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# HELENORE;

OR THE

## FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.

*A PASTORAL TALE.*

By ALEXANDER ROSS, A. M.

LATE SCHOOLMASTER AT LOCHLEE, AND AUTHOR OF SEVERAL POEMS IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

### *The Life of the Author.*

COMPREHENDING

A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE ROMANTIC PLACE WHERE HE LIVED,

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE

*Manners and Amusements of the People at that Period.*

BY HIS GRANDSON,

THE REV. ALEXANDER THOMSON,

MINISTER OF LENTRATHEN.

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.....Ilk Angus and Mearns bairn,  
Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn.

TEATTIE.

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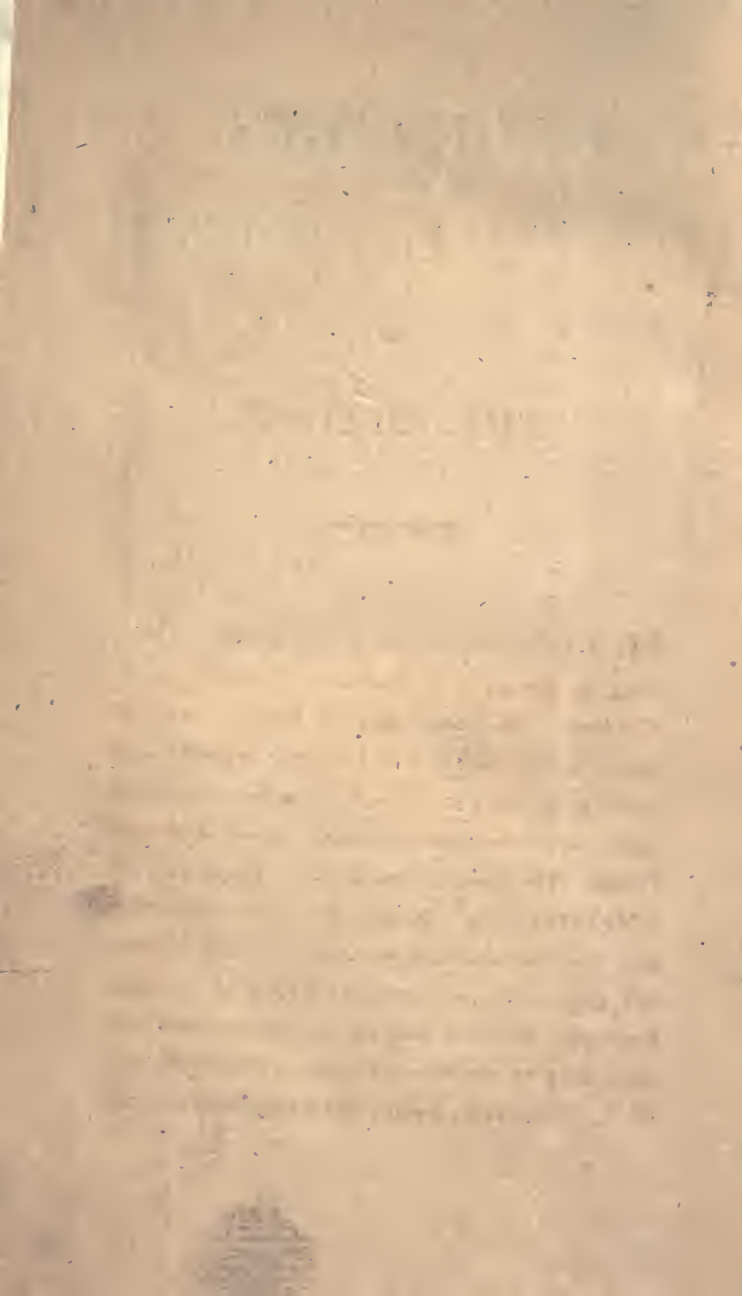
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LIFE  
OF  
THE AUTHOR.

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MR ALEXANDER ROSS was born the 13th of April, 1699, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, county of Aberdeen. His father, ANDREW ROSS, a respectable farmer in that parish, sent him, when capable of instruction, to the parochial school, distant about three miles, and situated in the large village of Kincardine O'Neil. The master of this seminary was at that time a Mr PETER REID, who had received a liberal education, and was considered by proper judges as an excellent grammarian, and complete master of the Latin language. All over that country he was celebrated, particularly for uncommon diligence and success in his office. It is certain, indeed, that a considerable number

of young men taught at this school by Mr REID, appeared every year in Aberdeen at the competition for bursaries, which took place about the end of October at King's and Marischal colleges; and that not less than six, on an average, were successful candidates.

It would appear that a Latin education was then much desired for their children by parents, in the north of Scotland, and particularly in this county, whatever employment these children might afterwards choose when they came to the years of judging for themselves.

It is remarkable that other three boys, all of the name of Ross, and sons of a neighbouring farmer, accompanied our Author every day to this public school. They persevered for the usual length of time, about four years, in acquiring such knowledge of the Latin as to fit them for the college: all contended for bursaries at Aberdeen, and were successful; continued four sessions at Marischal College, and took the degree of A. M. The youngest, ROBERT ROSS, and as our Author has often observed, the best scholar of the three, became farmer, and in that capacity lived independent and respected for life. The other two, ALEXANDER and



DAVID, studied divinity, and were licensed to preach the gospel. The latter was appointed schoolmaster of Kincardine O'Neil; preached occasionally; was much esteemed as a man and a preacher, and acted as presbytery-clerk for many years. But though a man of considerable merit, never obtained a settlement in the church.

In this brief account now given of Mr DAVID ROSS, who was an amiable character, and one of our Author's most intimate and dearest friends, it perhaps deserves notice, that though a man of very delicate health, often sickly, complaining of head-aches, and all his lifetime having much the appearance of being in a valetudinary state, yet he lived to the age of ninety. His oldest brother, ALEXANDER ROSS, not of equal merit, was, though at a late period of life, more successful; and it is also a remarkable circumstance, that he was ordained minister of Lochlee; and though not less than sixty-six years of age when his settlement took place, yet lived for twenty-one years pastor of this parish; and during that time was cotemporary with our Author as schoolmaster, who had been his school and college companion.

Considering then how common it was at that time,

and in that country particularly, for every parent in tolerable circumstances to send one or more of his sons to school to be taught the Latin language, with a view to prepare them for the university, it was perhaps more from custom and example, than from any appearance of distinguished capacity, that our Author was, about the age of eight, put into the elementary class. And when we think of the mode of education then prevalent, not only in this school but in every seminary of the kind in Scotland, it is natural to suppose that to many a poor boy the acquisition of such a complicated language as the Latin, must have been a task sufficiently hard: Considering also the difficulty that must have arisen from the use of rudiments without one word of English in them, a custom universal at that time, nothing but a tenacious memory, a considerable degree of acuteness, and a hearty desire to improve, could, one should think, smooth the rugged path in which the Latin scholar had to tread, and render it in any degree pleasant, or even tolerable.

Our Author has often remarked, that upon the whole —boys were then compelled to learn. Public teachers never thought of making trial of the talents of a boy in order to discover if he was qualified by nature to ac-

quire any language or branch of education; and if he was not, of directing his attention to something else perhaps more useful in life, and more adapted to his capacity. But when a boy had once begun to learn Latin, arithmetic, or what his parents wished him to learn, he was obliged to persevere, and make what progress he could.

The strictest and most severe discipline was systematically kept up by the master. Scarcely any allowance was made for a weak memory. The want of that progress wished or expected; was seldom imputed to the want of capacity, but of application. A blunder or an error could not commonly be atoned for by the poor boy who had fallen into it, by any indications of sorrow, but by submitting without murmur to the usual chastisement: and upon the whole it would appear that fear was the predominant motive for diligence.

It deserves perhaps to be likewise mentioned that every lesson prescribed in VIRGIL, HORACE, OVID, or any other Latin poet, was not only to be explained to the satisfaction of the master, but gotten by heart. And so rivetted had many of the most beautiful passages been in our Author's memory, that he used to repeat

them with much pleasure after he had passed the age of eighty. With the pastorals of VIRGIL he was particularly and wonderfully delighted, on account of their innocence, simplicity, delightful scenery, and diversity of subjects, as well as beauty of description.

Many of the odes of HORACE, but such only as are of a moral tendency, he translated into English metre, merely for his own amusement, and to entertain some of his intimate acquaintance; but he never did or intended to publish them, because he thought they were not of sufficient merit to meet the public eye.

To the Scottish dialect he had contracted a great partiality from his early youth. This might be owing to the prevalence of this expressive language at that period; but especially to his opportunities of seeing some excellent Scottish poems which he said formed his taste, and disposed him to try something of the same kind.

‘The Gentle Shepherd,’ that fine pastoral comedy by RAMSAY, who has perhaps justly been denominated the Scotch THEOCRITUS, our Author admired very much; and though, as he often said, he had read it over a hun-

dred times, yet he always discovered new beauties in it.  
—But to return to his education.

After he had attended the public school four years, and gone through the usual grammatical course, his merit entitled him to a bursary at the annual competition in Marischal College, and he entered as a student of Greek in the beginning of November, 1714.

Though he was heard to say that he was not remarkable while in the Greek class either for diligence or proficiency, yet this acknowledgment was probably made from that modesty which was a striking trait in his character, as he sometimes read the Greek New Testament, and made it appear that he understood for the most part what he read, by giving the meaning though in different words from our translation. What progress he made in such other branches of literature as were then taught at this university is not known, as he or his cotemporaries were never heard to mention a word on the subject.

After attending four sessions at the philosophy college, he received the degree of A. M. in the year 1718. Some short time after this period he was recommended

by a literary gentleman who had entertained a favourable opinion of him, as a young man qualified to act as tutor in the family of Sir WILLIAM FORBES of Craigvar, Bart. who then resided at a place named Lamin-ton, now Fintry-House.

If Mr Ross had possessed the art of communicating, there was no doubt of his being one of the first Latin scholars in his time. For it was generally allowed by good judges, that few could read the Latin classics with such ease, or enter into the meaning of them with such quickness. He was indeed so much master of this language, that he read some of the most difficult authors for his own entertainment. This remarkable proficiency could only be the result of that constant attention, which as a teacher, and for the greatest part of his life, he had paid to the elements, the rules of grammar, and the idioms peculiar to that language.

For his own amusement he sometimes tried to write in Latin verse; and an epitaph written at an early period of his life, is given as a specimen of his ability in this way, and together with a translation for the benefit of such as are not acquainted with the Latin is subjoined;—the epitaph is yet quite legible on a burial-

stone in the church-yard of Lochlee, erected to the memory of Mr and Mrs GARDEN of Migstrath, who died about the same time, and are buried in one grave.

How long our author continued in the family of Sir WILLIAM FORBES is uncertain. Only the writer of this account of his life, remembers perfectly to have heard him say that Mr ARTHUR, afterwards Sir ARTHUR FORBES, and the other children under his tuition, made considerable progress in reading, arithmetic, and Latin; and it would likewise appear that his own conduct was decent and becoming, since Sir WILLIAM said to him one day after paying his salary, ‘ I am very well satisfied with your deportment.’ These were the very words which the Baronet made use of on this occasion, and which Mr Ross ever remembered.

It would appear indeed that he continued all along to give the same satisfaction in this capacity: for a short time before he left the family, Sir WILLIAM told him, that as he had his welfare very much at heart, he could not do better than study divinity, and that his interest should not be wanting to procure for him a comfortable settlement in the church. When it is considered that this benevolent proposal was made to him by the Ba-

ronet entirely of himself, and that this gentleman had at that time no less than fourteen settlements in his own gift, few, very few young men indeed, had such encouragement to direct their views to the church.

But whether he had ever formed a wish to follow the clerical profession, or whether his natural diffidence prevented him from pursuing it, is not very certain. Only when his friends expressed their surprise that he did not think of availing himself of the interest he had secured, in consequence of the satisfaction he had given as a tutor in this respectable family, he used to say that he never could entertain such an opinion of his own goodness or capacity, as to think himself worthy of the office of a clergyman.

After leaving this family he was employed in teaching first the parochial school of Aboyne, and afterwards that of Laurencekirk: and always gave satisfaction to those who intrusted him with the education of their children.

In the year 1726 he married JANE, daughter of a respectable farmer, CHARLES CATANACH, who lived in the parish of Loggie-Coldstone. Her mother was a daugh-



ter of JAMES DUGUID, Esq. of Auchinhove, whose grandson succeeded to the estate of Balquhoin, one of the largest properties in that county, and took the name of LESSLIE DUGUID.

This family was at that time Roman Catholic. But though Mrs Ross was descended of Popish parents, and was avowedly of popish principles, yet she discovered more liberal sentiments than people of that persuasion commonly do; went occasionally to the established church with her husband, and behaved with the greatest decency and propriety during the time of divine service. It would likewise appear that she was not obstinately attached to her own religion; for she cheerfully consented that her children should be taught the principles and become members of the established church.

Our Author soon after his marriage was settled schoolmaster of Lochlce, a place offered and secured to him by a friend, the late ALEXANDER GARDEN, Esq. of Troup. The emoluments of this place could not be considerable. The parish was small, and the schoolhouse placed at so great a distance from such of the inhabitants as had families, that excepting five or six of this description, none could derive any advantage from

it. Few scholars therefore could attend, and of course the profits of teaching could be but trifling.

Small however as the living was it was certain; and considering some of its advantages, it was perhaps better than any place of the kind in that part of the country. The salary, if I remember right, was one of the lowest, not exceeding one hundred merks; but there was a piece of good arable ground, consisting of five or six acres, which then belonged to the schoolmaster, and which, with the privilege of an extensive common pasture, enabled him to keep two horses, and two or three cows, summer and winter; and if he chose, one hundred sheep. Besides this glebe, six bolls of oatmeal were delivered to him yearly as another of his perquisites.

How this piece of ground and quantity of victual came to be annexed to the schoolmaster's living, I have heard the incumbent distinctly explain. At an early period, during the establishment of episcopacy, it appears there was no settled clergyman in this parish. The minister of Lethnot came only once in six weeks and preached at Lochlee. The distance between the

two places was not less than ten Scotch miles, and part of the road, at that time, taking the nearest way, extremely bad.

In the minister's absence the parochial schoolmaster was authorised to read the Scriptures, sing psalms, and if I mistake not, to say prayers publicly from the desk, in the church, every Sabbath: and as some encouragement for this part of duty, the few acres of ground and the quantity of victual beforementioned were both allowed to the schoolmaster, which did not properly belong to him as such. After a minister, however, was placed at Lochlee, and of course when there was no more occasion for the schoolmaster's services in the church, he and his successors in office still enjoyed what had been originally given for this part of duty only.

Considering indeed the smallness of the salary and the few scholars who could attend during the winter season, on account of deep snow, there can be no doubt that all the schoolmaster's profits and advantages put together were not more than sufficient to enable him to live with some degree of comfort, and suitably to his station.

The parish of Lochlee in which our Author lived for fifty-two years, is situated in the north-west corner of the county of Angus. The loch from which as well as from the small river Lec running into it, the parish derives its name, appears very near its west end. It is reckoned a Scotch mile in length from east to west, and half a mile in breadth from north to south. It abounds with a variety of fish, such as trout, eel, and at times salmon, all of excellent quality; and without a boat the angler may catch with the fly in summer, plenty of very fine trout, some of them one, two, and three pound weight.

This beautiful piece of water, excepting on the east, is surrounded with mountains. These are so remarkably high and steep, particularly on its north and south sides as to command the attention of every stranger who is struck with the romantic grandeur of the scene. The summit of two of these mountains, one on the north and another on the south side of the loch, is inaccessible to a traveller who would attempt to ascend directly from it. He only can get to the top of either who has leisure and patience to take a wide circuit for that purpose.

Our Author's habitation was situated very near the

east end of the loch, close by the foot of a high and steep mountain fronting the south. Another mountain directly opposite, the base of which, not a quarter of a mile from his house, was likewise so high as to prevent the sun from shining upon it for thirty days in winter. During that gloomy period our Author could only be consoled with the hope of a pleasure to come; knowing that the sun would be the more welcome when he again made his appearance.

This retired place about twenty miles north-west of Brechin, the nearest market-town, is generally uncomfortable during the winter months, buried in deep snow, and exposed to boisterous winds from the loch. But good substantial houses, which many of the inhabitants were careful to build for themselves, and with some taste, as well as excellent peat and turf, to which many of them had easy access, rendered their situation more comfortable than otherwise it would have been, and in the words of the celebrated author of the Seasons,

“ .....Sitting at the social fire,  
They happy heard the excluded tempest idly rave along.”

Their favourite amusements in winter were music

and dancing. These regularly began about the Christmas holidays, and continued occasionally during the time that nothing could be done without doors in the way of improving their little farms. They were excited to devote more of their time to the amusement of dancing than perhaps they would have otherwise done, by the fascinating music of a celebrated performer on the violin, JOHN CAMERON, descended of a respectable family of that name, and a native of the parish of Crathy, in Aberdeenshire. He resided most of his time in Glenmuick, a place distant only a few miles from Crathy, where he was born: but for the space of forty years, if not more, he came regularly every winter when the weather would permit, to the parish of Lochlee.

When he arrived in this hospitable and happy country, about the beginning of December, every one of the inhabitants, the old as well as the young, rejoiced to see him: and though sometimes on account of deep snow which rendered it very difficult, and sometimes impossible to travel over the Grampian mountains, his stay was protracted beyond the time when he wished to return home, this was always most agreeable to the young people. A considerable number of the men were musicians themselves, who had been taught by

him, and were very desirous to improve, and therefore they were always the better pleased the longer he favoured them with his company and with his music.

Our Author though he had not the most correct ear, yet as he played a little on the violin himself, was always glad to see JOHN CAMERON, and listened to his tunes with pleasure: but as this musician was of very correct behaviour, agreeable in his manners, entertaining in his conversation, and remarkable particularly for communicating some curious facts characteristic of the Highlanders, and discovering their genius, his company was equally acceptable to many on that account.

Our Author used to mention what this good old man had often told him was a practice in the united parishes of Crathy and Braemar, about the time of his first appearing in the capacity of a musician, at weddings and other public meetings where music and dancing commonly prevailed. Not later than the year 1720, he said that the people in this Highland district not only expressed their mirth but their sorrow by moving to music.

However inconsistent and absurd such a practice may

appear to most people now, (and it would be considered as ridiculous at this period, even in the same country where it once prevailed), when any member of a family died, a musician was immediately sent for, and before the interment, as soon indeed as possible after the person had expired, the whole family, excepting children, were desirous to vent their sorrow by a kind of dancing. The musician accordingly played on the violin or bagpipe slow plaintive music, the nearest friends of the deceased appeared first on the floor, took the first dance, and expressed their grief by their motion as well as by their tears.

The honest man who communicated the account of this custom to our Author, likewise told him that it was just about wearing out at the time when he was first employed as a musician; that in this capacity he was called to three or four of these houses of mourning, and that the custom though very prevalent before in that country, was soon after universally discontinued.

How people in this Highland district who are commonly very much attached to old customs, were induced by degrees to relinquish one apparently so inoffensive, and which may be thought suited to their genius, is



perhaps not so easily accounted for. It is not improbable that instances were discovered of such a practice which originally, and no doubt commonly indicated real sorrow, degenerating into indifference, or perhaps something more unbecoming.

Some people, not possessed of too great a degree of sensibility, or, it is not impossible, concerned more about worldly matters, and an addition to their fortune now likely or certainly to take place, than grieved for the recent loss perhaps of a near and valuable connexion, might, in conformity to this custom, act in such an indifferent or indecent manner as to give great offence to such as were really afflicted. This discovery it is natural to think might have considerable influence to repress a custom in itself harmless, though thus liable to abuse. It is likewise not improbable that their frequent intercourse with people in the neighbouring county of Angus, at no great distance, and where no such custom prevailed, might likewise have some effect in putting an end to it.

For the people of Lochlee, only sixteen miles south of this Highland country, never had, so far as can be learned from tradition, the least tendency to this mode of ex-

pressing their grief; and instrumental music was never employed by them but to express mirth and joy. It is certain however that they were very fond of vocal music; and it is still remembered that the young people, particularly those in the neighbourhood of our Author's habitation, sung with peculiar pleasure songs of his composition. These songs though calculated to please and entertain, were remarked for their purity, and it is certain that with some of them BURNS the poet was highly delighted.

With such entertainments as were harmless and inoffensive now and then taking place, the gloomy season of winter slipt insensibly away, when more serious exercises in the field succeeded, and such a mode of agriculture as was then practised engaged the attention of every one fit for labour.

As their farms however were then generally small, each consisting of between twelve and sixteen arable acres, let for two nineteen years and a life, and rented at a mere trifle, with the advantage of very extensive and valuable sheep pasture, and as they had liberty to sub-set on as lucrative terms as possible, they were not disposed, nor as they themselves conceived, under the ne-

necessity of subjecting themselves to hard and tedious labour: but though higher rents and greater industry would doubtless have rendered them more affluent, yet the most of them were in easy circumstances, not desirous to accumulate, and literally taking no thought for to-morrow.

Having for a considerable part of the year little to do, and not much to engage their attention at home, they were of course obliged sometimes to go abroad in quest of amusement, and to keep themselves alive. They became fond of associating to play cards, though only in winter, and sometimes to drink to one another's health in the public-house; though it is but doing them justice to mention, that they were led to the former not from the motive of gain, and to the latter not from the habit of intemperance, which very few had contracted, but merely for recreation; and the greatest loss they sustained was the loss of time which no doubt might have been better employed.

They were people in general who distinguished themselves by their benevolence, friendship, and readiness to serve and assist one another. They were free and hospitable to strangers, especially to such as they were

satisfied, from what they had heard or could learn of them, merited attention. But they were rather shy and reserved to those whom they knew nothing about; and such independent minds did they generally discover, that they paid no sort of homage to any person who had the appearance of a gentleman, when they happened to meet him on the road, or had occasion to speak to him, if they did not know him to be a gentleman. In this respect they differed much from the people of the neighbouring county, that of Aberdeen, though the distance is short, and the intercourse constant between them; for it was an invariable custom among the latter; when they happened to meet a person whose dress or mode of travelling indicated distinction, to give him a respectful salute, whether he was known to them or not. But passing from this distinguishing part of the character of the people of Lochlee, we shall next direct our attention a little to the place itself.

During the summer months, and commonly in harvest, the heat of the sun, from the reflection of the hills, is sometimes excessive. When the sky is unclouded, and when there is not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the loch, it is a most beautiful object. The surrounding mountains with their high rocks and craggy

cliffs that rise majestically above this fine body of water, are reflected by it, and with cattle, sheep, and goats then feeding on them, most distinctly appeared as in a looking glass.

No place so remarkable for romantic scenery could have been conceived indeed more adapted to please the fancy of a poet; and it is perhaps partly owing to our Author's situation among these glens, mountains, and purling streams that his muse was excited, and engaged him to write many pieces of pastoral poetry descriptive of the wild beauties of the place in which he lived; for whether he devoted any part of his time to poetical composition before he came to reside here in the year 1732; is not certain. It is certain however that nothing of the kind was ever made public previous to this period.

Though our Author was set down in a very retired situation, not having a literary man during the winter season to converse with, excepting the minister of the parish, and perhaps one or two more, yet in summer he occasionally saw and enjoyed the society of some people distinguished both for rank and genius. I may venture to say indeed, that never was there a man in his station, more taken notice of, and more esteemed,

not only on account of his genius as a poet, and his abilities as a scholar, but the decency and propriety of his conduct, his genteel address, and particularly his readiness to oblige.

As the upper part of this glen where our Author resided was uncommonly beautiful in summer, on account of its romantic scenery, a considerable number of fashionable people were induced at this season, to come here for their amusement, to reside for weeks, and if the weather continued favourable, sometimes for months. A few of the tenants who lived in the most agreeable places, kept always a competent number of goats, and for the benefit of the milk of these animals, as well as to enjoy the country air, some persons of distinction and of delicate health came to this retired place, and remained in it for most part of the summer. And as the tenants who were thus favourably situated, found that lodging these gentry, and furnishing them with such necessaries as they could afford, was an advantageous concern, they were induced from this powerful motive to build at their own expense, snug and comfortable houses of one story, thatched, indeed only with heath, but floored and lofted with wood, and fitted up in the neatest manner. These were kept in

proper repair through the year, and always in readiness for the reception of company.

But as no place in Scotland, perhaps, affords better and more extensive grounds for shooting, a considerable number of gentlemen fond of this sport, appeared regularly here, every season, were much delighted with the country, commonly successful in the hill, and after some weeks exercise in this way, returned home with plenty of game, and with an additional stock of health.

It is likewise remarkable, that when gentlemen felt themselves tired of the exercise of shooting, they found excellent amusement without the labour of ascending steep hills or going but a short way from their quarters. The loch or the river just beside them invited them to angle for fine trout; and if the day was not cold or the wind easterly, success might always be depended upon: and here it may not be improper to take notice of another, and rather an uncommon method of fishing, which gentlemen fond of this diversion tried with success once every summer.

As a small river, the Northesk, issues from the loch, some of the country people were collected and hired for

the purpose of damming the loch. This was effected by a sort of mole or bank composed of stone and earth, commonly erected, when there was a sufficient number of hands, in two hours. The moment this temporary bulwark was finished, exactly at the place where the water begins to run into the Northesk, this river of course became nearly dry. The water of the loch now confined, was distinctly observed to flow slowly back towards its head or west end, something similar to a tide; and as some hours elapsed before this tide returned to the same place from whence it had set out, and when it overflowed the newly erected bank, there was abundance of time for searching the river a mile downwards, till its junction with the river Mark. An immense quantity of large trout and eel were always taken. Our Author who was a keen fisher, was always invited by the gentlemen to partake of this amusement, and afterwards to dine and spend the evening.

Variety of amusement and of scenery, good accommodation, as well as pure and wholesome air, all united to attract many gentlemen to this remote corner; and it is likewise remarkable, that when any gentleman had taken up his residence in such a place as fancy strack him was most eligible, he seldom or never changed his



quarters, regularly came to his former abode about the usual time, took an interest in it, and in a manner considered it as his own.

As a proof of this I shall relate an incident which was lately communicated by an aged person who lived within three miles of the spot where it happened, and who had access to know the truth of it. A north-country gentleman who had been visiting some friends in Montrose, was returning home early in the spring. In taking the nearest way, which leads through part of the parish of Lochlee, he passed by in the forenoon a farmer's dwelling named Glenmark, a gentleman's shooting-quarters, but which he did not know to be such. From this place situated at the foot of Mount Keen, and three miles at least distant from any other habitation, his road was straight north over this mount, very steep, rugged, and to a stranger not very direct. He had not travelled more than two or three miles when it began to snow. The road, coarse as it was, being soon covered, it was impossible to distinguish what might be dangerous ground, mossy pits, and dreadful precipices, to which he was every moment exposed. A close mist coming on at the same time, it was no wonder that he was completely bewildered. Not certain in

what direction he was going, he was under the most painful apprehension of what might be the consequences. After travelling however some miles, and as he thought northward, he had providentially turned back by nearly the same way he had gone forward, and found himself in the evening at Glenmark, the very same place which he had passed by some hours before. Not hesitating, being so fatigued and exhausted, to call at the house, ALEXANDER MILL, the tenant, immediately appeared, and took the liberty of asking his name. He was no sooner informed, than he conducted the gentleman to his best apartment, ordered a good fire and a good dinner, both of which he much needed, told him he could be accommodated with a comfortable bed, and begged he would rest for the night. The gentleman was very glad to accept his kind invitation; but when the table was covered with some of the best provisions the place could afford, the tenant opening a press, and taking out of it wine and spirits, placed them on the table. The stranger of opinion that the honest man could not afford to treat strangers in such a manner, could not help expressing his surprise, and requesting that he might not be the occasion of such trouble. Mr MILL assured him that he was under no obligations to him; adding, that though the house was proper-

by his own, yet he now acted only as a servant, and according to order, as the gentleman, the late Sir JAMES CARNEGIE, of Southesk, Bart. who generally resided there for some weeks in summer, and for whose accommodation this apartment was so neatly fitted up, always left a certain quantity of wine, spirits, tea, and sugar, for the refreshment of any gentleman who should happen to call; or, as the place was on a pretty much frequented road, should be necessitated from bad weather, as he had been, to stay for a day or a night. Such unexpected Highland hospitality, with which every worthy stranger was treated, and which did much good to many of this description, was a proof of this gentleman's benevolence, and was perhaps as much to his honour, as the most sumptuous entertainments he could give at home.

In the year 1767, and about the middle of August, it is still perfectly recollected, by a few old people, that some persons of distinction came for the first time to this parish and took up their residence at Glenefolk, a retired though beautiful spot, with good accommodation, situated about two short miles east of our Author's house. This company consisted of the late Earl and Countess of NORTHESK, the Hon. WILLIAM CARNEGIE, the present

Earl, Lady MARY ANN, then a child, with Lord and Lady HOPE, son-in-law and daughter of Lord NORTH-ESK. These people of quality came to this place for the sake of the country air, and as some of them were of delicate health, for the benefit of the goat's milk:

From the best information that can be obtained, this noble family was induced to prefer Gleneffolk to any other place in that country, not only on account of the retired and delightful situation, and the comfortable houses with which they were accommodated, but the respectable character of their landlord, Mr THOMAS JOLLY, who though only a tenant, was, by his education, his pleasant manners, and correct behaviour, justly esteemed as a gentleman. It is well known in the country, that there was no person in our Author's neighbourhood of whom he entertained a higher opinion, and for whose society and friendship he had a greater value. It will not, therefore, I trust, be considered as an improper digression to have taken this particular notice of Mr JOLLY. It is likewise remembered, that one of his sons, Mr DAVID JOLLY, who had been our Author's pupil, and who is still alive, and in a respectable line of business, accompanied, at that time, Lord and Lady

NORTHESK to this place, lived with him as a friend, and on an intimate footing.

A day or two after their arrival, Lord NORTHESK himself honoured Mr Ross with a call, expressed his happiness to see a man whose merit he was pleased to say he knew from his character and from his works, and politely invited him to dine next day. Our Author after making the best return he could for such notice, which one in his station could not have expected, went to his Lordship's quarters, was much gratified with the attention and kindness this good family were pleased to shew him; and though they remained for several weeks in this retired place, our Author was almost constantly at their table, though never without a particular invitation.

The writer of these memoirs thinks that another unexpected mark of attention, which it is yet well remembered our Author received only a few years before his death, merits particular notice. The late Earl of PANMURE, a most respectable and amiable character, from a laudable curiosity to see a remote part of his great estate, came one day in summer from Brechin-Castle, one of his Lordship's beautiful seats, to Lochlee. As a

good many of the country people were apprised of this intended visit, and informed of the time and place of his Lordship's arrival, some of the better sort of tenants with the minister and schoolmaster, assembled at the public-house where his Lordship was to dine and lodge for the night.

The Earl, with his factor and two or three other gentlemen who attended him, soon made their appearance. After a general salutation, and the people present had been gratified with a sight of their noble master when he alighted from his carriage, the innkeeper, at his Lordship's desire, informed the company that an entertainment was ordered for the whole in an apartment large enough to contain them. Our Author, from that modesty which was natural to him, went in among the rest, and placed himself at what might be called the second table; but he had no sooner done so than the innkeeper entered the room, and said he was desired by his Lordship to bring Mr Ross immediately to dinner.

The Earl was pleased to pay very particular attention to the old man, by placing him near himself, and conversing frequently with him during the entertain-

ment. This great honour conferred upon our Author was the more remarkable, as it was the first time his Lordship had ever seen him, as he had never been introduced to the nobleman, or had made the least attempt to procure his notice.

After the entertainment was over, and our Author about to take leave, his Lordship said he had some thoughts, if the next day was favourable, to make an excursion round the loch, to view the most distant part of his cultivated property in that parish; and he begged Mr Ross, if he found it convenient, would accompany him. Accordingly, on the morrow the Earl and his attendants set out for the glen, and took up our Author on their way. But as the gentlemen were all on foot, because it was very difficult, if not impossible then to travel on horseback along the side of the loch, though the road is now tolerably good, our Author near the age of eighty, after walking for a while, soon made it appear that his inclination was beyond his strength, by falling some paces behind the company. On this discovery his Lordship most kindly and attentively requested that he should go no farther, but to return to his home, and rest himself, and be sure to meet him at the inn to dinner.

These singular marks of attention which our Author received from a man of such distinguished rank and goodness as the Earl of PANMURE, made a deep impression on his mind: and as it is quite natural for age to be a little talkative, he had much pleasure during the remainder of his life, in mentioning now and then to his friends, the great honour that had been done him, though he always mentioned it as totally unmerited.

As it would be improper as well as endless to name all the genteel people who honoured Mr Ross with their friendly notice during their residence in this parish, I shall only mention Sir JAMES and Lady CARNEGIE of Southesk, who came for many years to spend some weeks in this romantic place; and who always treated our Author with such affection and confidence as one in his station could never have looked for, but of which his good sense and prudence secured him from making an improper use.

One would have thought indeed that the countenance and friendship of the great, instead of raising his ideas above his situation, an effect produced only on weak minds, rendered him humble and modest. In fact, he considered every mark of attention which he met with



from his superiors, as proceeding more from condescension in them than from any merit in himself; and no familiarity on their part, could make him in any degree forward, forget his station, or utter one word improper or unbecoming. It is natural to think, as indeed it was the case, that this apparent and unaffected modesty had the happy effect of preserving and even increasing the favourable opinion that was at first entertained of him.

It may not be improper to observe in the way of doing every justice to the character of Mr Ross, that, as he lived thirty-six years in this retired place, before he published his 'Fortunate Shepherdess;' and as it is certain that during this time he enjoyed the same friendly notice of some of the first people, which it is well known he did, after he had appeared as an Author, there must have been something engaging in his address, pleasant in his manners, and on the whole, amiable in his character, which recommended him, independently of his writings.

In the year 1768, however, he published his 'Fortunate Shepherdess,' in the Scottish dialect, at the desire of some people of genius and taste who had carefully per-

used it in manuscript. Among his literary friends who had favoured him with their critical remarks on these poetical pieces, and after some alterations, had desired him to send them to the press, was the late justly celebrated Dr JAMES BEATTIE, professor of moral philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen. This gentleman who did honour to his profession, and was himself a poet of the first rank, had a sincere regard for our Author, and corresponded frequently and familiarly with him.

The Doctor's esteem for Mr Ross, arose not so much perhaps from the favourable opinion which he had formed of his merit, as from another cause. Dr BEATTIE had lost his father, a merchant at Laurencekirk, in the Mearns, when he was so young as scarcely to remember that he had seen him. Our Author having for some short time after he had left the family of Sir WILLIAM FORBES, taught the parochial school of Laurencekirk, as before mentioned, became intimately acquainted with old Mr BEATTIE; and being a worthy character he was particularly fond of his society. Mr Ross has often said that Mr BEATTIE only wanted education to have made him, perhaps, as much distinguished in the literary world as his son. He was a man of great natural acuteness, of clear and distinct conception, and em-

ployed much of his time in reading. He knew something of natural philosophy, and particularly of astronomy, and used to amuse himself in calculating eclipses: and our Author has observed, that as he was self-taught, without the advantage of any master's instruction, his knowledge was truly surprising. He was likewise a poetical genius, and shewed our Author some rhymes of considerable merit. In fact, it would appear that his mind wanted nothing but cultivation to have raised him to a level with some philosophers and poets whose merit must always be acknowledged by those who are proper judges of it.

Forty years, at least, after the period at which our Author had enjoyed the opportunity of seeing this worthy old man, and of knowing his merit, the former had occasion to be in Aberdeen, and being by some means or other introduced to Dr BEATTIE, took the liberty to mention that he had been personally and intimately acquainted with his father, and at the same time made known to him some interesting parts of his history which he had never heard. The Doctor's filial affection was instantly excited, and he could not help from that moment being warmly attached to Mr Ross, and considering himself as under obligations to him for making

him acquainted with some valuable particulars relative to his father, which he could not perhaps have otherwise known. It therefore gave the Doctor much pleasure to assist Mr Ross with his advice and with his remarks, about the time, when, with some diffidence and anxiety, he thought of appearing as an Author.

As the 'Fortunate Shepherdess' and some other poems, were first published by subscription in the year 1768, and as our Author did not then think of trying what encouragement he might meet with in this way beyond the bounds of the parish in which he lived, his profit of course was but small.

He had, however, the pleasure to find that his publication was the subject of panegyric; and by some people whose opinion merited attention, considered as a performance of genius. One gentleman, indeed, to whom he had presented a copy, was not it would appear much struck with its merit, and the observation he made, which did not indicate the first understanding, or much taste for poetical composition, was the more remarkable, as coming from his neighbour the minister of the parish, Mr ALEXANDER ROSS. This reverend friend said to our Author, that he had perused his book,

but that he could not approve of it, because the story it contained, and which he allowed to be well told, was not true.

Our Author replied, that poets succeed best in fiction; and that his pastoral tale had probably as much truth in it as the story of DIDO and ÆNEAS, by VIRGIL, of LAVINIA, by THOMSON, or of PATIE and ROGER, in the 'Gentle Shepherd,' by RAMSAY.

But though this clerical friend was not of the first-rate abilities as a scholar, or the best judge of poetry, he was justly esteemed as a decent character, and the plain and sound doctrine which he preached gave satisfaction to his hearers. That he was sensible, however, of our Author's having some merit, notwithstanding the unfavourable remark he had made upon his performance, would appear from an unpremeditated acknowledgment of it which a family of distinction once heard from his own mouth.

The good old man having occasion to call at a gentleman's place where he had never been before, told the servant who asked his name that he was Mr Ross, from Lochlee. On entering the room the gentleman who

had never seen him till now, and supposed he was the bard of Lochlee, very politely came forward, and taking him by the hand expressed his happiness to see the Author of the 'Fortunate Shepherdess,' which he had read with a great deal of pleasure. The parson finding the gentleman's mistake, made this reply, which occasioned a general smile, 'O Sir, I am only the minister.'

The favourable reception our Author's poem had met with after its first appearance, made him think, about ten years after, of giving his friends and the public a second edition of it. This proposal met with the approbation of his friend Dr BEATTIE, and the republication turned out to be more lucrative than he expected. This was partly owing to an unexpected and favourable circumstance..

Dr BEATTIE, who, in summer 1779, had been travelling all over the north country on account of his health, wrote Mr Ross from Gordon-Castle, where he had rested for some weeks, that the Duke and Dutchess of GORDON were pleased to express their approbation of the 'Fortunate Shepherdess,' and other poems, and that they desired him to say they would be glad to see the Author at Gordon-Castle, as soon as it was convenient for him

to travel so far north. The Doctor likewise mentioned in this letter that he embraced the opportunity of acquainting the Dutchess that a new edition of this pastoral poem with the songs annexed to it, was about to be published, and as the Author's friend, that he requested the liberty of having it inscribed to her Grace, to which she very readily and graciously consented.

Though our Author had now entered the eightieth year of his age, yet he was extremely desirous to pay his respects to so great and amiable a personage as the Dutchess of GORDON, especially as he had been honoured with an invitation. Accordingly, soon after receiving Dr BEATTIE's letter, he set out from Lochlee on horseback, with a young man a friend of his own to attend him, arrived at Gordon-Castle in safety, presented his amiable patroness with an elegant copy of his book, now inscribed to her Grace, and which she was graciously pleased to accept; and after staying for some days in this hospitable mansion, where he was honoured with much attention and kindness both by the Duke and Dutchess, he was presented by the latter with an elegant pocket-book, containing a handsome present, when he returned to Lochlee in good health, and with great satisfaction.

Our Author now sensible every day of increasing infirmities, gave up all thoughts of going from home; and so far as the writer of this narrative can recollect, he paid no more visits, excepting an annual one as long as he was able, to his eldest daughter, who with her husband and family lived about sixteen miles north, in the parish of Glengarden, (county of Aberdeen), near to Pananich-Wells, long and justly celebrated for their salutary effects.

In visiting this country, which our Author regularly did for the space of thirty years, it must not be omitted that he felt another inducement besides the natural one already mentioned. His merit had procured him the particular notice and friendship of the late FRANCIS FARQUHARSON, Esq. of Monaltrie. This gentleman's rank, princely appearance, and fine address, were rendered still more illustrious by his eminent worth and goodness. Having married an English lady, he resided during the winter in Durham; but very partial to his native country, the higher part of Aberdeenshire, where his property was situated, and warmly attached to a particular spot, now universally known by the name of Pananich, he came regularly to it about the first of May, and continued for six months.



What his employment was during that time, reached the ears of many who never had seen him, though his acquaintance was very extensive. His constant study and daily exertion was to do good: and his benevolence was exercised not only in supplying the wants of the indigent individual, but in promoting by every means in his power, the benefit and comfort of society.

The excellent accommodation which at considerable expensé, he provided for people of delicate health at Pananich-Lodge and Pananich-Wells, as well as a bridge of excellent workmanship, built entirely by his influence, over the Dee, opposite to Balater, to accomplish which he contributed most generously, were evidences of a public spirit and goodness of heart which do honour to human nature.

Every summer when our Author was proposing to go to this part of the country where his daughter resided, he was happy in the expectation of meeting with MONALTRIE: and as he took the liberty of calling upon, and of paying his respects to that gentleman, and always met with a gracious reception, he returned home with additional pleasure and satisfaction: and he always re-

flected with the warmest gratitude on the kindness and attention with which he had been honoured.

It is still remembered that he wrote several poetical encomiums on MONALTRIE'S singular beneficence; but they were intended merely to express the Author's admiration of a character so remarkably amiable. They were the effusions of personal respect and affection; were, I believe, shewn only to some of MONALTRIE'S intimate acquaintances, and were never intended to be published.

Having mentioned our Author's annual visit, which for many years he paid to this part of Aberdeenshire where his friends resided, it perhaps deserves notice, till he had passed the age of seventy, his mode of travelling was always on foot. It is remarkable, indeed, that he was naturally so vigorous, as not to be sensible of any diminution of strength (for he was frequently heard to say so) even when he was threescore and ten. He felt the want of his former agility, but experienced very little bodily weakness.

Accordingly, even at the age of seventy, he could have walked, at his ordinary pace, which was none of

the slowest, at the rate of twenty miles a day, without fatigue. This was partly owing to a considerable degree of constitutional strength, and partly, no doubt, to that sobriety and temperance which he strictly observed at every period of his life.

No person in his station, or perhaps in any station, enjoyed a greater share of personal and domestic happiness. His living, indeed, was but small, not exceeding twenty pounds a year, exclusive of the profits of his glebe. But he had no desire beyond what was necessary to support himself and family in a way suitable to his station; and considering the strict economy observed in his house, and the simple though neat mode of living to which he was accustomed, the emoluments of his office, as well as the profits arising from his publications, rendered him in some degree comfortable and independent.

His mind was tranquil, and, on the whole, cheerful. He was, indeed, naturally passionate: but if at any time he had lost his temper when he met with any sudden and unexpected provocation, he soon made it appear that he was not vindictive, as the least concession on the part of the offender, obtained his forgiveness.

As he employed his leisure hours in writing verses; and as this exercise was natural and almost habitual to him; when any of his little poems gave himself more than ordinary satisfaction, he commonly read them for the amusement of his family, or any intimate acquaintance: but strangers he would have entertained in any other way rather than in this; for he was perfectly free from that silly vanity which some verse-writers have discovered, by shewing or reading their productions to every person, with a view to extort applause.

But though he had much pleasure in study, and in that retired life to which for more than half a century he had been accustomed, yet there is no doubt but he owed his chief happiness to that unaffected piety, and decent behaviour for which he was always distinguished. The writer of this narrative remembers well, that for the space of eight years, during which he lived constantly with him as one of his family, he was always careful to perform a duty which no head of a family ought to neglect. With his children and domestics around him, he prayed every evening with fervour and with much propriety. His prayers, indeed, were calculated to excite the devotion of every attentive and well disposed person who joined with him.

But though he had a fine fancy, and could, when he chose, have expressed himself with elegance either in speaking or in writing, yet it was remarkable that his family prayers, without a slavish adherence to form, though correct in language, were simple, artless, and unadorned. They consisted for the most part, of such scripture expressions as were obviously suitable and best understood, put together in such order, as not only to prevent vain repetitions or the recurrence of the same ideas in different words, but to make one request, though different from, rise naturally out of another, till the sensible and devout mind was raised to a high degree of rational fervour, and every one who joined could say from heartfelt experience,—that it was good for him to draw near to God.

It may likewise be proper not to omit his devotional exercises on the Sabbath-day, as this leads us to take notice of another part of his conduct, which, when taken in connexion with what has been mentioned before, may tend to strengthen the reader's opinion of his piety. Every Sabbath morning he had been always in the practice, when in health, of rising very early, and before any of his domestics, for the laudable purpose of employing some hours in reading, meditation, and secret

## LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

prayer. The writer of these memoirs still recollects to have seen him sitting in his own apartment with his bible in his hand, reading with remarkable seriousness and gravity.

In the church during the whole time of divine service, he appeared to be all attention and all devotion, but was best pleased with such discourses as were strictly Calvinistic and systematic, and whatever was the subject contained in some part of them, the scheme of salvation by a Saviour, and had the practical part enforced from Christian motives only. On Sabbath evening he always read a portion of sacred scripture, sung some verses of a psalm, and concluded with prayer.

Our Author had a pretty numerous family, consisting of two sons who died in infancy or childhood, and five daughters; one of the latter likewise died at an early period. But four daughters lived to the age of maturity, were all married and had families; and excepting the second, who died some years ago, are all alive at this day.

As to his person, Mr Ross was rather below the middle size, but neatly formed, had a ruddy complexion, a

quick and piercing eye, and a great degree of animation in his countenance. Upon the whole, he enjoyed an uninterrupted course of good health; and after his affectionate spouse and he had lived together for upwards of fifty-three years, the former departed this life in the year 1779, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and her husband wrote to her memory the short epitaph annexed, yet distinctly legible on her grave-stone, in the church-yard of Lochlee.

Our Author survived his spouse only five years; and it was a fortunate circumstance, that during this time in which, on account of increasing weakness, he stood so much in need of some proper person to attend and take care of him, his second daughter, then a widow, was providentially sent for that purpose. This affectionate child lived with her father till the 20th of May, 1784, when worn out with age and infirmity, being in his eighty-sixth year, he breathed his last, with the composure, resignation, and hope becoming a Christian.

LATIN EPITAPH, BY MR ROSS,

TO THE MEMORY OF MR AND MRS GARDEN, OF MIGSTRATH.

*Quos Hymen thalamo, teneris conjunxerat annis ;  
 Queisque dedit multos vivere laute dies ;  
 Peracto vitæ, summo cum decore, cursu,  
 Componit tumulo, nosce, viator, uno.  
 Ast probos, providos, benevolos, atque benignos,  
 Veridico vivens buccinat ore Fama.*

For the benefit of such as are not acquainted with the Latin, the following translation is given :

Whom Hymen in their youth in marriage bound,  
 Whom with long life and mutual bliss he crown'd,  
 Together having finish'd life's career,  
 And won the crown of spotless honour dear.  
 Know passenger ! these now by heav'nly doom  
 He lays united in one friendly tomb,—  
 Yet Truth and Fame with loud acclaims approve,  
 Their prudence, truth, beneficence, and love.

EPITAPH,

BY THE SAME, TO THE MEMORY OF MRS ROSS.

What's mortal here death in his right would have it,  
 The spiritual part returns to God who gave it.  
 While both at parting did their hopes retain,  
 That they in glory would unite again,  
 To reap the harvest of their faith and love,  
 And join the song of the redeem'd above.



The curious reader may, perhaps, be a little amused with a juvenile performance of our Author, which by the date of it, 1716, appears to have been wrote at an early period of his life, when he was not more than seventeen: and it is annexed not for its merit, but as probably one of his first efforts in poesy. It is a free translation of the following epigram by Buchanan, annexed to his Latin version of the Psalms.

AD

MARIAM ILLUSTRISSIMAM SCOTORUM REGINAM,

GEORGII BUCHANANI

EPIGRAMMA.

*Nympha Caledoniæ quæ nunc feliciter oræ  
 Missa per innumeros sceptra tueris avos:  
 Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,  
 Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus:  
 Accipe (sed facilis) cultu donata Latino  
 Carmina, fatidici nobile regis opus.  
 Illa quidem, Cyrrha procul et Permesside lympha,  
 Pene sub Arctoi sidere nata poli:  
 Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere fætum,  
 Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequibant  
 Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.*

TRANSLATION.

Fair nymph who now sustain'st the Scottish crown,  
 To you through many fathers handed down,

Whose lot is by your merit far outshone,  
Your years by actions worthy of a throne.  
Your sex ennobled by so great a mind :  
A fine demeanour dignified and kind  
Throw lustre on your birth and high descent,  
And charms the subject who's before you bent,  
Take well the psalms in Latin dress I bring,  
The finish'd work of the prophetic king,  
From Cyrrah's fertile soil far are they done,  
Or where the streams of fam'd Permessus run,  
And to those climates their production owe  
That lie almost the northern pole below.  
Yet under all these losses durst not I  
Suppress or throw the work unpublish'd by.  
So, at its fate, let me no care express,  
As you've sustain'd it in its present dress.  
For what, as being mine, it might not claim  
'Twill owe perhaps to your auspicious name.

*Lentrathen, June 1, }*  
1812. . . }





**HELENORE;**

OR, THE

**FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.**



TO MR ALEXANDER ROSS,  
AT LOCHLEE,

*Author of the 'Fortunate Shepherdess,' and other Poems,  
in the broad Scotch dialect.*

WRITTEN BY DR BEATTIE.

O ROSS, thou wale of hearty cocks,  
Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes,  
Thy hamely auld world muse provokes  
Me for a while,  
To ape our good plain country fouks  
In verse and style.

Sure never carle was half sae gabby,  
E'er since the winsome days of Habby,  
O mayst thou ne'er gang clung or shabby,  
Nor miss thy snaker!  
Or I'll call fortune, nasty drabby,  
And say, Pox take her.

O may the roupe ne'er roust thy weason!  
May thirst thy thrapple never gizen!  
But bottled ale in mony a dizen,  
Aye lade thy gantry!  
And south of viveres, all in season,  
Plenish thy pantry!

Lang may thy steven fill with glee  
The glens and mountains of Lochlee,  
Which were right gousty but for thee,  
Whose songs enamour  
Ilk lass, and teach wi' melody  
The rocks to yamour.

Ye shak your head ; but o' my fegs,  
 You've set auld Scots on her legs.  
 Lang had she lyen, with beffs and flegs,  
   Bumbaz'd and dizzie,  
 Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,  
   Waes me, poor hizzie !

Since Allan's death, nae body car'd  
 For anes to speer how Scots far'd ;  
 Nor plack nor thistled 'turner war'd  
   To quench her drupth ;  
 For, frae the cottar to the laird,  
   We a' run south.

The Southland chiefs indeed hae mettle,  
 And brawly at a sang can ettle ;  
 Yet we richt couthily might settle  
   On this side Forth.  
 The devil pay them with a pettle,\*  
   That slight the north.

Our country leed is far frae barren,  
 'Tis even richt pithy and auldfarran,  
 Oursells are neiper-like, I warran,  
   For sense and smergh ;  
 In kittle times, when faes are yarrin',  
   We're no thought ergh.

O bony are our greensward hows,  
 Where through the birks the burney rows,  
 And the bee bums, and the ox lows,  
   And saft winds rusle,  
 And shepherd lads, on sunny knows,  
   Blaw the blythe fusle.

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\* Some MSS. read—' The devil burn them with a nettle.'



'Tis true, we norlands manna fa'  
 To cat sae nice, nor gang sae bra'  
 As they that come from far awa',

Yet sma's our skaith;

We've p'ce, (and that's well worth it a'),  
 And meat and claith.

Our fine new-fangle sparks, I grant ye,  
 Gie poor auld Scotland mony a taunty,  
 They're grown so ugertfu' and vaunty,  
 And capernoited,

They guide her like a canker'd aunty,  
 That's deaf and doited,

Sae comes of ignorance, I trow ;  
 'Tis this that crooks their ill-fa'r'd mou'  
 With jokes sae course, they gar foulk spew  
 For downright skonner ;  
 For Scotland wants na sons anew  
 To do her honour.

I here might gie a skreed of names,  
 Dawties of Heliconian dames !  
 The foremost place GA'IN DOUGLASS \* claims,  
 That pawky priest.  
 And wha can match the first king James †  
 For sang or jest ?

MONTGOMERY ‡ grave, and RAMSAY gay,  
 DUNBAR, § SCOTT, || HAWTHORNDEN, and mae  
 Than I can tell, for o' my fay  
 I maun brak aff;

\* Bishop of Dunkeld, the celebrated translator of Virgil's *Æneid*. He died in 1522.

† Author of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' &c.

‡ He wrote the 'Cherry and the Slae.'

§ Author of the 'Thistle and the Rose.'

|| Author of the 'Vision,' a Poem.

'Twould take a live-lang summer day  
To name the half.

The saucy chieles—I think they ca' them  
*Critics*—the muckle sorrow claw them,  
(For mense nor manners ne'er could awe them  
Frae their presumption),  
They need not try thy jokes to fathom,  
They want rumgumption.

But ilk Mearns and Angus bairn  
Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn ;  
And chieles shall come frae 'yont the Cairn-  
a-mounth, right vousty,  
If Ross will be so kind as share in  
Their pint at Drousty.

THE  
FORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.

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INVOCATION.

COME, SCOTA, thou that anes upon a day  
Gar'd ALLAN RAMSAY's hungry heart-strings play  
The merriest sangs that ever yet were sung,  
Pity anes mair, for I'm outthrow as clung.  
'Twas that grim gossip, chandler-chafed want,  
With threed-bare claithing, and an ambry scant,  
Made him cry o' thee, to blaw throw his pen,  
Wi' leed, that well might help him to come ben,  
And crack amo' the best of ilka sex,  
And shape his houghs to gentle bows and becks.  
He wan thy heart, well-wordy o't, poor man,  
Take ye another gangrell by the han';  
As gryt's my mister, and my duds as bair,  
And I as sib as he was, ilka hair.  
Mak me but half as canny, there's no fear,  
Though I be auld, but I'll yet gather gear.  
O gin thou hadst not heard him first o'erwell,  
When he got maughts to write 'The Shèpherd's Tale';

I meith ha had some chance of landing fair ;  
 But O, that sang's the mither of my care !  
 What wad I geen, that thou hadst put thy thumb  
 Upo' the well-tauld tale, till I had come ;  
 Then led my hand alongst it line for line ;  
 O, to my dieing day, how I wad shine ;  
 And as far yont it, as syn HABBIE plaid,  
 Or GA'IN on VIRGIL matchless skill display'd :  
 And mair I wadna wiss. But RAMSAY bears  
 The gree himsel, and the green laurels wears ;  
 Well mat he brook them, for tho' ye had spair'd  
 The task to me, PATE meith na been a laird :  
 'Tis maybe better, I'll take fat ye gee,  
 Ye're nae toom-handed gin your heart be free :  
 But I'll be willing gin ye bid me write,  
 Blind horse, they say, ride hardly to the fight ;  
 And by good hap, may come again, but scorn,  
 They are no kempers a' that shear the corn.  
 Then SCOTTA heard, and said, ' Your rough-spun ware  
 Sounds but right doust and fowsome to my ear ;—  
 Do ye pretend to write like my ain bairn,  
 Or onie ane that wins beyont the Kairn ?  
 Ye're far mistaen gin ye think sic a thought,  
 The Gentle Shepherd's nae sae easy wrought ;  
 There's scenes and acts, there's drift, and there's design,  
 And a' maun like a new-ground whittle shine ;  
 Sic wimpl'd wark would crack a pow like thine.'  
 ' Kind mistress,' says I, ' gin this be your fear,  
 Charge nae mair shot than what the piecc'll bear.  
 Something but scenes or acts, that kittle game,  
 Yet what may please, bid me sit down and frame.'

‘ Gae, then,’ she says, ‘ nor deave me with your din,  
Puff—I inspire you, sae you may begin.

If ye o’er fothersome, turn tapsie turvy,

Blame your ain haste, and say not that I spur ye.

But sound and seelfu’ as I bid you write,

And ready hae your pen when I indite :

Speak my ain leed, ’tis gueed auld Scots I mean,

Your southern gnaps, I count not worth a preen.

We’ve words a fouth, that we can ea’ our ain,

Though frae them now my childer sair refrain,

And are to my gueed auld proverb confeerin,

Neither gueed fish, nor flesh, nor yet sa’t herrin,

Gin this ye do, and lyne your rime wi’ sense,

But ye’ll make friends of fremmet fouk, fa kens ?

Wi’ thir injunctions ye may set you down.’

‘ Mistris,’ says I, ‘ I’m at your biding boun’.

Sae I begins, my pen into my hand,

My lug just hearkning, as she should command.

But then about her, there was sic a din,

Some seeking this, some that, some out, some in,

That its nae wonder, though I aft gae wrang,

And for my ain, set down my neiper’s sang ;

For hundreds mair were learning at her school,

And some wrote fair, and some, like me, wrote foul.



WHEN yet the leal and ae-fauld shepherd life  
Was nae o’ergane by falshood, sturt, and strife,  
But here and there part o’ that seelfu’ race,  
Kept love and lawty o’ their honest face.

Though lang ere than, lowns had begun to spread,  
 And riesing heership was become a tradé.  
 Yet of the honest sort, that did nae ken  
 Naething but what was downright fair and plain,  
 A sonsie pair of lad and lass was found,  
 Wha lionest love, wi' halie wedlock crówn'd.  
 For joining hands they just were feer for feer,  
 And liv'd to other, as A to B as near.  
 For bonnyness and other good outthrow,  
 They were as right as ever trade the dew.

The lad was COLEN, and the lass was JANE,  
 And howsoon as the jimp three raiths were game,  
 The dentyest wean bonny JANE fuish hame,  
 To flesh or blood, that ever had a claim.  
 The name the wean gat, was HELENORE,  
 That her ain grandame brooked lang before.  
 Gryt was the care and tut'ry that was ha'en,  
 Baith night and day about the bonny wean,  
 The jizzen-bed wi' rantry leaves was sain'd,  
 And sick like craft as the auld grandys kend.  
 JANE'S paps wi' sa't and water washen clean,  
 For fear her milk gat wrang fan it was green.  
 Then the first hippen to the green was flung,  
 And unko' words thereat baith said and sung.  
 A burning coal with the het tangs was ta'en,  
 Frae out the ingle mids, well burnt and clean.  
 And through the corsy-belly letten fa',  
 For fear the wean should be ta'en awa'.  
 Dowing and growing was the dayly prayer.  
 And NORRY tended was wi' unko care.

The oddest fike and fisle, that e'er was seen,  
Was by the mither and twa grandys ta'en.  
And the twa bobbys were baith mighty fain,  
That they had gotten an oye o' their ain.  
And bonny NORY answer'd a' their care,  
For well she throove and haesome was and fair.  
As clear and calour as a water trout,  
And with her growth her beauty ay did sprout.

When HELENORE a gangrel now was grown,  
And had begun to toddle about the town,  
An honest neiper man, RALPH was his name,  
That liv'd on the same tenement with them,  
A dainty stirrah had, twa years out-gane,  
And he was now well ta'en the rode him lane.  
The calland's name was ROSALIND, and they  
Yeed hand in hand together at the play.  
And as the billy had the start of yeeld,  
To NORY he was ay a tenty beeld.  
Wad help her up, fan she wad chance to fa',  
Wad gather gowans, and string them on a straw,  
And knit about her bonny neck and arms,  
And be as tenty to keep off all harms,  
As ever hen upo' the midden head  
Wad tent her chickens frae the greedy glaid;  
'Twas then that CUPID ettled aff a shaft,  
And stang the weans, strangers to his craft,  
That baith their hearts bett wi' the common stound,  
But had na pain, but pleasure o' the wound.

As they grew up, alike their liking grew,  
As ever grass wet with the morning dew,

Like was their pleasure, and alike their pain,  
 And baith alike were angry and were fain :  
 When they were able now to herd the ewes,  
 They yeed together through the heights and hows,  
 Whilsoms they tented, and sometimes they plaid,  
 And sometimes rashen hats or buckies made,

But on a day as LINDY was fu' thrang,  
 Weaving a snood, and thinking on nae wrang ;  
 And baith curcudduch, an their heads bow'd dow:  
 Auld sleekit lowrie fetcht a wyllie roun',  
 And claught a lamb anoner NORY's care ;  
 She spy'd the thief, and gae the reefu' rair,  
 LINDY bangs up, and flang his snood awa',  
 And i' the haste of rinnig catcht a fa',  
 Flaught bred upon his face, and there he lay.  
 NORY's pursuing as fast as she may ;  
 The cries and yaumers gar'd the thief let gang  
 The sakeless beast, but not without great wrang  
 For 'twish twa hillocks the poor lambie lies,  
 And ay fell forthert, as it shoope to rise :  
 But that was naething to the dreary knell,  
 Yeed till her heart fan her dear LINDY fell.

Fan she came too, he never made to steer,  
 Nor answer gae to ought that she could speer ;  
 Like to distract she listid up his head,  
 Cry'd, ' LINDY ! LINDY ! waes me, are ye dead  
 Nae answer yet, for he had fa'en aswoon,  
 His face got sick a dird up' the groun' :  
 An awful hole was dung intill his brow,  
 And lappert bleed was smear'd around his mou'.



But howsomever, in a little wee,  
 Himsel he gathers, and begins to see:  
 And first he spies poor NORV greeting sair,  
 And says, ' O 'oman, fat makes a' your care,  
 Has the onbeast your lambie taen awa'?'  
 ' Nae that,' she says, ' but 'cause ye gotten a fa';  
 Up by the lambie's lying yonder styth:  
 But makesna, that its nae yoursel, I'm blyth,  
 For fan I fand you, I thought haleumlie,  
 That ye wad never speak again to me:  
 I spake to you, but ye nae answer made,  
 And then with baith my hands I rais'd your head;  
 But never a sinacle of life was there,  
 And I was just the neest thing to despair;  
 But well's my heart that ye are come alist,  
 The lamb's awa, and it'll ne'er be mist:  
 We'll ablins get a flyte, and ablins nane,  
 We'll say it was fan ye fell o' the stane,  
 And hurt sae sair as cud na rise your lane. }  
 Try gin ye'll creep unto this strypie here,  
 And I will wash your face wi' water clear.  
 But a' her washing cud na stench the bleed:  
 In haste then NORV for the stench-girss geed;  
 For these auld-warld fouks had wondrous can  
 Of herbs that were haith good for beast and man,  
 And did wi' care the canny knack impart,  
 Unto their bairns, and taught them a' the art.  
 Back with the halesome girss in haste she hy'd,  
 And tentyly unto the sair apply'd:  
 The bleed was stench'd, syne that stench'd a' their care,  
 A plantane leaf was clapped o' the sair.

Now LINDY is as cheery as a bird,  
 Altho' his head had gotten sic a dird ;  
 And NORV took a glack of bread and cheese,  
 And wi' a smirtle unto LINDY gees :  
 He takes and eats, and NORV does the same,  
 Then look their ewes, and back unto their game.

By this time LINDY is right well shot out,  
 'Twixt nine and ten, I think, or thereabout ;  
 Nae bursen baileh, nae wandough or misgrown,  
 But plump and swack, and like an apple roun'.  
 As onie kurch, his hair baith white and lang,  
 Like tap of lint, down o'er his shoulders hang:  
 His cheeks they were as onie cherry red,  
 And his twa cyn were clear as onie bead.  
 Fu' o' good nature, sharp and snell with a',  
 And kibble grown at shaking of a fa'.  
 Nae billie like himsel, a' round about,  
 That jest, or earnest durst gie him a clout.  
 And NORV was the bonnyest lassie grown,  
 That ever was in landert or in town.  
 A hellzier she than LINDY younger was,  
 But for her growth was much about a pass ;  
 Her hair was like the very threeds of gowd,  
 First hang well down, and then in ringlets row'd ;  
 Pure red and white, her mother o'er again,  
 And bonnier, gin bonnier could ha' been.  
 Ye cou'd na look your sairin' at her face,  
 So meek it was, so sweet, so fu' o' grace ;  
 Her cherry-cheeks ye might bleed wi' a strae,  
 Synae she was swift and souple like a rae,

Swack like an eel, and cauler like a trout,  
And she became a fairly round about ;  
Fan she among the neiper bairns was seen,  
At greedy glade, or warpling on the green,  
She 'clipst them a, and gar'd them look like draff,  
For she was like the corn, and they the caff.  
The girls about envied the lassie's fare,  
And wisht her skaith, but disappoointed were.

While thro' their teens the youth and maid advance,  
Their kindling eyes with keener transport glance.  
But wi' mair wyles and cann they bet the flame,  
And aye as they grew up, sae grew their shame.  
The other herds young LINDY sair'd wi' scorn,  
And mair and mair stroove to blaw up the horn ;  
And gin together some o' them had gane,  
To play the penny or the putting-stane,  
If LINDY chanc'd, as synle was his lot,  
To play a wrangous or a feckless shot,  
Jeering they'd say, ' Poor LINDY's maughtless grown,  
But maksna, 'tis a browst that he has brown,  
Gin he 'bout NORV lesser fyke had made,  
He had na been sae smearless at the trade.'  
For they were a' just like to eat their thumb,  
That he wi' NORV sae far ben shou'd come.  
Nor was't a fairly, for she well meith be,  
Gentle or semple, a maik to any he,  
For flesh and bleed, fat needs there ony mair ;  
This was their grudge, and ground of a' their care.  
The lasses too, for they were ilka ane  
Wi' LINDY's features and his beauty ta'en,

Taunted poor NORY, and began to say,  
 ‘ They kent where they saw him and her sik day.’  
 Now NORY was as modest as a fleuk,  
 And at their jeering wist na how to look ;  
 And fan her jo she happen wad to see,  
 Right dowie i’ the dumps she’d seem to be.  
 This thrawart carriage gar’d him wonder sair,  
 And speir what was the ground o’ this her care ;  
 Wi’ blushes that bespoke her love and pain,  
 She makes reply, ‘ I warrant ye may ken.’  
 ‘ Well, NORY,’ says he, ‘ never fash your thumb,  
 Gin I hald heal, I’s gar them a’ sing dumb ;  
 And gin I get but muckle o’ their din ;  
 I’ll try whilk o’ us has the thickest skin.  
 It sets them well into our thrang to spy,  
 They’d better whisht, reed I sud raise a fry.  
 And for yon giglet hussies i’ the glen,  
 That night and day are floaning o’ the men,  
 Aye shakin’ fa’s, and aft times o’ their back,  
 And just as light as ever the queen’s plack ;  
 They well may had their tongues, I’m sure that they  
 Had never ground the like on us to say.  
 Tell JENNY COCK, gin she jeer ony mair,  
 Ye ken where DICK curfuff’d a’ her hair,  
 Took aff her snood, and syne when she yeed hame,  
 Boot say she tint it, nor durst tell for shame ;  
 That word, I think, will sair to stap her mou’,  
 And I mysel can tell that that was true.  
 But fat’s the matter? let them say their fill,  
 Gin they speak truth, they canna speak nae ill ;

And gin they lie, they'll hae the warst themsels ;  
 Let them ne'er halt till they win hood and bells.'

Thus he his NORRY cocker'd up again,  
 And cur'd her heart of a' its dreary pain.  
 For when love dwells betweesh twa lovers leel,  
 Nor good nor ill from ither they conceal ;  
 Whate'er betides them, it relieves their heart,  
 When they get scouth their dolor to impart.

But yet, alas ! for a' our lovers' arts,  
 They could not hide what past within their hearts.  
 Baith mill and smithy had it now fu' rife,  
 That LINDY and NORRY wad be man and wife.  
 Even the auld fouks themselves were mair nor fain,  
 Whan o' the bargain they began to ken :  
 But though the young fouks liked ither sair,  
 They never yet fand dint o' world's care,  
 For marriage was far far out of their sight,  
 As their intrigue was honest and upright.  
 They never minded mair, but meet and daut,  
 And thought the time but jimp enough for that.  
 Yet on a time when they their tryst had made,  
 To meet and crack aneth a birken shade,  
 And were well set, and kisses gain ding dang,  
 Says LINDY, ' We'maun marry now ere lang ;  
 Fouk will speak o's, and fash us wi' the kirk,  
 Gin we be seen thegither in the mirk.'  
 ' I ken na,' quoth she, ' we're o'er young, I fear,  
 Of house or hadding yet to hae the care ;  
 Ye see how ROB and JENNY's gane, sin they  
 Hae pitten o'er their head the merry day.

Ye shanna see, I'm sure, a poorer pair,  
 For back and belly, they are pincht and bare.  
 They've gotten a geet that stills not night nor day,  
 Their ae best cow I saw them lately slay,  
 That for plain poortith lair'd intill a bog;  
 Besides, they hae na either ewe or hog.  
 Sick snibs as that may sair to let us see  
 That 'tis far better to be loose and free.  
 A better life I'm sure we canna lead,  
 Our meat and claith are baith bound till our head;  
 Fan down's our head, as we hae heard it said,  
 Our house is happed, and our mailen paid.  
 Quoth he, 'I grant 'tis a' true that ye speak,  
 But yet ae swallow does na summer make;  
 Gin we hald heal, we need no dridder mair,  
 Ye ken we winna be set down so bare.  
 And then at hame the stocking is na sma',  
 And nane to seek, or get it, but we twa.'  
 'That's true, and true enough, but yet,' quoth she,  
 'There is nac time o'ergane for you nor me.'  
 'But what if some mischance sud cut us short,'  
 Quoth he, 'and after a' sud spoil the sport.  
 What if some walthy chield sud chance to come,  
 Just ready for a wife, as ay there's some,  
 And wi' your father sic an ear sud get,  
 As gar him strike the iron when 'tis het;  
 How stand poor I, o'erta'en wi' sic a trick,  
 To look like blunty, and the fupshaft lick?'  
 'Na, na,' quoth she, 'ye need no hae sic fear,  
 They ken ye like me, and they ken ye've gear;

And gin ye wad but shoot it by a while,  
 I ken a thing that wad your fears beguile ;  
 But I think shame, because it speaks of me.'  
 ' Hang shame,' quoth LINDY, ' and be frank and free.'  
 ' Well, nae langsyne, fan our auld fouks were laid,  
 And taking their ain crack, into their bed ;  
 Weening that I was sleeping, they began  
 To speak about my getting of a man.  
 My father first did at my mither speir,  
 ' Heary, is NORRY fifteen out this year ?'  
 ' A well I wat is she,' my mither says,  
 ' Had she a woman's wit, she has her days.  
 Ha never an hour does NORRY want, lat's see,  
 But bare five months, her saxteen out to be ;  
 An gin ye mind, I but synteen was out,  
 Fan we forgather'd, or just thereabout.'  
 ' I mind it well enough, and well I may,  
 Atwell I danc'd wi' you on your birth-day :'  
 ' Ay, heary,' quoth she, ' now but that's awa' ;'  
 ' Dainta,' quoth he, ' let never warse befa' ;'  
 We're well enough, and hae baith meat and claith,  
 And o'er bauld to complain at oth'er skaith.'  
 ' We manna ay be young,' quoth she, ' that's true ;  
 But fat think ye o' NORRY's courtship now ?  
 LINDY and she, I hear, are unco thrang ;  
 'Tis nae secret now, the news is gain ding dang.  
 Auld MAGGY PROCTER speer'd at me last day,  
 I said, I kent na, it might e'en be sae ;  
 Young fouks'll ay be looking them about,  
 And that they're doing sae, I make nae doubt.

‘ Well, heary,’ quoth he, ‘ but fat think ye o’t?  
 That it were true I wish, I’d gi’e my coat.’  
 My mither says, ‘ I like the lad right well,  
 For I like ay the verity to tell.  
 He may well sair, the best day e’er she raise,’  
 Quoth he, ‘ I ken nought unto his dispraise;  
 He’s a gueed lad, and that’s the best of a’,  
 And for the gear, his father well can draw;  
 For he’s nae boss, six score o’ lamb’s this year,  
 That’s heartning gueed, the match is feer for feer.’  
 ‘ That’s true,’ quoth she, ‘ but we’ll behad a wee,  
 She’s but a tangle, though shot out she be,  
 She’ll be mair stivvage and for docker meet,  
 If she a toumon be behadden yet.’  
 ‘ Ye’s get your will,’ quoth he, ‘ ’tis nae far back  
 Sin RALPH and I about it had a crack;  
 They like the bargain just as well as we,  
 And it’s nae matter fan the marriage be.’  
 ‘ Kiss o’ thy mou’, for sic a welcome tale,’  
 The lad reply’d, ‘ I wat thou’s get it leel;  
 Well mat thou thram, for sin thou’s been so free,  
 I for a whyllie yet sall let thee be;  
 Though sair against my will, for ye may ken,  
 T’ had drink frae drowth is sair against the grain.’

Now Flavinia was the country’s name,  
 That ay that bonny water-side did claim,  
 Frae yellow sands that trindled down the same,  
 The fouks are wealthy, store was a their stock,  
 Wi’ this, but little cunzie, did they trock,  
 Frae ’mang the beasts his honour got his fa,  
 And got but little siller, or nane awa.



The water keely on a level sleet,  
Wi' little din, but couthy what it made.  
On ilka side, the trees grew thick and strang,  
And wi' the birds they a' were in a sang;  
On ev'ry side, a full bow-shot and mair,  
The green was even, gowany, and fair;  
With easy sklent, on ev'ry hand, the braes,  
To right well up, wi' scatter'd busses raise;  
Wi' goats and sheep aboon, and ky below,  
The bonny braes a' in a swarm did go.  
Nae property these honest shepherds pled,  
All kept alike, and all in common fed.  
But ah! misfortune! while they fear'd no ill,  
A crowd of Kettrin did their forest fill;  
On ilka side they took it in wi' care,  
And in the ca' nor cow nor ewe did spare.  
The sakeless shepherds stroove wi' might and main,  
To turn the dreary chace, but all in vain;  
They had nae maughts for sic a toilsome task,  
For bare-fac'd robbery had put aff the mask.  
Amo' the herds, that plaid a maughty part,  
Young LINDY kyth'd himsel wi' hand and heart.  
But mair than master maws the field, an sae  
It far'd wi' him, poor man, that hapless day.  
Three fellows bauld, and like to lions strang,  
Were a' his wrack, and wrought him a' his wrang,  
On him laid hands, when he dow do na mair,  
And wi' teugh raips they band him hard and sair,  
Then left him lying till they sud come back,  
Hame for a brag intending him to tak.

The fouk at hame by this time hae their care,  
 And that the gueeds are byding wonder sair.  
 To hillock-heads and knows, man, wife, and wean,  
 To spy about them gather ilka ane ;  
 Some of them running here, some of them there,  
 And a' in greatest mazerment and care.  
 NORRY, poor 'oman, had some farder gane,  
 For LINDY fly'd, and standing was her lane,  
 When up there comes twa shepherds out of breath,  
 Rais'd like, and blasting, and as haw as death.  
 ' Wow' Nory says, ' what is the cause the day,  
 That gueeds and shepherds hae made sic a stay ?'  
 ' Of gueeds and shepherds, 'oman, speak nae mair,  
 Dowie's this day,' and gae the reefu' rair :  
 ' They're a' made heership, and for ought we ken,  
 The herds may a' be feckly ta'en or slain.'  
 At this sad news poor NORRY taks the gate,  
 What legs could lift, though it was dark and late ;  
 She ran and scream d, and roove out at her hair,  
 And to the glen the gainest gate can fare.  
 Ay as the lads came up, the news they spread,  
 I shannoq tell you what effect it had ;  
 For sic a ruther raise, tweesh riving hair,  
 Screeding of kurches, crying dool and care,  
 Wi' thud for thud upon their bare breast-bane ;  
 To see't and hear't, wad brak a heart of stane.  
 Poor NORRY runs till she can run nae mair,  
 And syne fa's down : judge gin her heart was sair ;  
 Out at her mou' it just was like to bout,  
 Intill her lap, at ilka either thout.

As lang as she had pith to rin or gang,  
 ' O LINDY, LINDY !' was her dowie sang :  
 ' Well LINDY, bonny LINDY, art thou dead ?  
 I'se never frae this hillock lift my head.  
 O death, come also, and be kind to me,  
 And frae this sad back-birn of sorrow free.'  
 Cry what she liked, LINDY cud na hear,  
 As she for him a quite wrang course did steer,  
 Twa miles at least, for he had follow'd keen,  
 Till him the ruffians sae did circumveen.  
 In this poor pickle heartless NORY lies,  
 Rowing her head, aminè to never rise.  
 The night grew mark, the mist began to fa,  
 The howlet shriek'd, and that was worst of a,  
 For ilka time the onbeast gae the yell,  
 In spite of grief, it gae her heart a knell.  
 At length, what wi' the fright, and what wi' grief,  
 And soupet spirits hopeless of relief,  
 Sleep bit and bit crap in upon her wae,  
 And a' was quiet, for an hour or sae ;  
 But yet her heart was ay upo' the flouht,  
 Sleeping and waking, LINDY fill'd her thought.  
 Sair was she catcht, for ilka now and then  
 She'd start, and fumper, then ly o'er again.  
 At last her dolour gets the upper hand,  
 She starts to foot, but has na maughts to stand ;  
 Hallach'd and damish'd, and scarce at her sell,  
 When she had thought a wee, the dowie knell  
 Strak till her heart, for LINDY, sharp and snell,  
 'Tis yet pit dark, the yerd a' black about,  
 And the night-fowl began again to shout ;

Through ilka limb and lith the terror thirl'd,  
At every time the dowie monster skirl'd.  
At last the kindly sky began to clear,  
The birds to chirm, and day-light to appear ;  
This laid her eery thoughts, but yet the pain,  
For her dear LINDY ever did remain.  
When light did sair her to see round about,  
Where she might be, she now began to doubt.  
Nae meiths she kend, ilk hillock-head was new,  
And a' thing unco' that was in her view ;  
Nor was it fairly, for she had na been  
So far a fieldward, or sic glens had seen ;  
For ne'er afore, by lang twa miles and mair,  
Had 'errands led her through the glens to fare.  
On ilka hand the hills were stay and steep,  
And sud she tak them, she behov'd to creep ;  
Baith wit and will in her together strave,  
And she's in swither how she shall behave.  
The fear of LINDY wad na let her turn,  
The frightful craigs and mountains gar'd her mounn.  
And now for faut and mister she was spent,  
As water weak, and dweble like a bent.  
Yet try't she maun, her heart it wad na sair  
To think but LINDY to look hameward mair.  
Up thro' the cleughs, where bink on bink was set,  
Scrambling wi' hands and feet, she takes the gate ;  
Twa hours she took, the langest of the day,  
On sic a road, ere she clamb up the brae.  
At last, when she unto the hight had won,  
What kaips her there, but the sweet morning sun.

Breathless and feckless, there she sits her down,  
And will and willsome spied a' her around ;  
Of this sae couthie blink she was right fain,  
And for a wee relieved of her pain.  
But toil and heat so overpower'd her pith,  
That she grēw tabetless, and swarft therewith.  
And for a while shot out baith hand and foot,  
As she had been with an elf arrow shot.  
At last the dwaum yeed frae her bit and bit,  
And she begins to drāw her limbs and sit.  
And by the help of a convenient stane,  
To which she did her weary body lean,  
She wins to foot, and swavering makes to gang,  
And spies a spot of averens ere lang ;  
Right yap she yoked to the ready feast,  
And lay and eat a full half hour at least ;  
The feckless meltet did her head o'eraset,  
Cause nature frae't did little sust'nanee get.  
Sick, sick, she grows, syn after that a wee,  
When she o'er-came, the tear fell in her e'e ;  
And till hersel she made this heavy main :—  
' Propines like this I'll get nae mair again  
Frae my dear LINDY ; mony a time hast thou  
Of these to me thy pōuches feshen fu' :  
Alas ! poor man, for ought that I can see,  
This day thou lying in cauld bark may'st be.  
And waes me for't, but I shall never stint,  
Till of thy chance the verity be kent ;  
Though to the world's end my search sud be,  
Dead or alive, thy bonny face I'll see.'

Sae up she rises, and about she spies,  
 And lo! beneath a bonny burnie lies,  
 Out through the mist, atweesh her and the sun,  
 That glanc'd and shin'd in ilka pool and lyn.  
 A hail hauf mile she had at least to gang;  
 Thro' birns, and pikes, and scrabs, and heather lang;  
 Yet, put and row, wi' mony a weary twine,  
 She wins at last, to where the pools did shine.  
 Alang the burn, that busked was wi' trees,  
 A bonny easie beaten road she sees.  
 Upon the busses birdies sweetly sung,  
 Till a' the cloughs about wi' music rung;  
 They seem'd to do their best to ease the fair,  
 But she for that was o'er far gane in care.  
 Yet with the pleasant roadie she was ta'en,  
 And down the burn she takes the road her lane;  
 Weening at length she might some town espy,  
 And sae amo' them for her LINDY try.  
 Now very sair the sun began to beat,  
 And she is like to sconfice wi' the heat;  
 The summer cauts were trembling here and there,  
 And clouds of midges dancing i' the air:  
 The streams of sweat and tears through ither ran  
 Down NORRY's cheeks, and she to fag began;  
 Wi' wae, and faut, and meethnass of the day,  
 Sae sair beset she was, that down she lay.  
 For her guעד lack, a wee bit aff the paid,  
 Grew there a tree with branches close and braid;  
 The shade beneath a canness-braid outthrow,  
 Held aff the sun-beams frae a bouary how;

Here she resolves to rest, and maybe die,  
 And lean'd her head unto the kindly tree.  
 Her hand she had upon her haffat laid,  
 And fain, fain, was she of the coolriff shade.  
 Short while she in this calour posture lay,  
 When welcome sleep beguil'd her of her wae;  
 Three hours that bliss to her was lengthen'd out,  
 When by odd chance a hunter came about;  
 A gallant youth, and O! sae finely clad,  
 In his right hand a bow unbent he had;  
 A bonny page behind, hard at his heel,  
 Carried a sheaf of arrows shod wi' steel;  
 And knapsack clean, compactly made and neat,  
 Slung o'er his head, well lin'd with gentle meat.  
 As this young squire on haste is steinding by,  
 Wi' a side look he sees a woman lie;  
 Jumps in the gate, but when he saw her face,  
 Sae sweet, sae angel-like, and fu' of grace,  
 He durst na budge, nor speak, nor gang awa',  
 But stood stane-still, like picture on the wa';  
 His fill o' looking he could never get,  
 On sic afore his een he never set,  
 Tho' bluddert now with strypes of tears and sweat.

As he's thus gazing, CUPID draws a shaft,  
 And prov'd himsel a master of the craft;  
 Wi' sic a twang he bent his golden bow,  
 The red-het arrow pierc'd him through and through.  
 Nae eek frae NORRY's hame-spun kirtle came,  
 To catch the lover, or to beet the flame.  
 Plain was her gown, the hue was o' the ewe,  
 And growing scrimp, as she was i' the grow;

'Tis true her head had been made up fu' sleek  
 The day before, and weel prin'd on her keek;  
 But a' her brows were out of order now,  
 Her hair, in tait, hung down upon her brow;  
 To her left shoulder too her keek was worn,  
 Her garters tint, her shoon a' skelt and torn.  
 And yet she makes a conquest as she lies!  
 Nor had a glance been shot out frae her eyes.  
 Some fright he judg'd the beauty might have got,  
 Or met with something hapless in her lot;  
 And thought that she ev'n by hersel might be,  
 And if awaken'd, fiercelins aff might flee;  
 For she aft times was starting through her sleep,  
 And fump'ring, as gin she made to weep.  
 Still he looks on; at last hersel she rais'd,  
 And round about wi' consternation gaz'd;  
 Upon the squire as soon's she set her eyes,  
 Up till her feet she bangs with great surprise,  
 And was to run; he claught her by the claise,  
 And said, ' Sweet lassie, hooly gin ye please;  
 Nae wrang yese get, bide only till I speer  
 What ye be seeking, or what fuish you here.  
 The grip detain'd her, but she cud na speak;  
 Her tongue, for fear, tint fettle in her cheek.  
 Then saftly more the squire intreats her stay:  
 At last she gae a sob, and said, ' Hegg-hey!  
 O let me gang, for I hae done nae ill.'—  
 ' There's nane here thinks it,' says he, ' but bide still;  
 Tell me what ails you, and I'll right your wrang,  
 Be what it list; and I'se nae hadd you lang.'



‘ My wrang, my wrang, gryte is my wrang,’ she says ;  
 ‘ Gin e’er you heard of Flavinia’s braes,  
 Frae them am I, ’tis there my wrang is wrought,  
 Wrang unforsain’d, and that we never bought ;  
 Rank Kettrin were they that did us the ill,  
 They toom’d our braes that swarming store did fill,  
 And mair than that, I reed our herds are ta’en,  
 And its sair born o’ me that they are slain.  
 F’or they great docker made, and tulzied strang,  
 Ere they would yield, and let the cattle gang.’  
 And a’ the time the tears ran down her cheek,  
 And pinked o’er her chin upon her keek.  
 To hear her tale his heart was like to brak,  
 And sair intreated she wad courage tak ;  
 That he would gar the guèeds come dancing hame,  
 And them pay deep and dear that had the blame.  
 Then with a smile he to the maiden says,  
 ‘ I mind to hear of Flavinia’s braes.  
 Fan I was young upo’ the nooriss knee,  
 My mammy us’d to sing a sang to me  
 About the braes, and COLIN was the lad,  
 And bonny JANE the name the lassie had ;  
 Well were they roos’d, gin a’ was said be true,  
 And fat wat I, but they belong to you.  
 Gin they were bonny, ye are sae I see.’  
 The tear again came trickling frae her eye.  
 Scarce could she speak ; at last she sobbing says,  
 ‘ There was a sang ca’d Flavinia’s braes ;  
 The fouks intil’t belonging were to me,  
 And though I say’t, they could not sibber be.

But sad's the sang that we may a' sing now,  
Of fouks and geer we're rich alike I trow.'  
'Fear no, sweet lassie, fear no,' he replies,  
'Tis nae a' hopeless that in peril lies;  
Tak ye gueed heartning, and lay down your fears;  
Come to this strypie and wash awa' your tears;  
I'se make you right enough.' The kindly tale,  
To gang and wash, wi' NORRY did prevail.  
But; O! when he beheld her face so fair,  
So sweet, so lovely, and so debonnair;  
Gin he afore was o'er the lugs in love,  
Out o'er the head he now was, and above.  
Now ilka nook she fills within his heart,  
And he resolves that they sall never part;  
And to his page then says, 'Tak out some meat,  
This lass, I'm sure, has more than need to eat.'  
'I thank you, sir,' she says, 'but I maun gang,  
I fear that I hae bidden here o'er lang.'  
'Na, bonny lassie, strive na with your meat,  
Ye winna get this offer ilka gate.'  
'Though she was shamefu', hunger made her yield,  
Sae down they sat aneth the shady bield;  
Wi' his ain hand he cutted aff and gae,  
And eated wi' her, and gar'd her do sae.  
When hunger now was slaked a little wee,  
She takes hersel, and aff again she'll be:  
Shamefu' she was, and skeigh like ony hare,  
Nor cou'd she think of sitting longer there;  
Weening that anc sae braw and gentle-like,  
For nac gueed ends was making sic a fike.

She hads her hand; the squire, that had an e'e  
Set close upon her, reed that she sud flee,  
Says cannily, ' I'm sure ye are not saird,  
Here's fouth of meat, eat on, and do not spair't;  
Ye're just as welcome as my heart can mak you;  
Ye need no fear that any skaith o'ertak you  
As lang's I'm here; for me, I'se do you nane,  
Nor do I think you safe to gang your lane  
Among thir hills, for ye may meet with skaith;  
There's fouk gangs here that's abler than we baith.  
E'en sit you still, and rest you here with me,  
And I sall ward and wärsel for you be.  
And tell me this, was ye a-field that day  
Fan the wild Kettrin ca'd your gueeds away?'  
' Na, na,' she says, ' I had na use to gang  
Unto the 'glen to herd this mo'ny a lang:  
Some beasts at hame was wark enough for me,  
Wi' ony help I could my mither gee,  
At milking beasts, and steering of the ream,  
And bouchting in the ewes, when they came hame.'  
' Well, that's all right enough,' he says, ' but then  
How enter'd ye a fieldward sae your lane?  
For what cud ye do, wandring up and down?  
Ye might ha gotten wrang by rogue or lown.  
Or was your father or your brother there,  
That ye hae dree'd sae mikle cark and care?'  
She says, ' for brithers I hae nane of them,  
And for my father he was not frae hame;  
But I to spy had wander'd out the gate,  
In fairly, what had kept the gueeds sae late?

Just as I'm there, twa of our herds came by,  
 Rais'd like, and gain as fast as they could hy;  
 I speer'd fat held the gueeds sae wondrous late?  
 They tauld me what had been their dowie fate.  
 There me they left, and I, but any mair,  
 Gatewards my lane, unto the glen gan fare;  
 And ran o'er pow'r, and ere I bridle drew,  
 O'eryeed a' bounds afore I ever knew,  
 The night was dark, and dowie was my case,  
 And I began to rue my rackless race.  
 When day came in, and welcome was the sight,  
 For fear maist kill'd me in the dead of night,  
 I kent no where I was, but on I yeed,  
 But of my errand I came little speed.'

' Well,' says he, ' lassie, night'll fa right now,  
 An in this wilsome glen, fat can ye do?  
 Tak ye my counsel, and gang on wi' me,  
 And a kind lodging I sall let you see;  
 Nae man, but women ye shall see therein,  
 And be as welcome, as my mither's sin:  
 Syne o' the morn, we something shall contrive,  
 That will make matters right enough belyve.'  
 At thir kind wordies, NORRY gees consent,  
 Sae up they raise, and down the burn they went;  
 He gae the page a nod to step before,  
 And he himself came on with HELENORE.  
 Kindly and couthy ay to her he spak,  
 And held her in gueed tune wi' mony a crack.  
 For he was ay in dread, that she might rue,  
 And sae he strave to keep the subject new.

Wad speer her name, and after that her cild,  
Syne wi' a smile, says, ' Soon we'll reach the bield.'  
Thir shifts he us'd to quiet her demur,  
But, O! his heart stack till her like a bur.  
For as her mind began to be at saught,  
In her fair face ilk sweet and bonny draught  
Came to themsels; his heart fand sic a bliss,  
He wad hae geen his neck but for ae kiss.  
But yet that gate he durst na mak a main,  
Sae was he conjur'd by her modest eyn,  
'That tho' they wad have warm'd a heart of stane,  
Had yet a cast sic freedoms to restrain.  
'And sae for fear he clean sud spoil the sport,  
Gin anes his shepherdess sud tak the dort,  
He boore upon him, and ne'er loot her ken  
That he was ony ways about her fain.  
Yet many a sigh and hegh-hey, was her ain,  
Upon the road at ilka now and then.  
At last and lang, when night began to gloom,  
And eery like to sit on ilka howm,  
They came at last unto a gentle place,  
And wha aught it, but an auld aunt of his.  
As he came in, says aunty, ' Welcome hame,  
This day, I think, ye hae made dainty game,  
Where met ye, nephew, wi' that bonny lass?  
Ye're nae blate, lad, to hunt in sic a case.'  
' I've gotten a pout, and brought her living hame,  
And gin I had na, wad hae been to blame.  
The story's lang to tell you how we met,  
But first you'll fetch us something ben to eat.

I reed this lassie needs it very sair,  
 Her meltet lang, I ween, has been but bare.  
 To come alang, sweer was she to intreat,  
 And yet I kend her mister to be great.  
 I promis'd her gueed quarters, aunt, and ye  
 Unto the lass as gueed's my word maun be.  
 Syne aunty cries on BETTY to come ben,  
 ' See, lass; your cousin's taen a bra muir-hen.'  
 Quoth she, ' a hunting he may gae again;  
 Sic pouts as thir may mak the hunter fain.  
 Then says auld auntie to her dother BESS,  
 ' Ye're nae like this, wi' a' your fecky dress;  
 She dings you wi' her hamely gown of gray,  
 As far's a summer dings a winter day.'  
 Then aunty says, ' sit doun, my bonny hen,  
 And tak a piece, your bed's be made the-ben:  
 Ye's ly wi' BETTY, my ain dother, there;  
 Wha sees your bonny skin ye need na care;  
 For her's beside, but like aum'd leather looks;  
 Well fells the lad that's farthest i' your books.'  
 Says BETTY, ' she shall mair nor welcome be  
 To take a share of bed and board wi' me:  
 And gin she like it, as I wiss she may,  
 We sanna part frae ither night nor day.'  
 Says OLIMUND, for so they ca'd the squire,  
 ' Grameicy cousin, ye sall hae your fair,  
 The first time I to town or market gang;  
 Whilk, gin hights hadd, will be ere it be lang:  
 A pair of kissing-strings, and gloves fire new,  
 As gueed as I can wyle, shall be your due.'

Says BETTY, 'hadds you, but I think it best  
That she and I slip down and take our rest.'

Now nane was there but aunty and himsel,  
And she says till him, 'I hae news to tell.'

'What news?' he says, 'I wiss they may be gueed,  
Of sic I'm sure that I hae mickle need.'

'Well, man, your father's dead.' 'Aunt, gar me trow,'  
Reply'd the squire, 'wha tauld sic news to you?'

'Baith tale and talesman I to you sall tell:

Eight days aback a post came frae himsel,  
Speering for you, and wond'ring unco sair,  
That ye had broken tryst in sic affair.

I wrote him back, that ye yeed aff frae me,

Wi' time enough, at hame in time to be;

And in gueed heal, and seem'd as sair agast  
To hear the news, and fairly'd too as fast.

This took him by the stammack very sair,

His hands he wrings, and cries out 'dool and care,

He's either by the kairds or gypsies ta'en,

Or, what look'd likest, to the army gane.

'Bout onie threap when he and I fell out,

That was the road that he was for, but doubt.

Gin he has gane, as doubtless but he has,

He'll shortly gar us ane and a' cha' fause;

Wi' draught on draught by ilka Holland mail,

He'll eat a' faster up, than tongue can tell.'

In sic a tune he bade, till at the last

The dreary thought him in a fever cast:

Whilk wrought him sae, that in three days or less,

He was full ready for his hindmost dress.

By now I think ye need na hae great fear,  
That ye maun tak the lass wi' mikle gear;  
He was to blame, my brother as he was,  
Against your will to bid you tak the lass.  
' Ay aunty, gin ye kent the bonny aught;  
'Tis true, she had of warld's gear a fraught,  
But what was that to peace and saught at hame,  
And whilk is warse, to kirk and market shame;  
For had my father sought the warld round,  
Till he the very dightings o't had found,  
An odder hag could not come in his way,  
Than for my truncher what he had laid by.  
An ugly hulgie-backed canker'd wasp,  
And like to die for breath at ilka gasp.  
Her teeth, between a yellow and a black,  
Some out, some in, and a' of a different mak;  
Black hairy warts about an inch between,  
O'er ran her atry phyz beneath her eyn;  
Her head lay back, and a lang gap sat out,  
Wi' the addition of a sniviling snout;  
And tak her a' together, rough and right,  
She wad na been by far four foot of height;  
And for her temper, maik she could hae nane,  
She'd gar twa paps cast out on ae breast-bane;  
And yet, say what I lik'd, nought would do,  
But I maun gang, that bonny chap to woo.  
My father he yeed with me at the first,  
But a' the time, my heart was like to birst;  
To think to lead my life wi' sic an ape,  
I'd rather mak my tesment in a raip,



But ugly as she was, there was nae cure,  
But I maun kiss her 'cause I was the wooer ;  
My father briskly loot me see the gate,  
But I assure you, I look'd wondrous blate ;  
And very thrawart like I yeed in by,  
' A young man look sae blate !' says he, ' O fy !'  
Nor was it fairly, for her stiinking breath  
Was just enough to sconfice ane to death ;  
But frac my father mony a smack she gat ;  
And I, just like to spue, like blunty sat ;  
I canna say, but she was wondrous kind,  
And for her dresses, wow but they were fine ;  
And mony a bonny thing was in our sight,  
And a' thing that was there was snug and tight ;  
Nae little wealth, I 'sure you, there we saw,  
And ilka thing was rich, and fine, and braw ;  
But for it a' I did not care a straw,  
And wad hae geen my neck to be awa'.  
At last and lang, as we are riding hame,  
My father says, ' Yon is a wealthy dame ;  
What think ye, MUNDY, winna ye be braw,  
When ye yon bonny things your ain cau ca' ?  
Does not your heart ly to the bargain now,  
And hae ye not encouragement to woo ?'  
' A's well,' I says, ' except what sud be best,  
And when that's wrang, what worth is a' the rest ?'  
' I grant,' he says, ' she's nae a beauty spot,  
But he that wad refuse her is a sot ;  
Though ye look'd shy, she wad get ten for ane,  
And I'll engage, she'll no be lang her lane ;

Her riggs'll gar the wooers come ding dang,  
 And she'll strike up wi' ane ere it be lang;  
 Sae strike the iron, laddie, when it's het,  
 And a' the land, and wealth, and baggage get:  
 Ye see her riggs run just unto our ain,  
 'Twill mak a swinging lairdship a' in ane';  
 And MUNDY, she's for you aboon them a',  
 Sae, when 'tis at your foot, man, strike the ba'.  
 And mind you, billy, though ye looked dry,  
 Ye'll change your fashions, and gae sharp in by,  
 And daut her o'er and o'er, I'll wad my head,  
 At the neist courting 'bout but ye'll come speed.  
 But wha wad hae you, when ye sit sae dumb,  
 And never open mou', to say a mum?  
 Ye maun mak o' her, kiss her o'er and o'er,  
 Say, ye're in love, and but her cannot cower:  
 But for her sake, maun view the lands o' leal,  
 Except she pity, and your ailment heal.  
 But out of jest, and in gueed earnest, lad,  
 Ye maun gae forward and the bargain had,  
 Or else ye's tyne whate'er ye had of me;  
 There is nae other boot, but it maun be.  
 Syne in a little I maun gang again,  
 And which was warst of a', maun gang my lane,  
 Am bidden court and daut, and seek the lass,  
 O aunt, but I was at an unco pass!  
 But I resolv'd upon't to put a face,  
 And see gin I had can to turn the chace.  
 ' Well, how behav'd ye? did ye gie'r the mou',  
 Says aunty, ' neest, wi' mony a scrape and bow,

Syne laid your arm athwart her ugly back,  
And now and then to steal a quiet smack !'

' Na by my sooth I ; I came fierclins in,  
And wi' my trantlins made a clattering din ;  
And hailst her roughly, and began to say,  
I'd got a lump of my ain death this day,  
Wi' weat and wind sac tyte into my teeth,  
That it was like to cut my very breath :  
Gin this be courting, well I wat 'tis clear,  
I gat na sic a teezele this seven year ;  
And ye maun gee your answer just perqueer,  
I maun na ilka day be coming here,  
To get sic snifters ; courting's nae a jest,  
Another day like this'll be my priest.'

' Well,' quoth she, ' nephew, that was wanton sports,  
I hope ye gar'd the lady tak the dorts ;  
For sic rough courting I hae never seen,  
Sin I was born, a lad and lass between.'

' Na, aunty,' says he, ' she was not sae skeegh ;  
Nor wi' her answer very blate or dreegh ;  
But says, ' I'm wae ye've got so foul a day,  
But makesna, till't grow better ye may stay,  
Tho't were this month, ye're very welcome here ;  
Of what I hae, yese get the best of cheer.'

' I think,' quoth she, ' ye're fairly nicked now.'  
' Nae hauf sae far,' he says, ' as ye wad trow ;  
I tauld her that was kind, but then that I  
Nae for a night out of my bed could ly :  
Or if I did, it would be seen ere day  
There wad be mair than cause to rue my stay ;

That I the reason did na care to tell,  
 It was enough I kent the cause mysel.  
 Quoth she, ' I wiss I could your wanrest ken,  
 'Tis maybe cause ye canna ly your lane :  
 Gin that be it, yese be provided here,  
 Though maybe nae so gueed, but wi' as near.'  
 I now began to think she meant hersel,  
 But how my stomach raise, I sanna tell.  
 Na, na, quoth I, 'tis wi' kend fouk I ly,  
 I never liked yet to gang astray :  
 This night I maun be hame afore I sleep,  
 Gin ganging winna do't, though I sud creep.  
 ' Well, gin ye be sae positive,' she says,  
 ' I sanna argue, come back whene'er you please,  
 Afore you aye your welcome ye sall find,  
 And blame yoursel, in case ye come behind.'  
 I'se see to that, I says, and aff I scours,  
 Blessing my lucky stars, and hame I tours.  
 Whan I came hame, the auld boy says to me,  
 ' How hae ye sped? - Is KETTY frank and free?'  
 As frank, I says, as heart of man could wiss,  
 I hae nae fear that I my market miss.  
 ' Well, MUNDY, that's a man,' my father says,  
 ' We's hae you coupl'd then afore lang days ;  
 Gin this day fortnight we's be cut and dry,  
 There may be danger in't gin we delay.'  
 Thus wi' my lad I play'd at fast and loose,  
 And he begins to think, that now I'm douse.  
 Content, says I, but I maun gang and see  
 My honest aunt, afore I married be.

And ye may mind, I tauld you crap and root,  
 Fan I came here; and that I ne'er wad do't.  
 He gae consent, but bade me keep the day,  
 And bring my cousins with me to the play.  
 A' this was gueed, I anes an' win awa',  
 Resolv'd ere I gae back a' nails to ca',  
 Gueed was the counsel and advice ye gae,  
 By helping me to shift that dreary day:  
 And bidding me out through the forest range,  
 And pass the time till matters took a change;  
 'Twas mair nor lucky, that I was not here,  
 Whan the fauld man about me sent to speer;  
 And lucky, lucky, was it that I yeed  
 Out thro' the glens, and that I came sic speed,  
 Yon bonny creature that I fuish wi' me,  
 Aboon a' womankind, my wife shall be;  
 Except she say me nay; now, aunt, ye maun  
 Lend me a lift, about her, gin ye can;  
 She's even now as wild as any rac,  
 And wad need canny guiding ere she stay;  
 Fan she gets up its ten to ane but she,  
 As she is on the flought, for aff will be;  
 But ye maun strive the gully well to guide,  
 And daut the lassie fair, to gar her bide.'

' But nephew,' quoth she, ' ye're upon extremes,  
 (Trying my lad) and living upon dreams;  
 This choice is just as unco as the last,  
 And fouk'll fairly at it just as fast.  
 A hair-brain'd little ane wagging a' wi' duds,  
 And looks as she had drapp'd frae the clouds.'

What will fouk say, to see you make the choicc,  
It will, I 'sure you, mak nae little noise.'

' And fat care I? let them say what they please,  
Gin we heed says, we'll never sit at ease,'  
Replies the squire, ' and I hae heard yoursel  
Your sentiments another way to tell ;  
That there in parents could be naething worse,  
Than bairns to marry 'gainst their will to force.'  
' Well, nephew, I hae done,' replies the aunt,  
' That is my judgment, I do freely grant ;  
I like the lassie, MUNDY, wi' my heart,  
And as she's bonny, doubt na but she's smart.  
The creature's young, she'll shape to ony cast ;  
Nae tree till it be hewn, becomes a mast.'

' Well, aunt, ye please me now, well mat ye thrive,  
Gin ye her cuddum, I'll be right belive ;  
Ye ken yoursel the morn that I maun gang,  
And keep the things at hame frae gain wrang ;  
In ony order when I things have set,  
I'll back again return withouten let.  
Keep her in tune the best way that ye can,  
But never mouband till her ony man.  
For I am far mista'en, gin a' her care  
Spring not frae some of them that missing are.  
The greatest favour ye can do to me,  
Frae thinking lang will be to keep her free.  
Gin she grow weary, tell her I'll be back  
Ere mony days, and gueed my promise mak?  
Whilk was, that ever I sud bear the blame,  
Gin I their gueeds gar not come dancing hame ;

I need na tell you how ye sud behave,  
But a' unto your glegger wisdom leave;  
Wi' thir injunctions, I bid you adieu,  
By day and dawn the morn the bogs I'll view.'

Neist day, when light in thro' the window sprang,  
NORY bangs up, and cries, ' I've lien o'er lang.'

BETTY, wha was upo' the catch, replies,  
' Lie still, sweet NORY, 'tis o'er soon to rise.'

As they are cracking, aunty she comes ben,  
And smiling says, ' how slept my bonny hen ;

BETTY, hae ye about her tane gueed care ;  
Ye're but a restless bed-fellow, I fear.'

' Well hae I lien, sweet mistress,' NORY said,  
' I never lay before in sic a bed ;

Sae soft and warm, and wi' sae bonny claise,  
Indeed I've been fu' well at my ain case.

Let you nor yours in sic condition be,  
As yon bra' laird, well mat he thram, found me.

The bonny bed has gar'd me lye o'er lang,  
I manna langer bide, but up and gang.'

' Hooly, my bairn, hae ye nae hasty care,  
Ye need na rise these couple of hours and mair.

I'se come again, and raise you time enough,  
Our lads yet have not budg'd to yoke the pleugh.'

Sae out she slips, and snecks the door behin',  
And BESS and NORY to their crack begin :

' Woman,' says BESS, ' I think we'll tak advice,  
And e'en ly still, my mither's unco wise.

She's up, she cannot ly for want of breath,  
And says that early rising did her skaith,

O'er browden'd o' the warld she was aye,  
 'Tis best we guide ourselves as lang's wi' may.  
 She says, if she were back at auld fifteen,  
 She'd never do again as she has done :  
 And sae I think we'd better now refrain,  
 Than wiss that we had yesterday again.'

‘ But, O! says NORY, ‘ I am far frae hame,  
 And this last night I had a dreary dream.  
 My heart's yet beating wi' the unco fright,  
 And' whan I'm wauking, think I see the sight.  
 I thought that we were washing at our sheep  
 In sic a pool, and O but that was deep,  
 I thought therein a lad was like to drown,  
 His feet yeed frae him, and his head went down.  
 F'laught-bred into the pool mysel I keest,  
 Weening to keep his head aboon at least ;  
 But e'er I wist, I clean was at the float,  
 I sanna tell you what a gloff I got.  
 My eyn grew blind, the lad I cou'd na see,  
 But ane I kent na took a claught of me ;  
 And fuish me out, and laid me down to dreep.  
 Sae burden'd was I, I could hardly creep.  
 Great was the care this stranger took of me,  
 And O! I thought him bonny, blyth, and free.  
 Dry claiths, I thought, he gae me to put on,  
 Better by far, and' brawer than my own ;  
 And whan I had come something to mysel,  
 Ayont the pool I spy'd the lad that fell,  
 Drouked and looking unco urlich-like ;  
 A lass about him made an unco fike,



Drying and dighting at him up and down,  
I kent her no, but striped was her gown,  
But O the skair I got into the pool,  
I thought my heart had coup'd frae its hool.  
And sae I waken'd, glamping here and there,  
I wat ye might hae found me in my care.'  
Said BESS, ' 'tis true your fumpering waken'd me,  
And I you joundy'd that ye might be free.'  
As they are cracking, aunty chanc'd to pass,  
And says, 'Fu are you now my boinny lass?  
'Tis now fair-day, and BESS and ye may rise,  
See lass, here's for you a new pair of stays,  
And there's a gown, some langer than your ain;  
BESS, put a' well upon her and come ben.'

Now leave we NORY wi' her change of dress,  
Under the care of aunty and of BESS,  
Till we inform you of poor LINDY's fate,  
That was left corded up at sic a rate.  
Tuggling and struggling how to get him free,  
He did great pyne and meikle sorrow dree,  
Till with the grips he was baith black and blue;  
At last in twa the dowie raips he gnaw.  
But three hail days were outly come and gane  
Ere he the task could manage him alane;  
And fan the raips were loos'd and a set by,  
Then LINDY to stand up began to try.  
But, by your favour, that's aboon his thumb,  
For he swey'd back and lightet on the groun'.  
His queets were dozen'd, and the fettle tint,  
Ye in them of the raips wad seen the dint;

And mair outour, the lad wi' faut was gane,  
 And naething left amaist but skin and bane,  
 At last he shoop himsel again to stand,  
 Wi' help of a rough kent intill his hand,  
 But swaver'd sae, as ye hae often seen  
 Ane for a month had in the fever been  
 He takes the gate, and travels as he dow,  
 Hamewith thro' mony a wilsome hight and how ;  
 To COLIN's house, by luck that nearest lay,  
 He, tir'd and weary, hirpled down the brae.  
 Whan he came in, wha's sitting there but JANE,  
 Poor COLIN's honest wife, her liefu' lane.  
 Nae jot intill her hand, but greeting sair,  
 And looking like threescore-and-ten wi' care,  
 Though sax-and-thirty held her yet again,  
 Sae sair for NORRY she was now in pain ;  
 And COLIN too, for he had gane to try,  
 Gin he the lassie through the hills might spy ;  
 But tint nor tryal she had gotten nane,  
 Of her that first, or him that last was gane ;  
 Fan she heard LINDY, saying, ' Peace be here,'  
 She looked up, and says, ' And welcome here ;  
 Wow, LINDY, is this ye? whare hae ye been ?  
 Hae ye our COLIN, or poor NORRY seen ?'  
 ' Na, well I wat I, 'oman, whare yeed they ?  
 They're nae sae wood, I hope, as chace the prey.'  
 ' What they hae chac'd I kenna,' JANE replies,  
 ' But since they yeed frae me, 'tis lang three days :  
 Poor NORRY gallop'd aff that very night,  
 Whan wi' the gueeds we gat the dreary fright ;

What was her ends, I kenna ; yet I fear  
 That ye was at the bottom of her care.  
 The herds that came set a things here asteer,  
 And she ran aff as rais'd as ony deer ;  
 Landgates unto the hills she took the gate,  
 After the night was gloom'd and growing late.  
 We kent na what came of her till neist day,  
 That the herds tauld they saw her run away.  
 Wi' this her father took the road, poor man,  
 And to the glens like ane distracted ran.  
 Of ane or other I've nae notice got ;  
 I fear the warst, that dowie is their lot ;  
 And I with grief am pining here my lane,  
 The warst three days that o'er my head hae gane.

‘ And are ye saying NORRY is awa' ?’

Says LINDY till her, ‘ that's the warst of a' ;  
 Hard's been my fortune for thir three days past ;  
 But I have met the hardest at the last.  
 My thread of life is now worn very sma,  
 Just at the nick of breaking into twa ;  
 What fusion's in it I sall freely ware,  
 As lang's I can, in seeking out my dear ;  
 Great may the hardships be that she has met,  
 And gotten for my sake so hard a set.  
 Poor 'oman ! O gin I had pith to gang,  
 To find her out, tho't sud be n'er so lang ;  
 My heart's bleed for her I wad frankly ware,  
 Sae be I could relieve her of her care.'  
 'Then rises up, and JANE says, ‘ gueed's your cause,  
 For mony a day ye've plaid amang the shaws ;

But sair I dread your labour will be vain,  
 Had she been living, she had been again.  
 But since ye're gain, I sanna you withstand,  
 But ye maun tak a piece into your hand :  
 And here's a wallet stuff'd wi' cheese and bread,  
 To help you on the road, for ye'll hae need.  
 Seek wyne and onwyne, miss na height nor how,  
 And cry when'er ye come upon a know.  
 And ilka gate ye gang, baith far and near,  
 As well for COLIN as for NORRY speer.  
 Alas ! I wat na what to bid you dee,  
 Or which is dearest to me, he or she.

The gate he taks, a kent intill his hand,  
 And whan he raise had hardly pith to stand ;  
 Out thro' the hills the gainest way he took,  
 And in his search miss'd neither hook nor crook :  
 But, O ! though he was willing, he was weak,  
 And syne with grief his heart was like to break.  
 He stress'd himsel to gang aboon his pith,  
 And try'd his strength with ganging limb and lith :  
 Aftimes he boot to set him down to rest,  
 The night fa's on him wi' thick weat and mist :  
 A cauld stane-side the beel that he could mak :  
 A' night the rain was pelting on his back :  
 Ae wink o sleep, wi' grief and cauld and wet,  
 Out thro' the wilsome night he could na get.  
 Whan day came in, the light began to clear,  
 And round about he spies baith far and near :  
 Cries mony a NORRY, but no answer hears,  
 Syne westlines through the glen his course he steers ;

And as he yeed, the track at last he found,  
Of the ca'd heership on the mossy ground ;  
And on he gaes anither livelang day,  
But neither finds his NORRY, nor the prey.  
Night fa's again, and he maun tak a bield,  
It was na gweed thir rugged hills could yield ;  
But wi' some hopes he travels on, while he  
The way the heership had been driven could see ;  
Weening that ablins NORRY might hae gane  
Upon the track, but he was sair mista'en ;  
For he the west, and she the east hand took,  
The inwith road, by favour of the brook.  
Neist day, 'gainst noon, he comes upon a brae,  
Where mony a beast at their ain leisure lay ;  
But far beneath him, that he could na ken  
Gin ony of them might hae been his ain.  
A burn ran in the laigh, ayont there lay  
As mony feedin on the other brae ;  
Down gatewards to the burn his course he steers,  
But in his sight nae herd as yet appears ;  
Whan he came down, braw stapping stanes he fand,  
And o'er he steps, his kent intill his hand.  
Just as he landed at the other bank,  
Three lusty fellows gat of him a clank ;  
And round about him bicker'd a' at anes,  
As they were playing at the penny-stanes ;  
And wha were they, but the same neaty three,  
That with the raips gar'd him the dolour dree ?  
' Ha, ha, my lad,' say they, ' ye are nae blate,  
They gang right far about that never meet.:

It seems ye are na sair'd wi' what ye got,  
 Ye's find that we can cast a harder knot.  
 And till him straight, and binds him o'er again,  
 Till he cry'd out with the sair hanking pain,  
 And mony a paick upon his beef they laid,  
 Till wi' the thumps, he bluc and blae was made ;  
 Then flang him by just like a slaughter sheep,  
 And bade him rest him there and tak a sleep.  
 At night, whan they were ready hame to gang,  
 And shadows frae hill-heads were growing lang,  
 His legs they loos'd, but flighter'd kept his hands,  
 And lash'd him on before wi' birken wands,  
 About his houghs, and round about his lugs,  
 And at his hair loot mony unco tugs ;  
 When he's ca'd hame, they shoot him in before,  
 In a black hole, and snaply lock'd the door.  
 As he is chamber'd up, he hears a grain,  
 As of a body making dowie main ;  
 But though the voice seem'd till him unco near,  
 For verý fear, he durst na budge to speer.  
 When he had lien a wee, the bodie says,  
 ' O gin I were in Flavinia's braes !  
 Naething sud gar me gae sae far afield,  
 Though I at hame sud to the skin be peel'd.'  
 He kens the word, and says, ' O waes me fell,  
 Is that ye, COLIN, are ye there yoursel !'  
 ' 'Tis I, 'tis I, but tell me what are ye,  
 That in this dreary darksome hole kens me ?'  
 ' E'en LINDY here, your ain auld neiper's sin,  
 Shackl'd baith hands and feet, wi' a sair skin.'

‘ That’s unco luck, but gueed I sanna ca’t,  
And yet intill’t there’s something couthy f’ra’t.  
Amang ill hands, yoursel, as well as I,  
It seems has fallèn, our fortune’s been but thry.  
Anes on a day, I thought na to hae been  
Sae sadly hew’d, and sie mischances seen ;  
But fat’ll ye say ? sie things have been afore’s,  
And we maun thole them, tho’ they had been worse.  
But tell me, LINDY, fat was’t fuish you out,  
Or was ye ea’d awa’ into the rout ?’

‘ I-was na ca’d,’ says LINDY, ‘ but was knit,  
And in that sett, three langsome days did sit.  
Till wi’ my teeth I gnaw the raips in twa,  
And wi’ sair pingling wan at last awa’ ;  
Crap hame wi’ meikle ado, and fan I came,  
Fand in your house nae bodie, bat your dame ;  
Frae her I leart poor NORV’s chance and yours,  
Sae aff again, what legs could lift, I seours,  
Through mony hills, till at the last I fell  
Amang sie fouks as ye hae fa’èn yoursel.  
Fan came ye here ?’ ‘ Nae mair bat yesterday,’  
Wi’ dowie tone, poor COLIN makes reply.

‘ Well, mau,’ he says, ‘ for anes we’re nieked now,  
And maun beneath our thrawart fortune bow.  
We maun be doing, since better mauna be,  
We’ll ablins yet some lucky day get free.  
Heard ye of NORV naething as ye yeed  
Outthrow thir dowie glens, alive or dead ?’  
‘ Nae tint nor trial,’ LINDY says, ‘ I fand,  
Nor could I of her hear, on ony hand.’

'Tis mair nor likely then,' poor COLIN says,  
'That she is at the yont end of her days ;  
Poor thing ! she's maybe pick'd now as bare,  
By greedy beasts, as worry'd sheep or hare.'  
Thus ilk ane to the other made their main,  
And sigh'd and grat, and sigh'd and grat again.

As day-light came, in the Savilian's came,  
Whase nature to their country gives its name ;  
And to the men set by a task of hay,  
To work till even, frae the brak of day ;  
Each in their hand a scrimp hauf bannock got,  
That scarce for anes wad fill their mouth and throat ;  
So set in view, they cud na win awa',  
And boot to work, or they their backs wad claw.  
Their stent was mair than they could well mak out,  
And when they fail'd, their backs they soundly rout.  
About mid-day they ae slim meltet sent,  
And with it aftentimes the maiden went ;  
Nor had she aft upon this errand gane,  
Till she is with the love of LINDY ta'en ;  
And frae the time that CUPID shot the dart,  
And strak it in the bottom of her heart,  
Their meltet was twice better than before,  
For she ne'er stack to gang out o'er the score.  
Stoupfu's of cruds and ream she aft wad steal,  
And could her souple tricks frae minny heal.  
By this my lads a better living had,  
And to her for it mony blessing pray'd ;  
When she had gane a while, she grew mair grave,  
Which made them speer why sae she did behave ?



Was she found out for mending of their meal?  
Or was she scrimped of content or heal?  
'Na, na,' says, she 'that lad was a' her care,  
That was sae setting wi' his yellow hair;  
She cud na help it, but she boot to tell,  
But how to cure her he knew best himsel.'  
Then COLIN says, 'he wad be in the wrang,  
Gin frae your heal he held you short or lang,  
Sae be it be into the laddie's power,  
By ony means your dowie case to cure;  
For kind, and mair nor kind, to us ye've been,  
Since we began to toil upon the green.  
What is't that ails you? speak, and dinna spare,  
And gin he can, he'll ease you o' your care.'  
'Well can he do't, gin he but likes himsel.'  
'Be what it likes,' says COLIN, 'lassie tell.'  
Then BYDBY says, so was the maiden's name,  
'My very heart is lowan in a flame,  
For LINDY there, and maun lie down and die,  
Except I get him; that's what troubles me.  
I smor'd the flame, and thought to keep it in,  
But aye the mair I smor'd it spread within;  
Till now, ye see't has blaz'd out at my mou';  
Ye ken my trouble, LINDY, pity now.  
Well sall ye fare, as lang as ye bide here,  
Ev'n though your biding were for day and year;  
And gin ye thought that letting you awa'  
Wad be a favour, I on means wad fa'  
To lat you out, upon the dead of night,  
Fan ye wad be well aff, ere day was light.

But upon this perconnon I agree  
 To lat you gae, that LINDY marry me ;  
 And tak me hence, till we get time and place  
 To get a priest, to gee's the holy grace.'

Now ye maun ken, whan they came frae the hay,  
 They ilka night were under lock and key ;  
 And ilka morning by the break o' day,  
 They're set to wark, and snaply ca'd away.  
 ' Well, BYDBY,' COLIN says, ' ye's ken as soon  
 As you to-morrow come to us at noon.'  
 When she's awa', to LINDY, COLIN says,  
 ' What think ye, man? will yon frank lassie please?  
 Will ye our freedom purchace at this price?  
 'Twill soon be done, for BYDBY is nae nice ;  
 Ye'll ken by this, that the auld proverb's true,  
 ' Breeks maun come speed, when petticoats will woo,'  
 Sair are we nidder'd, that is what ye ken,  
 And but for her, we had been bare the ben ;  
 And gin we haulk her, 'stead of being kind,  
 What we already hae o' her we'll tyne ;  
 And getting aff ye see is yont our power,  
 We're never out of sight for half an hour,  
 But some chield ay upon us keeps an e'e,  
 And sae we need na lippen to get free.'  
 ' I wonder, COLIN, to hear you say sae,  
 Kenning my mind anither gate to gae,'  
 Says LINDY syne, ' And what wad NORRY say,  
 Gin she be living? as I wish she may ;  
 Wad she no think hersel but ill paid hame,  
 And ready be of falsehood me to blame?'

Says COLIN, ‘ Man, gin that be a’ your dread,  
 Ye need na halt, for NORRY’s surely dead ;  
 She’s got, I fear, what marriage she will get.  
 That’s wi’ the mould, sae that needs be nae let.  
 But of the proffer I sall pass my skill,  
 Though it be wrang to lear fouk to do ill :  
 Seem ye content to hald her to her bode ;  
 We’ll mak a shift to tyne her by the road,  
 And sae get aff ; ’tis hamper’d living here,  
 Slip we this knot, we may miss’t for a year.  
 Sae whan she comes the morn, blink in her e’e,  
 And wi’ some frankness her your answer gee.’  
 ‘ Well,’ LINDY says, ‘ I’ll try to do my best ;  
 We’se well begin, and leave good luck the rest.’

BYDBY neist day, whan noon comes on, appears,  
 And LINDY, what he could, his courage cheers ;  
 Look’d braw and canty whan she came in, by,  
 And says, ‘ Twice welcome, BYDBY, here th’ day.’  
 At this the lassie’s courage got a heeze,  
 And thinks her wiss is now come to the creeze.  
 Gin she came well provided ay afore,  
 This day she fuish the best of cheer gelore.  
 Sae they sat down a’ frankly to their meat,  
 And LINDY ’treated BYDBY sair to eat ;  
 And blyth was she, and frankly took a share,  
 And thought she saw the yont end of her care.  
 Whan they had eaten, and were straitly pang’d,  
 To hear her answer BYDBY greatly lang’d ;  
 And LINDY did na keep her lang in pain,  
 But says, ‘ I’m of your proffer wondrous fain,

Gie us our leash th' night, and ye sall be  
 My dauted lass, and gang alang wi' me.  
 ' Well fell my heart,' says BYDBY, ' LINDY now,  
 Well waird I think what I hae geen to you ;  
 I'll keep my word this night, and ye sall see,  
 Ere the first cock that I sall set you free.  
 When she yeed hame, she spent the afterneen,  
 Buckling and making ready for the green ;  
 Bannocks and kebbocks knit up in a claith,  
 She had wil'd by, and row'd up in her waith ;  
 This she ere even had tentily laid by,  
 And well happ'd up aneth a coll of hay.  
 When tir'd and weary they came hame at e'en,  
 They're clapped up into their hole bedeen ;  
 The key brought in, sent ben, and closely laid  
 Aneth the bouster of her brither's bed.  
 And BYDBY now is all upon the catch,  
 Sleeps not a wink, but tentily does watch.  
 'Bout the bell hour of midnight does she slip  
 Out of her bed, just frae her mither's hip ;  
 Gaes ben, and calmly steals awa the key,  
 Frae 'neath her brither's bouster, where it lay ;  
 Opens the portal door wi' little din,  
 And what she may out to the lads.'gan rin :  
 Says, ' Are ye sleeping? rise and win awa',  
 'Tis time, and just the time, for you to draw ;  
 For now the lads are sleeping horn-hard,  
 The door upon the dogs securely barr'd.  
 Ichie nor ochie now ye winna hear,  
 The best time in the warld for you to steer.'

COLIN and LINDY now are cut and dry,  
What legs could lift their wish'd escape to try ;  
Sae out they came ; the night was calm and clear,  
And BYDBY had her baggage lying near.  
Together a' they nimble tak the gate,  
And scour'd the forest at an unco rate.  
But whan they were about twa miles awa',  
LINDY began with care his head to claw.  
Stands still, and says, ' Waes me, I hae forgot,  
With haste of coming aff, to fetch my coat.  
What sall I do, it was almaist brann new,  
'Tis but a hellzier since't came aff the clew ;  
O BYDBY, lassie, and yese be my bride,  
Rin back about it, hereabout we'll bide  
'Till ye come back ; your birn you may lay down,  
For rinning ye will be the better bown.'  
Poor BYDBY trows him, and rins back again ;  
Then says the lads, ' I think the day's our ain.'  
They turse the baggage, and awa' they scour  
Out o'er the yonder brae wi' a' their power.  
Poor BYDBY was na lang ere she ran back,  
Mounts up the coat ere ye a nut wad crack,  
And to the road again wi' a' her pith,  
And souple was she ilka limb and lith.  
Back in a clap she's at th' appointed place,  
Frae which to fetch the coat she took the race.  
Looks round about her, but she naething sees,  
And back and fore she seeks among the trees :  
But na, it winna do, nae bodie's there ;  
She cries ; nae answer ; then begins her care :

' O LINDY, LINDY ! hast thou left me sae ?  
 Dear is this coat of thine to me th' day.  
 What sall come o' me ? hame I dare na gang,  
 The herds and gueeds will be afield ere lang,  
 We're a' amissing, I'll get a' the wyte,  
 And nane but me alane to dree the flyte.  
 Hame ? no : what gueed to me at hame cou'd be,  
 Whan my dear LINDY is awa' frae me ?  
 But maybe they hae gane ayont the brae,  
 To hae't ahind them ere the brak of day ;  
 I'll on and see, gin thereabout they ly,  
 They'll either see or hear me when I cry ;  
 For LINDY looked not like ane to cheat,  
 Or ony lass ungratefully to treat.  
 Then up the brae wi' a' her might she hies,  
 And fan she past it, mony a LINDY cries :  
 But by your favour, there's no LINDY there,  
 There's nane to answer, and as few to hear.

Now by this time the sun begins to gleam,  
 And lit the hill-heads wi' his morning beam ;  
 And birds, and beasts, and fouk, to be asteer,  
 And clouds of reek frae lum-heads to appear.  
 Whan she had cry'd and grat, and cry'd again,  
 And fand that a' her crying was in vain ;  
 She e'en lay down aneth her load of care,  
 And wish'd that she were dead, and dead just there.  
 A mournful ditty till hersel she sung,  
 In flaughts roove out her hair, her hands she wrung ;  
 Yet wi' the weary coat she wad na part,  
 Because it gae some gladd'ning till her heart.

' Fat sall I do? gang hame again? na, na,  
That were my hogs to a blate fair to ca',  
Anes out I am, I'll never turn again,  
Though till I die I gang, and gang in vain.  
Northward frae this I aften heard them say,  
That their ain country, Flavinia, lay.  
That gate I'll hald gin I the airths can keep,  
And fan I canna gang, I'll try to creep;  
It may be I upon the gate may fa',  
And frae my birn of sorrow win awa'.  
But she had naething nature to sustain,  
The lads had wi' them aff the baggage ta'en.  
For a' the wealth that she had left at hame,  
Of cheese and bannocks, butter, milk, and ream,  
That day she was as fremmit till it a',  
As the wild Scot that wins in Gallowa.  
But dool yet had na latten her feel her want,  
Or think of the misluck of being scant;  
Although her wame was toom, and she grown yap,  
Love mixt with care helpt to fill up the gap.  
As she was souple like a very eel,  
O'er hill and dale with fury she did dreel;  
To her a' roads were good and bad alike,  
Nane o't she wyl'd, but forwards on did streek.  
But as she kent no, she mistook the cast,  
And mair and mair fell frae the road they past.  
O'er mony heights and hows she scour'd ere noon,  
And could have thol'd the chance of a disjune.  
But naething had her cravings to supply,  
Except the berries of the hawthorn tree,

And slaes and nuts that in the thickets grew ;  
Of these, indeed, she could hae ta'en anew ;  
But someway on her they fuish on a change,  
That gut and ga' she keest with braking strange,  
The fierelins race her did so hetly cadge,  
Her stammack cud na sic raw vitia's swage ;  
Sick, sick she grows, as ever lay on strae,  
And near gae up the ghost 'tweesh that and wae,  
Down she manny ly, she was so sair opprest,  
And try gin she wad better be of rest.  
Gin she was toom afore, she's toomer now ;  
Her heart was like to loup out at her mou' ;  
In care-bed lair for three lang hours she lay,  
And by this time 'tis weel o'er in the day ;  
Now pieee and pieee the sickness wears away,  
But she's as dweble as a windle-strae.  
Weak as she was, she takes the gate again,  
And geed na far till she observes twa men,  
To north and east of her a pieee before.  
As soon's she saw them, she began to roar,  
Crying, ' Byde still : ' and running what she dow,  
The men her hear, and sat down on a know.  
She was na lang till snaply she came too ;  
The men lookt up, and said, ' Lass, what's ado ? '  
Whan she them saw, she fand she was mistaen.  
They speer'd ' fat she was seeking there her lane,  
Sae far frae towns, it cou'd na be for gueed,  
That she was wand'ring there in sic a meed.  
' 'Tis for nae ill,' she says, ' that I am here,  
Nor errandless, though ye be free to speer,



Twa men I seek, and thought ye had been they :  
'Twa men ye've got,' say they, 'then come away.'  
'Na, na,' she says, 'I'm nae of men sae scant,  
And though I'm seeking, ye're no wha I want,  
But tell me gin ye saw twa men th' day,  
The ane with yellow hair, the other gray.'  
'I'll wad,' say they, 'the yellow hair'd's your jo ;'  
'Tis maybe so,' she says, 'and maybe no.'  
'Is that his coat ye carry on your back ?'  
'Tis e'en the same, and been a heavy wrack.'  
'He maun be little worth, that left you sae.'  
'He maybe is, young man, and maybe nae.'  
'Ye're unco short, my lass, to be sae lang,  
But we maun ken you better ere ye gang ;  
I think it best, ye gie that coat to me.'  
'I think not sae, and so we disagree ;  
It is na yours, and fat wid ye do wi't ?  
As little can you think that I wad gee't.  
'Twas never made for me, ye may well ken,  
And fouk are free to gee but what's their ain.'  
'Ye maybe stown't awa' frae side some lad,  
That's fa'n asleep at wauking o' the fau'd.'  
'Tis nae sic thing, and ye're but scant o' grace  
To tell sic baddords to a bodie's face.'  
'Aw, bonny lass, ' says he, ' ye'll gee's a kiss,  
And I sall set ye right on, hit or miss.'  
'A hit or miss I'll get but help of you,  
Kiss ye sklata-stanes, they winna weet your mou'.  
And aff she gaes ; the fallow loot a rin  
As gin he ween'd with speed to tak her in ;

But as luck was, a knibblach took his tae,  
And o'er fa's he, and tumbled down the brae:  
His neiper leugh, and said ' it was well waird,  
Let never jamphers yet be better said.'  
Sae she escapes by favour of her heels;  
And made nae stop for scrabs, or stanes, or peels:  
Twa miles she ran before the bridle drew,  
And syne she lean'd her down upon a brow;  
Sair out of braith, and almaist tint for faut,  
And spies beneath a buss of——what-ye-ca't?  
Ay, Etnagh-berries, and yeed down the brae,  
And there she gets them black as ony slae.  
On them she penny'd well, and starker grew,  
And gather'd strength her journey to pursue.  
But by this time the night begins to fa',  
And she frae ony beeld was far awa',  
Except stane-sides, and they had little lythe,  
Yet of the same she for the time is blythe.  
But a' thing now grew black and eery like,  
And she nae living had to her to speak.  
And though she was right bardach on day-light,  
She was as fly'd as ony hair at night.  
The earnbleater, or the muirful's crow,  
Was like to melt her very heart awa'.  
Yet boot she hadna but that pain to dree,  
And never a wink that night came in her e'e.  
I canna tell the case that she was in;  
But whan the lavrock does her sang begin,  
Blyth at her heart she was, and turst her coat  
Upon her back, and to the gate she got;

Ay hadding castlins, as the ground did fa',  
And frae the heights ay strove to keep awa',  
But yet nae country in her sight appears,  
But dens and burns, and braes, and langsome muirs.  
This way she travels ere the noon of day,  
And now her heart is like to melt away  
Wi' heat and mister, and at last thinks she,  
This gate she could na lang in midlert be.  
She sits her down, and thinks her turff was there,  
And never thought to see kent face nae mair.  
As till hersel she's making a' her main,  
And ceking up with care her dreary pain,  
Sleep crap upon her sick and weary heart,  
That of her sorrow steal'd awa' a part.  
But flouhtrous dreams strove what they could to spill  
The bliss that sleep was making to her ill.  
She thinks she's chas'd for latting gae the men,  
And taking butt the key that lay th'-ben;  
Wi' mony a threat to thrash her back and side,  
Gin they came till her, if she wad na bide:  
And up she starts, and glowr'd a' round about,  
And gin't was true or no begins to doubt;  
And with what pith she had, she tries to gang,  
For fear that she should be o'ertane ere lang.  
But little speed she came, and yet the sweat  
Was drapping frae her at an unco rate,  
Showding frae side to side, and lewdring on,  
With LINDY'S coat side hanging on her drone.  
In this poor pickle, whan help wad hae been  
The blythest sight that ever yet was seen,

What spies she coming, but a naked man,  
 Feaming like ony bear that ever ran ;  
 And high aboon him, vap'ring in his hand,  
 And glenting with the sun, a bloody brand.  
 Roaring and swearing, like a rais'd dragoon,  
 ' That he sud see the heart's blood o' the lown.'  
 What in the earth to do she cud na tell,  
 For fear quite master'd her, and down she fell.  
 The man that ramping was and raving mad,  
 Came fiercelins up, and crying ' Ay, had ! had !'  
 And in his fury, and with reeling eyn,  
 The ane he wanted thinks that she had been.  
 Th' unchancy coat, that boonmost on her lay,  
 Made him believe that it was really sae.  
 ' Get up, wild murd'rer dog !' he says, ' till I  
 A port mak through your briest for life to fly.'  
 ' O spare ! O spare !' says BYDBY, ' had your hand,  
 I'm but a woman, and can hardly stand.'  
 Soon by her voice he kend that she spak true.  
 And says, ' Rise, fear not, I'm not seeking you.  
 But saw ye, tell me, saw ye in this glen,  
 Skulking by ony bield, twa wretched men ;  
 My sakeless brither they hae ta'en and slain,  
 For naething, but for seeking o' his ain.  
 Tell shortly, and ye's get nae harm frae me,  
 Nor mair be putten till, whate'er ye be.'  
 ' Yes, yes, twa men I saw ayont yon brae,'  
 She trembling said, ' I wiss them muckle wae ;  
 Sad was the chaise that they hae geen to me,  
 My heart's near out of hool, by getting free ;

Twa mile frae this, I left them on a know,  
And far beneath it lies a dreary how,  
Through whilk I ran, till I'm near at my last,  
Gueed be your speed, and 'dowie be their cast.  
With furious haste he soon skipt o'er the hight,  
She never jeed till he was out o' sight.  
Fat chance he further had, she cud na tell,  
But was right fain that she wan aff hersel.  
Whan she a mile or twa had further gane,  
She's unco eery to be sae her lane ;  
Ay mair and mair she frae the hills hads down,  
Wissing that she might hit upon some town,  
But she's as weak as very water grown,  
And tarrows at the browst that she had brown ;  
And halins wisses she had never seen  
The bonny lad she lov'd, atween her eyn ;  
For now a' hopes of seeing him are fled,  
And she with seeking him is almost dead.  
And will and wilsome was she, and her breast  
With wae was bowden, and just like to birst.  
Nae sust'nance got that of meal's corn grew,  
But only at the cauld hills' berries gnew.  
But frae that food nae pith came till her banes,  
And she was fu' and hungry baith at anes.  
Now she began to think within hersel,  
Upon a tale she heard a wierd-wife tell,  
That through the country telling fortunes yeed,  
And at babees and placks came wondrous speed ;  
When she her loof had looked back and fore,  
And drawn her finger langlins ilka score,

Up in her face looks the auld hag forfairn,  
 And says, 'Ye will hard-fortun'd be, my bairn :  
 Frae fouks afieldward, nae frac fouk at hame,  
 Will come the antecast ye'll hae to blame ;  
 Gin ye be wise, beware of unco men,  
 I dread for them ye'll anes be bare th'-ben ;  
 Sae come ye speed, or miss ye of your mark,  
 Ae thing I'm sure, ye'll hae right dowie wark.'  
 Then BYDBY says, 'Had I but been sae wise,  
 As have laid up auld minny's gueed advice,  
 Frae this mishap I might have kept me free ;  
 But wha can frae what's laid afore them flee ?'

Thus making at her main, and lewdring on,  
 Thro' scrubs and craigs, wi' mony a heavy groan,  
 Wi' bleeding legs and sair massacr'd shoon,  
 Wi' LINDY's coat aye feltring her aboon ;  
 Till on a high brae head she lands at last,  
 That down to a how burnie pathlins past.  
 Clear was the burnie, and the bushes green,  
 But rough and steep the brae that lay between ;  
 Her burning drowth inclin'd her to be there,  
 But want of maughts and distance eek'd her care.  
 Now by this time the ev'ning's falling down,  
 Hill-heads were red, and hows were eery grown.  
 Yet wi' what pith she had, she taks the gate,  
 And wan the burn, but it's now growing late.  
 The birds about were making merry cheer,  
 She thinks their music sang, 'Ye're welcome here,'  
 With the cauld stream she quench'd her lowan drowth,  
 Syne of the Etnagh-berries ate a fouth,

'That black and ripe upon the busses grew,  
And were new water'd wi' the evening dew.  
Then sat she down aneth a birken shade,  
That spread aboon her, and hang o'er her head,  
Cowthy and warm, and gowany the green,  
Had it, instead o' night, the day time been.  
But grim and gousty, and pit mark, wi' fright  
A' thing appear'd upon the dead o' night.  
For fear she cowr'd like maukin in the seat,  
And dunt for dunt her heart began to beat.  
Amidst this horror, sleep began to steal,  
And for a wee her flightring breast to heal,  
As she half sleeping and half waking lay,  
An unco din she hears of fouk and play.  
The sough they made gar'd her lift up her eyn,  
And O, the gathering that was on the green!  
Of little foukies, clad in green and blue,  
Kneecer and trigger never trod the dew:  
In mony a reel they scamper'd here and there,  
Whiles on the yird, and whiles up in the air;  
The pipers play'd like ony touting horn,  
Sic sight she never saw since she was born.  
As she's behading a' this mirthful glee,  
Or e'er she wist they're dancing in the tree  
Aboon her head, as nimble as the bees  
That swarm, in search of honey, round the trees.  
Fear's like to fell her, reed that they sud fa'  
And smore her dead, afore she wan awa';  
Syne in a clap, as thick's the motty sin,  
They hamphis'd her wi' unco fyke and din.

Some cry'd, ' Tak ye the head, I'se tak a foot,  
 We'll lear her upon this tree-head to sit,  
 And spy about her.' Others said, ' Out fy,  
 Lat be, she'll keep the king of Elfin's ky.'  
 Anither said, ' O gin she had but milk,  
 Then sud she gae frae head to foot in silk ;  
 Wi' castings rare, and a gueed nooriss-fee,  
 To nurse the king of Elfin's heir Fizzec.'  
 Syne ere she wist, like house aboon her head,  
 Great candles burning, and braw table spread ;  
 Braw dishes reeking, and just at her hand,  
 Trig green coats sairing, a' upon command.  
 To cut they fa', and she amang the lave ;  
 The sight was bonny, and her miou' did crave.  
 The mair she ate, the mair her hunger grew  
 Eat fat she like, and she could ne'er be fu' ;  
 The knible elves about her ate ding dang,  
 Syne to the play they up, and danc'd and flang :  
 Drink in braw cups was ca'd about gelore,  
 Some fell asleep, and loud began to snore.  
 Syne in a clap, the fairies a' sat down,  
 And fell to crack about the table roun'.  
 Ane at another speer'd, ' Fat tricks play'd ye,  
 Whan in a riddle ye sail'd o'er the sea ?'  
 Quoth it, ' I steal'd the king of Sweden's knife,  
 Just at his dinner, sitting by his wife,  
 Whan frae his hand he newlins laid it down ;  
 He blam'd the steward, said he had been the lown.  
 The sakeless man deny'd, syne yeed to look,  
 And lifting aff the table-claith, the nook



I gae a tit, and tumbled o'er the bree ;  
 TAM got the wyte, and I gae the tehee :  
 I think I never saw a better sport,  
 But dool fell'd TAM, for sadly he paid for't.  
 But quoth another, ' I play'd a better prank :  
 I gar'd a witch fa' headlins in a stank  
 As she was riding on a windle-strae ;  
 The carling gloff'd, and cry'd out will awae.  
 Another said, ' I coupet Mungo's ale  
 Clean heels o'er head, fan it was ripe and stale,  
 Just whan the tapster the first chapin-drew ;  
 Then bade her lick the pail, and aff I flew :  
 Had ye but seen how blate the lassie looked,  
 Whan she was blam'd, how she the drink miscooked.  
 Says a gnib elf, ' As an auld carl was sitting  
 Amang his bags, and loosing ilka knitting,  
 To air his rousty coin, I loot a claught,  
 And took a hundred dollars at a fraught.  
 Whan wi' the sight the carle had pleas'd himsel,  
 Then he began the glancing heap to tell.  
 As soon's he miss'd it, he rampag'd red-wood,  
 And lap and danc'd, and was in unco mood :  
 Ran out and in, and up and down ; at last  
 His reeling cyn upon a raip he cast,  
 Knit till a bauk, that had hung up a cow :  
 He taks the hint, and there hings he I trow.  
 As she's behading ilka thing that past,  
 Wi' a loud crack the house fell down at last ;  
 The reemish put a knell unto her heart,  
 And frae her dream she waken'd wi' a start ;

She thought she could na 'scape o' being smor'd,  
 And at the fancy loudly cry'd and roar'd.  
 Syne frae the tree she lifted up her head,  
 And fand, for a' the din, she was na dead ;  
 But sitting body-like, as she sat down,  
 But ony alteration, on the groun'.

The sky's now casten, and wi' thrapples clear  
 The birds about were making merry cheer ;  
 And now the sun to the hill-heads 'gan speal,  
 Spreading on trees and plants a growthy heal ;  
 Poor BYDBY's wond'ring at ilk thing she saw,  
 But wi' a hungry gut-pock for it a' ;  
 And fairly'd now, gin it a dream had been  
 She thought she saw sae vively wi' her eyn ;  
 And frae the ill o't sain'd her o'er and o'er,  
 And round about wi' mazerment 'gan glowr.  
 Syne o'er her thrawart luck began to mourn,  
 And wi' deep sighs she looked down the burn.  
 Then taks the road, weak as a windle-strae,  
 That wi' the wind e'er wagged on a brae ;  
 For very want her legs began to plait,  
 As down the bonny burn she held the gate.  
 Sweet were the notes that swell'd along the grove,  
 Where birds amid the shade declar'd their love,  
 And might hae sawn content in ony breast,  
 With grief like her's that had na been opprest.  
 But naething could her soupit spirits cheer,  
 As lang's she gat nae trial of her dear.  
 However, on she gaes, as she was boun,  
 And mony times to rest her limbs lay down ;

Nae sust'nance gat she a' the live-lang day,  
 Save now and then a berry in the way.  
 But this gweed hap throughout the day she had,  
 She met wi' naething to make her afraid.  
 At last and lang, as night began to fa',  
 Near to some dwelling she began to draw,  
 That was a' burrach'd round about wi' trees,  
 'Tweesh which the reck frae high lum-heads she sees ;  
 That gate she halds, and as she weer inby,  
 She docs a lass amang the trees espy.  
 To her she hies, and hailst her wi' a jouk,  
 The lass paid hame her compliment, and buick ;  
 ' Heigh hey ! ' she says, as soon as she came near,  
 ' There's been a langsome day to me, my dear.  
 Faint, faint, alas ! wi' faut and mister gane,  
 And in a peril just to die my-lane.'

' Wae's me,' the other says, ' that's dowie fate,  
 'Tsall nae be lang ere ye some sust'nance get ;  
 Sit still and rest you here aneth this tree,  
 And in a clap I'se back wi' something be.'  
 And wha was this, think ye, sae kindly spak,  
 But NORY taking at her ev'ning walk,  
 Amang the trees, and making heavy main,  
 Thinking she ne'er wad LINDY see again.  
 'Twas here she stay'd, and here she was ta'en in,  
 And better guided, than wi' a' her kin.  
 And as she promis'd, back she came in haste,  
 And ye may trow't, her pouches were na waste ;  
 Sae cuts of flesh, and lumps o' bread and cheese,  
 To BYDBY on the point of starving gees ;

Wha wi' good will pang'd up her hungry maw,  
 Syne frae a strypte drank up what she could draw ;  
 Then to her NORRY says, ' What's been your fate,  
 That ye are fallen in sic a staggering state?  
 What means that coat ye carry on your back?  
 It cudna miss to be your heavy wrack.  
 Ye maun, I ween, unto the Kairds belang,  
 Seeking perhaps to do somebody wrang,  
 And meet your crew upon the dead o' night,  
 And brak some house, or gie the fook a fright ;  
 I was o'er busy geeing you relief,  
 Whan maybe ye are but at best a thief.'

' Heigh hey,' quoth BYDDBY, ' this is unco hard,  
 That whan fook travel they are ca'd a Kaird ;  
 I watna, lass, gin ye wad tak it well,  
 Gin fook wi' you in sic a shape wad deal ;  
 But fook that travel mony a bob maun bide,  
 And sae wi' me it happens at this tide.'

' Forgive me, lass,' says NORRY, ' it may be  
 That I am wrang, but fook to giss are free ;  
 But what's the matter, gin ye like to tell,  
 That ye are wandring sae alane yoursel?'

' Syne that ye speer, I'se lat you shortly ken,  
 I'm seeking after twa unthankfu' men ;  
 Forgive me, gin I wrang them.' ' What! hae they,'  
 Says NORRY, ' frae yoursel ta'en ought away,  
 That ye sae weary after them pursue?  
 Seeking amends they may do hurt to you.'  
 ' Nae fear o' that,' quoth she, ' gin we were met,  
 But I soon right o' a' my wrangs wad get.'

‘ To seek them,’ quoth she, ‘ ken ye whare to gang,  
Or to what country thir twa men belang?’

‘ Well ken I that,’ says BYDBY, ‘ I can tell  
That they do baith in Flavinia dwell.’

‘ In Flavinia!’ quoth she, ‘ dwell ye there?  
That of their dwelling ye’re so very clair.’

‘ That do I not, nor ken I whare it lies,’

BYDBY to her, wi’ a sad sigh, replies;

‘ Had I done that, I might been there ere now,  
I’ve spent mair time, nor wad hae gane’t, I trow.’

‘ Ken ye their names, in case ye gat the place?’

‘ Well that,’ she says, ‘ I ken them, name and face.

I ken them sae, that I could hae nae doubt,

Out o’ a thousand men to wale them out.’

‘ How did they ca’ them then?’ says NORRY, ‘ I  
Might maybe help you to find out the way.’

‘ COLIN and LINDY,’ BYDBY says, ‘ they’re ca’d,

The ane an elderin man, the neist a lad;

A bonny lad as e’er my eyn did see,

And dear he is, and sall be unto me.

His yellow hair down o’er his shoulders hang,

Like tap o’ lint, as bonny and as lang.’

Says NORRY, ‘ Lass, your errand is nae sma’,

It seems that lad has stown your heart awa’,

And ye are following on, wi’ what’s ahind,

And your mistake too late may ablins find.

Lads aftentimes poor lasses like to cheat,

And whan they follow, aft they tine the heat;

Gin ye tak my advice, ye’ve gaue enough.’

‘ I think nae sae,’ she says, and hassins leugh.

Says NORV, ‘ gin ye lippen till him sae,  
 How through your fingers hae ye latten him gae?’  
 ‘ That is the question, bonny lass, indeed,  
 Ye now hae hit the nail upo’ the head.  
 I better wi’ less travel might hae been,  
 Had I been tenty as I sud hae been;  
 But fouks, they say, are wise ahind the hand,  
 Whilk to be true unto my cost I fand;  
 But had the case been yours, as it was mine,  
 Ye might hae trow’d the raip wad keep the twine.  
 But, maksna matter, gin I had my men,  
 I hae nae fear to gar it knit again;  
 ’Tis nae a’ in hand that helps, and it may be  
 That this may be the very case wi’ me.’  
 ‘ What was the case, my lass, gin I might speer?’  
 ‘ That,’ quoth the other, ‘ ye right nòw sall hear;  
 ’Tis true the tale is no so very short,  
 Nor yet mysel in sic condition for’t;  
 But gin ye like to ware the time, then ye  
 How a’ the matter stòod, shall vively see.  
 ’Twill maybe keep us baith frae thinking lang,  
 And I’se let you consider o’ the wrang.’  
 ‘ Content am I,’ she says; ‘ wi’ a’ my heart,  
 ’Twill ablins lear me how to play my part.  
 For what’s your horse this day, may come to be  
 My mare the morn,—oblige me, and be free.’

Then BYDBY says, ‘ Short syne unto our glen,  
 Seeking an heership, came yon unco men.  
 And our ain lads, although I say’t mysel,  
 But guided them right cankerdly and snell;

Gar'd them work hard, and little sust'nance gae,  
 That I was even at their guideship wae.  
 And ye maun ken, that ilka day at noon,  
 I was sent to them wi' their sma' disjune ;  
 And whan I saw their piece was but a gnapp,  
 Thought wi' mysel o' mending their mishap.  
 Syne ilka day I steal'd to them an eek,  
 And row'd it up into my Sunday's keek.  
 I had na aft upon this errand gane,  
 Till I am wi' the love o' LINDY ta'en ;  
 What needs me heal't? na, na, it winna dee,  
 And gin I sud, I wadna now be free.  
 I held it in, as lang as well I cou'd,  
 And there's nae help, but I maun lat it out ;  
 Sae 'oman, for to mak a lang tale short,  
 He grants to tak me, gin I wad work for't ;  
 And fat was that, think ye, but lat them gae,  
 Upon the dead of night, their bondage frae ;  
 Gin sae I did, that I sud gang alang,  
 And syne be married wi' him in a bang.'  
 Then NORV says, ' How comes it, 'oman, then,  
 Ye ca' sic couthy fouk unthankfu' men?'

' But bide ye yet,' says BYDBY, ' ye sall hear,  
 And sae ye'll see nae room sic things to speer.  
 I plays my part, and lats them win awa',  
 I mounts, and wi' them aff what we could ca' ;  
 'Twa miles, ere we drew bridle, on we past,  
 Syne LINDY looks ahind him all aghast,  
 And says, ' O BYDBY, 'oman, I've forgot,  
 Into yon dreary hole, my Sunday's coat,

Now win my bennison, and rin again,  
 We'll bide you here beside this meikle stane.  
 For LINDY sure I wad mak ony shift,  
 And back again I scours, what legs cou'd lift;  
 Ere I came back, and well I wat short while  
 Was I a coming, I gets the beguile.  
 Naething I finds, seek for them what I list,  
 But a toom hale, and sae my mark I mist.  
 I shanna tell you, nor can I do yet,  
 How sad the set was, that my heart did get.  
 Now I may gang as soon and drown mysel,  
 As offer hamewith, after what befel;  
 Sae on I gaes, and thinks, and thinks it yet,  
 They'd travell'd aff, lest they a chace sud get,  
 Rather than leave poor me to pine wi' care,  
 That nae sic treatment at their hand did sair.  
 Now by this time the tears came rapping down  
 Upon her milk-white breast, aneth her gown:  
 And NORVY's heart was at the tale right sair,  
 But her misease came frae another care:  
 Her heart for LINDY now began to beal,  
 And she's in swidder great to think him leal:  
 But in her breast she smor'd the dowie care,  
 Nor wi' the other did her sorrow share:  
 But says, 'Ye better for him speak, I fear,  
 Than what the cause, if fitted right, will bear.'  
 'Well, it may be, but I'll hope in the best,  
 And sall be at my wit's end or I rest.  
 But O, kind lass, gin ye hae ony guess  
 How I sud hadd, whan I gae out of this,



I'll be oblig'd to ye, mair nor I can say,  
Nor wad forget it to my dying day.'  
Quoth HELENORE, ' The gate I dinna ken,  
But yet to help you would be unco fain ;  
And gin ye'd gi'e that bonny keek to me,  
I'd gang a day wi' you, and maybe three.'  
' Well mat ye be,' she says, ' the keek ye's hae,  
Gin ye wad gang wi' me but ae bare day ;  
And gin we reach na our tryst's end ere night,  
Or be na of that country in the sight ;  
Gin ye gae farer, I sall gee to you  
This brann-new pouch, of sattin double blue.'

Then NORȲ says, ' Content ; but hear me this,  
Ae mament's time we hae nae need to miss ;  
Tho' ye be tir'd, ye'll need to rise and gang ;  
In this short night the sky will cast e'er lang.  
Gin I be mist, as doubtless but I will,  
Ere we set aff, it a' the sport wad spill.  
But I maun see what purchase I can mak  
O' cheese and bread, afore the road we tak.  
For to your cost, I fear, by now ye ken  
What 'tis to tak the hill sae bare tli'-ben ;  
Sae sit ye still a wee, and I sall be  
Back in the very twinkling of an e'e.'

Now NORȲ had twa irons in the fire,  
And had to strike them baith a keen desire ;  
First, to win hame by favour of this lass,  
As being fly'd her lane again to pass.  
The neist, to try gin siccan news were true,  
As she had heard frae BYDȲ, but right now.

Her word she keeps, and back wi' speed she flies,  
 Wi' baith her pouches pang'd wi' bread and cheese.  
 ' Now, lass,' she says, ' we just maun tak the gate,  
 And try the hills, though it be dark and late ;  
 Though it be sae, it better is for me,  
 What gate we hadd, the less our fouks'll see ;  
 For they now trust I to my bed am gane,  
 And gin they miss me, they'll get up ilk ane.'

' Well mat ye be, an lat you never ken  
 To your experience, what I dree for men ;  
 But gin your strait to me sud e'er be kend,  
 Ye may be sure to count upon a friend ;  
 For fouk'll say, they ken na what they'll need,  
 And ye the will maun now tak for the deed.'

' I mak nae doubt,' says NORRY, ' but we maun  
 Mak of our journey now the best we can.'  
 Wi' lightsome hearts now up the burn they hey,  
 And were well on the road by brak of day.

Now by this time poor NORRY'S miss'd at hame,  
 And for her absence ilk ane does ither blame.  
 The aunt frae BESS is like to pu' the heart,  
 Because she didna better play her part ;  
 And BESSY'S heart is even like to brak,  
 And for her does great dool and sorrow mak.  
 They wistna whom to send upon the chase,  
 Or how to look the Squire into the face,  
 That wadna be, they kent, to had nor bind  
 Whan he came back, and her awa' sud find.  
 And, as soon as the day was up and clear,  
 Baith aunt and dother sought her far and near :

But a' was washing of the blackamoor,  
They boot turn hame, and even gi'e it o'er.

The lasses now are linking what they dow,  
And faiked ne'er a foot for height nor how.  
Whan day was up, and bounds seen round about,  
NORV began to ken her former rout ;  
But loot na on, but fairly'd full as fast  
As BYDBV could, at a' thing as they past ;  
Scream'd at ilk cleugh, and skreech'd at ilka how,  
As loud as she had seen the wirrie-cow.  
But LINDY's story held her heart asteer,  
And aye at ilka sae lang she wad speer,  
' And say you, had your wooer yellow hair ?  
Was he well-legged, cherry-cheek'd and fair ?  
To Flavinia did the lad belang  
' That ye allege has wrought you a' the wrang ?  
Was he in earnest, think ye, whan he spak,  
And for that weary coat bade you gae back ?  
Was COLIN, say you, the auld shepherd's name ?  
Had he of what's befallen you ony blame ?  
Heard ye nae word, gin he had chiel or chare ?  
Or he a jo that had the yellow hair ?'  
' To a' sic questions BYDBV made a shift  
' To answer, never dreaming NORV's drift.  
' Tis now about the eleventh hour o' the day,  
And they are posting on whate'er they may,  
Baith het and meeth, till they are haling down :  
The sun he dips, and clouds grow thick aroin' ;  
A' in a clap the fire-flaught blinds their eyn,  
' The thunder rattles at an unco teen ;

Hurl upon hurl, and just aboon their head,  
They on their faces fell as they were dead ;  
And just wi' this the bowden clouds they brak,  
And pour, as out o' buckets, on their back.  
Now they conclude, that here their turf maun be,  
And lay stane still, not moving e'e nor bree ;  
And for misluck, they just were on the height,  
Ay thinking whan the bowt on them wad light.  
For twa lang hours in this sad plight they lay ;  
At last the sun shoots out a couthy ray ;  
Sac piece and piece they peep out as they dow,  
And see main ocean down into the how.  
Fan up they stood, naething but burns they spy'd,  
Tumbling and roaring down on ilka side,  
Wi' sic a fearsome hurl, and reefu' rair,  
The neist thing to the thunder in the air.  
What can they dow? downwith they dare na budge,  
Their safest course seems in the height to lodge.  
At last and lang the burns began to fa',  
And down the hill they scour what they can ca'.  
Sometimes they wade, sometimes the burns they lap,  
And sometimes through on feet and hands they crap ;  
And by the time they reach'd anither height,  
The sun fa's down, and now 'tis hard on night.  
And naething yet but hills and moors in view,  
Nor mark nor maith that ever NORRY knew.  
And by this time poor BYDBY wearies sair.  
And her ain hands begins to wring for care.  
But NORRY keeps up better heart, and says,  
' We mauna weary at thir rugged braes ;

Tyne heart, tyne a', we'll even tak sic bield  
 As thir uncouthy heather hills can yield.  
 The night looks well, the sky will set and clear;  
 Neist day, ere night, some country may appear.  
 We'll ripe the pouch, and see what scaff is there;  
 I wat, whan I came out, it was na bare.  
 Sae down they sat, by favour of a stane,  
 That o'er their heads right couthily did lean.  
 Unto their supper now they yaply fa',  
 But BYDBY's dridder was na quite awa';  
 Within her jugs the thunder's roar yet knells,  
 As well's the burns that rumbl'd wi' sic yells.  
 She says to NORV, 'O yon dreadful crack,  
 I haleumlie thought wad hae been our wrack:  
 Fly'd at my heart,' says she, 'am I, least we  
 Sud the neist day in sic sad pickle be.'

Says NORV, 'Na, yon summer sob is out,  
 This night bodes well, spy 'oman round about,  
 The morn will better prove, I hope, and we,  
 Ere night, may chance some inwith place to see.'  
 And yet her tongue was fault'ring whan she spak,  
 And wi' plain fear her breast was like to brak.  
 But still and on, she wad lia forward been,  
 To ken the verity, she was sae keen.  
 Syne piece and piece together down they creep,  
 And crack till baith dow'd o'er at last asleep.  
 Their day-time toil had wrought them sic a wrack,  
 That e'er they jee'd the sun beat on their back.  
 Fain were they baith o' the sweet light o' day,  
 And that the night had steal'd sae saft away.

They rub their eyn, and spy them round about,  
Thinking what gate the day to hadd their rout ;  
Nae meiths they had büt northlins still to gae,  
Kenning that gate that Flavinia lay.

Now frae the hight, whare they had ta'en their biel  
Far in a how they spy a little shield ;

Some peep of reek out at the naip appears :

' What's yon?' at NORV, BYDBV snaply speers.

Then NORV says, ' I see a house it's lane,

But far nor near of house mair spy I nane.

What can they be, that win sae by themsel,

In this wide wilderness, I canna tell.'

' Be what they like, I think we'll gang and speer,'

Says BYDBV, ' gin we our tryst's end be near.'

' I watna,' NORV says, ' they're maybe men,

Nae woman sure can win in sic a glen ;

And maybe Kettrin. I have heard fouk say,

That they aft wake a' night, and sleep a' day ;

Tak in fouk's nolt and sheep, and eat them there ;

That they be such, is borne upon me sair.'

' Na,' BYDBV says, ' I dinna think it sae,

I see a bught beyond it on a brae.

Somebody here is shealing wi' their store,

In summer time, I've heard the like afore ;

We'll cast about, and come upon the bught.'

' Content,' says NORV, ' it is nae ill thought ;

I think I see't mysel ; we'll wear in-by,

Gin we'll win there, it's time to milk the ky.'

Sae down they fare, and rough, rough was the brae,

Wi' craigs and scrabs a' scatter'd in the way.

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As they drew near, they heard an elderin dy,  
Singing fu' sweet at milking o' her ky:  
In-by they came, and hailst her couthily.  
The wife looks up, a little in surprise,  
And, leaning o'er the bught, the maidens spies;  
And taks hersel, and says, 'Ye're welcome here,  
This day ye seem to be right soon asteer.'  
Quoth they, 'We hae gane will, been out a' night,  
And spy'd this sheal, and came to be set right;  
Be but so kind as tell us whare we be,  
Ye's hae our thanks, it's a' that we can gee.'  
Quoth she, 'Unto the sheal step ye o'er by,  
And warm yoursels, till I milk out my ky;  
This morning raw, gin ye've a' night been out,  
That ye wad thole a warm I mak na doubt;  
And something mair, I'se warrant: ca' your wa',  
The door's widé open, nae sneck ye hae to draw.  
Put on a cow till I come o'er the gate,  
And do the best ye can to had you het.'  
The lasses bidding does, and o'er they gaes,  
And o' bleech'd birns pat on a canty blaze.  
Content were they at sic a lucky kile,  
And thought they had na gotten a beguile.  
On shelves around the sheal the cogs were set,  
Ready to ream, and for the cheese be het.  
A hake was frae the rigging hanging fu'  
O' quarter kebbocks, tightly made and new.  
Behind the door a caller heather bed,  
Flat on the floor, wi' stanes and feal was made.

And luckey shortly follow'd o'er the gate,  
Wi' twa milk-buckets frothing o'er and het;  
Syne ream'd her milk, and set it on the fire,  
And bade them eek the blaze, and nae to tire,  
That cruds their wamefu' they sud get in haste,  
As good and fresh as ony needs to taste.  
Sair looked she on NORY's bonny face,  
And says, ' Young lass, I wiss you mickle grace;  
Sweet are your looks, and o' good-nature fu',  
He'll get nae blind that chances to get you.  
Well look ye baith, I did na mean to lack  
The ane, whan I but o' the ither spak:  
Nane o' the warst ye look as ye were come,  
But o' the best o' country fouk, and some.  
Ye baith, for me, may ae man's bairns be,  
And maybe no, it maks nae thing to me.  
What cast has feshen you sae far frae towns?  
I'm sure to you thir canna be kenn'd boun's;  
Ten miles frae ony town this shealing lies,  
And to see here sic twa is my surprise.  
And still the mair at sic a time o' day;  
'Twou'd seem indeed that ye had tint your way.'  
Says NORY till her, ' Is the fairly great,  
Here, ane sae early too, sic twa to get;  
As great's our fairly to see you dwell here,  
Sae far frae towns, or ony neiper near;  
I wonder just ye dinna die for fear.  
But are the cows your ain, gin I may speer?'  
' O never anc o' them belongs to me,  
They are the laird's, well may his honour be,



My ain gueed chield that sucked me-fu' sweet,  
 And's ay kind to me when we chance to meet.  
 These twenty simmers now I hae been here,  
 And he ay came to see me ilka year,  
 Save this alane, but well I ken the cause ;  
 The faut's nae his, but his heart-bound papa's.  
 But thanks to praise, I hear the carle's dead,  
 My bairn will now get leave to lift his head ;  
 And of a warldly hulgy-back get free,  
 That dad design'd his wedded wife to be.  
 Now he will get his choice whom he likes best,  
 Since the auld churl has ta'en him till a rest.  
 Afore lang days, I hope to see him here,  
 About his milkness and his cows to speer.'

Now NORV, hearing this, began to guess,  
 This was the Squire that took her frae distress ;  
 And at her speers, how they his style did ca'.  
 The wife replies, ' His style is Bonnyha' ;  
 And bonny is't, and wealthy, wealthy he,  
 Well will she fa' that wins his wife to be.'  
 Now NORV kens she in her guess was right,  
 But lat na wi't, that she had seen the knight,  
 But at her speers, how far frae this away,  
 She thought the braes of Flavinia lay ?  
 ' Nae near, my chiel,' she says, ' but ye are wrang,  
 To Flavinia gin ye mean to gang.  
 O'er high by far ye've ta'en up through the glen,  
 O' miles frae it ye are na down o' ten ;  
 Gang east, but ay some northward had your cast,  
 Till ye a bonny water see at last.'

Wi' thir injunctions they their course pursue,  
 And gi'e auld luckey thanks, as was her due.  
 Right cheerfully they did the road tak in,  
 And thought that night to their tryst's end to win,  
 And would hae done't, but NORRY, wha had aye  
 A mind the truth o' BYDBY's tale to try,  
 Made shift by bout-gates to put aff the day,  
 Till night sud fa', and then be forc'd to stay;  
 Meaning neist day to send the lass before,  
 Whan they sud be in sight o' LINDY's door,  
 Syne follow fast hersel, and just slip in  
 Upon them, ere they wist, but ony din.  
 Accordingly, ere they the water wan,  
 That the auld dy tauld near the country ran,  
 Night fa's, and they maun tak the chance o' bield  
 Anes mair, that glens, and hills, and heather yield,  
 Their forward minds that night took little sleep;  
 Again they trust as soon's the day did peep.  
 In a short space they soon the water fand.  
 Says BYDBY, ' Flavinia's now at hand;  
 Well fell me now, my lad I'll shortly see,  
 And at the sight blythe at the heart I'll be.'

As they the water past, and up the brae,  
 Whare NORRY mony a time had wont to play,  
 Her heart wi' neaty grief began to rise,  
 Whan she so greatly alter'd saw the guise:  
 Nae herds nor gueeds were now to be seen there,  
 But a' was toom, a' heartless like, and bare.  
 Her dowie pain she could nae mair conceal;  
 The heart, they'll say, will never lie that's leal.

For whan they wan the height, and in a how,  
 Spy'd out the bigging by a bonny know ;  
 She says, ' My heart is like to gang awa',  
 And I maun e'en sit down, or else I'll fa' ;  
 But yonder's houses, 'oman, gang and speer  
 Gin we be unto Flavinia near.

Gin we be right, I'll ken, as ye bide still ;  
 Gin we be wrang, ye'll come again and tell ;  
 And I'll rest here, till I come to mysel.

Then BYDBY frankly taks the gate before,  
 And wisna lang ere she reach'd LINDY's door,  
 That by the cast o' ground the nearest lay,  
 Just at the bottom of a sunny brae.

My lass slips in, says calmly, ' Peace be here !  
 Is this, or is't to Flavinia near ?'

LINDY was sitting in the house him lane,  
 Wi' heart for NORV heavy like a stane ;  
 Lifts up his head, and looking to the door,  
 Sees BYDBY standing just upon the floor.

Th' unwelcome sight pat to his heart a knell,  
 That he was hardly master o' himsel ;

Yet says, ' Come ben, ah ! BYDBY, is that ye ?  
 Foul fa' that coat, that you sic cark did gee.

Ye might ha flung't awa' and turn'd again,  
 O' ha'f your travel it's nae worth the pain ;  
 But, maksna, since ye're come yese be well paid ;  
 Sit down and rest you, and right now yese hae't ;  
 The worth o't twice in claith or waith yese get,  
 I canna say but I am in your debt.'

‘ Ah! LINDY, is this ye? weel fell mysel,  
 But waes me that ye sud sic tidings tell;  
 Your claith and waith will never tell wi’ me,  
 Tho’ ye a thousand laids thereof could gi’e;  
 I’m o’er weel saird o’ claith, since I took gate,  
 That coat o’ yours has gi’en me sic a set.  
 But out o’ jest, for claith I came na here,  
 But for the thing that was by far mair dear;  
 ’Twas for yoursel, man, that I dreed this pain,  
 Sae ony ither proffers are bat vain;  
 Wad I, think ye, for less hae follow’d you?  
 Or can I think that less can be my due?  
 Was’t na’ your paction ere I loot you gae,  
 That just yoursel I for my hire sud hae!  
 Alas, alas! o’er late it seems I find,  
 I first was left, and now I’m come behind.  
 But think na man, that I’ll be set aff sae,  
 For I’ll hae satisfaction ere I gae:  
 I’se get a hire! a bonny tale indeed!  
 Ye spak na that gate in your time o’ need.  
 Whare’s COLIN? I’se refer my part to him,  
 And gin he says I’m wrang, I’se quit my claim;  
 He witness’d a’ that pass’d, and shar’d himsel  
 Part o’ the gueed, and can the better tell.’  
 ‘ Well, I’m content,’ says LINDY, ‘ gin he say’t,  
 There’s be na mair about it, ye sall hae’t.  
 This spak he, lipp’ning COLIN wad deny,  
 And sae between them score poor BYDBY by.  
 As they are at this dibberderry thrang,  
 And BYDBY still complaining o’ her wrang,

JANE, wha had seen her coming o'er the moor,  
 Supposing't NORRY, slips in at the door.  
 She never minds her, but tells on her tale,  
 Right bauld and bardocho, likely-like and hale.  
 JANE was astonish'd sic a threap to see,  
 And wistna wham to blame, or wham to free ;  
 But thought indeed, gin sicken things were true,  
 That NORRY had right fast slipt out o' view.

Now by this time poor NORRY's mair nor fain  
 The truth o' BYDBY's unco tale to ken,  
 And just at LINDY's door came slipping in  
 Whan they are in the fixfax o' their din.  
 JANE looks about her, and her NORRY spies,  
 Judge ye, gin she met not wi' a surprise.  
 Out gush'd her eyn, but word she cudna say,  
 Sae hamphis'd was she atween glee an' wae.  
 Her in her oxter hard and fast she grips,  
 And press'd her speechless mou' upon her lips.  
 LINDY looks also butt, and NORRY spies ;  
 ' And O my NORRY, here's my NORRY,' cries.  
 Flaught bred upon her, butt the house he sprang,  
 And frae her mither's oxter fiercelins wrang.  
 ' And O my NORRY, O my NORRY,' cries,  
 ' Sweet, sweet indeed, to me is this surprise.'  
 Kisses upon her he birs'd on anew,  
 But she was shy, and held her head askew ;  
 And cries ' Lat be, ye kiss but lucky fast,  
 Ye're o'er well us'd, I fear, since we met last.'  
 Looks at him wi' the baw-waw o' her e'e,  
 As dram and dorty as young Miss wad be

To country Jock, that needs wad hae a kiss,  
 Nolens or volens, frae the dainty Miss.  
 Thir words a wee did slocken LINDY's fire,  
 And pat some let to his sae bauld desire.  
 Blythe at the heart was BYDDEY at the sight,  
 And thought indeed that she had sair'd him right.  
 But thought the sheep she'd geen the wolf to had,  
 Whan she had choice o' sic a neiper made.  
 And turning till her, says, ' I find that now  
 I play'd wrang cards, whan I set out wi' you.  
 I might hae kent, had I not senseless been,  
 That ye for noth wad not be hauf so keen.  
 But maksna, be the matter as it may,  
 To stap your claim I have enough to say.  
 Whatever might atween you been before,  
 I'm sure that I was last into the score.  
 I have his hand, and truth, and what needs mair?  
 Cross't gin he can, just whare he's standing there.'  
 ' 'Tis nae sic thing,' says LINDY, ' or gin I  
 Some sic like words might happen then to say,  
 They've been but said to please a fool like you ;  
 Nae man o' ten likes women them to woo ;  
 For our acquaintance was but lucky short,  
 For me, or ony man, to play sic sport.'  
 ' Why did you sae?' says BYDDEY, ' for ye had  
 In your ain hand to hadd, both heft and blade ;  
 Though I did wiss't indeed, and wiss't it sair,  
 That ye were mine, e'en ilka hilt and hair,  
 I cudna force ye to gi'e your consent ;  
 But since ye gae't, ye sudna now repent,

Nor need ye mak a feint to tell me now  
 Ye never meant to stand by sic a vow,  
 But only please a witless fool like me ;  
 But say, play bairns, your fool I winna be.  
 'Twas earnest wark, lad, that I did for you,  
 And you maun deal wi' me in earnest now.  
 I've play'd my part, I fear, and something mair ;  
 Play you now yours, and be to me as fair.  
 And I sall tell you ae thing, that's nae twa,  
 Our lads and ye'll about it pluck a craw ;  
 For forty groats I wadna stand your stour,  
 Gin they this gate but tak anither tour ;  
 And sure am I, that it will no be lang,  
 Till they be here complaining o' their wrang.'

That NORY's come, the news is now ding dang,  
 And a' the neipers unto LINDY thrang.  
 COLIN her father, wha had outwith' gane,  
 But heard at last, and sae came in him lane.  
 As he came in, him glegly BYDBY spy'd,  
 And, ' welcome, COLIN, mair nor welcome,' cry'd ;  
 ' Come ben and red this threap, for ye can tell  
 The verity, 'cause ye was there yoursel ;  
 Ken a' that past, ear and eye witness was,  
 To a' that did 'tweesh me and LINDY pass.  
 Come COLIN now, and gi'e me kyle about,  
 I helped you, whan nane else wad, I doubt.  
 Naething but justice I now crave of you ;  
 To tak me, tell, gin LINDY didna vow.  
 Though I'm amang you cast like a slung stane,  
 I was like ither fouk at hame ye ken ;

And gin ye had but plaid me hafflins fair,  
 I needed na hae dree'd sae meikle care.  
 But, maksna, now I'm here : sae plainly tell,  
 The naked truth afore the lad himsel.'

Syne COLIN says, ' I do indeed confess,  
 Ye lent's a lift in our right great distress ;  
 For cause of which I own it's gueed our part,  
 Wi' our best wiss that ever ye be sair'd :  
 And ye sall find it sae afore we part.  
 And though 'tis true, and true it is I grant,  
 To marry you that LINDY made a vaunt,  
 'Cause we were at a pinch to win awa' ;  
 But to the head the nail ye manna ca'.  
 To say that ye was geck'd ye'se hae nae need,  
 We'll gi'e a hitch unto your tocher gueed.  
 Weel are ye worth it at our hands the day,  
 And ye sall get it wi' you ere you gae.'  
 ' Na, COLIN, na, 'tis well ye tell the truth,  
 At hame o' tocher gueed I hae a fouth ;  
 'Twas no for gear that I my fouks forsook,  
 And ran the hazard o' their sair down-look.  
 No, by my troth it : LINDY's what I want,  
 By promise mine, as ye right now did grant.  
 Speak nae mair o' your hires, 'tis lie alane  
 Sall be my hire, for other I'll hae nane.'  
 ' Aw, but' says COLIN ' ye sudna gaird sae sair,  
 What winna fouk engage that's under care?  
 Wi' premunire hamper'd as were we,  
 Fouk wad say ony thing to set them free.'



‘ Gin grite your premunire was,’ she said,  
 ‘ Ye sud the better mind how ye was freed.  
 But words I winna langer using be,  
 Nor will sic aff-sets do the turn wi’ me;  
 For haleumlie to tak me he did bind,  
 And hae’m I will; there’s nae a word ahind.’  
 But COLIN says, ‘ what if he dinna like you?  
 Ye’d better want him than he sud begeck you.’  
 ‘ ’Tis a’ ane,’ says she, ‘ him I like fu’ sair,  
 And that he wad like me, I hae nae fear;  
 Had o’ the bargin we made an outred,  
 We’s no be heard upo’ the midden-head.  
 That he’s gueed-natur’d ony ane may see,  
 That’s nae stane-blind, or has but hauf an e’e.’  
 Syne COLIN says, ‘ but ye may be mistaen,  
 The face has been a cheat to mony ane;  
 Aft the still sow will eat up a’ the draff,  
 Whan canker’d looks prove not so ill by hauf;  
 Mony’ll bite and sup wi’ little din,  
 That wadna gree a straik at mooling in.  
 Sae gin the face be what ye lippen till,  
 Ye may hae little cause to roose your skill.’  
 ‘ Maksna,’ quoth she, ‘ gin I my hazard tak,  
 Sma’ sturt may other fouks about it mak.’  
 By now a’ eyn upon them sadly gaz’d,  
 And LINDY looked blate and sair bumbaz’d,  
 The colly-shangy raise to sic a height,  
 That maugre him things wadna now hald right;  
 For NORV’s heart began to cool fu’ fast,  
 Whan she fand things had taken sic a cast,

And sae throw ith'er warpl'd were, that she  
 Began to dread atweesh them what might be.  
 And even thought her travel but ill wair'd,  
 For her convoy, and but hersel ill sair'd ;  
 And frae her heart she wish't she hadna been  
 In coming aff wi' BYDBY hauf sae keen.  
 For what she fear'd, she now in earnest fand,  
 About this threap, was close come till her hand ;  
 And that though LINDY, maybe, might ly too,  
 The lass had just as gued a right as she ;  
 And that the bargain might hae little thrift,  
 To bring it on tho' they sud mak a shift.  
 But still her mind she keeped to hersel ;  
 But O, her heart fand mony a dreary knell !  
 But she was sure, whan LINDY's eyn were set  
 The way to her, to look the ith'er gate.

Now by this time the house is heels o'er head,  
 For aething some, and some anither said ;  
 That day nor door a body cudna hear,  
 For every thing was put in sic a steer.  
 And COLIN and his wife were mair nor fain,  
 To crack wi' NORY, and her story ken.  
 Wi' great hamstram they thriml'd thro' the thrang,  
 And gae a nod to her to after gang.  
 Upon the green they lean'd them down a' three,  
 And tears for fainness ran frae ilka e'e.  
 ' Lassie, what was't came o'er ye,' COLIN says,  
 ' At sic a time o' night to tak' the braes ?  
 I mair nor fairly, what cud be your haste,  
 Ye cudna think to succour man or beast ;

Sad's been the heart-brack ye to us hae gi'en,  
And dowie for your sake my hap has been ;  
And dowie yet is like to be our day,  
About this threap ; yon cummer is na play.'

Then NORV, wi' her finger in her e'e,  
Wi' heart as great's a peat, begins to free  
Hersel to them the best way that she mought,  
Saying, ' yon dreary news set me a-flought ;  
And ere I took mysel, I had o'ergane  
A' meiths or marks afore within my ken ;  
As mark as pick night down upo' me fell,  
What my condition was I canna tell.  
My fae lat never be sae hard bestead,  
Or forc'd to byde the bydings that I badc.  
Sic youls and yells, as wad hae thir'd a stane,  
Was never heard, as I heard there my lane.  
Whan day came in, and welcome was the sight,  
After the eery, black, and fearsome night,  
Nae airths I kent, nor what was east by wast,  
But took the road as it lay in my cast.  
Thus wi' a dowie heart and hungry wame,  
I wander'd, wissing that I were at hame,  
But wistna whether I made till't or frae't ;  
But for the herds and gueeds ill was I paid.  
What ganks I met wi', now I sanna tell,  
But at the last upon a burn I fell,  
Wi' bonny even road, and inwith set,  
Ye might hae row'd an apple a' the gate ;  
Sic like I mind aft times to hear you tell,  
That fouk sud follow whan they hae gane will ;

This I'll had down, but het, het was the day,  
The summer cauts were dancing brae frae brae ;  
Wi' faut and heat, I just was like to swelt,  
And in a very blob of sweat to melt ;  
Nae help there was, but there lay down my head  
Aneth a tree, and wait for welcome dead.  
I had na lang aneth the shadow lain,  
Whan sleep crap on me and beguil'd my pain.  
Three hours, as I by time o' day could guess,  
At ease I lay, and had sweet happiness ;  
But whan 'I waken'd, to my great surprise,  
Wha's standing but a laird before my eyes ;  
The bonniest youth that ever I had seen,  
Wi' yellow strips clad in a coat o' green.  
Upon a bow he lean'd his milk-white hand,  
A bonny boy a thoughty aff did stand.  
Gryte shame I thought sae to be gotten there,  
And was for fear the neist thing to despair.  
In rinning aff lay my relief I thought,  
But o' my claise he took a swippert claught ;  
Bade me nae fear, for I sud get nae skaith,  
To do me wrang, that he wad be right laith ;  
And spak sac kindly, couthy-like, and fair,  
And pray'd to tell what way I had come there,  
That at mair saught my mind began to be,  
And he some meat his laddie gart gi'e me.  
Neist he persuades to gang wi' him a' night,  
Whare I sud be well ta'en about and right.  
Gin night we came into a gentle place,  
And as he promis'd sae I fand the case.

Kind was the lady, for nae men I saw,  
 And bedded me wi' her ain dother braw.  
 Weel was I there, I wiss'd I'd bidden still,  
 Had ye but kend, I hadna met wi' ill.  
 But ae night as I'm spying out-about,  
 Wi' heart unsettled ay, ye need na doubt,  
 Wha coming gatewards to me, do I see,  
 But this snell lass, that came the day with me.  
 Sae finding she for Flavinia sought,  
 There is a happy kyle for me, I thought;  
 Sae what needs mair? together aff we came,  
 And o'er high hills, and fearsome cloughs we clamb.

RALPH meantime from the door comes wi' a rin,  
 And pray'd that JANE and NORRY wad gang in,  
 And try gin they yon fiery lass could tame,  
 That wi' her tongue had set a' in a flame:  
 And tries so hard yon heartless lad to gird,  
 That he looks just as he'd drap through the yird.  
 Quoth JANE, ' Wese try, but she looks ill to ca',  
 And o'er auld-mou'd, I reed, is for us a'.  
 As they gang in, RALPH unto COLIN says,  
 ' Yon hobble-show is like some stour to raise;  
 What think ye o't; for, as we use to say,  
 The web seems now a' to be made o' wae.'  
 Says COLIN, for he was a sicker boy,  
 ' Neiper, I fear this is a kittle ploy;  
 Gin we the gully guide na now wi' can,  
 'T may chance tð gee's a sneck into the han';  
 Yon lass maun na be dung, but dauted sair,  
 It winna do tð kaim against the hair.

At first I thought but little o' the thing,  
But mischief's mother's but like midge's wing.  
I never dream'd things wad hae gane this length,  
But we hae e'en seen shargers gather strength,  
That seven years hae sitten in the flet,  
And yet hae bangsters on their boddom set.  
That sic'll be the case I now dread sair,  
Sae we'll be fools to tamper wi' her mair.  
But wi' hersel had we alane to do,  
We might find shifts for stapping o' her mou;  
And even that, I doubt, wad cost a pou'.  
But we hae a' her countrie's fead to byde,  
O'er great a force by far for our weak side.  
We a', but maist the lad himsel, and I,  
Ken they're nae fouks for our weak hands to try,  
She pleads a promise, and 'tis very true;  
But he had naething but a jamphing view;  
But she in gnapping earnest taks it a'.  
The bargain was that she should lat's awa'.  
She plaid her part, and freed us frae our care,  
And now holds out that we sud be as fair.  
Of her afore we try'd to shake us free,  
But she has scented out the road, ye see.  
Great waters aften rise frae little springs,  
And there is e'en a providence in things.  
By racklignce she wi' my lassie met,  
That wad be fain her company to get,  
Wha in her daffery had run o'er the score,  
And that has e'en brought her to our door.

Gin we fyke on till her ain fouks come here,  
 Ye'll see the town intill a bonny steer ;  
 For they're a thrawn and root-hewn cabrach pack,  
 And stark like stanes, and soon wad be our wrack.  
 Sae we had better jook until the jaw  
 Gang o'er our heads, than stand afore't and fa'.  
 And sae I think it best you bid the lad  
 Lay's hand to's heart, and to the bargain had ;  
 For I am much mista'en gin at the last,  
 To gang together be na found the best.'

Says RALPH, ' Weel, neiper, I hae heard your tale,  
 And even fairly at it ilka deal,  
 Kenning that ye're nae strange to what has been  
 Your lassie and my laddie lang between ;  
 And even we had 'greed it 'tween oursels ;  
 Sic counsel now but o' unkindness smells.'  
 ' Ye need na fairly, RALPH, nor be in ire,'  
 Says COLIN, ' for burnt bairns dread the fire ;  
 Had ye come through their fingers as did I,  
 Ye wadna been in swidder to comply ;  
 I'll wad my head, ere four-and-twenty hours,  
 That what's my mind the day had then been yours.  
 For the Sevilians will but doubt be here,  
 To dacker for her, as for robbed gear ;  
 And what hae we a-conter them to say ?  
 The gear'll prove itsel gin we deny.  
 They'll threap we stole her, she'll had till't hersel,  
 And syne will naething be but sad pell-mell.  
 Syne dool will fell us, the weak ay wins the war,  
 Sae we at first had better to tak care.'

‘ Weel, neiper,’ RALPH replies, ‘ I ken that ye  
 Had ay a gweed and sound advice to gi’e ;  
 For it’s nae yesterday that I could spy,  
 That ye could things see farer through than I ;  
 Sae for my part I’m willing to submit,  
 To what your gleggler wisdom shall think fit,  
 Gin that unhappy lad wad be sae wise,  
 As but ly too, and tak your gweed advice.  
 Quotli he, ‘ Ye canna better do than try,  
 Ye’s hae my input to gar him comply.  
 Cry ye him forth, wese till him lay the lines,  
 He’s do’t, or else what hads on me he tines.’

RALPH does his bidding, and out LINDY comes :  
 His father says, ‘ Lay by, man, thir humdrums,  
 And look nae mair like WATFY to the worm ;  
 Gin ye hae promis’d, what bat now perform ?  
 Amang us a’ a ravell’d hesp ye’ve made,  
 And now put to your hand, and help to red.  
 Ye ken yoursel best whare ye tint the end,  
 Sae ye maun foremost gang the miss to mend ;  
 ’Tis nae to mird wi’ unco fouk, ye see,  
 Nor is the blear drawn easy o’er their e’e.  
 Ye hae yoursel wi’ yon snell maiden lock’d,  
 That winna thole wi’ aff-sets to be jok’d ;  
 And sae, my lad, my counsel’s ye be low’n,  
 And tak a drink o’ sie as ye hae brown.  
 That’s out o’ jest, and in snell earnest, spark,  
 As ye began sae now conclude the wark.’

Says LINDY, ‘ Father, this is hard enough,  
 Against ane’s will to coup him o’er the heugh,



Wi' his eyn open to the fearsome skaith ;  
 To play sic pranks I will be very laith.  
 That ye car'd naething it wad vively seem,  
 Whether poor I sud eithèr sink or swim.  
 But since ye've easten a careless count 'bout me,  
 I manna sac, but to mysel maun see.  
 Sac I maun tell you ae thing, that's nae twa,  
 I'll sooner tak wild Scot o' Gallowa'.  
 Baith ye and COLIN ken my mind was set,  
 These seven years and mair, anither gate ;  
 I wadna think sic twa wise fouk as ye,  
 Wad to your ain sic wrangous counsel gi'e.  
 I watna weel gin ye wad thankfu' been,  
 To ony that had you sic counsel gi'en  
 Whan ye were young, and had your fancy fixt :  
 At your ain hearts, I fear ye had been vext.  
 And mony a time hae I e'en heard you baith  
 Say, ye to cross your wee anes wad be laith.  
 ' Weel, LINDY, man,' says COLIN, ' that's a' true,  
 But then was then, my lad, and now is now ;  
 'Bout then-a-days we'd seldom met wi' cross,  
 Nor kend the ill o' eonters or o' loss.  
 But now the ease is alter'd very sair,  
 And we sair new'd and caim'd against the hair.  
 We now maun tak the world as it wags,  
 And for hale elaiht, e'en be content wi' rags.  
 Anes on a day we thought the wind wad blaw  
 Aye on our backs ; that world's now awa' ;  
 And this is come, and we maun nae strive wi't,  
 But e'en submit ; the life, my lad, is sweet.

When a's awa', we strive to keep that grip,  
 And tak odd shifts, afore we lat it slip.  
 For NORRY, man, ye need na fash your thumb,  
 Nor keep her mair intill anither's room.  
 I loor by far, she'd die like JENKIN'S hen,  
 Ere we again meet yon unruly men.  
 Sae there's nae time to swidder 'bout the thing,  
 I'll wad her country-lads sall nae be dring  
 In seeking her, and making us to rue,  
 That ever we their name or nature knew;  
 Nae farer back 'bout them need we to look,  
 Than how oursels they did sae sadly hook.

Thus at their bargain we the lads maun leave,  
 'Till o' the Squire some short account we give;  
 Wha to his aunt returning, miss'd his pout,  
 And was in unco rage, ye need na doubt;  
 And for her was just like to burn the town,  
 And for to find her shortly maks him bown;  
 Conveñes his friends to help him far and near,  
 And to the mountains did his journey steer.  
 And thro' the glen wi' wondrous speed did hy,  
 Whare his auld mammy kept his store o' ky.  
 Blythe was the wife her foster-son to see,  
 And sain'd him o'er and o'er right heartily;  
 And tauld him, now that she was mair nor fain,  
 That kind gueed luck had latten him till his ain,  
 Afore mishap had fore'd him to comply  
 Unto a match to which he was sae thry.

'Weel,' says he, 'mammy, a' that's very gueed,  
 But come, let's try how tastes your cheese and bread;

And meantime gee's a waught o' cauler whey,  
This day's been het, and we are wondrous dry.'  
'Your honour sall get that, just in a stoun',  
And my sweet bennison to put it down.  
For wi' your ain it's fit ye sud be sair'd,  
And were it mine, weel wad I think it wair'd.'

'But,' says the Squire, 'saw ye nae unco lass,  
Some o' thir days down thro' the forest pass?'

'Indeed,' quoth she, 'but yesterday I saw,  
Nae farer gane, gang by here lasses twa,  
That had gane will, and been th'-forth a' night,  
But O, ane o' them was a seelfu' sight!  
Blind mat I be, and I am now threescore,  
Gin e'er I saw the maik o' her afore.

Her yellow hair that up in curlies row'd,  
Look'd in the sun just like the threads o' goud.

The ither too was a right setting lass,  
Tho' fothersome; but meek this lassie was.

Afore I wist, they just were hard in-by,  
As I was busy milking at my ky?

At me syne shortly they began to speer,  
Gin they were unto Flavinia near.'

'For Flavinia speer'd they?' said the Squire;

'Heard ye nae word, what was their errand there?'

'Indeed, an't like your honour, I dinna ken,  
For me to speer, wad nae gueed hayins been.

I gae them cruds and milk, and thought indeed  
That o' some sust'nance they had meikle need;

And, by my guess, I stroove to set them right;  
Syne in a glent they were out o' my sight.'

The Squire, whan he a wee had cha'd his cood,  
 On luckey's tale, does wi' himsel conclude,  
 Whate'er the ither might ha been, that she  
 Wha sae was roos'd, must his ain NORV be.  
 'Weel,' says the Squire, 'twas gueed ye gar'd them eat,  
 Amang thir hills fouk ay has need o' meat;  
 Wha kens but sicken kindness may meet you,  
 And be some day unto you worth a cow.  
 Lat nane gae hungry by, that ye see here,  
 But gi'e them ay part o' your country cheer;  
 I will allow't; yese nae be scrimp'd o' meal;  
 And ye hac fouth o' milk, I see, yoursel.'  
 'Tis crying sin,' quoth she, 'to wrang the dead,  
 The laird ay bade me deal a piece o' bread;  
 And I thought ay ye wad brak naething aff;  
 I mind ye liked ay to see a raff.'

'Weel, nurse,' says he, 'knit on the auld thrum,  
 And gi'e nae ground to say a warse is come.  
 Whate'er ye did afore, do better now,  
 He's nae your fae, that has to count wi' you.  
 But harkee, nooriss, what I'm gain to say,  
 We will be back within a day or twae;  
 Upon your milk your skilly hand you'll try,  
 And gi'es a feast o't, as we're coming by.'  
 'And weel I wat,' quoth she, 'I'll do my best,  
 Wi' hauf a dizen o' sorts to please your taste.  
 Blythsome and weel, my chiel, mat ye come back;  
 And binna angry at my hamely crack;  
 For weel I ken what is your honour's due,  
 But lat a word wi' your 'auld mammy now,

And hear me this ae word, my bonny laird :  
 A' that I've done I'll think the better wair'd,  
 That a young lady I see you fesh hame,  
 Ye'll no thram weel as lang's ye lie your lane.'  
 ' Weel, mammy,' quoth he, ' I'se tak your advice,  
 And hae ane o' them, gin they binna nice.'  
 ' Nae fear o' that,' quoth she ; ' be nice ! ha ! ha !  
 To tak the wealthy laird o' Bonnyha'.

They're nae sic fools, ye might hae ten for ane,  
 Were it the fashion, as they say has been.  
 Weel worth her room was your guעד lady mither,  
 See ye, like her, gin ye can wale anither.'

Now by the time that they a piece had ta'en,  
 A' in a brattle to the gate are gane ;  
 And soon are out o' the auld nooriss' sight,  
 To dress her milk hersel wha shortly dight.  
 Sic speed they made, that in an hour or two,  
 The braes o' Flavinia were in view ;  
 O' weel drest footmen five or six, or mōre,  
 At a guעד rake were running on afore.

Now a' this time baith RALPH and COLIN try  
 Their utmost art to gar the lad comply ;  
 But he continued obstinate and thry. }  
 As they're thus thrang, the gentles come in view,  
 A' in a breast upon a bonny brow.  
 Amazed at the sight, they stood stane still,  
 As gin on them some witch had try'd her skill ;  
 Nae word they spak, till they came close in-by,  
 The sight amo' them had rais'd sic a fry ;

The Squire that foremost rade in armour sheen,  
 Cried, ' Stop my friends ;' and lighted on the green.  
 To the three men then shortly turns, that gaz'd  
 And looked doited, speechless and bumbaz'd,  
 And to them says, ' Friends, be so kind as tell,  
 Gin hereabouts does ane hight COLIN dwell.'  
 This question made the shepherds sae aghast,  
 That as the quaking asp, they shook as fast,  
 Nae kenning what to think or what to say ;  
 Or what to do wi' COLIN sic could hae.  
 Soon could he see they were wi' fear o'ertane,  
 And couthily bespeaks them this again :  
 ' Fear na gueed shepherds, fear na at this sight,  
 We never meant to put you in a fright ;  
 For peace we're come, and only want to ken,  
 Gin ane hight COLIN wins into this glen.'  
 ' A weel, an't like your honour,' COLIN says,  
 Indeed ane o' that name wins in thir braes,  
 But it is mair than strange what ane like you  
 Sud hae wi' sic a hame-bred man to do ;  
 For weel I wat, I never yet did wrang,  
 To great nor sma', since I had pith to gang.'  
 ' Are ye the man?' the Squire soon maks reply.  
 ' I am,' he says, ' my name I'll not deny.'  
 The Squire, as soon's the verity he fand,  
 Straight taks the honest shepherd by the hand :  
 Wha wond'ring at the kindness, gae a jouk,  
 But did confus'd and mair nor shamefu' look.  
 Soon could the Squire his blate confusion see ;  
 And says, ' Tak heart, yese get nae wrang frae me,

But a' the gweed that's in my power to do ;  
 Now tell me does this house belang to you.'  
 'Deed no,' he says, ' but mine is just at hand,  
 And it and I are baith at your command.  
 'Tis true, 'tis barer than it's wont to be,  
 But wha themsels can frae mischances free ?  
 Nae mony days aback I mair could say ;  
 But fook sud na be vain o' what they hae.'  
 ' I've heard sae,' says the Squire, ' but never min',  
 Nor at sic woeful antercasts repine,  
 'Tis but a cloud afore the clear sunshine.  
 Ye'll see anither change, ere four days gang,  
 And ye be just as right as ye was wrang.'

As they're sae cracking, a' the house thrangs out,  
 Gouping and gazing at the new-come rout.  
 Wi' some surprise the Squire beholds the thrang,  
 And speers gin a' did till ae house belang ;  
 And scarce had said it, when out at the door,  
 Just at her mither's back, comes HELENORE.  
 He sees the sight, then wi' a fiercelins bang,  
 Outthrow the thickest o' the croud he sprang,  
 And in a hint he claspt her hard and fast,  
 Wi' baith his gardies round about her waist ;  
 And laid a thousand on her bonny mou',  
 That was as red as rose that ever grew.  
 Then said, ' Sweet NORRY, ye was sair to blame,  
 Sae to gang aff afore that I came hame ;  
 But, since we're met, I think my pains well wair'd,  
 There sall be news again afore we part.'

Poor shamefu' NORY wist na how to look,  
 Sae to be kiss'd afore sae mony fouk ;  
 Look up she could na, but her apron strings,  
 As fast's she could, row'd out and in, in rings,  
 But, O! the unco gazing that was there,  
 Upon poor NORY and her gentle Squire !  
 And ae thing some, and some anither said,  
 But very few o' fauts poor NORY freed ;  
 Though that she faultless was, maun be allow'd,  
 But travell'd women are but synle trow'd.

But a' their cushle-mushle was but jest  
 Unto the coal that burnt in LINDY'S breast.  
 Sad were the dunts and knells yeed to his heart,  
 To think that NORY had misplay'd her part ;  
 And now begins to think 'twas not for nought  
 That o' his daunting she sae little thought.  
 Whan sic a Squire about her was sae thrang,  
 Out o' his wits he just was like to gang ;  
 Thinking for her to come to sic a pass,  
 And a' was now but scores amang the ase.

But sic a crowd the Squire surpris'd to see ;  
 At COLIN speers what could the meaning be.  
 ' Indeed, an't like your honour,' COLIN says,  
 ' Sic ither threap saw I na a' my days,  
 As now is here ; but wimpl'd is the tale,  
 Ye'd weary sair afore I tell'd it hale.  
 But gin to red it ye wad please to try,  
 'Twould be an act indeed o' charity.  
 ' Let's hear't,' he says, ' and I sall do my best,  
 Gin on my sentencé parties like to rest :



Tell on your tale, and naething thereof miss.' ·  
' I sall,' quoth COLIN, ' and the tale is this:  
Frae this aback, and that nae mony days,  
A band o' Kettrin hamphis'd a' our braes,  
Ca'd aff our guceeds at twall hours o' the day,  
Nor had we maughts to turn again the prey.  
Sair bargain made the herds to turn again;  
But, what needs mair? a' was but wark in vain.  
The herds came hame, and made a reefu' rair,  
And a' the braes rang loud wi' dool and care.  
My lassie, wham it seems that you hae seen,  
Frae kindness this day shawn her on the green,  
Like ane hair-brain'd unto the glen taks gate,  
Whan now the night was growing mark and late;  
Wi' our surprise she's nae mist till the morn,  
And now her mither on me blaws the horn,  
And I maun aff and seek her right or wrang,  
And mony a bootless foot did for her gang:  
And at the last I fell amang my faes,  
The cruel Kettrin o' Sevilia's braes.  
And that lad there ye see wi' yellow hair,  
Wi' me did o' the warst o' chances share.  
Into their hands we baith together fell,  
And they did use us very sharp and snell,  
Bound us a' night, and wrought us hard a' day,  
And for our pains but little sust'nance gae.  
The maiden o' the house saw our mishap,  
And out o' sight gae's mony a bit and drap.  
And shortly to the lad sic liking took,  
That she but him nae saught nor ease could brook.

Nae ither boot she had, but tell her care  
Sprang frae the lad that had the yellow hair ;  
And on a night engag'd to let us gae,  
Sae be the lad her for his ain wad hae,  
And tak her hame, syne join afore the priest.  
A' this he promis'd but by way o' jest.  
Sae on a night, as we did a' agree,  
She opens our prison door, and sets us free.  
Aff a' thegither we thre' linking came,  
But her to drap the lad contrives a sham,  
And sends her back for something he forgot :  
Sae we gaes on, and thought she'd slip the knot.  
But, by your favour, she's no very blate,  
She follows on, and wi' my lassie met,  
That at some gentle house had shelter ta'en ;—  
(I reed your honour does this better ken).  
Sae finding she for Flavinia speer'd,  
They made their py, and aff together steer'd,  
And just this very day arrived here ;  
And this, an't like your honour, maks the steer.  
The lass, see yonder, her wi' the brown hair,  
BYDBY they ca' her, bargains tough and sair,  
That LINDY there sud by his promise bide,  
Gae face the priest, and own her for his bride.  
But he for this again is nae sae clear,  
He thinks 'tis buying o' the favour dear.  
And mair attour, his mind this mony a day,  
Gatelins to NORRY there, my dother, lay ;  
But for sic thoughts as far as I can see,  
'Twill be their wisdom now to lat them be.

'Tis true indeed, whan sicken thoughts began,  
 And a' our things in their auld channel ran,  
 It might hae done; but as we're stated now,  
 Our little anes may tak ither trades than woo.  
 Indeed we've seen the warld leave wealthy fouks,  
 But they that marry whan they've nought, are gouks.  
 ' I think sae too,' reply'd the cunning Squire,  
 ' Sic a' their days stand likely to be bare.'  
 ' Your honour's hitten the nail upo' the head,  
 Fouk to sit down wi' something aye wad need;  
 And now your honour hears what maks the thrang.'  
 ' Indeed,' quoth he, ' I think that LINDY'S wrang,  
 As far as I can gather frae your tale:  
 But I sud be content to hear himsel,  
 And BYDBY too; gin they refer to me,  
 I'd do my best to mak their odds agree.'

Syne they are call'd. Says BYDBY, ' I'm content,  
 And to your honour's vote gi'e my consent;  
 For sic I think's the plainness o' my case,  
 That nane to gi'e't against me can hae face.'  
 ' Weel, bonny lass,' he says, ' that e'en may be,  
 But yet what LINDY says o't we maun see.'  
 ' Weel LINDY, man, tell gin the bargain was,  
 By latting o' you gae, to tak the lass?'  
 Quoth he, ' I'se warrant sicken words hae been,  
 An't like your honour, her and me between.  
 To lat you gae, gin she speer'd what'll ye gi'e me,  
 I've ablins said, that I sall tak you wi' me;  
 Cud that be good sae fast a grip to had,  
 Or gi'e a lass a title till a lad?

I wonder that she thinksna burning shame,  
 -On sic an errand sae to come frae hame.  
 For we poor fouks like at some pains to be,  
 To court our lasses their consent to gi'e ;  
 And think them light that hastily consent,  
 Afore some time and pains on them be spent ;  
 But to seek us, afore their pulse we try,  
 We count them scrimp o' shame and modesty.  
 ' Weel, LINDY, that sometimes the case may be,  
 And sometimes no, as ye right now sall see :  
 Nae doubt we wish, whan we are linking set  
 Upon a lass, wi' as gúeed to be met ;  
 Now should we blame a lass, that's just as free  
 To look about her, and to like as we ?  
 A lass may be as modest that likes you,  
 As ony ane your fancy likes to woo :  
 And a' the faut, and sure it is the least,  
 Is latting out the coal that burns her breast :  
 Ye ken yoursel the pain o' hadding in,  
 And should we in the woman count it sin ?  
 But there is ae thing that we maun allow,  
 The lass likes best that's fore'd hersel to woo ;  
 Whan they are, maybe, wham we court o' choice,  
 Nae hauf sae honest, and a deal mair nice.  
 Sae gi'e na sentence rashly till ye ken ;  
 Sic I've seen blythe to eat their words again ;  
 And sic, I reed, will be the case wi' you ;  
 Sae dinna blame sae sair poor BYDBY now.  
 ' Weel mat your honour thram for that,' quoth she,  
 ' For as ye've said, the case is just wi' me ;

That lad I liked aboon ony ane,  
 And like him yet, for a' that's come and gane;  
 And boot to tell, for fear I lost the hint,  
 Sae that I on him hae nae steal'd a dint.  
 Had I come after, like a knotless thread,  
 It might be said that I was light indeed;  
 But here I put it till him, gin that he  
 To tak me didna promise haleumlie,  
 Ere we took gate; and he kens best himsel,  
 To leave poor me, upon what shifts he fell:  
 Without my knowledge he had left his coat,  
 Then says to me, that he had it forgot.  
 And for the love to him I ever had,  
 He me again to rin about it pray'd.  
 And now what was't for him I wadna do?  
 And how I'm treated, I'se be judg'd by you.  
 Sae wi' sic guiding I am left my lane,  
 And mony a weary foot sinsyne have gane.  
 Bore to the yird wi' that unhappy coat,  
 That he sae slily said he had forgot.  
 And now he thinks to put me aff wi' hire,  
 That gate to leave me sticking in the mire:  
 But he's mista'en to think to guide me sae,  
 For he's the only hire that I will hae.'

' And weel, I think, ye've win him,' said the Squire,  
 ' For ye hae play'd your part, and something mair;  
 And now I think that LINDY sud play his,  
 And mak amends to you for sic amiss.  
 What say, ye man? think ye na burning shame  
 To gi'e a lass sic reason you to blame?

Can ye expect to thram or foretherds gang,  
 That hae been guilty o' sae great a wrang?  
 Fause and mansworn will be the names ye'll get,  
 Sae think in time while ye can mend it yet;  
 For gin ye lat it to a hearing come,  
 Ye'll find ye've knit your web to a wrang thrum:  
 Force will compel you to comply at last,  
 Sae look about you ere the hint be past.'

Quoth he, ' Indeed this were a sareless feast,  
 To tak in earnest what ane speaks in jest,  
 But maistly whare we hae our life to lead.'  
 ' Then, ere ye spak, ye sud tak better heed,'  
 Replies the Squire, ' but now the hint is past;  
 Ere it yeed by, ye sud hae gript it fast.  
 Do ye na think that ye wi' favours met,  
 Whan ye by BYDBY was at freedom set?  
 And mind, that love, which now she claims as due,  
 Was what inclin'd her first to pity you:  
 To mend your meal, and syne to set you free;  
 Sae love sud also now your motive be.  
 For you she did mair than could a' your kin,  
 Sae to draw back ye must na now begin.  
 For weakness we the women use to shame,  
 But on oursels ye're like to turn the blame.  
 Do justice, man, and bring na sic a stain  
 On what has been the constant brag o' men:  
 Mind what this lass has undergane for you,  
 Since ye did her sae treach'rously forhow.  
 How she is catch'd for you frae wig to wa',  
 And nae forespeakers has her cause to ca':

Has run the risk o' a' her friends' down-look,  
Whan for your sake this standing loup she took ;  
And she hersel a strapping lass to boot ;  
I fairly how ye can hae face to do't.  
A lass, what I can see, that weel may sair  
'The best meal payer's son that e'er buir hair ;  
Besides, I find she's metal to the teeth,  
And is nae like to be put aff sae eeth.  
Gin at the lass ye sae repine and grumble,  
Her friends may come and raise you wi' a rumble.  
By what I hear, their heavy hand ye ken,  
Nor need ye grane to waken them again.'

Then BYDBY glibly to the Squire reply'd,  
' That is as true a tale as e'er you said ;  
Gin they come here, as come they will I'm sure,  
For twenty pounds I wadna stand their stour.  
'Tis true, I winna say, but I'll get blame,  
Sae like a knotless thread to come frae hame ;  
But whan they see how I am guided here,  
They winna stand to reckon lang, I fear.  
For though I say't mysel, they're nae to kaim  
Against the hair, afieldward or at hame.'

' As for this lass, that was your jo before,  
I reed she thinks ye hae gane o'er the score,'  
Proceeds the Squire, ' and that whatever now  
Ye may pretend, she sees ye're nae to trow :  
And though for you sic kindness yet she had,  
As she wad you afore anither wed,  
How cud she think that grace or thrift cud be  
Wi' ane she now does sae mansworn see ?

Fouk ay had best begin wi' déaling fair,  
 Although they sud forgather ne'er sae bare.'  
 For NORV's sake, this sideling hint he gae,  
 To brak her piece and piece her LINDY frae;  
 And gain'd his point; for she look'd wondrous dram,  
 And thought his shifting BYDBY but a sham.  
 This pleas'd the Squire, and made him think that he  
 At least frae LINDY wad keep NORV free.  
 And for himsel to mak the plainer road,  
 Betweesh them sae by casting o' a clod.  
 Then LINDY says, ' Sir, this is unco hard,  
 This gate we hae nae chance against a kaird.  
 Gin she but say she likes ane, that's enugh,  
 And we, as lang's they'll ca, maun hadd the pleugh.'  
 ' But,' says the Squire, ' gin ye wad tell a tale  
 That wad bear weight, be sure to tell it hale;  
 Attour that BYDBY tauld she liked you,  
 She yet says mair, and that's, that ye did vow.  
 If wi' a kaird, as her, the case were so,  
 And she insist to have you, wherefore no?  
 That back-door is o'er strait to lat you out,  
 Sae seek na mair for shiits to look about;  
 For from what I can either see or hear,  
 About your case, ye're BYDBY's well won gear.  
 Sae pay your debt, and mak na mair about it;  
 Hale clath looks ay far better than the clouted.'  
 A' this claw'd BYDBY's back, and made her fain,  
 As by her blythsome looks ye weel might ken.  
 The Squire ken'd weel, and unto LINDY says,  
 ' Sic cheery looks a heart hauf dead might raise.



Now NORY a' the while was playing prim,  
 As ony lamb as modest and as mim :  
 And never a look wi' LINDY did lat fa',  
 But chew'd her cood on what she heard and saw.  
 Now LINDY's heart is haffins in a swidder,  
 The wild Sevilians pat him in sic dridder,  
 And he 'bout NORY now cud see nae lythe,  
 And BYDBY only on him looked blythe.

Then said the Squire, ' I wiss we had the priest,  
 I'm thinking LINDY's a' this time in jest ;  
 We sud dunt out the boddom o't ere lang,  
 Nor LINDY mair be chargeable wi' wrang.'

Quoth LINDY, ' Sir, sic knots are easy casten,  
 But I'm that gate but hauf resolv'd to fasten.'  
 ' Weel, hauf is something, after comes the hale;  
 See RALPH and COLIN, what ye can prevail.  
 Tak lad and lass, and speak amang yoursels,  
 And when ye've done, come back again and tell's.'  
 Sae aff they gang, and down thegither sit.  
 ' Yon laird,' says COLIN, ' has a deal o' wit.  
 The gentle sort ken mickle mair than we,  
 Sae we sud tak the counsel that they gee.  
 Sae LINDY, put an end to a' this strife,  
 And tak kind BYDBY here to be your wife.  
 'Tis hard to ken whare blessings for't may light,  
 Though at the time they may be out o' sight.  
 'T may be a means to get our gueeds again ;—  
 At least, I'm sure, to slight her wad be nane.  
 But that we're certain to get sturt and skaith,  
 But by the ither may get free o' baith.

This Squire, maybe, may wi' their master deal;  
Great fouks wi' ither easy can prevail.

Quoth RALPH, ' Troth COLIN, I think ye are right,  
It winna do at a' this lass to slight.

And truly, LINDY, I maun this allow,  
The lass is feer for feer, for hide and hue.

And as we're circumstanc'd, I hadd it fit,  
As lang's the iron's het, ye sharply hit;  
For fear ye lose the heat afore ye wit.

Gin anes they come, and things nae at a close,  
Better your feet, man, baith were in ae hose;  
Did a' the mischief light on you your lane,  
It were less skaith, 'twere but the loss o' ane.

But gin they anes brak loose, they winna spare,  
Sakeless nor guilty, man, wife, chiel, nor chare.'

' Come, man,' says COLIN, ' what needs a' this din,  
The lass, but mair, may sair your chief o' kin.

Begin the wark, and gi'e'er a kindly kiss,  
There's naething but amends to heal amiss.'

' Indeed,' quoth he, ' that's what I weel can spare,  
Ise gie her ane, though she sud get nae mair.'

At this poor BYDBY'S heart cam till her mou',  
She met my lad hauf-gates and mair I trow,  
And gar'd her lips on his gi'e sic a smack,  
That weel out-by ye wad hae heard the crack;  
And then wi' sic a blythsome blink she took it,  
That therewi' LINDY'S mair than hafins hooked.  
Upon the lass his heart 'gan sae to warm,  
That ane wad thought the kiss had been a charm,

Gin he look'd blythe, the lassie looked mair,  
For shaine was past the shading o' her hair.  
Ye could na tell, 'cept ye had found't yoursel,  
How BYDBY'S heart did at the kindness knell.  
'To him she says, ' Weel-fell me LINDY now,  
'That e'er I gat a tasting o' your mou';  
Nae honey-byke that I did ever pree,  
Did taste sae sweet and smervy unto me.  
The day is now my ain. Lat's gae and tell  
Yon gentle Squire, that he's content himsel.  
Weel mat he be, and weel mat ye be-a',  
That's helped my dear LINDY'S heart to fa'.  
For want, my LINDY, hae ye now nae fear,  
Though ye be herry'd, I hae fouth o' gear;  
And mair attour mysel sall bear the blame,  
Gin a' your gueeds come na yet dancing hame.'  
Sae wisely thus, she did the gully guide,  
'That LINDY fand he had scarce room to slide.  
In this gueed mood they a' come in a-breast,  
And BYDBY looks as gin she'd found a nest.  
The Squire could soon the alteration spy,  
Whan they cam a' sae cheerfu'ly in-by;  
And says, ' I see ye're a' accorded now,  
What gueed advice may do, ye winna trow.'  
And though poor LINDY look'd but hauf and hauf,  
Yet BYDBY answer'd with a blythsome gauff,  
' Weel-fell me now, the day is a' my ain,  
There is nae pleasure gotten without pain.'  
Then says the Squire, ' My friends, now had you merry,  
Wese hae a priest to end this dibberderry;

Kiss on and daut, and use your freedom now,  
 Nane now dare say, 'tis ill-done that ye do.  
 Wi' COLIN I maun hae a quiet crack,  
 And ye sall see a sport whan I come back.'  
 Then taks his NORRY by the milk-white hand,  
 That a' the while did changing colours stand ;  
 Then bids he COLIN bring his wife alang :  
 Syne a' sat down a wee bit frae the thrang.  
 Whan they are set, he unto COLIN says,  
 ' I've not yet tauld my errand to thir braes ;  
 Yon threap, I think, is feckly at a close,  
 But I hae something better to propose.  
 Poor NORRY here is like to want her jo,  
 And tooth and nail I've wrought to have it so.  
 That she should want, I think great pity were,  
 And she sae ripe, sae cherry-cheek'd and fair.'  
 ' That she has mist this heat, I am na wae,'  
 Says COLIN, ' she may want this year and day,  
 'Twill tak this seven year, I fear, and mae,  
 Scrape whare we like, ere she be fit to gae.'

' Then,' says the Squire, ' Gin that be a' your fear,  
 She sanna want a man for want o' gear.  
 A thousand pounds a-year, weel burden free,  
 I mak her sure o', gin she'll gang wi' me.'  
 And wi' the word a kindly smack her gae,  
 Till NORRY blush'd, and wistna what to say.  
 ' Awa', ' says COLIN, ' that will never do,  
 A country little-ane for the like o' you ;  
 It is na feer for feer, sae dinna joke,  
 Ye'll get your equal, and she'll get her luck.'

Says Squire, ' For joking gin I had been set,  
 I could hae pleas'd mysel anither gate,  
 And never speer'd your leave, whan her I fand  
 In the wide forest full at my command.  
 But lat her tell gin ony wrang I gae.'  
 ' Indeed,' quoth she, ' Sir, that I dare na say.'  
 ' Sae COLIN, I'm in earnest, though that I  
 Could, nill ye will ye, carry aff my prey ;  
 I stand so free ; yet 'tis my choice to speer  
 Yours and your wife's good-will for NORRY here.'  
 ' A weel, an't like your honour,' COLIN says,  
 ' Gin that's the gate, we need na mak great phrase.  
 The credit's ours, and we may bless the day,  
 That ever keest her in your honour's way.  
 But ye'll hae o' her but a silly prize,  
 And soon belike may her and her's despise.  
 A witless little-ane, bred to herd the ewes,  
 Or, when they're fu', to pu' a birn o' coves.  
 That or sic like's the maist that she can do,  
 And sae I reed she'll na be fit for you ;  
 But, come o' her what likes, I'm twice content  
 That LINDY's to his bargain gi'en consent ;  
 For that may help perhaps to quench the ire  
 That glows 'mang the Sevilians, like a fire ;  
 For up they'll be upon a wondrous steer ;  
 And guceed's the hap we hae your honour's here:  
 Gin ye'll but byde amang's a day or twa,  
 To help's a hitch afore ye gang awa',  
 'Twould calm them sair sic part-takers to see  
 Amang sae poor and feckless fouk as we.'

' A' that I grant,' reply'd the gallant Squire,  
 ' And I'se be glad, what help I can to share ;  
 But mak me sure my NORV is my ain,  
 And ye nor I sall hae na farther pain.'  
 ' Out, out,' quoth he, ' gin ye be baith content  
 To gang together, yese hae my consent.'  
 ' And weel I wat,' quoth JANE, ' and yese hae mine,  
 And my best bennisons the same to line.  
 And though I say't, she's just as gueed a child,  
 Wise, and kind-hearted, cheerfu', meek, and mild,  
 As ony she that ever yeed on bane,  
 Gentle or semple, exception mak I nane.  
 'Tis true, I grant, she's nae a maik for you,  
 Though she be weel enough for hide and hue.  
 But maksna, 'tis a' ane since ye're content,  
 I hope yese never o' your choice repent ;  
 Although her father there, fool senseless man,  
 Says that the lassie has nae skill nor can,  
 He kens na better, and is sair mista'en ;  
 But nae lang syne, she made a keek her lane ;  
 And never gat a lesson but bare ane. }  
 She'll shape to ony cast your honour likes,  
 Conceited fouks are ready to loup dykes.'  
 ' A weel, good wife, that's true, I'm o' your mind,  
 I could hae gotten enew o' my ain kind,  
 And courting me as hard as they cou'd do,  
 Though LINDY skairs at lassies when they woo ;  
 But on my NORV here my fancy's set,  
 She's get the fortune that she wish't to get.

Now NORRY, tell me, NORRY, will ye hae  
 A swinging laird, and lat the shepherd gae?  
 Yese be as happy as the day is lang,  
 And there about us twa sall be a sang,  
 That sall be heard as far as bonny JANE,  
 That erst was a' the burden o' the glen.'

' Since they're content to wham I do belang,'  
 She blushing says, ' that I with you should gang,  
 To say you nay, I think I should be wrang;  
 For great's the kindness that ye kyth'd on me,  
 Whan me ye did in the wild forest see,  
 And kind the lady was o' Bonnyha',  
 Frae wham I cam o'er racklessly awa;  
 But fainness to be hame, that burnt my breast,  
 Made me to tak the ettle when it keest.'

' If ye're content, 'tis just enough to me;  
 Were ye anes hame, your life sall easy be,'  
 The Squire reply'd, and twin'd his willing arms  
 About her waist, and kiss'd her bonny charms.  
 ' O' your consent,' he says, ' I'm mair nor fain,  
 And vogie that I can ca' you my ain.  
 Your bonny cheeks that first I sleeping saw,  
 Just as ye lay, quite aff my feet me staw;  
 Frae then till now I brook'd nae peace nor rest,  
 Sae stack your sweet resemblance in my breast.  
 To eat your meat, and that's be o' the best,  
 And wear your claes frae head to foot weel drest;  
 Through bonny yairds to walk, and apples pu',  
 Or henny-pears to melt within your mou',

Or on the camowyne to lean you down,  
 Wi' roses red and white a' busked roun',  
 Sall be the height o' what ye'll hae to do,  
 And nane to quarrel or find faut wi' you.  
 My cousin BETTY, wham ye ken and saw,  
 And left fu' dowie down at Bonnyha'  
 Whan you came aff, sall your companion be,  
 And like twa sisters ye will sort and gree.  
 And further, lest my NORRY should think lang,  
 Kind COLIN there and JANE wi' us sall gang.  
 'Indeed,' quoth COLIN, 'since my lassie's gaun,  
 And on her feet sae happily has fa'en,  
 I'm e'en content it be as ye wad hae't,  
 Your honour winna miss our bit and bed.'

'Weel, honest COLIN, there's my hand to yours,  
 There's be nae odds at hame 'bout yours and ours;  
 At hake and manger, JANE and ye sall live,  
 O' what ye like, wi' power to tak or give;  
 But, that we lose nae time, we'll ca' the priest,  
 And see what can be gotten for a feast;  
 For I've brought drink eneugh, and o' the best,  
 O' great or sma', that weel may please your taste.'  
 Quoth COLIN, 'I hae yet upon the town,  
 A quoy, just gain three, a berry brown,  
 A tydy beast, and glittering like the slae,  
 That by gueed hap-escap'd the greedy fae.  
 Weel weel I think it wair'd, at sic a tide,  
 Now whan my lassie is your honour's bride;  
 She's get the mell, and that sall be right now,  
 As weel's a quoy, although she were a cow.'



‘ Fair fa’ you, COLIN, ye speak like yoursel,  
 She’s be a weel-paid quoy, gin I hadd heal,  
 Says the blythe Squire, ‘ meantime we’ll tak a glass,  
 And drink a health to my dear shepherdess,  
 Untill the priest be come, to gi’e’s the grace;  
 And syne we’se birlie it bauld wi’ checrfu’ face.  
 Ca’ in-by LINDY, and his BYDDBY here,  
 That they may get a share o’ our guced cheer.

But hear ye first, my NORRY maun be-drest,  
 And that, I ’sure you, maun be o’ the best.’  
 Says COLIN, ‘ Heary, haste ye and rin o’er,  
 Your bridal sark, I ken, is to the fore:  
 It wasna on, I wat, this seven year,  
 And weel I wat it anes was clean and clear;  
 Pit that upon her, and what mair ye hae,  
 Ye canna mak her braw eneugh the day.’  
 Quoth JANE, ‘ I sall do that intill a stoun’,  
 And hale and fear besides my wedding gown.  
 A’ sall gang on, the lassie’ll tak it now,  
 Guced stuff it is, and looks as it were new.  
 Attour I hae a ribbon twa ell lang,  
 As broad’s my loof, and nae a thrum o’t wrang:  
 Gin it hae mony marrows I’m beguil’d,  
 ’Twas never out o’ fauld sin she was swayl’d;  
 A’ this I hae, and she sall get it a’;  
 Were they anes on, she’ll e’en be bridal-braw.’

The Squire replies, ‘ Ye’ve been a noble guide,  
 But these are out o’ fashion for my bride.  
 They’ll fit you best, put ye them on yoursel,  
 Ye weel deserve for thrift to bear the bell;

My NORY sanna want.' Then gae a cry,  
 Whereat twa weel-dress'd ladies cam in-by.  
 'To them he says, 'Ye'll tak this angel sweet,  
 And dress wi' havins for your mistress meet,  
 My love, my bride, and spare nae pains nor care,  
 For chap and choice o' suits ye hae them there ;  
 And as ye do't, mind ye your mistress dress,  
 Nor than to such let your regard be less.'

The maids obey, and NORY's taken in,  
 And o' her country-claes stript to the skin.  
 But, O! the bonny things that they had there,  
 O' gowns and cambrics, costly, fine, and rare,  
 I canna name the hauf; but o' them they  
 Buskt up a bonny NORY there that day.  
 Sae white, sae neat, that whan she cam again,  
 Her mother JANE did hafins her misken.  
 Now by the time that NORY comes in-by,  
 Like VENUS from a scamper through the sky,  
 Fleeing wi' silks, and ruddy like the morn,  
 That casts a glow upon the yellow corn,  
 LINDY and BYDBY frae their quiet crack,  
 Right weel content, and blythsome like, cam back.  
 The Squire observes them, and says, 'Come awa',  
 I'm fain to see you look sae, but a ga';  
 Your scruples, LINDY, by your look I find,  
 Are at a close, and answer'd to your mind.'  
 Quoth LINDY, 'Sir, indeed I canna say  
 But I and BYDBY may thegither gae ;  
 But there is ae thing I'd hae dunted out,  
 And I nae mair sall say this threap about ;

And that's, that NORY own, afore you a',  
 That on my side the bargain did na fa';  
 For, for my coat, I wadna wish't were said,  
 That I o' jamphing maidens made a trade.'  
 'Weel, LINDY, I believe,' reply'd the Squire  
 'NORY'll be frank, to do you justice there;  
 For what between you twa has ever been,  
 Nane to the other will cast up, I ween.  
 But quite to mak you easy, let her tell  
 Afore thir fouk, what she thinks o't hersel.'

Then NORY says, 'Tis needless to come o'er,  
 'Twixt you and me, what happen'd has before:  
 That's past and gane, and things ye see have ta'en  
 Anither cast, and maun be lat alane.

But before a' here standing I avow,  
 'That naething wrang I hae to say to you;  
 And as a token that I hae nae grudge,  
 Whare'er I win ye'se welcome be to lodge  
 And fare as I do, and what I can spare,  
 I'sc ever mak you welcome to a share.'

'Now, LINDY,' says the Squire, 'you're easy now,  
 And NORY says naething but gueed to you,  
 And what she here has shapen, I sall sew:  
 Bring ilka year, as lang's ye dow and live,  
 A lamb, and to your auld acquaintance give;  
 And in your loof ye's get as aft down tauld,  
 'The worth o' a' that suck within your fauld.'

And now the priest to join that pair is come,  
 But first is welcom'd wi' a glass o' rum.

And now the pairs, by choice thegither cast,  
In wedlock's bands are linked hard and fast ;  
And now the dishes on the damask green  
Are set in rank, wi' proper space between ;  
While honest JANE brings forward in a clap,  
The green-horn cutties rattling in her lap ;  
And frae them wyl'd the sleekest that was there,  
And thumb'd it round, and gave it to the Squire.  
Then round the ring she dealt them ane by ane,  
Clean in her pearlin keek and gown alane.  
The priest said grace, and a' the thrang fell too,  
And ply'd their cutties at the smervy broo :  
Then on the beef o' the new-slaughter'd quoy,  
Baith knives and teeth and thumbs they did employ.  
Sometimes the beer, sometimes the wine went roun',  
For what the Squire bad do, was snaply done ;  
While a' the green wi' music sweetly rang,  
And honest COLIN knack'd his thumbs and sang.  
When dinner's o'er, the dancing neist began,  
And throw and throw they lap, they flang, they ran :  
The country-dances and the country reels,  
Wi' streeked arms bobb'd round, and nimble heels.  
The Squire ordain'd nae rander to be kept,  
And roos'd him always best that lightest leapt,  
Lest NORRY, seeing dancing by a rule,  
Sud blush, as having never been at school.  
While thus the blythsome mirth gaes round,  
COLIN behadding on the green,  
And mair nor pleas'd turns in a stound,  
And couthily says unto JANE,

‘ What think ye, ’oman, o’ this day ?

May we nae think our pains weel wair’d,  
And that it is right blythsome play,

Whan our young NORY’s gotten a laird ?

JANE says, ‘ I thought ay gueed o’ her wad come,  
For she was wi’ the foremost up and some.’

Then COLIN says, ‘ Come, deary, gi’es a sang,  
And lat’s be hearty wi’ the merry thrang ;’

‘ Awa’,’ she says, ‘ fool man, ye’re growing fu’,  
Whaevers daft the day, it sets nae you.’

As they’re at this, the Squire cam dancing by,  
And speers what thoughts their minds did occupy.

Quoth COLIN, ‘ Sir, an’t like your honour, we  
’Bout NORY’s happy luck were cracking free ;

And I was bidding JANE e’en gi’es a sang,  
That we amang the lave might mix our mang.

But she but jamphs me, telling me I’m fu’,  
And gin’t be sae, Sir, I’se be judg’d by you.’

‘ I join you COLIN,’ then the bridegroom says,  
‘ Come honest JANE, gi’es Flavinia’s braes.’

Quoth JANE, ‘ My steven, Sir, is blunted sair,  
And singing frae me frighted aff wi’ care.

But gin ye’ll tak it, as I now can gi’e’t,

Ye’re welcome till’t, and my sweet blessing wi’t.

*To the Tune of ‘ The Lass of Patie’s Mill.’*

Of a’ the lads that be

On Flavinia’s braes,

My COLIN bears the gree,

And that a thousand ways.

Best on the pipe he plays,  
 'Is merry, blyth and gay,  
 And ' JENNY fair,' he says,  
 . . . Has stown my heart away,

Had I-ten thousand pounds,  
 ' I'd a' to JENNY gi'e ;  
 And thole a thousand wounds,  
 To keep my JENNY free.

For JENNY is to me,  
 ' O' a' the maidens fair,  
 My jo, and ay sall be ;  
 Wi' her I'll only pair.

O' roses I will weave  
 To her a flow'ry crown ;  
 A' ither cares I'll leave,  
 ' And busk her haffets roun' .  
 I'll buy her a new gown,  
 Wi' strips o' red and blue,  
 And never mair look brown,  
 For JANE will ay be new.'

My JENNY made reply,  
 ' Since ye have chosen me,  
 Then a' my wits I'll try,  
 A loving wife to be,  
 If I my COLIN see,  
 I'll lang for naething mair,  
 Wi' him I do agree  
 In weal and woe to share.'

Now, Sir, ye hae our Flavinia's bracs,  
 And weel, ye see, our gossip did me praise ;  
 But we're forsairn, and sair alter'd now,  
 Sic youngsome sangs are sareless frae my mou'.'

' Hale be your heart,' the merry Squire replies,  
 ' Nae to the warse is alter'd yet the guise.  
 And hale too, COLIN, be your heart; but you,  
 This blythsome sang we a' had wanted now.'  
 Then COLIN said, ' The carline made it nice,  
 But weel I kent she could it rightly dice.  
 Afttimes unbid she lilted it to me,  
 And o'er the fire has blinked in my e'e.'

To fill a glass the cheerfu' Squire commands,  
 And wi' the honest seelfu' pair shook hands:  
 Then drank their health, and gar'd it gae about,  
 And, O! the drink was nappy, brown and stout.

As thus the dancing and the mirth gaes on,  
 Ane looks about and says, ' O! sírs, what's yon?  
 A heap o' men advancing at full dreel,  
 And, O! the foremost looks a fearsome chiel.'  
 A' look about, and LINDY says, ' Ho! ho!  
 Yon's the Sevilians, what shall we do now?  
 And yon's black TAM that gaes his lane afore,  
 There'll be amang us now a dowie hour.'  
 Then COLIN says, ' alas! the tale's o'er true;  
 Our mirth will be a' turn'd to mourning now.  
 'Tis now come to our hand what BYDBY tauld,  
 We'll naething be afore yon bangsters bauld.'  
 The Squire observes their fright, says, ' Never fear;  
 Weel meet them wi' as sharp and trusty gear:  
 Come, friends, wi' courage let us meet the crew,  
 And that there's men in Flavinia shew.'  
 Meanwhile he says to stalwart AIKENHILL,  
 ' Till we be ready, you step forward will,

Wi' your habiliments and armour sheen,  
 And ask yon highland Kettrin what they mean;  
 Charge them to stop, nor move a foot-braid more,  
 Or at their peril they shall cross the score.  
 The knight obeys wi' glancing sword in hand,  
 Wi' stately step, and brow made for command,  
 On his left arm he bore his massy targe,  
 Weel boss'd wi' steel, and out o' measure large.  
 When he was full within their hearing got,  
 Wi' dreadfu' voice frae aff a rising mot  
 He call'd to stop; and calling struck the ground,  
 Till a' the yird return'd a trembling sound.  
 The men, though bauld, yet at the daring sight,  
 And manly cry, were some put in a fright;  
 And stopt a wee, then up mair saftly came.  
 Then ask'd the knight what was their country's name  
 'Sevilia,' they replied. 'What seek ye here  
 In sic a band, and in sic warlike geer?'  
 'Our sister, we suppose, is stolen away,  
 And by the Flavinians made a prey.  
 Her at all hazards we intend to claim,  
 And on the havers fix the riesing blame.'

And now the Squire is ready to advance,  
 And in his hand holds up a shining lance;  
 And bids the stoutest o' the gather'd thrang,  
 Gird on their bulziement and come along.  
 NORRY at this is suddenly aghast,  
 Wi' baith her hands unto the Squire grips fast.  
 Crying, 'Dear Sir, you shall not, must not go,  
 Yon Kettrin's bows will surely shoot you thro';



For ony thing wi' you I'll never part,  
 For fear's already like to brak my heart.  
 ' Fear not, dear NORV,' softly said the Squire,  
 ' The sight o' us will make them fast retire.'  
 ' Retire or no,' poor NORV made reply,  
 ' If you go any further, so will I.'  
 ' Then come along, since wi' me ye'll abide,  
 We'll look the better that we hae our bride.  
 You want na darts that can baith wound and kill,  
 You know you shot me sleeping in the hill.  
 Your glancing cyn will make their heads to reel,  
 And melt their arrows, though o' forged steel.'  
 So hand in hand the new-knit pair set out,  
 Attended by a brave and gallant rout.  
 The Squire comes up, and says to AIKENHILL,  
 ' Have these intruders then obey'd your will?'  
 ' So far,' he says, ' that they have stopt their course,  
 But say, that here is of their march the source.'  
 The Squire advances, and inquires the cause  
 They thus adventure to break through the laws?  
 By breaking in upon their neighbours' bounds,  
 Like baited bears, or like blood-thirsty hounds!  
 Did they imagine Flavinia's braes  
 Had no protector from their bloody faes?  
 He'd let them see they widely were mista'en,  
 And should be met wi' as hard match again.  
 Though they o' late unquarrelled wan awa',  
 Whan they these honest people's guede's did ca';  
 That they should find the guise was alter'd now,  
 And reason hae this reckless race to rue.

Then the Sevilians made this bold reply :  
 ‘ We never thought it wrang to ea’ a prey ;  
 Our auld forebears practis’d it a’ their days,  
 And ne’er the warse for that did set their claes ;  
 But never heard that e’er they steal’d a cow.  
 Sic dirty things they wad hae scorn’d to do.  
 But tooming faulds or scouring o’ a glen,  
 Was ever deem’d the deed o’ proddy men ;  
 Sae we for that need na cast down our brow,  
 It is the thing that we may weel avow.’

The Squire consider’d ’twas na best to fight  
 Wi’ men ’bout things that they accounted right,  
 But tries wi’ reason to reduce their wills,  
 And shew the wrang o’ what they judg’d not ill.

And thus begins : ‘ Your auld forebears, you say,  
 Taught you to teem a fauld, and drive a prey ;  
 They thought it was a doughty deed, and ye  
 To do the like right weel intil’d be :  
 But tell me this, how ye would like the case,  
 If ithers on yoursels sud turn the chase ?’  
 Say they, ‘ We know no reason but they might,  
 The strongest side has ay the strongest right.  
 If we our side unable are to guard,  
 Let them the booty hae for their reward.’  
 The Squire replied, ‘ My lads, ye judge amiss,  
 For o’ the weak the law protector is.’  
 ‘ It may be,’ said the Kettrin, ‘ but if true,  
 We hae like reason to complain o’ you ;  
 Ye’ve stown a lass, and frae us forc’d awa’,  
 And ere we want her we sall pluck a craw.’

' O then,' replied the Squire, ' is this the case?  
 Come forward, and ye soon sall hae redress.  
 The lass is safe and sound, and married leal,  
 And free to tell that her we did na steal.  
 Stark love and kindness made her to come here,  
 Whan we to hae her were na quite so clear ;  
 But we've inclin'd the lad that wan her heart,  
 ' To gee himsel to heal her langing smart.'  
 ' If that's the case,' say they, ' our mind's at rest,  
 We wish they o't may hae a merry feast.'  
 ' A merry feast they hae,' he says, ' and ye  
 Come forward, and the truth thereof sall see.'

And now the fead is saften'd, and alang  
 They march, and mix themsels amang the thrang.  
 The face o' things is alter'd in a snap,  
 And as they cam, they danc'd, they sang, they lap.  
 COLIN and LINDY now, who fear'd the warst,  
 This change observing, came amang the first ;  
 Wi' BYDBY hadding LINDY by the hand,  
 To welcome the Sevilians to their land.  
 And merry was their meeting on the green,  
 And O! the shaking hands that there was seen :  
 A' forward now in merry mood they went,  
 And a' the day in mirth and ranting spent ;  
 Weel were they pleas'd wi' LINDY, whan they saw  
 Wi' him the yoke how BYDBY loo'd to draw.  
 Whan they had eat and danc'd, and drank their fill,  
 Then said the Squire, ' My lads, it is my will,  
 As by this marriage ye are linked here,  
 That ye restore thir honest people's gear,

And live like friends, and each stand by the ither,  
As close as ye would do to ony brither.

Gie o'er your heerships, and improve your lands,  
Nor mair a-strolling go wi' riesing bands ;  
Sae sall you hence be had in good esteem,  
And your lost reputation much redeem.'

Then the Sevilians gave this mild reply :  
' Your just request we canna weel deny.  
Since LINDY has wi' BYDBY join'd his hand,  
They'se hae their gear again at your command ;  
Chap out as mony yonkers frae the glen,  
As ilka horn and hoof o' yours may ken ;  
And we sall them a ready taiken gee,  
That sall frae us let a' their gneeds gae free.'  
Accordingly the lads were wyl'd and sent,  
The taiken shewn, that, but a host, was kent ;  
And a' the beasts in course o' time came hame,  
And ilka cow was welcom'd by her dame.  
Then a' the afternoon they danc'd and drank,  
And were wi' ither hearty, free, and frank.  
At night the wedding-pairs on beds o' hay,  
Did ratify the business o' the day.

Now whan the morn was gilt wi' Phoebus' beams,  
And reek in streaming tow'rs frae lum-heads leams ;  
The Squire and a' his sightly friends are scen,  
In good array upon the dewy green.  
And straight wi' the Sevilians scal'd a band,  
In after times unalterable to stand.  
To wit, ' That they wi' Flavinia's braes,  
Should ever mair hae common friends and faes ;

Attour the Squire to LINDY does bequeath,  
To brook a' COLIN's gear to his last breath;  
And to his children after him.' As now  
COLIN wi' these wad hae nae mair to do,  
As he and JANE were wi' the Squire to gang,  
For a' their lifetime, be it ne'er sac lang.  
To the Sevilians here we bid adieu,  
And leave them feasting wi' their allies new.

And now the Squire his hamewith course intends,  
And aff a message to auld mammy sends.  
Anither forward unto Bonnyha,  
To tell that there things be redd up and braw.  
Upon a milk-white steed is NORRY set,  
By liv'ry-men attended weel in state;  
Sae girt she was in strong and gallant graith,  
As she could neither fa' nor meet wi' skaith:  
And then sae braw, that she hersel misknew,  
Sae in the wind her silks and scarlets flew:  
Ane led her reins, wi' siller knaps fu' clear,  
On ilka side twa walk'd by her right near,  
The Squire himsel, upon a siller grey,  
Rade close afore her to direct the way.  
COLIN was mounted in a gentle suit,  
Wi' hat and wig, and riding gear complete:  
And JANE wi' orange silk is a' clad o'er,  
Wi' mantle blue, and siller clasps afore.  
Then on they scour, and by the day was high,  
They reach'd the glens whare mammy kept her ky.  
A' on the green they light before the sheal,  
And mammy them receives wi' welcome hail.

‘ Weel, luckey,’ says he, ‘ hae you try’d your hand  
 Upon your milk, as I gae you command?’  
 ‘ An’t like your honour,’ quoth she, ‘ that I hae,  
 And in a glent, my child, ye’se find it sac.  
 Gang in and seat you on the sunks a’ round,  
 And ye’se be sair’d wi’ plenty in a stound.’  
 Sae down they sat, and by himsel, the Squire  
 To place his NORRY took a special care.  
 And whan they’re set, auld luckey e’es them a’,  
 ‘ And sic a rout,’ says, ‘ here I never saw.  
 Weel may ye a’ be, and weel gae ye hame,  
 But I afore you a’ maun tell a dream  
 I had last night, whan I lay here my lane,  
 That yet in life I had seen bonny JANE.’  
 Then says the Squire, ‘ Pray luckey, wha was she,  
 Wi’ wham in sleep ye might sae busy be?’  
 ‘ A friend o’ yours,’ she says, ‘ but yet I fear,  
 That ye o’ her could scarcely ever hear.  
 Ere ye was born, her fate was past and gane,  
 And she amaist forgot by ilka ane:  
 And that sweet face by you, I’d say, were she,  
 Were’t not she now could na sae young-like be.’  
 ‘ Tell on your tale,’ replied the Squire, ‘ for I  
 To hear it out am in anxiety.’  
 ‘ Then,’ said she, ‘ frae this back near thirty year,  
 Which is as yesterday to me as clear,  
 Frae your ain uncle’s gate was nipt awa’  
 That bonny bairn, ’twas thought by JUNKY FA,  
 That famous gypsy that steal’d mony ane,  
 And o’ her since was notice never nane.’

I at that time her worthy father sair'd,  
And mony a tear the matter cost the laird:  
Great search for her was made baith far and near,  
But tint nor trial o' her could we hear.  
To this auld COLIN glegly 'gan to hark,  
Wha wi' his JANE sat butwards in the mark:  
And says, ' Goodwife, I reed your tale is true,  
And I ne'er kent my wife's descent till now.  
'Tis she had sae been stown by JUNKY FA,  
And I can tell you how she wan awa'.  
My father and some neipers spy'd the rout  
O' gypsies strolling, as they're early out;  
They dreaded sair they might ca' aff some prey,  
And gae them chase about the break o' day.  
The bonny bairn they in the hurry tint,  
Our folks came up, and found her in a glent;  
'Bout six or seven she looked then to be,  
Her face was smear'd wi' some dun-colour'd bree.  
They fuish her hame, and an auld man ca'd DICK,  
A wealthy herd, that kent the gypsies' trick  
O' stealing bairns, and smearing o' their skin,  
That had nae bairns himsel, first took her in;  
Wash'd aff the bree, and then her bonny face  
Tald that she must be come o' gentle race.  
And DICK thought now that he had found a fiddle,  
Wha never brak his shins upon the cradle.  
Syn'e meat he gae, the best he cou'd command,  
And says, ' Ye've now your daddie by the hand;  
How ca' they you, my bairn, gin ye ken?'  
She answer maks, and says, ' They ca' me JANE.'

Some ither questions mair he speer'd, but she  
 Cud o' hersel but little quittance gi'e ;  
 He only frae some hints could cethly learn,  
 That, but a doubt, she was some gentle bairn.  
 Gin he was fain, far fainer was his wife,  
 And 'tweesh them twa she liv'd a happy life ;  
 A little time made her her change forget,  
 Quite pleas'd in being dad and minnie's pet.  
 Just as their ain she's feshen up, and ta'en  
 For Dick's ain dother now by ilka ane ;  
 And blythe was he, that she e'en thought it sae,  
 And a' his gear at last unto her gae.

Whan she and I forgather'd, I mysel  
 Ken'd nought o' a' this strange but couthy tale ;  
 Dick and my father's now baith at a rest,  
 Dick's wife alane the verity kens best,  
 And tauld it me, and syne I speer'd at JANE ;  
 She said about it she did little ken ;  
 Something o' stairs and beds ran in her mind,  
 Than these at hame o' quite anither kind ;  
 Yet a' but like a dream, and whan at last  
 She's hauf persuaded o' her antercast,  
 She said, ' What signifies't? We'll never ken  
 Oursels the richer, either but or ben ;  
 Upon our side we need na ly and lippen,  
 'To what to us may frae our gentry happen.  
 And sae thought I, but yet was something vain,  
 That sic an aught I now could ca' my ain ;  
 And vain I may be now, whan a' that's past,  
 By unco twines has fa'en sae weel at last.'



Then says to JANE, ' Come out afore the gawd,  
 And let fouk see gin ye be what ye're ca'd.'  
 ' I sall,' she says, and comes ben to the light ;  
 Auld mammy looks, and says, ' I'm right, I'm right !  
 My dream is redd, and this is bonny JANE,  
 Her lady mither o'er and o'er again ;  
 In face and feature, and meikle about her cild,  
 Whan she to ruthless death was fore'd to yield ;  
 Bad was your luck, thought we, whan ye was stawn ;  
 But it wad look, ye on your feet had fa'en ;  
 Whan your goodman himsel, and also ye  
 Look sae like to the thing that ye sud be.'  
 Then JANE replied, ' I should be right content,  
 For the kind cavel that to me was lent ;  
 But it's nae lang since I hae been sae braw,  
 What I hae maistly had, hale claes was a'.  
 Gueed luck, and mair nor gueed, I now may ca't,  
 And thankfu' sud I be, gin I could shaw't.'  
 ' Ye're welcome, mither, sae I ca' you now ;  
 Weel wair'd, I think, a' that I've gi'en to you ;  
 And wad hae thought it due, now whan I ken,  
 Replies the Squire, ' that ye are just my ain.'  
 Then unto mammy says, ' Do ye not mind,  
 That to some travelling lasses ye was kind ?  
 That aie o' them ye roos'd sae wondrous sair,  
 And sonnets made upon her face so fair ;  
 Think ye, that ye that bouny face wad ken,  
 In case that ye sud chance to see't again ?'  
 ' Her looks,' quoth she, ' sae gar'd my heart-strings heat,  
 I reed 'twas they that me a-dreaming set ;

And I a'maist wad swear that same war she,  
 That blinks beside you wi' her bonny e'e;  
 Save that she's brawer far, but what ken I  
 But she has chang'd her claes since she yeed by?'  
 'Ye're right goodwife,' says NORRY, 'chang'd indeed,  
 Since I yeed by, is baith my mind and weed.  
 I'm in your debt for your guced cruds and ream,  
 And ere lang days, I hope to pay you hame;  
 Your dream indeed has made me mair nor fain,  
 Now what I am whan I begin to ken.'

'My bennisons upon your bonny face,'  
 Auld luckey says, 'I wish you muckle grace.  
 That ye are bonny JANE'S I'm certain now,  
 Your eyes, nose, mouth, are just the same I vow.'  
 Then says the Squire to luckey, 'D'ye mind,  
 That what to do, ye wish'd I were inclin'd;  
 That was, to tak a wife ere I came hame.  
 I've done your will, and ta'en this charming dame;  
 This bonny lassie that now sits by me,  
 And my ain flesh and blood now proves to be.  
 Lang may you dream, for I am twice content,  
 That ane yet lives the verity that kent;  
 And has sae seasonably latten me ken  
 That I hae match'd, and that amang my ain;  
 But this I'll say, though she had been nae mair,  
 But just my ain sweet country lassie there,  
 I never would my happy choice repent,  
 Though as she's what she is I'm as content.  
 If she her luck may prize, I also may,  
 I hope, prize mine, unto my dying day.'

Thus has this strange adventure ended right,  
And ev'ry scene in due time come to light.  
JANE from her lot obscure is now retriev'd,  
And upon NORY honour due deriv'd.  
Her comely face that look'd aboon her lot,  
A chance becoming her descent has got.  
A' hame they went, and led a blythsome life,  
Happy as ever yet were man and wife.  
A blooming offspring frae this marriage sprang,  
That honour'd virtue, and discourag'd wrang.

## CONCLUSION.

Now, reader, lest thou think the time ill spent,  
Thou on the reading of this tale hast lent,  
Or should'st thou on review be apt to say,  
I'd thrown my paper, pains, and time away;  
Be pleas'd to see, couch'd in this harmless tale,  
Some useful lessons try'd in reason's scale.  
As love's a natural passion of the mind,  
To which all ranks are more or less inclin'd,  
Care has been taken, while we paint it here,  
That nothing base or vicious should appear;  
But what is chaste and virtuous all the while,  
And only meets thee with a cheery smile.  
See also the plain past'ral life describ'd,  
Before it had oppressive views imbib'd;  
And judge how sweet and harmless were the days,  
When men were acted by such springs as these.

See also the reverse of this fair plan,  
 After oppressive measures first began ;  
 And from the havoc that this practice brought,  
 Be taught to hate it even in very thought.  
 If any arts thou find'st are here practis'd  
 To gain some ends, unlawfully devis'd ;  
 Be not offended : turn thy eyes within,  
 And let him first throw stones that wants the sin :  
 'Tis not for practice, though too much the way,  
 That 'tis allow'd a place in our essay ;  
 But rather to evince, when we pretend  
 To gain by slight, that we shall lose our end.  
 Nought, in a word, is here at all design'd,  
 To misconduct, or to debauch the mind ;  
 But to amuse it when too earnest bent,  
 Or recreate a spirit overspent.  
 To help to pass a lonesome winter night,  
 Still saving room for graver subjects right.  
 No line is for the critic here design'd  
 To find him work, or please his captious mind.  
 For me, he all his pains and time shall waste,  
 I do not mean at all to please his taste.  
 Enough,—my brains I have already beat,  
 And judge it time to sound my loud retreat.

THE END.

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