze, O haist ze,
 Thay talk about zour king.

With that my hand methocht he schuke, 365
 And wischt I happynefs nicht bruke,
 To eild be nicht and day;
 Syne quicker than an arrows flicht,
 He mountit upwarts frae my ficht,
 Straicht to the milkie way; 370
 My mynd him followit throw the skeyes,
 Untill the brynie streme

For joy ran trinckling frae myne eyes,
 And wakit me frae dreame ;
 Then peiping, half sleiping, 375
 Frae furth my rural beild,
 It eisit me and pleisit me
 'To se and smell the feild.

For Flora, in hir clene array,
 New washen with a showir of May, 380
 Lukit fall sweit and fair ;

Quhyle hir cleir husband frae aboif
 Sched doun his rayis of genial luvè,
 Hir sweits perfumt the air ;

The winds war husht, the welkin cleird, 385

 The glumand clouds war fled,
 And all as fast and gay appeird

As ane Elysiòn sched ;

 Quhilk heisit and bleisit
 My heart with sic a fyre, 390

As raises these praises

That do to heaven aspyre.

Quod Ar. Scot.





THE
CALEDONIAN MUSE.

PART III.

EXTRACTS.

“VIRGIL’S ÆNEIS,

TRANSLATED INTO SCOTTISH VERSE,

BY THE FAMOUS GAWIN DOUGLAS BISHOP
OF DUNKELD.*”

From the edition of 1710.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE VII BUKE.

AS bricht Phebus schene soucrane heuinnis E
The opposit held of his chymes hie, A eloquent dis-
Clere schynand bemes, and goldin fumeris hew cription of wyn.
In lattoun cullour altering all of new, ter wyth hy
grete stormes
and tempestis.

* Born 1475; dyed 1522.

Kything

Kything no signe of heit be his vissage, 5
 So nere approchit he his wynter stage,
 Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne
 In cludy skyes vnder Capricorne :
 All thought he be the lampe and hert of heuin,
 Forfeblit wox his lemand gilty leuin, 10
 Throw the declynyng of his large round spere.
 The frosty region ryngis of the zere,
 The tyme and fessoun bitter, cauld and pale,
 Thay schort dayis, that clerkis clepe Brumale :
 Quhen brym blastis of the northyn art 15
 Ouerquhelmyt had Neptunus in his cart,
 And all to schaik the leuys of the treis,
 The rageand stormes ouerwelterand wally feis,
 Ryueris ran rede on spate with wattir broun,
 And burnis harlis all thare bankis down, 20
 And landbirft rumbland rudely with sic bere,
 Sa loud neuir rummyft wyld lyoun nor bere :
 Fludis monstouris, sic as merefwynis and quhalis,
 For the tempest law in the depe deualis :
 Mars occident retrogade in his spere, 25
 Prouocand stryffe, regnit as lord that zere.
 Rany Orioun, with his stormy face,
 Bywauit oft the schipman by hys race :
 Frawart Saturne chil of complexioun,
 Throw quhais aspect darth and infectioun 30
 Bene caufit oft and mortall pestilence,
 Went progressiue the greis of his ascence :
 And lusty Hebe, Junois dochter gay,
 Stude spulzete of hir office and array :

The

Woddis, forestis with naket bewis blout 65
 Stude stripit of thare wede in euery hout:
 Sa bustouflic Boreas his bugill blew,
 The dere full derne doun in the dalis drew:
 Small birdis flokand throw thik ronnyis thrang,
 In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare fang, 70
 Sekand hidlis and hirnys thame to hyde
 Fra ferefull thuddis of the tempeustus tyde:
 The wattir lynnys rowtis, and euery lynd
 Quhiflit and blayit of the fouchand wynd:
 Pure lauboraris and bysly husband men 75
 Went weet and wery, draglit in the fen:
 The cilly schepe and thare litill hird gromes
 Lurkis vnder lye of bankis, woddis and bromes:
 And vtheris dantit greter beistial,
 Within thare stabill sesit in the stall, 80
 Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,
 Fed tuskit baris, and fat swyne in fly,
 Suffenit war be mannis gouernance
 On hervist and on fomeris puruiance:
 Widequhare with fors fo Eolus schoutis schill 85
 In this congelit fesoun scharp and chill,
 The callour are penetratiue and pure,
 Dasing the blude in euery creature,
 Made feik warme stouis and bene fires hote,
 In doubill garmont cled and wylecote, 90
 With mychty drink, and metis confortiue,
 Aganis the sterne wynter for to striue.
 Recreate wele and by the chymnay bekit,
 At euin be tyme doun in ane bed me strekit,

Warpit my hede, kest on claithis thrynfald 95
 For to expell the perrellus perfand cald :
 I crofit me, fyne bownit for to slepe :
 Quhare lemand throw the glas I did tak kepe
 Latonia the lang irksom nycht
 Hir subtell blenkis sched and watry lycht, 100
 Full hie vp quhirlit in hir regioun,
 Till Phebus richt in opposicioun,
 Into the Crab hir propir mansioun draw,
 Haldand the hicht althocht the son went law :
 The hornyt byrd, quhilk we clepe the nicht oule, 105
 Within hir cauerne hard I schout and zoule,
 Laithely of forme, with crukit camfcho beik,
 Ugsom to here was hir wyld elrifche skreik.
 The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde
 Attour the ciete fleand hard I glyde. 110
 On flummer I slade full sone, and slepyt found,
 Quhill the horifont vpwart can rebound :
 Phebus crounit bird, the nichtis orlagere,
 Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere :
 Approching nere the greking of the day, 115
 Within my bed I walkynnyt quhare I lay,
 Sa fast declynnys Cynthia the mone,
 And kayis keklys on the rufe abone :
 Palamedes birdis crowpand in the sky,
 Fleand on randoun, schapin lyk ane Y, 120
 And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis foun,
 Quhais cryis bene pronosticacioun
 Of wyndy blastis and ventofiteis.
 Fast by my chalmer on hie wifnit treis

The fary gled quhifllis with mony ane pew, 125
 Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew;
 Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
 Syne bliffit me, and in my wedis dicht;
 Ane fchot wyndo unfchet ane litel on char,
 Perfauyt the mornyng bla, wan and har, 130
 Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are,
 The fulze ftiche, hafard, rouch and hare;
 Branchis brattlyng, and blaiknyt fchew the brayis,
 With hirtis harfk of waggand wyndil ftrayis,
 The dew droppis congelit on ftibbil and rynd, 135
 And fcharp hailftanys mortfundyit of kynd,
 Hoppand on the thak and on the caufay by:
 The fchote I clofit, and drew inwart in hy,
 Cheuerand for cald, the feffoun was fa fnell,
 Schupe with hait flambis to fteme the frefing fell. 140
 And as I bounit me to the fire me by,
 Baith vp and doun the houfe I did efpay;
 And feand Virgil on ane letteron ftand,
 To wryte anone I hynt my pen in hand,
 For till perform the poet graif and fad, 145
 Quhen fa fer furth or than begun I had:
 And wox anoyit fum dele in my hart,
 Thare reffit vncompletit fa grete ane part.
 And to my felf I fayd, In gude effect
 Thou mon draw furth, the zoik lysis on thy nek. 150
 Within my mynd compassing thocht I fo,
 Na thing is done quhil ocht remanis ado:
 For befynes quhilk occurrit on cafe,
 Quer voluit I this volume lay ane fpace:

And

And thocht I wery was, me list not tyre,
 Full laith to leif our werk sa in the myre,
 Or zit to stynt for bittir storme or rane :
 Here I assayit to zoik oure pleuch agane :
 And as I culd, with ane fald diligence
 This nixt buke followand of profound science, 160
 Thus has begun in the chill wynter cald,
 Quhen frosts dois ouer flete baith firth and fald.

A commendacion of this Proloug.

The Proloug smellis new cum furth of hell,
 And as our buke bigouth his weresfare tell,
 So well according deulie bene annex, 165
 Thou dreery preambel, with ane bludy text.
 Ot sabill bene thyne letteres illumynate,
 According to thy proces and thy state.



“ ANE DIALOG BETUIX
 EXPERIENCE AND ANE COURTEOUR,
 OF THE
 MISERABYLL ESTAIT OF THE WARLD.
 Compylit be SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY of ye MONT
 KNYCHT *alias* LYONE KYNG of ARMES.*”
From the edition dated 1552.

THE PROLOGE.

MVSING, and maruelling on the miserie
 Frome day to day, in erth, quhilk dois increas;
 And of ilk stait, the instabilitie,
 Proceeding of the restles besynes,
 Quhare on the most part doith thair mynd addres, 5
 Inordinatlie, on houngrye couatyce
 Vaine glore, dissait, and vthir sensuall vyce.

Bot tumlyng in my bed, I mycht nocht lye,
 Quhairfore I fuir furth, in ane Maye mornyng;
 Conforte to gett of my melancolye, 10
 Sumquhat affore fresche Phebus vperysing,
 Quhare I mycht heir the birdis sweetlie syng;
 Intyll ane park I past, for my plesure,
 Decorit weill be craft of dame Nature.

Quhov I ressaut confort naturall, 15
 For tyll discryue at lenth, it war to lang;
 Smelling the holsum herbis medicinall,
 Quhare on the dulce, and balmy dew down dang
 Lyke auriert peirles on the twistis hang
 Or quhov that the aromatik odouris 20
 Did proceid frome the tender fragrant flouris.

* Born 149. Died 155.

Or quhov Phebus, that king etheriall,
 Swyftlie sprang vp into the orient; 25
 Ascending in his throne imperiall,
 Quhose brycht, and buriall bemes resplendent,
 Illumynit all on to the occident;
 Confortand euerye corporall creature
 Quhilk formit war, in erth, be dame Nature:

Quhose donk impurpurit vestiment nocturnall,
 With his imbroudit mantyll matutyne; 30
 He left intyll his regioun aurorall
 Quhilk on hym watit, quhen he did declyne
 Towarte his occident palyce vespertyne,
 And rose in habyte gaye and glorious
 Brychtar nor gold, or stonis precious. 35

Bot Synthea, the hornit nychtis quene,
 Scho loste hir lycht, and lede ane lawar saill;
 Frome tyme hir souerane lorde that scho had sene
 And in his presens, waxit dirk, and pail,
 And ouer hir visage kest ane mistye vaill; 40
 So did Venus, the goddes amorous,
 With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Rycht so, the auld intoxicat Saturne,
 Persauyng Phebus powir, his beymes brycht,
 Abuse the erth, than maid he no sudgeourne 45
 Bot soddandlye did lose his borrowit lycht,
 Quhilk he durst neuir schaw, bot on the nycht,
 The pole artick, wrsis, and sterris all
 Quhilk situate ar, in the septemtrionall.

Tyll errand schyppis, quhilks at the souer gyde, 50
 Contuoyand thame vpon the stromye nycht;
 Within thare froisie circle did thame hyde;
 Howbeit that sterris haue none vthir lycht,
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht;
 That day durst none in to the heuin appeir, 55
 Tyll he had circuit all our hemispeir.

Me thocht, it was ane sycht celestiall,
 To sene Phebus, so angellyke ascend,
 In tyll his fyrie chariot triumphall
 Quhose bewte brycht, I culd notht comprehend 60
 All warldlie cure anone did fro me wend,
 Quhen fresche Flora spred furth hir tapestrie
 Wrocht be dame Nature quent and curiouslie.

Depaynt, with mony hundreth heuinlie hewis,
 Glaid of the rysing, of thare royall Roie, 65
 With blomes breckand on the tender bewis
 Quhilk did prouoke myne hart tyl natural joye,
 Neptune that day, and Eoll held thame coye;
 That men on far mycht heir the birdis sounde,
 Quhose noyis did to the sterrye heuin redounde. 70

The plesand powne prunzeand his feddrem fair
 The myrthfull maues maid gret melodie
 The lustye lark, ascending in the air,
 Numerand hir naturall notis craftelye,
 The gay gold-pink, the merll rycht myrralye, 75
 The noyis of the nobyll nyctingalis,
 Redundit through the montans, meids, and valis.

Contempling this melodious armonye,
 Quhov euerlike bird drest thame for tyl aduance,
 To saluss nature with thare melodye 80
 That I stude gasing, halfings in ane trance
 To heir thame mak thare naturall obseruance;
 So royallie, that all the roches rang
 Throuch repercussioun of thare suggurit sang.

I lose my tyme allace for to rehers, 85
 Sick uufrutful and vaine discriptioun
 Or wrytt in to my raggit rurall vers
 Mater without edificatioun,
 Consydering quhov that myne intentoun,
 Bene tyll deplore the mortall misereis 90
 With continuall cairfull calamiteis.

Consisting in this wracheit vaill of sorrow;
 Bot sad sentence sulde haue ane sad indyte;
 So termes brycht, I lyste nocht for to borrow,
 Off murnyng mater men hes no delyte 95
 With roustye termes, tharefor wyl I wryte,
 With sorrowful seychis, ascending frome the splene,
 And bitter teris, distellyng frome myne eine.

Withoute ony vaine inuocatioun
 To Minerua, or to Melpominee; 100
 Nor zitt wyll I mak supplicatioun,
 For help, to Cleo, nor Caliopee;
 Sick marde musis, may mak me no supplee.
 Proserpyne, I refuse, and Apollo,
 Add rycht so Ewterp, Jupiter, and Juno. 105

Quhilks bene to plesand poetis conforting;
 Quharefor, because I am nocht onē of tho,
 I do desyre of thame no supporting
 For I did neuer sleip on Pernaso,
 As did the poetis of lang tyme ago; 110
 And speciallie the ornate Ennius,
 Nor drank I neuer with Hysiodus;

Off Grece, the perfyte poet souerane;
 Off Hylicon the sors of eloquence,
 Off that mellifluus, famous fresche fontane; 115
 Quharefor I awe to thame no reuerence
 I purpose nocht to mak obediēce
 To sic mischeand musis, nor malmontrye
 Afore tyme vsit into poetrye.

Raueand Rhammusia, goddes of dispyte, 120
 Mycht be to me ane muse rycht conuenabyll,
 Gyff I desyrit sic help for tyll indyte
 This murnyng mater, mad, and miserabyll;
 I mon go seik ane muse more confortabyl
 And sic vaine superstitioun to refuse 125
 Beseikand the great God to be my muse:

Be quhose wysdome al maner of thing bene wrocht,
 The heych heuinns, wit all thair ornamentis
 And without mater maid all thing of nocht,
 Hell in myd centir of the elementis; 130
 That heuinlye muse, to seik my hole intent is
 The quhilk gaif sapience to king Salomone
 To Dauid grace, strenth to the strang Sampson.

From that fresche fontane sprang a famous flude,
 Quhilk redolent reuer through the warld zit synnis;
 As christall cleir, and mixit bene w th blude,
 Quhose sound abufe the heyest heuinns dinnis, 165
 All faithfull peple purgeing frome thare synnis;
 Quharefor, I sall beseik his excellence
 To grant me grace, wysedome, and eloquence.

And bayth me, with those dulce and balmy strandis,
 Quhilk on the croce did spedalie out spryng 170
 Frome his moste tender feit, and heuinly handis;
 And grant me grace, to wrytt nor dyte no thyng;
 Bot tyll his heych honour and loude louyng:
 But quhose support thare may na gud be wrocht
 Tyll his plesure, gude works, word, nor thocht. 175

Tharefor, O Lord, I pray thy maiestie
 As thou did schaw thy heych power diuyne
 First planelie, in the Cane of Galelee
 Quhare thou conuertit cauld watter in wyne
 Conuoye my mater, tyll ane fructuous fyne 180
 And saue my sayings baith frome schame and syn
 Tak tent for now I purpose to begyn.

Heir endis the prologe.

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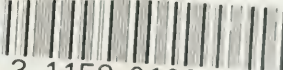
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