

T H E

DOMINIE DEPOS'D;

OR SOME

REFLECTIONS

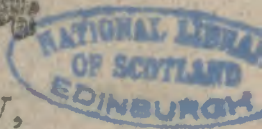
On his Intrigue with a young LASS, and
what happened thereupon. Intermix'd with
Advice to all Precentors; and Dominies.

WITH THE SEQUEL.

By WILLIAM FORBES, A. M.
LATE SCHOOLMASTER AT PETERCOULTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

MAGGY JOHNSTON'S ELEGY.



G L A S G O W,

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Saltmarket, 1800.

THE
P R E F A C E.

I F this offend when ye peruse,
I Pray Reader let this me excuse,
Myself I only here accuse,
Who am the cause,
That e'er ye had this piece of news
To split your jaws.

For had I right the gully guided,
And wi' a wife myself provided,
To keep me frae that, wae betide it,
That's kent to a',
I'd staid at hame, or near beside it;
Now that's awa'.

Be wiser then, and do what's right,
And mind your business wi' might,
Lest unexpected gloomy night
Shou'd you furround,
An' mingle a' your pleasure bright,
Wi' grief profound.

And, bonny lasses mind this rhyme,
As true as three and sax mak nine,
If ye commit ye ken what crime,
And turn unweel,
There'll something wamble in your wame
Just like an eel.

DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

P A R T I.

SOME Dominies are fae bias'd,
 That o'er the dyke themfells they cast,
 They drink an' rant, and live fae fast,
 This drives them on
 To draw a weapon at the last,
 That sticks Mefs John.

Thus going on, from day to day,
 Neglecting still to watch and pray,
 And teach the little anes A, B, C,
 An' Pater Noster,
 Quite ither thoughts our Lettergae
 Begins to foster.

For, laying by baith fear and shame,
 They slyly venture on that game,
All-fours, I think, they call't by name,
 Baith auld an' rife,
 That in the play Mefs John is slain
 Wi' his ain knife.

'Tis kend, therefore, I winna strive
 My doughty deeds here to describe,
 A lightsome life still did I drive,
 Did never itch,
 By out an' in abouts to drive,
 For to mak rich.

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I ne'er laid money up in store,
 Into a hole behind the door,
 A shilling, penny, less or more,
 I did it scatter,
 'Tis just, now, I should drink, therefore,
 Sma' beer or water.

I never sooner filler got,
 But a' my pouches it wou'd plot,
 And scorch them fair, it was fae hot;
 Then to get clear
 Of it, I swill'd it down my throat,
 In ale or beer.

Thus, a' my failing was my glafs,
 An' anes, to please a bonny las,
 I, like a silly amorous aís,
 Drew forth my gully,
 An' thro' an' thro' at the first pass
 Ran Mr. Willy.

Sae for this mad, though merry fit,
 I was fair vex'd and forc'd to flit,
 They plagu'd me fae wi' pay and fit,
 Quo' they, You theif,
 How durst you try to steal a bit
 Forbidden beef?

O then I humbly plead that *vos*
 Wou'd make it your continual *mos*,
 Wi' hearts sincere an' open *os*,
 You'd often pray,
A tali malo libra nos,
O Domine.

For, hark, I'll tell you what they think,
 Since I left handling pen an' ink,

Wae worth that weary soup o' drink
 He lik'd fae weel,

He drank it a', left not a clink
 His throat to swill.

He lik'd, still sitting on his doup,
 To view the pint or cutty stoup,
 And sometimes lasses overcoup

 Upo' their keels,
 This made the lad at length to loup,
 And tak his heels.

Then was it not a grand presumption,
 To ca' him doctor o' the function?

He deal't too much in barley-unction
 For his profession:

He never took a good injunction
 Frae kirk or session.

An' to attend he was not willing,
 His school, fae lang's he had a shilling,
 But lov'd to be where there was filling

 Good punch or ale,
 For him to rise was just like killing
 Or first to fail.

His fishing-wand, his sneeshing-box,
 A fowling-piece, to shoot muir-cocks,
 An' hunting hare thro' craigs and rocks,

 This was his game,
 Still left the young anes, so the fox
 Might worry them.

When

6 THE DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

When he committed all these tricks,
 For which he weel deserv'd his licks,
 Wi' red-coats he did intermix,

When he foresaw
 The punishment the kirk inflicts
 On fowks that fa'.

Then to his thrift he bade adieu,
 When wi' his tail he stopp'd his mou',
 He chang'd his coat to red and blue,

An' like a sot
 Did the poor Clerk convert into
 A Royal Scot.

An' now fowks use me at their wills,
 My name is blawn out o'er the hills,
 At banquets, feasts, a' mouths it fills,

Twixt each, *Here's t' thee,*
 'Tis fore traduc'd at kilns and milns,
 And common smithy.

Then Dominies, I you beseech,
 Keep very far from Bacchus' reach,
 He drowned a' my cares to preach,

Wi' his ma't-bree,
 I've wore fair banes by mony a bleech
 O' his tap-tree:

If Venus does possess your mind,
 Her anticks ten times warse ye'll find,
 For to ill tricks she's sae inclin'd,

For proticks past,
 She blew me here before the wind:
 Could be het cast.

Within

Within years less then ha'f a dizen,
 She made poor Maggy ly in jizen,
 When little Jock brak out o' prison
 On gude Yule day,
 This of my quiet cut the wifen,
 When he wan gae.

Let readers, then, tak better heed,
 For fear they kifs mair than they read,
 In case they wear the sacken-weed
 For fornication,
 Or leave the priest-craft shot to dead
 For procreation.

The maist o' them, like blind an' iame,
 Have nae averfion to the game,
 But better 'twere to tak her name,
 Their pot to cook,
 And teach his boys to write a theme,
 And mind their book.

Then may they sit at hame, an' please
 Themfells wi' gathering in their fees,
 While I must face mine enemies,
 Or shaw my dock;
 There's odds 'twixt handling pens wi' ease
 An' a firelock.

Sae shall they never mount the stool,
 Whereon the lasses greet an' howl,
 Tho' deil a tear, scarce fair our foul,
 Comes o'er their cheeks;
 Their mind's not there, 'tis spinning wool,
 Or mending breeks.

The

The Kirk then pardons no such prots,
 They must tell down good five pounds Scots,
 Tho' they should pledge their petticoats,
 An' gae arse bare;
 The least price there is twenty groats,
 An' prigging fair.

If then the lad does not her wed,
 Poor Meg some feigned tears maun shed,
 Her minny crooks her mou' and dad,
 They fart and fling;
 "O wow that e'er I made the bed,"
 Then does she sing.

*Thus for her Maidenhead she moans,
 Bewailing what is past;
 Her pitcher's dash'd against the stones,
 And broken at the last.*

P A R T II.

A' Maid's, therefore, I do bemoan,
 Betwixt the rivers Dee and Don,
 If anes they get a lick o' yon,
 Tho' by the laird,
 The toy-mutch maun then gae on
 Nae mair bare hair'd.
 Yet wanton Venus, that she bitch,
 Does a' our senses fae bewitch,
 An' fires our blood wi' sic an itch,
 That aftentimes,
 There is nae help but to commit
 Some ill-far'd crimes.

Yet

Yet some they are sae very willing,
At ony time they'll tak a shilling,
But he that learnt them first that spelling,
Or Meg or Nell,
Be sure, to him they'll lay an egg in;
This some can tell.

Unthinking things! it is their creed,
If some sic things be done wi' speed,
They're safe, 'tis help in time o' need,
Nae after-claps:
Tho' nine months aft brings quick or dead
Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me to speak,
I anes was hooked wi' the cleek,
I almost had beshit my breek,
When Maggy told,
That, by her faul, not e'en a week
Young Jack wou'd hold.

She was sae stiff she cou'd not loot;
Your pranks, she says, are now found out,
The Kirk an' you maun hae a bout;
Ill mat ye fare,
'Tis a' your ain, ye need na doubt,
Ilk hilt an' hair.

Alas! that e'er I saw your face,
I can nae langer hide the case;
Had I forseen this sad disgrace,
Nae man nor you
Shou'd e'er hae touch'd my sic a place
Or kiss'd my mou.

O Dominie, you're dispossess't,
 Ye hae beshit your holy nest,
 The warld sees ye hae transgress't;
 I'm at nry time,
 Ye dare nae mair, now do your best,
 Let gae the rhyme.

Ohon! how weel I might hae kent,
 When first to you I gae consent,
 Wi' me to mak your merriment,
 How a' wou'd be:
 Alas! that e'er my doom I lent
 That day to thee.

Wae to the night I first began
 To mix my moggans wi' thee, man;
 'Tis needless now to curse or ban,
 But deil hae me,
 Ye'll pay and fit, for fit ye can,
 An' that ye'll see.

I heard her as I heard her not,
 But time and place had quite forgot,
 I guess'd my piece was in the pot;
 For I could tell,
 It was too short her petticoat,
 By haff an ell.

Wi' blubber'd cheeks, and watry nose,
 Her weary story she did close;
 I said the best, and aff I goes
 Just like a thief,
 An' took a glafs to interpose
 'Twixt mirth an' grief.

Yet wou'd hae gien my ha'f year's fee,
 Had Maggy then been jesting me,
 Had tartan purry, meal an' bree.

Or butt'ry brose,
 Been kilting up her petticoats
 Aboon her hose.

But time that tries such proticks past,
 Brought me out o'er the coals fu' fast;
 Poor Maggy took a sudden blast,
 An' o'er did tumble,
 For something in her wante at last
 Began to rumble.

Our fouk caud it the windy gravel,
 That grips the guts beneath the navel,
 But laith she was for to unravel
 Their gross mistake,
 Weel kend she, that she was in travel
 Wi' little Jack.

But, to put matters out of doubt,
 Young John within wou'd fain been out,
 An' but an' ben made sic a rout
 Wi' hands an' feet,
 That she began twa-fald about
 The house to creep.

Then dool an' sorrow interveen'd;
 For Jack nae langer cou'd be screen'd;
 My las upon her breast she lean'd,
 An' gae a skirl;
 The canny wives came there conveen'd
 A' in a whirl.

They

They wrought together in a croud ;
 By this time I was under cloud ;
 Yet bye an' bye I understood,

They made one more,
 For Jack he tun'd his pipe, an' loud
 Wi' cries did roar.

Wi' that they blam'd the Session-Clark ;
 Where is the loun hid in the dark ?
 For he's the father o' this wark :

Swear to his mither,
 He's just as like him as ae lark
 Is like anither.

About me then there was a din,
 They fought me out thro' thick and thin,
 Wi' deil hae her, and deil hae him,

He's o'er the dyke ;
 Our Dominie has now dung in
 His arse a pike.

Ye may weel judge I was right sweer,
 This uncouth meeting to draw near,
 Yet forc'd I was then to appear,

Altho' perplex'd ;
 But listen how, an' ye shall hear.
 The hags me vex'd.

The carlings Maggy had so cleuked
 Before young Jack was rightly hooked,
 They made her twice as little booked

But to gae on
 O then ! how like a fool I looked,
 Whan I saw John.

The Cummer then came to me bent,
 An' gravely did my Son present;
 She bade me kifs him, be content,
 I hen wish'd me joy;
 An' tald it was—what luck had sent,
 A waly boy.

In ilka member, lith an' lim',
 Its mouth, its nose, its cheeks, its chin,
 'Tis a like daddy, just like him'
 His very self,
 Tho' it look'd canker'd, sour an' grim,
 Like ony elf.

Then whisp'ring low to me she harked,
 Indeed your hips they shou'd be yarked.
 Nae mair Mefs John, nor dare ye clarkit,
 Faith ye hae ca'd
 Your hogs unto a bonny market
 Indeed my lad;

But tell me, man, I shou'd say master,
 What muckle deil in your way chas'd her?
 Lowns baith! but I think I hae plac'd her,
 Now on her side,
 My coming here has not disgrac'd her,
 At the Yule tide.

An' for yoursell, ye dare na look
 Hereafter ever on a book,
 Your mou' about the psalms to crook;
 Ye've play'd the fool,
 Anither now your post maun bruik,
 An' you the stool.

She

She bann'd her faul, and then she blest it,
 In the Kirk-books it would be listid,
 An' thus the weary wife insisted,
 Our Lettergae
 Will fit whar he will not be pisht at
 By Dogs some day.

She wrung her hands, until they cracked,
 An' sadly me she sham'd an' lacked——
 Ah man! the Priest, how will he tak it,
 Whan he hears tell,
 How Maggy's mitten ye hae glacket,
 Ye ken yourfell.

The Session-Clark to play sic prankies,
 Ye'll stan', I fear upo' your shankies,
 An' may be slaver in the brankies;
 It cou'd na miss,
 But lifting Maggy's callimankies,
 Wou'd turn to this.

A toothless Houdy, auld and teugh,
 Says, Cummer, husht, we hae aneugh,
 Thirsh mony ane has touch't the pleugh,
 Ash gude ash he,
 An' yetch gane backlench o'er the heugh,
 Shae let him be.

Hesh no, quoth she, tho' he'sh be lear'd,
 That ye ken what, they hae crept near't,
 For you an' I hash aft-times heard
 O' nine or ten,
 Wha thush the Clergy hath beshmear'd
 Wi' their own Pen.

The auld mou'd wives thus did me taunt,
 Tho' a' was true, I must needs grant,
 But ae thing maistly made me faint,

Poor Meg lay still,
 An' look'd as loesome as a faint

That kend nae ill.

Then a' the giglets young and gaudy,
 Sware by their fauls, I might be wady,
 For getting sic a lusty laddy,

Sae like mysell;

An' made me blush wi' speaking baudy,

'Bout what befel.

Thus auld and young their verdict had,
 'Bout Maggy's being brought to bed,
 I thought my fill, yet little said,

Or had to say,

To reap the fruit o' sic a trade

On guide Yule-day.

What sometimes in the mou' is sweet,

Turns bitter in the wame;

I grumbl'd fair to get the geet,

At sic a merry time.

P A R T III.

NOW Maggy's twasome in a swoon,
 A counsel held condemns the lown,
 The cushle mushle thus gaed roun',

Our bonny Clark,

He'll get the dud an' facken gown,

That ugly fark.

Consider,

Consider, firs, now this his crime,
 'Tis no like hers, or yours, or mine,
 He's just next thing to a divine,
 An' wow, 'tis odd,
 Sic men shou'd a' their senses tine,
 An' fear o' God.

'Tis strange what maks kirk fouk sae stupid,
 To mak or meddle wi' the fuca'it,
 Or mint to preach in sic a pu'pit,
 The senseless fools,
 Far better for them hunt the tyouchet
 Or teach their schools.

They hunt about frae house to house,
 Just as a taylor hunts a louse,
 Still girding at the barley-juice,
 An' aft get drunk,
 They plump into some open sluice,
 Where a' is sunk.

A plague upo' that oil o' ma't,
 That weary drink is a' their fau't,
 It made our Dominie to hau't ;
 The text fulfil
 Which bids cast out the fateless sa't
 On the dunghill.

They are sae fed, they ly sae fast,
 They are sae hain'd, they grow sae daft ;
 This breeds ill wiles, ye ken, fu' aft
 In the black coat,
 Till poor Mefs John, an' the priest-craft,
 Gaes ti' the pot.

I tald them, then, it was but wicked
To add affliction to the afflicted
But to it they were sae addicted,
They said therefore,
The clout about me shou'd be pricked
At the Kirk-door.

But yet nor kirk nor consterie,
Quoth they, can ask the taudy fee;
Tell me in words just twa or three,
The deil a plack,
For tary-breeks shou'd ay gae free,
An' he's the Clark.

I then was dumb; how I was griev'd!
What wou'd I gien to be reliev'd!
They us'd me war than I had thiev'd,
Some strain'd their lungs,
And very loud they me mischiev'd
Wi' their ill tongues.

Had you been there to hear an' see,
The manner how they guided me,
An' greater pennance wha cou'd dree!

A Lettergae,
Wi' sic a pack confin'd to be,
On guide Yule-day.

Young Jack wi' skiris he pierc'd the skies,
I pray'd that death might close his eyes,
But did not meet with that surprize,
To my regret,
Sae had nae help, but up an' cries
Her drinks to get.

This laid their din; the drink was stale,
 An' to't they gade wi' tooth an' nail:
 An' wives whase rotten tusks did fail,
 Wi' breed and cheefe,
 They birl'd fu' fast at butter'd ale
 To gie them ease.

They ca' upon me, then dadda,
 Come tune your fiddle, play us a
 Jigg or hornpipe, nae mair SOL FA,
 My bonny cock;
 The Kirk an' you maun pluck a fa'
 About young Jock.

Play up Sae merry as we hae been,
 Or, Wat ye wha we met yestreen,
 Or, Lafs will ye lend me your leem?
 Or Soups o' Brandy;
 Or, Gin the Kirk wad let's alane,
 Or, Houghmagandy.

Sic tunes as these, yea, three or four,
 They called for, ill mat they cour,
 Play, cries the cummer, wi' a glour,
 The wanton toudy,
 Wha did the Dominie ding o'er,
 Just heels o'er goudy.

O' mufic I had little skill,
 But as I cou'd, I play'd my fill,
 It was my best to shaw good-will;
 Yet a' my drift
 Was best how I might win the hill
 The wives to shift.

" Sae leaving them to drink het ale,
 " I slipt awa' and let them rail:
 " Then running till my breath did fail,
 " I was right glad
 " Frae Kirk an' wives to tak leg-bail.—
 " Nae doubt they said,"

*The Lettergae has play'd the fool,
 And shifted the Repenting-Stool,
 To Kirk and Session bids good-day,
 He'll o'er the hills and far away.*

T H E

S E Q U E L.

NOW loving friends I hae you left,
 Ye ken I neither stole nor rest,
 But when I found mysell infest,
 In a young Jack,
 I did resolve to change the haft
 For that mistak.

An, reasons mae I had anew,
 For I had neither horse nor cow;
 My stock took wings an' aff it flew;
 Sae a' was gone,
 An' deil a flee had I was new
 Except young John.

Too

Too aft my thirsty-throat to cool,
 I went to visit the punch bowl,
 Which makes me now wear reddish wool
 Instead o' black;
 Or I must foot the cutty-stool
 Wi' deil a plack.

The chappen stoup, the pint an' gill,
 Too aft I caused for to fill,
 Ay loving those wha wou'd sit still,
 An' wet the mouth,
 Ne'er minding that the TULLO-HILL,
 Leads people fouth.

O but that loving laird Kingswells
 My blessings flow where his foot swells,
 Lang life to him whate'er befals,
 God be his guide,
 He's cur'd a thousand thirsty fauls,
 An' mine beside.

O had I but thae days again,
 Which I sae freely spent in vain,
 I'd strive some better for to ken,
 What future chance
 Shou'd blaw me here out o'er the main,
 And sae near France.

“ But since what ails maun ay befall
 “ The chiel that will be prodigal;
 “ When wasted to the very spaul
 “ He turns his tusk,
 “ For want o' comfort to his faul,
 “ On hungry husk.”

Now since I'm aff sae mony a mile,
 There's naething got without some toil,
 I'll wait; cros fortune anes may smile,
 Comewant, come wealth,
 An' tak a pint in the mean while,
 To Heilden's health.

Sae, for a time, friends, fare ye weel
 My pot companions, true an' leel,
 I wish you a' a merry Yule,
 Much mirth an' glee,
 Nae mair young Jacks into the creel
 That day for me.

*Some ither Yule may yet cast up,
 When we again shall meet;
 To drown our sorrows in a cup,
 In case we live to see t.*

T H E E N D.

E L E G Y

O N

M A G G Y J O H N S T O N,

Who died Anno 1711.

AULD Reeky mourn in fable hue,
 Let fouth o' tears dleep like May dew,
 To bra tippony bid adieu,
 Which we wi' greed,
 Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
 But now she's dead.

To

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To tell the truth now, Maggy dang,
 O' customers she had a bang;
 For lairds an' futors a' did thrang,
 To drink bedeen;
 The barn an' yard was aft sae thrang,
 We took the green,
 And there by dizens we lay down,
 Syne sweetly ca'd the healths a-roun,
 To bonny lasses, black or brown,
 As we loo'd best;
 In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
 An' took our rest.

When in our pouch we found some clinks,
 An' took a turn o'er Bruntsfield Links,
 Aften in Maggy's, at Hay-jinks,
 We guzzl'd scuds,
 Till we could scarce, wi' hale-out drinks,
 Cast aff our duds.

We drank, an' drew an' fill'd again,
 O wow! but we were blyth an' fain:
 When ony had their count mistane,
 O it was nice,
 To hear us a' cry pick your bane,
 An' spell your dice.

Fou close we us'd to drink an' rant,
 Until we did baith glowr and gaunt.
 An' pish, an' spew, an' yesk, an' maunt,
 Right swash I trow,
 Then aff auld stories we did chant,
 Whan we were fu'.

Whan

Whan we were wearied at the gouff,
 Then Maggy Johnston's was our houff,
 Now a' our gamesters may sit douff,
 Wi' hearts like lead,
 Death wi' his rung reach'd her a youff,
 An' fae she's dead.

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine,
 For which we will right fair repine?
 Or hast thou left to bairns o' thine
 The pauky knack,
 O brewing ale amais't like wine,
 That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a pease-scone toft,
 Biz i' the quaff, and flee the frost,
 There we gat fu' wi' little cost,
 An' muckle speed;
 Now wae worth death, our sport's a' lost,
 Sinse Maggy's dead.

Ae summer night I was fae fu',
 Amang the riggs I gaed to spew,
 Syne down on a green bank I trow,
 I took a nap,
 An' fought a' night Balillilu,
 As found's a tap.

An' whan the dawn began to glow,
 I hirled up my dizzy pow,
 Frae 'mang the corn like worry-kow,
 Wi' banes fu' fair,
 An' kend nae mair than if a yow,
 How I came there.

24 MAGGY JOHNSTON'S ELEGY.

Some said it was the pith o' broom,
That she stow'd in her masking loom,
Which in our heads rais'd sic a foam,
Or some wild feed,
Which aft the chappen stoup did toom,
But fill d our head.

But now since 'tis sae that we must
Not in the best ale put our trust,
But when we're auld return to dust,
Without remead;
Why should we tak it in disgust,
Since Maggy's dead.

O' wardly comforts she was rife,
An' liv'd a lang an' hearty life,
Right free o' care, or toil, or strife,
Till she was stale;
An' kend to be a canny wife
At brewing ale.

Then fareweel Maggy dowse an' fell,
O' brewers a' you bore the bell;
Let a' your gossips yelp an' yell,
An' without fead,
Guess whither ye're in heav'n or hell,
They're sure ye re dead.

E P I T A P H.

O R A R E M A G G Y J O H N S T O N.

G L A S G O W,

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