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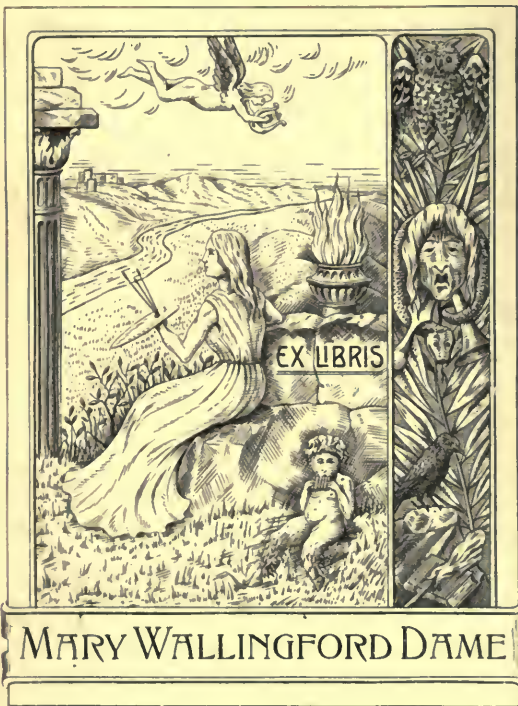


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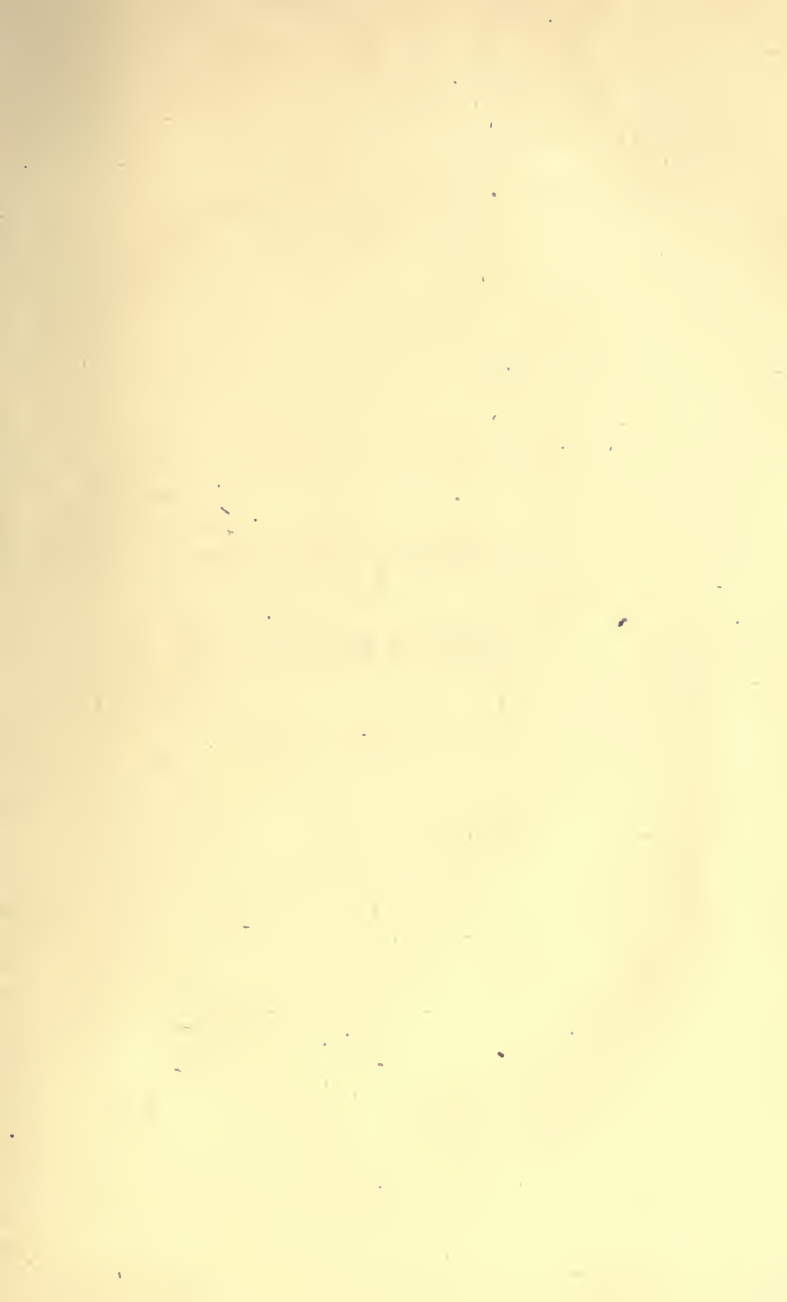
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Graham Carey
with love from Francie
March 5th, 1928.





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The Ever Green

VOLUME SECOND





The Eber Green

A COLLECTION

OF

cots oems

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600

BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Reprinted from the Original Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME SECOND

Glasgow

ROBERT FORRESTER, 1 ROYAL EXCHANGE SQUARE

1875

Printed by M'LAREN & ERSKINE, Glasgow.

T H E
Ever Green,
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. I.

Published by ALLAN RAMSAY.

*Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the Reach of sacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envoys fiercer Rage,
Destructive War and all devouring Age.*

POPE.



EDINBURGH,

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for the Publisher, at his Shop, near the Cross. M.DCC.XXIV.





TO HIS GRACE

JAMES

Duke of HAMILTON, &c.

Captain General,

And the rest of the Honourable
MEMBERS of the

Royal COMPANY of ARCHERS.

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the more eminent Concerns
of Life, or the agreeable Diver-
sion of the BOW, do not employ your
leisure

leasure Time, the following OLD BARDS present you with an Intertainment that can never be disagreeable to any SCOTS Man, who despises the Fopery of admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a Lover of his Country. Such the Royal Company of ARCHERS are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

THE Spirit of Freedom that shines through both the serious and comick Performances of our old Poets, appears of a Piece with that Love of Liberty that our antient Heroes contended for, and maintained Sword in Hand. From you then, *My Lords and Gentlemen*, who take Pleasure to represent our brave Ancestors, these POETS claim Regard and Patronage; they now make a Demand for that Immortal
Fame

Fame that tuned their Souls some Hundred Years ago, which is in your Power, by countenancing to bestow. They do not address you with an indigent Face, and a Thousand pityful Apologies, to bribe the good Will of the Criticks. No! 'tis long since they were superiour to the Spleen of these four Gentlemen.

EVERY one who has Generosity, and is not byassed with a mistaken Prejudice, will allow, that good Sense, sharp Satyre, and witty Mirth, may be express'd with a true Spirit, altho' in antiquated Words and Phrases: When one bestows but a very small Pains to enter into the Authors Manner, then 'tis not to be doubted but the ROYAL COMPANY will receive and approve of these valuable Remains, and have a due Regard to the Memory of these

these meritorious Authors, and accept this
Dedication from,

My LORDS and GENTLEMEN,

Their faithful Publisher,

And your most humble

And devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. Octob.

15. 1724.



P R E F A C E.



I *Have observed that Readers of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our modern Writings, as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural Strength of Thought and Simplicity of Stile our Forefathers practised: To such, I hope, the following Collection of Poems will not be displeasing.*

When these good old Bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their Poetry is the Product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation from abroad: Their Images are native, and their Landskips domestick

tick; copied from those Fields and Meadows we every Day behold.

The Morning rises (in the Poets Description) as she does in the Scottish Horizon. We are not carried to Greece or Italy for a Shade, a Stream or a Breeze. The Groves rise in our own Valleys; the Rivers flow from our own Fountains, and the Winds blow upon our own Hills. I find not Fault with those Things, as they are in Greece or Italy: But with a Northern Poet for fetching his Materials from these Places, in a Poem, of which his own Country is the Scene; as our Hymners to the Spring and Makers of Pastorals frequently do.

This Miscellany will likewise recommend itself, by the Diversity of Subjects and Humour it contains. The grave Description and the wanton Story, the Moral Saying and the mirthful Jest, will illustrate and alternately relieve each other.

The Reader whose Temper is spleen'd with the Vices and Follies now in Fashion, may gratifie his Humour with the Satyres he will here find upon the Follies and Vices that were uppermost two or three

Hun-

Hundred Years ago. The Man, whose Inclinations are turned to Mirth, will be pleased to know how the good Fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the Lover may divert himself with the old fashioned Sonnet of an amorous Poet in Q. Margaret and Q. Mary's Days. In a Word, the following Collection will be such another Prospect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.

I hope also the Reader, when he dips into these Poems, will not be displeas'd with this Reflection, That he is stepping back into the Times that are past, and that exist no more. Thus the Manners and Customs then in Vogue, as he will find them here described, will have all the Air and Charm of Novelty; and that seldom fails of exciting Attention and pleasing the Mind. Besides, the Numbers, in which these Images are convey'd, as they are not now commonly practis'd, will appear new and amusing.

The different Stanza and varied Cadence will likewise much sooth and engage the Ear, which in

Poetry

Poetry especially must be always flattered. However, I do not expect that these Poems should please every Body, nay the critical Reader must needs find several Faults; for I own that there will be found in these Volumes two or three Pieces, whose Antiquity is their greatest Value; yet still I am perswaded there are many more that shall merit Approbation and Applause than Censure and Blame. The best Works are but a Kind of Miscellany, and the cleanest Corn is not without some Chaff, no not after often Winnowing: Besides, Dispraise is the easiest Part of Learning, and but at best the Offspring of uncharitable Wit. Every Clown can see that the Furrow is crooked, but where is the Man that will plow me one straight?

There is nothing can be heard more silly than one's expressing his Ignorance of his native Language; yet such there are, who can vaunt of acquiring a tolerable Perfection in the French or Italian Tongues, if they have been a Fortnight in Paris or a Month in Rome: But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a Scots Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly condemn

demn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious: Every one that is born never so little superior to the Vulgar, would fain distinguish themselves from them by some Manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better Method. But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally Masters of the most useful and politest Languages, can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and read their own.

It was intended that an Account of the Authors of the following Collection should be given; but not being furnished with such distinct Information as could be wished for that End at present, the Design is delayed, until the publishing of a Third or Fourth succeeding Volume, wherein the Curious shall be satisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their Lives and Characters, and the Time wherein they flourished. The Names of the Authors, as we find them in our Copies, are marked before or after their Poems.

*I cannot finish this Preface, without grateful
Acknow-*

Acknowledgements to the Honourable Mr. WILLIAM CARMICHAEL, Advocate, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who, with an easy Beneficence, that is inseparable from a superior Mind, assisted me in this Undertaking with a valuable Number of Poems in a large Manuscript-book in Folio, collected and wrote by Mr. George Bannytine in Anno 1568; from which MS. the most of the following are gathered: And if they prove acceptable to the World, they may have the Pleasure of expecting a great many more, and shall very soon be gratified.

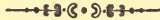




CHRYSTS-KIRK

OF THE

GRENE.



I.

WAS nevir in *Scotland* hard nor sene
Sic Dancing and Deray,
Nowthir at *Falkland* on the Grene,
Nor *Pebills* at the Play,

As

NOTES.

Because we strictly observe the old Orthography, for the more Con-
veniency of the Readers, we shall note some general Rules at the
Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the old Spelling differs
from the present, in Words that have nothing else of the Antique, or
Difference from the *English*: But shall refer you to the Glossary at the
End of the second Vol. for the Explanation of all of that kind in par-
ticular, and of those that are more peculiar to this Nation,

Rule I. *Grene, Sene, Clene, &c.*, Green, Seen, Clean. The double
ee is supplied in such Words, commonly with one *e* before, and another
after the Consonant.

As was of Wowers, as I wene,
 At *Chrysts-Kirk* on a Day;
 Thair came our Kitties washen clene
 In new Kirtills of Gray,
 Full gay,
 At *Chryst-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

II.

To danfs thir Damysfells them dicht,
 Thir Laffes licht of Laits :
 Thair Gluvis war of the Raffell richt,
 Thair Shune war of the Straits;
 Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,
 Weil preft with mony Plaits :
 They war fae nyfs when Men them nicht,
 They squeilt lyke ony Gaits,
 Sae loud, at, &c. that Day.

III. OF

Danfs, Fenfs, Glanfs, Dance, Fence, Glance. The *fs* us'd for the *ce* often in fuch Words.

Dicht, Licht, Richt, &c., Dight, Light, Right. The *ck* in fuch Words always us'd in Place of the *gh*.

Gluvis, Lufe, Haif, &c., Gloves, Love, Have. The *f* and *v* indifferently made use of in those and the like Words.

Shune, Mune, Sune, &c., Shoon (or Shoes), Moon, Soon, the double *oo* never found in fuch Words. Sometimes they are spell'd, *Sone, Mone*; but in those, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the most frequent Manner.

III.

OF all thir Maidens myld as meid,
Was nane fae jimp as *Gillie*:
As ony Rose her Rude was reid,
Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;
But scho of Lufe fae filly,
Thocht all hir Kin had sworn hir Deid,
Scho wald haif but sweit *Willie*
Alane, at *Chryst-Kirk*, &c. that Day.

IV.

SCHO skornit *Jok* and skrapit at him,
And murgeont him with Mokks,
He wald haif luvit, scho wald not lat him,
For all his zellow Lokks.

He

Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c., Well, Dead, Head, Mead. The Diphthong *ei* us'd in many such Words as now require *e*, *ea* and *ee*.

Sae, Wae, Mae, Nane, Wald, &c., So, Wo, Moe, None, Would. The *a* and *ae* in Place of *o* and *oe*, except in those Words, *Ony, Mony*, which are the reverse.

Nyfs, Wyfs, Byt, Hyd, Myld, Lyk, &c., Nice, Wife, Bite, Hide, Mild, Like. Our not founding the *i* as the *Englisch* do, accounts very well for our Elders spelling all words with a *y* of such a Sound.

He chereift hir, scho bad gae chat him,
 Scho compt him not twa Clokks:
 Sae schamefully his schort Goun fet him,
 His Limms wer lyk twa Rokks,
 Scho laid at, &c. that Day.

V.

THOM LUTAR was thair Menftral meit,
 O Lord! as he could lanfs:
 He playt fae schill, and fang fae sweet,
 Quhyle *Towsie* tuke a Transf.
 Auld *Lightfute* thair he did forleit,
 And counterfittet *Fransf*;
 He us'd himself as Man discreit,
 And up tuke *Moreis* Danfs,
 Full loud, at, &c. that Day.

VI. THEN

Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, &c., Song, Long, Bond, Throng. The *a* is us'd in place of *o*.

Tuke, Blude, Gude, Luke, Fule, Shute, &c., Took, Blood, Good, Look, Fool, Shoot.

Quhyle, Quhat, Quho, Quhyt, &c., While, 'What, Who, White. The *qu* is always us'd for the German *w*, when an *h* immediately follows. See Mr. *Ruddiman's* Glossary to *Gavin Douglas's* Virgil.

Auld, Bauld, &c., Old, Bold. Here in many such Words the *Scots* spell with *au* in Place of the *English o*.

VI.

THEN *Steven* came *stepand* in with *Stends*,
Nae *Rynk* micht him *arreift* :
Plateflute he *bobbit* up with *Bends*,
For *Mald* he maid *Requeift*.
He *lap* till he *lay* on his *Lends* ;
But *ryfand* was *fæ preift*,
Quhyle that he *hoiftit* at *baith Ends*,
For honour of the *Feift*,
And *danft*, at, &c. that *Day*.

VII. SYNE

Stepand, *Ryfand*, &c., *Stepping*, *Rifing*; *and* is frequently the Sign of the Participle of the Present Tense; sometimes *an* and *in* instead of the modern *ing*.

Stevin, *Stepand*, *Stends*, as before, *Laffes licht of Laits*, and generally through all, our antient Bards endeavour to add a delicate and artful Smoothness to their Verse, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. *Dryden* and *Waller*, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Verfication, seem to admire that Beauty.

When Man on many multiply'd his Kind. Dryd.

And, *Oh! how I long my tender Limbs to lay.* Wal.

One cannot help smiling to hear the Writer of Mr. *Waller's* Life say, *That this Way of throwing off a Verse easily was first introduced by him.*

VII.

SYNE *Robene Roy* begoud to revell,
 And *Dawny* to him druggit.
 Let be, quoth *Jok*, and cawd him Jevell,
 And be the Tail him tuggit.
 The *Kenfie* cleikit to a cavell;
 But, Lord, than how they luggit.
 Thay partit manly with a Nevell;
 I trow that Hair was ruggit
 Betwix them, at, &c. that Day.

VIII.

ANE bent a Bow, sic Sturt coud fteir him,
 Grit Skayth wesd to haif skard him:
 He cheift a Flane as did affeir him;
 The toder said, *Dirdum, dardum*:

Throw

Begoud, Beuk, Clam, Keist, &c., Began, or did begin, did bake, did climb, did cast. Our old Authors have a great many of such Preterites of Verbs, most of which continue amongst us still.

Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c., That other, Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The *d* is frequently us'd for *th* in such Words.

Throw baith the Cheiks he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the Erfs haif chard him.
Be ane Akerbraid it came not neir him,
I can not tell quhat mard him
Thair at, &c. that Day.

IX.

WITH that a Freynd of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew;
He forgit it sae furiously,
The Bow in Flenders flew:
Sae was the Will of God, trow I;
For had the Tree been trew,
Men said that kend his Archery,
He wald haif slain enow
At *Chryst-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

X.

ANE hasty Hensure callit *Hary*,
Quha was an Archer heynd,
Tytt up a Taikle withouten tary,
That torment sae him teynd.

I wat

I wat not quhidder his Hand coud vary,
 Or the Man was his Freynd;
 For he eschapit throw Michts of *Mary*,
 As Man that nae Ill meind,
 But Gude, at *Chryst-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XI.

THAN *Lowry* lyk a Lyon lap,
 And sone a Flane can fedder;
 He hecht to perse him at the Pap,
 Thereon to wed a Weddir.
 He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
 It buft lyk ony Bledder:
 But swa his Fortune was and Hap,
 His Doublet made of Ledder,
 Saift him, at, &c. that Day.

XII.

A zaip zung Man that stude him neist,
 Loufd aff a Schot with Yre;
 He ettlit the Bern in at the Breist,
 The Bolt flew owre the Byre,

Ane

Ane cryd, Fy, he had flain a Priest,
A Myle bezond a Myre.
Then Bow and Bag frae him he keift,
And fled as ferfs as Fyre
Frae Flint, at, &c. that Day.

XIII.

WITH Forks and Flails, thay lent grit Flaps,
And flang togidder lyk Friggs:
With Bowgars of Barns thay best blew Kapps,
Quhyle thay of Berns maid Briggs.
The Reird raife rudely with the Rapps,
Quhen Rungs war laid on Riggs:
The Wyfis came forth with Crys and Clapps,
Lo, quhair my Lyking liggs,
Quoth thay, at, &c. that Day.

XIV.

THAY girnit and lute gird with Grains,
Ilk Goffip uder greivt:
Sum ftrak with Stings, sum gaddert Stains,
Sum fled and ill mischevt.

The Menstral wan within twa Wains,
 That Day full weil he preivt:
 For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains,
 Quhair Fechtairs war mischeivt,
 For evir, at, &c. that Day.

XV.

HEICH *Hutchon* with a Hiffil Ryfs,
 To red can throw them rummill;
 He muddillt them down lyk ony Myfs,
 He was nae Baity bummill.
 Thocht he was wicht, he was nocht wyfs,
 With sic Jangleurs to jummill;
 For frae his Thoume they dang a Sklyfs,
 Quhyle he cry'd *Barlafummill*,
 I am flain, at, &c. this Day.

XVI.

QUHEN that he saw his blude fae reid,
 To fle might nae Man let him,
 He weind it had been for auld feid,
 He thocht ane cry'd, Haif at him.

He

He gart his Feit defend his Heid,
The far fairer it fet him;
Quhyl he was past out of all pleid,
They sould bene swift that gat him
Throw Speid, at, &c. that Day.

XVII.

THE TOWN-Soutar in Grief was bowdin,
His Wyfe hang at his Waift;
His Body was in Blude all browdin,
He graint lyk ony Ghaist.
Her Glitterand Hair that was fae gowden,
Sae hard in Lufe him laift,
That for her Saik he was not zowden,
Seven Myle that he was chaift,
And mair, &c. that Day.

XVIII.

THE Millar was of manly Mak,
To meit him was nae Mows,
There durst not Ten cum him to tak,
Sae noytit he thair Pows.

The Buschment hale about him brak,
 And bikkert him with Bows,
 Syne traytorly behind his Bak,
 They hewt him on the Hows,
 Behind, at, &c. that Day.

XIX.

TWA that war Herdmen of the Herd,
 On udder ran lyk Rams,
 Then followit Feymen, richt unaffeird,
 Bet on with Barrow trams,
 But quhair thair Gobs thay war ungeird,
 They gat upon the Gams ;
 Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,
 As they had worriët Lamms,
 Maift lyk, at, &c. that Day.

XX. THE

Hewt him on the Hows, Hew'd or cut him down, by striking him behind on the *Houghs* or Hams.

Cum, Sum, &c., Come, Some. The *u* in Place of *o*.

Lamms, Thowme, Dum, &c., Lambs, Thumb, Dumb. The *b* feldom made Use of in such Words.

XX.

THE Wyves keift up a hideous Zell,
Quhen all thir Zounkers zokkit,
Als ferfs as ony Fyre-flauchts fell;
Freiks to the Feilds they flokit.
The Carlis with Clubs did uder quell,
Quhyl Blude at Breifts out bokit;
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
That all the Steipill rokkit
For reid, at *Chryfts-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XXI.

QUHEN thay had beirt lyk baitit Bulls,
And branewod brynt in Bails,
They wer as meik as ony Mulis,
That mangit ar with Mails.

For

Mulis, Mules. In feveral Words like this, where an *i* goes between an *l* and another Confonant, we are to pronounce short, as *Mules*, not *Mulis*.

Mangit ar with Mails, Maim'd with Burdens.

Flawchtir Fails, Turf that Country People flea for covering Houfes.

Haild the Dulis, is a Phrafe us'd at Foot Ball, or fuch Games, where the Party that gains the *Dule* or Goal is faid to *hail* it, or win the Game.

For Faintness thae forfochtin Fulis,
 Fell down lyk flauchtir Fails:
 Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dulis,
 And dang them down in Dails,
 Bedene, at, &c. that Day.

XXII.

QUHEN all was done, *Dik* with an Aix,
 Came furth to fell a Fudder,
 Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smaiks,
 Richt now wald slain my Brudder.
 His Wyfe bade him gae hame, *Gib Glaiks*,
 And sae did *Meg* his Mudder.
 He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;
 For he durst ding nane udder,
 For Feir, at *Chryst-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

Finis quod King *JAMES I.*

The

Fudder, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 1600 Pound Weight: in our old Authors it often metaphorically means a *great many*.





*The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.*

A

P O E M

In Honour of

MARGARET, Daughter to *HENRY* the
VII. of *England*, Queen to JAMES the
IV. King of *SCOTS*.

I.

QUHEN *Merch* with variand Winds was overpast,
And sweit *Apryle* had with his Silver Showers
Tane Leif of Nature, with an orient Blast,
And lusty *May*, that Mudder is of Flowrs,
Had maid the Birds begin be tymous Hours;
Among the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,
Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

II. IN

Lusty May, Desfireable *May*. *Lusty*, through these Poems, is an Epithet frequently us'd in this Sense; also in our Language it expresses Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.

II.

IN Bed at Morrow, sleiping as I lay,
 Methocht *Aurora* with her Rubie Ene,
 In at my Window lukit by the Day,
 And halfit me, with Visage pale and grene,
 Upon her Hand a Lark fang frae the Splene,
 Luvers, awake out of your Slumbering,
 Se how the lusty Morning dois upspring.

III.

METHOCHT fresh *May* before my Bed upstooed,
 In Weid depainted of ilk diverse Hew,
 Sober, benyng, and full of Mensfuetude,
 In Bright Atyre of Flours, all forget new,
 Of heavenly Colour quhyt, reid, brown and blew,
 Balmit in Dew, and gilt with Phebus Beims,
 Quhyle all the House ilumynt with her Leims.

IV.

SLUGART, scho said, awake annon, for Schame,
 And in my Honour fumthing thou gae wryte;
 The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,
 Luvers to rais with Comfort and Delyte,
 Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt;

Quhase

Lukit by the Day, Looked in at my Window by Day or the Dawn-
 ing. *Halfit*, Hail'd or Saluted.

Mensfuetude, Mildness, or good Humour.

Quhase Heart fomtyme has glad and blisful bene,
Sangs oft to mak under the Brenches grene.

V.

QUHERTO, quoth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,
For in thy Month few Birds haif I hard sing,
Thay haif mair Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow:
Thy Air it is not holfum nor benyng,
Lord *Eolus* dois in thy Season ring,
Sae boufteous ar the blasts of his shill horn,
Amang thy Bews to walk I haif forborn.

VI.

WITH that the Lady soberly did smyle,
And said, Upryse and do thy Observance:
Thou did promist in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
Then to discryve the *ROSE* of most Plefance.
Go see the Birdis how they sing and dance,
And how the Skyes iluminat ar bricht,
Enamylt richly with new azure Licht.

VII. QUHEN

Do thy Observance, Perform thy Duty or Respects. Here 'tis proper we take notice of the Cadency of such Words; many in that Age being pronounced long that now are expressed short: But our Union with *France*, and *French* Auxiliaries so often in *Scotland* at that Time, can easily account for that Manner of Pronunciation.

VII.

QUHEN this was said, away then went the Quene,
 And entert in a lusty Garden gent;
 And then methocht, full hastylie besene,
 In Sark and Mantle after her I went
 Into this Garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants most sweit,
 And grene Leivs doing of Dew down fleit.

VIII.

THE pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,
 In orient bricht as Angel did appeir,
 Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid,
 Whose gildet Treffes schone sae wonder cleir,
 That all the Warld tuke Comfort far and neir,
 To luke upon his fresh and blifsful Face,
 Doing all fable frae the Hevenis chace.

IX.

AND as the blifsful Sun drave up the Sky,
 All Nature sang throu Comfort of the Licht;
 The Minstrells wingd with open Voyces cry,
 O Luvers now is fled the dully Night,
 Come welcome Day that comforts every Wicht.

Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* shene,
Hail Princess Nature, hail Luves hartsome Quene.

X.

DAME Nature gave an Inhibition ther
To *Neptune* ferfs and *Eolus* the bauld,
Not to perturb the Water nor the Air,
That nowther blasfy Shower, nor Blasts mair
cauld
Suld Flowirs effray nor Fowles upon the Fauld.
Scho bad eik *Juno* Goddes of the Sky,
That scho the Heaven suld keep amene and dry.

XI.

ALS scho ordaind that every Bird and Beist
Before her Hienefs suld annone compeir,
And every Flowir of Virtue maist and leist,
And every Herb in fair Feild far and neir,
As they had wont in *May* frae Yeir to Yeir :
To hir thair Quene to mak Obediens,
Full law inclynand with dew Reverens.

XII. WITH

Obediens and *Reverens*, as observed before in the Words *Observance* and *Plesance*, must be accented long.

XII.

WITH that annone scho sent the swift fute *Roe*,
 To bring in alkind Beift frae Dale and Doun,
 The restlefs *Swallow* ordert scho to go,
 And fetch all Fowl of small and grit Renown,
 And to gar Flowirs appeir of all Fassoun:
 Fully craftely conjurit she the *Yarrow*.
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony Arrow.

XIII.

ALL brocht in were, in twynkling of an Ee,
 Baith *Beift* and *Bird* and *Flowir* before the *Quene*,
 And first the *Lyon* greateft of Degre
 Was fummond ther, and he, fair to be fene,
 With a full hardy Countenance and kene,
 Before *Dam Nature* came, and did inclyne,
 With Vifage bauld, and Courage *Leonyne*.

XIV. THIS

Courage Leonyne. This perhaps may be smil'd at, but there's as much Reason to laugh at the modern Phrase of one's looking like himself.

XIV.

THIS awful Beift was terrible of Cheir,
Perfing of Luke, and stout of Countenance,
Right ftrong of Corps, of Faſſon fair, bot feir,
Lufty of Shape, licht of Deliverance,
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance:
In Feild of Gold he ftude full rampantly,
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet pleſantly.

XV.

THIS *Lady* liftit up his Cluves fae cleir,
And lute him liſtly lein upon hir Knee,
And crownit him with Diadem full deir,
Of radyous Stanes maift ryall there to fee,
Saying, The King of all Beifts mak I thee,
And

If one were to comment and illuſtrate every poetical Beauty that ſtrikes our Imaginations ſo agreeably, and come ſo frequent, he would ſwell the Notes too much, and rob the Reader of a Pleaſure which is his own Property; wherefore ſuch Annotations ſhall be declined. When Folks are raviſhed with any Pleaſure tho' it be obvious to every By-ſtander, yet they cannot help expreſſing what delights them many Times over, when there is not the leaſt Occaſion for Information. This was juſt my Caſe, on reading this excellent Deſcription of the Lyon and the *Scots Arms*, never ſo happily blazoned.

And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws,
Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

XVI.

JUSTICE exerce, with Mercy and Consciens,
And let nae small Beift suffir Skaith nor Skorns,
Of greiter Beifts that bein of more Pufiance.
Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
And lat na Bowgle with his boustcous Horns
Opprefs the meik Pluch-Ox, for all his Pryd,
But in the Yok go quietly him befyd.

XVII.

WHEN this was said, with Noyse and Sound of
Joy,
All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degrec,
Attains cry'd, *Laud*, and then, *Vive le Roy*;
Syne at his Feit fell with Humility;
To him they all made Homage and Feiltie;
And he did tham refaif with princely Laits,
Whose noble Yre his Greitnefs mitigates.

XVIII.

SYNE crownit scho the *Eagle* King of Fowls;
And sharp as Darts of Steil scho made his Penns,
And bade him be as juft to *Whawps* and *Owls*,

As

As unto *Peakoks, Papingos, or Crans,*
And mak ane Law for *wicht Fowls* and for *Wrens,*
And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,
Nor Birds devore but his own proper Prey.

XIX.

THEŃ callt scho all the Flowirs grew in the Feild,
Discryving all thair Fassons and Effeirs,
Upon the awfull THISTLE she beheld,
And saw him guarded with a Bush of Speirs,
Confiddering him sae able for the Weirs,
A radiant Crown of Rubies scho him gaif,
And said, in Feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

AND sen thou art a King, be thou defcreit,
Herb without Value hald not of sic Pryce,
As Herb of Vertew and of Odour sweet,
And let no Nettle vyle and full of Vyce
Hir fallow with the gudly *Flower-de-Lyce,*
Nor let no wyld Weid, full of Churlishness,
Compare hir to the Lillys Nobilness.

XXI. NOR

XXI.

NOR hald nane other Flowir in sic denty
 As the fresh ROSE, of Colour reid and quhyt;
 For if thou dois, hurt is thyne Honesty,
 Confiddering that no Flowir is fae perfyte,
 Sae full of Plesans, Vertew and Delyte,
 Sae full of blifsful Angellyke Bewtie,
 Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

XXII.

THEN to the ROSE scho did her Visage turn,
 And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,
 Abofe the Lilly thou art ilusterous born,
 Frae Ryal Linage ryfing fresh and yung,
 But ony Spot or Macull doing sprung :
 Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crownd,
 For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

XXIII.

A costly Crown with Stanes clarified bricht,
 This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose,
 Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht ;

Quhairfor

Quhois, Dois, Hir, &c., Whose, Does, Her. The *e* in many such Words is supplied with *i*.

But ony Spot, Without Spot.

Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all reiose,
Crying attaines, Hail to the fragrant ROSE,
Hail Emprefs of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs,
To the be Glore and Honour at all Hours.

XXIV.

THEN all the Birds thay sang with Voice on hicht,
Whose mirthfull Sound was marvellous to heir;
The Mavys sang, Hail ROSE most rich and richt,
That does upflurifs under *Phebus* Sphere,
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,
Hail Blofome breking out of Blude Ryal,
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

XXV.

THE Merle scho sang, Hail ROSE of most Delyt,
Hail of all Flowirs the sweit and soverain Quene:
The Lark scho sang, Hail ROSE baith reid and quhyt,
Most plesand Flowir of mighty Colours twain;
Nightingails sang, Hail Nature's Suffragane,
In Bewty, Nurture, and each Nobilnefs,
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilnefs.

XXVI. THE

That the House of *York* and *Lancafter* (the *White* and *Red Rose*) were united in the Person of our Queen, is well known.

XXVI.

THE common Voice upraise of Birdis small,
 Upon this Ways, O bliffit be the Hour
 That thou was chose to be our Principal,
 Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir,
 Our Perle, our Plesance, and our Paramour,
 Our Peace, our Play, our plain Felicity :
 CHRYST the conserve from all Adverfity.

XXVII.

THEN all the Confort fang with sic a Shout,
 That I anone awakent quhair I lay,
 And with a Braid I turnit me about
 To se this Court, but all wer gone away;
 Then up I leint me, halfings in affray,
 Callt to my Muse, and for my Subjeck chose
 To sing the Ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

Quod Mr. W^m. DUNBAR.





A
 P A N Y G Y R I C K
 O N
 S R P E N N Y.



I.

R I C H T fain wald I my Qwaintance mak
 Sr *Penny* with, and wate ye quhy?
 He is a Man will undertak
 A Lairdship of braid Lands to buy;
 Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I
 With him in Fellowship repair,
 Because he is in Company
 A noble Gyde baith late and air.

II. S R

II.

SR *Penny* for till hald in Hand,
 His Company they think sae fweyt;
 Sum does not care to fell thair Land,
 With gude Sr *Penny* for to meit,
 Because he is of a noble Spreit,
 A furthy Man and a forseiani;
 There is no Mater ends compleit,
 Till he fet to his Seil and Hand.

III.

SR *Penny* is a valiant Man,
 Of mekle Strenth and Dignitie,
 And evir fen this Warld began,
 In this Land autoreift is he:
 The King or Quene ze may not fee,
 They still so tenderlie him trete,
 That ther can nathing endit be,
 Without his Company ze get.

IV.

SR *Penny* is a Man of Law,
 And (witt ye weil) baith wyfe and war;
 He mony Reasons can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standing at the Bar,

Is nane fae sharp that can him scar,
Quhen he proponis furth ony Pley;
Nor zit fae hardy Man as dar
Sr *Penny* tyne or difobey.

V.

SR *Penny* is baith leird and wyfe,
The Kirk to steir he taks in Hand,
Disponer of ilk Benefice
In this Realm, throu all the Land;
Is nane fae wicht dar him gainstand,
Sae wyfely can Sr *Penny* wirk;
And als Sr *Symonie* his Servand,
That now is Gydar of the Kirk.

VI.

GIF to the Court thou mak repair,
And ther haif Matters to proclame,
Thou art unable weil to fair,
Sr *Penny* gif thou leif at hame,
To bring him furth think thou nae Schame;
I do thee weil to understand,
Into thy Bag beir thou his Name,
Thy Matter cums better to hand.

VII. SR

VII.

SR *Penny* now is maid an Owl,
They wirk him mekle Tray and Tene,
They hald him in till he hair-moull,
And maks him blind of baith his Ene ;
Thirout he is but findle sene,
Sae fast tharin they can him steik,
That Commons pure cannot obtain
Ane Day to byd with him and speik.

Tray and Tene, Anger.

Hair-moull, Grown hoary with Mouldinefs.





VERTUE *and* VYCE.

A

P O E M,

Address to

JAMES V. King of SCOTS,

By the famous and renown'd Clerk,

Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,

Arch-Dean of Murray.

—oo—

I.

QUHEN Silver *Diane* full of Beims bricht,
 Frae dark Eclips was past this uther Nicht,
 And to the Crab hir proper Mansion gane;
Artophilax contending with his Micht
 In the grit Eist to set his Visage richt;
 I mene the Leider of the *Charle-wane*:
 Aboif our Heid then was the *Urfis* twain,
 Quhen Starris small obscure grew to our Sicht,
 And *Lucifer* left twinkling him alane.

II. THE

II.

THE frosty Nicht with her prolixit Hours,
 Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;
 When ardent Labour has addreffit me,
 Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,
 Thair greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,
 Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirrour, see
 The furious End somtymes of Tyranie;
 Somtymes the Gloir of prudent Governours,
 Ilk State appryfit in thair Facultie.

III.

My weary Spreit desiring to reprefs
 My emptive Pen of fruteless Bissiness,
 Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air,
 When *Priapus* with stormy Weid opprefs,
 Requeistit me, in his maist Tenderness,
 To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.
 But I no maner coud my Mynd prepare
 To fet asyde unplefant Havyness
 On this and that contemplating Solitare.

IV. AND

IV.

AND first occurrt to my remembering,
How that I was in Service with the King,
Put to his Grace in Zeirs tenderest,
Clerk of his Compts, althocht I was inding,
With Heart and Hand, and evry uther thing,
That micht him pleife in ony manner best,
While Envy grit me from his Service keft,
By them that had the Court in governing,
As Bird bot Plumes is herryt of her Nest.

V.

OUR Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris,
Dependance have on thir celest Creaturis,
Apperandly by some Necessitie;
For thocht a Man wald fet his biffy curis,
Sae far as Labour and his Wisdom furis,
To flie hard Chance of Infortunitie,
Tho he eschew it with Difficultie,
The curfid Weird yet ithandly enduris,
Gien to him first in his Nativitie.

VI. OF

VI.

OF eardlie State bewailing thus the Chance
 Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,
 Sae lang I had swomt in hir Seis fae deip,
 That sad Avyfung with her thochtfull Lance
 Coud find nae Port to anker her Firmance,
 Till *Morpheus* the dreiry God of Sleip,
 For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,
 And fet his Slewth and deidly Countenance,
 With snorand Vains to throw my Body creip.

VII.

METHOCHT I was into a plesand Meid,
 Quhair *Flora* made the tender Bluims to spreid
 Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutritive,
 Quhen golden *Titan* with his Flamis fae reid,
 Aboif the Seis upraift his glorious Heid,
 Defounding down his Heit restorative
 To evry Fruit that Nature maid to live,
 Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,
 With Stormis cauld, and Har-frost penetrive.

VIII.

A Silver Fountain sprang with Watir cleir
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir;
 Quhair I did sone espy a fellow Reird
Of courtly Gallants in thair gayest Weir,
Rejoycing them in Season of the Zeir,
 As it had bene of *Mayis* sweit Day the Feird,
 Their gudelie Havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I saw a crownit King appeir,
 With tender Downs arrifing on his Beird.

IX.

THIR courtly Gallants settand thair Intents
To sing and play on divers Instrumens;
 According to this PRINCIS Appetyte,
Twa Ladyis fair came pransand owre the Bents,
Thair costly Cleathing shawd their mighty Rents;
 Quhat Heart might wish, they wanted not a Myte,
 The Rubies shone upon thair Fingers quhyt:
And finaly I knew by thair Consents
 This VERTUE was, that uther hecht *Delyte*.

X. THIR

X.

THIR Goddeffes arrayt in this fine Ways,
 As Reverence and Honour list devyfe,
 Afore this PRINCE fell down upon thair Kneis,
 Syne drest themfells into thair best Avyfe,
 Sae far as Wisdom in thair Powir lyes,
 To do the Thing that micht him best appleife,
 Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly Gleis,
 And him desyret that for his Emperyfs,
 Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

XI.

AND first *Delyte* unto the PRINCE said thus,
 Maist valiant Knycht, in Actions amorous,
 And lustyest that evir Nature wrocht,
 Quha in the Flour of Zouth mellyfluous,
 With Notes sweit, and sang mellodious,
 Awalketh heir amang the Flowirs soft,
 Thou has nae Game, but in thy mirry Thocht,
 My heavenly Blifs is so delicious,
 All Wealth in Eard bot it availeth nocht.

XII. THO

XII.

THO thou had *France*; and all beyont the *Po*,
Spain, *England*, *Pole*, with uther Kingdoms moe,
And reign oure them in State most glorious,
Thy puffiant Empyre is not worth a Stro,
Gif it unto thy Pleifurs is a Foe,
Or pains thy Mind with Cares are dolourus ;
Ther is nathing may be sae odious
To Man, as leif in Misery and Woe,
Defrauding God of Nature *Genius*.

XIII.

DRESS thee thairfor with all thy biffy Cure,
That thou in Joy and Pleifure may endure ;
Be Sicht of thir four Bodyis elementar,
Twa gros and heavy, twa are licht and pure,
Thir Elements be working of Nature,
In uther change ; and tho they be richt far
Frae uther twind, with Qualitys contrair,
Of them are made all Creatures Eard eir bure,
And finaly in them resolvit ar.

XIV. THE

XIV.

THE Fyre in Air, the Air in Watter cleir,
 In Eard the Watter turns withouten Weir,
 The Eard in Watter it turns ower again;
 Sae furth in Order nochts consumed heir,
 And Man new born begins sone to appeir
 Ane uther Figure than afore was tane,
 Quhen he is deid, the Matter does remain,
 Tho it resolve into fum new Manner,
 Naething is new, nocht but the Form is gane.

XV.

THUS naething is in Eard but fugitive,
 Passand and command spreiding successeive;
 And as a Beist, so is a Man confave
 Of Seid infusd in Members genitive,
 And furth his Tyme in Plesoure does out dryve
 As Chance him leids, till he be laid in Grave:
 Thairfor thy Hevin and Plesour now refave,
 Quhile thou art heir into this present Lyve,
 For after Death thou fall no Plesour haif.

XVI.

THE Rose, the Lilly, and the Violet,
Unpult, sone wither, and with winds owrefet,
Wallout falls down bot ony Fruit, I wifs,
Thairfore I say, Sen that naething may let,
But thy bricht Hew maun be with Zeirs all fret,
(For every Thing but for a Season is)
Thou may not haif a mair excellent Blifs
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms plet,
To hals and brais with mony a lusty Kifs.

XVII.

AND haif my tender Body by thy Syde,
So proper fet, quhilk Nature has provyde
With every Plesour, that thou mayst divyne,
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overflyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,
Thou maun allways from agit men declyne,
Syne drefs thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingyne,
To suffer nane fall in thy House abyde,
But gif thay will unto thy Lust inclyne.

XVIII. Gif

XVIII.

GIF thou desyres into the Seis to fleit
 Of hevinly Blifs, than me thy Lady treit;
 For it is said by Clerks of fair Renown,
 Thair is nae Pleasour in this Eard so grit,
 As quhen a Luver dois his Lady meit,
 To raife his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Soun,
 As hieft plesour but Comparisoun.
 I fall the geif in thy Zeirs zoung and sweit,
 A lusty Halk with mony Plumes full broun.

XIX.

QUHILK fall be found sae joyous and Plesant,
 Gif thou into her mirry Flichts fall hant,
 Of evry Blifs that may in Eard appeir,
 As Hairt will think thou fall nae Plenty want,
 Quhile Zeirs swift with Quheils properant,
 Consume thy Strenth, and all thy Bewtie cleir.
 And quhen *Delyt* had said on this Maner,
 As Rage of Zowtheid thocht maist relivant;
 Then *Vertew* spake, as after ye fall heir.

XX.

My Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre,
Sall give thy Hienefs, (gif thou list difyre)

Triumphant Glore, hie Honour, Fame divyne,
With sic Puiffance, that them nae furious Yre,
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,
Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,
But thou maun first enuffer meikle Pyne,
Abune thy self, that thou may haif Empyre,
Then fall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

XXI.

AMANG my Faes my Realms fet ar all,
Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,
And ever still dois on my Border ly:
And tho' thay may nae Ways me overthrawl,
Thay ly in wait, gif ony Chance may fall,
Of me fumtyme to get the Victory.
Thus is my Lyfe an ithand Chevalry,
And Labour halds me strong as ony Wall,
And nathing breks me but vyl Slugardy.

XXII. NAE

XXII.

NAE Fortune may againſt me ocht avail,
Tho ſcho with cloudy ſtorms me aft affail.

I brek the Streim of ſharp adverſity,
In Wedder lown, and maiſt tempeſtous Hail,
Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:

My Ships fae ſtrong, that I may never die,
Wit, Reaſon, Manheid governs me fae hie,
Nae influence of Starns can eir prevail
To rigne owre me with Infortunitie.

XXIII.

THE Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,
Bot grit Diſtreſs and ſharp Adverſity,

As be this Reaſon is experience;
The fynest Gold or Silver that we ſe,
May not be wrocht to our Utility,
Without kein Flames and bitter Violence;
The mair Diſtreſs, the mair Intelligence.

Quha eir fails lang in hie Proſperity,
Ar ſune owreſet, gainſt ſtorms have nae Defence.

XXIV.

THIS fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,
Bot doubt fall thee and all the Warld bring
 To ficker Blifs, or then eternal Wae.
Gif thou by honest Labour dois a Thing,
Thy Labour vaniefis but tarrying;
 Howbeit thy honest Warks they do not fae.
Gif thou does ocht of Luft be Nicht or Day,
The shameful Deid, without diffevering,
 Continues ftill when Plefour is away.

XXV.

As Carvell ticht, faft tending throw the Sie,
Leives nae imprent amang the Wallis hie.
 As fwifteft Birds with mony a biffy Plume
Perfis the Air, and wates not quhair thay flie,
Sicklyks our Lyfe without Activitie;
 It giffes na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume.
Quha dois thair Lyfe in Ydlenefs confume,
Bot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie
 Sall vanife foner than the reiky Fume.

XXVI. As

XXVI.

As Watter purges and maks Bodys fair,
 As Fyre ascends be Nature in the Air,
 And purefies with Heit thats vehement:
 As Flowir does smell, as Fruit is nurifare:
 As precious Balmes reverts the Things ar fair,
 And maks them of the Rot impatient.
 As Spyce maift sweit, and Rose maift redolent;
 As stern of Day by Motion circular,
 Chaifes the Nicht with Beims resplendent.

XXVII.

SICKLYKE my Warks they perfytt every Wicht,
 In fervent Luvve of maift excellent Licht,
 And maks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,
 And does the Saul frae all Disorder dicht,
 With Odour dulce, and maks it still mair bricht
 Than *Diane* full, or zet *Apollo* cleir,
 Syn raifes it into the hieft Sphere,
 Immortally to shine in GODS awin Sicht,
 His chofen Creature, and as Spous maift deir.

XXVIII. THIS

XXVIII.

THIS uther Wretch that clipit is *Delyte*,
Involves Mankynd be sensual Appityte,
In every Kind of Vyce and Miserie,
Because nae Wit nor Reason is perfyte
Quhair she is Gyde, but Skaith thats infynyt;
With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie;
For scho sprang frae the licht Froth of the Se.
Quhilk signifies hir Plesour venomit,
Is minglit ay with shairp Adverfitie.

XXIX.

DUKE *Hannibal*, as mony Authors wrait,
Throw *Spensie* came be mony a Passage strait;
To *Italy* in Furor bellical,
Brak down hie Walls, and hieft Mountains flait,
And to his Army made an open Gait,
And Victories had on the *Romans* all.
At *Capua* by Plesour sensual,
The Duke was made fae fast and delicate,
That by his Faes he was sone overthrawll.

XXX.

OF ferfs *Achill* the weirly Deids sprang,
 In *Troy* and *Greice*, quhyle he in VERTUE rang,
 How Lust him slew it is but Rewth to heir:
 Siclyk the *Trojans* with thair Knichts strang,
 The valiant *Greiks* furth frae thair Ruins dang,
 Victoriously exercit mony a Zeir;
 That Nicht they went to thair Lust and Plesour,
 The fatal Horfs did throw thair Walls fang,
 Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince efeminat,
 Frae Deids of Knichts basely degenerat,
 Twynand the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,
 With Fingers fast among the Ladyis fat,
 And with his Lust couth not be fatiate,
 Till frae his Faes came last the bitter Dint.
 Quhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene tint,
 Quhen they with Lust have bene intoxicat,
 To schaw at lenth my Tung wald nevir stint.

XXXII. BUT

XXXII.

BUT brave *Camil* the valiant Chevalier,
(When he the *Gauls* had dantint be his Weir)
Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;
For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Friends maift deir
Were verteous, they could not fail ilk Zeir
To haif enough, be *Roman* Providence.
Gif they wer given to Vyce and Infolence,
It was not neidfull he fould conquaifs Geir,
To be the Cause of thair Incontinence.

XXXIII.

SUM nobil Men, as Poets list declair,
Were Deifeit, sum made Gods of the Air,
Sum of the Heaven, as *Eolus*, *Vulcan*,
Apollo, *Saturn*, *Hermes*, *Jupiter*,
Mars, *Hercules*, and uther Men preclair,
That Fame imortall in this Warld wan:
Quhy wer thir People called Gods than?
Because they had a VERTUE singlar,
Excellent hie abune the Ingyne of Man.

XXXIV. AND

XXXIV.

AND uthers are in Reik sulphurious,
 As *Ixion*, and weiry *Syfyphus*,
 Eumenides, the Furys odibil,
 The proud Gyants, and thrifty *Tantalus*,
 With ugly Drink, and Fude maist vennomus,
 Quhair Flames bauld, and Mirkness ar sensibil:
 Quhy ar thir Folk in Pains fae terribil?
 Because they were but Shrews maist vicious
 Into thair Lyfe, with Deids maist horribil.

XXXV.

AND tho nae Fruit wer after consequent
 Of mortall Lyfe, but for this Warld present
 Ilk Man to haif allenerlie Respect;
 Zet VERTUE sould frae Vice be different,
 As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;
 That ane to hiest Honour does direct,
 This uther Saul and Body does neglect.
 That ane of Reason maist intelligent,
 This uther of Beists following the Effect.

XXXVI. FOR

XXXVI.

FOR he that nold against his vyl Lufts stryve,
But lives as Beists of Knowlege senfityve,
Grows fast to Eild, and Death him sone owrehails:
Thairfor the Mule is of a langer Lyfe
Than the staid Horfe; also the barrand Wyfe
Zouthfull appeirs, when that the Brudie fails:
We also se when Nature nocht prevails,
The Pain and Dolour ar sae pungityve,
Nae Medycyne the Patient then avails.

XXXVII.

SEN our Intents baith we haif shawn thee thus,
Cheis of us twae the maist delicious,
Or to sustene a sharp Adversitie,
Danting the Rage of Zouth-heid furious,
And syn posses Triumphs innumerous,
With hie Empyre, and lang Felicitie;
Or haif ane Moment Sensualitie
Of fulish Zouth, in Lyf voluptous,
And all thy Days full of sad Miserie.

XXXVIII. *PHE-*

XXXVIII.

PHEBUS be this his fyrie Cart did wry,
 Frae South to West declynand biffly
 To dip his Steids into the Westlin Main;
 When ryfing Damps owrefaild his Vifage dry
 With Vapours thick, and cluddet all the Sky,
 And *Notus* brym, the Wind meridian,
 With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,
 Awakent me, that I could not espy
 Quhilk of the twa was for his Lady tane.

XXXIX.

BUT fone I knew they were the Goddeffes
 That came in Sleip to valiant *Hercules*,
 When he was zung, and free of every Lore,
 To Luft or Honour, Purtith or Riches,
 Quhair he contemptnit Luft and Idlenefs,
 That he in *VERTUE* micht his Lyfe decore;
 Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;
 The mair increfst his painfull Biffinefs,
 His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.



*A Bytand BALLAT on warlo Wives,
That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.*



I.

BE merry, Brethrene, ane and all,
 And set all Sturt aside;
 And every ane together call
 To GOD to be our Gyd;
 For as lang lives the mirry Man,
 As dois the Wretch for ocht he can,
 When Deid him strakes, he wats na whan,
 And charges him to byde.

II.

THE Rich then fall not spared be,
 Thocht they haif Gold and Land,
 Nor zit the Fair, for their Bewty,
 Cannot that Charge gainstand.

Tho

Tho Wicht or Weak wald flee away,
 Nae Doubt but all maun Ransom pay,
 Quhat Place or quhare can nae Man say,
 Be Se or zit be Land.

III.

THE mirryest Man that leives on Lyfe,
 He fails upon the Se;
 For he knaws neither Sturt nor Stryfe,
 But blyth and glad is he:
 But he that has an evil Wyfe,
 Has Sour and Sorrow all his Lyfe,
 And that Man quilk leives ay in Stryf,
 How can he mirry be?

IV.

ANE evil Wyfe is the warft aught
 That ony Man can haif;
 For he may nevir fit in Saught,
 Unless he be her Slaif:

But

But of that Sort I knaw nane uther,
Except a Cuckald or his Bruther;
Sunt Lairds and Cuckalds altogither,
 May wifs their Wyves in Graif.

V.

BECAUSE thair Wyves haif Maiftery,
 That they dar naeways cheip,
But gif it be in Privity,
 Quhen they are fast afeip;
Ane mirry in thair Company,
To them is worth baith Gold and Fie:
A Menstrell neir coud dairthful be,
 Thair Mirth if he coud beit.

VI.

BUT of that Sort whilk I report,
 I knaw nane in this Ring:
But we may all baith grit and small,
 Gladly baith dance and fing,

Quha

Sunt Lairds. Here is spelled with an *S*, as it ought, and not with a *C*, as many of the *English* do.

Quha lifts not here to make gude Cheir,
 Perchance his Guids an uthir Yeir
 Be spent, quhen he is brought to Beir,
 Quhen his Wyfe taks the Fling.

VII.

It has been fene, that wyfe Women,
 After their Husband's Deid,
 Has gotten Men has gart them ken,
 If they could bear a Laid.
 With a grene Sting, hes gart them bring
 The Geir that won was by a Dring;
 And fyne gart all the Bairnies fing,
 Ramukloch in their Bed.

VIII.

THEN wad scho fay, Alake this Day,
 For him that wan this Geir,
 Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,
 My Heart anes mak gude Cheir.
 Or I had letten him spend a Plak,
 I lure haif witten him brake his Bak,
 Or els his Craig had gotten a Crak,
 Ower the Hicht of the Stair.

IX.

ZE Niggarts then Example tak,
And leir to spend your awn,
And with gude Freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may well be knawn,
That thou art he quha wan this Geir;
And for thy Wyfe se thou nocht spair,
With blyth Freynds ay to make Repair,
Sae fall thy Worth be shawn.

X.

FINIS quod I, quha sets not by
The ill Wyves of this Toun,
Tho for Dispyte with me wald flyte,
Gif thay might put me down.
Gif they wald ken quha maid this Sang,
Quhidder they will him heid or hang,
Flemyings his Name quhair eir he gang,
In Country and in Toun.

Quod FLEMYNG.

Sets not by, Does not Value. *Put down*, Murder.



ROBIN *and* MAKYNE,
A PASTORAL.

I.

ROBIN fat on the gude grene Hill,
Keipand a Flock of Fie,
Quhen mirry *Makyne* said him till,
O *Robin* rew on me.
I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
Thir Towmonds twa or thre;
My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot Dreid I die.

II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,
Naithing of Luve I knaw,
But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod,
Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

Quhat

Dule in dern, Sorrow in secret. *Dill*, still, calm, or mitigate.
Raik on Raw, go apace in a Row.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy Mude,
Thou *Makyne* to me schaw?
Or quhat is Luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that Law.

III.

THE Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be keynd, courtas, and fair of Feir,
Wyfe, hardy, kind and frie,
Sae that nae Danger do the deir,
What dule in dern thou drie;
Prefs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
Be patient, and privie.

IV.

ROBIN he anwert her again,
I wat not quhat is Luve,
But I haif Marvell uncertain
Quhat maks thee thus wanrufe.

The

The Wedderis fair, and I am fain;
 My Sheip gaes hail abuve,
 Gif we fould play us on the Plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,
 And do all as I reid ;
 And thou fall haif my Heart all hale,
 Eik and my Maidenheid :
 Sen GOD he fends Bute for Bale,
 And for Murning Remeid.
 I dern with thee, but give I dale,
 Doubtlefs I am but deid.

VI.

MAKYNE the Morn be this ilk Tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 May be my Sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;

But

Wedderis, Weather's. It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apostrophised, yet by this one may judge that in every like Case they pronounced, as if such Vowels were cut off with an Apostrophe: Without allowing this, many of their Lines will not be Numbers.

But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to fteir,
Quhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,
Then *Makyn* mak gude Cheir.

VII.

ROBIN thou reivs me of my Rest;
I luvè but thee alane.
Makyne, *adieu*, the Sun goes West,
The Day is neir-hand gane.
Robin in Dule I am so drest,
That Luvè will be my Bane.
Makyne gae luvè quhair eir ye lift;
For Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

ROBIN I stand in sic a Style,
I fìch, and that full fair.
Makyne I have been heir this quyle,
At hame I wìsh I were.
Robin, my Hinny, talk and smyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair.
Makyne sum uther Man beguyle;
For hameward I will fare.

IX.

SYNE *Robin* on his Ways he went,
 As light as Leif on Tree:
 But *Makyne* murnt and made Lament,
 Scho trow'd him neir to fee.
Robin he brayd attowre the Bent.
 Then *Makyne* cryd on hie,
 Now may thou sing, for I am fhent!
 Quhat can ail Luve at me?

X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,
 And weirylye could weip;
 Then *Robin* in a full fair Dale
 Affemblit all his Sheip,
 Be that somepart of *Makyns* Ail,
 Outthrow his Heart coud creip,
 Hir fast he followt to affail,
 And till her tuke gude keip.

XI. ABYD

Brayd attowre the Bent, hafted over the Field. *Tuke gude Keip*,
 kept a close Eye upon her.

XI.

ABYD, abyd, thou fair *Makyne*,
A Word for ony Thing;
For all my Luve it fall be thyne,
Withoutten departing,
All hale thy Heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My Sheip quhytle Morn till the Hours Nyne,
Will mister nae keiping.

XII.

ROBIN, thou has heard fung and fay,
In Jefts and Storys auld,
The Man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,
Be eikd their Cares fae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play,
Be Forrest, Firth or Fauld.

XIII.

MAKYNE, the Nicht is soft and dry,
The Wether warm and fair, ✧
And the grene Wod richt neir hand by
To walk attowre all where:

There

There may nae Janglers us espy,
 That is to Luvè contrair,
 Therin, *Makyne*, baith you and I,
 Unseen may mak Repair.

XIV.

ROBIN, that Warld is now away,
 And quyt brocht till an End,
 And neir again thereto perfay,
 Sall it be as thou wend;
 For of my Pain thou made but Play,
 I Words in vain did spend;
 As thou has done sae fall I fay,
 Murn on, I think to mend.

XV.

MAKYNE, the Hope of all my Heal,
 My Heart on thee is fet;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
 Quhile I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feil,
 Quhat Grace so eir I get.
Robin, with thee I will not deal;
Adieu, for this we met.

XVI. *MA-*

XVI.

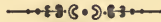
MAKYNE went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the Holtis Hair.
Pure *Robin* murnd and *Makyne* leugh;
Scho fang, and he ficht fair:
Scho left him in baith Wae and Wreuch,
In Dolor and in Care,
Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,
Amang the rashy Gair.

Finis quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.





Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.



I.

MAN, fen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir,
 And Deid is ever drawing neir,
 The Tyme unfiker and the Place,
 Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

II.

GIF it be thyne, thy self it ufes,
 Gif it be not, thee it refuses,
 Another of thee Profit has,
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

III.

THOU may to Day have Gude to spend,
 In haist to Morn may from it wend,
 And leive an uther thy Baggs to brace,
 Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

IV. QUHILE

IV.

QUHILE thou has Space, fe thou dispone
That for thy Geir: quhen thou art gone,
Nae Wicht ane other flay or chace,
Enjoyt thy self quhile thou has Space.

V.

SUM all his Days dryves owre in vain,
Ay gatherand Geir with Greif and Pain,
Is nevir glade at *Zule* nor *Pais*;
Thyne ain Gude spend quhile thou has Space.

VI.

SYNE cums ane blythfome of his Sorrow,
That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow,
And fangs it all with Merrynefs;
Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

VII.

SUM gathers Gude, and ay it spares,
And after him cum braw young Airs,
That his auld Thrift sets on an Ace,
And fendft a Sheiring in fhort Space.

VIII. Its

VIII.

ITS juft all thyne that here thou fpend,
And not all that on thee depends,
But his to fpend it that has Grace;
Then fpend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space.

IX.

TRUST not annother will do ye to,
It that thy felf wald nevir do;
For gif thou dois, ftrange is thy Cace;
Thine ain Gude fpend quhyle thou has Space.

X.

LUKE how the Bairn dois to the Mother,
And tak Example be nane uther,
That it not after be thy Cafe;
Sae fpend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

Quod DUMBAR.





*On a bonny Vessel called THE FLEMING
BARK, belonging to Edinburgh.*



I.

I HAVE a little FLEMING Berge
 Of cleanly Wark, and scho is wicht;
 Quhat Pylot taks my Schip in Charge,
 Maun hald her cleanly, trim and ticht:
 Hir Hatches maun be handlit richt,
 With Steir Burd, Baburd, Luf and Lie;
 Scho will fail all the Winter Nicht,
 And nevir tak a Tellzevie.

II.

WITH ane even Keil afore the Wind,
 Scho is richt fairdy with a Sail;
 But at a Lufe scho lyis behind,
 Gar heis her quhile her Howbands skail;
 Draw

Draw weil the tackle to her Tail,
 Scho will not mis to lay zour Mast,
 To pump as aft as ze may fail,
 Ze will neir hald her Watter-fast.

III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,
 And talloun quhair the Flude-mark flows;
 But gif scho lekks, get Men of Skill
 To stap the Holes laigh in the Hows:
 For faut of Hemp, tak hairy Tows,
 And Stane-balaft withouten other,
 In moonless Nichts it is nae Mows,
 Except a stout Man steir the Ruther.

IV.

A Veffell fair abune the Watter,
 And is but laitly reikit too,
 Quhairto till deave ze with hir Blatter
 Are nane sic in the Flot as scho:
 Plum weil the Grund, quhat eir ze do,
 Hail on the Fore-sheit and the Blind;
 Scho will tak in at Cap and Ko,
 Without scho balaft be behind.

V.

NAE Pedders Pak scho will refuse,
Altho hir Travel scho shoud tine,
Nae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,
That dois their Corn and Catle trayn;
And quhere scho finds a Fallow fyne,
He will be fraught free for a Sowfe,
She carries nocht but Men and Wyne,
And Bulion to the Cunzie-Houfe.

VI.

FOR Merchand Men I may haif Money,
But nane sic as I wald defyre,
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my Matter in the Myre;
That man that wirks best for his Hyre
Its he fall be my Marriner,
But Nicht and Day he maunna tyre
That fails my bonny Ballenger.

VII.

QUHEN Anker-hald nane can be fund,
I pray you cast the Leid-lyne out;
And gif ye cannot get the Ground,
Steir be the Compafs, keep her Rout;

Syne

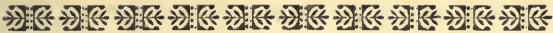
Syne travers still, and lay about,
 And gar her top twiche Wind and Waw,
 When Anker dryves, there is nae Dout
 Thir tripand Tydes may tyne us a.

VIII.

Now is my pretty Pinnage ready,
 Abydand on sum Merchand Block,
 But be scho empty, be our Lady,
 Scho will be kitle of her Dok;
 Scho will refuse nae Landwart *Fok*,
 Tho he shoud fraught her for a Crown:
 Thus fair ze weil, fays gude *John Cok*,
 A nobil Sailor in this Toun.

Quod SEMPLE.





*The Defens of Griffell Sandylands
For using of hir self contrair the Ten Commands,
Being in Ward for playing of the Loun
With every ane list gife hir half a Crown.*



I.

PERNITIOUS People, partial in Despyte,
 Sufannas Juges, Sawers of Sedition,
Zour cankert Council is the Cause and Wyte,
 Bowstert with Pryde, and blinded with Ambition,
 Finding nae Cryme, nor haifing a Comission
To hurt Dame *Venus* Virgins as ze do;
 Gif ze fae rashly rin upon Suspition,
Ze may put others on the Pannell too.

II.

To *Sandylands* ze war ower-fair to schame hir,
 Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;
Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,
 Haifing nae Cause, but common Fame and Sklan
 der,

Quhen

72 *The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.*

Quhen finding no Man in the House neir hand hir,
Except a *Clerk of godly Converfation,
Quhat gif befyde *John Duries* felf ye fand hir,
Dar ze fufpect the haly Congregation.

III.

ZOUR flefhly Confcienſ gars zou tak this Feir,
Believe ze Virgins will be won fae fune,
Na, GOD forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,
And Women be nae war, quhen that is done,
Had ſcho bene * * * *
That war a perelous Play, ane nicht fufpect them,
But Lads and Laffes will meit after None,
When *Dick* and *Durie* baith dow not correct them.

IV.

SEN Drunkards, Gluttons and contentious Men,
Scheders of Blude, and Subjects given to Greid,
May not poſſeſs, or Heavens high Hall get ben,
As in the Byble daylie we may reid:

Let

* The Miniſter, *Beaton*.

Had ſcho bene * * * * In ſuch Places as are ſo fullied or torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuſe rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, tho' they might be ſupplied with ſmall Difficulty.

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid,
Syne Fornication placit among the laif,
Exempt zour felves throu all the Toun in Deid,
Then luke how mony zou unmarkid haif.

V.

GIF ye belife not *Betoun* be his Word,
In hir Defens, it cannot be refusit ;
Let him that follows fecht it with the sword,
Ane auntient Law quhen Ladyis are accusit.
Are Ministers sic Men to be abufit,
That know the Scripture and the Ten Commands?
Tho he and scho wer in a House inclusit,
That fays not he fell foul on *Sandylands*.

VI.

As for the rest, I know not thair Vocation,
Thair Lyfe and Manners; but I heir Folk name
Catholick Virgins of the Congregation, [them
Syne were to tyne them, if ze wald obtain them:
Quhat can ze fay, except that ze haid sein them
With *rem in re* all nakit, bot Adherance;
Then tak a Bow-string, draw it down betwein them,
And gif it sticks, that has an ill Appeirance.

VII.

ZE captive Clerks, that Colege ze frequentit
Quhen ze were Wanflers of the wanton Band,
Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lamment it,
Zour Piftols tuimt, and Backsprent like a Wand,
Snap Wark, Adieu frae * * *
And warfe than that, ze want zour prying Powder;
Then consciens cums with crukit Staff in Hand,
Greitand for bygane bowing Back and Shouder.

VIII.

REMEMBER first zour former Quality,
And wrak nae Virgins with zour wilfull Weir;
But gif ze do, then our Regality
Has Power plainly then to replege them heir,
Micht they win to the Girth, I tak nae Feir,
Doun by the *Canno-Croce* I pray zou fend them,
Where **Bannatyn* has promist to compeir,
With lawfull Reason ready to defend them.

IX. ANE

* Mr. Patrick.

IX.

ANE Cause there is, thay cannot be convick,
Ze had nae Power after the Sun was set.
The Provost gave nae Charge to *Gilbert Dick*;
The special Thing that fould not bein forzet,
They were not Thieves, nor yet condemt in Dett,
Nor Red-hand tane, then was nae Cause ze know,
* But ze let Rukes and Gleds rin throu the Nett,
And faiklefs Daws make subject to the Law.

X.

ZOUR partial Juge we may declyne him to,
But set me down the Parson *Pennycuik*,
Or *Sanders Guthrie* see quhat he can do:
He kens the Law, and keeps zour ain Court-
Buke:
For Men of Law, I wait not quhere to luke:
James Banantyne was anes a Man of Skill;
And gif he comes not there, I wish we tuke,
To keip our Dyet, Mes *David Makgill*.

XI. QUHAT

* — Little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

XI.

QUHAT Kimmer casts the formeſt Stane, lets ſe,
At thae poor Queans, ze wrangfully ſuſpeck
For ſklenting Bouts; now better war let be,
Than to begin and get zour ſelves a Geck,
The greateſt Falt I find in this Effect;
They baith tuke Pay, and put themſelves in Schame;
But quhen the Court cums to the Town, quhat
We fall reſtore them to their Stock again. [Reck,

XII.

IN zour Tolbuith ſic Priſoners to plant,
Will be receivd richt weil, ye may conſider,
Gude Captane *Adam* will not let them want
Bedding, howbeid they ſould lig all togidder.
As for his Wife, I wald ye ſould forbid her,
Hir Eyndling Toits, I true ther be nae Danger,
Because his Back is larbour groun and lidder,
Bot Underſtanding now to treit a Stranger.

XIII.

THE greateſt Greif I find, ze haif defamed
Thir Lovers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,
Because thair Bands were juſt to be proclaimd,
Partys had met, and made a fair Contrack:

But

But now alas the Men are loppen back;
For oppen Sklander callt a speikand Deil,
In grit Affairs ze had not bein fae snack,
About the ruleing of the Common-weil.

XIV.

To punish Part is Partiality,
To punish all is hard to do indeid;
But fend them heir to our Regality,
And we fall see gif we can serve their Neid;
This rural Ryme whaever likes to reid,
To *Dick* and *Dury* 'tis directed plain,
Quhere I offend them in my Landwart Leid,
I fall be ready to reform again.

Quod SEMPLE.





The Battle of *Harlaw*,

Foughten upon Friday, July 24, 1411,
against Donald of the Isles.



I.

FRÆ *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 dulesum Hermonie,
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,
Cryand the *Corynoch* on hie,
Alas! alas! for the *Harlaw*.

II.

I marvlit quhat the Matter meint,
All Folks war in a fiery fairy: .
I wist nocht quha was Fae or Freind;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.

But

But fen the Days of auld King *Hairy*
Sic Slauchter was not hard nor fene,
And thair I had nae Tyme to tairy,
For Biffiness in *Aberdene*.

III.

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,
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.

IV.

Grit *Donald* of the *Yles* did claim,
Unto the Lands of *Rofs* fum Richt,
And to the *Governour* he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht:

Quha

Quha saw his Interest was but slicht;
 And thairfore answerit with Disdain;
 He hastit hame baith Day and Nicht,
 And sent nae Bodward back again.

V.

BUT *Donald* richt impatient
 Of that Answer Duke *Robert* gaif,
 He vowd to GOD Omnipotent,
 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 abufit lyk a Slaif,
 That Bargin sould be deirly bocht.

VI.

THEN haiftylie he did command,
 That all his Weir-Men should convene,
 Ilk an well harnifit frae Hand,
 To meit and heir quhat he did mein;
 He waxit wrath and vowit Tein,
 Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
 Subdew the Burgh of *Aberdene*,
Mearns, *Angus*, and all *Fyfe*, to *Forth*.

VII. THUS

VII.

THUS with the Weir-men of the *Yles*,
Quha war ay at his bidding boun,
With Money maid, with Forfs and Wyls,
Richt far and neir baith up and doun:
Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,
Allangst the Land of *Rofs* he roars,
And all obey'd at his Bandoun,
Evin frae the *North* to *Suthren* Shoars.

VIII.

THEN all the Countrie Men did zield;
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer Battill in the Feild,
Be forfs of Arms to beir him bak;
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.

IX.

THEN he a Proclamation maid
All Men to meet at *Inverness*,
Throw *Murray* Land to mak a Raid,
Frae *Arthursyre* unto *Spey-ness*.

And

And further mair, he fent Exprefs,
 To fchaw his Collours and Enfenzie,
 To all and findry, mair and lefs,
 Throchout the Boundis of *Boyn* and *Enzie*.

X.

AND then throw fair *Strathbogie* Land,
 His Purpose was for to purfew,
 And quhafoevir durft gainftand,
 That Race they should full fairly rew.
 Then he bad all his Men be trew,
 And him defend by Forfs and Slicht,
 And promift them Rewardis anew,
 And mak them Men of mekle Micht.

XI.

WITHOUT Refiftans as he faid,
 Throw all thefe Parts he ftoutly paff,
 Quhair fum war wae, and fum war glaid,
 But *Garioch* was all agaft.
 Throw all thefe Feilds he sped him faft,
 For fic a Sicht was never fene;
 And then, forfuith, he langd at laft
 To fe the Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XII. To

XII.

To hinder this proud Enterprife,
The stout and mighty Erle of *MARR*
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
The Ryall Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XIII.

AND thus the Martial Erle of *MARR*,
Marcht with his Men in richt Array,
Befoir the Enemie was aware,
His Banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the Way,
And all thair Semblance weil they saw,
Without all Dangir, or Delay,
Came haiftily to the *HARLAW*.

XIV. WITH

MARR, *Alexander* Earl of *Mar*, Son of *Alexander* the Governour's Brother.

XIV.

WITH him the braif Lord *OGILVY*,
Of *Angus* Sherriff-principall,
The Constabill of gude *Dunde*,
The Vanguard led before them all.
Suppose in Number they war small,
Thay first richt bauldie did pursew,
And maid thair Faes befor them fall,
Quha then that Race did fairly rew.

XV.

AND then the worthy Lord *SALTON*,
The strong undoubted Laird of *DRUM*,
The stalwart Laird of *Lawristone*,
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.

XVI.

THESE with the Erle of *MARR* came on,
In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair Enemies to sett upon;
In awfull Manner hardily,

Together

Together vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony Mylis
For to suppress the Tyrannie
Of douted *DONALD* of the *Yles*.

XVII.

BUT he in Number Ten to Ane,
Richt subtilie along did ryde,
With *Malcomtosch* and fell *Maclean*,
With all thair Power at thair Syde,
Presumeand on thair Strenth and Pryde,
Without all Feir or ony Aw,
Richt bauldlie Battill did abyde,
Hard by the Town of fair *HARLAW*.

XVIII.

THE Armies met, the Trumpet sounds,
The dandring Drums alloud did touk,
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,
Till ane of them the Feild sould bruik.
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.

XIX. WITH

XIX.

WITH doutfom Victorie they dealt,
 The bludy Battill lafit lang,
 Each Man his Nibours Forfs thair felt;
 The weakeft aft-tymes gat the Wrang:
 Thair was nae Mowis thair them amang,
 Naithing was hard but heavy Knocks,
 That Eccho maid a dulefull Sang,
 Thairto refounding frae the Rocks.

XX.

BUT *Donalds* Men at laft gaif back;
 For they war all out of Array.
 The Earl of MARRIS Men throw them brak,
 Purfewing shairply in thair Way,
 Thair Enemys to tak or flay,
 Be Dynt of Forfs to gar them yield,
 Quha war richt blyth to win away,
 And fae for Feirdnefs tint the Feild.

XXI.

THEN *Donald* fled, and that full fast,
 To Mountains hich for all his Might;
 For he and his war all agaft,
 And ran till they war out of Sicht;

And

And fae of *Rofs* he loft his Richt,
Thocht mony Men with him he brocht,
Towards the *Yles* fled Day and Nicht,
And all he wan was deirlic bocht.

XXII.

THIS is (quod he) the richt Report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my Discourſe be ſumthing ſhort,
Tak this to be a richt futhe Saw:
Contrairie GOD and the Kings Law,
Thair was ſpilt mekle Christian Blude,
Into the Battill of *Harlaw*;
This is the Sum, fae I conclude.

XXIII.

BUT zit a bony Quhyle abyde,
And I fall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat Slauchter was on ilkay Syde,
Of *Lowland* and of *Highland* Men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene:
Theſe lazie Lowns nicht weil be ſpaird,
Cheffit lyke Deirs into thair Dens,
And gat thair Waiges for Rewaird.

XXIV. MAL-

XXIV.

MALCOMTOSH of the Clan Heid Cheif,
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;
 Thoufands with them without Remeid,
 On *Donalds* Syd that Day war flain.

XXV.

AND on the uther Syde war loft,
 Into the Feild that difmal Day,
 Chief Men of Worth (of mekle Coft)
 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 fae unhappylie was flain.

XXVI.

OF the best Men amang them was,
 The gracious gude Lord *OGILVY*,
 The Sheriff-principal of *Angus*;
 Renownit for Truth and Equitie,

For Faith and Magnanimitie;
He had few Fallows in the Field,
Zit fell by fatall Destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

SIR *James Scrimgeor* of *Duddap*, Knicht,
Grit Conftabill of fair *Dunde*,
Unto the dulefull Deith was dicht,
The Kingis cheif Banner-man was he,
A valziant Man of Chevalrie,
Quhais Predeceffors wan that Place
At *Spey*, with gude King *WILLIAM* frie,
Gainft *Murray* and *Macduncans* Race.

XXVIII.

GUDE Sir *Alexander Irving*,
The much renownit Laird of *Drum*,
Nane in his Days was bettir fene,
Quhen they war femblit all and fum;
To praise him we fould not be dumm,
For Valour, Witt and Worthynefs,
To end his Days he ther did cum,
Quhois Ransom is remeidylefs.

XXIX. AND

XXIX.

AND thair the Knicht of *Lawriston*
 Was flain into his Armour schene,
 And gude Sir *Robert Davidson*,
 Quha Proveft was of *Aberdene*,
 The Knicht of *Panmure*, as was fene,
 A mortall Man in Armour bricht,
 Sir *Thomas Murray* stout and kene,
 Left to the Warld thair laft gude Nicht.

XXX.

THAIR was not fen King *Keneths* Days
 Sic ftrange intefline crewel Stryf
 In *Scotland* fene, as ilk Man fays,
 Quhair mony liklie loft thair Lyfe;
 Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe,
 And mony Childrene fatherlefs,
 Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfe;
 LORD help thefe Lands, our Wrangs redrefs.

XXXI.

IN *July*, on Saint *James* his Even,
 That Four and twenty difmall Day,
 Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven
 Of Zeirs fen *CHRYST*, the Sutte to fay:
 Men will remember as they may,
 Quhen thus the Veritie they know,
 And mony a ane may murn for ay,
 The brim Battil of the *Harlaw*.



*Ane BALLAD of the fenziel Frier of Tungland,
How he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkland.*



I.

AS zung *Auror* with Chrystal Hail,
In Orient schewd hir Visage pail,
A fwenyng Swyth did me affail,
Of Sonis of Sathanis Seid;
Methocht a *Turk* of *Tartary*,
Come throw the Bounds of *Barbary*,
And lay forloppin in *Lombardy*
Full lang, in Watchmans Weid.

II. FRAE

An Account of this Friar, who was an *Italian*, may be seen in Mr. *Lesly's* History. K. *James* IV. made him Abbot of *Tungland*: He pretended and attempted to make Gold out of other Mettals; but failing of that, he next gave out, That he could fly, and very boldly appointed the Day and Place, which was from *Stirling-Castle*, where the King and many Spectators saw him throw himself with his large Wings from the Rock, and break his Thigh-bone.

II.

FRAE baptasing for to eschew,
 Thair a religious Man he flew,
 And cled him in his Habeit new,
 For he couth wryte and reid.
 Quhen kend was his Diffimulance,
 And all his curfit Governance;
 For Feir he fled, and come in *France*,
 With litill *Lombard* Leid.

III.

To be a Leiche he fenyt him thair,
 Quhilk mony nicht rew evirmair,
 For he left nowthir sick nor fair
 Unflane, or he hyne zed:
 Vane-Organs he full cleinly carvit,
 Quhen of his Straik fae mony starvit,
 Dreid he had got quhat he defarvit,
 He fled away gude Speid.

IV.

IN *Scotland* then the narrest Way
 He come, his Cunning till affay;
 To sum Men thair it was nae Play,
 The preiving of his Sciens.

In Pottingrie he wrocht grit Pyne,
He murdreift mony in Medecyne,
The *Jew* was of a grit Engyne,
And generit was of Gyans.

V.

IN Leich-craft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a Nicht to byd,
A Haiknay and the Hurtmans Hyd,
Sae mekle he was of Myance.
His Yrons was rude as ony Rawchter,
Quhair he leit Blude, it was nae Lauchter;
Full mony an Instrument for Slauchter
Was in his Gardevyance.

VI.

HE couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,
To gar a wicht Horfe want his Lyfe,
Quha eir affay wald Man or Wyfe,
Thair Hipps zied hiddy-giddy.
His Practicks neir war put to Preif,
Bot sudder Deid or grit Mischief;
He had Purgation to mak a Thief
To die without a Widdy.

VII. UNTO

VII.

UNTO nae Mefs eir preft this Prelat,
 For Sound of facring Bell nor Skellat,
 As Blackfmyth brukit was his Pallat,
 For batting at the Study.

Thocht he come hame a new maid Channoun.
 He had difpenfit with *Matynis* Cannoun
 On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun,
 For fmuking of the Smydy.

VIII.

METHOCHT feir Faffonis he affailziet
 To mak the Quinteffance, and failziet;
 And when he faw that nocht availziet,
 A Fedrem on he tuke:
 And fchupe in *Turkie* for to flie,
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All Fowl ferliet quhat he fould be,
 That did upon him luke.

IX.

SUM held he had bene *Dedalus*,
 Sum the *Minatour* marvellous,
 And fum the Smyth of *Mars*, *Vulcanus*,
 And fum *Saturnus* Kuke.

And

And ay the Cufchetts at him tuggit,
The Ruiks him rent, the Ravyns druggit;
The hudit Craws his Hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he nicht not bruke.

X.

THE Mytane and Saint *Martyns* Fowl
Wend he had bene the hornit Howle;
They fet upon him with a Zowle,
And gaif him Dynt for Dynt.
The Golk, the Gormaw, and the Gled,
Befth him with Buffets till he bled;
The Spar-halk to the Spring him sped,
As ferfs as Fyre off Flint.

XI.

THE Tarfall gaif him Tug for Tug,
A Stanchell hang in ilka Lug,
The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,
The Stork ftraik ay bot Stynt.
The Biffart biffy bot Rebuke,
Scho was fae cleverous of her Cluke,
His B——s he nicht nae langer bruke,
Scho held them at a Hynt.

XII. THICK

XII.

THICK was the Cloud of Kayis and Crawis,
 Of Marlzeons, Mittains, and of Mawis,
 That bikkirt at his Baird with Blawis,
 In Battill him about.

They nybillt him with dinsome Cry,
 The Rerd of them raife to the Sky,
 And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy,
 His Lyfe was into Dowl.

XIII.

THE Jae him skrippit with a Skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk,
 The Egill ftrong at him did fryk,
 And rawcht him mony a Rout.
 For Feir uncunnandy he cawkit,
 Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,
 Beneath him with a Spowt.

XIV.

HE schure his Feddreme that was schene,
 And flippit out of it full clene,
 And in a Myre, up to the Ene,
 Amang the Glar did glyd.

The Fowlis all at the Fedreme dang,
As at a Monfter, them amang,
Quhyle all the Penns of it outsprang
Intill the Air full wyde.

XV.

AND he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae langs he hard a Ravin rair;
The Craws him focht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw befyde.
Had he reveild bene to the Ruiks,
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,
He did with Dirt him hyde.

XVI.

THE Air was dirkint with the Fowls,
That came with Zawmers and with Zowls,
With Skryking, Skryming, and with Scouls
To tak him in the Tyde.
I walknit with the Noyfs and Schout,
Sic hydious Beir was me about,
Senfyne I curft that cankirt Rout,
Quaireir I gang or ryde.

Finis quod DUNBAR.

Tyd-



TYDINGS frae the SESSION.



I.

A MURELANDS Man of Uplands Mak,
 At Hame thus to his Nychbour spak,
 What Tydings, Gossip, Peice or Weir?
 The tother rounit in his Eir,
 I tell zou this under Confession,
 But laity lichtit aff my Meir,
 I come of *Edinburgh* frae the Session.

II.

QUHAT Tydings hard ze thair, I pray zou?
 The tother answert, I sall say zou,
 Keip this all secreit, gentil Brothir,
 Is nae Man thair that trests ane uther:
 A common Doer of Transgression,
 Of Innocents preveins a Futher:
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

III. SUM

III.

SUM with his Maik, rowns him to pleis,
That envyous wald byt aff his Neis;
His Fae him by the Oxter leids;
Sum Patters with his Mouth on Beids,
That has his Mynd all on Oppression:
Sum becks full law, and schaws bair Heids,
Wald luke full heich war not the Session.

IV.

SUM bydand Law, lays Land in Wed;
Sum superexpendit gaes to Bed,
Sum speids, cause he in Court has Meins,
Sum of Partiality compleins,
How Feid and Favour fleims Discretion:
Sum speiks full fair and falsly feins;
Sic Things I hard and saw at Session.

V.

SUM Summonds casts, and sum excepts,
Sum stand besyd and skaild Law keppts;
Sum is delayd, sum wins, sum tynes;
Sum maks him merry at the Wynes;
Sum is put out of his Possession;
Sum herrit, and on Credance dynes;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VI. SUM

VI.

SUM fweirs, and gaes clein up with GOD,
 Sum in a Lamb-skin is a Tod,
 Sum in his Tung his Kindness turfes,
 Sum cuts at Throats, and sum pyks Purfes:
 Sum gaes to Gallows with Proceffion;
 Sum fains the Seit, and sum them curfes;
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VII.

RELIGIOUS Men of divers Places,
 Cum thair to wou, and see fair Faces,
 Baith *Carmelites* and *Cordeliers*,
 To Gemer cum, and get mae Friers,
 Unmindful of thair cheft Profeffion,
 The zunger at the elder leirs;
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VIII.

THAIR cums zung Monks of hie Complexion,
 Of Mynd devote, Luve and Affection;
 And in the Court thair het Flesh dant,
 Full Father-lyk, with Pech and Pant:
 They are fae humble of Interceffion,
 Thair Errand all kynd Women grant:
 Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

IX.

SUM honest Lords adorn the Bench,
Sum mynds nocht but his Wine and Wench;
Sum has Law Learning of his awin,
Sum wants and lippens to his Man,
 In ilka Cause to get a Lesson;
Sum cankirt girns, be Party thrawin,
 And fleims fair Justice frae the Session.

X.

THE Advocates I may nocht wyte,
Nor yet the Lads that Lybalds wryte;
For its thair Craft, and they maun fen,
This has nae Spevie in his Pen,
 Nor that a Palfie in Expression;
But weil I wate an of ilk Ten,
 Micht very weil gane all the Session.

Quod DUNBAR.





A

Generall SATYRE.



I.

DEVORIT with Dreim devising in my Slumber,
 How that this Realm with Nobles out of
 Number,
 Gydit, provydit fae mony Years has bene;
 And now sic Hunger, sic Cowarts, and sic Cumber,
 Within this Land was nevir hard nor fene.

II.

Sic Pryd with Prelats, fae few to preich and pray;
 Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day,
 They that fould have ay thair GOD afore thair Ene,
 Sae nyce in Array, fae strange to thair Abay,
 Within this Land was nevir hard or fene.

III. SAE

III.

SAE mony Preifts cled up in fecular Weid,
With blafing Breifts, cafting thair Clais abreid;
It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the Creid and Testament to reid
Within this Land was nevir hard nor fene.

IV.

SAE mony Maifters, fae mony gowckit Clerks,
Sae mony Waifters, to GOD and all His Warks,
Sic fyrie Sparks, difpytful frae the Splene,
Sic lofin Sarks, fae mony Glengore Marks,
Within, &c.

V.

SAE mony Lords, fae mony naturale Fules,
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,
Nor feis the Dules, that commons did fustene.
New tane frae Schules, fae mony Anis and Mules,
Within, &c.

VI.

SAE meikle Treaffon, fae mony partial Saws,
Sae little Reason, to help the common Caufe,
That all the Laws are not fet by ane Bene,
Sic fenziat Flaws, fae mony waftit Waws,
Within, &c.

VII. SAE

VII.

SAE mony Theivs and Murderers weil kend,
 Sae grit Releivs of Lords them till deffend,
 Because they spend the Pelf them betwene,
 Sae few till wend this Mischeif till amend,
 Within, &c.

VIII.

THIS to correct, they shone with mony Cracks,
 But small the Effect of Speir or bartar Ax, [kein,
 Quhen Courage lacks, that suld the Corfs mak
 Sae mony Jacks, and Brats on Beggars Baks,
 Within, &c.

IX.

SIC Vant of Wouftours, with Hearts in sinful Satures,
 Sic brawland Bosters, degenerate frae thair Natures,
 And sic Regratours, the pure Man to prevene;
 Sae mony Traytors, fae mony Rubeators,
 Within, &c.

X.

SAE mony Juges, and Lords new made of late,
 Sae small Refuges, the pure Man to debate;
 Sae mony Estate, for common Weil fae quhene,
 Owre all the Gate, fae mony Theives fa tait,
 Within, &c.

XI. SAE

XI.

SAE mony a Sentance retreitit for to win
Geir and Aquentance, or Kyndnefs of thair Kin;
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene
Sae mony a Gin, to haift them to the Pin,
Within, &c.

XII.

Sic Knavis and Crakkars, to play at Cards and Dyce,
Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk ate *Cowkelbys* Gryce,
Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convene;
Sic Store of Vyce, sae mony Witts unwyfe,
Within, &c.

XIII.

SAE mony Merchands, fae mony ar menfworne,
Sic pure Tennands, fic curfing Ein and Morn,
Quhilk flays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene;
Sic Skaith and Skorn, fae mony Paitlairs worn,
Within, &c.

XIV.

SAE mony Rackets, fae mony Ketch Pillars,
Sic Balls, fic Nackets, and fic Tutivilaris,
And fic Ill-willars, to speik of King and Quene,
Sic Pudding-fillars, descending doun frae Millars,
Within, &c.

XV. Sic

XV.

Sic Fardingails on Flags as fat as Quhails,
 Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht avails,
 And sic foul Tails, to sweip the Caufy clene,
 The Duft up fails, fae mony with uck fails
 Within, &c.

XVI.

SAE mony a Kitty, drest up in Golden Chenze,
 Sae few witty, that weil can Fables fenze,
 With apil Renze, ay shawand her Golden Chene;
 Of Sathans Senzie sure sic an unfall Menzie
 Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

Quod DUNBAR.





Wife SAYINGS.



IT that I gife, I haif,
 It that I len, I craif,
 It that I spend, is myne,
 It that I leif, I tyne:
 Get and faif, and thou falt haif,
 Len and grant, and thou falt want;
 Wha in his Plenty taks not Heid,
 He fall haif Falt in Tyme of Neid:
 When eir I lend,
 I am a Friend,
 And whan I craif,
 I am unkynd;
 Thus of my Friend, I mak a Fae,
 I shrew me, gif I mair do fae.

A zung Man Chiftane, wittles,
 A pure Man Spendar, gettles,
 Ane auld Man Trechour, truthless,
 A Woman Lowpar, landless;
 Be gude Saint *Giel*,
 Sall nevir ane of thir do weil.



THE
COMPLAINT.

*An EPISTLE to his Mistress
on the Force of LUVE.*



I.

QUHAIR Luve is kendlit comfortless,
 Ther is nae Fever half sae fell,
 Frae *Cupid* keist his Dart begets,
 I had nae Hap to saif my fell,
 Lyk as my wofull Heart can tell,
 My inwart Pains and Siching fair;
 For weil I wat the Pains of Hell
 Unto my Pain can nocht compair.

II. FOR .

II.

FOR ony Malledy, ze ken,
Except peuir Luve, or than fark Deid,
Help may be had frae Hands of Men,
Throw Medicines to mak Remeid:
For Harms of Body, Hands or Heid,
The Pottingars will purge the Pains;
But all the Members are at Feid,
Quhair that the Law of Luve remains.

III.

As *Tantalus* in Watter fands,
To ftanche his thrifty Appetyte,
Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,
The River fleis him in Difpyte;
Sae does my lufly Lady qwhyte,
She fleis the Place where I repair:
To hungry Men is smal Delyte
To twitch the Meit, and eit nae mair.

IV.

THE nar the Flame, the hetter Fyre,
The mair I pyne, zet I perfew,
The mair enkindlis my Difyre,
Frae I behald her heavenly Hew;

Pure *Piramus* himself he flew,
 Made Saul and Body to difflaver,
 He diet but anes, farwel, adiew,
 I daylie die, and zet dies never.

V.

ZIT *Jafon* did enjoy *Medea*,
 And *Theseus* gat his *Adriane*,
Dido difflaved was with *Enea*,
 And *Demophoy* his Lady wan;
 Gif Women trowd sic Traytors than,
 For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,
 Quhy wald ze flay zour faikles Man,
 Quha never mynds for to remuve.

VI.

THOCHT ferfs *Achil*, that worthie Knicht,
 Was flain for Luve, the Suthe to fay,
Leander on a stormy Nicht
 Diet fleitand on the Billous gray;
 Thocht *Troyalus* he langourt ay,
 Still waitand for his Luves Return,
 Had not sic Pyne (thairs was but Play)
 As daylie does my Body burn.

VII. As

VII.

As Pol to Pylatts does appeir
Far brichtar than the Stars about,
Sae does zour Vifage fhine as cleir
As Rose amang the raskal Rout;
War *Paris* leivand now, bot Dout,
And had the Golden Ball to ferve,
I wate he wald fune wail zou out,
And leif baith *Venus* and *Minerve*.

VIII.

Now Paper pas, and at her fpeir,
Gif pleife her Prudence to imprint it?
My faithfull Heart I fend it heir,
In Signe of Paper I present it;
Wad GOD my Body war fornent it,
That I micht ferve hir Grace bot Glammer,
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,
Or smallest Varlet of hir Chammer.

Quod King HENRY STEWART.





CUPID *quareld for his Tyrannie,
Blindnes and Injustice.*



I.

QUHOME sould I wyt for my Mischance,
 But *Cupid* King of Variance,
 Thy Court, without Considerance,
 Quhen I it knew,
 Or evir made the Observance,
 Richt fair I rew.

II.

THOU and thy Law ar Instruments
 Of divers Inconveniments;
 Thy Service mony fair repents,
 Knawing the Quarrell,
 Quhen Body, Fame and Substance fhents,
 And Saul in Perel.

III. QUHAT

III.

QUHAT is thy Manrent but Mischeif,
Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif,
Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,
Of wounds fae wan,
Displifour, Pain, and hie Repreife
Of GOD and Man.

IV.

THOU luves all them that loudest leis,
And follows fastest them that fleis;
Thou lichtlies all trew Properties
Of Luve exprefs,
And marks quhen neir a Styme thou feis,
And hits begets.

V.

BLIND Buk! but at the Bound thou shutes,
And them forbeirs that thee rebutes;
Thou ryves thair Hearts ay frae the Rutes,
Quilk ar thy awin,
And cures them that cares not three Cutes
To be misknawn.

VI. THOU

VI.

THOU art in Friendship with thy Fae,
 And to thy best Friends fremit ay,
 Thou fleims all faithful Men thee frae,
 Of stedfast Thocht,
 Regarding nane but them perfoy
 That cures the nocht.

VII.

THOU chirriefts them that with thee chyds,
 And banniefts them with thee abyds:
 Thou hes thy Horn ay in thair Syds
 That cannot flie;
 Thay furder warft in thee confyds,
 I fay for me.

Quod ALEX^r. SCOT.





THE

*Auld Mans inveighing against Mouth-
Thankless.*



I.

ANE agit Man twyce Forty Zeirs,
 After the haly Days of *Zule*,
 I hard him carp among the Freirs,
 Of Order gray, makand grit Dule,
 Richt as he war a furious Fule;
 Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace!
 Be *Claud* my Care may nevir cule,
 That I servt evir. *Mouth-thankless.*

II.

THROCH Ignorance, and Folly, Zouth,
 My Preterit Tyme I wald neir spair,
 Plesance to put into that Mouth,
 Till Aige said, Fule, let be thy Fare,

And

And now my Heid is quhyt and liair,
 For feiding of that fowmart Face,
 Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
 That I fervt evir *Mouth-thanklefs*.

III.

SILVER and Gold that I nicht get
 Beifands, Broches, Robes and Rings,
 Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,
 To pleife the Mulls attour all Things.
 Right as the Swan for Sorrow fings,
 Before her Deid a little Space,
 Richt fae do I, and my Hands wrings,
 That I fervt evir *Mouth-thanklefs*.

IV.

BETTIR it were a Man to serve
 With Honour brave beneath a Sheild,
 Nor her to pleis, thocht thou fould ferve,
 That will not luke on thee in Eild,
 Frae that thou has nae Hair to heild
 Thy Heid frae harming that it hes,
 Quhen *Pen* and *Purfe* and all ar peild,
 Tak then a Meis of *Mouth-thanklefs*.

V.

IT may be in Example sene,
The Grund of Truth wha understude,
* Frae in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,
Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,
At *Venus* Closet, to conclude,
Call ze not this a cankert Case:
Now GOD help and the haly Rude,
And keip all Men frae *Mouth-thankless*.

VI.

O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,
And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,
Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,
Amend thy Mifs, thy self to saif,
The Blifs abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace.
All this I hard an auld Man raif,
After the Zule, of *Mouth-thankless*.

Quod KENNEDY.

* Makes use of Spectacles.



The *Soutar* descryvit by the
Tailzior.



I.

THOU leis Loun, thou leis, thou leis,
 Zone are Soutars that thou feis,
 Kneiland full lawly on thair Kneis,
 Thair Gods till adorn.
 Be Saint *Girnega*, that grim Ghaist,
 To hale ther Hairfnesses on haist,
 Of moltin Tauch thay tak a Test
 On *Monandays* at Morn.

II.

To hald them hale some at the Heart,
 Sum of fat Uly spews a Quart,
 Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part,
 Of foul Soutars Blek,

Thus

Thus fum fits, and fum fews,
Sum byts the Birs, fum Uly spews,
And he keips ay best his Kews,
Spouts in his Nichbours Nek.

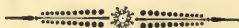
III.

OF Tauch or Uly when thay want,
Sir *Girnega* will give a Gant,
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,
And dr— them Roset rowth.
Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,
When eir we saw them we fould cry,
Fy on them, fich! and fy! fy! fy!
Thay fyle the Wind in trowth.





THE
Soutars Anfwer to the *Tailzior*.



I.

FALSE clatterand Kenfy, Kuckold Knaif,
 Blasphe mand Baird in thy Backbyting,
 Of me thou fall an Anfwer haif,
 Fumart cum forth, and face my Flyting,
 Warfe than a Warlo in thy Wryting;
 Thou Sathans Seid ay fet to Evil,
 Mandrag, Memerkyn, mismade Myting,
 I fall thee conjure lyk the Devil.

II.

FY on the Tailzior never trew,
 Frae Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,
 Of Stomoks stown baith red and blew,
 A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They

They followt thee with Cry and Shout,
Hey, hald the Thief that staw the Claith;
Thou will be hangt, haif thou nae Dout,
For mony presumptous forsworn Aith.

III.

AMANG the Wyves it fall be witten
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,
For loufy Seims that thou haft bitten,
Thy Gumes are giltin grein and gray;
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strae,
Peild Prick-louse of a Pudding Price,
Breik Boutcher on a Suny Brae;
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

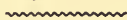
IV.

THOU zeid with Elwand, Sheir and Thymbill,
Full mony a Day seikand thy Craft;
For Halfpenies thy Hand zeid nimble,
Grit Blads and Bitts thou staw full aft;
Quha delt with thee thay wer full daft,
For on thy Back, as all Men kens,
Wer broken mony a gude Ax Shaft,
For wrangus Geir of uther Mens.

V.

THY Wyfe scho wont a Man she gat
 Of thee, quhen that thou was weil brankit,
 And scho gat but ane Cur Knakat,
 A foul Taid Carle, all Tailzior shankit,
 For Clais that thou mismade and mankit,
 Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born;
 Zet afterwart thou fall be hankit
 Betwixt *Kirkaldy* and *Kingorne*.

Quod STEWART.



BETWIX twa Tods a crawling Cok,
 Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her Smok,
 Betwix twa Cats a Mous,
 Betwix twa Tailziors a Lous;
 Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,
 Quhilk of thir Fours in griteft Danger?

ANSWER.

FOXIS ar fell at crawling Coks,
 Friers are fers at Maids in thair Smoks,
 Cats ar cautelus in taking Myce,
 Tailziors ar Tyrrans in killing Lyce.



*A BALLAD made to the Scorn and
Derision of wanton Women.*



I.

ZE lusty Ladyis, luke
 The rackles Lyves ze leid,
 Haunt nocht in Hole or Nuke,
 To hurt zour Womanheid;
 I red, for best Remeid,
 Forbeir all Place prophane;
 Gif this be Cause of Feid,
 I fall not sayt again.

II.

QUAT is sic Luve but Lust,
 A lytill for Delyte,
 To hant that Game robust,
 And beistly Apetyte;

I now-

I nowther fleich nor flyte,
But Veritie tell plain;
Tak ye this in Despyte,
I fall not fayt again.

III.

THE wysest Scho may sone
Seducit be and schent,
Syne frae the Deid be done,
Perchance fall fair repent;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae Belly dow not lane,
Therfor in Tyme tak tent:
I fall not fayt again.

IV.

LICHT Wenches Luve will fawin,
Evin lyke a *Spanzeolis* Lauchter,
To * * *
Be them, list Geir bechaucht hir;
For Conzie ze may caught hir,
To * * *
And nevir speir quhais aucht hir;
I fall not fayt again.

V.

THOCHT bruckle Women hants
In Luft to leid their Lyvis,
And Widdow Men that wants
To steil a Pair of Wyvis;
But quhere that marriet Wyvis
Gaes by thair Hufbands Bane,
That Houfhald nevir thryvis,
I fayt, and fayt again.

VI.

IT fets not Maidens als
To let Men lowse thair Lace,
Nor clym about Mens Hals,
To clap, to kifs, and brace,
Nor round in secret Place;
Sic Treatment is a Train
To cleave thair Quaver-Cafe,
And breid them Dule and Pain.

VII.

FAREWEIL with Chestetic,
Frae Wenches fall a Chucking,
Thair follows Things thre,
To gar them gae a Gucking,

Imbracing,

Imbracing, Tiggig, Plucking;
Thir foure the Suth to fane,
Enforfis them * * *
I fall not fayt again.

VIII.

SUM lykes new cum to Toun,
With Jeigs to mak them joly,
Sum lykes danfs up and down
To miefs thair Melancholy;
Sum lykes Sang, troy loly,
And sum of rigging fain;
Lyk Fillocks full of Foly,
With litle Gier thair ain.

IX.

SUM Mune-brunt Maidens myld,
At None-tyde of the Nicht,
Are chapit up with Chyld,
Bot Coal or Candle-licht;

Sua

Sua sum faid, Mayds has Slicht
To play, and tak nae Pane,
Syne schift thair fells frae Sicht,
I fall not fayt again.

X.

SUM thinks nae Schame to clap
And kifs in open Ways;
Sum cannot keip her ap
Frae lanfing, as scho lyes;
Sum goes fae gymp in Gyfe,
Or scho war kiffd, but plain,
Scho leur be married thryis,
And thre Tymes thryis again.

XI.

MAIR Gentrice is to jot
Undir a Silkin Goun,
Than with quhyt Pettycot
And redyar ay boun,
The denkest soneft doun,
The faireft but refrain,
The gayest greatest Loun,
But dinna tellt again.

XII. THE

XII.

THE moir degeft and grave,
The grydiar * * *
The nyceft to reffave
Upon thair * * *
The quhytlielt will quhipit,
And nocht thair * * *
The lefs, the larger hippit;
I fall not fayt again.

XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif this be,
A gude Counfale I geife zou,
To fave zour Honestie,
Frae Sklander to releife zou ;
But Ballats mae to breif zou,
I will not break my Brain,
Suppose ze fould mischeive you,
I fall not fayt again.

Quod SCOTT.





*On the Uncertainty of Life and Fear of
Death, or a Lament for the Loss of
the Poets.*



I.

OUR Pleasance heir is all·vain Glory,
This Warld false but transatory;
The Flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is flie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

THE State of Man dois change and vary,
Now sound, now feik, now blyth, now sary,
Now danfand merry, now lyk to die,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

NO State in all the Eard stands ficker,
But as the West-Wind wavis the wicker,
Sae wanes this warldly Vanity,
Timor mortis, &c.

IV. DOUN

IV.

DOUN to the Death gois all Eftates,
Princes, Prelates and Potentates,
Baith rich and pure of all Degree,
Timor, &c.

V.

HE taks the Knichts into the Feild,
Enarmed under Helm and Sheild,
He Victor is at all mellie,
Timor, &c.

VI.

THAT strang invynfable Tyrrand
Taks, on the Muthers Breift fuckand,
The Babe, full of Benignitie,
Timor, &c.

VII.

HE taks the Campion in the Stour,
The Captain clofd within the Towir,
The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,
Timor, &c.

VIII. HE

VIII.

HE spares no Lord for his Pusiance,
Nor Clerk for his Intelligence;
His awfull Strake may no Man flee,
Timor, &c.

IX.

ART Magicians and Astrologs,
Rethoris, Logitians, Theologs,
Get Help frae nae Conclusions flee,
Timor, &c.

X.

IN Medecyne the most Practitians,
Leiches, Surrigians and Phefitians,
Themselves frae Death may not supplie,
Timor, &c.

XI.

I see the Makkars, mang the laif,
Plays here thair Padzians, syne goes to Graif;
Not spairt is thair sweit Facultie,
Timor, &c.

XII. HE

XII.

HE has done petoufly devore,
The nobil **Chawser* of Makkars Flowir,
The *Monk of Berry* and *Gower* all thre,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

THE gude Sr *Hew* of *Eglintoun*,
Etrick, *Heriot* and *Winton*,
He has tane out of this Countrey,
Timor, &c.

XIV.

THAT Scorpion fell has done infek,
Maister *John Clerk* and *James Affleck*,
Frae Ballat making and Tragedy,
Timor, &c.

XV. Ho-

* 'Tis worthy of Notice how generously Mr. *Dunbar* pays his Respects to the Memory of the renowned *Chaucer*, *Gower* and *Lidgate*, before he names his own Country Poets.

XV.

Holand and *Barbor* he has bereft,
Allace! that he not with us left
Sr *Mungo Lockhart* of the *Lie*,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

CLERK of *Tranent* eik he has tane,
That made the *Aventers* of Sr *Gawane*,
Sr *Gilbert Gray* endit has he,
Timor, &c.

XVII.

HE has *Blind Hary* and *Sandy Trail*
Slain with his Shot of mortall Hail,
Quhilk *Patrick Johnson* nicht not flie,
Timor, &c.

XVIII.

HE has reft *Mersar* his *Indyte*,
That did in *Luve* so lyffie wryte,
So schort, so quick, of *Sentens* hie,
Timor, &c.

XIX. HE

XIX.

HE has tane *Rowl* of *Aberdene*,
And gentle *Rowl* of *Corstorphyne*;
Twa bettir *Fallows* did no Man fie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

IN *Dumfermling* he has tane *Broun*,
With gude Mr. *Robert Henryson*;
Sr *John the Rofs* imbraist has he,
Timor, &c.

XXI.

AND he has now tane, laft of aw,
The gentle *Stobo* and *Quintene Schaw*,
Of quhome all Wichts has grit *Pitie*,
Timor, &c.

XXII.

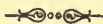
AND Mr. *Walter Kennedy*
In Poynt of Death lyes werely;
Grit *Rewth* it wer that foould be,
Timor, &c.

XXIII.

SEN he has all my Brethren tane,
He will not let me leive alane;
On Forfs I maun his nixt Prey be,
Timor, &c.

XXIV.

SEN for the Death Remeid is none,
Best is that we for Death dispone;
Aftir our Death, that live may we,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

*POSTSCRIPT.*

XXV.

SUTHE I forfie, if Spae-craft had,
Frae Hethir-Muirs fall ryse a LAD,
Aftir twa Centries pas, fall he
Revive our Fame and Memorie.

XXVI. THEN

XXVI.

THEN fall we flourish EVIR GRENE;
 All Thanks to carefull *Bannantyne*,
 And to the *PATRON kind and frie,
 Quha lends the LAD baith them and me.

XXVII.

FAR fall we fare, baith Eist and West,
 Owre ilka Clyme by *Scots* posselt;
 Then sen our Warks fall nevir die,
Timor mortis non turbat me.

Quod DUNBAR.

* *Patron*, Mr. *William Carmichael*, Brother to the Earl of *Hyndford*, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. *George Bannantyne*, Anno 1568, from whence these Poems are printed.





The WIFE of Auchtermuchty.



I.

IN *Auchtermuchty* dwelt a Man,
 An Husband, as I heard it tawld,
 Quha weil coud tipple out a Can,
 And nowther luvit Hungir nor Cauld,
 Till anes it fell upon a Day,
 He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;
 But fchort the Storm wald let him stay,
 Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

II.

HE lowfd the Plewch at the Lands End,
 And draife his Owfen hame at Ene;
 Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
 And saw his *Wyfe* baith dry and clene,
 Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,
 Suppand fat Sowp, as I heard say:
 The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
 Betwein thir twa it was nae Play.

III. QUOD

III.

QUOD he, quhair is my Horfes Corn,
My Owfen has nae Hay nor Strae,
Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,
I fall be Huffy gif I may.
This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze fit warm, nae Troubles fe;
The Morn ze fall gae with the Lad,
And fyne zeil ken what Drinkers drie.

IV.

GUDEMAN, quod scho, content am I,
To tak the Plewch my Day about,
Sae ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,
And all the House baith in and out:
And now sen ze haif made the Law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They ficker raid that neir did faw,
Therfor let naithing be neglect.

V.

BUT sen ye will Huffyскеp ken,
Firft ye maun sift and fyne fall kned;
And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

And

And lay a faft Wyfp to the Kiln,
We haif a dear Farm on our Heid ;
And ay as ze gang forth and in,
Keip weil the Gailings frae the Gled.

VI.

THE Wyfe was up richt late at Ene,
I pray Luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirn'd the Kirn, and skumt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair :
Then in the Morning up scho gat ;
And on hir Heart laid hir Disjune,
And pat as mekle in hir Lap,
As nicht haif ferd them baith at Nune.

VII.

SAYS, *Jok*, be thou Maifter of Wark,
And thou fall had, and I fall ka,
Ife promise thee a gude new Sark,
Either of round Claith or of sma.
Scho lowft the Owfen aught or nyne,
And bynt a Gad-staff in her Hand :
Up the *Gudeman* raife aftir syne,
And saw the *Wyfe* had done Command.

VIII. HE

VIII.

HE draif the Gailings forth to feid,
Thair was but sevensum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy Gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he ran in all his Mane,
How fune he hard the Gailings cry;
But than or he came in again,
The Kaves brak loufe and suckt the Ky.

IX.

THE Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,
The Man ran with a Rung to red,
Than by cam an illwilly Roan,
And brodit his Buttoks till they bled:
Syne up he tuke a Rok of Tow,
And he fat down to sey the Spinning;
He loutit down our neir the Low,
Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

X.

THE Leam up throu the Lum did flow,
The Sute tuke Fyre it flyed him than,
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;
I wat he was a dirty Man:

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,
Quherwith he flokend out the Fyre:
To foup the Houfe he fyne began,
To had all richt was his Defyre.

XI.

HYND to the Kirn then did he ftoure,
And jumblit at it till he fwat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,
The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat;
Albeit nae Butter he could get,
Zit he was cummert with the Kirn,
And fyne he het the Milk fae het,
That ill a Spark of it wad zyrne.

XII.

THEN ben thair cam a greidy Sow,
I trow he cund hir litle Thank:
For in fcho fhot hir mekle Mow,
And ay fcho winkit, and ay fcho drank.
He tuke the Kirnftaff be the Schank,
And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,
The twa left Gaisflings gat a Clank,
That Straik dang baith thair Harns out.

XIII. THEN

XIII.

THEN he bure Kendling to the Kill,
But scho start all up in a Low,
Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,
That Day he had nae Will to * *
Then he zied to take up the Bairns,
Thocht to have fund them fair and clene;
The first that he gat in his Arms,
Was a bedirtin to the Ene.

XIV.

THE first it smelt fae fappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grein:
The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,
That cramd zour Kytes fae strute zefrein.
He traild the foul Sheits down the Gate,
Thocht to haif wush them on a Stane,
The Burn was risen grit of Spait,
Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

XV.

THEN up he gat on a Know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to schout:
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
But stoutly steird the Stots about.

Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,
Scho lowft the Plewch, and fyne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that fould bene richt,
I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

XVI.

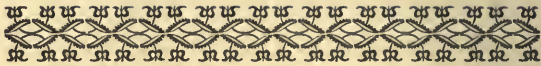
QUOTH he, my Office I forfake,
For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;
For I wald put a Houfe to Wraik,
Had I been twenty Days Gudewyfe.
Quoth fcho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,
For truely I fall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Feynd fa the Lyars Face,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

XVII.

THEN up fcho gat a mekle Rung;
And the Gudeman made to the Dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I fall hald my Tung,
For and we fecht I'll get the war:
Quoth he, when I forfuke my Plewch,
I trow I but forfuke my Skill:
Then I will to my Plewch again;
For I and this Houfe will nevir do weil.

Quod MOFFAT.

THE



*The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Land-
wart Mous.*



I.

EASOP relates a Tale weil worth Renown,
 Of twa wie Myce, and they war Sisters deir,
 Of quhom the Elder dwelt in Borrowstoun,
 The Zunger scho wond upon Land weil neir,
 Richt solitair beneth the Bufs and Breir,
 Quhyle on the Corns and Wraith of labouring Men,
 As Outlaws do, scho maid an easy Fen.

II.

THE Rural Mous, unto the Winter-tyde,
 Thold Cauld and Hunger aft, and grit Distres:
 The uther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,
 Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,
 Tol frie, and without Custom mair or less,
 And Freedom had to gae quhair eir scho list,
 Amang the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kift.

III. ANE

III.

ANE Tyme when scho was full, and on Fute fair,
Scho tuke in Mynd her Sifter up-on-Land,
And langt to ken her Weilfair and her Cheir,
And se quhat Lyf scho led under the Wand:
Bare-fute alane, with Pykstaff in her Hand,
As Pilgrim pure scho past out of the Toun
To seik her Sifter, baith in Dale and Doun.

IV.

THROW mony wilsum Ways then couth scho walk,
Throw Mure and Mofs, throwout Bank, Busk
and Breir,
Frae Fur to Fur, cryand frae Balk to Balk,
Cum furth to me, my awin sweit Sifter deir,
Cry, peip anes,—with that the Mous couth heir,
And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinsmen will,
Scho hard with Joy, and furth scho came her till.

V.

THAIR hearty Cheir was plesand to be sene,
Quhen thir twa Sisters kind with Blythness met,
Quhilk aften Syfs was shawin them twa betwein;
For quhyls they leuch, and quhyls for Joy they grat,
Quhyls sweetly kist, and quhyls in Arms they plet:
And

And thus they fure, till fobirt was thair Meid,
Syne Fute for Fute they to thair Chalmer zeid.

VI.

As I hard fay, it was a femple Wane
Of Fog and Fern, full fecklesly was maid,
A filly Sheil, under a Eard-fast Stane,
Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid ;
Into the fame they went bot mair abaid,
Withouten Fyre or Candle birnand bricht,
For commonly sic Pykers luves not Licht.

VII.

QUHEN thus wer lugit thir twa filly Myce,
The zungest Sifter to her Butrie hyed,
And brocht furth Nuts and Peis insteid of Spyce,
And sic plain Cheir as scho had her befyde :
The Burges Mous fae dynk and full of Pryde,
Sayd, Sifter myne, Is this zour daylie Fude?
Quhy not, quod scho, think ze this Mefs not gude?

VIII.

NA, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn ;
Madame, quod scho, ye be the mair to blame :
My Moder said, aftir that we wer born,

That

That ze and I lay baith within her Wame;
I keip the richt auld Custom of my Dame
And of my Syre,—livand in Povertie,
For Lands and Rents nane is our Propertie.

IX.

My Sifter fair, quod scho, haif me excuft,
This Dyet rude and I can neir accord;
With tender Meit my Stomock still is uft,
For quhy, I fair as weil as ony Lord:
Thir withert Nuts and Peis, or they be bord,
Will brek my Chafts, and mak my Teith full
 fklender,
Quhilk has bein uft before to Meit mair tender.

X.

WEIL Sifter, weil then, quoth the rural Mous,
Gif that ze pleis sic Things as ze se heir,
Baith Meit and Drink, and Herbouray and Hous,
Sall be zour awin, will ze remain all Zeir,
Ze fall it haif with blyth and hairtly Cheir,
And that fould mak the Messes that ar rude,
Still amang Freinds richt tender, fweit and gude.

XI. QUHAT

XI.

QUHAT Plesans is in Feifts mair dilicate,
 The quhilk ar given with a gloumand Brow;
 A gentle Heart is better recreate
 With Ufage blyth, than feith to him a Cow;
 Ane *Modicum* is better, zeill allow,
 Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Defs,
 Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a spycie Mefs.

XII.

FOR all this moral Doctrine, ticht and foun,
 The Burges Mous had little Will to fing,
 But hevely scho keft her Vifage doun,
 For all the Daintys scho couth till her bring;
 Zit at the laft scho faid, half in hie thing,
 Sifter this Vittell and zour Royal Feift
 May weil suffice for sic a rural Beift.

XIII.

LET be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,
 I fall zou schaw, by gude Experience,
 That my *Gude-Frydays* better than zour *Pafe*,
 And a Dish licking worth zour hale Expenge;
 Houfes I haif enow of grit Defence,
 Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I haif nae Dreid:
 This faid,—that was convinced,—and furth they zeid.

XIV. IN

XIV.

IN Skugry ay throw rankest Gras and Corn,
And Wonder flie full prively they creip;
The eldest was the Gyde, and went befor,
The zunger to her Futesteps tuke gude keip;
On Nicht they ran, and on the Day did fleip,
Till on a Morning, or the Lavrock fang,
They fand the Toun, and blythly in couth gang.

XV.

NOR far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,
This Burges brocht them fune quhair they fould be,
Without God-speid,—thair Herboury was tane
Intill a Spence, wher Vittell was Plenty,
Baith Cheis and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,
With Fish and Fleth enough baith fresh and falt,
And Pokks full of Grots, Barlie, Meil and Malt.

XVI.

QUHEN afterwart they wer disposd to dyne,
Withouten Grace they wush and went to meit,
On every Dish that Cuikmen can divyne,
Muttone and Beif cut out in Telzies grit,
Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,
Except ane Thing,—they drank the Watter cleir
Insteid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir.

XVII. WITH

XVII.

WITH blyth Upcast and merry Countenance,
 The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,
 Gif that scho thocht be Reson Differance
 Betwixt that Chalmer and her sary Nest;
 Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this left?
 For evermair I wate, and langer to;
 Gif that be trew, ze ar at Eise, quoth scho.

XVIII.

To eik the Cheir, in Plenty furth scho brocht
 A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,
 A Threse of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
 Abundantlie about her did scho deil;
 Furmage full fyne scho brocht instead of Geil,
 A Candle quhyte out of a Coffe staw,
 Insteid of Spyce, to creish thair Teith with a.

XIX.

THUS made they mirry, quhyle they micht nae mair,
 And hail *Zule!* hail! they all cryt up on hie;
 But after Joy ther aftentymes comes Cair,
 And Trouble after grit Prosperitie:
 Thus as they sat in all thair Solitie,
 The Spens came on them with Keis in his Hand,
 Apent the Dore, and them at Dinner fand.

XX. THEY

XX.

THEY tarriet not to wash, ze may suppose,
But aff they ran, quha nicht the foremost win;
The Burges had a Hole, and in scho gaes,
Her Sifter had nae Place to hyde her in,
To see that filly Mous it was grit Sin,
Sae difalait and will of all gude reid,
For very Feir scho fell in Swoun, neir deid.

XXI.

BUT as *Jove* wald, it fell a happy Cafe,
The Spensar had nae Laifar lang to byde,
Nowthir to force, to feik, nor skar, nor chese,
But on he went, and kest the Dore upwyde;
This Burges then his Pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her Hole scho came, and cryt on hie,
How! Sifter fair, cry, peip, quhair eir thou be.

XXII.

THE Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,
And for the Deid scho was full fair dreidand,
For to her Heart strak mony a waefull Stound,
As in a Fever trymlit scho Fute and Hand;
And when her Sifter in sic Plicht her fand,
For very Pitie scho began to greit;
Syne Comfort gaif, with Words as Huny sweit.

XXIII. QUHY

XXIII.

QUHY ly ze thus? Ryse up my Sifter deir,
 Cum to zour Meit, this Perell is owre-past;
 The uther answert, with a hevy Cheir,
 I may nocht eit, fae fair I am agast:
 I lever had this fourtie lang Days fast,
 With Watter Kail, and gnaw dry Beins and Peis,
 Then haif zour Feist with this Dreid and Waneife.

XXIV.

WITH Tretie fair, at laft, scho gart her ryse,
 To Burde they went, and down togyther fat;
 But skantly had they drunken anes or twyce,
 Quhen in came Hunter *Gib*, the joly Cat,
 And bad God-speid.—The Burges up scho gat,
 And till her Hole scho fled lyk Fyre frae Flint;
 But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

XXV.

FRAE Fute to Fute he kest her to and frae,
 Quhyls up, quhyls down, als tait as ony Kid;
 Quhyls wald he let her ryn beneth the Strae,
 Quhyls wald he wink and play with her Buk-hid:
 Thus to the filly Mous grit Harm he did;
 Till at the laft, throw fair Fortune and Hap,
 Betwixt the Dressour and the Wall scho crap.

XXVI. SYNE

XXVI.

SYNE up in hafte behind the Pannaling,
Sae hie scho clam, that *Gibby* might not get her,
And be the Cluks fae craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.
Syne down scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.
Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,
Sister fairweil, heir I thy Feist defy.

XXVII.

WER I anes in the Cot that I cam frae,
For Weil nor Wae I fould neir cum again.
With that scho tuke her Leif, and furth can gae,
Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre
the Plain,
Quhen scho was furth and frie, her Heart was fain,
And merrylie scho linkit owre the Mure,
Needles to tell how afterwart scho fure.

XXVIII.

BUT this in schort scho reikt her eisy Den,
As warm as on suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit it was baith butt and ben,
With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and
Quheit,
When eir scho lykt scho had eneuch of Meit,

In Eife and Quiet, withouten Sturt and Dreid,
But till her Sister's Feift nae mair scho zeid.



The MORALITIE.

XXIX.

H EIR ze may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak Heid
Unto this Fable a gude Moralitie,
As Fitches minglit ar with noble Seid,
Sae interwoven is Adverfitie
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is free,
Withouten Trouble and aft grit Vexation,
And namelie thay that wrestle up maist hie,
And not contentit ar of small Possession.

XXX.

B LISSIT be symple Lyfe, withouten Dreid,
Bliffit be sober Feift in Quietie;
Quha has eneuch of nae mair has he Neid,
Thocht it be litle into Quantitie,
Aboundance grit and blind Prosperitie
Maks aftentymes a very ill Conclusion:
The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie
Is Sickernefs and Peace with small Possession.

XXXI.

O wanton Man, quhilk uses ay to feid
Thy Wame, and maks it maist thy God to be,
Luke to thy self I warn thee weil on Deid;
For the Cat cums, and to the Mous has Ee,
Quhat does avail thy Feist and Ryelty,
With dreidfull Hairt, and endless Tribulation:
Therefore best Thing on Eard, I say for me,
It is a merry Mynd and small Possession.

XXXII.

FREIND, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,
Will warm thee weil, and is worth Gold to thee;
And *Salamon* the Sage, says, (gif ze reid,)
*Under the Hevin I can nocht better se,
Than ay be blyth, and leif in Honestie.*
Quhairfore I may conclude me with this Reason,
Of Eardly Blifs it beirs the best Degree,
Blythnes of Hairt in Peace with small Possession.

Quod Mr. R. HENRYSON.





ADVICE to his young KING.



I.

PRECELAND Prince, haiffing Prerogatyve,
 Of Royal Richt in this Region to ring,
 I thee befeik againft thy Luft to ftryve,
 And lue thy GOD aboif all uther Thing,
 And him implore now in thy Zeirs zing
 To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,
 Quhilk he has given to thee in governing
 In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End.

II.

AND fen thou ftands in fic a tender Age,
 That Nature zit to thee Wifdome denyis;
 Therefore submit unto thy Council fage,
 And in all Manner work as thay devyfe:

But

But ower all Things keip thee frae Covetyse,
To princely Honour gif thou wald pretend,
Be liberal ay, then fall thy Fame upryse,
And win thee Honour to thy Lyves End.

III.

GIF that thou gives dilyver quhen thou hechts,
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay;
For then thy Hecht and thy Diliverance fechts,
Far bettir war thy Hecht had biden away;
He awis me nocht that schortly fays me nay;
But he that hechts, and caufes me attend,
Synne gives me not, I may repute him ay,
Ane untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

IV.

BETTER is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in Hands,
The Falt of Feit with Horfe thou may support;
But quhen thy Hands are bundin up with Bands,
Nae Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort;
But thou them open payntit as a Port,
And freily give sic Gudes as GOD dois fend,
Then may thay mend within a Season schort,
And win the Honour to thy Lyves End.

V.

GIVE every Man aftir his Faculty,
And with Discration still dispone thy Geir:
Give not to Fules, and cunning Men ower flie,
Tho Fules sould roun and flattir in thine Eir,
Give not to them that dois thy Saws sweir,
Give to them that are true and constant kend;
Then ower all quhair thy Fame they fall forth beir,
And win the Honour to thy Lyves laft End.

VI.

SEN thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,
Given by GOD unto thy Governace,
Luke that thou rule the Rute originall, [vance.
That throw thy Falt no Limb make other Gri-
For quha cannot himself gyde and advance?
Quhy sould a Provence upon him depend,
To gyde himself that has nae Purveance,
With Peice and Honour to his Lyves laft End?

VII.

DREID GOD, do Council, of thy Leiges leil
Reward gude Deid, punish all Wrang and Vyce,
Thoch that thy Saw be sicker as thy Seil,
Fleme Frawd and be Deffender of Justice.

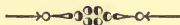
Honour

Honour all Time thy noble Genterice,
Obey the Kirk; gif thou dois mis, amend,
Sae fall thou win a Place in Paradyce,
And mak on Eard an honourable End.

Quod HEN. STEWART.



ON
CONSCIENS.



I.

WHEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,
Into the Heavens, aftir our LORDS Ascens
They Justice taught bot Bud or Favour carnal,
And cauft be punisht fleshly vyl Offens,
Gave Benifice to Clerks of *CONSCIENS*;
And sae the Feynd had sic Envy thereon.
Away he gart frae *Consciens* scrape the *Con*,
And then behind was only left *Sciens*.

II. THEN

II.

THEN were all Clerks for *Sciens* fune promovit,
 And them that wald to Study maift apply:
 But zit the Feynd at *Sciens* was comuvit,
 And gart frae *Sciens* scrape away the *Sci*.
 Sae only *Ens* was left by his flie Envy,
 Quhilk ay fould be for Gold and Geir expont,
 Quhairby Benifices are now dispont
 But *Consciens* or *Sciens* to fell and buy.

III.

O Sovraign LORD, and maift excellent King,
 Gar put the *Con* and *Sci* again to *Ens*,
 And rule thy Realm with Justice in thy Ring;
 Give Benifice to Clerks of *Consciens*,
 With Truth and Honour to stand thy Defens:
 Sae in thy Court that *Consciens* be clene,
 For vyle Corruption or thy Days has bene,
 Against Justice, with uthir great Offens.

Quod STEWART.





*On the CREATION, and
PARADYCE lost.*



I.

GOD by His Word His Wark began,
 To form this Erth and Hevin for Man,
 The Sie and Watter deip;
 The Sun, the Mune and Stars fae bricht,
 The Day devydit from the Nicht,
 Thair Courfes just to keip;
 The Beifts that on the Grund do muve,
 And Fifhes in the Sie;
 Fowls in the Air to flie abuve,
 Of ilk Kind formed HE:
 Sum creiping, fum fleiting,
 Sum fleing in the Air,
 Sae heichly, fae lichtly,
 In muing heir and thair.

II. THIR

II.

THIR Warks of gret Magnificence,
Perfytit by His Providence,
 According to His Will:
Nixt He made Man; To gife him Glore,
Did with His Image him decore,
 Gaife Paradyce him till;
Into that Garden hevinly wrocht,
 With Pleasures mony a one,
The Beifts of every Kynd wer brocht,
 Thair Names he fuld expone;
 These kenning and nameing,
 As them he list to call,
 For eifing and pleifing
 Of Man, subdued them all.

III.

IN heavenly Joy Man fae poſſeſt,
To be alane GOD thocht not beſt,
 Made *Eve* to be his Maik;
Bad them increaſs and multiplie,
And of the Fruit frae every Tree
 Thair Pleaſure they fuld take,

Except

Except the Tree of Gude and Ill
That in the Midst dois stand,
Forbad that they fuld cum thertill,
Or twitch it with thair Hand;
Lest lukiſg and plucking,
Baith they and all thair Seid,
Seveirly, awfteirly,
Suld die without Remeid.

IV.

Now *Adam* and his luſty *Wyfe*
In Paradyce leidand thair *Lyfe*,
With Pleaſures infinite;
Wanting nae thing fuld do them Eaſe,
The Beifts obeying them to pleiſe,
As they could wiſh in Spreit:
Behald the Serpent fullenlie
Envyand Mans Eſtate,
With wicket Craft and Subtiltie
Eve temptit with Defait;
Nocht feiring, but ſpeiring,
Quhy ſcho tuke not her till,
In uſing and chuſing
The Fruit of Gude and Ill?

V.

COMMANDIT us, scho said, the LORD,
 Noways therto we fuld accord,
 Undir eternall Pain;
 But grantit us full Libertie
 To eit the Fruit of every Tree,
 Except that Tree in plain.
 No, no, nocht fae, the Serpent said,
 Thou art defaifet therin;
 Eit ze therof, ze fall be made
 In Knowledge lyke to Him,
 In seiming and deiming
 Of every thing aricht,
 As dewlie, as trewly,
 As ze wer Gods of Micht.

VI.

EVE thus with these fals Words allurit,
 Eit of the Fruit, and syne procurit
 Adam the fame to play:
 Behald, said scho, how precious,
 Sae dilicate and delicious,
 Befyde Knowledge for ay:

Adam puft up in warldly Glore,
Ambition and high Pryd,
Eit of the Fruit; allace therfore,
And fae they baith did flyd;
Neglecting, forzetting
The eternall GODS Command,
Quha fcured and purged
Them quyt out of that Land.

VII.

QUHEN they had eiten of that Fruit,
Of Joy then war they deftitute,
And faw thair Bodys bare.
Annon they pafst with all thair Speid,
Of Leives to mak themfelves a Weid,
To cleith them, was thair Care:
During the Tyme of Innocence,
Nae Sin or Schame they knew,
Frae Tyme they gat Experience,
Unto ane Bufs they drew,
Abyding and hyding,
As GOD fuld not them fee,
Quha fpyed, and cryed,
Adam, quhy hydys thou thee?

VIII.

I being naikit, LORD, throu Feir,
 For Schame I durst not to compeir,
 And fae I did refuse:
Had thou not eiten of the Tree,
That Knowledge had not bein in thee,
 Nor zit nae sic Excuse;
 The Helper, LORD, thou gaife to me,
 Has cawfit me to transgress,
Sayd scho, the Serpent subtillie,
 Persuadit me nae lefs,
 Intreiting, be eiting,
 That we suld be perfyte,
 Me fylit, begylit;
 In him lyes all the Wyte.

IX.

JHOVE that evir juged richt,
 Bringing His Justice to the Licht,
 The Serpent first did juge:
 Because the Woman thou begylt,
 For evir thou fall be exylt,
 Said He, without Refuge;

Betwixt her Seid and thy Offspring
 Nae Peace nor Rest fall be,
And hir Seid fall thy Heid down thring,
 For all thy Subtiltie;
 Abhorred, deformed,
 Thou on thy Breift fall gang,
 In feiding and leiding
 Thy Lyfe the Beifts amang.

X.

THE Woman nixt, for her Offence,
Did of the LORD refave Sentence,
 Her Sorrow fuld encrease,
With Wae and Pain her Childrene beir,
Subdewt to Man, under his Feir,
 No Libertie poffefs:
For *Adams* Falt he curfd the Erth,
 That barrane it fuld be,
Without Labour fuld zield nae Birth
 Of Corns, nor Herb, nor Tree;
 Bot working and irking
 For evir fuld remain,
 And being in deing,
 In Erth returnd again.

XI.

O cruel Serpent venemous,
 Dispytfull and seditious,
 The Grund of all our Care;
 Thou fals-bound Slave unto the Devill,
 Thou first Inventar of this Evill
 Of Blifs, quhilk made us bare;
 O devlish Slave, did thou believe,
 Or hou had thou sic Grace,
 Therby for evir thou micht live
 Abuve into that Place:
 Thy Grudging gat Scrudging,
 And sae GOD lute the se,
 Defavers no Cravers
 Of His Reward fuld be.

XII.

O dainty Dame, with Eirs bent
 That harkent to that fals Serpent,
 Thy Bains we may fair ban;
 Without Excuse thou art to blame,
 Thou justly has obtaint that Name,
 The very *Wo of Man*:

With Teirs we may bewail and greit
That wickit Tyme and Tyde,
Quhen *Adam* was obligit to fleip,
And thou tane off his Syde.
No Sleiping bot Weiping
Thy Seid hes fund senfyne,
Thy Eiting and Sweiting,
Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

XIII.

ADAM, thy Part, quha can excufe,
With Knowledge thou that did abuse
Thyne awn Felicitie.
The Serpent his inventing fals,
The Womans fune consenting als,
Was nocht fae wicketly.
GOD did prefer thee to this Day,
And them subdewt to thee,
Sae all that they culd mein or fay,
Suld not have moved thee
To brecking, abjecting
That hie Command of Lyfe
Quhilk gydid, provydit
The ay to live bot Stryf.

XIV.

BEHALD the State that Man was in,
 And als how it he tynt throw Sin,
 And loft the fame for ay;
 Zet GOD His Promise dois perform,
 Sent His Son of the Virgin born,
 Our Ransome deir to pay.
 To that great GOD let us give Glore,
 To us has bein fae gude,
 Quha be His Grace did us restore,
 Quherof we were denude;
 Not careing nor sparing
 His Body to be rent,
 Redeiming, releiving
 Us quhen we wer all schent.

Quod Sir RICH^d. MAITLAND
 of *Lethingtoun*, K^{nt}.





*The Devils Advice to all and sundry
of his best Freinds.*



I.

THIS Nicht in Sleip I was agast,
Methocht the Deil was tempand fast,
People with Aiths of Crueltie,
Sayand as throw the Fair he past,
Renunce zour GOD, and cum to me.

II.

METHOCHT as he went forth the Way,
A Preist sweirt braid be GOD verry,
Quhilk at the Alter reffavit he:
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can say,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

III.

THEN swore a Courtier of grit Pryd,
Be Chryfts Woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his Harmis was rent on Tree;
Then spak the Deil hard him besyd,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IV. A

IV.

A *Merchant* as he Geir did fell,
 Renuncit his Part of Heaven for Hell:
 The Deil cryd, Welcome mot thou be,
 Thou fall be Merchand for my fell,
 Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

V.

A *Goldsmith* said, This Goldis fae fyne,
 That all the Warkmanship I tyne,
 The Feynd ressaife me, gif I lie.
 Think on, quod *Nik*, that thou art myne;
 Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VI.

A *Tailzior* said, In all this Town,
 Be thair a bettir weil made Gown,
 I gife me to the Feynd all frie:
 Gramercy Tailzeor, said *Mahoun*,
 Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VII.

A *Soutar* said, In gude Effeck,
 Nor I be hangit be the Neck,
 Gif better Butes of Lether be.
 Fy, quoth the Deil, thou sawrs of Blek,
 Gae clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII. A

VIII.

A *Baxter* said, I quat with GOD,
And all His Warks baith even and od,
Gif fyner Stuff ther neids to be.
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IX.

THE *Fleshour* swore be Sacrament,
And be the Blude maist inocent,
Neir fattir Flesh Man saw with Ee.
The Deil said, Hald on thy Intent,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

X.

THE *Maltman* says, I Blifs forfake,
And may the Deil of Hell me taik,
Give ony better Malt may be,
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

XI.

A *Browster* swore the Malt was ill,
Baith reid and reikit on the Kill,
It will be nae Ale worth a Flie;
A Boll will not fax Gallons fill:
Mahoun cryis, Cum and mask with me.

XII. THE

XII.

THE *Smith* he swore be Rude and Raip,
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,

Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,
For laik of Ale I Water laip:

Quod *Nic*, Thoull get far les with me.

XIII.

A *Minstrel* said, The Feynd me ryve,
Gif I do ocht but drink and yve:

The Deil said, Hardly mot it be,
Exerce that Craft throu all thy Lyfe,
And thouill be fure to cum to me.

XIV.

A *Dycer* bad, with Words of Stryf,
The Deil cum stick him with a Knyf;

But he keft up fair Syces three:
The Deil said, Endit is thy Lyfe,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

XV.

A *Theif* said, Ill that eir I chaip,
Nor a stark Woddy gar me gaip,

But-I in Hell for Geir wald be.
The Deil said, Welcom in a Raip,
Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.

XVI.

THE Fish-wyves flet, and swore with Granes,
And to *Auld-nick* fauld Flesh and Banes,
And gaif them with a Schout on hie.
The Deil cryd, Welcome all attaines,
Sling by zour Creils, and cum to me.

XVII.

METHOCHT the Deils as blak as Pik,
Solifand were as Beis thick,
Ay tempand Folk with Ways flie,
Rounand to *Robin* and to *Dick*,
Renunce zour Creid, and cum to me.

Quod DUNBAR.





THE
 Claith-Merchant ;

*Or, a Ballat made on Jonet Reid, Jean
 Violet, and Anna Whyt, being slicht
 Women, and Taverners.*



I.

OF Collours cleir,
 Quha lykes to weir,
 Are mony Sorts into this Toun,
 Grene, Zellow, Blew,
 And ilka Hew,
 Baith *Paris* Black, and *Inglis* Broun;
 Braw *London* Sky,
 Quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
 And *Dunde* Gray
 This mony a Day
 Is lichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.

II. BUT

II.

BUR stanch my Fyking,
And stryd my Lyking,
Are feimly Hews for Simmer Play;
Din dipt in Zellow
For ilka gude fallow,
As *Will of Quhyt-hauch* bad me say;
I will not deny it
To them that will buy it,
For Silver nane fall be said nay;
Ze neid not plenze,
It will not stenzie,
Suppose ye weit it Nicht and Day.

III.

AND I have *Quhyt*
Of great Delyt,
And *Violet* quha lykes to weir,
Weil wearand *Reid*
Till ze be dead;
It fall not failzie, tak ze no Feir.
The *Quhyt* is gude,
And richt weil lued,

But

But zit the *Reid* is twice as deir:
 The *Violet* fyne,
 Baith fresh and fyne,
 Sall serve ye Hofeing for a Zeir.

IV.

THE *Quhyt* is teuch,
 And fresh enouch,
 Saft as the Silk, as all Men feis.
 The *Reid* is bonny,
 And socht be mony;
 They hyve about the Houfe lyke Beis.
 My *Violet* saft,
 Quhen ye have coft,
 Will ply lyk Satin to zour Theis;
 Sure be my witting
 Not burnt in the Litting,
 Suppose baith Lads and Limmers leis.

V.

OF thir thrie Hews
 I haif left Clews,
 To be our Court-Men Winter Weid,

Weill twynt and fmal,
The best of them all
May weir the Claith for Woul and Threid;
But in the Wawk-mill,
The Wedder is ill:
These are not drying Days indeid;
And gif it be wat,
I hecht for that,
It tuggs in Holes and gaes abreid.

VI.

ZIT its weil wawkit,
Cardit and cawkit,
As warm a Weid as weir the Dule,
Weil wrocht in Luims,
With Wobfters Guims,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;
Cottond and fhorn,
The mair it be worn,
Ze will find zour fell the greater Fule,
Zit bony forfuith,
Cum buyit in my Buith,
To mak ze Garments againft Zule.

VII. THIR

VII.

THIR mixt together,
 Zour fell may confider,
 Quhat fyner Colour can there be fund,
 And namely for Breiks,
 Gif ony Man feiks,
 Heill purchase the Pair ay for a Pund:
 Abeit it be skant,
 Nae Wowars fall want,
 That to my bidding will be bund,
 Weil may they bruik it,
 They neid not luke it,
 But grape it Mirklyns be the Grund.

VIII.

OUR Court-Men heir,
 Has made my Claith deir,
 Raifd it Twall-penies of ilka Ell,
 Zit is my Claith fure,
 Best Sadles to cure,
 Suppose the hale Seffion should ryd themfel.
 The *Violet* certain,
 Was maid at *Dumbartain*;
 The *Reid* was wawkit at *Dunkell*:

The

The *Quhyt* has bein dicht
In mony mirk Nicht,
But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

IX.

Now gif ye work wyflie,
And shape it precyflie;
The Ellwand * * *
Gif the Bys be wyde,
Gar lay it on Syde;
And fae ze cannot weil gae wrang;
And for the lang Lift,
It wald be fewd fast,
And care not by how deip ze gang;
But want ze quhyt Threid,
Ye will not cum speid,
Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

X.

AND tho it be auld,
And Twenty Tymes fald,
Zit will the Frepie ot mak ze fain,

With Oyls to renew it,
 And mak it weil hewt,
 And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;
 Syne with the fleik Stains
 That fervis for the Nains,
 They raife the Pyle quhen it falls plain:
 With mony braid Aith,
 We fell this fame Claith,
 To gar the Buyers cum fast again.

XI.

Now is my Wob wrocht,
 And arlet and bocht,
 Cum lay the Payment in my Hand;
 And gif my Claith felzie,
 Zeis not pay a Melzie,
 The Wob fall be at zour Command.
 The Market is thrang,
 And will not laft lang;
 They buy fast in the Border Land;
 Abeit I haif Tinsel;
 Ziȝ maun I tak Handfell,
 To pay my Buith-Mail and my Stand.

XII. My

XII.

MY Claitb wald be lude,
Be great Men of gude,
Gif Lads and Lowns wald let me be,
Zit maun I excuse them;
How can I refuse them,
Sen all Mens Penny maks him frie?
The best and Gay ot,
My self tuke a Sey ot,
A Wylie-coat I will nocht lie,
Quhilk did me nae Harm,
But held my Coft warm,
A fymple Merchant ye may see.

XIII.

THIS far to relive me,
That nane may reprive me,
In *Jedbrugh* at the Justiceair,
This Sang of thrie Lasses
Was made abune Glasses,
That Tyme that they wer Tapsters thair.
The first was a *Quhyt*,
A Lafs of Delyte;

The *Violet* was baith gude and fair:
Keip *Reid* frae all Skaith.
Scho is wordie them baith;
Sae to be fhort I fay nae mair.

Quod SEMPLE.



*On King JAMES V. his three
Mistresses.*

Saw not thy Seid on *Sandylands*,
Spend not thy Strength on *Weir*,
And ryd not on the *Oliphant*,
For hurting of thy Geir.





THE
LYON and the MOUS.



I.

IN Midst of *June*, that jolly Season sweit,
 Quhen *Phebus* fair, with his warm Beams fae
 bricht
 Had dryit frae Dale and Dawn the dewy Weit,
 And all the Land made with his leiming Licht,
 In a gay Morn, betwixt Mid-day and Nicht,
 I raife and put all Slouth and Sleip on Syde,
 And went allone untill a Forrest wyde.

II.

SWEIT was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and
 reid,
 The Noyse of Birds was maist melodious,
 The bobing Bews bluid braid abune my Heid,
 The Grund growand with Grafs maist verderous,
 Of all Pleifance that Place was plenteous,
 With sweit Odour and Birds fast Hermonie,
 The Morning myld increafd the Mirth and Glee.

III. THE

III.

THE Rofes reid arrayt the Rone and Ryfs,
 The Primrofe and the Purpure Violaë ;
 To heir it was a Poynt of Paradyce,
 Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth mae ;
 The Blofoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,
 The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-minftrell Cry,
 Contending quha fould haif the Victory.

IV.

ME to conferve frae the Suns birning Heit,
 Undir the Schadow of an Awthorn-grene,
 I leant me doun amang the Flowirs sweit,
 Syn made a Crofs, and closed baith myne Een ;
 On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis bein,
 And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw
 The faireft Man that eir before I faw.

V.

HIS Goun was of a Claith as quhyte as Milk,
 His Chymers wer of Chamelet Purpure broun,
 His Hude of Scarlet, borderit round with Silk
 In hekle Ways, untill his Girdlé doun ;
 Of the auld Faffoun was his Bonnat roun,
 His Heid was quhyt, his Een was grene and gray,
 With lokar Hair, quhilk owre his Shulder lay.

VI.

A Row of Paper in his Hand he bair,
A Swans quhyt Pen stickand beneth his Eir,
Ane Inkhorn with a pretty gilt Pennair,
A Bag of Silk, all at his Belt he weir;
Thus was he gudely grathit in his Geir,
Of Stature large, and with a feirfull Face,
To quher I lay he came with sturdy Pace.

VII.

AND sayd, God-speid, my Son, and I was fain
Of that couth Word, and of his Company;
With Reverence I salutet him again,
Welcome Fader, and he sat down by me;
Displeis zou not, my gude Master, tho I
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,
Quhat brings ze hier, and quher ze dwell at hame?

VIII.

MY Son, he sayd, I am of gentle Blude,
My natall Land is *Rome*, withouten nay,
And in that Toun first to the Schulis I zied,
And studyt Sciens ther full mony a Day,
And now my winning is in Heaven for ay;
Esope I hecht my Wryting and my Wark,
Is couth and kend to many a cunnand Clark.

IX.

O Maister *Esope*, Poet and Laureat,
 God wate ze are full deir welcome to me;
 Are ze not he that all thir Fables wrat,
 Quhilk in Effect, altho they fenziēt be,
 Are full of Prudence and Moralitie?
 Fair Son, he sayd, I am the famyne Man;
 My flichterand Heart I wate grew mirry than.

X.

ESOPE, said I, my Maister venerable,
 I heartilie zou beseik, for Cheritie,
 Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,
 Concludand with a gude Moralitie;
 Schekand his Heid, he sayd, My Son let be,
 For quhat ist worth to tell a fenziēt Tale,
 Quhen hale preiching may naithing now avail?

XI.

Now in this Warld methinks richt few or nane
 To haly Scripture has the leift Regaird;
 The Eir is deif, the Hairt is hard as Stane,
 They nevir mynd Punition or Rewaird,
 Thair Lukes inclynand allways to the Eard;
 Sae rouftet is the Warld with Canker black,
 That all my Tales may little Succour mak.

XII.

ZIT gentle Sr, sayd I, for my Requiest,
Not to displeis zour Fatherheid I pray,
Undir the Figure of sum brutal Beist,
A moral Fable ze wald grant to say;
Quha kens nor I may leir and beir away
Sumthing therby, hereaftir may avail:
I grant, quoth he, and thus began his Tale.

XIII.

A Lyon at his Prey weiry forrun,
To recreate his Limbs and tak his Rest,
Beikand his Breist and Bellie at the Sun,
Undir a Tree lay in the fair Forest;
Then came a Trip of Myce out of thair Nest,
Richt tait and trig, all danfand in a Gyfs,
And owre the Lyon lanfit twyfs or thryfs.

XIV.

HE lay fae still, the Myce was not affeird,
But to and frae atowre him tuke thair Trace;
Sum tirlt at the Whiskers of his Beird,
Sum did not spare to claw him on the Face:
Merry and glade thus danfit they a Space,
Till at the last the nobil Lyon wouk,
And with his Paw the Maister Mous he tuke.

XV. HE

XV.

HE gaif a Cry, and all the laif agaft,
 Their Danfing left, and hid them heir and thair;
 He that was tane cryit out and weipit faft,
 And fayd, Allace for now and evermair!
 Now am I tane a wofull Prifoner,
 And for my Gilt believes incontinent
 Jugement to thole, and unto Death be fent.

XVI.

THEN fpak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,
 Thou catyve Wretch, and vyle unwordy Thing,
 Owre malapert and owre prefumpteous,
 Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;
 Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King
 Of all the Beifts?—This (quod the Mous) I knaw,
 But I mifknew, becaufe ze lay fae law.

XVII.

LORD, I befiek thy Princely Ryaltie,
 Heir quhat I fay, and tak in Patience;
 Confidder firft my fimple Povertie,
 And fyne thy mighty high Magnificence;
 Se als how Things that is done by negligence,
 Not frae malicious Thocht, or ill defynd,
 Sould gain Remiffion frae a Kingly Mynd.

XVIII. WITH

XVIII.

WITH gret Aboundance we wer all replet
Of alkynd Fude, sic as to us affeird,
And us to dans, provokit the Season sweit,
And mak sic Mirth as Nature to us laird;
Ze lay fae still and law upon the Eard,
That be my Saul we weind ze had bein deid,
Ells wald we not haif danfit owre zour Heid.

XIX.

THY false Excuse, the Lyon sayd again,
Sall not avail a Myt, I undertae;
I put the Case, had I bene deid or slain,
And syne my Skin bene stapit full of Strae,
Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand fae,
Because it bare the Prent of my Persoun,
Thou fould for Dreid on Kneis haif falen doun.

XX.

Now for thy Cryme thou can mak nae Defence,
My Ryal Person thus to vylipend,
Nowther by Fors nor thyne oun Negligence,
For till Excuse thou can nae Cause prettend;
Therefore thou suffer fall a schamefull End,
And Deid, sic as to Treffon is decreit,
To be hung on a Gallows be the Fiet.

XXI.

O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentrice I afs,
 As thou art King of all Beifts coronat,
 Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepafs,
 And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;
 I grant Offens is done to thy Eftate,
 Therefore I wirdy am to fuffir Deid,
 But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

XXII.

IN evry Juge Mercy and Rewth fuld be,
 As Affeffors and collaterall;
 Without Mercy, Juftice is Crewelltie,
 As faid is in the Law spirituall:
 When Rigour fits upon the hygh Tribunall,
 The Equitie of Law quha may fustain?
 Richt few or nane bot Mercy gae betwein.

XXIII.

BESYDS ze know the Honour Triumphs zeild,
 To every Vi&tor, on the Strength depends
 Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,
 Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang deffends;
 Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,
 Is fayd of him that overcomes a Man;
 Him to deffend that nowther dow nor can.

XXIV. A

XXIV.

A Thousand Myce to murder and devore,
Is litle Manheid in a Lyon strang;
Full litle Worship can ze win thairfore,
To quhose vast Strenth is nae Compareson:
It will degrad sum Part of zour Renown
To flay a Mous that can mak nae Deffence,
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

XXV.

Also it not becomes zour Celfitude,
That uses daylie Meit delicious,
To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,
Quhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;
Unhalefom Melteth is a fairy Mous,
And namely to a nobil Lyon strang,
Wont to be fed with gentil Venifon.

XXVI.

My Lyfe is litle, and my Deid far less;
Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure
Supplie zour Highnes being in Distres:
For aft is sene a Man of small Stature
Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnour,
Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,
Throu Fortunes Falt; sic Case me be zour awn.

XXVII. QUHEN

XXVII.

QUHEN this was sayd, the generous Lyon paufit,
 And thocht this arguing did not Reason want;
 His Yre affwageit, and his kynd Mercy caufit
 Him to the Mous a full Remiffion grant,
 Opent his Paw; He on his Kneis doun bent,
 And baith his Hands unto the Heaven upheild,
 Cryand, Almichty *Jove* give zou lang Eild.

XXVIII.

QUHEN he was gane, the Lyon zeid to hunt,
 For he had nocht, but livd upon his Prey,
 And flew baith tame and wyld, as he was wont,
 And in the Countrie made a grit Deray;
 Till at the laft the People fand the Way
 This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,
 Of hempin Cords richt ftrang Netts coud they mak.

XXIX.

AND in a Road quhair he was wont to rin,
 With Raips rude frae Trie to Trie it band,
 Syne cuft a Raing on Raw the Wod within,
 With Blafts of Horns and Cauts faft calland;
 The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone rinnand
 Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Heid,
 For all his Strenth he coud mak nae Remeid.

XXX.

ROLAND about with hydious Rowmiffing,
Quhyles to quhyles frae, gif he micht Succor get;
But all in vain, that velziet him naething,
The mair he flang, the faster he was knit:
The Raips rude about him fae was plet
On every Syde, that Succor saw he nane,
But ffill lyand, thus murnand maid his Mane.

XXXI.

O fair lameit Lyon, liggand heir fae law,
Quhair is the Micht of thy Magnificence,
Of quhom all brutal Beift in Eard ftand Aw,
And dreid to luke on thy gret Excellence;
Bot Hope or Help, bot Succor or Defence,
In strang Hemp-bands heir maun I ly, allace!
Till I be flain, I fe nae uther Grace.

XXXII.

THER is nae Joy that will my Harms wraik,
Nor Creature to do Comfort to my Crown,
Quha fall me bute? Quha fall thir Bands brek?
Quha fall me put frae Pain of this Prifon?
Be that he had his Lamentation done,
Perchance the litle pardond Mous came neir,
And of the Lyon hard the pityous Beir.

XXXIII. AND

XXXIII.

AND suddainly it came intill his Mynd
 That it suld be the Lyon did him Grace,
 And sayd, Now wer I fals and richt unkynd,
 Bot gif I quit sum Part thy Gentilnefs
 Thou did to me, — and on with that he gaes
 To all his Maiks, and on them fast did cry,
 Cum help, cum help; and they came all on hy.

XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,
 Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tane,
 And now is fast heir fanklet in a Cord,
 Wrekand his Hurt with Murning fair and Mane,
 Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;
 Cum help to quyt ane gude Turn with annither,
 Sae beit, cryd all; syn fell to Wark together.

XXXV.

THEY tuke nae Knyf, thair Teith wer sberp enewgh;
 To se that Sicht forfuith it was grit Wonder,
 How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,
 Before, behind, sum zeid abune, sum under,
 And schure the Raips with the maist eifs in Sunder,
 Syne bad him ryfe, — and he start up annone,
 And thankit them; syn to the Bent is gane.

XXXVI. Now

XXXVI.

Now dois the Lyon frie of Danger skour,
Lowse, and delivert till his Libertie,
By litle Animals of smallest Power,
As ze haif hard, because he had Pitie:
Quoth I, Maister, is ther Moralitie
Into this Fable? — *Son*, sayd he, *richt gude*;
I pray zou gieft, quoth I, or ze conclude.

The MORALITIE.

XXXVII.

WE may suppose this Lyon of Renoun
May signifie ane Emperour or King,
Or ony Potestate that weirs a Croun,
That fould be wakryfe in his governing,
But of his Peple taks slicht noticeing,
To rule and steir the Land, and Justice keip,
But lazy lyes in lustie Slouth and Sleip.

XXXVIII.

THE Forest fair with Blossoms lown and lie,
The singand Birds and Flowirs fae ferly sweit,
Ar but this Warld, and his Prosperitie,
As Pleifands fals mingillit with Care repleit,
Richt, as the Rose with Frost and Winter weit,
Wallous; fae dois the Warld and them defaif
That Confidence in lusty Pleasures haif.

XXXIX. THIR

XXXIX.

THIR litle Myce ar Comonalitie,
 Wanton, unwyfe, without Corection due;
 Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chanfs to fe
 That execute, the richteous Laws on few,
 They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow
 Dar difobey; for quhy? they stand nae Aw,
 That maks them aft thair Soverains to misknaw.

XL.

AND be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence
 Confidder may the Virtue of Pitie,
 And fuld remit sumtyme a grit Offence,
 And Mercy metigate with Crueltie;
 Aftymes is sene a Man of small Degree
 Has quit a Common baith for Gude and Ill,
 As Lords has Rigour done, or Grace him till.

XLI.

QUHA wates how sune a Lord of grit Renoun,
 Rowand in warldly Luft and vain Pleifance,
 May be owrthrawin, distroyed, or put down
 Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance
 Is hale Mistres, and Leader of the Dance
 To luffy Men, and binds them up fae foir,
 That they nae Perell can provyd befor.

XLII. THIR

XLII.

THIR crewell Men that stentit has the Net
In quhilk the Lyon suddenie was tane,
Waited allway that they a Mendis nicht get;
For Hurt, Men wryts with Steil in Marble-stane,
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mein,
The Figure hereof aftymes has bein sene.

XLIII.

QUHEN this was sayd, quoth *Esop*, My fair Chyld,
Persuade the Kirkmen eydentlie to pray,
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,
That Justice ring, and Nobles keip their Fay
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Nicht and Day:
And with that Word he vaneist, and I woke,
Syne throu the Schaw my Jurney hamewart tuke.

Quod Mr. RO. HENRYSON.





THE
TOD and the LAMB,
 OR,
*Follows the Wowing of the King when
 he was at Dumfermeling.*



I.

THIS hinder Nicht in *Dumfermeling*,
 To me was tald a wonder Thing,
 That late a Tod was with a Lamb,
 And with hir playd, and made gude Game;
 Syne to his Breift did hir imbrace,
 And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

II.

HE braift hir bonny Bodie sweit,
 And halft hir with his forder Feit,
 Syne schuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;
 And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,
 Then lourit on growf, and asked Grace;
 And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

III. THE

III.

THE Tod was nowthir lein nor scowry,
He was a lusty reid-haired *Lowry*,
Ane lang taid Beist and grit withall;
The silly Lamb was all to small,
 With sic a Tribble to hald a Base:
Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

IV.

THE Tod was reid, the Lamb was quhyte,
Scho was a Morfell of Delyte;
He luvit nae Ews auld teuch and Sklender,
Because this Lamb was zung and tender.
 He ran upon her with a Race,
And scho schup nevir to defend hir,
 And this methocht a ferly Cafe.

V.

HE gripit her about the Waist,
And handilt her as gif in Haste;
This Inocent that neir trespast,
Tuke Heart that scho was handilt fast,
 And lute him kifs her lusty Face:
His girnand Gams hir nocht agast,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

VI. HE

VI.

HE held hir till him be the Hals,
 And spake full fair thocht he was fals;
 Syne said and swore to hir in Mode,
 That he fuld not twitch hir Prein-cod.

The filly Thing trow'd him, allace!
 The Lamb gaif Creddance to the Tod,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

VII.

I will nae Leifings put in Verse,
 Lyke as sum Janglers do reherse;
 But be quhat Manner they wer mard,
 Quhen Licht was out and Dores were bard:

I wate not gif he gaif hir Grace;
 But Winnocks all were stappit hard,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

VIII.

QUHEN Folk do fleit in Joy maist far,
 Thair fune cums Wae or they be War,
 Quhen carpand wer thir twa maist crouse,
 The Wolf he umbeset the Houfe,

Upon the Tod to make a Chace:
 The Lamb scho cheipit lyke a Moufe,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

IX. THROW

IX.

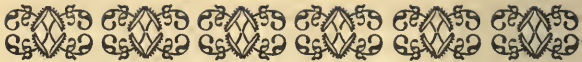
THROW hydious Howling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plait down on Growf;
And in the filly wie Lambs Skin,
He crap as far as he micht win,
 And hid him thair a gay lang Space;
The Ews besyde they made nae Din,
 And that methocht a ferly Cafe.

X.

QUHEN of the Tod was heerd nae Peip,
The Wowf wont all had bene asleip;
And quhyle the Tod had striken Ten,
The Wowf he drest him to his Den,
 Protestand for the second Place:
And this Report I with my Pen,
 How at *Dumfermling* fell the Cafe.

Quod DUNBAR.





On anes being his own Enemy.



I.

HE that has Gold and Riches great,
 And may live at a merry Rate;
 And Gladness dois frae him expell,
 And lives into a wretched State;
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

II.

HE that may be bot Sturt and Stryf,
 And live a lusty lightsome Lyfe,
 And syne with Marriage dois him mell,
 And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

III.

HE that has for his awin Genzie
 A plesand Prop bot Mank or Menzie,
 And shutes syne at an uncow Schell,
 And is forfairn with Fleis of *Spenzie*,
 He worketh Sorrow to himsell.

IV. AND

IV.

AND he that with gude Life and Treuth,
Bot Variance or other Slewth,
Dois evir with a Master dwell,
That nevir of him will have Rewth,
He worketh Sorrow to himfell.

V.

Now all this Time let us be merry,
And fet not by this Warld a Cherry,
Now quhyle thair is gude Wyne to fell;
The Cheil that dois on dry Breid wirry,
I give them to the Devil of Hell.

Quod DUNBAR.





*The Benifite of them who have Ladies
wha can be gude Soliciters at Court.*



I.

THIR Ladys fair, that mak Repair,
 And at the Court are kend,
 In three Days thair, they will do mair,
 Ane Matter for till end,
 Than ther Gude-men will do in Ten,
 For any Craft they can,
 Sae weil they ken, what Time and quhen,
 Thair Manes they suld mak than.

II.

WITH little Noy they can convoy
 A Matter finally,
 Richt myld and Moy, and keip it coy,
 On Evens fae quietly;
 They do no mis, but gif they kifs,
 And keip Colation,
 Quhat Reck of this, thair Matter is
 Brocht to Conclusion.

III. THEN

III.

THEN wit ye weil, they haif grit Feil,
And Matter to folist,
Trest as the Steil, fyne neir a Deil,
Quhen they come hame are mist.
Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far,
Sic Wyves behalden to,
That fae weil dar gae to the Bar,
Quhen there is ocht to do.

IV.

THEREFORE I reid, gif ze haif Pleid,
Or Matter in the Play,
To mak Remeid, fend in zour Steid
Zour Ladys graitht up gay;
They can deffend, even to the End,
And Matters forth exprefs;
Suppose they spend, it is unkend;
Thair Geir is nocht the lefs.

V.

IN quiet Place, gin they have Space,
Within lefs than twa Hours,
They can percase, purchafe sum Grace,
At the Compositous;

Thair

Thair Composition with full Remiffion,
 Thair finally is endit,
 With Expedition, and full Condition,
 Thair Seals then are to pendit.

VI.

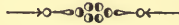
ALL hale almost they make the Coft,
 With sober Recompence,
 Richt little loft, they get indorst,
 All hale thair Evidence,
 Sic Ladys wyfe, they are to pryze,
 To fay the Verity,
 Sae can devyfe, and not furpryze
 Thame nor thair Honefty.

Quod DUNBAR.





*Annother of the samen Cast,
Pend be the Poet wrote the last.*



I.

THE Use of Court richt weil I knaw,
 Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;
 At hame remain the filly Lairds,
 And fend thair Wyves behind the Yards,
 Well stuf with Money and Rewards,
 To furder thair Errands frae Nicht faw.

II.

IN Clouks they cum full braw quhyte cled,
 And rouns to have thair Matter sped;
 They give nae Budds,
 But on thair Fudds
 They get grit Skuds,
 In nakit Bed.

III. But

III.

BUT neirthelefs the Laird maun fyn,
For all hir Miens, a Tun of Wyne:
 His Wyfe cums hame thus fynely ufd,
 But zit he maun hald hir excusd;
 And finaly the Folks that doift
Denys and laughs at them baith fyne.

IV.

THE Laird murns quhen he may not mend it,
His Lady jaipit his Siller spend it,
 And all his Labour turnd in vain;
 But ay the Lady fays full plain,
 That scho maun to the Court again,
Or els the Plea will not be endit.

V.

HIR Buckler bord, and backward born,
And all hir Cause is quite forlorn;
 Up gets hir Wame,
 Scho thinks nae Schame
 Syne to bring hame
 The Laird a Horn.



THE
VISION.

Compylit in Latin be a most lernit Clerk
in Tyme of our Hairship and Oppression,
anno 1300, and translatit in 1524.*



I.

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*,
And leids us sic a Daunce:

Quhyle

* The History of the Scots Sufferings, by the unworthy Con-
fession of *Baliol* to *Edward I.* of *England*, till they recovered
their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great *BRUCE*,
is so universally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem
seems useles.

† 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, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

Quhyle *Inglands Edert* taks our Tours,
 And *Scotland* ferst obeys,
 Rude Ruffians ransakk Ryal Bours,
 And *Baliol* Homage pays;
 Throch Feidom our Freidom
 Is blotit with this Skore,
 Quhat *Romans* or no Mans
 Pith culd eir do befoir.

II.

THE Air grew ruch with bousteous Thuds,
 Bauld *Boreas* branglit outthrow the Cluds,
 Maist lyke a drunken Wicht;
 The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rift
 Frae the blak Viffart of the Lift:
 The Forreft schuke with Fricht;
 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
 That had a Spunk of Sence,
 In Neid then, with Speid then,
 Methocht cryt, In Defence.

III.

To se a Morn in *May* fæe ill,
I deimt Dame Nature was gane will,
 To rair with rackles Reil;
Quhairfor to put me out of Pain,
And skonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,
 I bure me to a Beil,
Up ane hich Craig that lundgit alaft,
 Out owre a canny Cave,
A curious Cruif of Natures Craft,
 Quhilk to me Schelter gaif;
 Ther vexit, perplexit,
 I leir: me doun to weip,
 In brief ther, with Grief ther
 I dottard owre on Sleip.

IV.

HEIR *Somnus* in his filent Hand
Held all my Sences at Command,
 Quhyle I forzet my Cair;
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 Mynd,
 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,
 He seemt to be a Sanct.

V.

GRIT Darring dartit frae his Ee,
 A Braid-fword schogled at his Thie,
 On his left Arm a Targe;
 A thynand Speir filld his richt Hand,
 Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,
 Of just Proportions, large;
 A various Rain-bow colourt Plaid
 Owre his left Spaul he threw,
 Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,
 The Silver Wymplers grew;
 Amaifit, I gaifit
 To fe, led at Command,
 A fram pant and rampant
 Ferfs Lyon in his Hand.

VI. QUHILK

VI.

QUHILK held a Thistle in his Paw,
And round his Collar graift I saw
 This Poefie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune lacefs-
-Et:— In Scots, Nane fall opprefs
 Me, unpunift with Pain;
Still fhaking, I durft naithing fay,
 Till he with kynd Accent
Sayed, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,
 I cum to hier thy Plaint;
 Thy graining and maining
 Haith laitlie reikd myne Eir,
 Debar then affar then
 All Eirynefs or Feir.

VII.

FOR I am ane of a hie Station,
The *Warden* of this auntient Nation,
 And can nocht do the Wrang;
I viffyt him then round about,
Syne with a Refolution ftout,
 Speird, Quhair he had bene fae lang?

Quod he, Althocht I sum forfuke,
 Beclus they did me flicht,
 To Hills and Glens I me betuke,
 To them that luvcs my Richt;
 Quhafe Mynds zet inclyndz zet
 To damm the rappid Spate,
 Devying and pryfing
 Freidom at ony Rate.

VIII.

OUR Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,
 Quha jyb them, and thair Subftance eit,
 And on thair Honour ftamp;
 They, pure degenerate! bend thair Baks,
 The Victor, *Langbanks*, proudly cracks
 He has blawn out our Lamp:
 Quhyle trew Men, fair complainand, tell,
 With Sobs, thair filent Greif,
 How *Baliol* thair Richts did fell,
 With fmall Howp of Releife;
 Regretand and fretand
 Ay at his curfit Plot,
 Quha rammed and crammed
 That Bargin doun thair Throt.

IX.

BRAIF Gentrie fweir, and Burgers ban,
Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan
 Thats to thair Nation trew;
The Cloysters cum to cun the Evil,
Mailpayers wifs it to the Devil,
 With its contryving Crew:
The Hardy wald with hairty Wills,
 Upon dyre Vengance fall;
The fecklefs fret owre Heuchs and Hills,
 And Eccho Answers all,
 Repetand and greitand,
 With mony a fair Alace,
 For Blasting and Casting
 Our Honour in Disgrace.

X.

WAES me! quod I, our Cafe is bad,
And mony of us are gane mad,
 Sen this disgraceful Paction.
We are felld and herryt now by Forfe;
And hardly Help fort, thats zit warfe,
 We are fae forfairn with Faction.

Then

Then has not he gude Cause to grumble,
 Thats forst to be a Slaif;
 Oppression dois the Judgment Jumble
 And gars a wyfe Man raif.
 May Cheins then, and Pains then
 Infernal be thair Hyre
 Quha dang us, and flang us
 Into this ugsom Myre.

XI.

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 Curfes quhen his Lot
 May fumtyms 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,
 Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
 And wait the Will of Fate,
 Which mynds to desygn to
 Renew zour auntient State.

XII.

I ken sum mair than ze do all
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,
Quhair evry Warden represents
 Cleirly his Nations Cafe,
Gif Famyne, Pest, or Sword' Torments,
 Or Vilains hie in Place,
 Quha keip ay, and heip ay
 Up to themselves grit Store,
 But rundging and spunging
 The leil laborious Pure.

XIII.

SAY then, said I, at zour hie Sate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld *Scotlands* Fate,
 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,
 And thou may faifly ken,
 Quhen *Scottifh* Peirs flicht *Saxon* Gold,
 And turn trew heartit Men;
 Quhen Knaivry and Slaivrie,
 Ar equally difpyfd,
 And Loyalte and Royalte,
 Univerfalie are pryfd.

XIV.

QUHEN all zour Trade is at a Stand,
 And Cunzie clene forfaiks the Land,
 Quhilk will be very fune,
 Will Preifts without their Stypands preich,
 For nocht will Lawyers Caufes Streich;
 Faith thatis nae eafy done.
 All this and mair maun cum to pafs,
 To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;
 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,
 And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

XV. But

XV.

BUT mony a Corfs fall braithless ly,
And Wae fall mony a Widow cry,
 Or all rin richt again;
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,
The Faes fall tak the Feild neir *Forth*,
 And think the Day thair ain:
But Burns that Day fall rin with Blude
 Of them that now oppres;,
Thair Carcaffes be *Corbys* Fude,
 By thousands on the Grefs.
 A King then fall ring them,
 Of wyse Renoun and braif,
 Quhase Pufians and Sapiens,
 Sall Richt restoir and faif.

XVI.

THE View of Freidomis sweit, quod I,
O fay, grit Tennant of the Skye,
 How neiris that happie Tyme.
We ken Things but be Circumstans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
 Leist 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 befor.

 With Air then fae fair then,
 That glanst like Rayis of Glory,
 Sae Godlyk and oddlyk,
 He thus resumit his Storie.

XVII.

FRAE the Suns Ryfing to his Sett,
 All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,
 In solemn bricht Array,
 With Vehicles of *Aither* cleir,
 Sic we put on quhen we appeir
 To Sauls rowit up in Clay;
 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
 Brightly beyont Compair,
 Much famed and named
 A Castill in the Air.

XVIII.

IN midft of quhilk a Tabill ftude,
A fpacious Oval reid as Blude,
 Made of a Fyre-Flaucht,
Arround the dazeling Walls were drawn,
With Rays be a celeftial Hand,
 Full mony a curious Draucht.
Inferiour Beings flew in Haift,
 Without Gyd or Dereftour,
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Wafte,
 To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:
 Then roundly and foundly
 We drank lyk *Roman* Gods;
 Quhen *Jove* fae dois rove fae,
 That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nods.

XIX.

QUHEN *Phebus* Heid turns licht as Cork,
And *Neptune* leans upon his Fork,
 And limpand *Vulcan* blethers:
Quhen *Pluto* glowrs as he were wyld,
And *Cupid* luves we wingit Chyld,
 Fals down and fyls his Fethers.

Quhen *Pan* forzets to tune his Reid,
 And flings it cairlefs bye,
 And *Hermes* wingd at Heils and Heid,
 Can nowther stand nor lye:
 Quhen ftaggirand and fwagirrand,
 They ftoyster Hame to fleip,
 Quhyle Centeries at Enteries
 Imortal Watches keip.

XX.

THUS we tuke in the high browin Liquour,
 And bangd about the Neſtar Biquour;
 But evir with his Ods:
 We neir in Drink our Judgments drenfch,
 Nor fcour about to feik a Wenfch
 Lyk thefe auld baudy Gods,
 But franklie at ilk uther afk,
 Quhats proper we fuld know,
 How ilk ane hes performt the Task,
 Affignd to him below.
 Our Minds then fae kind then,
 Are fixt upon our Care,
 Ay noting and plotting
 Quhat tends to thair Weifair.

XXI. *Gothus*

XXI.

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,
 And of cowl Crouns tak Care ;
Batavius with his Paddock-Face
 Luking afquint, cryd, Pifch,
Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,
 I had leur ficht for Fifch ;
 Zour Schule-men ar Fule-men,
 Carvit out for dull Debates,
 Decoying and deftroying
 Baith Monarchies and States.

XXII.

Iberius with a gurlie Nod
Cryd, *Hogan*, zes we ken zour God,
 Its Herrings ze adore ;
Heptarchus, as he ufd to be,
Can nocht with his ain Thochts agre,
 But varies bak and fore ;

Ane quhyle he fays, It is not richt
 A Monarch to refist,
 Neift Braith all Ryall Powir will flicht,
 And paffive Homage jeft;
 He hitches and fitches
 Betwein the *Hic* and *Hoc*,
 Ay jieand and fieand
 Round lyk a Wedder-cock.

XXIII.

I ftill fupport my Precedens
 Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,
 Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,
 Quhylk was, becaus I bure a Grudge
 At fum fule *Scotis*, quha lykd to drudge
 To Princes no thair awin;
 Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and fqueift,
 And purfit up all thair Rent,
 Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleift,
 Till Riggs and Schaws war fpent;
 Syne byndging and whyndging,
 Quhen thus redufit to Howps,
 They dander and wander
 About pure Lickmadowps.

XXIV. BUT

XXIV.

BUT now its Tyme for me to draw
My thynand Sword against Club-Law,
 And gar my Lyon roir;
He fall or lang gie sic a Sound,
The Ecchoe fall be hard arround
 Europe, frae Schore to Schore;
Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth,
 And stryve to wirk my Fall,
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
 I will owrecum them all,
 And raife zit and blafe zit
 My Braifrie and Renown,
 By gracing and placing
 Arright the *Scottis* Crown.

XXV.

QUHEN my braif BRUCE the fame fall weir
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
 The Diadem will thyne;
Then fall zour fair Oppreffion ceis,
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 rather richer, quhyle its spent
 Within the *Scottish* Se:
 The Feild then fall zeild then
 To honest Husbands Welth,
 Gude Laws then fall cause then
 A fickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

QUHYLE thus he talkit, methocht ther came
 A wondir fair Etherial Dame,
 And to our Warden sayd,
 Grit *Callidon* I cum in Serch
 Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,
 The Counfill wants zour Ayd;
 Frae every Quarter of the Sky,
 As fwift as Quhirl-wynd,
 With Spirits speid the Chiftains hy,
 Sum grit Thing is defygnd
 Owre Muntains be Funtains,
 And round ilk fairy Ring,
 I haif chaift ze, O haift ze,
 They talk about zour King.

XXVII. WITH

XXVII.

WITH that my Hand methocht he schuke,
And wischt I Happynes nicht bruke,
 To eild be Nicht and Day;
Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,
He mountit upwarts frae my Sicht,
 Straicht to the milkie Way;
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,
 Untill the brynie Streme
For Joy ran trinckling frae myne Eyes,
 And wakit me frae Dreme;
 Then peiping, half sleiping,
 Frae furth my rural Beild,
 It eifit me and pleifit me
 To se and smell the Feild.

XXVIII.

FOR *Flora* in hir clene Array,
New wafhen with a Showir of *May*,
 Lukit full sweit and fair;
Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif
Sched doun his Rayis of genial Luve,
 Hir Sweits perfumt the Air;

The Winds war hufht, the Welkin cleird,
The glumand Clouds war fled,
And all as faft and gay appeird
As ane *Elyfion* Sched;
Quhilk heifit and bleifit
My Heart with fic a Fyre,
As raifes thefe Praifes
That do to Heaven aspyre.

Quod AR. SCOT.





Jok Up-a-lands *Complaint against
the Court in the Kings Nonaige.*



I.

NOW is the King in tendir Aige,
 O CHRYST! conserve him in his Eild,
 To do Justice to Man and Page,
 That gars our Land ly lang unteild,
 Thocht we do double pay thair Wage;
 Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.
 They ryde about in sic a Rege,
 Be Firth and Forrest, Muir and Feild,
 With Bow Buckler and Brand.
 Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,
 The Deil mot fane the Company,
 I pray it frae my Heart trewly:
 This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

II. HE

II.

HE that was wont to beir the Barrows,
 Betwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous
 On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,
 To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;
 But were I King, and haif gude Fallows,
 In *Noroway* they fould heir of Newis,
 I fould him tak, and all his Marrows,
 And hing them hich upon zon Hewis,
 And thairto plichts my Hand.
 And all thir Lordis and Barronis grit,
 Upon an Gallows fould I knit,
 That this doun treddit has our Quhit:
 This faid *Jok Up-a-land.*

III.

BUT wald ilk Lord that our Law leids,
 To Husbands Reffone do with Skill,
 To chak thir Chiftains be the Heids,
 And hing them heich upon ane Hill;
 Then Husbands labour micht their Steids,
 And Preifts micht pattir and pray their Fill:
 For Husbands fould nocht haif sic Pleids,
 And Scheip and Nolt micht ly full still,
 And Stakis and Rukis micht stand;

For fen they raid amang our Dorrs,
With Splent on Spald and jousty Spurrs,
Thair grew nae Fruit intill our Furrs :
This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

IV.

TAK a pure Man a Scheip or twae,
For Hungir or for Falt of Fude,
To five or sax wie Bairns or mae,
They will him hang in Halters rude;
But gif an tak a Flok or fae,
A Bow of Ky, and lat them blude,
Full faifly may he ryd or gae :
I wait nocht gif thir Laws be gude,
I schrew them firft them fand.
O JESU, for thy haly Passioun,
Grant to him Grace that weirs the Crown,
To ding thir mony Kings all doun :
This said *Jok Up-a-land.*

Quod KENNEDY.





THE
Garment of gude LADYIS.



I.

WALD my gude Lady lufe me best,
 And work aftir my Will,
 I fould a Garment gudlieft,
 Gar mak hir Body till.

II.

OF Honour hie fould be hir Hude,
 Upon hir Heid to weir,
 Garnift with Governace fae gude,
 Nae demyeng fould hir deir.

III.

HIR Sark fould be, hir Body nixt,
 Of Chafitit fae quhyte,
 With Schame and Dreid togither mixt,
 The fame fould be perfyt.

IV. HIR

IV.

HIR Kirtle of the clene Constance,
Doun laist with lesum Luve;
The Melzies of Continuance,
For nevir to remuve.

V.

HIR Goun fould be of Gudlienes,
Weil Riband with Renown,
Purfillt with Plesour in ilk Place,
And furt with fyne Fassoun.

VI.

HIR Belt fould be of Benignitie,
About hir Midil meit,
Hir Mantil of Humilitie,
To tholl baith Wind and Weit.

VII.

HIR Hat fould be of fair Having,
Hir Tipat of the Truth;
Hir Paitlet of ay gude paufing,
Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

VIII. HIR

VIII.

Hir Sleives fould be of Esperance,
To keip hir frae Dispair;
Hir Gluves of the best Governace,
To hyd hir Fingers fair.

IX.

Hir Shune fould be of Sickernefs,
In Time that scho nocht flyd;
Hir Hofe of Honefty exprefs,
I fould for hir provyde.

X.

Wald scho put on this Garment gay,
I durst sweir be my Seill,
That scho wore nevir Grene nor Gray,
That fet hir half so weil.

Quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.





*To the Honour of the Ladyis, and
the Fortification of their Fame.*



I.

JUST to declair the hie Magnificence,
And Bountie grit that in the Ladyis is,
The Wirdyness and Verteus Excelence,
The Laud, the Truth, the Bewtie, and the Blifs,
My Barbir Tung unworthy is I wifs;
But nocht the les my Pen I will apply,
To say the Suth, thoch Eloquence I mis,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortify.

II.

THOCHE Doctours auld Addresses thair Delyt,
To dyt of Ladys Defamation,
Wae worth the Wicht sould set his Appityte,
To reid sic Rolls of Reprobation;
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,
To gather all sic Lybills bissellie,
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortifie.

III. FOR

III.

FOR quho sae lift the Richt trew to reherse,
To humane Glore they mak Habilitie;
Quhen Men ar sad at them solace they ferfs,
As Habitickles of all Humanity,
They bring grit Weirs aft to Tranquilitie,
Malice of Men they meis and pacifie,
To Saul and Body baith Utilitie;
Therefore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

IV.

ALTHOCHT a Man had as much Gude to spend
As all the Empyres of this Globe around;
Wer Women wanting Weil-fare were at End,
Without thair Comfort Care sould him confound;
Quhair they abyde thair Blifs does ay abound,
And quhair they flie Felicetie gaes by;
Bot thair Solace nae Sage may be eir found;
Thairfore all Men thair Fame sould fortifie.

V.

SEN GOD has grantit them sic Gudlines,
And formid them after sae fyne fassoun,
Syne put sic bluming Bewtie in thair Face,
Quhy sould not Men hald them of grit Renown?

Sen

Sen GOD has given to them fae grit Guerdoun,
And with sic Meiknes does them magnifie,
Quhy fould Men mak to them Comparifone,
But owre all quhair thair Fames to fortifie?

VI.

OF *Mary* myld, the Maid imaculate,
To fortifie of Femenyne the Fame,
CHRYST was incarnate and incorporate,
And nurist was nyn Months within hir Wame;
And aftir born, and bocht us frae the Blame
Of *Bellial*, that brint us bitterlie;
That heavenly Honour faves the Sex frae Shame,
And owre all quhair thair Fame dois fortifie.

Quod STEWART.





T H E
D A U N C E .



I.

OF *Februar* the fiftein Nicht,
 Richt lang before the Dayis Licht,
 I lay intill a Trance,
 And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell,
 Methocht amang the Feynds fell
Mahoun gart cry a Daunce,
 Of Shrewis that wer nevir schreivin
 Against the Feist of Fasterns Evin,
 To mak thair Observance;
 He bad Galands gae graith a Gyis,
 And cast up Gamonds to the Skyes,
 That last came out of *France*.

II. LET

II.

LET see, quod he, now quha begins:
With that the foull seven deadly Sins
 Begouth to leip attains;
And first of all the Daunce was *Pryde*,
With Hair wyld back, Bonnet on Syde,
 Lyk to mak vaiftie Wains;
And round about him as a Quheil,
Hang all in Rumples to his Heil
 His Kethat for the Nains:
Mony proud Trumpour with him trippit
Throw skaldan Fyre, ay as they skipit
 They girnd with hydious Granes.

III.

HELLIE Harlots on hawtane Ways
Came in with mony findry Gyis,
 Zit nevir leuch *Mahoun*,
Till Preifts came with bare schaven Necks,
Then all the Feynds leuch and made Gecks,
 Black-wame and Bawfy-broun.

IV. THEN

IV.

THEN *Yre* came in with Sturt and Stryfe,
 His Hand was ay upon his Knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a Beir:
 Boasters, Braggers and Barganers
 Aftir him pafsd all in be Pairs,
 All boddin in Feir of Weir;
 In Jacks, Strippis, and Bonnets of Steil,
 Thair Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,
 Frawart was thair Affeir;
 With Brands sum on uther best,
 Sum jagit uthers to the Hest
 With Knives that Scheip coud scheir.

V.

NEXT followd in the Daunce, *Envy*,
 Filld full of Feid and Fellony,
 Hid Malyce and Dispyt;
 For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,
 Him followd mony Freik, dissembled
 With fenziend Words quhyte,

And

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,
And Back-byters of fundry Races,
 To lie that had Delyte,
With Rownars vyle of false Leifings;
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings
 Of sic can neer be quyte.

VI.

NIXT him in Daunce came *Covetyce*,
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce,
 That neir could be content;
Catyvs, Wretches and Ockerars,
Hud Pykes, Hurders and Gatherers,
 All with that *Warlo* went:
Out of thair Throts they shot on uther,
Het moltin Gold methocht a Futher,
 As Fyre-flaucht maist fervent;
Ay as they tuimt themfells of Schot,
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt
 With Gold of all kynd Prent.

VII.

SYNE *Sweirnes* at the second Bidding
Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding,
 Full fleipy was his Grunzie;

Mony sweir bumbard Belly-huddron,
 Mony Slut, Daw, and sleipy Duddron,
 Him ferved ay with Sounzie:
 He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,
 And *Belial* with a Bridall Renzie
 Ay lashit them on the Lunzie.
 In Daunce they wer fae flaw of Feit,
 They gaif them in the Fyre a Heit,
 Made them quicker of Cunzie.

VIII.

THEN *Lechery*, that laithly Corfs,
 Berand lyk to a bagit Horfs,
 And Ydlenefs did him leid;
 Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,
 And mony a stynkand foull Tramort
 That had in Sin bene deid:
 Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,
 They wer full strange of Countenance,
 Lyk *Turkas* burnand reid;
 All led they uther by the ——
 Suppose they fyket with thair ——
 It nicht be nae Remeid.

IX.

THEN the foull Monster, *Gluttony*,
With Wame unfatiate and greidy,
 To daunce fyn did him drefs;
Him followit mony a foull Drunkart
With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,
 In Surfet and Excefs;
Full mony a waiftlefs wally Drag,
With Wames unwyldy did forth wag
 In Creifh, that did increfs;
Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,
The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,
 Thair Loverly was nae lefs.

X.

NAE Minstralls playd to them bot Dout,
For Glie-men ther war haldin out
 Be Day and eik by Nicht;
Except a Minstrall that flew a Man,
Sae till his Heritage he wan,
 Entert be Breif of Richt.

XI. THEN

XI.

THEN cryd *Mahoun* for a *Earse* Padzean,
Syn ran a Feynd to fetch *Makfadzean*,
Far Northwart in a Nuke;
Be he the Correnoch did schout,
Earse Men so gatherit him about,
In Hell grit Rume they tuke:
That Tarmagants with Tag and Tatter,
Full loud in *Earse* begoud to clatter
And rowp lyk Ravin and Rowk;
The Deil fae deivt was with thair Yell,
That in the deipest Pot of Hell
He smorit them all with Smuke.





*Follows the Tournament between
the Soutar and Tailzior.*



I.

NIXT that a Tournament was cryd,
 That lang before in Hell was tryd,
 In Prefence of *Mahoun*,
 Betwisch a Tailzior and a Soutar,
 A Prick-Loufe and a Hobell-Clouter,
 The Barrefs was made boun;
 The Tailzior baith with Speir and Sheild,
 Convoyit was into the Feild,
 With mony a Lymmar-Loun,
 Of Seme-byters and Beist-knappers,
 Of Stomok-stealers and Claith-takers,
 A graceles Garrifoun.

II. Hrs

II.

HIS Banner was born him before,
 Quherin was Clouts a hundred Score,
 Ilk ane of diverse Heu,
 And all stown out of findry Webs,
 For quhyle the *Greik* Se flows and ebs,
 Tailziors will neir be trew:
 The Tailzior on the Barrows blent,
 Allace! he tint all Hardyment,
 For Feir he changit Hew:
Mahoun came forth and maid him Knight,
 Nae Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,
 That to sic Honour grew.

III.

THE Tailzior hecht before *Mahoun*,
 That he fuld ding the Soutar down,
 Wer he strang as a Mast;
 But quhen he on the Barrous blenkit,
 His clouted Courage fairly schrinkit,
 His Heart did all owre-cast:

Quhen to the Soutar he did cum,
Of all sic Words he was quyte dum,
 Sae fair he was agaft.
In Heart he tuke fae great a Scunder,
A Rak of Farts lyke ony Thunder,
 Flew frae him Blast for Blast.

IV.

THE Soutar to the Feild him drest,
He was convoyid out of the West,
 As an Deffender stout.
Suppose he had nae lusty Varlet,
He had full mony a lousy Harlot,
 Round ryding him about.
His Banner was of barkit Hyd,
Quherin Saint *Girnega* did glyd,
 Before that Rebald Rout:
Full Soutar lyke he was of Laits;
For ay betwifh his Harnes Plaits,
 The Uly burffit out.

V.

QUHEN on the Tailzior he did luke,
His Heart a litle Dwaming tuke,
 He nicht not richt upfit,

Into his Stommok was sic a Steir,
 Of all his Denner quhilk he coft deir,
 His Breaft held Deil a Bit:
 To comfort him or he raid furder,
 The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,
 Fou fair fyne did he spit;
 And he about the Devils Neck,
 Did spew again a Quart of Blek,
 Thus knightly he him quit.

VI.

THEN Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,
 The Soutar richt afearedly,
 Unto the Feild he socht:
 Quhen they were served with their Speirs,
 Folk had a Feil be their Effeirs,
 Their Hearts were baith on Flocht,
 They spurd their Horfs on either Syde,
 Syne they outowre the Grund coud glyd,
 And them togither brocht.
 The Tailzior that was nocht weil fitten,
 He left his Sadle all beshitten,
 And to the Grund he socht.

VII.

HIS Harnes brak and made a Brattle,
The Soutars Horfs lap with a Ratle,
 And round about coud reil:
The Beift that frayed was richt evil,
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,
 Him he rewardit weil:
Sumthing frae him the Feynd efhewd,
He wont again to bein befpedw,
 So ftern he was in Steil:
He thocht again he wald debate him,
He turnd his Erfe, and all bedret him,
 Ein quyte frae Neck to Heil.

VIII.

HE lowfit it aff with fic a Reird;
He dang baith Horfs and Man till Eard,
 He fartit with fic Feir.
Now haif I quit thee, quoth *Mahoun*,
Thir new made Knights lay baith in Swoun,
 And did all Arms menfweir;

The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,
 And them of Knichthude could depryve,
 Discharging them of Weir,
 And made them Harlots baith for evir,
 Quhilk still to keip they had far levir
 Nor ony Arms to beir.

IX.

I had mair of their Warks written,
 Had not the Soutar bein beshitten,
 With *Belials* Erfs unblift.
 But that fae gude a Bourd methocht,
 Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,
 For Lauchter neir I brift:
 Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance,
 To put this in Rememberance,
 Micht no Man me resist;
 For this said Justing it befell,
 Befoir *Mahoun* the Air of Hell,
 Now trew this gif ze list.

*Here ends the Soutar and the Tailziors War,
 Made be the noble Poet W^m. DUNBAR.*





Follows ane

*Amends made to the foresaid
Knichts of the Birs and Thumble;
In Case his Joke should them provok
Owr sair to girn and grumble.*



I.

BETWISHT the Twelt Hour and Elevin,
I dreamd an Angel came frae Heavin,
With Pleasand Stevin sayand on hie,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

II.

HIGH up for zou is ordaind a Place,
Abune all Saints in great Solace,
In Happynefs and Dignity,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

III. THE

III.

THE Cause to you is not unkend,
Natures Neglect ye do amend,
Be Craft and great Agility,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

IV.

SOUTARS with Schune weil made and meit,
Ze mend the Faults of illfard Feit,
Quherfore to Heavin zour Sauls will fie,
Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

V.

THERIS not in this Fair a Flyrock,
That has upon his Feit a Wyrock,
Knoul Taes, or Mouls in nae Degre,
But ze can hyde them, blift be ze.

VI.

AND Tailziors ze with weil made Clais,
Can mend the warft made Man that gaes,
And mak him feimly lyk to see,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VII. THOCHT

VII.

THOCHT ane fuld haif a broken Back,
Haif he a Tailzior gude, quhat-rak,
Heill cover it richt craftely,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VIII.

OF all great Kindes may ze claim,
The cruke Backs, and the Criples, Lame,
Ay howdrand Faults with zour suplie,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

IX.

IN Eard ze kyth sic Ferlys heir,
In Heavin ze fall be Saints full cleir,
Tho ze be Knaves in this Countrie.
Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

Quod DUNBAR.





*The Luvers Mane that dares not
assay.*



I.

QUHEN *Flora* had owrfrett the Firth,
 In *May* of ilka Moneth Quene,
 Quhen Merle and Mavis sings with Mirth,
 Sweit Melling in the Schaws fae schene,
 When Luvers all rejosit bene,
 And maist disyrous of thair Prey,
 I hard a lusty Luver mene,
 I luve, but I dare not assay !

II.

STRANG ar the Pains I daylie pruve,
 But zit with Patience I sustene,
 I am fae fettert in the Luve,
 Only of my sweit Lady schene,
 Quhilk for her Bewtie nicht be Quene,
 Nature fae craftily alway,
 Has done depaint that sweit Serene,
 Quhom I luve, and dare not assay.

III.

SCHO is fae bricht of Hyd and Hew,
I luve but hir allone I wene,
Is nane hir Luve that may eschew,
That blenks fae of that dulce Amene;
Sae comelie cleir ar hir twa Ene,
That scho mae Luvers does effrey,
Then eir of *Greice* did fair *Helene*,
Quhome I luve, and dar not affay.

Quod STEWART.





Ane litle Interlude of the Droichs.



I.

HIRRY, hary, hobbilschow,
 Se ze not quha is cum now,
 But zit wate I nevir how,
 Brocht with the Quhirl-wind;
 A Sargeand out of *Soudoun* Land,
 A Gyane strang in Limbs to stand,
 That with the Strength of my awin Hand
 May Bairs and Bugles bind.

II.

QUHA is then cum heir, but I
 A bauld and bowsteous Bellomy,
 Amang zou all to cry a Cry
 With a maist mighty Soun?
 I generit am of Gyans kynd,
 Frae hardy *Hercules* be Strynd,
 Of all the Occident and Ynd,
 My Elders wir the Croun.

III. MY

III.

My fore Grandfyre heicht *Fynmackoull*,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The Skyes rained Fludes quhen he wald fkoul,
He trublitt all the Air.

He gat my Gudfyre *Gog Magog*,
He, when he daunst, the Warld wald schog,
Then Thoufand Ells zied in his Frog
Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,
But aftir he grew mair at Fouth,
Elevin Myle wyde mett was his Mouth,
His Teith was ten Myles squair:
He wald upon his Tais upftand,
And tak the Starns down with his Hand,
And fet them in a Gold Garland,
Abuve his Wyfes Hair.

V.

His Wyfe scho mekle was of Clift,
Her Heid wan heicher than the Lift,
The Hevin reirdit quhen scho did rift,
The Lafs was naithing sklender:

Scho spat *Loch-lowmond* with hir Lips,
 Thunder and Fyre flew frae hir Hips,
 Quhen scho was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips ;
 The Feynd durst nocht offend hir.

VI.

FOR Cauld scho tuke the Fever Tartane,
 For all the Claith in *France* and *Bartane*
 Wald not be to hir Leg a Gartane,
 Thocht scho was zung and tendir :
 Upon a Nicht heir in the North,
 Scho tuke the Gravel, and staild *Craig-gorth*,
 And pischt the grit Watter of *Forth*,
 Sic Tyd ran aftirhind hir.

VII.

ANE Thing written of hir I find,
 In *Yrland* quhen scho blew behind,
 On *Norway* Coist scho raist the Wind,
 And grit Schips drownit thair :
 Then scho fischt all the *Spainzie* Seis,
 With hir Sark Lap betwix hir Theyis,
 And thre Days failing tween hir Kneis
 It was esteemd and mair.

VIII. THE

VIII.

THE hingan Braes on Adir Syde
Scho powtert with hir Lymms fae wyde;
Laffes nicht lair at hir to ftryde,
 Wald gae to Luvairs lair.
Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,
Scho quhirrd fyve Quhails into the Firth,
Had croppin on hir **Geig* for Girth,
 Walterand amang the Wair.

IX.

MY Fader mekle *Gow Macmorne*,
Out of his Moders Wame was fchorne,
For Littlenes scho was forlorn,
 Sican a Kemp to beir :
Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,
He wald flap owre the Ocean Se,
The Mone sprang neir abune his Knie,
 The Heavens had of him Feir.

X. ANE

* A Kind of an old fashioned Net used now for catching of Spouts.

X.

ANE thousand Ziers ar past frae Mynd,
 Sen I was generit of his Kynd,
 Far furth in Defarts of the Ynd,
 Amang Lyon and Beir:
 Worthy King *Arthur* and *Gawane*,
 And mony a bauld Bairn of *Bartane*
 Ar deid, and in the Wars are slain,
 Sen I could weild a Speir.

XI.

THE *Sophie* and the *Sowdoun* strang,
 With Battles that haif lastit lang,
 Out of thair Bounds has maid me gang,
 And turn to *Turkie* tyte.
 The King of *Francis* grit Armie
 Has brocht a Derth in *Lombardie*,
 That in the Countrie I and he
 Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XII.

Swadrick, *Danmark*, and *Noraway*,
 Nor in the Steids I dar not gae,
 For ther is nocht but burn and flae,
 Cut Thropples and mak quyte.

Yrland for ay I haif refufit,
All wyfe Men will hald me excufit;
For neir in Land wher *Earfe* is ufif,
To dwell had I delyt.

XIII.

I haif bene foremost ay in Feild,
And now fae lang haif born the Scheild,
That I am crynit in for Eild
 This litle, as ze may fe:
I haif bene banift undir the Lynd
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd,
Quhyle now with this laft Eifin Wynd,
 I am cum heir perdie.

XIV.

My Name is *Welth*, therefore be blyth,
I am cum Comfort zou to kyth,
Suppose ilk Wretch fuld wail and wryth,
 All Derth I fall gar die:
For certainly the Truth to tell,
I cum amang ze now to dwell,
Far frae the Sound of *Curphour* Bell,
 To live I neir fall drie.

XV. Now

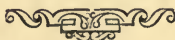
XV.

Now fen I am sic Quantitie
 Of Gyans cum, as ze may se,
 Quhair will be gotten a Wyfe for me,
 Of ficlyk Breid and Hicht?
 In all this Bour is not a Bryde
 Ane Hour I wate dar me abyde,
 Zet trow ze ony Heir befyde
 Micht suffer me all Nicht.

XVI.

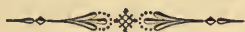
ADEW a quhyle, for now I gae,
 But I will not lang byde ze frae,
 I wisch ze be conferft from Wae,
 Baith Maiden, Wyfe and Man:
 God blefs them and the haly Rude,
 Gif me a Drink, se it be gude,
 And quha trows best that I do lude,
 Skink first to me the Kan.

FINIS. The Droichs Part of a Play.





*Auld Kyndness quite forzet quhen
ane grows pure.*



I.

THIS World is all but fenziat fair,
And as unftable as the Wind,
And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair,
Trest Fallowfhip is ill to find,
Gude Confciencces is all made blind,
And Charity thairs nane to get;
Leil Luvc and Lawty lys behind,
And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

II.

QUHYLE I had ony Thing to fpend,
And ftuffit weil with Warlds Wrack,
Amang my Friends I was weil kend;
Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,
They wad me be the Oxtcr tak;
And at the hich Buird I was fet,
But now they let me ftand aback,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

III. Now

III.

Now I can find but Friends few,
 Sen I was prized to be pure,
 They hald me now but for a Shrew;
 Of me they tak but little Cure;
 All that I do is but Injure:
 Thocht I be bair I may not bett,
 They let me stand upon the Flure,
 Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

IV.

SUPPOSE I mein I am nocht mendit,
 Sen I held part with Povertie,
 Away sen that my Pack was spendit,
Adieu all Liberality.
 The Proverb now is trew I fee,
Quha may not give will little get;
 Therefore to fay the Verity,
 Now auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

V.

THEY wald me hals with Hude and Hat,
 Quhyle I was rich and had enouch,
 About me Friends enow I gat;
 Richt blythly then on me they leuch,
 But now they mak it wonder teuch,
 And lets me stand before the Zet;
 Therfoir this Warld is very freuch,
 And auld Kyndness is quite forzet. VI. As

VI.

As lang as my ain Cap ftude even,
I zied but feindle myne allane,
I fqyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
But fuddenly frae that was gane,
They pafsd me by with Hands plett,
With puirtith frae I was oertane,
Then auld Kyndnefs was quite forzet.

VII.

INTO this Warld fuld nae Man trow,
Thou may weil fee the Reafon quhy;
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art but little fetten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fund Fifh in thy Net:
Therefore this falfe Warld I defy,
Sen auld Kyndnefs is quite forzet.

VIII.

SEN that nae Kyndnefs kepit is,
Into this Warld that is present,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Blifs,
Thyself appleift with sober Rent,
Live weil and give with gude Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God fend hald thee content,
Sen auld Kyndnefs is quite forzet. *AD-*



*ADVICE to be Liberal and
Blyth.*



I.

I MAKE it kend, he that will spend,
 And luve GOD late and Air,
 He will him mend, and Grace him send,
 Quhyle Catives shall have Care:
 But Praise weil pend, fall him comend,
 That of his Rowth can spare;
 We knaw the End, that all maun wend
 Away nakit and bare,
 With an O and an I,
 And a Wretch fall haif nae mair,
 But a schort Sheit at Heid and Feit,
 For all his Wrak and Ware.

II. FOR

II.

FOR all the Wrak a Wretch can pack,
And in his Bags embrace,
Zit Deid fall tak him be the Back,
And gar him cry Alace!
Then fall he fwak, away with Lak,
And wate not to what Place,
Then will they mak, at him a Knack,
That maift of his Geir hes;
With ane O and an I,
Quhyle we haif Tyme and Space,
Mak we gude Cheir, quhyle we are heir,
And thankful be for Grace.

III.

WERE there a King to rax and ring,
Amang Gude-fallows crownd,
Wretches wad wring, and mak Murning,
For Dule they fould be drownd.
Quha finds a Dring, or auld or zing,
Gar hoy him out and hound.

Now

Now let us sing, our Cares to ding,
And mak a gladfome Sound,
With an O and ane I:
Now are we further bound,
Drink thou to me, and I to thee,
And let the Cap go round.

IV.

QUHA understude, suld have his Gude,
Or he were clofd in Clay,
Sum in thair Mude they wald ga wid,
And die lang or thair Day;
Not worth a Hude, or an auld Snude
Thou shall bear hence away;
Wretch be the Rude, now to conclude,
Full few fall for thee pray,
With an O and ane I,
Gude Fallows as langs we may,
Be merry and free, syne blyth let us be,
And sing on tway and tway.

Quod JO. BLYTH.

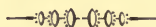
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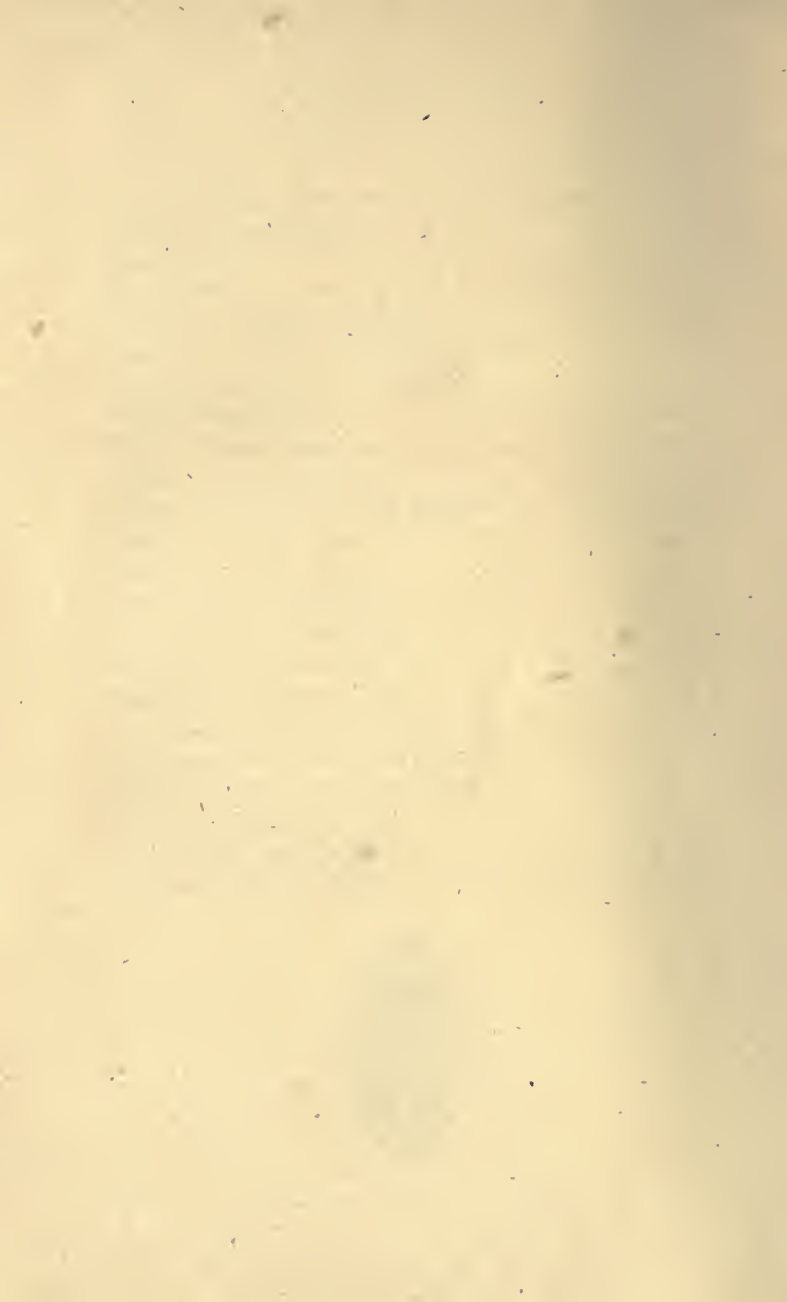


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