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WILLIAM MENZIES.
Ever Green,
BEING A COLLECTION OF SCOTS POEMS,
Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. I.

Published by ALLAN RAMSAY.

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

Pope.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN for the Publisher, at his Shop near the Cross. M. DCC. XXX.
To His Grace

James
Duke of Hamilton, &c.
Captain General,

And the rest of the Honourable Members of the

Royal Company of Archers.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

When the more eminent Concerns of Life, or the agreeable Diversion of the Bow, do not
not employ your leisure Time, the following Old Bards present you with an Intertainment that can never be disagreeable to any Scots Man, who despises the Fopery of admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a Lover of his Country. Such the Royal Company of Archers are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

The Spirit of Freedom that shines throw both the serious and comick Performances of our old Poets, appears of a Piece with that Love of Liberty that our antient Heroes contended for, and maintained Sword in Hand. From you then, My Lords and Gentlemen, who take Pleasure to represent our brave Ancestors, these Poets claim regard and Patronage; they now make
make a Demand for that immortal Fame that tuned their Souls some Hundred Years ago, which is in your Power, by countenancing to bestow. They do not address you with an indigent Face, and a Thousand pityful Apologies, to bribe the good Will of the Criticks. No! 'tis long since they were superior to the Spleen of these four Gentlemen.

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

and have a due Regard to the Memory of these meritorious Authors, and accept this Dedication from,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Their faithful Publisher,

And your most humble

And devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. Octob.
15. 1724.
PREFACE.

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

When these good old Bards wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their Poetry is the Product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation.
viii. **P R E F A C E.**

tation from abroad: Their Images are native, and their Landskips domestick; copied from those Fields and Meadows we every Day behold.

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

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

The Reader whose Temper is spleen'd with the Vices and Follies now in Fasbi-
P R E F A C E.

On, may gratifie his Humour with the Satyres he will here find upon the Follies and Vices that were uppermost two or three Hundred Years ago. The Man, whose Inclinations are turned to Mirth, will be pleased to know bow the good Fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the Lover may divert himself with the old fashioned Sonnet of an amorous Poet in Q. Margaret and Q. Mary’s Days. In a Word, the following Collection will be such another Prospect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.

I hope also the Reader, when he dips into these Poems, will not be displeased with this Reflection, That he is stepping back into the Times that are past, and that exist no more. Thus the Manners and Customs then in Vogue, as he will find them here described, will have all the Air and Charm of Novelty; and that seldom fails of exciting Attention and pleasing the Mind. Besides, the num-
x. P R E F A C E.

Numbers, in which these Images are conveyed, as they are not now commonly practised, will appear new and amusing.

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

There is nothing can be heard more silly than one’s expressing his Ignorance of his
his native Language; yet such there are, who can vaunt of acquiring a tolerable Perfection in the French or Italian Tongues, if they have been a Fortnight in Paris or a Month in Rome: But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a Scots Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly condemn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious: Every one that is born never so little superior to the Vulgar, would fain distinguish themselves from them by some Manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better Method. But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally Masters of the most useful and politest Languages, can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and read their own.

It was intended that an Account of the Authors of the following Collection should be given; but not being furnished with such distinct Information as could be wished for that End at present, the Design is delayed, until the publishing of a Third or Fourth suc-
Xi.  

P R E F A C E.

Succeeding Volume, wherein the Curious shall be satisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their Lives and Characters, and the Time wherein they flourished. The Names of the Authors, as we find them in our Copies, are marked before or after their Poems.

I cannot finish this Preface, without grateful Acknowledgements to the Honourable Mr. William Carmichael Advocate, Brother to the Earl of Hyndford, who, with an easy Beneficence that is inseparable from a superior Mind, assisted me in this Undertaking with a valuable Number of Poems, in a large Manuscript-Book in Folio, collected and wrote by Mr. George Bannontine in Anno 1568; from which M.S. the most of the following are gathered: And if they prove acceptable to the World, they may have the Pleasure of expecting a great many more, and shall very soon be gratified.

CHRYS T S.
CHRYSTS-KIRK
OF THE
GRENE
I.

AS nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sic Dancing and Deray,
Nowthir at Falkland on the Grene,
Nor Pebells at the Play,

NOTES.

Because we strieely observe the old Orthography for the
more Conveniency of the Readers, we shall note some general
Rules at the Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the
old Spelling differs from the present, in Words that have no-
thing else of the Antiquè, or Difference from the English: But
shall refer you to the Glossary at the End of the second Vol.
for the Explanation of all of that kind in particular, and of
those that are more peculiar to this Nation.

Rule 1. Grene, Jene, Ciene, &c. Green, Seen, Clean. The
double ee is supplied in such Words, commonly with one
before, and another after the Consonant.
Chrysts-Kirk of the Grene.
As was of Wowers, as I wene,
At Chrysts-Kirk on a Day;
Thair came our Kitties washen clene
In new Kirtills of Gray,
Full gay,
At Chryst-Kirk of the Grene that Day.

II.
To dans thir Damysells them dicht,
Thir Lasses licht of Laits:
Thair Gluvis war of the Raffell richt,
Thair Shune war of the Straits;
Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,
Weil prest with mony Plaits:
They war sae nyfs when Men them nicht,
They squelt lyke ony Gaits,
Sae loud, at, &c. that Day.

III. Of

Dams, Fans, Cians, Dance, Fense, Ciance. The s is us'd for the ce often in such Words.
Dicht, Licht, Richt, &c. Dight, Light, Right. The ch in such Words always us'd in Place of the gh.
Gluvis, Lufe, Has, &c. Gloves, Love, Have. The s and v indifferently made use of in those and the like Words.
Shune, Mune, Sune, &c. Shoon (or Shoes) Moon, Soon, the double oo, never found in such Words. Sometimes they are spell'd Sone, Mone; but in those, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the most frequent Manner.
Chryft's-Kirk of the Grene.

III.

Of all thir Maidens myld as meid,

Was nane sae jimp as Gillie:
As ony Rose her Rude was ried,

Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;

But scho of Lufe sae sily,
Thocht all hir Kin had sworn hir Deid,
Scho wald haif but sweit Willie

Alane, at Chryft-Kirk, &c. that Day.

IV.

Scho skornit Jok and skrapit at him

And murgeont him with Mokks,
He wald haif luvit, scho wald not lat him,

For all his zellow Lokks.

A 2

Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c. Well, Dead, Head, Mead.
The Diphthong wi us'd in many such Words as now require o, oe and ee.

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

Nys, Wys, Byt, Hyd, Myld, Lyk, &c. Nice, Wise, Bite, Hide, Mild, Like. Our not sounding the i as the English do, accounts very well; for our Elders spelling all Words with a y or of such a Sound.

He chereist hir, scho bad gae chat him,
   Scho compt him not twa Clokks:
Sae schamefully his schort Goun set him,
   His Limms wer lyk twa Rokks,
Scho said at, etc. that Day.

V.

THOM LUTAR was thair Menstrual meit,
   O Lord! as he coud lans:
He playt sae schill, and sang sae sweet,
   Quhyle Towtie take a Trans.
Auld Lightfute thair he did forleit,
   And counterfistet Frauts;
He us'd himself as Man discreet,
   And up tuke Moreis Danss,
Full loud, at, etc. that Day.

VI. Then

Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, Sc. Throng, the a is us'd in Place of o.
Good, Look, Fool, Shoor.
Quhyle, Qubat, Qabo, Qubyte, Sc. White. The gu is always us'd for the G immediately follows. See Mr. Rudd's Gudyn's CLOTHARY to
Gavin Douglas's Virgil.
Auld, Band, Sc. Old, Bold. Here in many such Words
the Scots spell with an in Place of the English o.
VI.

Then Steven came stepping in with Stands,
Nae Rynk micht him arrest:
Plotsflute he hobie up with Bends,
For Mald he maid Resscist.
He lap till he lay on his Lends;
But ryland was fie preist,
Quhyle that he hoistit at baith Ends,
For honour of the Feist,
And dansit, at, etc. that Day.

A 3

VII. Synne

Stepand, Ryland, etc. Stepping, Rising; and is frequently the sign of the Participle of the Present Tense; sometimes on and in instead of the modern ing.

Stevis, Stevis, Steands, as before, Usage light of Leits; and generally through all, our antient Bards endeavoured to add a delicate and artful smoothness to their Verses, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. Dryden and Waller, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Versification, seem to admire that Beauty.

When Man so many multiply'd his Kind. Dry'd.

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

One cannot help smiling to hear the Writer of Mr. Wallop's Life say, That this Way of thrumming off a Verse easily was first introduced by him.
Chryfs-Kirk of the Grene.

VII.

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

VIII.

Ane bent a Bow, sic Sturt coud steir him,
Grit Shayth wefd to haif skard him:
He cheift a Flane as did affeir him;
The toder safd, Dirdum, dardum:

Throw

Begoud, Benk, Clam, Kniff, &c. Began, or did begin, did
bake, did clumb, did cast; our old Authors have a great ma-
ny of such Preterites of Verbs, most of which continue amongit
us still.
Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c. That other,
Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The s is frequently us'd
for th in such Words,
Chryse-Kirk of the Grene.

Throw baith the Cheiks he thoche to their him,
   Or throw the Eris haif chard him.
Be ane Akerbraid it came not nei him,
   I can not tell quhar mard him
Thair at, &c. that Day.

IX.

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

X.

And hafty Henfure callit Harv,
   Quha was an Archer beynd,
Tytt up a Taikle withouten tary,
   That torment sae him teynd.
   I was
Chrysf-Kirk of the Grene.

I wat not quhidder his Hand coud vary,

Or the Man was his Freynd;

For he eschappit throw Michts of Mary,

As Man that nae Ill sneind,

But Gude, at Chrysf-Kirk on the Grene that Day,

\[ \text{XI.} \]

Than Lawry lyk a Lyon lap,

And sone a Flane can sadder;

He hecht to perse him at the Pap,

Theron to wed a Weddir.

He hit him on the Wame a Wap,

It bust lyk ony Bledder:

But swa his Fortune was and Hap,

His Doublet made of Ledder,

Saift him, at, &c. that Day.

\[ \text{XII.} \]

A zaip zung Man that stude him neist;

Lousd aff a Schot with Yre;

He etlit the Bern in at the Breist,

The Bolt few owre the Byre,

\[ \text{Ane} \]

*Yellow, Zaip, Zung, Zier, Zan; &c.* Yellow, Yap, Young, Year, You.
Ane cryd, Fy, he had slain a Priek,
A Myle beyond a Myre.
Then Bow and Bag frae him he keist,
And fled as ferfs as Fyre
Frae Flint, at, &c. that Day.

XIII.

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

XIV.

That gurnit and lute gird with Grains,
Ilk Gossip uder greivt:
Sum strak with Stings, sum gaddert Stains,
Sum fled and ill mischevt.

The
Chrysf-Kirk of the Grene.
The Menstral wan within twa Wains,
That Day full weil he preivt:
For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains,
Qhair Fechteris war mischeivt,
For evir, at, etc. that Day.

XV.

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

XVI.

QUHEN that he saw his blude sae reid,
To fle might nae Man let him,
He weind it had been for auld feid,
He thocht ane cry'd, Haif at him.
He gart his Feit defend his Heid,
The far fairer it set him;
Quhyl he was past out of all pleid,
They sould bene swift that gat him
Throw Speid, at, etc. that Day.

XVII.

The Town-Souter in Grief was bowdin,
His Wyfe hang at his Waist;
His Body was in Blude all bowdin,
He grant lyk ony Ghait.
Her glittering Hair that was sae gowden,
Sae hard in Lufe him laist,
That for her Saik he was not zowden,
Seven Myle that he was chait,
And mair, etc. that Day.

XVIII.

The Millar was of manly Mak,
To meit him was sae Mows,
There durst not Ten cum him to tak,
Sae noyttit he thair Pows.

The

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

**XIX.**

Two that war Hardmen of the Herd,
   On udder ran lyk Rams,
Then followit Feymen, richt unaffried,
   But quhair thair Gobs they were ungeird;
   They gat upon the Gams;
Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,
   As they had worl let Lamms,
Maist lyk, at, &c. that Day.

**XX.**

*Hewt him on the Hows, Hew'd or cut him down, by strik-
ing him behind on the Houghs or Rams.
Cum, Sam, &c. Come, Some. The w in Place of v.
Lamms, Thomme, Don, &c. Lambs, Thumb, Dumb.
The b seldom made Use of in such Words.*
Christis-Kirk of the Grene.

XX.

The Wyves keist up a hideous Zeal,
Quhen all thir Zounkers rokit,
Als ster as ony Pyre-noughts fell,
Freiks to the Feilds they bokit.
The Carlis with Clubs did tider quell,
Quhyl Blade at Beastes out bokit;
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
That all the Swapill rokit.
For reid, at Christis-Kirk on the Grene that Day.

XXI.

Quhen thay had deirt lyk baird Bulls,
And braintwed brynt in Baits,
They wer as meik as ony Mulus,
that mungit ar with Maik.

Malis, Mules. In several Words likes this, where an i goes between an l and another Consonant, we are to pronounce short, as Mules, not Mulus.
Mungit ar with Malis, Main'd with Burdens.
Tumebit Ralls, Turf that Country People fle for co-vering Mouns.
Haid the Dulis, is a Phrase us'd at Foot-ball, or such Games, where the Party that gains the Dule or Goal is said to hail it, or win the Game.
Chryst-Kirk of the Grene.

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

XXII.

Quhen all was done, Dit with an Aix,
    Came furth to fell a Fudder,
Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smails,
    Richt now wald slain my Brudder.
His Wyfe bad him gae hame, Gib Glairks,
    And sae did Meg his Mudder.
He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;
    For he durst ding none udder,
For Feir, at Chryst-Kirk of the Grene that Day.

Finis quod King James I.

The

Fudder, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 1600 Pound Weight: In our old Authors it often metaphorically means a great many.
The Thistle and the Rose,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

A POEM in Honour of Margaret,
Daughter to HENRY the VII. of England, Queen to James the IV. King of SCOTS.

I.

When March with variant Winds was overpast;
And sweet April had with his Silver Showers
Tane Leif of Nature, with an orient Blast,
And lusty May, that Mudder is of Flowers,
Had maird the Birds begin be tymous Hours;
Amang the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,
Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

Lufty May, Desiriable May. Lufty through these Poems is an Epithet frequently us'd in this Sense; also in our Language it expresses, Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.
The Thistle and the Rose.

II.
In Bed at Morrow, sleeping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora with her Rubie Ene,
In at my Window ink'd by the Day,
And haist me, with Visage pale and grave,
Upon her Hand a Lark sang frae the Spine,
Lovers, awake out of your Slumbering,
Se how the lusty Morning does upspring.

III.
Methocht fresh May before my Bed upflood,
In Weid depainted of ilk diversel Hew,
Sober, benyng, and fill of Mensuetude,
In Bright Atyre of Flours, all forget new,
Of heavenly Colour quhyt, Reid, brown and blew,
Balnit in Dew, and gitt with Phoebus Beams,
Quhyle all the House ilumyn with her Leims.

IV.
Slugart, scho laid, awake annon, for Schame,
And in my Honour sumthing thou gae wryte;
The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,
Lovers to rais with Comfort and delyte,
Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt;

Quhase

Lukit by the Day, Looked in at my Window by Day or
the Dawning. Halit, Hail'd or Saluted.
Menquetude, Mildness, or good Humour.
The Thistle and the Rose.

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

V.
Quherto, quoth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,
For in thy Month few Birds haif I hard sing,
Thay haif maire Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow;
Thy Air it is not holsum nor benyng,
Lord Eolus dois in thy Season ring,
Sae bousteous ar the blafts of his shill horn;
Amang thy Bews to walk I haif forborn.

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

B

VIII. Quhen

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

Quen this was said, away then went the Queene,
And entred in a lufty Garden gent;
And then methought, full hastily besene,
In Sark and Mantle after her I went
Into this Garth most dulce and redolent,
Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants moit swet,
And grene Leivs doing of Dew doun flet.

VIII.

The pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,
In orient bright as Angel did appeir,
Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid,
Whose gildet Tresses schone sae wonder clir,
That all the Warld tuke Comfort far and near,
To luke upon his fresh and blissful Face,
Doing all fable frae the Heavenis chace.

IX.

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

Hail
**The Thistle and the Rose.**

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

**X.**

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

**XI.**

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

**B 2**

**With**

Obediens and Reverens; as observed before in the Words Ob:
ornance and Plesance, must be accented long.
XII.
With that annone sacho sent the swift fute Ros.
To bring in alkind Beift frae Dale and Doun,
The restles Swallow ordert sacho to go,
And fetch' all Fowl of small and grit Renow.
And to gar Flowirs appeir of all Fassoun:
Fully craftely conjurit she the Yarrow.
Qhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony Arrow.

XIII.
All brocht in were, in twynking of an Æe,
Baith Beift and Bird and Flowir before the Quene,
And first the Lyon greatest of Degre
Was summond ther, and he, fair to be sene,
With a full hardy Countenance and kene,
Before Dam Nature came, and did inclyne,
With Visage bauld, and Courage Leonynne.

XIV. This

Courage Leonynne. This perhaps may be smil'd at, but there's so much Reason to laugh as the modern Phrase of one's looking like himself.
The Thistle and the Rose.

XIV.

This awful Beast was terrible of Cheir,
Persing of Luke, and stout of Countenance,
Right strong of Corps, of Fasion fair, but feir,
Lufty of Shape, light of Deliverance,
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance;
In Feild of Gold he stude full rampantly,
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet pleasanty.

XV.

This Lady liftit up his Chues sae clair,
And lute him lischie lein upon hir Knee,
And crownit him with Diadem full deir,
Of radyous Stanes maist ryall there to see,
Saying, The King of all Beists mak I thee,
And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws,
Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

B 3

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

XVI.
Justice exercise, with Mercy and Consciences,
And let nae small Beist suffer Skaith nor Skorns,
Of greiter Beists that bein of more Puisance.
Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
And lat na Bowgle with his buistous Horns
Oppress the meik Pluch-Ox, for all his Pryd,
But in the Yok go quietly him befyd.

XVII.
When this was said, with Noyse and Sound of Joy,
All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degree,
Attains cryd, Laud, and then, Vive le Roy;
Synce at his Feit fell with Humility;
To him they all made Homage and Feiktie;
And he did them refaif with princely Lait,
Whose noble Yre his Greitnes mitigates.

XVIII.
Synce crownit scho the Eagle King of Fowls;
And sharp as Darts of Steil scho made his Penns,
And bad him be as just to Wharps and Owls,
As unto Peakoks, Papinoges, or Crans,
And mak ane Law for wicht Fowls and for Wrens,
The Thistle and the Rose.

And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,
Nor Birds devour but his own proper Prey.

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

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

XXI.
Nor hald nane other Flowir in sic denty
As the fresh ROSE, of Colour Reid and quhyt;
For if thou dos, hurt is thyne Honesty.

Considering that no Flowir is sae perfyte,
Sae full of Pleasus, Vertue and Delyte,
Sae full of blisfull Angellyke Bewtie,
Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

**XXII.**

Then to the Ro*se* scho did her Visage turn,
And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,
Abofe the Lilly thou art ilustorous born,
Frae Ryal Linage ryfing fresh and yung,

But ony Spot or Macull doing sprung:
Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crownd,
For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

**XXIII.**

A costly Crown with Stanes clarisied bricht,
This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose,
Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht;
Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all re*jo*se,
Crying attaines, Haill to the fragrant *Ro*se,
Hail Empress of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs,
To the be Glore and Honour at all Hours.

**XXIV. Then**
The Thistle and the Rose.

XXIV.
Then all the Birds they sang with Voice on hicht,
Whose mirthfull Sound was marvellous to hear;
The MAVYS sang, Hail Rose most rich and rich,
That does upsuris under Phoebus Sphere,
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,
Hail, Bloomsome breking out of Blude Ryal,
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

XXV.
The Merle seth sang, Hail Rose of most Delity,
Hail of all Flowres the swet and soverain Queene:
The Lark seth sang, Hail Rosee baith reid and quhre,
Moist plesand Flowir of michty Colours twain;
Nichtingailes sang, Hail Natures Suffragane,
In Bewtry, Nurture, and each Nobilness,
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilness.

XXVI.
The common Voice upraife of Birdis small,

Upon this Ways, O blissit be the Hour
That thou was chose to be our Principal,

Welcome

That the House of York and Lancaster (the White and Red Rose) were united in the Person of our Queen, is well known.
Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir;
Our Perle, our Plefance, and our Paramour,
Our Peace, our Play, our plain Felicity:
CHRIST the conserve from all Adversity.

XXVII.

Then all the Comfort sang with sic a Shout,
That I anone awakent quhair I lay,
And with a Braid I turnit me about
To see this Court, but all wer gone away;
Then up I leint me, halflings in affray,
Callet to my Muse, and for my Subjeck chose
To sing the Ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

Quod Mr. Wm. DUNBAR.
A PANYGYRICK
ON
Sr Penny.

I.

Rich fain wald I my Qwantance mak
Sr. Penny with, and wate ye quhy?

He is a Man will undertak
A Lairdhchip of braid Lands to buy;
Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I

With him in Fellowship repair,
Because he is in Company

A noble Gyde bath late and air.
28 A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.

II.
Sr Penny for till hald in Hand,
His Company they think in sweit,
Sum does not care to sell their Land,
With gude Sr Penny for to meit,
Because he is of a noble Spreit,
A surthry Man and a forseian;
There is no Mater ends compleit,
Till he set to his Seil and Hand.

III.
Sr Penny is a valiant Man,
Of mekle Streth and Dignicie,
And evir sen this Warld began,
In this Land autoreist is he:
The King or Quene ze may not see,
They still so tenderlie him trete,
That ther can nathing endit be,
Without his Company ze get.

IV.
Sr Penny is a Man of Law,
And (witt ye weil) baith wyse and war;
He mony Reasons can furth schaw,
Quhen he is standing at the Bar,
A Panygyrick on Sr Penny.

Is nane lae sharh that can him scar,
Quhen he proponth furth ony Pley;
Nor zit lae hardy Man as dar
Sr. Penny tyne or disobey.

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

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

VII. Sr
A Panygryick on Sr Penny:

VII.

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

Tray and Tene, Anger.
Hair-moull, Grown hoary with Mouldiness.

Vertue
Vertue and Vyce.

A POEM,

Addreft to JAMES V. King of Scots,
By the famous and renown'd Clerk,
Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,
Arch-Dean of Murray.

I.

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

II.

The frosty Night with her prolixit Hours,
Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;
When ardent Labour has addressit me,
Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,
Their greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,
Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirrour, see
The furious End somtimes of Tyranie;
Somtimes the Gloir of prudent Governours,
Ilk State apprysit in their Facultie.

III.

My weary Spreit desiring to reprefs
My emptive Pen of struteles Bissines,
Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air,
When Priapus with stormy Weid oppress,
Requeistit me, in his main Tenderness,
To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.
But I no maner coud my Myräd prepare
To set asyde unpleasant Havyness
On this and that contemplating Solitare.

IV. AND

Priapus, who presides over Gardens.
Vertue and Vyce.

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

V:
Our Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris;
Dependance have on thir celest Creaturis,
Apperandly by some Necessitie;
For thocht a Man wald let his bissy curis,
Sae far as Labour and his Wisdom furis,
To flye hard Chance of Infortunitie,
Tho he eschew it with Difficultie,
The cursid Weird yet ithandly enduris,
Gien so him first in his Nativitie.
VI.

Or cardlie State bewailing thus the Chance
Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,
Sae lang I had sworn in hir Seis sae deip,
That lad Aysing with her thochtfull Lance
Coud find nae Port to anker her Firmance,
Till Morpheus the dreiry God of Sleip,
For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,
And set his Sleuth and deidly Countenance,
With snorand Vains to throw my Body creipi.

VII.

Methocht I was into a pleasant Meid,
Quhair Flora made the tender Bluims to spreid
Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutritive,
Quhen golden Titan with his Flamis sae reid,
Aboif the Seis upraif his glorious Heid,
Defounding down his Heit restorative
To evry Fruit that Nature maid to live,
Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,
With Stormis cauld, and Har-froft penetrive.
VIII.
A Silver Fountain sprang with Watir cleir
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir;
Quhair I did sone espy a fellow Reird
Of courtly Gallants in thair gayest Weir;
Rejoycing them in Season of the Zuir,
As it had bene of Mayis sweir Day the Feird;
Thair gudelie Havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I saw a crownit King appair,
With tender Downs arrising on his Beird.

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

Vertue and Vyue.
Vertue and Vyce.

X.

This Goddesses arrayt in this fine Ways,
As Reverence and Honour lift devyse,
Afore this Prince fell down upon their knees,
Syne dreft themsells into their best Avyse,
Sae far as Wisdom in their Powir lyes,
To do the Thing that might him best appleise,
Quhair he rejoiced in his heavenly Gleis,
And him desyret that for his Emperys,
Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

XI.

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

XII. Two
Vertue and Vyle.

XII.

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

XIII.

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


Vertue and Vyce.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI. Th
Vertue and Vyle,

XVI.

The Rose, the Lilly, and the Violet,
Unpult, done wither, and with Winds owrest,
Wallow falls down bot ony Fruit, I wis,
Thairfore I say, Sen that naething may let,
But thy bright Hew maun be with Zeirs all fre,

(For every Thing but for a Season is)
Thou may not haif a mair excellent Blis
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms plet,
To hals and brais with mony a lufty Kifs,

XVII.

And haif my tender Body by thy Syde,
So proper ler, quhilk Nature has provyde
With every Plesour, that thou mayst divyne,
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overslyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,

Thou maun allways from agit Men declyne,
Syne dres thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingynye,
To suffer nane fall in thy House abyde,
But gif they will unto thy Lusf inclyne.

C 4  XVIII.  Gif
Vertue and Vyce.

XVIII.

Gif thou desyres into the Seis to seer
Of hevinly Bliss, than me thy Lady treit;
For it is sayed by Clerkes of faire Renowne,
That is nac Pleasure in this Eard so great,
As quhen a Luver dois his Lady meit,
To raise his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Soun,
As hiest Pleasure but Comparisoun.
I sall the geif in thy Zears zough and sweit,
A lusty Halk with mony Plumes full broun.

XIX.

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

XX. My
Vertue and Vyce.

XX.

My Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre,
Sall gif thy Hienefs, (gif thou lift difyre)
Triumphant Glore, hie Honour, Fame divyne,
With sic Puissance, that them nae furious Yre,
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,
Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,
But thou maun first ensluffer meikle Pyne,
Abune thy self, that thou may haif Empyre,
Then fall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

XXI.

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

XXII. Nae
Vertue and Vye.

XXII.

Na b Fortune may against me ocht avail,
Tho scho with cloudy Stormes me aft assail,
I brek the Streim of sharp Adversity,
In Wedder lown, and maift tempestous Hail,
Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:
My Ships sae strong, that I may never die,
Wit, Reason, Manheid governs me sae hie,
Nae Influence of Starns can eir prevail
To rigne owre me with Infortunisie.

XXIII.

The Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,
Bot grit Distress and sharp Adversity,
As be this Reason is experience;
The fynest Gold or Silver that we fe,
May not be wrocht to our Utility,
Without kein Flames and bitter Violence;
The mai Distress, the mai Intelligence.
Quha eir fails lang in hie Prosperity,
At sune owreset, gainst Stormes have nae Defence.

XXIV. Th1
**Vertue and Vyce.**

**XXIV.**

This fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,
Bot dout fall thee and all the Warld bring
   To sicker Blifs, or then eternal Wae.
Gif thou by honest Labour dois a Thing;
Thy Labour vanies but tarrying;
   Howbeit thy honest Warks they do not sae,
Gif thou does ocht of Luft be Nicht or Day,
The shamefull Deid, without dissipering,
   Continues still when Pleasur is away,

**XXV.**

As Carvell ticht, fast tending throw the Sie,
Leives nac imprent amang the Wallis hie.
   As swiftest Birds with mony a bissy Plume
Perfis the Air, and wates not quhair thay flie,
Sicklyks our Lyfe without Activitie;
   It giftes na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume.
Quha dois thair Lyfe in Ydleness consume,
Bot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie
   Sall vanise soner than the reiky Fume.

**XXVI. As**
Vertue and Vyle.

XXVI.

As Watter purges and manks Bodys fair,
As Fyre ascends be Nature in the Air,
And purefies with Heit thats vehement:
As Flowir does smell, as Fruit is nurisare:
As precious Balmes revert the Things ar fair,
And manks them of the Rot impatient.
As Spyce mainst sweit, and Rose mainst redolent;
As stern of Day by Motion circulair,
Chaises the Nacht with Beims resplendent.

XXVII.

Sicklyke my Warks they persyr every Wicht,
In fervent Luve of maiß excellent Licht,
And manks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,
And does the Saul frae all Disorder dicht,
With Odour dulce, and maks it still mair bright
Than Diane full, or zet Apollo cleir,
Syn raises it into the hiet Sphere,
Immortally to shine in Gods awin Sicht,
His chosen Creature, and as Spous mainst deir.

XXVIII. This
Vertue and Vyne.

XXVIII.

This uther Wretch that clipe is Delyte,
Involves Mankynd be sensual Appityte,
In every Kind of Vyce and Misery,
Because nne Wit nor Reason is perkyte.

Quhair she is Gyde, but Skaith thats infinit;
With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie;
For scho sprang frae the licht Froth of the Se.
Quhilk signifies hir Pleasure venomit,
Is minglit ay with shairp Adversitie.

XXIX.

Duke Hannibal, as mony Authors wrat,
Throw Spensie came be mony a Passage fraught;
To Italy in Furor bellical,
Brak down hie Walls, and hieft Mountains flait,
And to his Army made an open Gait,
And Victories had on the Romans all.
At Capua by Pleasure sensual,
The Duke was made fan fast and delicate,
That by his Faces he was sone overthrow.
Vertue and Vyte.

XXX.

Of Æsop Achill the weirsly Deids sprang,
In Troy and Grece, quhyle he in Vertue rang.
Hou Luft him flew it is but Rewth to heir:
Siclyk the Trojans with thair Knights rang,
The valians Greiks furth frae thair Ruins dang.
Victoriously exercit mony a Zeir;
That Nicht they went to thair Luft and Pleasure,
The fatal Horses did throw thair Waits sang.
Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince esemintat,
Frac Deids of Knights basely degenerat,
Twynd and the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,
With Fingers saft amang the Ladyis fat,
And with his Luft couth not be satiate,
Till frac his Faes came laft the bitter Dint.
Quhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene tint,
Quhen they with Luft have bene intoxicat,
To schaw at lenth my Tung wald nevir flint.

XXXII. But
Vertue and Vyce.

XXXII.

But brave Camill the valiant Chevalier,
(When he the Gauls had destined be his Weir)
Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;
For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Freinds maift deir
Were verteous, they could not fail ilk Zeir
To haif enough, be Roman Providence.
Gif they wer given to Vyce and Infolence,
It was not neidsfull he could conquir Geir,
To be the Cause of their Incontinence.

XXXIII.

Sum nobil Men, as Poets lift declar,
Wet Deifit, sum made Gods of the Air,
Sum of the Heaven, as Eolus, Vulcan,
Apollo, Saturn, Hermes, Jupiter,
Mars, Hercules, and uther Men preclar,
That Fame imortal in this World wan:
Quhy wer thin People called Gods than?
Because they had a Vertue singular,
Excellent hec abune the Ingynge of Man.

XXXIV. And
Vertue and Vyce.

XXXIV.

And uthers are in Reik sulphurous,
As Lxon, and weiry Syfypus,

Eumenides, the Furys odibil,
The proud Gyants, and thirsty Tantalus,
With ugly Drink, and Fude maist vennomus,

Quehair Flames baud, and Mirkness ar sensibil:
Quehy ar thir Folk in Pains fae terribil?
Because they were but Shrews maist vicious
Into thair Lyfe, with Deids maist horribil.

XXXV.

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

XXXVI. Fo
Vertue and Vyce.

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

_PHEBUS_ be this his frying Cart did vry,
Frac South to West declynand biffyly
   To dip his Steids into the Westlin Main;
When rysing Damps owrefaild his Village dry
With Vapours thick, and cludder all the Sky,
   And _Notus_ byrn, the Wind meridian,
With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,
Awakent me, that I couid not espy
   Qhillk of the twa was for his Lady tane.

XXXIX.

But Ione I knew they were the Goddesses
That came in Sleip to valiant _Hercules_,
   When he was zung, and free of every Lore,
To Lust or Honour, Purrit or Riches,
Quhair he contempnit Lust and Idleness,
   That he in _Vertue_ micht his Lyfe decore;
Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;
The mair increst his painfull Biffines,
   His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.
A Bytand BALLAT on wario Wives,
That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.

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

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

D a

Tho
A bytand Ballat, &c.

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

III.

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

IV.

A ne evil Wyfe is the warst aught
That ony Man can haif;
For he may nevir sit in Saught,
Unless he be her Slaif:

But
A bytand Ballat, &c.

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

V.

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

VI.

But of that Sort whilk I report,
I knew nane in this Ring:
But we may all baith grit and small,
Gladly baith dance and sing.

Sunt Lairds. Here is speld with an S, as it outh, and not with a C, as many of the English do.
A bytand Ballat, &c.
Quha lifs not her to make gude Cheir,
Perchance his Guids an uthir Yer
Be spent, quhen he is brought to Beir,
Quhen his Wyse taks the Fling.

VII.
It has ben eene, that wyse Women,
After their Husband's Deid,
Has gotten Men has gart them ken,
If they could bear a Laid.
With a grene Sting, hes gart them bring
The Geir that won was by a Dring;
And syne gart all the Bairnies sing,
Kamukloch in their Bed.

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

IX. Za
A bytand Ballat, &c.

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

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

Quod Flemynge.

[Quoted text: "Sets not by, Does not Value. Put down, Murder.

D 4. Ro-"
ROBIN and MAKYNE,
A PASTORAL,
I.
ROBIN sat on the wode grene Hill,
Keipand a Flock of Fie,
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
O Robin rew on me.
I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
Thir Towmonds twa or thre;
My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot Dreid I die.
II.
ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,
Naithing of Luve I knew,
But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod,
Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

Quhat

*Dole in dern, Sorrow in secret. Dill, still, calm, or mitigate. Raik on Raw, go space in a Row.*
Robin and Makyne.

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

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

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

The Fair of Feir, of a fair and heathful Look.
58 Robin and Makyne,

The Wedder is fair, and I am fain;
My Sheip gaes hail above,
Gif we could play us on the Plain,
They wald us baith reprove.

V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,
And do all as I Reid;
And thou fall haif my Heart all hale,
Eik and my Maidenheid:
Sen God be sends Bute for Bale,
And for Murning Remeid.
I dern with thee, but give I dale,
Doubtles I am but deid.

VI.

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

But

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

But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
  Frae thay begin to thair,
Quhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,
  Then Makyn mak guude Cheer.

VII.

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

VIII.

ROBIN I stond in sic a Style,
  I sicht and that full sair.
Makyn I have been heir this quyle,
  At hame I wiff I were.
Robin, my Hinnys, talk and smyle,
  Gif thou will do nae-mair.
Makyn sum uther Man beguyle;
  For homeward I will fare.

XI SYN
Robin and Makyne.

IX.

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

X.

MAKYNE went hame without an fale,
And weirlylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair Dale
Assemblit all his Sheep,
Be that somepart of Makyns Ail,
Outhrow his Heart coud creip,
Hir falt he followt to aflail,
And till her take gude keip.

XI. ABYD

Brayd arrowre the Bent, haste over the Field. Take a gude Keip, kept a close Eye upon her.
**Robin and Makyne.**

**XI.**

*abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,*

A Word for ony Thing;
For all my Luve it fall be thyne;
Without departing,
All hale thy Heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My Sheip qhuble Morn till the Hours Nyne,
Will mister nae keiping.

**XII.**

**Robin,** thou hast heard sung and say,
In Jests and Storys auld,
The Man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,
Be eikd their Cares sae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play,
Be Forrest, Firth or Fauld.

**XIII.**

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

There
62 Robin and Makyne.

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

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

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

XVI. MA.
Robin and Makyne.

XVI.

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the Holtis Hair.
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho sang, and he fichd faire;
Scho left him in baith Wae and Wreuch,
In Dolor and in Care,
Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,
Aman the rathy Gair.

Finis quod Mr. Rob. Henryson.
Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV. QUHILE
Advisè to Man to enjoy his ain.

IV.

Quhile thou hast Space, se thou dispone
That for thy Geir: quhen thou art gone;
Nae Wicht ane other slay or chace,
Enjoyt thy self quhile thou hast Space.

V.

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

VI.

Syne cums ane blythsome of his Sorrow,
That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow;
And sangs it all with Merryness;
Then spend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

VII.

Sum gathers Gude, and ay it spares;
And after him cum braw young Airs;
That his auld Thrift sets on an Ace;
And sendit a Sheiring in short Space.

E

VIII. I'te
Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.

VIII.
It's just all thyne that here thou spends;
And not all that on thee depends,
But his to spend it that has Grace;
Then spend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space.

IX.
Trust not annother will do ye to,
It that thy self wald nevir do;
For gif thou dois, strange is thy Case;
Thine ain Gude spend quhyle thou has Space.

X.
Luxe how the Bairn dois to the Mother;
And tak Example be nane uther,
That it not after be thy Case;
Sae spend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

Quod Dumbar.
On a bonny Vessel called The Fleming Bark, belonging to Edinburgh.

I.

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

II.

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

E 2

Draw
The Fleming Bark

Draw well the Takle to her Tail,
Scho will not mis to lay zour Maft,
To pump as aft as ze may fail,
Ze will neir hald her Watter-fait.

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

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

V.
Nae Pedders Pak scho will refuse,
Altho hir Travel scho shoud tyne,
Nae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,
That does their Corn and Cattle trayn;
And quhere scho finds a Fallow fyne,
He will be fraught free for a Sowle,
Scho carrys nocht but Men and Wyne,
And Bulion to the Cunzie-House.

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

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

Syne
The Fleming Bark.

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

VIII.

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

Quod Semple.
The Defens of Grissell Sandylands
For using of hir self contrair the Ten Commands,
Being in Ward for playing of the Loun
With every one list gife hir half a Crown.

I.

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

II.

To Sandylands ze war ower-fair to schanme hir,
Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;
Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,
Haising nae Cause, but common Fame and Sklender,
The Defens of Griffel Sandylands.

Quhen finding no Man in the House neir hand hir,
Exept a * Clerk of godly Conversation,
Quhat gif besyde John Durie self ye saynd hir,
Dar ze suspect the haly Congregation.

III.
Zour fleshly Consciens gars zou tak this Feir,
Believe ze Virgins will be won sae sune,
Na, God forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,
And Women be nae war, quhen that is done,
Had scho bene ****
That war a perelous Play, ane might suspect them,
But Lads and Lasses will meit after None,
When Dick and Durie baith dow no correct them.

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

---

* The Minister, Beaton.
Had scho bene * * * * In such Places as are so sullied or torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuse rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, that they might be supplied with small Difficulty.
The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid,
Syne Fornication placit amang the laif,
Exempt zour selves throu all the Toun in Deid,
Then luke how mony zou unmarkit hai.

V.

Gif ye belife not Betoun be his Word,
In hir Defens, it cannot be refusit;
Let him that follows fecht it with the Sword,
Ane aumtient Law quhen Ladyis are accusit.
Are Ministers sic Men to be abusit,
That knaw the Scripture and the Ten Commandes?
Tho he and scho wer in a House inclusit,
That says not, he fell foule on Sandylands.

VI.

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

VII. Zs
The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.

VII.

Zae cative Clerks, that Colege ze frequents
Quhen ze were Wanslers of the wanton Band,
Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lament it,
Zour Pistols tuimt, and Backsprent like a Wand,
Snap Wark, Adieu frae ** *
And worse than that, ze want zour prying Powder;
Then Consciens cums with cruik Staff in Hand,
Greitand for bygane bowing Back and Shouder.

VIII.

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

IX. And

* Mr. Patrick.
The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI. Quhat

* --- Little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.
The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.

XI.
Quhat Kimmer caits the formest Stane, let us se,
At thae poor Queans, ze wrangfully suspeck
For skelting Bouts; now better war let be,
Than to begin and get zour selves a Geck,
The greatest Falt I find in this Effect;
They baith take Paie, and put themselves in Schame;
But quhen the Court cum to the Town, quhat Reck,
We all restore them to their Stock again.

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

XIII.
The greatest Greif I find, ze haif defamed
Thir Luyers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,
Because thair Bands were just to be proclaimed,
Partys had met, and made a fair Contrack:

But
The Defens of Griffell Sandylands.

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

XIV.

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

Quod Semple.
The Battle of Harlaw,

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

I.

Fra Dunideir as I cam through,
Doun by the Hill of Banechie,
Allangit the Lands of Garloch;
Grit Pitie was to heir and se
The Noys and dulesum Hermonie;
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,
Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw:

II.

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

But
Battle of Harlaw.

But for the Days of auld King Hairy,
Sic Slaughter was not hard nor fene,
And thair I had nac Tyme to tairly,
For Bissiness in Aberdene.

III.
Thus as I walkit on the Way,
To Inverary as I went,
I met a Man and bad him stay,
Requesting him to mak me quaint,
Of the Beginning and the Event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the Truth fould to me schaw.

IV.
Grit Donald of the Yss did claim,
Unto the Lands of Ross sum Richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht:

Governor, Robert Duke of Albany, Uncle to King James I. The Account of this famous Battle may be sear in our Scots Histories.
Battle of Harlaw.

Quha saw his Interest was but slight;
And thairfore answert with Disdain;
He haift hame baith Day and Nicht,
And sent nacy Bodward back again.

V.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that Answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
All the hale Lands of Ross to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his Graif.
He wald notquat his Richt for nocht.
Nor be abusit lyk a Slaiif,
That Bargin fould be deirly bocht.

VI.

Then hastylie he did command,
That all his Weir-Men should convene,
Ilk an well harnisit frae Hand,
To meit and heir quhat he did mein;
He waxit wrath and vowit Tein,
Sweirand he wald suprysize the North,
Subdew the Brugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

VII. Thus
**Battle of Harlaw:**

**VII.**

Thus with the Weir men of the Nes,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With Money maid, with Forfs and Wyls,
Richt far and neir baith up and doun:

Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,
Allangst the Land of Rofs he roars,
And all obey'd at his Bandown,
Evin frae the North to Southren Shores.

**VIII.**

Then all the Countrie Men did yield;
For nae Resistans durst they mak,
Not offer Battill in the Field,
Be Forfs of Arms to beir him bak;
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for thair Behoif,
They sould him for thair Chistain tae,
Believing weil he did them luve.

**IX.**

Then he a Proclamation maid
All Men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray Land to mak a Raid,
Fracrthurstrie unto Spey-ness.
The Battle of Harlaw:

And further mair, he sent Express,
To shaw his Colours and Ensignie,
To all and sundry, mair and less,
Thro' the Boundis of Boyne and Enzie:

And then throw fair Strathbogie Land,
His Purpose was for to pursue,
And quhosoever durst gainst him,
That Race they should have fairly new.
Then he bad all his Men be true,
And him defend by Fors and Slicht,
And promise them Rewards anew,
And mak them Men of mekle Micht.

Without Resilants as he said,
Throw all these Parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast.
Throw all these Feilds he sped him fast,
For sic a Sicht was never sene;
And then, forthwith, he langd at last
To see the Bruch of Aberdeens.
Battle of Harlaw.

XII.
To hinder this proud Enterprize,
The stout and mighty Erle of MARR
With all his Men in Arms did ryse,
Even frae Cugarf to Craigyvar,
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To secht, or DONALD came sae nar
The Ryall Bruch of Aberdeens.

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

MARR, Alexander Earl of Mar; Son of Alexander the Governor's Brother.
Battle of Harlaw:

XIV.
With him the braif Lord O'GILVY,
Of Angus Sherriff principall,
The Constabill of gude Dundie,
The Vanguard led before them all.
Suppose in Number they war small,
Thay first richt,aulde lie did purswe,
And maide their Faes befoir them fall,
Quha then that Race did fairlie rew.

XV.
And then the wortly Lord SALTON,
The strong undoubted Laird of DRUM,
The stawart Laird of Lawriston,
With ilk their Forces all and sum.

PANMUIR with all his Men did cum,
The Provost of braif Aberdeen,
With Trumpets and with Tuick of Drum,
Came shortly in their Armour scene.

XVI.
These with the Erle of MARR came on,
In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair Enemies to sette upon;
In awfull Manner hardily,
Battle of Harlaw,

Together vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony Mylis
For to suppress the Tyrannie
Of douted DONALD of the Iles,
XVII.
But be in Number Ten to Ane,
Richt subtilie alang did ryde,
With Malcomtoch and fell Maclean,
With all their Power at thair Syde,
Presumeand on thair Strenth and Pryde,
Without all Feir or ony Aw,
Richt bauldlie Battill did abyde,
Hard by the Town of fair HARLAW,
XVIII.
The Armies met, the Trumpet sounds,
The dandring Drums alloud did touk,
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,
Till ane of them the Feild sould bruik,
Nae Help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Feris was the Fecht on ilka Syde,
And on the Ground lay mony a Bouk
Of them that thair did Battill byd,
Battle of Harlaw.

XIX.

With doute sum Victorie they deald,
The bludy Battil lastit lang,
Each Man his Nibours Forfs thair felt;
The weakest aft-tymes gat the Wrang:
Thair was nac Mowis thair them amang,
Naething was hard but heavy Knocks,
That Eccho maid a dulefull Sang,
Thairto resounding frae the Rocks.

XX.

But Donalds Men at last gatif back;
For they war all out of Array.
The Earl of Marris Men throw them brak,
Pursewing thairply in thair Way,
Thair Enameys to tak or slay,
Be Dynt of Forfs to gar them yield,
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And sae for Feirdness tint the Feild.

XXI.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To Mountains hich for all his Micht;
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of Sicht;

*And*
Battle of Harlaw.

And fae of Ros he lost his Richt,
Thocht mony Men with him he brocht,
Towards the Nes fled Day and Nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is, (quod he) the richt Report
Of all that I did hear and kame,
Thocht my Discourse be sumthing ichort,
Tak this to be a richt furthe Saw:
Contrairie God and the Kings Law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian Blude,
Into the Battil of Harlaw;
This is the Sum, sae I conclude.

XXIII.

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

XXIV. M.A.E.
Battle of Harlaw.

XXIX.
And thair the Knight of Lauriston
Was slain into his Armour shene,
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha Provost was of Aberdene,
The Knight of Panmure, as was sene,
A mortal Man in Armour bright,
Sir Thomas Murray stout and sene,
Left to the Warld thair last gude Nicht.

XXX.
Thair was not sen King Kenneth Days
Sic strange intestine crewel Stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk Man says,
Quhair mony liklie loft thair Lyfe;
Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe,
And mony Childrene fatherless,
Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryse;
Lord help these Lands, our Wrangs redress.

XXXI.
In July, on Saint James his Even,
That Four and twenty dinsmall Day,
Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven
Of Zeirs sen Chryst, the Suthe to say:
Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the Veritie they knew,
And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim Battle of the Harlaw.
Ane BALLAT of the fenziet Frier of Tungland,
How he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkland.

I.

A szung Auror with Chrystal Hail,
In Orient schewed hir Vilage pail,
A swenyng Swyth did me affail,
Of Sonis of Sathanis Seid;
Methocht a Turk of Tartary,
Come throw the Bounds of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy.
Full lang, in Watchmans Weid.

II. FRAE

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

II.

Frae baptasing for to eschew,
Thair a religious Man he slew,
And cled him in his Habeit new,
   For he couth wryte and reid;
Quhen kender was his Difsimulance,
And all his curst Governance;
For Feir he fled, and come in France;
   With litill Lombard Leid.

III.

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

IV.

In Scotland then the narrest Way
He come, his Cuming till aslay;
To sum Men thair it was nac Play;
   The preiving of his Sciens.
The Frier of Tungland.

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

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

VI.
His couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,
To gar a wicht Horfe want his Lyfe,
Quha eir asay wald Män or Wyfe,
Thair Hipps zied hiddy-giddy.
His Practicks neir war put to Preif,
Bot sudden Deid or grit Mischief;
He had Purgation to mak a Thief
To die without a Widdy.
Unto nae Mess eir prest this Prelar.
For Sound of Sacring Bell nor Skellar.
As Blacksmith brukit was his Pallar.
For batting at the Study.
Thocht he come hame a new maid Channoun.
He had dispesit with Marynis Cannoun.
On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun.
For smuking of the Smydy.

Methocht feir Fassonis he afferliziet
To mak the Quintessance, and failzieit;
And when he law that nocht afferliziet,
A Fedrem on he tuke:
And schupe in Turkie for to flie,
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All Fowl serliet quhat he could be,
That did upon him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus,
Sum the Minatour marvellous,
And sum the Smyth of Mars, Vulcain,
And sum Saturnus Kuke.
The Frayer of Tungland.

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

X.

The Mytane and Saint Martyne Fowl
Vend he had bene the hornit Howle;
They set upon him with a Zowle,
And gaiif him Dynt for Dynt.

The Golk, the Gormay, and the Gled,
Eft him with Buffets till he bled;
The Spar-halk to the Spring him sped,
As ferss as Fyre off Flint.

XI.

The Tarfall gaiif him Tug for Tug,
Stanchell hang in' ilka Lug;
The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,

The Stork straik ay bot Stynt.
The Biffart biffy bot Rebuke,
cho was fae cleverous of her Cluke,
His B---s he micht nae langer bruke,

Scho held them at a Hynr.

XII. Scho
The Friar of Tungland.

XII.

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

They nybilk him with dinsume Cry,
The Rerd of them raise to the Sky,
And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy,

His Lyfe was into Dowt.

XIII.

The Jae him skrippit with a Skryke;
And skornit him as it was lyk,
The Egill strong at him did stryk,

And rawcht him mony a Rout.

For Feir uncumnandly he cawkit,
Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drewkit;
He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,

Beneath him with a Spowt.

XIV.

His schure his Feddreme that was schene,
And slippit out of it full clene,
And in a Myre, up to the Ene;

Amang the Glar did glyd.

The
The Frier of Tungland

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

XV.

And he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae langs he hard a Ravin rair;
The Craws him socht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw befyde.

Had he reveild bere to the Ruiks,
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,
He did with Dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The Air was dirkint with the Fowls,
That came with Zawmers and with Zowls,
With Skryking, Skryming and with Scouls
To tak him in the Tyde.

I walknit with the Noyls and Schout,
Sic hydious Beir was me about;
Senlyne I curst that cankirt Roux,
Quaireir I gang or ryde.

Finis quod Dunbar. Tym.
TYDINGS frae the Session.

I.

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

II.

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

III. SUM
Tydings frae the Session.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Sum Summonds cafs, and sum excepts,
Sum stand besyd and skaild Law bepps;
Sum is delayd, sum wins, sum tynes;
Sum makts him merry at the Wynes;
Sum is put out of his Possession;
Sum herrit, and on Credance dynes;
Sir Tydings hard I at the Session.

G 2

Sum
Tydings frae the Session.

VI.
Sum swears, and gies clean up with GOD;
Sum in a Lamb-skin is a Tod,
Sum in his Tong his Kyndness turfs;
Sum cuts at Throats, and sum pyks Purfs:
Sum goes to Gallows with Procussion;
Sum fains the Sei, and sum them cursos;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

VII.
Religious Men of divers Places,
Cum thair to won, and see fair Faces;
Baith Carmelites and Cordilliers,
To Gemor cum, and get maie Friers,
Unmindful of thair chest Procussion,
The zugetter at the elder leirs;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Session.

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

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

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

Quod Dunbar.
A  
Generall SATYRE.

I.

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

II.

Sic Pryd with Prelats, sae few to preich and pray;  
Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day,  
They that should have ay their God afore their Ene,  
Sae nyce in Array, sae strange to their Abay,  
Within this Land was nevir hard or sene.

III. San
III.
Sae mony priests cled up in secular Weid,
With blazing Breifs, casting their Clais abreid;
It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the Credi and Testament to reid.
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.
IV.
Sae mony Maistres, sae mony gowckit Clerks,
Sae mony Waisters, to God and all his Warks,
Sic fyrif Sparkes, dilpyftul frae the Splene,
Sic losn Sarks, sae mony Glengore Marks,
Within, etc.
V.
Sae mony Lords, sae mony naturale Fules,
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,
Nor seis the Dules, that commons did sustene.
New tane frae Schules, sae mony Anis and Mules,
Within, etc.
VI.
Sae meikle Treasfon, sae mony partial Saws,
Sae little Reason, to help the common Cause,
That all the Laws are not set by ane Bene,
Sic fenziet Flaws, sae money wastit Waws,
Within, etc.

G 4

VII. Sae
A general Satyre.

VII.
Sae mony Theivs and Murderers weil kendi,
Sae grit Releivs of Lords them till defend,
Because they spend the Pelf them berwene,
Sae feb till wend this Mischeif till amend,
Within, &c.

VIII.
This to correct, they shure with mony Cracks,
But small the Effect of Speir or bartar Ax,
Quhen Courage lacks, that build the Corps mak kein,
Sae mony Jacks, and Brats on Beggars Baks,
Within, &c.

IX.
Sic Vant of Woustours, with Hearts in sinful Satures,
Sic brawland Bosters, degenerate frae their Natures,
And sic Regratours, the pure Man to preven;
Sae mony Traytors, sae mony Rubecators,
Within, &c.

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

XI. Sae
A general Satyre.

XI.
Sae mony a Sentence retreitit for to win
Geir and Aquotance, or Kyndness of thair Kin;
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene
Sae mony a Gin, to haift them to the Pin,
Within, etc.

XII.
Sic Knavis and Crakkers, to play at Cards and Dyce,
Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk ate Cowkells; Gyrce,
Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convene;
Sic Store of Vyece, sae mony Witts unwyse,
Within, etc.

XIII.
Sae mony Merchands, sae mony ar mensworne,
Sic pure Tennands, sic cursing Ein and Morn,
Quhilk slays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene;
Sic Skaith and Skorn, sae mony Paitlaits worn,
Within, etc.

XIV.
Sae mony Rackets, sae mony Ketch Pillars,
Sic Balls, sic Nackets, and sic Tutilaris,
And sic Ill-willars, to speik of King and Queene,
Sic Pudding-fillars, descending doun frae Millars,
Within, etc.

XV. Sic
A general Satyre.

XV.

Sic Fardingails on Flaps as fat as Quhails,
Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht availg,
And sic foul Tails, to sveip the Caufy clene,
The Duff up failes, sae mony with uck failes
Within, etc.

XVI.

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

Quod Dunbar.

E P I
Wife SATINGS.

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

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

COMPLAINT.

An EPISTLE to his Mistress
on the Force of Love.

I,

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

II. For
Complaint to his Mistresse.

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

III.
As Tantalus in Watter stands,
To stanche his thirstie Appetye,
Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,
The River fleis him in Dispyte;
Sae does my lusty Lady qwhyte,
She fleis the Place where I repair:
To hungry Men is final Delyte
To twitch the Meit, and eit nac mair.

IV.
Tha nar the Flame, the betther Fyre,
The mair I pyne, zet I perslew,
The mair enkendlis my Difyre,
Frac I behald her heavenly Hew.
Complaint to his Mistress.

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

V.
Zit Jason did enjoy Medea,
And Ithaces gan his Adriane,
Dido dissaved was with Enea,
And Demophoy his Lady wan;
Gif Women tr owed sic Traytors than,
For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,
Quhy wald ze sly zour saikles Man,
Quha never mynds for to remuve.

VI.
Thocht serfs Achil, that worthie Knight,
Was slain for Luve, the Suthe to say,
Leander on a stormy Nicht
Diet sleitand on the Billous gray;
Thocht Troyalus he langourt ay,
Still waitand for his Luves Return,
Had not sic Pyne (thairs was but Play)
As daylie does my Body burn.

VII. As
Complaint to his Mistress.

VII.

As Pól to Pylatts does appear
Far brightar than the Stars about,
Sae does your Village shine as clear
As Rôle among the raskal Rôut;
War Paris levand now, but Dout,
And had the Golden Ball to serve,
I wate he wald sune wail zou out,
And leif baith Venus and Minerva.

VIII.

Now Paper pas, and at her speir,
Gif pleise her Prudence to imprint it?
My faithfull Heart I send it heir,
In Signe of Paper I present it;
Wald God my Body war fownt it,
That I might serve hir Grace bot Glammer,
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,
Or smallest Varlet of her Chammer.

Quod King Henry Stewart.

Cupid
Cupid quarel'd for his Tyranie,
Blindnes and Injustice.

1.

Quohom foul'd I wyt for my Mischance,
But Cupid King of Variance,
Thy Court, without Considerance,
Quhen I it knew,
Or evir made the Observance,
Richt sair I rew.

II.

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

III. Quhat
Cupids Tyrannie.

III.

Quhat is thy Manrent but Mischief,
Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif,
Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,
Of Wounds the wan,
Displisour, Pain, and hie Reprise
Of God and Man.

IV.

Thou luves all them that loudest leis;
And follows fastest them that fleis;
Thou lichtlies all trew Properties
Of Luve express,
And marks quhen neir a Styme thou leis,
And hts begels.

V.

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

VI. Thou
Cupids Tyrannie.

VR
Thou art in Friendship with thy Fae,
And to thy best Freinds freemie ay,
Thou fleins all faithful Men ther fre,
Of stedfast Thought,
Regarding none but them pertay
That cures the nocht.

VIII
Thou chirrie's them that with the chyds,
And bannie's them with thee abyds:
Thou hes thy Horn ay in thair Syds
That cannot flie;
Thay surder wart in thee conyds;
I say for me.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.
THE

Auld Mans inveighing against Mouth-Thankles.

I.

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

II.

Throch Ignorance, and Folly, Zouah,
My Preterit Tyme I wald neir spair,
Plesance to put into that Mouth,
Till Aige said, Fule, let be thy Fare,
H a And
Auld Mans inveighing

And now my Heid is quyrt and lair,
For feiding of that fowmart Face,
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I servt evir Mouth-thankles:

III.
Silver and Gold that I micht get
Beisands, Brotches, Robes and Rings,
Freie to gie, I wald nocht let,
To pleie the Mulls attour all Things.
Right as the Swan for Sorrow sings,
Before her Deid a little Space,
Richt sae do I, and my Hands wrings,
That I servt evir Mouth-thankles:

IV.
Battir it were a Man to servé
With Honour brave beneath a Sheild,
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou sould servé,
That will not luke on the in Eild,
Frac that thou has nae Hair to heild
Thy Heid frae harming that it bes,
Quhen pen and Purfe and all ar peild;
Tak then a Meis of Mouth-thankles.

V. 14
Against Mouth-thankless.

V.

It may be in Example sene,

The Grund of Truth wha understude,

* Præ in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,

Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,

At Venus Closet, to conclude,

Call ze not this a cankerd Case:

Now God help and the haly Rude,

And keip all Men fræ Mouth-thankless.

VI.

O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,

And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,

Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,

Amend thy Mis, thy self to saif,

The Blis abune gif thou wald haif,

And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace,

All this I hard an auld Man raif,

After the Zule, of Mouth-thankless.

Quod Kennedy.

* Makes Use of Spectacles
The Soutar descryvit by the Tailzior.

I.

There lies Law, thou lies, thou lies,
Zone are Soutars that thou seis,
Kneiland full lawly on thair Kneis,
Thair Gods till adorn.
Be Saint Girnega, that grim Ghait,
To hale ther Hairness on haist,
Of moltin Taush they tak a Test
On Mondays at Morn.

II.

To hald them balseome at the Heart,
Sum of fat Ulie spews a Quart,
Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part,
Of foul Soutars Blék,

Thus
The Sutar descriuirt.
Thus sum Firs, and sum Sews,
Sum byns the Hire, sum Uly spews,
And he keEPS ay best his Kews.
Speirs in his Neighbour's Nest.

III.
Of Tauch or Uly when they want,
Sir Girnaga will give a Cant,
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,
And dr-- them Roset rowth,
Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,
When eir we saw them we fould cry,
Fy on them, fich! and fy! fy! fy!
They fyle the Wind in growth.
THE
Soutars Answer to the Tailzior.

I.
False clatterand Kenfy, Kuckold Knaif,
Blasphemand Baird in thy Backbyting,
Of me thou fall an Answer haif,
Furnart cum forth, and face my Flyting,
Warfe than a Warlo in thy Wryting;
Thou Sathans Seid ay set to Evil,
Mandrag, Memerkyn, mismade Myting,
I fall the conjure lyk the Devil.

II.
Fy on the Tailzior never trew,
Frac Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,
Of Stomoks flown baith red and blew,
A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They
The Soutars Answer.

They follow thee with Cry and Shout,
Hey, hald the Thief that staw the Claith;
Thou will be hang't, haif thou nae Dout,
For mony presumptous forsworn Aith.

III.
Among the Wyves it fall be witten
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,
For lousy Scims that thou hast bitten,
Thy Gumes ar giltin grein and gray;
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strae,
Peild Prick-loule of a Pudding Price,
Bzik Bouscher on a Suny Brae;
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

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

V. Thy
The Sentars Answer.

V.

Thy wyke scho wont a man the gate
Of thee, whan that thou was weill brankir
And scho gate but ane Cur Knakar.
A foule Taid Caste, all Taitzior shankit,
For Claiss that thou mismade and mankit.
Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born;
Zet afterward thou fall be hankit
Betwixt Kirkaldy and Kingorme.

Quod Stewart.

Betwix twa Tods a crawing Cok,
Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her Sauch,
Betwix twa Cats a Mous,
Betwix twa Taylziors a Louis;
Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,
Quhilk of thir Fours in gritest Danger?

Answer.

Foxis ar fell at crawing Coks,
Friers ar fers at Maids in thair Smoks,
Cats ar cautelus in taking Myce,
Tailziors ar Tyrrens in killing Lyce.
A BALLAD made to the Scorn and Derision of wanton Women.

I.

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

II.

QUAT is sic Lure but Luft,
A lyrill for Delyte,
To hant that Game robust,
And beistly Aertyte;

I nowes
In Derision of wanton Women.

I nowther liech nor flye, But Veritie tell plain;
Tak ye this in Despyte, I fall not byt again.

III.
The wysest Scho may song Seducit be and schent,
Syne frae the Deid be done, Perchance fall fair repent;
Ower late is to lament, Frae Belly dow not lane,
Therfor in Tyme tak sent; I fall not byt again.

IV.
Licht Wenches Luve will sawin,
Evin lyke a Spanzeol's Laughter,
To * * *

Be them, lift Geir bechaucht hir; For Conzie ze may caught hir,
To * * *

And nevir speir quhais aucht hir; I fall not byt again.

V. Thochn
In Derision of wanton Women.

V.

Though bruckle Women hants
In Luft to leid thair Lyvis,
And Widdow Men that wants
To stel a Pair of wyvis;
But quhere that marriet Wyvis
Gaes by thair Husbunds Bane;
That Houshald nevit thryvis;
I sayt, and sayt again.

VI.

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

VII.

Fareweil with Chelterie;
Frac Wenchis fall a Chucking,
Thair follows Things thre,
To gae them gae a Gucking,

Imbracing.
I28. In Dervision of wantone Women.

Imbracing, Tigger, Plucking;
Thir foure the Suth to saine,
Enforfe them * * *
I fall not srayt again.

VIII.
Sum lykes new cum to Town,
With Jeigs to mak' em joly,
Sum lykes dans up and doun,
To miefs thair Melancholy;
Sum lykes Sang, troly lol'y,
And sum of rigging fair;
Lyk Fillocks full of Foly,
With litle Gier thair aim.

IX.
Sum Mune-brunt Maidens myld,
At None-tyde of the Nicht,
Are chapit up with Chyld,
Bot Coal or Candle-lights;

*Enforfe them * * * 'Tis not impossible, but a complete Copy of this old Ballad may be found to supply these few Blank.

Sue
Sum sum said, Mayds has Slicht
To play, and tak nae Pane,
Syne schift thair fells frae Sicht,
I fealt not saft again.

X.
Sum thinks nae Schame to clap
And kis in open Ways;
Sum cannot kep her ap
Frac lanfing, as scho fyes;
Sum goes sylc gymp in Gyfe,
Or scho war kisid, but plains.
Scho leur be married thryis,
And thre Tymes thryis again.

XI.
MAIR Gentrice is to jot
Undir a Silkin Goun,
Than with quhyt Petycot
And redyar ay boun,
The denkest sonest doun,
The fairest but refrain,
The gayest greatest Loun,
But dinna tellt again.
XII.

The moir degest and grave,
The grydier * * *
The nycest to ressale
Upon thair * * *
The quiydiest will quhipit,
And nocht thair * * *
The lefs, the larger hippit;
I shall not s sympathy.

XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif this be,
A gude Counsiale I geife zou;
To savé zour Honestie,
Fræ Sklander to releise zou;
But Ballats maeg to breif zou,
I will not break my Brain,
Suppose ze fould mischeive you,
I fall not sayt again.

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

I.

Our Pleasance heir is all vain Glory,
This World falle but transitory;
The Flesh is bruckle, the Feynd is flie,

*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

II.

The State of Man dois change and vary,
Now found, now seik, now blyth, now sary;
Now dancand merry, now lyk to die,

*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

III.

No State in all the Bard standes sicker;
But as the West-Wind wavis the wicker;
Sae wanes this worldly Vanity,

*Timor mortis, etc.*

IV. Doug
Lament for the Loss of the Poets.

IV.
Down to the Death gois all Estates,
Princes, Prelates and Potentates,
Faith rich and pure of all Degree.

Timor, &c.

V.
He takes the Knights into the Feild,
Enarmed under Helm and Sheild,
He Victor is at all mellie,

Timor, &c.

VI.
That strang' lavynfable Tyrann
Taks, on the Muthers Breiit fackand;
The Babe, full of Benignitie,

Timor, &c.

VII.
He takes the Campton in the Stour,
The Captain close within the Towir,
The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,

Timor, &c.

VIII.
Lament for the Loys of the Poets.

VIII.
He spares no Lord for his Puissance,
Nor Clerk for his Intelligence;
His awfull Strake may no Man see.

Timor, &c.

IX.
Art Magicians and Astrologis,
Rethoris, Logitians, Theologis,
Get Help frae nae Conclusions, &c.

Timor, &c.

X.
In Medecyne the most Practitians,
Leiches, Surrigians and Phestitians,
Themselves frae Death may not supply;

Timor, &c.

XI.
I see the Makkers, mang the laif,
Plays here their Padzians, syne gois to Graif;
Not spairt is their sweet Facultie.

Timor, &c.
I32 Lament for the Loss of the Poets.

XII.
He has done petously devote,
The nobil * Chawfer of Makkars Flowir,
The Monk of Berry and Gower all thre,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.
The gude Sr How of Eglintoun,
Etrick, Heriot and Winton,
He has tane out of this Countrey,
Timor, &c.

XIV.
That Scorpion fell has done ink,
Maister John Clerk and James Affleck,
Frac Ballat making and Tragedy,
Timor, &c.

XV. HO.

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

Holand and Barbor he has bereft,
Allace! that he not with us left
Sr Mungo Lockhart of the Lio,

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

Clerk of Tranent eik he has tane,
That made the Aventers of Sir Gawane,
Sr Gilbert Gray endit has he,

Timor, &c.

XVII.

He has Blind Hary and Sandy Traill
Slain with his Shot of mortall Hail,
Qubilk Patrick Johnson micht not flie,

Timor, &c.

XVIII.

He has rest Mersar his Indyte,
That did in Luve so lytie wryte,
So Ichort, so quick, of Sentens hie,

Timor, &c.
XIX.

He has tane Rowl of Abundance,
And gente Rowl of Consoriphynes,
Twa betir Fallows did no Man see,
Timor mortis conturba me.

XX.

In Dumfermling he has tane Brown,
With gude Mr. Robert Kennedy;
Sr John the Ross imbeaut has he,
Timor, &c.

XXI.

And he has now tane, lait of aw,
The gentle Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
Of quhome all Wichts has grit Pixie,
Timor, &c.

XXII.

And Mr. Walter Kennedy
In Poynt of Death lyed wearily;
Grit Rewth it wer that soould be,
Timor, &c.

XXIII. Sen
POSTSCRIPT. 135

XXIII.
Sen he has all my Brethren tone,
He will not let me leive alane;
On Forsa I maun his mist prey be,
    Timor, &c.

XXIV.
Sen for the Death Remned is none,
Best is that we for Death dispone;
After our Death, that live may we,
    Timor mortis conturbat me.

POSTSCRIPT.

XXV.

Suth I forex, if Spac-craft had,
Frac Hehir-Muiris fall ryse a Lad,
After twa Centuries pas, fall he
Revive our Fame and Memorie.

I 4  XXVI. then
XXVI.

Then fall we flourish Evir Grene;
All Thanks to carefull Bannantyne,
And to the *Patron kind and frie,
Quha lends the Lad baith them and me.

XXVII.

Far fall we fare, baith Eift and West,
Owre ilka Clyme by Scots possest;
Then sen our Warks fall nevir dies,
Timor mortis non turbat me.

Quod Dunbar.

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

I.

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

II.

He lowld the Plewch at the Lands End,
   And draife his Ownen hame at Ene;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
   And saw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,
   Suppand sat Sowp, as I heard sa’;
The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
   Betwein thir twa it was nac Play.

III. Quod
The Wife of Auchtermuchty

III.

Quad be, quhair is my Horses Corn,
My Owsten has nae Hay nor Strae,
Dame, ye maun to the Plewhch the Morn,
I fall be Hussy gif I may.

This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze fit warn, nae Troubles see;
The Morn ze fall gae with the Lad,
And syne zeil ken what Drinkers drie.

IV.

Gudemman, quod scho, content am I,
To tak the Plewhch my Day about,
Sae ye rule well the Kaves and Ky,
And all the House baith in and out:

And now sen ze haif made the Law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They sicker raid that neir did saw,
Therefore let naething be neglected.

V.

But sen ye will Hussykep ken,
First ye maun sit and syne fall kned;
And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

And
The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

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

VI.
The Wyfe was up rlicht late at Ene,
I pray Luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirm'd the Kirn, and skumt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the Morning up scho got;
And on hir Heart hid hir Disjune,
And pat as mekle in hir Lap,
As micht haif ferd them baith at Nune.

VII.
Says, Jok, be thou Maister of Wark,
And thou fell had, and I sul ka,
Ise promife thee a gude new Sark,
Either of round Claith or of slim.
Scho lowit the Queen sughit or nyne,
And hyne a God-staff in her Hand:
Up the Gudeman raif afer syne,
And saw the Wyfe had done Command.

VIII.
The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

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

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

X.
The Lean up throu the Lum did flow,
The Sute take Fyre it flewed him than,
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;
I war he was a dirty Man:

Zit
The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,
Quherwith he flokend out the Fyre:
To soun the House he syne began,
To had all richt was his Defyre.

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

XII.
Then bent thair cam a greidy Sow,
I trow he cund hir litte Thank:
For in scho shot hir mekle Mow,
And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank.
He take the Kirnstaff be the Schank,
And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,
The twa left Gaiings gat a Clank,
That Strail dang baith thair Harns out.

XIII. Then
142 The Wife of Auchtermuchy.

XIII.

Then he burt Kedling to the Kill,
But Echo shut all up in a Low,
Quhat eir he heard what eir he saw,
That Day he had nae Will to *
Then he zied to take up the Bairn,
Thocht to have fund them fair and stane
The first that he gat in his Arms,
Was a begirtin to the Ene.

XIV.

The first it smelt &c. sappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grein:
The Deil cut aff their Hands, quoth he,
That cram'd zour Kytes &c. furtle zefrein.
He traild the soul Sheits down the Gare,
Thocht to haif wush them on a Stane,
The Burn was riven grit of Spait,
Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

XV.

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

Scho
The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

Scho draif the Day unto the Nичt,
Scho lowt the Plewch, and syne came hame;
Scho fand all wrang that could bene rich;
I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

XVI.
Quoth he, my Office I forfaite;
For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;
For I wolde put a House to Wraik,
Had I been twenty Days Gudewys.

Quoth he, weil mot ze bruke your Place,
For truely I falle not accept it;
Quoth he, Feynd fа the Lyars Face,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

XVII.
Then up scho gat a mekle Rung;
And the Gudeman made to the Dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I falle hald my Tung,
For and we fecht I'Il get the war:
Quoth he, when I forsuke my Plewch,
I trow I but forsuke my Skill:
Then I will to my Plewch again;
For I and this House will nevir do well.

Quod Moffat.

THE
The Borrowstoun Mous, and the Landwart Mous.

I.

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

II.

The Rural Mous, unto the Winter-tyde,
Thold Cauld and Hunger ast, and grit Distreis.
The uther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,
Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,
Tol frie, and without Custom mair or less,
And Friedom had to gae quhair eir scho lift,
Amang the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kist.

III. ANE
III.
Anne Tyme when scho was full, and on Fute fai;
Scho take in Mynd her Sister up-on-Land,
And langt to ken her Weilsait and her Cheir,
And se quhat Lyf scho led under the Wande:
Bare-fute alane, with Pykstaff in her Hand,
As Pilgrim pure scho past out of the Toun
To seik her Sister, baih in Dale and Down.
IV.
Throw mony wilsun Ways then couth scho walk,
Throw Mure and Mofs throwout Bank, Bush and Breir;
Frac Fur to Fur, cryand frac Balk to Balk,
Cum furth to me, my awin sweit Sister deir,
Cry, peip anes, —— with that the Mous couth heir,
And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinsmen will,
Scho hard with Joy, and furth scho came her till.
V.
Thair hearty Cheir was plesand to be sene,
Quhen thir twa Sisters kind with Blythness met,
Quhilk aften Syfs was shawin them twa betweet;
For quhys they leuch, and quhys for Joy they gras,
Quhys sweitly kist, and quhys in Arms they ple:
K
And thus they sure, till sbirte was their Meid,
Syne Fute for Fute they to their Chalmer zeid.

V I.

As I hard say, it was a Temple Wane
Of Fog and Fern, full fecklesly was maid,
A silly Sheil, under a Eard-fast Stane,
Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid;
Into the same they went bot mair abaid,
Withouten Fyre or Candle birmand bright,
For commonly sic Pykers luves not Licht.

VII.

Quhen thus wer lugit thir twa silly Myce;
The zungest Sister to her Butrie hyed,
And brocht furth Nuts and Peis insteid of Spycè,
And sic plain Cheir as scho had her belyde:
The Burges Mous fae dynk and full of Pryde;
Sayd, Sister mine, Is this zour daylie Fude?
Quhy not, quod scho, think ze this Mess not gude?

VIII.

Ne, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn;
Madame, quod scho, ye be the mair to blame:
My Moder said, aftir that we wer born,
That ze and I lay baith within her Wame;
I keip the richt auld Custom of my Dame.
And of my Syre, — livand in Povertie,
For Lands and Rents nane is our Proprietie.

IX.

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

X.

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

K & XI. Quhat
The Borrowstoun Monst

XI.

QUHAT Pleasans is in feists mair dilicate,

The quhillk ar given with a gloumand Brow;
A gentle Heart is better recreate

With Uslage blyth, than seith to him a Cow;
Ane Modicum is better, zeill allow,

Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Defs,
Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a spycie Meff.

XII.

For all this moral Doctrine, tich and soun,
The Burges Mous had little Will to sing,
But hevely scho keft her Vilsage doun,

For all the Daintys scho couth till her bring;

Zit at the last scho said, half in hie thing,
Sister this Vittrel and zour Royal Feist
May weill suffice for sic a rural Beist.

XIII.

LAT be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,
I fall zou schaw, by gude Experience,

That my Gude-Frydays better than zour Pasce,

And a Dish licking worth zour hale Expence;
Houses I half enow of gret Defence,

Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I half nae Dreib:

This said, that was convince, and furth they zeid.

XIV. In
In Shugry ay throw rankest Gras and Corn,
And Wonder fie, full prively they creip;
The eldest was the Gyde, and went bēsorn,
The zunger to her Furesteps take gude keip;
On Nict they ran, and on the Day did sleip,
Till on a Morning, or the Lāvrock sang,
They fand the Toun, and blythly in coucht gang:

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,
This Burges brocht them tuné quhaire they should be
Without God-speidr ---- thair Herboury was tanę
Intill a Spence, wher Vittell was Plenty,
Bain Chais and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,
With Fish and Flesh enough bain fresh and salt,
And Pòks full of Grots, Barlie, Meil and Malt,

Quhen afterward they were disposed to dyne,
Withouten Grace they wush and went to meit,
On every Dis that Cuikmēn can divyne,
Mutton and Beif cut out in Telzies grit,
Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,
Except ane Thing, ---- they drank the Watter cleir
Insteid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir,
The Borrowstown Mous

XVII.
With blyth Upcast and merry Countenance,
The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,
Gif that scho thocht be Reson Differance
Betwixt that Chalmer and her fury Neft;

Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this last?

For evermair I wate, and langer to;
Gif that be trew, ze ar at Eise, quoth scho,

XVIII.
To eik the Cheir, in Plenty furth scho brocht

A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,
A Threfs of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
Abundantlie about her did scho deil;
Furmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of Geil,

A Candle quhyte out of a Coiffer staw,
Insteid of Spyce, to creish thair Teith with a.

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

XX. They
They tarried not to wash, ze may suppose,
But aft they ran, quha micht the formost win;
The Burges had a Hole, and in scho gaes,
Her Sister had nae Place to hyde her in,
To fe that silly Mous it was grit Sin,
Sae disalait and will of all gude Reid,
For very Feir scho fell in Swoun, neir deid,

But as Jove wald, it fell a happy Case,
The Spensar had nae Laisar lang to byde,
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chese;
But on he went, and keft the Dore upwyde;
This Burges then his Pasage weil has spyd,
Out of her Hole scho came, and cryt on hir,
How! Sister fair, cry, peip, quhair c'ir thou be,

The Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,
And for the Deid scho was full fair dreidand,
For to her Heart strak mony a waeful Stound,
As in a Fever trymblit scho Fute and Hand;
And when her Sister in sic Plicht her saw,
For very Piteous scho began to greit;
Syne Comfort gaif, with Words as Huny sweir,

XXI.

XX.

XXI.

XXII.

XXII.

XXIII.
The Borrowstoun Mous

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

XXIV.
With Tretic fair, at laft, scho gart her ryse,
To Burde they went, and doun togither far;
But skantly had they drunken anes or twyce,
Quhen in came Hunter Gib, the joly Cat,
And bad God-speid.—The Burges up scho gart,
And till her Hole scho fled lyk Fyre frae Flint;
But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

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

XXVI. Syns
and the Landwart Mous.

XXVI.
SYN up in haste behind the Pannaling,
Sae hie scho clam, that Gibby might not get her,
And be the Cluks sae craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.
SYN doun scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her.
Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,
Sister fairwell, heir I thy Feist defy.

XXVII.
WHAN I anes in the Cot that I cam frug,
For Weil nor Wae I sould neir cum again.
With that scho tuke her Leif, and furth can gae,
Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre the Plain,
Quhen scho was furth and frie, her Heart was sain,
And merrlyie she linkit owre the Mure,
Needles to tell how afterwart scho sure.

XXVIII.
BUT this in schort she reikt her eisly Den,
As warm as on suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffed it was baith butt and ben,
With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and Quheit,
When eir scho lykt scho had eneuch of Meit,
The Moraltie.
In Eise and Quiet, withouten Sturt and Dreib,
But till her Sister's Feist nae mair she zeid.

The Moraltie.

XXIX.

Hear ye may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak:
Unto this Fable a gude Moraltie,
As Fitches minglit are with noble Seid,
Sae interwoven is Adversitie
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is fre,
Withouten Trouble and ast grit Vexation,
And namelie thay that wrestle up maist hie,
And not contentit ar of small Possession.

XXX.

Blisst be symple Lyse, withouten Dreib,
Blisst be sober Feist in Quietie;
Quha has eneuch of nae mair has he Neid,
Thocht it be little into Quantitie.
The Morality.

Aboundance grit and blind Prosperitie
Maks aestentyymes a very ill Conclusion:
The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie
Is Sickness and Peace with small Possession.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

F friend, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,
Will warm the weil, and is worth Gold to thee;
And Salamon the Sage, says (gif ze Reid)
Under the Heaven I can nocht better se,
Than ay be blyth, and leif in Honeslie.
Quhairefore I may conclude me with this Reason,
Of Eardly Bliss it beirs the best Degree,
Blythness of Hairt in Peace with small Possession,

Quod Mr. R. Henryson.
ADVICE to his young KING

I.

PRCELAND Prince, haiffing Prerogatyve,
Of Royal Richte in this Region to ring,
I thee befeik against thy Lust to stryve,
And luve thy GOD aboif all uther Thing,
And him implore now in thy Zeirs zing.
To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,
Qhilk he has given to thee in governing
In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End.

II.

ANN fen thou stands in sic a tender Age,
That Nature zit to thee Widsome denys;
Therefore submit unto thy Council sage,
And in all Manner work as they devyle:
Advice to his young King.

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

III.
Gif that thou givest dilyver quhen thou heecht;
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay;
For then thy Hecht and thy Deliverance feecht,
Far bettur war thy Hecht had bidden away;
He awis me nocht that schortly sayes me nay;
But he that heechts, and causes me attend,
Synge gives me not, I may repute him ay,
Ane untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

IV.
Better is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in Hands,
The Falt of Feit with Horse thou may support;
But quhen thy Hands are busadin up with Bands,
Nae Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort;
But thou them open payntit as a Port,
And freily give fie Gudes as God dois send,
Then may they mend within a Season schort,
And win the Honnour to thy Lyves End.

V. Give
Advice to his zang King.

V.

Give every Man after his Faculty,

And with Discretion still dispone thy Geir:

Give not to Rules, and cunning Men ower flie,

Tho Rules full roun and flatter in thine Eir,

Give not to them that dois thy Saws sweir,

Give to them that are true and constant kend;

Then ower all quhair thy Fame they fall forth being,

And win the Honnour to thy Lyves last End.

VI.

SBN thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,

Given by GOD unto thy Governance,

Luke that thou rule the Rule original,

That throw thy Falt no Limb make other Grivance.

For quha cannot himself gyde and advance?

Quhy full a Provence upon him depend,

To gyde himself that has nac Purveance,

With Peice and Honnour to his Lyves last End?

VII.

DEHID GOD, do Council, of thy Leiges leil

Reward gude Deid, punish all Wrang and Vyce,

Thoch that thy Saw be sicker as thy Seil,

Flame Frawd and be Defender of Justice.
On Consciens.

Honour all Time thy noble Genteric,
Obey the Kirk; gif thou dois miss, amend,
Sae fall thou win a Place in Paradyce,
And mak on Hard an honnourable End.

Quod Hen. Stewart.

ON

CONSCIENS.

I.

Q HEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,
Into the Heavens, after our Lords Afters,
They Justice taught bot Bud or Favour carnal,
And cauf be punisht fleshly vyl Offens,
Gave Benifice to Clerks of CONSCIENS
And sae the Feynd had sic Envy thereon,
Away he gart frae Consiens scrape the Con,
And then behind was only left Sciens.

II. Then
On Consciens:

II.
Then were all Clerks for Scien: sune promovic,
And them that wald to Study maist apply:
But zit the Feynd at Scien: was comuвит,
And gart frae Scien: scrape away the Sci.
Sae only Ens was left by his slie Envy,
Qhilk ay suld be for Gold and Geir expont
Qhhairby Benefices are now dispont
Bot Consciens or Scien: to sell and buy.

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

Quod Stewart.

On
On the CREATION, and PARADYCE lost:

I.

God by his Word his Work began,
To form this Erth and Hevin for Man;
The Sie and Watter deip;
The Sun, the Mune and Stars sae bricht,
The Day devydit from the Night;
Their Courses just to keep;
The Beists that on the Grund do muve;
And Fishes in the Sie;
Fowls in the Air to flie abuve,
Of ilk Kind formed He:
    Sum creeping, sum gleiting,
    Sum gleing in the Air,
    Sae heichly, sae lichtly,
    In moving heir and thair.

II. Thir
II.

This Work of great Magnificence,
Perfyt by His Providence,

According to His Will;
Nxt He made Man; To give him Glory,

Did with His Image him decoye;

Gaife Paradise him till;

Into that Garden hevinly wroght;

With Pleasures mony a one;
The Beasts of every Kyn swer brocht,
 Their Names he flood expone;
These kenning and naming,
As them he lift to call,
For eisng and pleising
Of Man, subdued them all.

III.

In heavenly Joy Man far possest,
To be alone God thocht not best,

Made Eve to be his Maik;

Bad them increas and multiply,
And of the Fruit frae every Tree
 Their Pleasure they full take.
and Paradyce lost.
Except the Tree of Gude and Ill
That in the Midst dois stand,
Forbad that they fuld cum thertill,
Or twitch it with their Hand;
Left luking and pluckinge,
Baith they and all their Seide,
Seveirly, awstirly,
Suld die without Remeide.

IV.
Now Adam and his lusty Wyse
In Paradyce leidand thair Lyfe,
With Pleasures infinite;
Wanting nac.thing fuld do them Ease,
The Beists obeying them to pleise,
As they could with in Spree.
Behald the Serpent fullenlie
Envyand Mans Estate,
With wicket Craft and Subtillie
Eve temptit with Defait;
Nocht seiring, but speiring,
Quhy scho take not her till,
In using and chusing
The Fruit of Gude and Ill.

L 2
V. Com.
On the Creation,

V.

Commandit us, Icho said, the Lord,
Noways therto we full accord,
    Undir eternall Pain;
But grantit us full Libertie
To eit the Fruit of every Tree;
    Except that Tree in plain:
No, no, nocht sae, the Serpent said,
    Thou art defaiser therin;
Eit ze therof, ze fall be made
    In Knawledge lyke to him;
    In seiming and deiming
    Of every thing aricht,
    As dewlie, as trewly,
    As ze wer Gods of Micht.

VI.

Eve thus with these fals Words allurit,
Eit of the Fruit, and syne procurit
    Adam the same to play:
Behald, Iaid Icho, how precious,
Sae dilicate and delicious,
    Befyde Knawlege for ay:

Adam
and Paradyce lost.

Adam put vp in worldly Glore,
Ambition and high Pryde,
Bit of the Fruit; allace therefor,
And sae they baith did flyde;
Neglecting, forgetting
The eternall God's Command,
Quha scourged and purged
Them quyt out of that Land.

VII.

Quhen they had eiten of that Fruit,
Of Joy then war they destitute,
And saw thair Bodys bare;
Annon thay past with all thair Speid,
Of Leives to mak thenselves a Weid,
To cleith thay, was thair Care;
During thay Tyme of Innocence,
Nae Sin or Schame they knew,
Fraye Tyme they gat Experience,
Unto ane Buis they drew,
Abiding and hyding,
As God said not thay see;
Quha spyed, and cryed,
Adam, quhy byde thou ther?
On the Creation.

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

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

With
and Paradyce lost.
With Teirs we may bewail and gret
That wickit Tyme and Tyde,
Quhen Adam was obligit to sleip,
And thon tane off his Syde.

No Sleiping bot Weiping
Thy Said hes fund sensyne,
Thy Eiting and Sweiting,
Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

XIII.

ADAM, thy Part, quha can excuse,
With Knavlege thou that did abuse
Thyne awn Felicitie.
The Serpent his inventing fals,
The Womans tune consenting als,
Was nocht sae wicketly.

God did prefer thee to this Day,
And them subdewt to thee,
Sae all that they culd mein or say,
Suld not have moved thee

to brecking, abjicting
That hie Command of Lyfe
Quhilk gydid, provydit
The ay to live bot Strif.

XIV. B.
XIV.

Behold the state that Man was in,
And all how it by tyne throw Sin,
     And lost the same for ay;
Yet God his Promise doth perform,
Sent his Son of the Virgin born,
Our Ransome deir to pay.
To that great God let us give Glory,
To us has been fae gude,
Quha be his Grace did us restore,
Quherof we were denuded
     Not careing nor sparing
His Body to be rent,
Redeeming, releiving
Us quhen we wer all schent.

Quod Sir RICH. MAITLANI
of Lethingtoun, KIR.
The Devil's Advice to all and sundry of his best Friends.

I.

This Night in Sleip I was agast,
Methocht the Deil was tempard fast
People with Aiths of Cruelties,
Sayand as throw the Fair he past,
Renunce your God, and cum to me.

II.

Methocht as he went forth the Way,
A Priest sweirt braid be God verry,
Quhilk at the Alter ressavie he:
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can say,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

III.

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

IV. A
The Devil's Advice.

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

V.
A Goldsmith said, This Goldis sae syne,
That all the Warkmanship I syne,
The Feind rellaise me, gif I lie.
Think on, quod Nik, that thou art myne;
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

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

VII.
A Soutar said, In gude Esseck,
Nor I be hangit be the Neck,
Gif bettir Burets of Lether be.
Fy, quoth the Deil, thou sawrs of Blek,
Sae clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII. A
A Baxter said, I quar with God,
And all his Warks baith even and od,
Gif syner Stuff ther neids to be.
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,
Renunce thy Cred, and cum to me.

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

X.
The Malisman says, I Bhis forsake,
And may the Deil of Hell me taik.
Give ony better Malt may be,
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

XI.
A Browster swore the Malt was ill,
Baith Reid and reikit on the Kill,
It will be nac Ale worth a Flie;
A Boll will not sax Gallons fill:

Mahoun cryis, Cum and mask with me.

XII. The
The Devil's Advice

XII.
This Smith he swore be Rude and Raip,
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,
Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,
For laik of Ale I Water laip:
Quod Nie, Thoull get far les with me.

XIII.
A Minstrel said, the Feynd me tyve,
Gif I do ocht but drink and yve:
The Deil said, Hardly mot it be,
Exerce that Craft throu all thy Lyfe,
And thouill be sure to cum to me.

XIV.
A Dyer bad, with Words of Stryf,
The Deil cum stick him with a Knyf;
But he kept up fair Syces three:
The Deil said, Endit is thy Lyfe,
Renonce thy Creid, and cum to me.

XV.
A Theif said, Ill that er I chaip,
Nor a stark Woddy gar me gaip,
But I in Hell for Geir wald be.
The Deil said, Welcom in a Raip,
Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.
to his best Friends.

XVI.

Ere Filthy-wyes fled, and swore with Granes,
And to Auld-nick fauld Flesh, and Banes,
And gaif them with a Schout on hie.
The Deil cryd, Welcome all attaines,
Sling by zour Creils, and cum to me.

XVII.

Màthocht the Deils as blak as Pil,
Solisand were as Deis thick,
Ay tempand Folk with Ways stie,
Rounand to Robin and to Dick,
Renunce zour Creid, and cum to me.

Quod Dunbar.
THE
Claith-Merchant;
Or, a Ballat made on Jonet Reid,
Jean Violet, and Anna Whyt, being slicht Women, and Taverners.

I.
Of Colours cleir,
Quha lykes to weir,
Are mony Sorts into this Toun,
Grene, Yellow, Blew,
And ilke Hew,
Baith Paris Black, and Inglis Brown;
Braw London Sky,
Quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is cleene laid down,
And Dunde Gray
This mony a Day
Is slichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.
The Clith-Merchant.

11.

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

III.

And I have Quhyts
Of great Delyt,
And violet quha lykes to weir,
Weil wearand Reid
Till ze be dead;
It fall not failzie, tak ze no Feir.
The Quhyt is gude,
And richt weil lued.
The C'aith-Merchant

But til the Reid is twice as deir:

The Violet syne,
Baith fresh and syne,
Sall serve ye Houseing for a Zeir.

IV.
The Quhyt is teuch,
And fresh enough,
Saft as the Silk, as all Men feis.

The Reid is bonny,
And socht be mony;

They hyve about the House lyke Beis:
My Violet saft,'
Quhen ye have cost,
Wull ply lyk Satin to zour Theis;
Sure be my witting
Not burnt in the Litting,
Suppose baith Lads and Limmers feis.

V.
Of thir thrie Hews
I haif left Clews,
To be our Court-Men Wintir Weid,
Weill twynt and smal,
The best of them all
May weir the C'aith for Woul and Thread.
But in the Wawk-mill
The Wedder is ill:
These are not drying Days indeed;
And if it be war,
I hecht for that,
It tuggs in Holes and gaes abroad.

VI.
Zit its weil wawkit,
Cardit and cawkit,
As warm a Weid as weft the Dule.
Weil wrocht in Luims,
With Wobsters Guims,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;
Cottond and thorn,
The mair it be worn,
Ze will find zour fell the greater Fule;
Zit bofy forswuth,
Cum buyit in my Buith,
To mak ze Garments against Zule.

VII.
This mixt togethher,
Zour fell may consider.
The Claitb-Merchant.
Qubat syner Colour can there be fund,
   And namely for Breiks,
Gif ony Man seiks,
Heill purchase the Pair ay for a Pund:
    Abeit it be skant,
Nae Wowars fall want,
That to my bidding will be bund,
    Weil may they bruiik it,
    They neid not luke it,
But grape it Mirklyn is the Grund.

VIII.
Our Court Men heir,
    Has made my Claith deir,
Raised it Twall-penies of illa Ell,
    Zit is my Claith sere,
Best Sadles to cure,
Suppose the hale Session shoud ryd themsel.
   The Violet certain,
   Was maid at Dumbartain;
   The Reid was wawkit at Dunkell:
   The Quby is has been dicht
In mony mirk Nicht,
But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

IX. Now
The Claih-Merchant.

IX.

Now gif ye work wylie,
And shape it precyflie;
The Ellwand * * *

Gif the Bys be wyde,
Gar lay it on Syde;
And sae ze cannot weil gae wrang;
And for the lang Lift,
It wald be seyd fast,
And care not by how deip ze gang;
But want ze quhyt Threid,
Ye will not cum speid,
Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

X.

And tho it be auld,
And Twenty Tymes fald,
Zit will the Freprie ot mak ze fain,
With Oyls to renew it,
And mak it weil hewt,
And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;
184. On K. James V. his Mistresses.

The violet was baith gude and fair:
Keip Reid frae all Skait.
Scho is wordie them baith;
Sae to be short I say nae mair.

Quod sempie.

On King James V. his three Mistresses.

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

THE
THE LION and the MOUSE.

I.

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

II.

Swet was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and reid,
The Noysë of Birds was maist melodious,
The bobing Bews bluimd braid abune my Heid,
The Ground growand with Grass maist verderous,
Of all Pleisance that Place was plenteous,
With sweit Odour and Birds faist Hermonie,
The Morning myld increasd the Mirth and Glee.

III. THE
The Lyon and the Mous.

III.
The Roses reid arrayt the Rone and Ryss,
The Primrose and the Purpure Violae;
To heir it was a Poynt of Paradyce,
Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth ma;
The Blossoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,
The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-minstrell Cry,
Contending quha sould haif the Victory.

IV.
Ma to conserve frae the Suns birning Heit,
Undir the Schadow of an Awtorn-greene,
I leant me doun amangs the Flowirs sweit,
Syn made a Cross, and closed baith myne Een;
On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis hein,
And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw,
The fairest Man that eir before I saw.

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

VI. A
The Lyon and the Mow.

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

VII.
A ND sayd, God-speid, my Son, and I was fain
Of that coyth Word, and of his Company,
With Reverence I saluter him again,
Welcome Fader, and he sat dowen by me;
Displeis zou not, my gude Master, tho I
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,
Quhat brings ze hieR, and quher ze dwell at hame?

VIII.
My Son, he sayd, I am of gentle Blude,
My natall Land is Rome, withouten nay,
And in that Toun first to the Schulis I zied,
And studye Scienst ther full mony a Day,
And now my winning is in Heaven for ay;
Escpe I hecht my Wryting and my Wark,
Is coyth ane kend to mony a cunnand Clark.

IX. 0
The Lyon and the Mous.

IX.
O Maister Esopo, Poet and Laureat,

God wate ze are full deir welcome to me;
Are ze not he that all thir Fables wrat,

Quhilk in Effect, altho they senziet be,
Are full of Prudence and Moralitie:

Fair Son, he sayd, I am the samyne Man;
My sliechterand Heart I wate grew mirry than.

X.

ESOPE, said I, my Maister venerable,
I heartilie zou beseik, for Chritie,
Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,
Concludand with a gude Moralitie;

Scekand his Heid, he sayd, My Son let be,
For quhat ist worth to tell a senziet Tale,
Quhen hale Preiching may naithing now avail?

XI.

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

XII. ZI.
The Lyon and the Mous.

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

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

XIV.
He lay sae still, the Myce was not affeird,
But to and frae atowre him take thair Trace;
Sum tirt at the Whiskers of his Beird,
Sum did not spare to claw him on the Face;
Merry and glade thus danst they a Space,
Till at the laft the nobil Lyon wouk,
And with his Paw the Maister Mous he tuke.

XV. Ha
The Lyon and the Mous.

XV.
He gaif a Cry, and all the laif agast,
Their Dansing left, and bid them heir and their,
He that was tane cryit out and weipit fast,
And sayd, Allace for now and evermair!
Now am I tane a wofull Prisoner,
And for my Gilt believes incontinent
Jugement to thole, and unto Death be sent.

XVI.
Then spak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,
Thou catyve Wretch, and vyle unwordy Thing;
Owre malapert and owre presumptuous,
Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;
Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King
Of all the Beists?— This (quod the Mous) I knav;
But I misknew, because ze lay sae law.

XVII.
Lord, I besieck thy Princely Ryalie,
Heir quhat I say, and tak in Patience;
Consider first my simple Povertie,
And syne thy mighty high Magnificence;
Se als how Things that is done by Negligence,
Not frac malicious Thocht, or ill defynd,
Sould gain Remission frae a Kingly Mynd.

XVIII.
The Lyon and the Mous.

XVIII.
With gret Aboundance we wer all repliet
Of alkynd Fude, sic as to us affeird,
And us to dans, provokit the Season sweit,
And mak sic Mirth as Nature to us laird;
Ze lay sic still and law upon the Bard,
That be my Saul we weind ze bad been deid,
Els wald we not haij dansit owre zour Haid.

XIX
Thy false Excuse, the Lyon layd again,
Sall not avall a Myt, I underwee;
I put the Cafè, had I bene deid or slain,
And syne my Skin bene stapit full of Strae;
Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand sic;
Because it bare the Pret of my Persoun,
Thou sould for Dreid on Kneis haij falen doun.

XX.
Now for thy Cryme, thou can mak nac Defence,
My Ryal Persoun thus to vilipend,
Nowther by Fors nor thyme oum Negligence,
For till Excuse thou can nac Cause pretend;
Therfore thou suffer fall a schamefull End,
And Deid, sic as to Treffon is decreit,
To be hung on a Gallows be the Fict.
XXI.
O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentricè I as,
As thou art King of all Beasts coronat,
Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepass;
And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;
I grant Offens is done to thy Eftate,
Therfore I wirdy am to suffir Deid,
But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

XXII.
In evry Juge Mercy and Rewth suld be,
As Afferors and collaterall;
Without Mercy, Justice is Crewelltie,
As said is in the Law spirituall:
When Rigour fits upon the hygh Tribunall,
The Equitie of Law quha may sustaine?
Richt few or nane bot Mercy gae betwein.

XXIII.
Besyds ze knaw the Honour Triumphs zeild
To every Victor, on the Strength depends
Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,
Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang desfends;
Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,
Is sayd of him that overcomes a Man;
Him to def fend that nowther dow nor can.
The Lyon and the Mous.

XXIV.
A Thousand Myce to murder and devote,
Is little Manhood in a Lyon strang;
Full little Worship can ze win thairfore;
To quhose vaft Streth is nac Comparson:
It will degrad sum Part of zour Renown
To slay a Mous that can mak nac Deffence,
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

XXV.
Aiso it not becomes zour Celitude,
That ues daylie Meit delicious,
To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,
Qhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;
Unhalesom Meiteth is a fayr Mous,
And namely to a nobil Lyon strang;
Wont to be fed with gentil Venison.

XXVI.
My Lyfe is litte, and my Deid far les;
Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure
Supplye zour Highnes being in Distress:
For aft is fene a Man of small Stature
Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnours,
Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,
Throu Fortunes Falt; sic Case me be zour awn.

N

XXVII. QHEN
The Lyon and the Mous.

XXVII.

When this was sayd, the generous Lyon pankat,
And though this arguing did not Reason want;
His Yre allwageit, and his kynd Mercy causit
Him to the Mous a full Remission grant;
Open his Paw; He on his knees down behe,
And baieth his Hands unto the Heaven upheld,
Cryand, Almichty Jove, giye zou lang Eild.

XXVIII.

When he was gane, the Lyon zeid to him;
For he had nocht, but lived upon his Preys,
And swel baieth tame and wyld, as he was wont;
And in the Countrie made a grit Deray;
Till at the last the People fand the Way
This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,
Of hempin Cords richt strang Netts eoud they mak;

XXIX.

And in a Road quhich he was wont to rin,
With Raips rude frae Trie to Trie it bain,
Syne custe a Raing on Raw the Wod within,
With Blaifs of Horns and Cauits fast caifand;
The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone remand
Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Held;
For all his Strench he coul mak nae Remeid.

XXX. ROLAND
The Lyon and the Mous.

XXX.
Roland about with hydious Rowmissing,
Quhyes to quhyles frae, gif he micht Succor get;
But all in vain, that velzie: him naething,
The mair he flang, the faster he was knit:
The Raips rude about him fae was plet
On every Syde, that Succor saw he nane,
But still lyand, thus murmard maid his Mane.

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

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

N 2 XXXIII. And
XXXIII.

AND suddainly it came intill his Mynd

That it suld be the Lyon did him Grace,

And sayd, Now wer I fals and richt unkynd,

Bot gif I quit sum Part thy Gentliness

Thou did to me, —— and on with that he gae

to all his Maiks, and on them fast did cry,

Cum help, cum help, and they came all on hy.

XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,

Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tan;

And now is fast heir fanklet in a Cord,

Wrekand his Hurt with Murning air and man;

Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;

Cum help to quynt ane gude Turn with annither;

Sae beit, cryd all; syn fell to Wark together.

XXXV.

THEY take nae Knyf, thair Teith wer sherpenewg;

To se that Sicht forsuith it was grit Wonder;

How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,

Before, behind, sum zeid abune, sum under,

And schure the Raips with the maist eis in Sunders,

Syne had him ryse, —— and he start up annoon,

And thankit them; syn to the Behr is gane.

XXXVI. Now
The Moralitie.

XXXVI.

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

The MORALITIE.

XXXVII.

We may suppose this Lyon of Renoun
May signifie ane Emperour or King,
Or ony Potestate that weirs a Croun,
That sould be wakryse in his governing,
But of his Peple takes flight noticeing,
To rule and Jeur the Land, and Justice keip,
But lazy Iyes in lustie-Slough and Sleip,

XXXVIII.

The Forest fair with Blossoms lown and lie,
The singand Birds and Flowers sae ferly sweir,
At but this World, and his Prosperitie,
As Pleisands fals mingillit with Care repleit,
Richt, as the Rose with Frost and Winter weir,
N 3 Wallous.
The Morallie.

Wallous; sae dois the World and them defaith
That Confidence in lufty Pleasures haif.

XXXIX.

Thir little Myce ar Comonalitie,
Wanton, unwyse, without Correction due;
Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chant to se
That execute, the righteous Laws on few,
They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow
Dar disobey; for quhy? they stand nae Aw,
That makes them aft their Soverains to misknow.

XL.

And be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence
Consider may the Virtue of Pritie,
And full remit sumtime a grit Offence,
And Mercy metigate with Crueltie;
Astymes is fene a Man of small Degree
Has quit a Common baith for Gude and ill,
As Lords has Rigour done, or Grace him till.

XLI.

Quha wates how fane a Lord of grit Renoun,
Rowand in worldlie Lust and vain Pleisance,
May be owrthrowin, distroyed, or put doun
Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance
Is hate Mistres, and Leader of the Dance
The Morality.

To lusty Men, and binds them up sae fast,
That they nae Perill can provyd befor.

XLII.

This crewell Men that stentit has the Net
In quhilk the Lyon suddenlie was tane,
Waist allway that they a Mends micht get;
For Hurt, Men wryts with Steil in Marble-stane,
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mean,
The Figure hereof astymes has been sene.

XLIII.

Quhen this was sayd, quoth Esop, My fair Chyld,
Persuade the Kirkmen eydenticlie to pray,
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,
That Justice ring, and Nobles keip thair Fay
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Night and Day:
And with that Word he vaneist, and I wok, throu the Shaw my Jurney hamewart tuk.

Quod Mr. RO. HENRISON.

N 4

THE
THE

TOD and the LAMB,

OR,

Follows the Wowing of the King when he was at Dumfermling.

I.

This hinder Nicht in Dumfermling,

To me was tald a wonder Thing,

That late a Tod was with a Lamb,

And with hir playd, and made gude Game;

Syne to his Brei did hir imbrace,

And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,

And that methocht a ferly Case.

II.

He braiit hir bonny Bodie sweit,

And halft hir with his forder Feit.

Syne schuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;

And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,

Then lourit on growl, and asked Grace;

And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,

And that methocht a ferly Case.

III. THE
The Tod and the Lamb.

III.

The Tod was nowthir lein nor scowry,
He was a lufty Reid-haird Lowry,
Ane lang taid Beist and grit withall;
The silly Lamb was all to small,

With sic a Tribe to hald a Base:
Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

IV.

The Tod was Reid, the Lamb was quyte,
Scho was a Morfell of Delyte;
He luvit nae Ews auld teuch and Sklender,
Because this Lamb was zung and tender.

He ran upon her with a Race,
And scho schup nevir to defend hir,

And this methocht a ferly Case.

V.

He gripit her about the Waist,
And handilt her as gif in Haste;
This Innocent that neir trespass,
Tuke Heart that scho was handilt faist,

And lute him kiss her lufty Face:
His girdand Carms hir nocht agast,

And that methocht a ferly Case.
The Tod and the Lamb.

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

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

VII.
I will sae Lasings put in Verse,
Lyke as sum Janglers do reherse;
But be quhat Manner they wer mard,
Quhen Licht was out and Dores were hard:

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

VIII.
Quhen Folk do sit in Joy maist far,
Thair sune cums Wae or they be War,
Quhen carpand war thir twa maist crouse,
The Wolf he umbelet the House,

Upon the Tod to make a Chace:
The Lamb scho chipit lyke a Mouse,
And that methocht a ferly Case.
The Tod and the Lamb.

IX.
Throw bythous Howling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plait doun on Growf;
And in the fally wie Lambs Skin,
He crap as far as he micht win,
And hid him thair a gay lang Space;
The Ews belyde they made nae Din,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

X.
Quhen of the Tod was heerd nae Peip,
The Wowf wont all had bene aileip;
And quhyle the Tod had Striken Ten,
The Wowf he dreft him to his Den,
Prowestand for the Second Place:
And this Rep ort I with my Pen,
How at Dumfarting fell the Case.

Qua d Dunbar.
On anes being his own Enemy.

I.

He that has Gold and Riches great,
And may live at a merry Rate;
And Gladness does frac him expell,
And lives into a wretched State;
He worketh Sorrow to himself.

II.

He that may-be bot Strutt and Stryf,
And live a lusty lightsome Lyfe,
And sync with Marriage dos him mells,
And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,
He worketh Sorrow to himself.

III.

He that has for his awin Genzie
A pleasant Prop bot Mank or Menzie,
And shuts sync at an uncow Schell,
And is forfairn with Fleis of Spenzie,
He worketh Sorrow to himself.

IV. And
On akes being his own Enemy.

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

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

Quod Dunbar.
The Benefite of them who have Ladies who can be good Solicitors at Court.

I.
This Lady's fair, that mak Repair,
And at the Court are kend,
In three Days their, they will do mair;
Ane Matter for till end,
Than ther Goods-men will do in Ten;
For any Craft they can,
Sae weil they ken, what Time and quhen;
Thair Manes they suld mak than.

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

III. Then
The Benefits of, &c.

III.
Then wit ye weil, they haife grit Feil,
And Mater to solist,
Trest as the Steil, syne neir a Deil,
Quhen they come hame are mift.
Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far,
Sic Wyves behalden to,
That fae weil dar gae to the Bar,
Quhen there is ocht to do.

IV.
Therefore I said, gif ye haife Prid,
Or Mater in the Play,
To mak Remeid, fend in zour Suid
Zour Ladys graitht up guy;
They can deffend, even to the End,
And Matters forth express;
Suppose they spend, it is unkend,
Thair Geir is nocht the lefs.

V.
In quiet Place, gin they have Space,
Within less than twa Hours,
They can percase, purchase sum Grace,
At the Compositours;
Thair Composition with full Remission,
Thair finally is endit,
With Expedition, and full Condition,
Thair Seals then are to pendit.

VI.
All hale almost they make the Cost,
With sober Recompence,
Richt little loft, they get indorft,
All hale their Evidence,
Sic Ladys wyfe, they are to pryze;
To say the Verity,
Sae can devyse, and not surpryze
Thame nor thair Honesty.

Quod Dunbar.
Another of the samen Cast,
Pend be the Poet wrote the last.

I.

The Ufe of Court richt weil I know,
Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;
At hame remain the silly Lairds,
And send thair Wyves behind the Yards,
Well stuff with Money and Rewards,
To further thair Errands frae Nicht saw.

II.

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

III. But
Another of the same, &c.

III.

But nevertheless the Laird maun syn,
For all hir Miens, a Tun of Wyne:
His Wyfe cums hame thus synely usd,
But zit he maun hald hir excusd:
And finaly the Folks that doist
denys and laughs at them baith synce.

IV.

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

V.

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

THE
THE VISION.

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

I:

EDOWN the Bents of Banquo Brie
Milane I wanderr waif and wae,
Mysland our main Mischaunce;
How be thay Faes we ar undone,
That staw the jarched † Stane frae Scote,
And leids us sic a Daunce:
O 2
Quihyle

* The History of the Scots Sufferings, by the unworthy Condescension of Balios to Edward I. of England, till they recovered their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great Bruce, is so universally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem seems useless.

† The old Chair (now in Westminster Abbey) in which the Scots Kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a Piece of Marble with this Inscription:

Ni salvet satum, Scoti, quosque beantum
Indebient lapidem, regnavit teniendo ibidem.
The Vision.

Quhyle Inglands Edirs takis our Tours,
And Scotland first obeys,
Rude Ruffians ranfakk Ryal Bouris,
And Baliol Homage pays;
Throch Feidoin our Freidoin
Is blotit with this Skore,
Quhat Romans or no Mans
Pith cule eir do befoir.

I.

The Air grew ruch with bousteous Thuds,
Bauld Boreas b-langlit outthrow the Cluds,
Maist lyke a drunken Wicht;
The Thunder crackt, and Flauths did rist
Frac the blak Vissart of the Liff:
The Forrest schuke with Fricht;
Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,
They ducht not byde the Blaist,
Ilk Beist bedeen bangd to thair Den,
Untill the Storm was past:
Ilk Creature in Nature
That had a Spunk of Sense,
In Neid then, with Speid then,
Maibocht crys, In Defence.

II.
The Vision.

III.

To se a Morn in May fae ill,
I deint Dame Nature was gane wull,
    To rair with rackles Reil;
Quhairfor to put me out of Pain,
And skonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,
    I bute me to a Beil,
Up ane high Craig that lundgit alaft,
    Out owre a canny Cave,
A curious Cruif of Nature's Craft,
    Quhilk to me Schelter gaff;
    Ther vexit, perplexit,
I leint me doun to weip,
    In brief ther, with Grief ther
I dottard owre on Sleip.

IV.

Heir Somnus in his silent Hand
Held all my Sences at Command,
    Quhyle I forzet my Cair;
The myldest Meid of mortall Wichts
Quha pass in Reace the private Nictis,
    That wauking finds it rare;

O 3
The Vision.

Sae in saft Slumbers did I ly,
But not my wakryse Mynd,
Qhilk stild stude Wath, and couth spy
A Man with Aspeck kynd,
Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
With Baird thre Quarters shane,
Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
He seent to be a Sane.

V.

Grit Darring dartin frae his Ee,
A Braid-fword schogled at his Thie,
On his left Arm a Targe;
A shynand Speir sild his richr Hand,
Of stalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,
Of just Proportions, large;
A various Rain-bow colour Plaid
Owre his left Spaul he threw,
Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,
The Silver Wympters grew;
Amaist, I gaffit
To Ye, led at Command,
A strampant and rampant
Feris Lyon in his Hand.

VI. QHILK
The Vision.

VI.
Quhilk held a Thistle in his Paw,
And round his Collar grait I saw
This Poesie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune lacess-
Et: — In Scott, Nane falt oppress;
Me, unpumisf with Pain;
Still schaking, I durft naething say,
Till he with kynd Accent
Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Haint affray,
I cum to hier thy Plaint;
Thy graining and maining
Haist laitlie reikd myne Eir,
Debar then afhar then
All Eiryness or Feir,

VII.
For I am ane of a hie Station,
The Warden of this auuent Nation,
And can nocht do the Wrang;
I vislyt him then round about,
Sync with a Resolution stout,
Speird, Quhair be had bene sae lang?
O 4 Quod
The Vision.
Quod he, Althocht I sum forlilk,
Becaus they did me Nichte,
To Hills and Glens I me betuke,
To them that luves my Richt;
Quhae Mynds zet inclyns zet;
To damm the rappid Spate,
Devysing and pryfing
Freidom at ony Rate.
VIII.
Our Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,
Quha jyb them, and thair Substancce eit;
And on thair Honour stramp;
They, pure degenerate! bend thair Bais,
The Victor, Langshanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our Lamp;
Quhyle trew Men, fair complainand, tell,
With Sobs, thair silen Greif;
How Balia! thair Riches did fell,
With small Howp of Releife;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his curbist Plot,
Quha rammed and crampeed
That Bargain doun thair Throt.
The Vision.

IX.

Braip Gentrie sweir, and Burgers ban,
Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan

That's to their Nation tew;
The Cloysters cum to cun the Evil,
Mailpayers wills it to the Devil,
With its contrving Crew:
The Hardy wald with hairy Wills,
Upon dyre Vengeance fall;
The feckless fret owre Heuchs and Hills,

And Echo Answers all,
Repetand and greitand,
With mony a fair Alace,
For Blasting and Caisting
Our Honour in Disgrace.

X.

Waes me! quod I, our Case is bad,
And mony of us are gane mad,

Sen this disgraceful Faction.
We are fell'd and herry; now by Forse;
And hardly Help fort, that's zit warfe,

We are sae forfairn with Faction.

Thena
The Vision.

Then has not he gule Cause to grumble,
That's fact to be a Slav;
Oppression does the Judgment Jumble
And gars a wyfe Man reif.
May Cheins then, and Pains then
Infernal be thair Hyre
Quha dang us, and flang us
Into this uglius Myre.

XI.

Then be with bauld forbidding Luke,
And staitly Air did me rebuke,
For being of Sprite sae mein:
Said he its far beneath a SCOT
To use weak Curses quhen his Lot
May sumyms sour his Splein,
He rather shoul mair lyke a Man,
Some braille Design attempt;
Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,
Rest but a Quhyle content,
Nocht feirful, but cheerful,
And wait the Will of Fate,
Which mynds to desygn to
Renew zour auncient State.

XII.
The Vision.

XII.
I ken sum mair than ze do all
Of quhat fall afterward befall,
In mair auspicious Tymes;
For aften far abuse the Mune,
We watching Beings do convene,
Frac round Eards outmost Climes,
Quhair evry Warden represt;
Cleirly his Nations; Cafo,
Gif Famyne, Pest, or Sword Torments,
Or Vilains hie in Place,
Quha keip ay, and heip ay
Up to themselves grit Store,
By rundging and spunging
The leil laborious Pure.

XIII.
Say then, said I, at zour hie Sare,
Lernt ze ocht of auld Scotland's Fate.
Gif eir schoil be her fell;
With Smyle Celest, quod he, I can,
But its nocht fit an mortal Man
Sould ken all I can tell:
The Vision.
But Part to the I may unfold,
And thou may faisly ken;
Quhen Scottis Peirs sliecht Saxon Gold,
And turn trow heartit Men;
Quhen Knivry and Slaivrie,
Ar equally dispysd,
And Loyalte and Royalty,
Universally are tryfed.

XIV.
Quhen all zour Trade is at a Stand,
And Cunzie elene forsaiks the Land,
Quhilk will be very fune,
Will Preists without their Sypands preicht;
For nocht will Lawyers Causes Streich;
Faith thatis nae easy done.
All this and mair maun cum to pass,
To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;
And Scotland maun be made an Afs.
To set her Juygment richt.
Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
Untill scho brak hir Tether,
Thocht auld schois zit bauld schois,
And reach lyke barkit Lether.

XV. By
The Vision.

XV.

But mony a Coirs fall braithless ly,
And Wae fall mony a Widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre Cheviot prancing proudly North,
The Faes fall tak the Feild neir Forthe,
And think the Day their ain:
But Burns that Day fall rin with Blude
Of them that now oppres;
Thair Carcasses be Corbys Fude,
By thousands on the Grefs.
A King then fall ring then,
Of wyse Renoun and braif,
Quhase Pustians and Sapiens,
Sall Ricth restoir and saif.

XVI.

The View of Freidomis sweit, quod I,
O say, grit Tennant of the Skye,
How neiris that happie Tyng.
We ken Things but be Circumstans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leift I commit a Cryme...
The Vision.
Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,
I fall not sah ze mair,
Say bow, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
As ze did hint befoir.
With Air then sae fair then;
That glamt like Rayis of Gloty;
Sae Godlyk and oddlyk
He than refumit his Storie;
XVII.
Fro the Suns Rysing to his Sett,
All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,
In solemn bricht Array,
With Vehicles of Aither cleir,
Sic we put on quhen we appeir
To Saids rowit up in CLays;
Thair in a wyde and splendit Hall,
Reird up with thynand Beims,
Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all,
And paist with starrie Gleims,
Quhilk prinked and twinkled
Brichly beyont Compair,
Much famed and named
A Castill in the Air.
XVIII. I:
The Vision.

XVIII.
In midst of quibl a Tabill stude,
A spacious Oval Reid as Blude,
Made of a Fyre-Flaucht,
Arround the dazeling Walls were drawn,
With Rays be a celestial Hand,
Full mony a curious Draucht.

Inferior Beings flew in Haste,
Without Gyd or Detecour,
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Walse,
To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:
Then roundly and soundly
We drank lyk Roman Gods;
Quhen Jove take dois rove sae,
That Mars and Bacchus nods.

XIX.
Quhen Phoebus Heid turns licht as Cork,
And Neptune leans upon his Fork,
And limped Vulcan blethers:
Quhen Pluto glows as he were wyld,
And Cupid luves we wingit Chyld,
Fals down and fyls his Fetbns.
The Vision.
Queen Par forgets to tune his Reid,
And slings it caiper's bye,
And Hermes wing'd at Heils and Heid;
Can nowther stand nor lye:
Queen flaggirand and swagirrand,
They stover Hame to sleip,
Qubyte Centeries at Enteries
Imortal Watches keip.

XX.
Thus we take in the high browin Liquour,
And bangd about the Nectar Biquour;
But evir with his Ods:
We neir in Drink our Judgments drench,
Nor scour about to seik a Wensch
Lyk these auld baudy Gods,
But franklie at ilk uther ask,
Quhats proper we full know,
How ilk ane hes performt the Task,
Assignd to him below.
Our Minds then sae kind then,
Are fixt upon our Care,
Ay noting and plotting
Quhat tends to thair Weilssit.

XXI. Gottis
The Vision.

XXI.
Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle Gallus sneerd and tuke a Snuff,
Quhilk made Allmane to stare;
Latinum bad him nathing feir,
But lend his Hand to haly Weir,
And of cowd Crouns tak Care;
Batavius with his Paddock-Face
Luking asquint, cryd, Pisch,
Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace;
I had leur ficht for Pisch;
Zour Schule-men ar Fule-men;
Carvit out for dull Debates,
Decoying and destroying
Baith Monarchies and States.

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

P

Ane
The Vision.

Ane quhyle he lays, It is not richt
A Monarch to resist,
Neist Braith all Ryall Powir will slicht,
And passive Homage jest;
He hitches and fitches
Betwein the Hic and Hoc,
Ay jieand and fieand
Round lyk a Wedder-cock.

XXIII.

I still support my Precedens
Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,
Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,
Quhylk was, becaus I bure a Grudge
At sum fule Scasis, quha lykd to drudge
To Princes no thair awin;
Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and squeist,
And pursit up all thair Rent,
Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleist,
Till Riggs and Schaws war spent;
Syne byndging and whyndging,
Quhen thus reducit to Howps,
They dander and wander
About pure Lickmadowps.

XXIV. But
The Vision.

XXIV.

But now its Tyme for me to draw
My shynand Sword against Club-Law,
And gar my Lyon roir;
He fall or lang gie sic a Sound,
The Ecchoe fall be hard arround

Europe, frae Schore to Schore;
Then lat them gadder all their Streth,
And sryve to wrik my Fall,
Theo numerous, zit at the leth
I will owrecum them all,
And raise zit and blasz zit
My Braistic and Renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the Scottis Crown.

XXV.

Quhen my braif Bruce the same fall weir
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
The Diadem will shyne;
Then fall zour fair Oppression ceis,
His Intrest zours he will not sleice,
Or leif zou eir inclyne:

P 2
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The Vision.

Thocht Millions to his Purse be lent,
Zell neir the piurer be,
But rather richer, quhyle its spent

Within the Scottish Se:
The Field then fall zeild then
To honest Husbands Welth,
Gude Laws then fall cause then
A sickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair Etherial Dame,
And to our Warden sayd,
Grit Callidon I cum in Serch
Of zou, frae the hych starry Arch,

The Counsell wants your Ayd;

Frac every Quarter of the Sky,
As swift as Qhirl-wynd,
With Spirits stead the Chiftains hy,
Sum girt Thing is deygned
Owre Muntains be Funtains;
And round ilk fairy Ring,
I haif chaif ze, O haif ze,
They talk about your King.

XXVII.WITH
The Vision.

XXVII.

With that my hand methocht he schuke,
And wischt I Happyness micht bruke,
To cild be Nicht and Day;
Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,
He mountit upwarts frae my Sicht,
Strait to the milkie Way;
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,
Untill the brynie Streme.

For Joy ran trinkling frae myne Eyes,
And wakit me frae Dreme;
Then peiping, half sleiping,
Frase furth my rural Bild,
It exits me and pleaseit me
To se and smell the Bild.

XXVIII.

For Florain hir clene Array,
New wasshen with a Showir of May,
Lukit full sweet and fair;
Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif
Sched doun his Rayis of genial Luve,
Hir Sweits perfumt the Air;

The
The Vision.

The Winds war hush'd, the Welkin cleird,
   The glumand Clouds war fled,
And all as last and gay appeind
   As ane Elysion Sched;
   Quhillk heiit and bleisit
My Heart with sic a Fyre,
As raises these Praifes
That do to Heaven aspyre.

Quod Ar. Sep.
Now is the King in tendir Aige,
O CHRIST! conserve him in his kild,
To do Justice to Man and Page,
That gars our Land ly lang unteild,
Thocht we do double pay their Wage;
Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.
They ryde about in sic a Rege,
Be Firth and Forrest, Muir and Feild,
With Bow Buckler and Brand.
Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,
The Deil mot sane the Company,
I pray it fae my Heart trewly.
This said Jok Up-a-land,
Jok Up-a-lands Complaint.

II.
He that was born to beir the Barrows,
Btwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous
On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,
To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;
But were I King, and half good Fallows,
In Narroway they should heir of Newis,
I should him tak, and all his Marrows,
And hing them high upon zon Hewis,
And thairto plichts my Hand.
And all thir Lordis and Barronis grit,
Upon an Gallows fuld I knit,
That this doun treddit has our Qubit.
This said Jok Up-a-land.

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

For
Jok Up-a-lands Complaint.

For ten they raid amang our Dorrs,
With Splent on Spald and joufty Spurr.
Thair grew nac Fruit intill our Furrs.
This said Jok Up-a-land.

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

Quod Kennedy.

THE
THE

Garment of gude LADYIS.

I.

Wit my gude Lady lufe me best,
    And work after my Will,
I would a Garment gudliest,
    Gar mak her Body till.

II.

Of Honour hie could be her Hude,
    Upon her Heid to weir,
Garstit with Governance the gude,
    Nae demyeng could hir deir.

III.

Hir Sark could be, hir Body nixt,
    Of Chaftitie the quhyte,
With Scame and Dreib togither mixt,
    The same could be perfyt.

IV. HIR.
The Garment of gude Ladyis.

IV.

Hir Kirtle of the clene Constance,
Doun laift with lesum Luve;
The Melzies of Continuance,
For nevir to remuwe.

V.

Hir Goun fould be of Gudlienes,
Weil Riband with Renown,
Pursfillt with Plefour in ilk Place,
And furt with fyne Fassoun.

VI.

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

VII.

Hir Hat fould be of faire Haring,
Hir Tiptat of the Truth;
Hir Paitlet of ay gude pausing,
Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

VIII. Hir.
236 The Garment of good Ladies.

VIII.

Mrs. Slaves should be of Esperance,
To keep her free Dispair;
Mrs. Glues of the best Governance,
To hyd her Fingers fair.

IX.

Mrs. Shune should be of Sickerness,
In Time that she nocht hyd;
Mrs. Hose of Honesty express,
I coul'd for her provye.

X.

Wald she put on this Garment gay,
I durst sweir be my Scill,
That she wore nevir Grene nor Gray,
That set her half so weil.

Quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.
To the Honour of the Ladyis, and the Fortification of their Fame.

I.

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

II.

Thocht Doctors auld Addresses thair Delyt,
To dy of Ladys Defamation,
Wae worth the Wicht soould set his Appityte,
To Reid sic Rolls of Reprobation;
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,
To gather all sic Lybills biffelie,
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortifie.  

III. For
To the Honour of the Ladyis.

III.
For quo soe lift the Ricth crew to reberie,
To humane Glore they make Habilitie;
Quhen Men ar sad at them solace they serle,
As Habitable of all Humanity,
They bring grit Weirs aye to Tranquilitie,
Malice of Men they me as and pacifie,
To Saul and Body baimd Utiltie;
Therfore all Men their Fame sould fortifie.

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

V.
Sen GOD has grantit them sic Guilliness,
And formid them alter sae syne falloun,
Syne put sic bluming Bwtie in thair Face,
Quhy sould not Men hald thair of grit Renoun? Sen
To the Honour of the Ladyis. 239

Sen God has given to them sae grit Guerdoun,
And with sic Meiknes does them magnifie,
Quhy fild Men mak to them Comparisone,
But owre all quhair their Fames to fortifie.

VI.

Of Mary myld, the Maid immaculate,
To fortisie of Femenyne the Fame,
Christ was incarnate and incorporate,
And nuriist was nyn Months within hir Wame;
And after born, and bocht us frae the Blame
Of Bellial, that brint us bitterlie;
That heavenly Honour sakes the Sex frae Shame;
And owre all quhair their Fame dois fortifie.

Quod Stewart.

THE
THE DAUNCE.

I.

Of Februar the fiftein Nicht,
Richt lang before the Dayis Licht;
I lay in'sill a Trance,
And then I saw baith Heáven and Hell,
Methocht amang the Feynds fell
Mahoun gart cry a Daunce,
Of Shrewis that wer nevir schrevin
Against the Feist of Fasterns Evin;
To mak thair Observance;
He bad Galánds gae graith a Gyis;
And cast up Gamonds to thè Skyes,
That last' came out of France:

II. Let
II.

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

III.

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

IV.
Then he came in with Sturt and Stryfe,
His hand was ay upon his knyfe,
He brandeist lyk a Beir:
Boasters, Braggers and Barganers
After him passd all in be Pairs,
All boddin in Feir of Weir;
In Jacks, Strips, and Bonnets of Steil;
Thair Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,
Frawart was thair Affeir;
With Brands sum on uther beft,
Sum jagit uthers to the Heft
With Knives thair Scheip coud scheir.

V.
Next followd in the Daunce, Envy,
Filld full of Feid and Fellony,
Hid Malyce and Dispyt;
For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,
Him followd mony Freik, dissembled
With fenzied Words quhyte,
The Daunce.

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,
And Back-biters of sundry Races,
   To lie that had Delyse,
With Rownars vyle of falle Leisings;
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings
   Of sic can neer be quyte.

VI.

Nixt him in Daunce came Courtyce,
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce,
   That neir coud be content;
Caryvs, Wretches and Ockerats,
Hud Pykes, Hurders and Gatherers;
   All with that Warlo went:
Out of thair Throts they shot on uther
Het molten Gold methocht a Futher,
   As Fyre-slauchet maist fervent;
Ay as they tuimt themsells of Schot,
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt
   With Gold of all kynd Prent.
The Daunce.

VII.

Syns Swirres at the second Bidding
Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding,

Full sleipy was his Grunzie;
Mony sweir bumbard Belly-huddron,
Mony Slut, Daw, and sleipy Duddron,

Him served ay with Sounzie:
He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,
And Belial with a Bridall Renzie

Ay laishit them on the Lunzie.
In Daunce they were fae flaw of Feit,
They gaiF them in the Fyre a Heit,
Made them quicker of Cunzie.

VIII.

Then Lecher that laithly Cors,
Berand lyk to a bagit Horfs,

And Ydleness did him leid;
Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,
And mony a stynkand foull Tramorr

That had in Sin bene deid.
The Daunce.

Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,
They wer full straunge of Countenance,
Lyk Turkis burnand reid;
All led they uther by the —
Suppose they fyket with thair —
It micht be nac Remeid.

IX.

Then the foull Monster, Gluttony,
With Wame unsatiate and greidy,
To daunce syn did him dres;
Him followit mony a foull Drunkart
With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,
In Surfet and Excess;
Full mony a waistless wally Drag,
With Wames unwyldy did forth wag
In Creish, that did increas;
Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,
The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,
Thair Loversy was nac last.
The Daunce.

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

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

Follows.
Follows the Tournament between the Soutar and Tailzier.

I.

Next that a Tournament was cryd,
That lang before in Hell was cryd,
In Presence of Mahoun,
Betwisch a Tailzier and a Soutar,
A Prick-Loule and a Hobell-Clouter,
The Barres was made boun;
The Tailzour baith with Speir and Sheild,
Convoyt was into the Feild,
With mony a Lymmar-Loun,
Of Seme-byters and Bein-knappers,
Of Stomok-stealers and Claieth-takers,
A graceles Garriseun.
Tournament between

II.
His Banner was born him before,
Qheerin was Clouts a hundred Score,
Ilk ane of diverse Heu,
And all shown out of Landry Webs,
For quhyle the Greit Se flows and ebs,
Tailziors will neir be trew:
The Tailzior on the Barrows blett,
Allace! be tint all Hardyment,
For Feir he changit Hew:
Mahoun came forth and maid him Knicht,
Nae Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,
That to sic Honnour grew.

III.
The Tailzior hecht before, Mahoun,
That he full ding the Souter doun,
Wer he strang as a Maff;
But quhen he on the Barrous blemnit,
His clouted Courage fairly shrinkit,
His Heart did all owre-cast:

Quhen
the Soutar and the Tailzieir.

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

I V.

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

V. QUEN
250  Tournament between

V.

Queen on the Tailzier he did luke,
His Heart a little Dwaming tule,
He micht not richt upfit,
Into his Stommok was sic a Steir,
Of all his Denner quhilk he cost deir,
His Breast held Deil a Bit:
To comfort him or he raid furder,
The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,
For aye syne did he spit;
And he about the Devils Neck,
Did spew again a Quart of Blek,
Thus knichtly he him quit.

VI.

Then Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,
The Soutar richt astraedly,
Unto the Field he socht:
Quhen they were served with their Speirs,
Folk had a Feil be their Effeirs,
Their Hearts were baith on Flocht.

They
the Soutar and the Tailzier.  251

They spurd their Horse on either Syde,
Syne they outowre the Grund coud glyd,
And them together brocht.
The Tailzier that was nocht weil sitten,
He left his Sadle all bestritten,
And to the Grund he socht.

VII.

His Harnes brak and made a Bratle,
The Soutars Hors lap with a Ratle,
And round about coud rie: The Beist that frayed was richt evil,
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,
Him he rewardit weil: Sumthing frae him the Feynd eshewd,
He wont again to bein bespewd,
So stern he was in Steil: He thocht again he wald debate him,
He turnd his Erfe, and all bedret him,
Ein quyte frae Neck to Heil.

VIII. He
Tournament between

VIII.
He lowfit it aff with sic a Reird;
He dang baith Horse and Man till Eard,
He farit with sic Feir.
Now haif I quit thee quoth Mahoun,
Thir new made Knichts lay baith in Swoun,
And did all Arms men'sweir;
The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,
And them of Knichthude coud deprev,
Discharging them of Weir,
And made them Harlots baith for evir,
Quhilk still to keip they had far levis
Nor ony Arms to beir.

IX.
I had mair of their Warks written,
Had not the Sourar been beshitten,
With Belial's Eris unblift.
But that sic gude a Bourd methocht,
Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,
For Laughter neir I brift;

Quies
Amends to the Tournament.

Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance.
To put this in Rememberance,
Micht no Man me resist;
For this sae Justing it befell,
Befoir Mahoun the Air of Hell.
Now trew this gif ze lift.

Here ends the Soutar and the Tailziors War,
Made be the noble Poet Wm. Dunbar.

Follows ane

Amends made to the foresaid
Knights of the Birs and Thumble;
In Case his Joke should them provok
Owr fair to girt and grumble.

I.

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

II. Hgh
Amends to the Tournament.

II.
High up for zou is ordaind a Place,
Abune all Saints in great Solace;
In Happyness and Dignity,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

III.
The Gause to you is not unkend;
Natures Neglect ye do amend,
Be Craft and great Agility,
Tailziors and Soutars bleft be ze.

IV.
Soutars with Schune weil made and meit;
Zê mend the Faults of illsard Feit,
Quherfore to Heaven zour Sauls will flie;
Soutars and Tailziors blift be ze.

V.
Theirs not in this Fair a Flyrock,
That has upon his Feit a Wyrock,
Knoul Taes, or Mouls in nac Degre,
But ze can hyde them, bleft be ze.

VI. And
Amends to the Tournament.

VI.
And Tailziors ze with weil made Clais,
Can mend the warft made Man that gae,
And mak him seemly lyk to sée,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VII.
Thocht ane failt halp a broken Back,
Halp he a Tailzior gude, quhat rak,
Heill cover it richt craftely,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

VIII.
Of all great Kindes may ze claim,
The cruik Backs, and the Cripel, Lame,
Ay howdrand Faults with zour fuply,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

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

Quod Dunbar.

The
The Luvers Mane that dares not assay.

I.

Quhen Flora had owrrett the Firth,
In May of ilka Moneth Quene,
Quhen Merle and Mavis sings with Mirth,
Sweit Melling in the Schaws sae schene,
When Luvers all rejoist bene,
And maist disyrouts of thair Prey,
I hard a lufty Lover mene,
I luve, but I dare not assay!

II.

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

III. Sce
III.

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

Quod Stewart.
Ane little Interlude of the Droichs.

I.

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

II.

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

III. Mv
Interlude of the Droichs.

III.
My fore Grandisyre heicht Fynmackoull,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The Skyes raird Fludes quhen he wald skoul.
He trublit all the Air.
He gat my Gudisyre Gog Magog,
He, when he daunst, the Warld wald schog.
Then Thousand Ells zied in his Frog
Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

IV.
Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,
But aifter he grew mair at Fouth,
Elevin Myle wyde mert was his Mouth,
His Teith was ten Myles squair:
He wald upon his Tais upstand,
And tak the Staris doun with his Hand;
And set them in a Gold Garland,
Abuve his Wyfes Hair.

V.
His Wyfe scho mekle was of Clift,
Her Heid wan heicher than the LIFT,
The Hevin reirdir quhen scho did rify,
The Lais was naithering akleender:
R. 2
Scho
Interlude of the Droichs.

Scha spat Loch-loumond with ihr Lips,
Thuner and Fyre flew frae ihr Hips,
Quhen scha was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips;
The Feynd durft nocht offend ihr.

VI.

For Cauld scha tuk the Fever Tartane,
For all the Claith in France and Bartane
Wald not be to ihr Leg a Gartane,
Toocht scha was zung and tendir:
Upon a Nicht heir in the North,
Scha tuk the Gravel, and staild Craig-gorth,
And pischt the gri Watter of Forth,
Sic Tyd ran astirhind ihr.

VII.

Ane Thing written of ihr I find,
In Irland quhen scha blew behind,
On Norway Coif scha raitst the Wind,
And grit Schips drownit thair:
Then scha pischt all the Spainzie Seis,
With ihr Sark Lap betwix ihr Theyis,
And thre Days failing tween ihr Kneis
It was esteand and mair.
Interlude of the Droichs.

VIII.

The hingan Braes on Adir Syde
Scho powert with hir Lymms sae wyde;
Lasses micht lair at hir to sryde,
     Wald gae to Luvairs lair.
Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,
Scho quhirrd sýve Quhails into the Firth,
Had croppin on hir * Geig for Girth,
     Walterand amang the Wair.

IX.

My Fader mekle Gow Macmorne,
Out of his Moders Wame was schorne,
For Littlenes scho was forlorn,
     Sic an a Kemp to beir:
Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,
He wald stap owre the Ocean Se,
The Mone sprang nier abune his Knie,
     The Heavens had of him Feir,

X. Ane

* A Kind of an old fashioned Net used now for catching of Spouts.
X.
And thousand Zeirs ar past frae Mynd,
Sen I was generit of his Kynd,
Far furth in Desarts of the Ynd,
Amang Lyon and Beir:
Worthy King Arthur and Gawane,
And mony a bauld Bairn of Bartane
Ar deid, and in the Wars are slain,
Sen I could weild a Speir.

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

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

Hland for ay I haif refust,
All wyse Men will hald me excusit;
For neir in Land wher Earfe is usit,
    To dwell had I delyt.

XIII.
I haif bene formest ay in Feild,
And now fae lang haif born the Scheild,
That I am crynit in for Eild
    This litle, as ze may se:
I haif bene baniit undir the Lynd
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd,
Qhyle now with this last Eistin Wynd,
    I am cum heir perdie.

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

R 4
264. Interlude of the Droichs.

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

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

FINIS. The Droichs Part of a Play.

Auld
Auld Kyndness quite forzet quhen ane grows pure.

I.

This warld is all but setziet fair,
And as unstable as the Wind,
And Faith is flemit I war not quhair,
Trest Fallowship is ill to find,
Gude Consciences is all made blind,
And Charity thais nane to get;
Leil Luve and Lawty lys behind,
And auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

II.

Quhyle I had ony Thing to spend,
And stuffit weill with Warlds Wrack,
Amang my Friends I war weill kend;
Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,
They wad me be the Oxter tak;
And at the hich Buird I was set,
But now they let me stand aback,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

III. Now.
Auld Kyndness quite forzet.

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

IV.
Suppose I mey I am nocht mendit,
Sen I held part with Povertie,
Away sen that my Pack was spendit,
Adieu all Liberality,
The Proverb now is tweel I see,
Quha may not give will little get;
Therefore to say the Verity,
Now auld Kyndness is quite forzet.

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

VI. As
Auld Kyndness quite forzet.

VI.
As lang as my ain Cap stude even,
I zied but seindle myne allane,
I quyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
But suddenly frae that was gane,
They paids me by with Hands platt,
With puirtith frae I was oertane,
Then auld Kyndness was quyte forzett.

VII.
Into this Warld full nae Man trow,
Thou may weel see the Reason quhy;
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art but little setten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fand Fith in thy Net:
Therfore this falle Warld I defy,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzett.

VIII.
Sen that nae Kyndness kepit is,
Into this Warld that is present,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Bliss,
Thy self appeleif with sober Rent,
Live weel and give with gude Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God send hald thee content,
Sen auld Kyndness is quite forzet.
A D V I C E to be Liberal and Blyth.

I,

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

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

III.

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

Now
270  Advice to be liberal and blyth.

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

IV.

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

Quod Jo. Blyth.

The End of the first Volume.
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