

Henry Blyd's

CONTRACT:

Who lived in the Carse of Gowrie, near Dundee.

In a fine elegant discourse to his
Mistress the Minister's wife.



Entered according to Order.

Henry Blyd's CONTRACT, &c

WELL Mistris I'm new come out o' Dundee, I can get naething to gi' the horse draff in but the skull your women ay takes his trough to keep sand in, for scooping their fushicades, i' bink well I wat he's a good beast God blefs him that I dinna forspeak him; An as well forquainted wi' me, as if I had been seven years in's company. In troth Mistris, fouk has ay need to deffect for they are doing, for the day as I'm coming along the cafloway o' Dundee, the laird's brether that came here cry'd me up, an ga' me a biker, an coming out I fell down the stair, an maist brake my neck, but a providence saved the barm. An you ken, Mistris fan I'm ridden down the pow upon Mistris fushicad, she an I crackin t'gether aa' I no mindin' fat she's saying, tine's my pisse, an' riddfordert, till I'm about a mile an' a bittockie frae'd, an' mind's says I, Good faith Mistris, I've tint my pisse, an' maun gang back for'd again. Out ye're a fool cushe, it gang there, it was no meikle worth. Wa's no meikle worth cothie, Saul, Mistris, it was as good a ane as ever was in a poor beast; an' I wou'd na ge'ed for my hyl year's fee yet; sae ged my wa's back, and gat it just as I fan'd it.

Now, mistris, as you was sayin', I man gi' you a prescription o' my life. First fan I came to the world as soon as I grew a body my father was dissolved to take me to school, to learn to dispel, an' a chapman come by he bought me a 'Chief end 'o Man,' an' a 'Prognostication:' but I being contraveenable ran awa', and ged to the west mill and helped the miller; For he greed wi' the auld lady, to uphad a' the gaun gear, an' she furnisht her wi' a woman, an gat the o'ercom to himsel. sae this wad I misglected a my learnament, well when I was past a half lang lad, I began to think how I sud' come thro' the world an' ye ken the best way was to disjoin mysel' to a hallow marrow after the orderly custom o' the ban' fan lads an' lassies being observed to marry ither, Lord grant prosperity, generation mortification and devulsion to a' them things gangs that geat cothie. Now always mistris I'll tell you the thing I'm gaun to tell you. The lass's sister that na

ried fushica'em's good father that dwells down o' the laird o' thing's lan', began to look to me an I to her, ay after that they scorned us t'gether, her uncle a very disponible woman, bids me meet her at the kirk of fushica'd, upon Sunday, well afar aff, Is I came near hand I thought it was a market, an put in my hand i' my fushica d, for something to the custom wife. I mind it was Sunday, an' that there was nae ousen but men and women, a' thro' ither: well I comes in by an sits down by the tent side among them, an puts on my bonnet as the rest did; sae be that time the las that sou'd a been mine came in by, an' as she was sitting down.' I'll ne'er forget it, ane o' the men wi' the black cloaked necks, contranried out o' the bcuk, ' That if a man was ordain'd for a thing, he wou'd na' get win by it ' Well that ga' me some hartin, sae we took a chapin o' ale at the tent side, an cry'd in upo' John fushica'd that was pishing at the east gravel (his brether sister's married to my lord kinghorn's hen-wife, I believe's name is Lion) an ga' him a part o't, then I says cothie, sin there's but a dissulion here, we'll sit and take out our drink, and conser th' 'greement till we meet at the brydal. That's to be on Tylday, cothie: Sae here's een t'you Lafs, I thank you lad a'tweel, it's onforsaid o' me; Sae an ye binna as onwillin to take me, cothie, as I'm to take you, let's een make an end o't on Tylday, cothie: Comfortably we forgethers in the afternoon, san lads has gotten in their stuff, an begin to grow ramage, wi' the soup drink; we devis't upo' the matter, an' conspounded to be contriv'd. Well I was to gi' up our names to the kirk session, an pay white silver to the box, to keep me frae gettin upo' the stool of repentance for a twelve month to come. An forenons that I was to get threty mark wi' her an a mare; an a my fees were to be laid to that, If I di't first a my things were to be her's; an if she di't neist her things were to be mine, the bairns ware to be divided among the first end o' the gear, the lads ware to be elder than a' the lassies, but the lassies were to come in afore the lads in the testification, as John Follow laid it down upo' write.

Well, 'twas three days afterhend, she comes to me upo' a day san I'm at the pleugh, an says Henry, cothie, Ye ken fat ye did at the kirk-yeard, an the brydal, ye're a gay consplicable wark lad, an I ha' been try'd at barns an byres an can put my hand to a' things, cothie, as well as my neighbours. And sae I convolved, that sin it was the way that other fouk did an her kist was well made up wi' aff-sains, I just arrests her to meet me at Forgan
morn:

morn: Sae I ged my wa' hame, musted my head, an made ready a clean oerly, my purlt handit sark, a staff an a blew bonnet in my head, an raise as soon as the cock ga upo' the kitchen, an' came to the king's high way to Fougan, an be the sun was haf a mile frae the list, I was in the orchard, an' sun meets I, but just my lord i' the teeth. Ho, good day Henry cothie: Fat are your will my lord cothie, ha' you gotten a wife yet Henry? cothie de'il are you gotten yoursel yet my lord, cothie: Fat makes you sae shoon up? cothie, I've been taken in some meal, Henry cothie. Indeed my lord cothie, an you wou'd lift the house up to your dukit, it wou'd cost you less travel. How wou'd you do that Henry? cothie. My lord cothie gar John fushica'd your officer raise the ground, an set in Silder, for tows to the bailies o' Dundee, an shout there an beneath the foundation, an cut trees to let it o'er the shrig, we'll carry it up in a forenoon, an' make it twa coupler higher, and strike through a Through-art, an' were but to see a seek beast; he gat out wi' a gaff o' laughter, an' says, well controilt Henry cothie. I'll gi' you three dollars to grieve the wark. My lord cothie, I'll take naething but the cleath that Elspit Fushicaid your Honour's widows tenants wife rests me, for the warl' makin' a Turnament upo' her, an the corn no castin up good years, you've medd'l'd wi' a her gear, ilk hilt an hair o't cohie Sa't is certain your honour or gi' me satisfaction, well Henry, cothie there's my hand and a saxpence, that I will see you wrang'd. Well God detain an' discompose your honour, cothie, Sae I recovered my bonnet an' discomfoursed him, an' comes to the house far the neighbour was sitting, i' the fire, previncing an' preverting the affairs of the kintra, an' fan they saw me, O welcome Henry, here's to your health and luck to the bargain, drink it is welcome, I hank you, in conscience I wish we never want war, let never sorrow gang sae near your heart. Well mistris I think she's a gay lass, an' she binna a wairman nor her father I'll be right well set on upo' her. Well I wat she tak'it well a kin, for her mother was as able a barn-man as ever hell corn to the win.

The house I was to take ran just down by the water side, it was a gay fit misdimable house, wi' a but an a ben' an a fire side, an' a clofs that wou'd haddoen a swine: the ha' flood just i' the mids o' the floor, an the fin came in at the wast winnock tan the lads got their dorder meat, wi' a disproportional yard, that wou'd have fawn six furlits o' beer. Just as we were previn' a disclufion upby comes Fushicam that dwells down at the brigen, an' says, this mar
cothie.

cothie, man pay for his house an yard cothie, twenty marks, cothie. Saul stir chamberlain, cothie, an you will no tak twenty pund keep them to your sell cothie, well Henry, cothie, lick my thing and lay it to yours, an since it is fae, that it man be nae ither way nor it foud be an your desistable, lats pit black upo' white upo't, He taks out a lang thing that fouk uses to di fan' they gang about the way o' things, an scrapt upo' paper at the distolments an' tanaments o' the tastens, an' bad pit to my name. Stir cothie, I'm no beuk learnt, well then cotiaic pit to your han to my Fushicad, before witleffes an I'll describe for you

The lasf fecing a' this, says I, the sint a fit I'll tak him, cushie, for he's a fool, being niagvocate, and corraminous wi' the soup drink: An aways being firalents, cothie, Saul comer cothie, Conscience comer, cothie, If I was magistravigant an' glastrious as other iads, I foud ken whether ye were a man or lad, an make you never work a turn after this deficient day gae your gates in a vengeableness, cushie. Sae mistris there was nae great skaith for my master gart her pay the haf o' the lawin, an' said sin you winna intend the marriage, he manna be the colt, for fatever has been between you you've as meikle o' him, as he has of you. But he could not thrive for he got a laird wi bairn and di't i' the bearing o't. For women Mistris are fair things, whiles fan they tak it on: Your nain women disabuse me the last year because I wodna claw the Cow to gar her milk come down, an keep her frae slinging, they ca'd me frae heaven to hell, t was i' the mean time delvin i' the ministers bastard, an' breuk my warklome, an gean to seek the len of the beadles they ran before me an gart his wife cry, come in by Henry, an get the fashon o' the house, Sae I gead in by thinkin she was gan' to gi' me cheefe an bread, or something that woud na speak to me, but she ga' me sic a hurl I never gat the like o't sin the day Andrew fushicam's daughter a bangster queen met me in the dyak, an jemst me because me and my master John Gallows coost divats upo' Sunday thro' ignorance. I cou'd not displunge an sport as fouk will do in their dassin, but slang her down and misgrougled a' her apron by mirackligence, she was sae angry that she ruggat out a' my Fushica'd and made me bald, that I never have been like ither fouk till this deficient day, sae Mistress I ne'er drew up wi' anither till I came to my lord Fushica'd's house, wi' apples ayont Aberdeen. Far the bread water is that you'll no see a hill on the tither side o't, Sae as I'm i' the women's house ben comes lady Ann, a
bonny

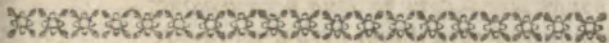
Bonny lassie wi' a black fushicad on her head, an her face fou a black splatchets, an says Henry cushie, there's a groat tye an' kifs that las at the wheel, as I was striving we tumelt down a tween the kist an the wa, an get nae scouth to win out for two hours, but an we had been as lang I foud gotten a kifs whether she wou'd or not, but I never left her till I gart her cry, an if I had stayt there misfdoutans I might ha' married her.

Now Mistris I'm your man an the ministers, and if ye delist frae pittin me awa, I winna bide, for I could live wi' you a' my days he speaks sae mony good words. He obstructit me the last day that I wou'd rise again: An I said cothie; Stir I'fe believe as 'ither honelt fouk do; An indeed stir, cothie the beuk of Poggavy just said as you said, an the o'erturn o't was ay three things, for it tell't, 'That tho' a man lay down in the gutter. an pray to God to tak him out o' the gutter yet an he made nae moughts o' himself he wou'd ly till he di't, and God wou'd raise him up for a' that. If I were good o' the remembry Mistris I might ha' learnt a my quastens on it, O that beuk, for there was a thing an that beuk, an the o'erturn o't was ay three things, there was Cats an Pipers in't, ships an' Swines an horn't beaft, women and mony things, but I'm amint to learn yet, for tho' we was aulder the day than we was the morn, fouk are only detact it about my age, Just like Mr Francis Fushicam, that same day that the beacles wife an I lay upo' ither about clawin the cow. An ye kent mistris that you lent me to the Officers wife to harrow her wheat in Diver-lanc the afternoon. Sae as I was tellin you by comes his honour ridin on a Hawk an a horse on's arm; an thinkin I was as auld as the officers wife, says Good day honest man can you set me upon a mankin here about? The de'il a bit am I an honest man cothie, am bat the Ministers lad, an I'm but laubrin this honest woman's butt. Her good man's sae trackl'd wi' my Lord's wark, that we maun pit him alike wi' his neibors. Indeed Lord cothic, the gentles take a hankil uphadin ay ay stir, cothie but an gentle fouk were semple fouk an semple fouk were gentle fouk wou'd be like semple fouk. Wi' that up got a flock of Fushicads an he ged's was at the gallop.

I'll no contain you any longer Mistris for I'm a mind to confer a wife gin the warl dinna men: for we get nae thing but what we buy, an de'il ha't we hae to buy wi' I had anes an idle life, for I was a walicious man, an shot at the moon to learn us to had aff the whigs at Bodal brig we had nae wark than but to lay down our things on the ground an come back an fore get gin ony mist to tak his neibors

thing in

thing instead o' his ain he gat o'er the crown. Well Mis-
trifs this be your leave an I wifs a well; an very wise fouk
says, that be't ast likes an it be no the same way it will be
the tither an that we'll either hae King or Queen or sim-
ither thing or else naething at a' an than fouk cannot rea-
dily be out o' a' condition.



A N

H A B B I A C K

On the Foregoing

C O N T R A C T.

A *Las! alas! for an ill hour
Is now befallen poor Inchflower,
Henry's gane, and that o'er sure.*

*But what remeed?
His feet will never fyle their Floor*

*For now he's deaa
Poor Henry that was ca'd a fool
Has got three yelps wi' a cald shool,
Alas! that has wrought meikle dool.*

*Baith far an near,
To Fire-side he'll nae mair draw stool.*

*To gar Fouk sneer,
Now poor man in his grave he's laid.*

*And with the Shool his debts are paid
But fan alive he fresly ga'd*

*Whare it was due:
Baith Bill and Bans are a discharg'd*

*O lang or now:
But Henry was a richt gay lad*

E'en

8 *An Habbiack on the Foregoing Contract.*

*E'en downright honest an e sa'd,
At Pleugh ho wou'd na quat the Gad,
In field or yard he cou'd hae saw'd*

*To ony man
Naething came wrang,
And for King he woud hae fought
Though like a cow he soud been hought,
Nae money wou'd him bysa'd wrought.*

*He was sae true,
A better Lad you coudna fought,
The Warl through,
When he was upo' his Death-bed
The very last word that he said,
Was mind the poer beast I have fed.*

*An ridden on,
He was as good as e'er was laid
A Leg upon.*

*At his contract fan you have laught
An scritch an cry'd gin we were daft,
Then to his memory take a waught,
Of ale or beer.*

*And driot about sae very aft,
Till you can't steer.*

*Critick forgive me for this ryme,
I had na better at the time,
But buy it first and whan you read it,
As it deserves then burn or spread it.*

F I N I S.