The Ever Green

A COLLECTION

OF

Scots Poems

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600

BY ALLAN RAMSAY

Reprinted from the Original Edition

IN TWO VOLUMES

Volume Second

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THE Ever Green, BEING A COLLECTION OF Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

Vol. II.

Quha dar presume thir Poetis to impung,
Quhais Sentence fewit throw Albion bin fung.

St. D. Lindsay.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by Mr. Thomas Ruddiman for Allan Ramsay. M.DCC.XXIV.
A NEW YEIR GIFT

To Queen MARY, when she came first Hame, 1562.

I.

Welcome, illustrious Lady, and our Queen,  
Welcome our Lyone with the Floure-de-Lyce;  
Welcome our Thistle with the Lorane Grene;  
Welcome our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,  
Welcome our Jem, and joyfull Gentryce;  
Welcome our Beil of Albion to beir;  
Welcome our pleasan Prince maist of Pryce,  
God give you Grace against this gude new Year.

II. This
II.

This Gude New Zeir we hope with Grace of God,
Sall be of Peace, Tranquility and Rest;
This Zeir sall Richt and Reafon rule the Rod,
Quhilk sae lang Season has bene sair supreff;
This Zeir firm Faith fall freily be confessed,
And all eronious Questions put arreir
To labour that this Lyfe amang us left,
God give zou Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

III.

Therefore address thee duely to decorate,
And rule thy Regne with his Magnificence;
Begin at God to gar set forth his Glore,
And of his Gospel get Experience;
Cause his true Kirk be had in Reverence,
So fall thy Name and Fame spreid far and neir,
Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IV.

Found on the first four Vertues cardinall,
On Wisdom, Justice, Force and Temperance,
Aplaud to prudent folk, and principall
Of verteous Lyfe, thy Worship to advance:

Wey
Wey Justice equal without Discrepance,  
Strengthen thy State, with Stedfastness to steer,  
To temper Tyme with true Continuance,  
GOD give thee Grace against this good new Zeir.

V.
CAST thy Confate by Council of the Sage,  
And cleave to Chryft has kept thee well in Cure,  
Attingent now to twenty Zeirs of Age,  
Preservand thee from all Misadventure.  
Wald thou be served and thy Countrie sure,  
Still on the Common-wealth half Eye and Eir,  
Pres ay to be Protectrix of the Pure,  
Sae GOD fall gyde thy Grace against this good new Zeir.

VI.
GAR stanche all Stryfe, and stable thy Estates,  
In Constance, Concord, Charity and Love:  
Be biffly now to banish all Debates,  
That twixt Kirk-men and temporal Men dois move,  
The pulling doun of Policy reprove,  
And let perversed Prelates live perquier,  
To do the best beseikand GOD abuve,  
To give thee Grace agains this good new Zeir.

VII. At
VII.

At Cross gar cry be opin Proclamation,
Undir grit Pains, that nowther he nor scho
Of haly Writ have ony Disputation,
But letterd Men or learned Clerks therto;
For Lymmer Lads and little Laffes lo,
Will argue baith with Bishop, Preist and Freir:
To danton this thou has enough to do,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VIII.

But wyte the wickit Paftors wald not mend
Their vicious Living, all the Warld prescryves;
They tuke nae tent their Traik sou'd turn till end,
They were sae proud of their Prerogatvyves,
For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,
Nor zit live chaft, but chop and change their Cheir;
Now to reform their lecherous lead Lyves,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IX.

They brocht their Baftards with the Skrufe they skraip
To blande their Blude with Barrons by Ambition,
They purcheft pithlefs Pardons frae the Paip,
To cause fond Fuils confyde he hes Fruition,
As God, to give for Sins a full Remission,
And Sauls to saif from suffering Sorrow seir:
To set asyde sic Sort of Superftition,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

X.

THEY Benifice and Pention tint that marriet;
On Frydays quha eit Flesh was fyr-fangt;
It made nae Mifs quhat Maydens they miscarriet,
On Fafting Days, they were not brunt or hangt.
Licence for Lechry frae their Lord belangt,
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,
To mend that Menzie has fae mony mangt,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XI.

THEY lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,
And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they mein:
They bad them beck and binge to deid Mens Banes,
Offer on Kneis to kifs, syne saif their Kin,
Pilgrims and Palmers paft with them between,
Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blate Bodies Ene to bleir;
Now to forbid this grit Abuse hes bene,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XII. THEY
XII.

They tyart God with Trifles tume and Trantals,
And deivd him with their daft and daylie Dargeis,
With owklie Abits to augment their Rentals,
Mantand, Mort, Mumbelings, mixt with mony Lies.

Sic Sanctitude was Sathans Sorceries,
Chryfts filly Sheip and sibir Flock to smeir,
To ceife all findrie Sects or Heresieis,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIII.

With Meis and Mattins nae ways will I mell,
To juge them juftly passes my Ingyne,
They gyde not ill that governs weil themself,
And honeftly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,
Doubts to discus, for Doctors are divyne,
Cunning in Clergie to declair them cleir:
To order this the Office now is thyne,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,
So dois the Faithful of Gods Word tak Fruit,
As Waps receive frae aff the same but four,
Sae Reprobates the Scripture dois rebate.

Words
to Queen MARY.

Words without Warks availeth not a Cute,  
To feis thy Subjects fae in Luve and Feir,  
That Richt and Reason in thy Realm my rute,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XV.

THE Epiftles and Evangells now are Preicht,  
Bot Sophestrie or Ceremonys vain;  
Thy People, maift Part, truely now are teicht  
To put away Idolatrie prophane,  
But in sum Hearts is graven new again,  
An Image callit curfd Covetice of Geir,  
Now to expell that Idol ftands up plain,  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

For Sum are fene at Sermons sum fa haly,  
Singand Sanct Davids Pflalter on their Buiks,  
And are but Bibilities fairfing full their Belly,  
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,  
Ruggand and revand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;  
Lyke very Wafps againft Gods Word mak Weir;  
Now fic Chriftians to kifs with Chanters Kuiks  
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.  
XVII. DEWTIE
XVII.

*DeWtie* and *Detts* are driven by *Doubleness*,
And *Folks* are *flemit* frae *zung* *Faith Professors*,
The greatest *ay* the *greidyar* I *ges*,
To plant *quhere* *Preists* and *Parsons* were *Possessors*,
*Teinds* are *uptane* by *Testament Transgressors*,
*Credence* is *past* of *Promise thocht* they *sweir*,
To *punifh* *Palmers*, and *reproach* *Oppressors*,
*God* give thee *Grace* agains this gude new *Zeir*.

XVIII.

*Puir* *Folk* ar *famiist* with their *Fassions* *new*,
They *fail* for *Falt* that *had* before *at* *south*,
*Leil* *Labourers* *lament* and *Tennants* *trew*,
That they *ar* *hurt* and *herriet* North and South:
The *Heidsmen* have *Cor mundum* in their *Mouth*,
But *nevir* *mynd* to *give* the *Man* his *Meir*,
To *quench* thir *quent* *Calamities* *fo* *cowth*,
*God* give thee *Grace* agains this gude new *Zeir*.

XIX.

*Protestands* *tak* the *Friers* auld *Antetewme*,
*Ready* *Refavers*, *but* to *render* *nocht*,
So *Lairds* *uplift* *Mens* *Leiving*, *ower* *thy* *Rewme*,
And are *richt* *crabit* quhen they *crave* them *ocht*.
Be they unpaid, thy Pursevants are focht,
To ponder pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
To vify all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XX.

PAUL bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,
Nor quhair Hypocrasie hes bene committit;
But Kirk-mens cursed Substance aft feims sweit,
Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are lyttit.

Gif thou perfavve sum Senzior it has smittit,
Solift them saftly not to perseveir;
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hienes wit it,
But graciously forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

FORGIVNES grant with Gladness and Gude-will,
Gratis to all into zour Parliament,
Syne stablish Statutes, stedfast to stand still,
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Earls, and Lords in consequent,
Tret tender to obtain their Hearts inteir,
That they may serve, and be obedient
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

XXII. Sen
XXII.

Sen fae thou fits in Seat superlative,
    Cause every State to their Vocation go,
Scolaftick Men the Scriptures to discryve,
    And Majestrates to use their Sword also,
Merchants to trade and trafick to and fro,
Mechanicks Work, Husbands to saw and Sheir,
So fall be Wealth and Welfare without Woe,
Be Grace of God again this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

Let all thy Realme be now in Readynes,
    With costly cleathing to decore thy Corfs,
Zung Gentlemen for dauncing them addreßs,
    With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conforfs,
Frak feirce Gallands the Feild Games to enforce,
Enarmed Knychts at Lifts with Scheild and Speir,
To feicht in Barrows baieth on Fute and Horfs,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV. This
to Queen MARY.

XXIV.
This Zeir fall be Embassies heir belyve,
For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings,
This Zeir within thy Region fall aryse
Rowts of the Rankeft that in Europe rings;
This Zeir baith Blythness and Aboundance brings,
Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to sneir,
With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXV.
Gif Saws be suthe to schaw thy Celfitude,
Quhat Bairn sould bruke all Britain be the Sie,
The Prophecie expresly dois conclude,
The French Wyfe of the BRUCEIS Blude sould be,
Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,
And was King Francis Partie maik and Peir.
Sae by Descent the fame sould spring of thee,
By Grace of God agane this gude new Zeir.

XXVI. Now

_Gif Saws be suthe._ By this Verfe it appears that the Prophecy of _JAMES_ the VI. succeeding to the Crown of England, and being the first King of Great Britain, was not, as some would alledge, made after his Accession; this Poem being wrote in 1562, some Years before his Birth.
XXVI.
Now to conclude, on Chryft caft thy comfort,
   And cherifh them that thou has under Charge,
Supone maiſt sure he fall send thee support,
   And len the luſty Liberos at large,
Believe that Lord can Harbary fo thy Bairge,
   To mak braid Britain blyth as Bird on Brier,
And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,
Victoriously again this gude new Zeir.

L' Envoy.

XXVII.
PRUDENT, maiſt gent, tak tent, and prent the Words,
   Intill this Bill, with Will, them ſtill, to face,
Quhilk ar, not ſkar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,
   But feal, bot feal, may heal, avael thy Grace,
Sen lo, thou ſhow, this to, now do, has Place,
Receive and ſaif, and haif, ingrave it heir, [brace
This now, for Prow, that you, sweit Dow, may
Lang Space, with Grace, ſolace and Peace this Zeir.

LECTORI.

XXVIII.
FRESCH, fulgent, flurift, fragrant, Flower formoſe,
   Lantern to Luve, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,
Cherry, maiſt chaſt, cheſſ Carbuncle and Choife,
Sweit ſmyling Sovraign ſhining bot a Spot,
Bleſſ
To his Heart.

Bleff, beautyful, benygn, and beff begot,
To this Indyte please to inclyne thine Eir,
Sent be thy fimple Servant Sanders Scot,
Greiting great God to grant thy Grace gude Zeir.

_quod Alex'. Scot._

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To his HEART.

I.

Return Hamewart my Heart again,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art a Fule to suffer Pain,
For Luve of her that luves not thee;
My Heart let be sic Fantesie,
Luve nane but quhair thou has gud Caufe,
An let hir feik a Heart for thee,
For Feynd a Crum of thee fcho faws.

II. To

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, some of older Date having come to Hand after others, some hundred Years later have been printed, besides most of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents to which they related, was judged as ufelefs as it would have proven difficult.
II.

To quhat Effect fould thou be thrall,
But thank fen thou has thy free Will;
My Heart be nocht fae bestial,
But knaw quha dois the Gude or Ill;
At Hame with me then tarry still,
And fe then quha playis best thair Pawis,
And let the Fillock fling hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

III.

Thocht scho be fair I will not fenzie,
Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;
For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,
That feimeth gude, and are not fae:
My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae
For Meg, for Marjory or Mawis;
But be thou glad, and let her gae,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

IV.

Remember how that Medea
Wyld for a Sicht of Jafon zeid,
Remember how that Cressida,
Left Troilus for Diomede.

Remember
To his Heart.

Remember Helen, as we reid,
Brocht Troy from Blifs unto bare Waws;
Then let her gae quhair scho may speid,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

V.

Because I find scho tuke in ill,
At hir departing mak nae Care;
But all beguyld, go quhair scho will,
A schrew the Heart that mane makes mair;
My Heart be mirry late and ait.
This is the final End and Clawse,
And let her seid and fullzie fair,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

VI.

Neir dunt again within my Breift,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage spill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit scho sneift,
Schois fairest payd that gets hir Will:
Scho gecks as gif I meind her Ill,
Quhen scho glaiks pauchty in hir Braws,
Now let hir snirt, and fyk hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

Quod Alex. Scot.
A Brasb of WOUING.

I.

IN secret Place this hinder Nicht,
   I heard a Bairn say till a Bricht,
My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,
I haif been lang zour Luivar leil,
   And can of zou get Comfort nane,
How lang will ze with Danger deil?
   Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

II.

Hrs bony Baird was kemd and cropit,
But all with Kail it was bedropit,
Comich he was, fulish and goukit,
He clapit faft, he kift, he chukit,
   As with the Glaicks he were oergane,
Zit be his Feirs he wald have ——
   Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

III. Quod
III.

Quod he, my Heart, sweet as the Hinny,
Sen that I born was of my Minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,
My Wame is of your Luve fæ fou,
    That as a Ghaift I glowr and grane,
I trymil fæ ze wadna trow,
    Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

IV.

Tehei, quod fcho, and gae a Gawf,
Be still my Cowfyne, and my Cawf,
My new spaind Howphyn fraw the Souk,
And all the Blythnes of my Bouk,
    My swanky fweet, faif thee alane,
Nae Leid haif I luivd all this Owk,
    Fow leis me on that gracles gane.

V.

Quod he, my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnyfopps, my sweet Possody,
Be not owre bowstrous to your Billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;
A Brash of Wouing.

Zour Hals as whyt as Quhalis Bane,
Gars rife on Loft my Quilly-lillie,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VI.

Quod scho, my Clip, my unspaynd Lam,
With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,
My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawfy,
My Honneyguks, my Siller Tawfy,
Zour Pleins wad perfs a Heart of Stane;
Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawfy,
Fou lies me on zour gracles gane.

VII.

Quod he, my Kid, my Capercalzeane,
My bony Bab with the ruch Brilzeane,
My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,
My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,
Quhen that our Mouths do meit in ane,
My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VIII. Quod
VIII.
Quod scho then tak me be the Hand,
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,
My Chirry and my maikles Mynzion,
My Sucker sweit as ony Unzeon,
   My Strummil Stirk zit new to fpane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,
   Fou leis me on that gracles gane.

IX.
He gaif till hir ane Aple-ruby,
Gramerce, quod scho, my kind Cowhubby,
Syne they twa till a Play began,
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.
   Quhile baith thair Fancies met in ane,
O vow! quoth she, quhair will ye Man,
   Leil lies me on that gracles gane.

_Quod Clerk._

THE
THE

GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

Rich as the Stern of Day began to shyne,
Quhen gone to Bed was Vesper and Lucyne,
I raiße, and by a Roseir did me rest;
Upsprang the goldin Candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit Beims Christalyne,
Glading the mirry Fowlis in thair Neft,
Or Phebus was in purpure Kaip reveft;
Up sprang the Lark, the Hevenis Minstral syne,
In May intill a Morrow mirthfulleft.

II. Full

The finding of this Poem amongst the old Manuscripts, gives a
great Pleasure, it being particularly quoted by Sir David Lindsay in his
Prologue to the Complaint of the Papinge, where he mentions many
of the old Poets. In Commendation of Mr. Dunbar, he says,

Or of Dunbar quha Language had at large,
As may be sene into his Goldin Terge.
II.

FULL Angelyk thir Birdis fang thair Hours,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys fweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all Collours,
The Perlit Dropis schuke in silver Schours,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fleit,
Depairst frae Phebus did Aurora greit,
Hir cristal Teirs I saw hing on the Flours,
Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

For Mirth of May, with Skippis and with Hopps,
The Birds fang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as Venus Chapell Clarks;
The Rosseis reid, now spreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby Sparks,
The Skyis rang with Schouting of the Larks,
The Purpure Hevin owre skait in Silver Slopps,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Leivs and Barks.

IV. DOUN
The Goldin Terge.

IV.

Doun throwch the Ryfs an River ran, quhois Streims
So luftely upon the lykand Leims,
That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,
Quhilk fchadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,
The Bewis baithit were in secound Beims,
Throw the Reflex of Phebus Vifage bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raife on hicht:
The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,
The Streimers cleir as Sternis in frosty Nicht.

V.

The Cristal Air, the Saphier Firmament,
The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,
Keft Berial Gleims on Emerant Bewis grene,
The Rosy Garth depaynt and redolent,
With Purpore, Afure, Gold and Gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be Dame Flora the Quene,
Sae nobilie that Joy was for to fene,
The Roche againft the River resplendent,
As low iluminate the Levis scheene.

VI. Quhat
VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowls fast Harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers Sound that ran me by,
On Floras Weid I slepit quhair I lay,
Quhair fune into my dreimand Fantify,
I saw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on sail as bloome on the Spray,
With Mast of Gold, bright as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full lustely,
With swiftest Motion throu a Crystal Bay.

VII.

And hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Rispies and the Reids,
Aryvit scho quheirfrae annon thair Lands,
Ane hundreth Ladeis lustie intill Weids,
Als fresh as Flours that in the May upspreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair shynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
In Trefis cleir wypit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps quhyte, and Middills small as Wands.

VIII. Discryve
VIII.

Discryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
How all the Flours with all the Lillies quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,
Nocht Homer thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat Style the maift perfyte,
Nor zet, thou Tullus, quhais Oratiouns sweit
In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,
Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

There saw I Nature, and als Dame Venus Quene,
Aurora freth, and Lady Flora schene,
Juno, Latona, and Proserpina,
Diane the Goddes of Cheft and Wods grene,
My Lady Clio, that Help of Makers bene,
Thetis se grene and prudent Minerva,
Fair faynt Fortune, and lemand Lucina,
Thir michty Quenis, with Crownis might be fene,
With Beims bricht, and blyth as Lucifera.
X.

THAIR saw I May of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix Apryl and June her Sifters schene,
Within the Garden walkand up and doun,
Quhom of the Fowls refaif Gladnefs bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir Ziers Grene;
Thair saw I Nature give till hir a Goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of Renown,
Of ilka Hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

XI.

FULL luftiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Enterit into this Park of mait Pleser,
Quhair that I lay heilit with Leivs Rank,
The mirry Birds blissful of Cheir;
Nature faluft methocht in thair Maneir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and spred thair balmy Levis donk,
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nurifing they thank.

XII. SYNE
28 The Goldin Terge.

XII.

SYNE to Dame Flora, on the famyne Ways,
They saluift and they thank a Thoufand Syis,
And to sweit Venus neifit, Luvis bony Quene,
They fang Ballatis of Luve, as was the Gyis,
With amorous Nottis maift lufty to devyis,
As that they had Luve in thair Heartis grene,
Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene,
With Warbills sweit they perfet the Hevinly Skyis,
Quhyle loud resfount the Firmament serene.

XIII.

ANE uther Court thair faw I subfquent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
And dreidfull Arrows grundin fherp and fquhair,
Thair faw I Mars the God armipotent,
Awful and ftern, braid, ftrong and corpulent.
Thair faw I crabit Saturn auld and Hair,
His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air,
Thair was Mercurius, wyfe and eloquent
Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris fae fair.

XIV. THAIR
XIV.

Thair was the God of Gardens Priapus,
Thair was the God of Wildernes Phanus,
And Janus God of Entries delectable.
Thair was the God of Oceans Neptunus:
Thair was the God of Winds bauld Eolus,
With variand Blasts lyke to an Lord unftable,
Thair was blyth Bachus glader of the Table;
Thair Pluto was, that elritch Incubus,
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was clade in Sable.

XV.

And every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
An Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt,
And Ballats fang with michty Nottes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full sobirly aslyit,
Endlang the trotting River so they mayit;
Thair Observance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt suddnely affrayit,
All throw a Luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI. And
XVI.

AND schortlie for to speik, by Luves fair Quene
I was espyit, scho bad hir Archers kene
Go me areist; and they nae Tyme delayit;
Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,
With Bowis big, in traflit Hairs schene,
Richt fuddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
The Party was fae plesand to be sene,
A Wondir lufty Bikar me assayit.

XVII.

AND first of all with Bow in Hand ay bent,
Came Bewty's Dame richt as scho wald me schent,
Syne followit all her Damosells in Feir,
With mony divers awfull Instrument,
Into the preiifs fair Having with hir went,
Syne Portrator, Plesance and lufty Cheir,
Then Refoun came with SCHEILD of GOLD fo
cleir,
In Plait of Mail as Mars armipotent,
Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

XVIII. SYNE
XVIII.

SYNE tendir Zouth came with hir Virgins zing,
Grene Innocence and schamefull Abasing,
And quaking Dreid, with humbyl Obedience,
The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naething,
Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;
Full fune they dreid to do a Violence:
Sweit Womanheid I saw come in Presence,
A Warld of Artelzie scho did in bring,
And servit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led Nurtour and Lawlienes,
Continuance, Pacience, gude Fame and Stedfaßnes,
Discretion, Gentilnes, Considderans,
Leful Company, and honest Business,
Benign Luke, myld Cheir and Sobirnes,
All thir bure Genzies to do me Grivans;
But Resoun bure the TERGE with sic Constans,
Thair scharp Aflay micht do me no Deirence,
For all their Preis and awful Ordinans.
XX.

Unto the Preis pursewit *Hie Degrie,*
Hir followit ay *Eftait* and *Dignitee,*
Comparison, Honour and nobill Array,
*Will, Wantonefs*, Renown and Libertie,
Riches and Fredome and Nobility;
Wit ze they did thair Banner hie Difplay.
A Clud of Flanes lyke Hail-schot lowfit they,
And schot till waftit was thair Artelzie,
Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

XXI.

*Quhen Venus* had perfavit this Rebute,
Scho had *Diffembance* gae mak a Perfute
With all her Power to press the *Goldin Terge*;
And scoth that was of Doublenefs the Rute,
Afkit hir Choifs of Archers in Refute:
*Venus* the best bad hir to wale at lerge;
Scho tuke *Presence* plicht Anker of the Berge;
And *Fair Calling* that weil a Flane can schute,
And *Cheriffing* for to compleit hir Charge.

XXII. *Dame*
DAME Hamelines' scho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and heynd in Archery,
And brocht in Bewtie to the Feild again,
With all the Choife of Venus Chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaistly:
The Showris of Arrows rappit on lyke Rain,
Perrelus Presence, that mony a Syre has slain;
The Battill brocht on Bordour hard me by,
The Assalt was all the fairer Suth to sane.

THICK was the Schot, of grundin Arrows kene,
But Rejjoun with the Goldin Scheild fae schene,
Weirly def fendit quhoseir aßlayit;
The awfull Schower he manly did sußtene,
Till Presence keft a Powdir in his Ene,
And then as drukken Man he all forwayit,
Quhen he was blind, the Fule with him they playit,
And bannift him amang the Bewis Grene;
That Sicht fae fair me suddenly affrayit.

XXIV. THEN
XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the Deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull Prifoneir,
To Lady Bewtie, in a Moments Space,
Methocht scho seimit luftyer of Cheir,
Aftir that Reffoun had tynt his Ene cler,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindit, Reffoun? quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy seim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

Dissimulance was biffy me to affyle,
And Fair Calling did aft upon me smyle,
And Cherisssing me fed with Words fair,
Acquaintance new embrasit me a quhyle,
And favourt me, till Men micht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I saw hir nevir mair;
Then saw I Denger towart me repair,
I cowth eschew hir Presence be nae Wyle,
On Syde scho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI. And
XXVI.

AND at the last departing couthe hir Dres,
And me delyverit unto Havynes,
For to remane, and scho in Cure me taoke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodnes,
God Eolus his Bougill blew, I ges,
That with the Blaft the Aiks in Foresst schuke,
And suddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, ther was but Wildernefs,
Ther was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke.

XXVII.

In twynckling of an Ee to Schip they went,
And swift up Sail unto the Tap they stent,
And with swift Course out owre the Flude they frak;
They fyrit thair Guns with Powdir violent,
Till that the Reik raise to the Firmament,
The Rochis all refoundit with the Rak,
For Reird it femit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I sprent
Amangs the Clewis, fae cairfull was the Crak.

XXVIII. AND
XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this Swooning,
The joyfull Minstrells mirryly did sing,
For Mirth of Phebus tendir Beims schene;
Sweit wer the Vapouris, faft the Morrowing,
Hailsum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
The Air atemperit, sobir and amene;
In quhyte and reid was all the Eard befene,
Throw Natures nobill fresch enamaling,
In mirthfull May, of every Moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend *Chawfer, Rose of Rethouris all,
As in our Toung the Flowir imperiall,
That evir rai£e in Brittane, quha reids richt,
Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
The fresch enamallit Termes celestiall;
This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
Was thou not of our Inglis all the Licht?
Surmounting every Toung terrestrial,
As far as Mayis fair Morning dois Midnicht.

XXX. O

* This Panygryick on Chawfer, as 'tis perfectly generous and handsome from a Scots Poet, it likewife shews that the Lowland Scots Language and the English at that Time were the same.
XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
Zour fuggurat Toungs and Lipps aureat
   Bene till our Eirs Caufe of grit Delyte;
Zour Mouths angelick, maift mellifluat,
Our rude Language hes cleir ilumynat,
   And has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
Stude, or zour goldin Pens did fchupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and difolate
   Of Rethorick, or lufty fair indyte.

XXXI.

*Thou* litle Quair be evir obedient,
*Humbyl* fubje6t, and *femple of Intent,*
   *Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,*
*I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has fpent,*
*Of hir maift lyftie Rosês redolent*
   *Is none into thy Garland set on Hicht;*
*O Schame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht:*
*Rude is thy Weid, bare, deßtitute and rent,*
   *Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.*

*Quod Dunbar.*

Lorges,
Lorges, lerges, lorges ay,
Lerges of this new Zeirs Day.

I.

First Lerges of the King my Cheif,
Quhilk came as queitly as ane Theif,
And in my Hand flaid Schillings twae,
To put his Lergnes to the Preif,
For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

II.

Syne Lerges of my Lord Chancelar,
Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,
He sonziet not, nor said me nay,
But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

III.

Of Gallaway the Bifchop new,
Forth of my Hand ane Ballat drew,
And me delivert bot Delay,
A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

IV. And
IV.

And syne of Grace the Abbot zing,
I did to him ane Ballat bring;
    But or I paft a Pice him frae,
I gat nae lefs than Deil a thing,
    For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

V.

The Secretar baith war and wyfe,
Hecht me a Caft of his Office;
    And for to Reid my Bill alway,
He said for him that micht suffice,
    For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

VI.

The Treasurer and Comptrollair,
They had me cum I wait not quhair,
    And they wald gar, I wait not quhae,
Gife me, I wait not quhat, full fair,
    For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

VII.

Now Lerges of my Lordis all
Baith temporall State and spirituall,
    My felf fall evir fing and say,
I haif them fund fæ liberall
    Of Lerges on this new Zeir Day.

VIII. Foul
VIII.

Foul fa this Frost that is fae snell,
It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,
Baith Hands and Purfs it binds up fae,
They may gife naething bye themself,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

IX.

Now Lorges of my Lord Bothwell,
The quhilk in Fredome did excell;
He gaif to me a Curfour gray
Worth all this Sort, that I with Mell,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

X.

Grit GOD releif Margaret our Quene,
For gif scho wer as scho hes bene,
Scho wald be lerger of Lufray
Than all the laif that I of mene,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

Quod Stewart.

Dumbars
DUMBARS DREGY;

Made to K. JAMES V. being in Stirvling.

WE that ar heir in Heavens Glory,
To zou that ar in Purgatory,
Commends us on our hearty Ways,
I mene we Folk in Paradyce,
In Edinbrugh with all Mirrynnys,
To zou in Stirvling in Distress,
Quhair nowther Pleasance nor Delyt is,
Thus pittyng ane Apostle wryts:
O ze Hermits and Hankerfaidlis,
That tak zouren Penance at zouren Tables,
And eit nae Meit reftorative,
Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
But Ale that is baith thin and small,
With but few Courfes in zouren Hall,

Bot
Bot Company of Lords or Knychts,
Or ony uther guidly Wichts,
Solitar walkand zour alane,
Seing naething but Stock or Stane
Out of zour painfull Purgatory,
To bring zou to the Blefs of Glory:
Of Edinbrugh the mirry Toun
We fall begin a carefull Soun,
Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,
The Bleft abune we fall befeik
Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,
And bring zou sune to Edinbrugh's Joy,
Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,
And fae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

THE * * *
The mirthfull Mary, Virgin chaft,
Of Angels all the Orders nyne,
And all the heavenly Court divyne,
Sune bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae
Of Stirvling, ilka Court Mans Fae,
Again to Edinbrugh's Joy and Bliss,
Quhair Worfchip, Wealth and Weilfair is,
Play, Pleasance, and eik Honesty,
Say ze Amen, for Charity.

Responsio, tu autem Domine.
Tak Consolation in zour Pain,
In Tribulation, tak Consolation,
Out of Vexation cum hame again,
Tak Consolation in zour Pain;

Jube Dom. benedicite.
Out of Distrefs of Stirvling Toun
To Edinbrugh bless God mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles deir,
Virgins, Confessouris, Martyris cleir,
And all the Seat celestiall,
Devoutly we upon them call,
That fune out of zour Pains fell,
Ze may in Heaven heir with us dwell,
To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
And every Fisch that swyms in River,
To drink with us the new fresch Wyne
That grew upon the River Ryne,
Fresch fragrant Clarits out of France,
Of Angiers and of Orliance,
With mony Comforts of grit Dainty,
Say ze Amen, for Charity.

Responsum, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct Jeil heir zou convoy
Baith fune and weil, God and Sanct Jeil,
To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
God and Sanct Jeil heir zou convoy,
Out of Stirulings Pains fell,
In Edinbrugh Joy fune mot ze dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
That ar abune the Starns seven,
Zou to bring out of zour Penance,
That ze may fune sing, play and daunce
In Edinbrugh heir, and mak gude Cheir, 
Quher Wealth and Weilfare is bot Weir;
And I that do zour Pains discryve
Intend to vifly zou belyve,
In Defart not with zou to dwell,
But as the Angel Saint Gabriell
Dois go betwein, frae Heavens Glory,
To them that ar in Purgatory,
Sum Consolation them to give,
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
And schaw them, quhen thair Pains ar paft,
They fall cum up to Heaven at laft;
Hou nane deserves to haif Sweitnes,
That nevir taftit Bitternes;
And therfor hou fuld ze consfiddor
Of Edinbrughs Blefs, quhen zou cum hidder:
But gif ze taftit had befoir
Of Stirpling Toun, the Pains foir,
And therfor tak in Patience
Zour Penance and zour Abstinence,
And ze fall cum or Zule begin
Into the Blefs that we ar in;
Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
Say ze Amen, for Charity.

Respons.
Dumbars *Dregy.*

*Responf. tu autem Dom.*
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirvling,
Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair Fisch to fell ar nane but Spirrling,
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirvling,

*ET ne nos induoas in temptationem de Stirvling,*

*Sed libera nos à malo illius.*
*Regiam Edinburgi dona iis, Domine,*
*Et lux ipsius luceat iis;*
*A porta tristiciæ de Stirvling,*
*Orna, Domine, animas eorum:*
*Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,*
*In villa Vinentium,*
*Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen.*

**DEUS, qui justos in corde humiles**

*Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,*
*Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling versus,*
*A pœnis & tristitiis ejusdem,*
*Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,*
*Ut requiescat Striviling. Amen.*
The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie
Herafter follows, jocund and merrie.

I.

Sir John the Ros, ane Thing ther is compyld
   In generall, be Kennedie and Quinting,
Quhilk has themselfs abune the Sterns flyld;
   But had they made of Menace ony mynting
In special, then sic Stryfe fuld ryse bot flynting:
Howbeit with Boist thair Bofoms wer as bendit
As Lucifer, quha frae the Heavens descendit;
   Hell fuld not hyd thair Harnis frae Harms
   hynting.

II.

The Eard fuld tremble, Firmament fuld schake,
   And all the Air invenomt sudden flink,
And all the Deils in Hell for Redour quake
To heir quhat I fuld wryte with Pen and Ink;
   For gif I flyt, sum Sage for Schame fuld flink,
The Se fuld burn, the Mune fuld tholl Eclips,
Roches fuld ryve, the Warld fuld hald nae Grips,
   Sae loud of Care the common Bell fuld clink.

III. But
III.

But Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,
Flyting to use, for gritly I eschame;
Sen it is nowther Winning nor Rewaird,
But Tinsell baith of Honour and of Fame,
Increase of Sorrow, Sklander and ill Name;
Zit micht they be sae bauld in thair Back-byting
To gar me ryme and raise the Feynd with Flyting,
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

Quod Dunbar to Kennedie.

Kennedie to Dunbar.

I.

Dirtten Dunbar, on quhome blaws thou thy Boist?

Pretendant thee to wryte sic scaldit Skrows,
Thou raw-moud Rebal, fall doun at the Roist;
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,

Mandrag,
Mandrag, Mymmerkin, maid Maifter but in Mows,
Thou thryce scheild Trumpir, with a threid-bare Goun,
Say *Deo* Mercy, or I cry the doun,
And leave thy ryming, Rebold, and thy Rows.

II.

**Dreid**, dirtfaft Dearch, that thou has disobeyt
My Cousin Quintine, and my Commisslar,
Fantastick Fule, tryst weil thou fall be fleyt,
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,
Skaldit Skaitbird and common Skandelar;
Wansuckit Funnling, that Nature maid an Yrle,
Baith *John* the *Ros* and thou fall squeil and skirle,
Gif eir I heir ocht of zour making mair.

III.

**Here I put** Silence to thie in all Parts,
Obey and ceife the Play that thou pretends;
Weak Waly-draig and Werlot of the Carts,
Se fune thou mak my Commisslar Amends,

And
Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.

And let him lay fax Leischis on thy Lends,
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,
Or thou fall ban the Tyme that thou was born,
For Kennedie to thee this Schedule sends.

Quod Kennedie unto Dunbar,
Juge in the nixt quha gat the war.

Dunbar to Kennedie.

I.

Ersc h brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy Bratts,
Sunt-bittin Kennedie, Coward of Kynd,
Ill-fart and dryit, as Densman on the Ratts,
Lyke as the Gledds had on thy gule Snowt dynd;
Monster mismaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,
Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;
A lawland Erfe wald mak a better Noyis.

II. Riven
II.

**RIVEN**, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,
Scart Scorpion, scaldit in Scurilitie,
I se the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
And into uther Science nothing flye,
Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may se;
Quyt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,
Blasphemar Baird, in Brybrie ay to be;
Wisdom and Wit a Wisp frae thee may rub.

III.

**DASTARD**, thou speirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?

*Ze Dagone*, dowbart, therof haif thou nae Dout;
Quhair eir we met therto, my Hand I hecht
To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:
Throw *Britain* braid it fall be blawn about,
Hou that thou, poyfond Pelour, gat thy Paiks
With a Dog-Leisch, I schepe to gar the schout,
And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

IV.

**Thou Crop and Rute of Traytor treasonable,**
Fader and Muder of Morthor and Mischeif,
Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tungd, unftable,
Cuckald, Cradoun, Couard and common Theif;
Thou
Thou purpofd anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In Paislay, with a Poyson that was fell,
For quhilk Brybour zit fall thou thole a Breif;
Pelor, I fall it prieve on thee my fell.

V.
Tho I wald lie, thy frawart Phiñomy
Dois manifeft thy Malice to all Men;
Fy Traytour Thief, fy Glengore Loon, fy, fy,
Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,
My Freynds thou haft reprovit with thy Pen,
Traytour thou leis, quhilk I fall on thee preive;
Suppose thy Heid wer armit Tymis ten,
Thou fall recryit, or I thy Crown fall cleive.

VI.
Or thou durft move thy Mynd malitious,
Thou faw the Sail abune my Heid updraw;
But Eolus full wid, and Neptunus,
Mirk and Munelefs, was met with Wind and Waves,
And mony a hundreth Myles hynd coud us blaw
By Holand, Zetland and the Northway Coaft,
In Deserts vaft, quhair we wer famift aw,
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boaft.
VII.
Thou callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps:
Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,
Thou art but Glunschoch with the giltit Hipps,
That for thy Lounrie mony a Leifch has fyld;
Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,
Laithly and lowfy, lathand as a Leik,
Sen thou of Worship wad fae fain be styld;
Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.
Forworthin Fule, of all the Warld Refuse,
Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoice to flyt?
Sic Eloquence as they in Earfry use,
In sic is set thy trawart Appityte;
Thou has full little Feil of fair Indyte,
I haif on me a Pair of Lowthiane Hipps,
Sall fairer Inglis mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can bleber with thy Carrick Lipps.

IX.
Bettir thou gains to leid a Dog to skomer,
Pynd Pyck-purse Pelour, than with thy Maister
pingle;
Thou lay richt pryldes in the Peis this Sommer,
And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,
Syne
Syne rubbd it at ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:
In Winter now for Purtith thou art trakit,
Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle;
Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou fall gae nakit.

X.

Lean, lounger, lowly, baith in Lifk and Lunzie,
Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumple;
For he that rostled Lawrance had thy Grunzie,
And he that hid Saint Johns Een with a Wimple,
And he that dang Saint Augustyne with a Rumple,
Thy foul Front had he that Bartilmo flayd;
The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,
As thou wald for a Haggies, hungrey Gled.

XI.

Comerwald Crawdon, nane compts the a Kerfs,
Sweir swapit, swanky Swyne, Kepar ay for Swats:
Thy Commisfar Quintyne bids the cum kis his Erfs,
He lykes not sic a forlane Loun of Laits;
He says, Thou skaffs and begs mair Beir and Aits,
Nor ony Criple in Carrick Land about:
Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,
Carlings decript on Kennedie cry out.

XII. Matter
XII.
MATTER enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,
Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me lied,
Carrion corrupt, hich fall I cry thy Senzie;
Thinks thou not hou thou came into grit Neid,
Greitand in Gallaway, lyke Gallow Breid,
Ramand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,
I faw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.
ERSCH Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,
Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,
Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,
Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,
Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;
A Thousand Kids wer they in Falds full strang,

XIV.
INTILL a Glen thou has, out of Repair,
A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,
With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Blifs as bair,
Ze lyke twa Stalkers fleils in Cocks and Hens,
Thou
The flying of Dunbar and Kennedie.

Thou pluks the Poultry, scho pulls aff the Pens.
All Carrick crys, God gin this Dowf wer drownd;
And quhen thou heirs a Gufe quaik in the Glens,
Sweiter thou thinkft than Mattins Bell of Sound.

XV.

Thou Lazarus, thou laithly lein Tramort,
To all the Warld thou may Example be,
To luke upon thy gryslie pitious Port,
For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ee,
Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikint is thy Blie,
Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chafte,
Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;
I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghait.

XVI.

The larbar Lukes of thy lang leineft Craig,
Thy pure pynd Throple peilt, and out of Ply,
Thy skoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron-bag,
Gars Men dispyt thair Flesch, thou Spreit of Gy:
Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyks Face, Fy! O Fy!
Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock-man on a Ladder;
Thy ghaitfly Luke sleys Folks that pas thee by,
Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

XVII. NYSE
XVII.
Nyse Nagus, Nipcaik, with thy Schulders narrow,
Thou loufy lukes, and tume of Lumis Aw,
Hard Hurcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;
Thy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Ribs on raw,
Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harsh and haw,
Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:
Obey, Theif Bard, or I fall brek thy Gaw,
Foul Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

XVIII.
Thou scowry hippit, ugly Averil,
With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,
Reifkit and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,
And aft beswakit with an owre hie Tyde,
Quhilk brews richt meikle Barret to thy Bryd,
Hir Care is all to clenge-thy Cabroch Hows,
Quhair thou lyes fawfly in Saffron back and Syde,
Powdert with Primrose, swarmand all with Clows.

XIX.
Worlin Wanworth, I warn thee it is written,
Thou skyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
Wan wraigland Wasp, mae Worms thou has be-
fhitten
Than there is Grafs on Ground or Beift on Lind;
Tho
58 *Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Tho thou did first sic Folly to me find;
Thou fall again with mae Witnes than I,
Thy Gulfschoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,
Thy whoftand Hipps let neer thy Hose be dry.

**XX.**

Thou held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown,
And an Caprowly barkit all with Sweit;
And quhen the Lads saw thee fae like a Loun,
They bickert thee with mony a Bae and Bleit,
Now upland thou lives rife on rubit Quhiet,
Aft for ane Cause thy Burdclaith neids nae spred-
ding,
For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,
But like a berdles Bard that had nae Bedding.

**XXI.**

*SRAIT Gibbons Air,* that neir owrestrade a Horfe,
Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born;
Thou brings the *Carrik Clay* to *Edinburgh Crofs,*
Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,
Strae Wifps hing out quhair that the Wats ar worn,
Cum thou again to skar us with thy Straes,
We fall gar skale our Schulis all thee to skorn,
And ftane thee up the Cawfy as thou gaes.
XXII.
The Boys of Edinburgh, as the Beis out thraws,
And ay crys out, Heir cums our awin quier Clerk;
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaift with Craws,
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark,
Then Carlings cry, Keip Curches in the merk,
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a gracelefs gaes:
Anither says, I fe him want a Sark,
I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

XXIII.
Then rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,
And all the Town-Tykes hingand at thy Heils;
Of Lads and Lowns ther ryfes fic a Noyfe,
Quhyle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers caft baith Coals and Creils;
For Reird of thee, and rattling of thy Butes.
Fis Wyves cry fy,and caft down Skulls and skeils,
Sum clashes thee, some clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.
Loun lyke Mahoun, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Greif, Mischeif fall betyde,
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chafe and fey,
Owl, rair and zoul, I fall defoul thy Pryde;
Peild
Peild Gled, baith fed, and bred of Bitches Syde,
Sae lyke a Tyke, Purfpyke, quhat Man fets by thee,
Forflitten, Sunt-bitten, befh— barkit Hyde.
Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, foul Edder, I defy thee.

XXV.

MAUCH Mutton, byle Button, percht Glutton, Air
to Hillhouse;
Rank Beggar, Oyster-dreggar, foul fleggar in the
Fleit;
Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-fchilling in the
Mill-houfe:
Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, false Traytor,
Feynds Get,
Filling of Tauch, Rak fauch, Cry Crauch thou
art owrefet;
Mutton Dryver, Girnal Ryver, zad Skyvar foul
fell thee;
Herityck, Lunatyck, Purfsyke, Carlines Pet,
Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I fall quell
thee.
Kennedies *Answer to Dunbar.*

I.

DOTHANE Deils Son, and Dragon dispytous,  
_Abirams_ Birth, and bred with _Beliall_,  
Wod Werwouf Worm, and Scorpion vennemous  
_Lucifers_ Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;  
Thou _Sodomite_ seperate frae Saints Celestal;  
Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,  
Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,  
Thou fall be made baith blate and Blair Eied Bestial.

II.

How thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,  
Of _Cockburns-Peth_, the Writ makes me awar,  
Generit betwixt a scho Beir and a Deil;  
Sae he was calld _Deilber_ and not _Dunbar_:  
This _Deilber_ generit of a Meir of _Mar_.  
_Corfpatrik_ Earl of _Merch_, and be Ilusion,  
The firft that eir pat _Scotland_ in Confusion,  
Was that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

III. _Quhen_
III.
Quheng Bruce and Baliol diﬀer for the Crown,
Scots Lords could not obey the Inglis Laws;
This Corspatrick betrayed Berwick Town,
And ﬂew Seven thoufand Scots within thae Waws:
The Battle syne of Spottsmuir he gart cause,
And came with Edward Langhanks to the Feild,
Where Twelve thoufand true Scottiﬁh Men were killd,
And Wallace chaift, as the Chronicle shaws.

IV.
SCOTS Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and Cheﬀon,
In Firmance faft, till all the Feild was done,
Within Dumbar that auld Spelunk of Treason;
Sae Inglis Tykes in Scotland was abune;
Then spulziet they the Haly Stane of Scone;
The Crofs of Halyroodhouse, and ﬁc Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,
This Corspatrick that Scotland has undone.

V.
WALLACE gart cry an Counfaie into Perth,
And calld Corspatrick Traytor be his Style,
But that damnd Dragon drew him in Diferth,
And said he kend but Wallace King in Kyle,
Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 63

Out of Dunbar that Theif he made Exyle,
Unto Edward and Inglis Ground again:
Serpents and Taids and Tigers fall remain,
In Dunbar Waws, Tods, Woufs and Beifts vyle.

VI.

Nae Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,
Thy Stanes of Treafon as the Bruntfane flinks,
Of Deilbers Mother caften in the Se.
The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,
That Adam eit quhen he tint Paradyce,
Scho eit envennom’d like a Cockatryce,
Syne marriet with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

Zit of new Treafon I can tell the Tales,
That cuim on NIcht by Vifion in my Sleip,
Archbauld Dunbar betrayd the House of Hales,
Because the zung Lord had Dunbar to keip,
Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;
Richt crewely his Caffle he pursuet,
Brought him forth boundin, and the Place re-
skewt,
Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

VIII. It
VIII.
It were againft baith Nature and gude Reafon,
That Deilbers Bairns were true to God or Man,
Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treafon,
Belzebubbs Oys and curft Corspatricks Clan.
Thou was prescryvt and ordaind be Sathan,
Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,
And gar me fhaw thy AntecefTors Schame,
Thy Kin that lives may wary thee and ban.

IX.
Sen thou on me thus Lymmer leis and trattlis,
And sends sic Sentence foundit of Envy;
Thy Elders Banes ryfe ilka Nicht and ratle;
And on thy Corfs, Vengance, Vengance they cry,
Thou art the Cause they may not reft nor ly;
Thou says for them few Paters, Salms or Creids,
But gars me tell their Rentells and Misdeids,
And thair auld Sin with new Schame certefy.

X.
Insenswat Sow, ceis falls Eustaces Air,
And knaw, kein Scald I hald of Alathia,
And gar me not the Cause lang to declar,
Of thy curft Kin Deilber and his Alia;
Cum
Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 65

Cum to the Corfs on Kneis and mak a Cria,
Confess thy Cryme, hald Kennedie thy King,
And with a Hawthorn scourge thy fell and ding,
Thus drie thy Penance dele quasi quia.

XI.

Pass to my Commisar and be confess,
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in Will;
And syne gar Stobo for thy Lyfe protest:
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee still.
Do thou not this Brigane thou fall be brint
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
On Arthur-Sate, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

I haif ambulate on Parnaso the Mountain,
Infpyrt with Hermes frae his golden Sphere,
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purifeet with Froft, and flowand cleir,
And thou haft cum in Merch or Februeir;
There till ane Pule and drunk the Padock Rude,
That gars thee Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
And blaber Things that wyse Men hate to heir.

XIII. Thou
XIII.
THOU luves nae Erις, Elf, I understand,
But it fuld be all tru eScotismens Beid;
It was the first gude Language of this Land,
And Scota gart it multiplie and sp Reid,
Till Corfpatrick that we of Treason Reid,
Thy Fore-fader, made Erfshe and Erfschmen thin,
Throu his Treason brocht Inglis Fassouns in,
Sae wald thyfell, nicht thou to him succeed.

XIV.
FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
It may be veryfeit thy Wit is thin,
Quhen thou wryts Densmen dryd upon the Ratts,
Densmen of Denmark are of the Kings Kin,
The Wit thou fuld have had was casten in,
Even at thy Erse backward with an Staw-flung;
Therefore, fals Harlot Hure-son, hald thy Tung;
Delbier thou deives the Deil thy Eme with Din.

XV.
QUHAIRAS thou says, that I steil Hens and Lamms,
I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,
Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gamms
Under my Burde frusf Banes behind Dogs Backs.
Thy
Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie. 67

Thy Purfe its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,
Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Substance is a Widdy teuch,
On Saltone Mount, about thy Craig to rax.

XVI.

AND zit Mount Saltone Gallows is owre fair,
For to be fleyt with sic a frontles Face;
Cum hame and hing under an Trie of Air;
To eard thee under it, I fall purchase Grace,
To eit thy Flesh the Dog fall haif nae Space.
Ravens fall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;
For thou sic Malice of thy Master mutes,
It is weil set that thou sic barret brace.

XVII.

A small Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,
To stanche thy skorne with haly Mulds thou loft
Thou faild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
It lyes closid in a Clout on Northway Coaft,
Sic Revel gars thee be servt with cauld Roast,
And ait fit supperless beyond the Se,
Cryand at Doris, Caritas amore DEI,
Breikles, Barefute, and all in Duds up doft.
XVIII.

DEILBER has nocht ado with a Dunbar;
The Earls of Murray bure that Surname richt,
That to their King ay true and constant war;
Of that Kin came Dunbar of Westfield Knight,
That Succession is hardy, wyfe and wicht;
And has naithing ado now with the Deil,
But Deilber is thy Kin, and kens the Weil,
And has in Hell for thee à Chalmer dicht.

XIX.

CURST crupand Craw, I fall gar crop thy Tung,
And thou fall cry Cormundum on thy Kneis,
Derch I fall ding thee till I gar thee dung,
And thou fall lick thy Lipps and sweir thou lies:
I fall degrad the graclefs of thy Greis,
Scald thee for Skorn, and scor thee af thy Sule,
Gar round thy Heid transform thee as a Fule,
And with Treason gar trone thee on the Treis.

XX.

RAWMCUD Rebold, and Ranegald Rehator,
My Lynage and Forbeirs war evir leil,
It cums aft to thy fell to be a Traytor,
To ryde by Nicht, to rin, to reive and fteil,

Quhen
Quhen thou puts Poyson to me I appeil
Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Person,
Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, Garson,
Thou fall buy it deir enough, Derch of the Deil.

XXI.
In Ingland, Owl, fould be thy Habitation;
Homage to Edward Langshanks made thy Kin,
Into Dunbar refaivt him thy fals Nation:
They fould be exylt Scotland mair and myn,
Ane stark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin:
The Heid Poynt of thy Elders Arms are
Written abune in Poysie, Hang Dunbar,
Quarter and draw, and make that Surname thin.

XXII.
I am the Kings Blude, his trew and special Clerk,
That nevir zit imagind his Offence,
Constant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark,
Dependand only on his Excellence,
Treftand to have of his Magnificence,
Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benysice bedein,
Quhair that the Ravins fall ryve out baith thy
Ein
And on the Rattis fall be thy Residence.

XXIII. Frae
XXIII.

FRAE Atrick Forest forward to Domfreise,
Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Geis,
And undernicht quhyles thou ftall Staigs and Stirks,
Because now Scotland of thy begging irks,
Thou shaips in France to be Knight of the Feild,
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun keild,
Ilk Ways unhoneft, Wolrun, that thou works.

XXIV.

Thou may not pafs Mont Bernard for wild Beists,
Nor win throw Mount Scarpary for the Snaw,
Mount Nicholas, Mount Godard thee arreifts,
Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw.
In Paris with thy Master Burreau,
Abyde and be his Prentise neir the Bank,
And help to hang Fripons for half a Frank,
And at the laft thy self maun thole the Law.

XXV.

Thou haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
For Falt of Pussance, Peilor, thou may pak thee;
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedfet thy Clais;
There is nae Lord in Service that will tak thee.
A Pack of Flae-Skins Fynance for to mak thee,
Thou fall receive at Danskyn of my Tailzie,
With de profundis set thee and that failzie,
And I fall send the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

INTO the Katherine thou made a foul Kahute;
For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to fteir,
Upon her Sydes was fein that thou could schute,
The Dirt cleaves till hir Tows this Twenty Zeir,
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
Quhile thou, Deils Birth Deilber, was on the Sie,
Ilk Saul had funkin throu the Sin of thee,
War not the People made fae mìekle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was faynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpoft for to pas,
Thou schot and was not ficker of thy Tail,
Beshait the Steir, the Compas and the Glas,
The Skiper bad gar land thee at the Bafs,
Thou spewd and custe mony a laithly Lump,
Faster nor all the Mariners coud pump,
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

XXVIII. HAD
XXVIII.

HAD they been fae provided of Schot of Gun
By Men of Weir, bot perell they had past;
As thou was lowse and ready with thy Bun,
They neid haif tane nae towing at the laft,
For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Caft;
Ther is nae Ship that thee will now refaif,
Faster thou fylt than Fyfteenfum might laife,
And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Maft.

XXIX.

THROW Ingland theive, and tak thee to thy Fute,
And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,
Ane Horsmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,
And with that Craft convoy thee throw the
Land;
Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;
Happen thou to be hangit in Northumber,
Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,
For that maun be thy Dume I understand.

XXX.

HIE soverain Lord, let neir this sinful Sot
Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;
Let neir again sic an be calld a Scot,
A rotten Crok Lowfe of the Dok ther doun.
Frae honest Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
On sum wyld Desert quhair ther is no Repair,
For fyling and infecting of the Air,
Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

XXXI.

Thou was confavit in the grit Eclipps,
Ane Monfter maid be grit Mercurius,
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
Infortunate, curst, fale and furious,
Ill-schriven, wan-thriven, not clein nor curious,
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdome maift lyke,
A crabbit, scabbit, ill-facit Meffen tyke,
A Schit, bot Wit, schrewt and injurious.

XXXII.

Greit in the Glaiks, gude Maifter Gwiliane Gowkks,
Maift imperfytte in Poetrie and Profe,
All clos under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Rose!
Lunatick Lymmar, Luschbald, lous thy Hofs,
That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
In recompenfmg of thy Conspiration,
Or turfs thee out of Scotland, tak thy Choice.

XXXIII.
XXXIII.

A Benefice quha wald gife sic a Beift,
But gif it wer to jingle Judas Bells,
Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jeft,
Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam-schells,
Cleik on thy Cross, and fair on into France,
And cum thou neir again without Mischance;
The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

XXXIV.

Cankert Cayne, tryd Trowane, tute-villous,
Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monstir of all Men,
I fall gar bake thee to the Laird of Hillhouse,
To swelly thee instead of a pullt Hen;
Fazart Fowmart, fostert in Filth and Fen,
Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phynomy,
Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry;
To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

Curst Conspirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,
Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemprate,
Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, Apostata,
Judas, Jew, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,
Sarazen
Sarazen, Symonite, proud Pagan, pronunceat,
Mahomeit, manf sworn, Atheist abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce infatiable;
With Gog and Magog greit Glorificat.

XXXVI.

NERO thy Nevoy, Goliah thy Grandfyre,
Pharo thy Fader, Egypa thy Dame,
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cause that I conspyre
Gainst thee, and ilka futie Deil thy Eme;
Belzefub thy full Brudder he will claim
To be thy Air, and Cayphas thy Sector,
Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protecto r,
To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leme.

XXXVII.

Deilbeir, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir, thou zeild,
Hangit, Mangit, Edder- ftangit, Stryndie Stultorum,
To me, maist hie, Kennedie, and flie the Feild;
Picket, wicket, ftricket, convickit, Lump lullar-
dorum,
Defamit, fchamit, blamit, primus Paganorum;
Out out, I s chout upon that Snout that fnevils,
Tale-teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Di-
vels;
Spink, s fink, with Stink ad Tartara termagorum.
The merry Testament of Master Andro Kennedy,
Maid by Master William Dunbar, when he was like to dy.

I.

Master Andro Kennedy,
A curio quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with sum Incuby,
Or with sum Freir infatuatus;
I cannot, Faith, tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
But this in Truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum Diabolus incarnatus.

II.

CUM nihil sit certius morte,
We maun all die quhen we haif done,
Nescimus quando, vel qua forte,
Nor blind allane wait of the Mone;
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw Nicht I could not fleip a Wink,
Licet ager in corpore,
Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

NUNC
III.

NUNC condit Testamentum meum,
  I leave my Saul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
  Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,
Semper ibi ad remanendum,
  Till Dumesday cum without Difflever,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
  With sweit Cuthbert that luved me nevir.

IV.

IPSE est dulcis ad amandum,
  He wald aft ban me in his Braith,
Det mihi modo ad potandum,
  And I forgave him laith and wraith,
Quia in Cellar cum cervisia,
  I had leur ly baith air and late,
Nudus solus in camisia,
  Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

A Barrell being at my Bosom,
  Of wordly Gude I bad nae mair,
Et corpus meum ebriosum,
  I leif unto the Toun of Air,
Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie.

In a Draff Midding eir and ay,
   *Ut ibi sepeliere queam;*
Quhair Drink and Draff may ilka Day
   Be cuften *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was ficker,
   *Sed semper variabile,*
That evermair wad flow and flicker,
   *Conforti meo Jacobi;*
Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,
   *Verum Deum renui,*
But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,
   *Hoc pactum semper tenui.*

VII.

SYNE leif I the beft Aucht I bocht,
   *Quod est Latinum propter cape*
To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,
   *Quis est ille,* than schrew my Skape:
I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,
   *Sed mille alii hoc sciverunt,*
We wer as fib as Sive and Riddle,
   *In una silva quae creverunt.*

VIII. QUIA
VIII.

_Quia mea solatia_,
They wer but Leifings all and ane,
_Cum omni fraude & falacia_,
I leif the Maister of Sanct Anthane,
_To William Gray ein sine gratia_,
My ain deir Cusine, as I wene,
_Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia_,
But quhen the Holland-tree grows grene.

IX.

My fenzeing and my false Winning,
_Relinquo falsis fratribus_,
For thats conform to Gods ain Bidding,
_Disparsis dedit pauperibus_;
For Mens Sauls they say and sing,
_Mentientes pro muneribus_,
Now God give them an evil Ending,
_Pro suis pravis operibus_.

X.

To _jok_ the Fule, my Folly frie,
_Lego post corpus sepultum_,
In Faith I am mair Fule than he,
_Licet ostendo bonum multum_,

Of
Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fie,
   Ipse habet valde multum,
And zit he bleiris my Lordis Ee,
   Fingendo eum fore stultum.

XI.

To Master Johny Clerk syne,
   Do & lego intime,
 Gods braid Maleson and myne,
   Nam ipse est causa mortis meæ,
Wer I a Dog, and he a Swyne,
   Multi mirantur super me,
But I fuld gar that Lurdane quhryne,
   Scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

RESIDUUM omnium bonorum
   Refts to dispone my Lord fall haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
   Baith Edie, Katie, and all the laife;
In Faith I will nae langer raife,
   Pro sepultura ordino,
On the new Gyse, fæ God me faife,
   Non sicut more solito.
XIII.

In die meœ sepulturae,
I will haif nane but our ain Gang,
Et duos rusticos de rure,
Bearand ane Barrell on a Stang,
Drinkand and playand Cap-out evin,
Sicut egomet solebam,
Singand and greitand with the Stevin,
Potum meum cum fietu miscebam.

XIV.

I will nae Priests for me shall sing,
Dies illa dies iræ,
Nor zit nae Bells for me to ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri,
But a Bag-pyp to play a Spring,
Et unum Ale-wisp ante me,
Instead of Torches for to bring,
Quatuor lagunas cervisæ,
Within the Grave to fet sic Thing
In modum crucis juxta me,
To fley the Feynds, than hardly sing
De terra plasmasti me.

Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie. 81
Discratin in Askig.

I.

Of every Askig follows nocht
Reward, but gif sum Cause were wrocht:
And quhair Cause is Men weil may fe,
And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
In Askig fuld Discratin be.

II.

ANE Fule, thocht he haif Cause or nane,
Cryis ay, Gife me, unto a Dre ne;
And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
In Askig fuld Discratin be.

III.

Sum askis mair than he deservs,
Sum askis far less than he servs,
Sum schames to ask, and braids of me,
And all without Reward he serves;
In Askig fuld Discratin be.

IV. To
IV.
To ask bot Service hurts gude Fame,
To ask for Service nane fuld blame,
    To serve and leif in Beggartie,
To Man and Maiifter baith is Schame;
In Asking fuld Discration be.

V.
He that dois all his beft Servyis,
May spill it all with Crakks and Cryis,
    And be foul Importunitie;
For fewest Words may serve the wyis;
In Asking fuld Discration be.

VI.
Nocht neidfull is Men fuld be dum,
Nathing is gotin without Words sum,
    Nocht speids bot Diligence we fe;
For nathing it alane will cum;
In Asking fuld Discration be.

VII.
ASKING wald haif convenient Place,
Convenient Tyme, Laifar and Space,
    Bot Haift or Preis of grit Menzie,
Bot Heart abaift, bot Tung reckles;
In Asking fuld Discration be.

VIII. SUM
VIII.
Sum micht haif (ze) with little Cure,
That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour
All for, that Tyme not byde can he,
And tyns baith Eirand and Honour;
In Asking fuld Discration be.

IX.
SUPPOSE the Servand be lang unquit,
The Lord sumtyme reward will it,
Gif he dois not quhat Remedie;
To fecht with Fortune is nae Wit;
In Asking fuld Discration be.
II.

Sum gives for Pryd and Glory vain,
Sum gives with Grudging and with Pain,
Sum gives in Prattick for Supplie,
Sum gives for twyis as gude again;
In Giving fuld Difcration be.

III.

Sum gives for Thank, sum Cheritie,
Sum Money gives, and sum gives Meit,
And sum give Words baith fair and flie;
But Gifts frae sum can nae Man treit;
In Giving fuld Difcration be.

IV.

Sum gives so littil full wretchetly,
That all his Gifts ar not fet by,
And for a Hude-pyk haldin his he,
That all the Warld cryis on him, Fy!
In Giving fuld Difcration be.

V.

Sum in his Giving is fae large,
That all owre-laidin is his Berge,
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie;
Thairof his Honour dois discharge;
In Giving fuld Difcration be.

VI. Sum
VI.
Sum to the rich Man gives his Geir,
That micht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,
Zit thocht the Pure for Falt fuld die,
His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

VII.
Sum gives to Strangeris with Face new,
That zisterday frae Flanderis flew,
And auld Servands lifts not se,
Wer they nei of sic grit Vertew;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

VIII.
Sum gives to them can ask and plenzie,
Sum gives to them can fleich and fenzie,
Sum gives to Men of Honeftie,
And halds all Jangelars at Difdenzie;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.

IX.
Thair sum gets Gifts and rich Arrayis,
To fweir all that his Maitfer sayis,
Thocht all the contrair weil kens he;
Ar mony sic now in our Dayis;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.
X.

Sum gives gude Men for thair gude Kewis,
Sum gives to Trumpers and to Schrews,
Sum gives to schaw his Auâtoritie;
But in thair Office gude foundin few is;
In Giving fuld Discration be.

XI.

Sum gives Parochines full wyde,
Kirks of Saint Bernard and Saint Bryde,
To teich, to rule, and to owresie,
To sum richt skant of Grace to gyde;
In Giving fuld Discration be.

Follows Discration in Taking.

I.

Now after Giving I speik of Taking,
But littill of ony Gude forfaiking;
Sum taks owre scrimp Autoritie,
And sum owre-mekle, and that is glaiking;
In Taking fuld Discration be.

II. The
II.

The Clerks tak Benifices with Brawls,
Sum of Saint Peter, sum of Saint Pauls,
Take he the Rents, nae Cair hes he,
Abeit the Deil tak all thair Sauls;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

III.

Barons tak frae thair Tennants pure
All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,
In Mails and Gerfomes raift owre hie,
And gars them beg frae Dore to Dore;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

IV.

And sum tak uther Mens Takks,
And on the Pure Oppression maks,
And nevir mynds that he maun die,
Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

V.

Sum taks be Sie and sum be Land,
And nevir frae Taking hald thair Hand,
Till they be tyit up to a Trie;
And syn they gar them understand
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

VI. Sum
VI.
Sum wald tak all his Nichbours Geir,
Had he of Man as little Feir,
As he hes Dreid that God him se,
To tak then soould he nevir forbeir;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

VII.
Sum wald tak all this Warlds Breid,
And zet nocht satysfiet thair Neid,
Throw Heart unfatiable and greidie,
Sum wald tak litill, and cannot speid;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

VIII.
Grit Men for Taking and Oppression,
Ar fett full famous at the Session,
Quhile pure Takkars are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair Succession;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

IX.
Sum taks the Makkaris ruising kynd,
But a Rewaird dois nevir mynd,
Few Pairs with Pelf for Poetry,
That gars my poutch be aft ill lynd;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

The foregoing three quod MR. Wm. Dunbar.

On
On Detraction and Deming.

I.

Musing alone this hinder Nicht,
Of mirry Day, quhen gane was Licht,
Within a Garth undir a Trie,
I hard ane Voce that said on Hicht,
May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

For thocht I be an crownit King,
Zit fall I not eschew Deming;
Sum calls me gude, sum says I lie,
Sum craifs of God to end my Ring,
Sae fall I not undemit be.

III.

Be I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,
Than every Pelour and Purse-pyke,
Says, Land wer better waird on me,
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,
Zit can he not let Deming be.

IV. Be
On Detraction and Deming.

IV.
Be I a Lady fresh and fair,
With Gentlemen makand repair,
Then will they say baith scho and he,
That I am jupit late and air,
Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.
Be I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honesty cled that fets me richt,
Ane prydfull Man fyne call they me:
But God fend them a Widdy wicht,
That cannot let sic Deming be.

VI.
Be I but little of Sature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monsterous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.
And be I ornat in my Speich;
Then Towfy fayis I am fae streich,
I speik not lyke thair House Menzie,
Suppose her Mouth mifters a Leich,
Zit can scho not let Deming be.

VIII. But
VIII.
But wist thir Folk that uther deims,
How that their Saws to uthers feims,
Thair vicious Words and Vanity,
Thair trattling Tungs that all furth teims,
Tharis sum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.
Gude James the Ferd our nobill King,
Quhen that he was of Zeirs zing,
In Sentence said full subtilie,
Do weil and set nocht by Deming,
For nae Man fall undemit be.

X.
And fae I fall with God his Grace,
Keip his Command into that Case,
Besickand ay the Trinity,
In Hevin that I may haif a place,
For thair fall no Man demit be.

Quod Mr. W. Dunbar.
Sons exylt by Pryde.

I.
Sons hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,
Sen ilka Knaif was cled in filken Goun,
Welfare and Welth ar gane without gude Nicht,
And in thair Rowms remains dull Derth and Neid,
Pryd is amang us enterit, bot God speid,
And leird our Lords to gang now lefs and mair,
With filken Gouns, and Cellars tune and bair.

II.
Now a small Barons rich Abulzement,
In filkin Furrings, Chenzies and sic Geir,
Micht furnis Fourty into Jack and Splent,
Weil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir
It wer full meit gif it happens be Weir,
That all this Pryd of Silk wer quyt laid doun.
And changit in Jack Knapska and Abergown.

III. Wald
III.
Wald all the Lords lay up their rich Arrays,
And gar unfulziet keep them clene and fair,
And weir them but on hie triumphand Days,
And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,
They neidit not buy Silk Rayments mair,
This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succession,
Gif sinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Discretion.

IV.
Thair Men also maun be bot Smyt or Smot,
Frac his Caprously be with Ribbons laift,
With Velvet Bord about his threid-bare Coit:
On Woman Wayis weil tyit about his Waist,
His Hat on Syde set up for ony Hafter,
For Hichtines the Culroun dois misken,
His awin Maister as weil as uther Men.

V.
Quha finns in Pryd, does first to God Grivance,
Quha out of Hevin to Hell gai at a Fall;
Syne of himself weftis faft his Substance,
Sae lerge, that it owrepasses his Rentall,
His Tennants pure he dois oppres with all;
His coiftly Gown, with Tail fae wyde out spred,
His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Bed.

Quod Clerk.
Satyre
S A T Y R E  on Covetousness.

I.
F R E I D O M, Honour and Nobillnes, Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentillnes, Ar now in Court repute as Vyce, And all for Cause of Covetyce.

II.
A L L Weilfare, Welth and Wantoness, Ar changit into Wretchetness, And Play is set at little Pryce, And all for Cause of Covetyce.

III.
H A L K I N G, Hunting-and swift Horse rining, Ar changit all in wranous winning, Thair is nae Play but Cards and Dyce, And all for Cause of Covetyce.

V. HEARTY
IV.

Hearty House-halding is all laid doun,
A Laird has with him but a Loun,
That leids him after his Devyce,
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

V.

In Burghs to Landwart and to Sie,
Quhair Plesour was and grit Plentie,
Venifon Wyld-foul Wyn, and Spyce,
Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

VI.

Husband that Grangis had full greit,
Cattle and Corn to fell and eit,
Hes now nae Beifts but Cats and Myce,
And all throw Caufe of Covetyce.

VII.

Honest Zemen in every Toun,
Quha wont to weir baith Red and Broun,
Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce,
And all throw Cause of Covetyce.
VIII.

AND Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk their Tenants fald Summer Meil,
And lives on Ruits under the Ryfs,
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

IX.

QUHA that dois Deids of Pietie,
And lives in Pece and Cheritie,
Is haldin a Fule, and that full Nyce,
And all, &c.

X.

AND quha can reive uther Mens Rowms,
And upon pure Men gadder Sowms,
Is thocht an active Man and Wyfe,
And all, &c.

XI.

MAN, pleis thy Maker, and be merry,
And value nocht this Warld a Cherry;
Work for a Place in Paradyce,
For thairin rings nae Covetyce.
The Cherrie and the Slae,
Compyle into Scottis Meeter by Captain Alexander Montgomery.

I.

About an Bank with Balmy Bewis,
Quhair Nyctingales thair Notis renewis
With gallant Goldspinks gay;
The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,
The Lintquhyt, Lark and Lavrock loud,
Salutit mirthful May.

Quhen Philomel had sweitly fung,
To Progne scho deplord,
How Tereus cut out hir Tung,
And falsly her deflourd;
Quhilk Story so forie
To schaw hir self scho seimt,
To heir hir so neir hir,
I douit if I dreimt.

II. The

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himself; the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the Title Page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quatuorzeims, not long before the Author's Death.
II.

The Cushat crouds, the Corbie crys,
The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,
To geck hir they begin:
The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Craws, and keckling Kays,
They deavt me with thair Din.
The painted pawn with Argos Eysis,
Can on his Mayock call;
The Turtle wails on witherit Treis,
And Eccho anwers all,
Repeting with Greiting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His Schadow in the Well.

III.

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare
In Hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
To mak thair Morning mange.
The Con, the Cuning and the Cat,
Quhais dainty Downs with Dew were wat,
With stiff Muftachis strange.

The
The Cherrie and the Slae.

The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart and false Fox;
The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae,
With birfly Bairs and Brocks;
Sum feiding, fum dreiding
The Hunters subtle Snairs,
With skipping and tripping,
They playit them all in Pairs.

IV.

The Air was sobir, saft and sweit,
Nae misty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
But quyit, calm and clear,
To foster Floras fragrant Flowris,
Quhairon Apollos Paramouris,
Had trinklit mony a Teir;
The quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers fhynd,
Embroydering Bewties Bed,
Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd,
In Mayis Collouris cled,
Sum knoping, sum droping,
Of balmy Liquour sweit,
Excelling and smelling,
Throw Phebus hailsum Heit.

V. Me-
V.

METHOCHT an heavenlie heartfum Thing,
Quhair Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the Treis,
To study on the Flurift Twists,
Admiring Natures Alchymists,
Laborious buffie Bies,
Quhairof sum sweiteft Honie focht,
To stay thair Lyves frae Sterve,
And sum the waxie Veschells wrocht,
Thair Purchafe to preserve;
So heiping, for keiping
It in thair Hyves they hyde,
Precisely and wyfely,
For Winter they provyde.

VI.

To pen the Pleasures of that Park,
How every Blossom Branch and Bark,
Against the Sun did shine,
I pass to Poetis to compyle,
In hich heroick staitlie Style,
Quhais Mufe furmatches myne.

But
But as I lukit myne alane,
I saw a River rin
Outowre a stiepie Rock of Stane,
Syne lichtit in a Lin,
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the Roches round,
Devalling and falling,
Into a Pit profound.

VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,
The Roches founding lyke a Sang,
Quhair Das Kane did abound;
With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,
And Ecchoe blew a Bafe betwene,
In Diapason Sound,
Set with the $G-\text{f}o\text{--f}a-\text{u}th$ Cleif,
With Lang and Large at lift;
With Quaver, Crotchet, Semibreif,
And not an Minum mift,
Compleitly mair fweitly
Scho fridound flat and schairp,
Nor Mufes that ueses
To pin Apollos Harp.

VIII. Quha
VIII.

QUHA wald haif tyrt to heir that Tune,
Quhilk Birds corroborate ay abune,
   .With Lays of luvesum Larks,
Quhilk clim fae high in Chrystal Skys,
Quhyle Cupid walkens with the Crys,
   Of Natures Chappel Clerks,
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,
   Allichted on the Eird.
Lo how that little Lord of Luve,
   Before me thair appeird,
   Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyk,
   With Bow three Quarters scant,
   Syne moylie and coylie,
   He lukit lyke ane Sant.

IX.

ANÉ cleinly Crisp hang owre his Eyis,
His Quaver by his nakit Thyis
   Hang in an Silver Lace;
Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,
Twa pretty Wings quhairwith he flew,
   On his left Arm ane Brace.

This
This God sone aff his Geir he schuke,
Upon the grasse Grund;
I ran als lichtly for to luke,
Quhair Ferlies micht be fund:
Amasit I gasit
To see his Geir fae gay,
Persaifing myne Haveing,
He countit me his Prey.

X.

His Zouth and Stature made me stout,
Of Doubleness I had nae Doubt,
But bourded with my Boy:
Quod I, How call they thee my Chyld,
Cupido, Sir, quod he, and smyld,
Please you me to imploy;
For I can serve you in your Suite,
If you please to impyre,
With Wings to flie, and Schafts to schute
Or Flamis to set on Fyre.
Mak Choice then of those then,
Or of a thousand Things,
But crave them and have them,
With that I wowd his Wings.
XI.

Quhat wald thou gif my Freind, quod he,
To haif thir wanton Wings to flie,
   To sport thy Sprit a quhyle;
Or quhat gif I fuld lend the Heir,
Bow, Quaver, Schafts and Schuting Geir,
   Sum Body to begyle:
That Geir, quod I, cannot be bocht,
   Zit I wald haif it fain;
Quhat gif, quod he, it cost thee nocht,
   But rendering all again:
   His Wings then he brings then,
   And band them on my Back,
Go flie now, quod he, now,
   And fae my Leif I tak.

XII.

I sprang up with Cupidoes Wings,
Quha Bow and Schuting Geir resigns,
   To lend me for a Day:
As Icarus with borrowit Flicht,
I mountit hichar nor I micht,
   Owre perrelous ane Play;

Then
Then furth I drew that double Dart
Quhilk fumtyme schot his Mother,
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairt,
In Hope to hurt ane uther:
It hurt me or burnt me,
Quhyle either End I handill;
Cum fe now in me now
The Butter-flie and Candill.

XIII.
As scho delyts into the Low,
Sae was I browdin of my Bow,
Als ignorant as scho;
And as scho flies quhyl scho be fyrt,
Sua with the Dart that I desyrt,
My Hand has hurt me to;
As fulish Phaeton be Sute
His Fathers Cart obtaind,
Sa langt I in Lufis Bow to schute,
Not marking quhat it meind;
Mair wilfull than skilfull,
To flie I was fae fond,
Desyring, aspyring;
And fae was fene upond.

XIV. Too
XIV.
Too late I knew quha hewis to Hie,
The Spail fall fall into his Eie,
   Too late I went to Schuils;
Too late I heard the Swallow preich,
Too late Experience dois teich,
   The Schuil-maifter of Fuils;
Too late to fynd the Neft I seik,
   Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;
Too late the Stabil-dore I steik,
   Quhen all the Steids ar flowin;
   Too late ay thair State ay,
All fulish Folk espy,
   Behind fae, they find fae
Remeid, and fae do I.

XV.
Gif I had ryplie bene advyft,
I had not raschly enterpryft,
   To foir with borrowit Penns;
Nor zit had feyd the Archer-craft,
To schute my fell with sik a Schaft,
   As Reason quyte miskenns:
Frae
The Cherrie and the Slae.

Frae Wilfullness gaif me my Wound,
I had nae Force to flie,
Then came I grainand to the Ground,
Freind, Welcum hame, *quod he;*
Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?
Or quha brings hame the Buiting?
I fe now, *quod he,* now,
Ze haif bene at the Schuting.

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,
Sa I behuift to byde them baith,
Sae ftakkering was my Stait!
That undir Cure I gat sik Chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
But eyther ftail or mait;
My Agony was fae extreme,
I swelt and swound for Feir,
But or I walkynt of my Dreme,
He fpulzied me of my Geir;
With Flicht then on Hicht then
Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,
Forzetting and fetting
At nocht my cairfull Cryis.

XVII. Sae
XVII.

SAE lang with Sicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelit Eyis grew dim
   With ftairing on the Starns,
Quhilk flew fae thick befoir my Ein,
Sum reid, sum zellow, blew, sum grene,
   Quhilk trublit all my Harns,
That every Thing apperit twae
   To my barbulzeit Brain,
But lang micht I ly luiking fae,
   Or Cupid came again;
   Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,
I hard up throw the Air,
   Throw Cluds fo he thuds fo,
   And flew I wift not quhair.

XVIII.

THEN frae I faw that God was gane,
And I in Langour left allane,
   And fair tormentit to;
Sumtyme I ficht, quhyl I was fad,
Sumtyme I mufit and maift gane mad,
   I wift not quhat to do;

Sumtyme
Sumtyme I ravit, half in a Rage,
As ane into Dispair,
To be opprest with sic a Page,
Lord gif my Heart was fair;
Lyke Dido, Cupido,
I widdill and I warie,
Quha rest me and left me
In sic a Feirie-farie.

XIX.

THEN felt I Curage and Desyre
Inflame my Heart with uncouth Fyre,
To me befoir unknown;
But now nae Blude in me remains
Unbrunt and boyld within my Vaines,
By Luve his Bellies blawin;
To quench it or I was devourit,
With Sichs I went about,
But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preising bot ceising,
Quhyl it micht breik the Bounds,
My Hew fo furth schew fo
The Dolour of my Wounds.

XX. WITH
XX.

With deidly Vifage, pail and wan,
Mair lyke Anatomy than Man,
    I widdert clein away,
As Wax befoir the Fyre, I felt
My Heart within my Bosom melt,
    And Peice and Peice decay,
My Veines with brangling lyk to brek,
    My Punfsis lap with Pith ;
Sae Fervency did me infek,
    That I was vext thairwith : 
        My Heart ay did start ay,
    The fyrie Flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

But, O alace ! it was abusit,
My cairfull Corps keipt it incluift,
    In Presfoun of my Breift ;
With Sichs sae fowpit and owre-fet,
Lyk to ane Fifch faft in the Net,
    In Deid thraw undeceif.

Quha
Quha thocht in vain scho stryve by Strenth
For to pull out hir Heid,
Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haistning to hir Deid;
With wrifting and thirsting,
The faster still is scho,
Thair I so did ly so,
My Death advancing to.

XXII.

The mair I wreftlit with the Wind,
The faster still my self I find,
Nae Mirth my Mynd nicht meise;
Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
I was sae altert and owre-gane,
Throw Drowth of my Diseise:
Zit weakly as I micht I raise,
My Sicht grew dim and dark,
I stakkerit at the Windill-straes,
Nae Takin I was stark;
Baith sichtles and michtles
I grew allmaist at ains,
In Angwische I langwische,
With mony grievous Grains.

XXIII. WITH
XXIII.

With sober Pace I did approche
Hard to the River and the Roche,
Quhairof I spak befoir;
The River sic a Murmur maid,
As to the Sea it saftly flaid,
The Craig hich, stay and shoir:
Then Pleasure did me sae provok
Thair partly to repair,
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
Quhair Houp grew with Dispaire;
A Trie than I sie than
Of Cherries on the Braes,
Belaw to I saw to
Ane Bus of bitter Slaes.

XXIV.

The Cherries hang abune my Heid,
Lyke twynkland Rubies round and reid,
Sae hich up in the Hewch,
Quhais Schaddowis in the River schew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew
On trimbling Twiftis, and tewch,
Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,
Declyning doun thair Toppis,
Reflex of Phebus aff the Firth,
New colourit all thair Knoppis;
With dansing and glansing,
In Tyrles dornik champ,
Quhilk streimand and leimed
Throw Lichtness of that Lamp.

XXV.

With earnest Eie, quhyl I espy
The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,
Half-gaite almaist to Hevin;
The Craig fae cumbersum to clim,
The Trie fae tall of Growth, and trim,
As ony Arrow evin:
I calld to mynd how Daphne did
Within the Laurell schrink,
Quhen from Apollo scho hir hid
A thousand Tymes I think;
That Trie thair to me thair,
As he his Laurell thocht,
Aspyring bot tyring,
To get that Fruit I focht.

XXVI. To
XXVI.

To clim the Craig it was nae Buit,
Let be to preifs to pull the Fruit
   In Top of all the Trie;
I saw nae Way quhairby to cum,
Be ony Craft to get it clum,
   Appeirandlie to me:
The Craig was ugly, stay and dreich,
   The Trie lang, sound and small,
I was affrayd to clim sa hich,
   For Feir to fetch a Fall;
   Affrayit to sgy it,
   I luikit up on loft,
   Quhyls minting, quhyls flinting,
   My Purpose changit oft.

XXVII.

Then Dreid, with Danger and Dispair,
Forbad my minting onie mair
   To rax abune my Reiche;
Quhat, Tusche, quod Curage, Man go to,
He is but daft that has to do,
   And spairs for every Speiche:

For
The Cherrie and the Slae.

For I haif aft hard fuith Men fay,
   And we may fee oursells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
   And Pultrones plain repells;
   Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,
Dreid, Danger or Dispair,
To Fazarts hard Hazarts,
Is deid or they cum thair.

XXVIII.

Quha speids, but sic as heich aspyris,
Quha triumphs nocht, but sic as tryes
   To win a nobill Name;
Of fchrinking, quhat but Schame succeds,
   Then do as thou wald haif thy Deids
In Register of Fame:
I put the Cais thou nocht prevaild,
   Sae thou with Honour die;
Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage, faild,
Sall Poets pen of thee:
   Thy Name than from Fame than
Sall nevir be cut aff,
Thy Graif ay fall haif ay
That honest Epitaff.

XXIX. Quhat
XXIX.

QUHAT can thou losse, quhen Honour lives?
Renown (thy Vertew) ay revives,
Gif valiauntlie thou end:

Quod Danger, Huly, Freind, tak heid,
Untymous Spurring spills the Steid;
Tak tent quhat ze pretend:

Thocht Courage counsell thee to clim,
Beware thou kep nae Skaith,
Haif thou nae Help but Hope and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thysell now may tell now
The Counsell of thae Clerks,
Quhairthrow zit I trow zit
Thy Breišt dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the Danger dreids,
Sa I belief thy Bosome bleids,
Sen laft that Fyre thou felt:
Befyds that, feindle Tymes thou feis
That evir Courage keips the Keis
Of Knowledge at his Belt;

Thocht
Thocht he bid fordwart with his Guns,
Small Powder he provyds,
Be not ane Novice of that Nunnes,
That saw nocht baith the Syds;
Fule-haift ay almaist ay,
Owre-fails the Sicht of sum,
Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
Quhat estirward may cum.

XXXI.

Zir Wisdom wisheth thee to wey
This Figure in Philosophy,
A Leftoun worth to leir,
Quhilk is in Tyme for to tak tent,
And not quhen Tyme is paft, repent,
And buy Repentance deir;
Is thair nae Honour eftir Lyfe,
Except thou slay thyself,
Quhairfoir has Atropos that Knyfe?
I trow thou cannot tell:
Quha bot it wald cut it,
Quhilk Clotho skairs has spun,
Diftroying thy Joying
Befoir it be begun.

XXXII. All
XXXII.

All Owres ar repute to be Vyce,
Owre hich, owre law, owre rasch, owre nyce,
Owre het or zit owre cauld;
Thou seims unconstant, be thy Signs,
Thy Thocht is on a thousand Things,
Thou wats not quhat thou wald;
Let Fame hir Pitie on the poure,
Quhen all thy Banes ar brokin,
Zone SLAE, suppose thou think it soure,
May satisfie to fokkin
Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,
Quhilk dryes thee with Defyre,
Aiswage than thy Rage, Man,
Foul Watter quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

Quhat Fule art thou to die of Thrift,
And now may quench it, gif thy lift
Sae easylie bot Pain;
Mair Honour is to vanquisch ane
Than seicht with tensum and be tane,
And owther hurt or slain:

The Cherrie and the Slae.
The Prattick is to bring to pas,
   And not to enterpryse,
And als gude drinking out of Glas
As Gold in ony Ways;
   I levir haif evir
A Foul in hand or tway,
Nor fieand ten flieand
About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

LUKE quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
And slip na Certainty for Howp,
   Quha gyds thee but begefs.
Quod Courage, Cowards tak nae Cure
To fit with Schame, fae they be sure,
   I lyke them all the lefs;
Quhat Pleasure purchesf is bot Pain,
Or Honour win with Eife,
He will not ly quhair he is slain,
That douttis befoir he dies:
   For Feir then I heir then,
But only ane Remeid,
Quhilk latt is, and that is
For to cut aff the Heid.

XXXV. QUHAT
XXXV.

Quhat is the Way to heil thy Hurt?
Quhat is the Way to stay thy Sturt?
Quhat meins may mak the merrie?
Quhat is the Comfort that thou craivs?
Suppose thir Sophists thee desaivs:
Thou knaws it is the Cherrie;
Sen for it only thou but thrifts,
The Slae can be nae Buit;
In it also thy Helth consists,
And in nae uther Fruit;
Quhy quaiks now, and schaiks thou?
And studys at our Stryfe,
Advyfe thee, it lyes thee,
On nae les than thy Lyfe.

XXXVI.

Gif any Patient wald be pant,
Quhy fuld he lowe quhen he is lanft,
Or schrink quhen he is schorn;
For I haif hard Chirurgians say,
Aftymes defferring of a Day,
Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak
Tak Tyme in Tyme, or Tyme be tint; 
For Tyme will not remain:
Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint, 
But als hard match again.
Delay not, and fray not,
And thou fall fie it fae,
Sic gets ay that fetts ay,
Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginnings be maift hard,
The End is plesand afterward;
Then schrink not for a Schowre;
Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,
Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,
The Swcit exceids the Soure;
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
For Howp gude Hap hes hecht.
Quod Danger be not sudden, Sir,
The Matter is of Wecht;
Firft fpy baith, and try baith,
Advyfement does nane Ill,
I say then, ye may then,
Be willfull quhen ze will.

XXXVIII. BUT
XXXVIII.

But zit to Mynd the Proverb call,
Quha ues Perrils perish fall,
    Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them lafts.
And I haif hard, quod Howp, that he
Sall nevir schaip to fail the Se,
    That for all Perrills caifs.
How mony throw Dispair are Deid,
    That nevir Perrills preivt?
How mony also, gif thou reid,
    Of Lyves have we releivt?
    Quha being evin dieing,
    Bot Danger, but dispaird ;
    A Hunder, I wonder,
    But thou haft hard declaird.

XXXIX.

Gif we twa hald not up thy Heart,
Quhilk is the Cheif and nobleft Part,
    Thy Wark wald not gang weil,
Considering thae Companions can
Diswade a filly simple Man,
    To hafard for his Heil,

Suppose
Suppose they haif defavit sum,
   Or they and we meth micht meit;
They get nae Credence quhair we cum,
   With ony Man of Spreit,
   By Reafoun thair Treafoun
Be us is first espyt,
   Reveiling thair Deiling,
   Quhilk dow not be denyt.

XL.

WITH fleikit Sophisms seiming sweit
As all thair Doings war discreit,
   They wish thee to be wyfe,
Postponing Tyme fraw Hour to Hour,
But Faith in underneath the Flowr,
   The lurking Serpent lyes;
Suppose thou feis her not a Styme,
   Till that fcho stings thy Fute:
Persaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,
   Thy flewthing does owreschute.
   Allace Man! thy Cafe Man,
In lingring I lament,
   Go to now and do now,
   That Courage be content.

XLI. QUHAT
XLI.

QUHAT gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane Grip or thou begin,
    Than is thy Labour loft;
For he will hald thee hard and faft,
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be past,
    And thou give up the Ghoft:
Than fall be graivd upon the Stane,
    Quhilk on thy Graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived sic a ane;
    But how fall it be said?
Here lyes now, but pryfè now
Into Dishonours Bed,
    And Cowart as thou art,
That from his Fortune fled.

XLII.

IMAGYNE Man, gif thou wer laid
In Graif, and fyne micht heir this said,
    Wald thou not sweit for Schame?
Yes, Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald:
Thereforif gif thou has Ene behald,
    How they wald smoir thy Fame.
Gae to and mak nae mair Excuse,
Or Lyfe and Honour losf,
And outhr them or us refuse,
There is nae outhr Chofe.
Considr togrdr,
That we can nevir dwell,
At length ay by Strenth ay
Thae Pultronrs we expell.

XLIII.

Quod Danger, Sen I understond,
That Counfell can be nae Command,
I have nae mair to fay,
Except gif that he thocht it good;
Tak Counfell zit or ze conclude
Of wyf Men nor they.
They are but racklesf, zung and rasche,
Supposr they think us fleid;
Gif of our Fellowfchip zou fasche,
Gang with them hardly beit.
God fpeid zou, they leid zou,
That has not meikle Wit.
Expell us, zeil tell us,
Heiraftr comes not zit.

XLIV. Quhyle
XLIV.

QUHYLE Danger and Dispair retyrt,
Experience came in and speirt
Quhat all the Matter meind;
With him came Reason, Wit and Skill,
And they began to speir at Will,
Quhair mak ze to my Freind?
To pluck zone lufty Cherrie loe,
Quod he, and quyte the Slae:
Quod they, Is there nae mair ado,
Or ze win up the Brae?
But to it, and do it,
Perforce the Fruit to pluck,
Weil, Brother, sum uther
Were better to conduct.

XLV.

We grant ze may be gude aneuch;
But zit the Hazard of zon Heuch,
Requyris ane graver Gyde;
As wyfe as ze are may gae wrang;
Thairfore tak Counfail or ze gang
Of sum that ftand befyde.
The Cherrie and the Slae.

But quha war zon three ze forbad
  Zour Company richt now;
Quod Will, three Prechours to perfwad
  The poysfond Slae to pow.
    They trattlit and prattellit,
      A lang half Hour and mair;
    Foul fall them, they call them
      Dreid, Danger and Dispair.

XLVI.

They are mair faschious nor of Feck,
  Zon Fazards durft not for thair Neck
    Clim up the Craig with us;
  Frae we determinit to die,
Or else to clim zon Cherrie Trie,
    They baid about the Buśs.
They are conditiond lyk the Cat,
    They wald not weit thair Feit,
But zit gif ony Fisch ze gat,
    They wald be fain to eit.
    Thocht they now, I say now,
      To hazard haif nae Heart,
    Zit luck we and pluck we,
      The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII. But
XLVII.

But frae we get our Voyage wun,
They fall not than a Cherrie cun,
That wald not enterpryfe;
Weil, quod Experience, ze boist;
But he that counts without his Oift,
He aftenymes counts twyse.
Ze fell the Beirs Skin on his Back,
But byde quhyle ze it get;
Quhen ze have done, its Tyme to crack
Ze fish befoir the Net.
Quhat haift, Sir, ze taift, Sir,
The Cherry or ze pou it;
Bewar zit, ze ar zit
Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

CALL Danger back again, quod Skill,
To se quhat he can fay to Will,
We see him fchod fae ftrait:
We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells;
Quod Courage we concludit ells,
He servis not for our Mait;
For I can tell zou all perqueir
  His Counsail or he cum:
Quod Will quhairto foud he cum heir,
  He cannot hald his himdumb;
  He speiks ay, and seiks ay
  Delay of Tyme be Drifts;
  He grievis us, and deivs us,
  With Sophiftries and Schifts.

**XLIX.**

Quod Reasoun, quhy was he debard?
The Tale is ill may not be hard,
  Zet let us heir him anis.
Then Danger to declair began,
How Hope and Courage took the Man,
  To leid him all thair lains;
For they wald haif him up the Hill,
  Bot owther Stap or Stay:
And quha was welcomer than Will,
  He wald be formost ay;
  He could do, and fould do,
  Quha evir wald or nocht,
  Sic speiding proceeding
  Unlyklie was I thocht.

L. Thair-
L.

THAIRFOR I wifht them to bewar,
And rashly not to run owre far,
    Without sic Gyds as ze.
Quod Courage, Freind, I heir zou fail,
Tak bettr tent unto zour Tale,
    Ze said it could not be;
Befydis that ze wald not consent,
    That evir we fuld clim:
Quod Will for my Pairt I repent,
    We faw them mair than him:
For they are the Stayer
    Of us, as weil as he;
I think now they schrink now,
    Go forwart let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks;
They say the Voyage nevir luks,
    Quhair ilk ane has a Vote.
Quod Wisdom gravely, Sir, I grant,
We were nae warfe zour Vote to Want,
    Sum Sentance heir I note.
Suppose ze speak it but begefs,
Sum Fruit thairin I fynd;
Ze wald be forward I confes,
And cums aftymis behynd.
It may be that they be
Defavit that nevir doubtit;
Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,
Has mekle Wit about it.

LII.

THEN willfull Will began to rage,
And sware he saw naething in Age,
But Anger, Yre and Grudge;
And for my fell, quod he, I sware
To quat all my Companzions heir,
Gif they admit zou Judge.
*Experience* is grown fae auld,
That he begins to rave;
The laif but *Courage* are fae cauld,
Nae Hazarding they haif;
For *Danger*, far stranger
Has made them than they war,
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

LIII. QUHY
LIII.

Quhy may not these three leid this ane,
I led an hunder myne alane,
    Bot Counfal of them all.
I grant quod Wisdom ze haif led;
But I wald speir how mony sped,
    Or furdert bot a Fall.
But owther few or nane I trow,
    Experience can tell;
He says the Man may wyte but zou
    The first Tyme that he fell.
    He kens then, quhais Penns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee;
    His Wounds zet, that ftounds zet,
    He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

That, quod Experience, is trew;
    Will flatterit him quhen firft he flew;
    Will set him in a Low.
    Will was his Counfell and Convoy,
To borrow frae the blindit Boy
    Baith Quaver, Wings and Bow;

Quhairwith before he seyd to shute,
    He nowther zield to Zouth,
Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,
    To quench his deidlie Drouth.
    Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him
To Deid, I wate not how,
Gif Will then did ill then,
Himself remembers now.

LV.

For I Experience was thair
Lyke as I use to be all quhair,
    Quhat Tyme he wytit Will
To be the Grund of all his Greif,
As I my self can be a Preif
    And Witness thairuntill :
Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bene,
    Nor Hidlings frae me hid,
Nor secret Things that I haif sene
That he or ony did :
    Thairfoir now, no moir now,
Let him think to conceild ;
For quhy now, even I now
Am Det bound to reveild.

LVI. My
LVI.

My Custome is for to declair
The Truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony Man a Jot:
Gif wilful Will delyts in Leis,
Example in thy self thou seis
How he can turn his Coat;
And with his Language wald allure
Thee zet to brek thy Bains:
Thou knaws thy self, gif he was sure,
Thou usd his Counfell anes,
Quha wad zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zon now,
Quod Wisdom then to me.

LVII.

Weil, quod Experience, gif he.
Submits himself to you and me,
I wate quhat I fould say,
Our gude Advyse he fall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zon Will away,
LVIII.

Quod Will, Fy on him quhen he flew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif stayd his Sturt.
Quod Reason, thocht he bear the Blame,
He nowther faw nor neidit them,
Till he himself had hurt:
First quhen he mistert not, he micht,
He neids and may not now
Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht
Empashed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Perfaive thy Purpose plain
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

LIX. Quod
LIX.

Quod *Skill*, Quhy fuld we langer ftryve?
Far better late than never thryve,
    Cum let us help him zit;
Tint Tyme we may not get again,
We waft but present Tyme in vain,
    Beware with that, quod *Wit*:
Speik on, *Experience*, lets fe,
    We think ze hald ze dum,
Of Byganes I haif hard, quod he,
    I knaw not Things to cum.
Quod *Reason*, The Seafon
With Slowthing flyds away,
    Firft tak him and mak him
A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

Quod *Will*, Gif he be not a Man,
I pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?
    He lukes lyke ane at leift.
Quod *Reason*, Gif he follow thee,
And mynd not to remain with me,
    Nocht but a brutal Beift:
The Cherrie and the Slae.

A Man in Schape doth not consist,
For all your taunting Tales,
Thairfoir Sr Will, I wald ze wiff
Your Metaphyfick fails;
Gae leir zit a Zeir zit
Your Logick at the Schulis,
Sum Day then ze may then
Pass Master with the Mulis.

LXI.

QUOD Will, I marvell quhat ze mein,
Suld not I traw my ain twa Een,
For all your Logick Schulis,
If I did not I war not wyse:
QUOD Reason, I haif tal d zou thryse,
Nane ferlies mair than Fulis:
Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,
Quhilk ze owre-hale for Hafte,
To wit, gif ze remember richt,
Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Tafte,
All quick Things haif sic Things,
I mein baith Man and Beift,
By Kynd then, we fynd then
Few laks them in the leift.

LXII. SAE
The Cherrie and the Slae.

LXII.

Sae be that Consequens of thyne,
Or Syllogism said lyke a Swyne,
    A Cow may teach thee Lair;
Thou uses only but thine Eies,
Scho touches, taftes, smells, heirs, and seis,
    Quhilk matches thee and mair:
But since to triumph ze intend,
    As presently appeirs,
Sir, for zour Clergie, to be kend,
    Tak ze twa Asses Eirs;
    Nae Myter perfyter
    Gat Midas for his Meid,
    That Hude Sir is gude Sir
    To hap zour Brain-sick Heid.

LXIII.

Ze haif nae Feil for to defyne,
Thoch ze haif Cunning to declyne
    A Man to be a Mule,
With litle Wark zit ze may vowd
To grow a galant Horse and gude,
    To ryde thairon at Zule:

But
The Cherrie and the Slae.

But to our Ground quhair we began,
    For all zour guftlefs Jefts,
I muft be Maister to the Man,
    But thou to brutall Beifts ;
Sae we twae maun be twae,
    To caufe baith Kynds be knawn,
Keip thyne then frae myne then,
    And ilk ane use thair awin.

LXIV.

Then Will as angrie as an Ape,
Ran ramping fweiring rude and rape,
    Saw he none other Schift ;
He wald not want ane Inch of Will,
Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,
    For thirty of his Thrift ;
He wald be formoift in the Feild,
    And Maister gif he micht,
Yea he fuld rather die than zield,
Though Reason had the richt :
    Shall he now mak me now
His Subject or his Slaif,
    Na rather, my Father
Shall quick gang to his Graif.

LXV. I
LXV.

I hecht him quhyle my Heart is heal,
To perisch first or he prevail,
   Cum after quhat so may:
Quod Reason, Dout ze not indeed,
Ze hit the Nail upon the Heid,
   It fall be as ze say.
Suppose ze spur for to aspyre,
   Zour Brydle wants a Bit,
That Meir may leif zou in the Myre,
   As ficker as ze fit.
   Zour Sentance, Repentance,
   Sall learn zou, I believe,
And anger zou langer,
   Quhen ze that practick prieve.

LXVI.

As ze haif dyted zour Decreit,
Zour Prophefie to be complete,
   Perhaps, and to zour Pains,
It has bein said, and may be sae,
A wilfull Man wants nevir Wae,
   Thocht he gets litle Gains.

But
The Cherrie and the Slae.

But sen ze think it easy Thing
To mount aboif the Mune,
Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,
And daunce quhen ze haif done;
If than Sir the Man Sir
Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,
But speir first and heir first
Quhat he himzelf will say.

LXVII.

THEN all togither they began
To say, Cum on, thou martyrit Man,
Quhat is thy Will, advyse?
Abaid a bony quhyle I baid,
And musd or I my Answer maid,
I turnd me anes or twyse,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais Motions mvit me maift,
Sum feimd affurd, sum dred for Dout,
Will ran Reid-wod for Haift,
With wringing and slinging,
For Madnefs lyke to mang;
Dispair to, for Care to,
Wald neids himzelf gae hang.

LXVIII. QUHILK
LXVIII.

Quhilk quhen *Experience* perfavit,
Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,
   As *Will* alledgt of lait,
Quhen that he sware he naithing saw
In Age, but Anger, flak and flaw,
   And cankert of Consait;
Ze could not luck as he aledgt,
That all Opinions speirt,
He was fae frak and fyrie edgt,
   He thocht us four but feirt:
Quha pansis, quhat chanfis,
Quod he, nae Worship wins,
To sum best fall cum best
That hap weil rak weil rins.

LXIX.

Zit, quod *Experience*, behald,
For all the Tales that he has tald,
   How he himself behaifs,
Because *Dispair* could not cum speid,
Lo quhair he hangs all but the Heid,
   And in a Widdy waifs:

Gif
Gif zou be sune anes thou may se,
To Men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
Confidder be themselfs.
Then chuse thee to use thee,
By us, or sic as zone,
Sae sone now, haif done now,
Mak owther aff or on.

LXX.

Persaves thou not quhairfrae proceids
The frantick Fantasie that feids,
Thy furious flaming Fyre,
Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breift combuir,
That nane but we, quod they, can cuir
Or help thy Hearts Difyre:
The persing Passion of thy Spreit
That waists thy vital Breath,
Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,
Difyre draws on thy Death.
Thy Puncis renouncis
All kynd of quiet Reft,
That Fever has ever
Thy Perfon fae oppreft.

LXXI. Coud
LXXI.

Coud thou cum anes acquaint with Skill,
He kens quhat Humors dois the ill,
    And how thy Cair contracks;
He knaws the Ground of all thy Greife,
And Recipies for thy Releife,
    All Medicines he maks:
Cum on, quod Skill, content am I
    To put my helping Hand,
Providing allways he apply
    To Counfell and Command;
    Quhyle we than, quod he, than,
    Ar mindit to remain,
    Gife Place now, in case now
    Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

Assure thysell, gif that we fched,
Thou fall not get thy Purpose sped,
    Tak tent we haif thee tald;
Haif done, and dryve not aff the Day,
The Man that will not quhen he may,
    He fall not quhen he wald.

Quhat
Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wift,
Accept or gife us owre:
Quod I, I think me mair than blift
To find sic famous four
Besyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to do,
Considdering the swiddering
Ze fand me first into.

LXXIII.

Quhen Courage craift a Stamok stout,
And Danger draif me into Dout,
With his Companzion Dreid:
Quhyls Will wald up aboif the Air,
Quhyls I was dround in deip Dispair,
Quhyls Hope held up my Heid:
Sic pithy Refouns and Replys
On ilka Syde they fchew,
That I quha was not verie wyfe
Thocht all thair Tales wer trew,
Sae mony and bony
Auld Problemes they propond
Baith quicklie and liklie,
I marveld mekle ond.

LXXIV.
The Cherrie and the Slae.

LXXIV.

Zit *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Feild,
Thocht *Dreid* and *Danger* neir wald zeild,
But fled to find Refuge;
Swa, fra zou Four met, they wer fain,
Because ze gart us cum again,
They greind to get ze Juge:
Quhair they wer Fugitive befoir,
Zou maid them frank and fre,
To speik and stond in Aw nae moir,
Quod *Reason*, Swa fuld be:
Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now,
But even *per* Force it falls
The Strang ay, with Wrang ay,
Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

**QUHILK** is a Fault ze maun confess,
Strength is not ordaind to oppress
With Rigour, bye the richt;
But on the contrair, to sustein
The waik-anes that owerburdent bein,
Als mekle as they micht.

Sae
The Cherrie and the Slae.

Sae Hope and Courage did, quod I,
   Experimented lyke
Schaw skilld and pithie Refouns quhy
   That Danger lap the Dyke.
   Quod Dreid, Sir, tak heid, Sir,
   Lang speiking Part maun spill,
   Insist not, ze wist not
   We went against our Will.

LXXVI.

WITH Courage ze wer sae content,
Ze nevir focht our small Consent,
   Of us ze stude nae Aw:
Thair Logick Lesfons ze allowt,
Ze wer determined to trowit
   Alledgence past for Law;
For all the Proverbs we perufd,
   Ze thocht them skantly skilld,
Our Reasons had bein als weil rufd,
   Had ze bein als weil willd
Till our Syde as zour Syde,
Sae trewlie I may term it,
   We see now in thee now
Affection dois affirm it.

LXXVII. Ex-
LXXVII.

Experience then smyrkling smyld,
We are na Bairns to be begyld,
   Quod he, and schuke his Heid;
For Authors, quha alledges us,
They wald not gae about the Bufs
   To foster deidlie Feid:
For we ar equall for ze all,
   Nae Person we respect,
We haif bene fae, ar zit, and fall
   Be found fae in Effect.
     Gif we wer as ze wer,
     We had cumd unrequyrd,
     But we now, ze see now,
     Do naithing undesyrd.

LXXVIII.

Thair is a Sentence said be sum,
Let nae uncalld to Counsell cum
   That welcum weins to be;
Zea I haif hard anither zit,
Quha cum uncallt, unservd fuld fit,
   Perhaps, Sir, fae may ze.

Gude-
The Cherrie and the Slae.

Gudeman, Gramercy for zour Geck,
Quod Hope, and lawly louts,
Gif ze wer sent for, we suspect,
Because the Doctour douts:
Zour Zeirs now appeir now
With Wisdom to be vexed,
Rejoycing in glossing,
Till ze haif tint zour Text.

LXXIX.

Quhair ze wer sent for, let us se
Quha wald be welcomer than we,
Pruve that, and we ar payd.
Weill, quod Experience, beware,
Ze ken not in quhat Cafe ze are,
Zour Tung has zou betrayd:
The Man may ablens tyne a Stot
That cannot count his Kinsch,
In zour awin Bow ze ar ower-fchot
Be mair than half ane Inch:
Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
Be four, quhilk feimeth sweit;
I feir now ze heir now
A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX. Sir
LXXX.

Sir, by that Sentence ze haif sayd,
I pledge, or all the Play be playd,
That sum fall lose a Laike;
Sen ze but put me for to pruve,
Sic heids as help for my Behuve,
Zour Warrand is but waik:
Speir at the Man zour self, and fe,
Suppofe ze ftryve for State,
Gif he regarded not how he
Had learnd my Lesson late;
And granted he wanted
Baith Reason, Wit and Skill,
Compleining and meining
Our Absence did him Ill.

LXXXI.

Confront him furder Face to Face,
Gif zit he rews his rackles Race,
Perhaps, and ze fall heir;
For ay since Adam and since Eve,
Quha firft thy Leisings did believe,
I fald thy Doctrine deir:

Quhat
The Cherrie and the Slae.

Quhat has bein done, even to this Day
 I keip in Mynd allmaist,
Ze promise furder than ze pay,
 Sir, hope for all zour Hailst;
 Promitting, unwitting,
 Zour Hechts zou nevir huiked,
 I schaw zou, I knaw zou,
 Zour Byganes I haif buiked.

LXXXII.

I could, in Case a Count wer craivt,
 Schaw Thoufands Thoufands thou defaivt,
 Quhair thou was trew to ane;
 And by the contrair I may vaunt,
 Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thee, grant,
 I trumpit nevir a Man,
 But trewly tald the nakit Truth
 To Men that melld with me,
 For nowther Rigour nor for Rueth,
 But only laith to lie:
 To sum zit, to cum zit,
 Thy Suckour will be flicht,
 Quhilk I then maun try then,
 And regifter it richt.

LXXXIII. Ha,
LXXXIII.

HA, ha! quod Hope, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a Prentife at the Pleuch,
   Experience ye prieve;
Suppose all Byganes as ze spak,
Ze are nae Prophet worth a Plak,
   Nor I bund to believe.
Ze fuld not say, Sir, till ze se,
   But quhen ye se it say;
Zit, quod Experience, at thee
Ma mak mony Mints I may,
   By Signs now, and Things now
Quhilk ay befoir me beirs,
Expressing by guessing
   The Perril that appeirs.

LXXXIV.

THEN Hope replyd, and that with Pith,
And wyfelie weyd his Words thairwith,
   Sententioufle and fhort:
Quod he I am the Anchor Grip
That faifs the Sailours and thair Ship,
   Frae Perril to thair Port.

Quod
Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,
   As we haif fund befoir,
And loses mony thousand Lyves,
   By Shipwrack on the Shore.
   Zour Grips aft, but slips aft
Quhen Men haif maift to do,
   Syne leivs them and reivs them
   Of thy Companzions to.

LXXXV.

Thou leifs them not thy self alane,
   But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,
   Gars Courage quhat them als;
Quod Hope, I wald ze understude,
   I grip faft gif the Grund be gude,
   And fleit quhair it is false;
   Ther fuld nae Fault with me be fund;
   Nor I accused at all,
   Wyte sic as fuld haif plumd the Grund,
Befoir the Anchor fall,
   Their Leid ay at Neid ay,
   Micht warn them if they wald,
Gif they thair wald stay thair,
   Or haif gude Anchor hald.

LXXXVI. Gif
LXXXVI.

Gif ze reid richt it was not I,
But only Ignorance quhairby
Thair Carvells all wer cloven.
I am not for a Trumper tane,
All, quod Experience, is ane,
I haif my Proces proven,
To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane
To cum before we came;
That now Objection ze haif nane,
Zour self may say the same:
Ze ar now owre far now,
Cum forward for to flie;
Perfave then ze haif then,
The warft End of the Trie.

LXXXVII.

Quhen Hope was gawd into the Quick,
Quod Curage, kicking at the Prick,
We let ze weil to wit.
Mak he zou welcomer than we,
Then Byganes, Byganes, fairweil he,
Except he seik us zit:

He
He understands his awn ESTATE,
    Let him his CHIFTAINS chufe;
But zit his Battill will be blate,
    Gif he our FORS refuse;
    Refuse us or chufe us,
Our Counfell is he clim;
    But stay he or stray he,
We haif nae Help for him.

LXXXVIII.

EXCEPT the Cherrie be his Chofe;
Be ze his Freinds we are his Foes,
    His Doings we dispyte;
Gif we persave him settled fae,
To satisifie him with the Slae,
    His Companie we quyte:
Then Dreid and Danger grew full glad,
    And wont that they had won;
They thocht all feild that they had said,
    Sen they had firt begun;
    They thocht then they moucht then,
Without a Party pleid,
    But zit thair, with Wit thair,
They wer dung doun with Speid.

LXXXIX. SIRs,
LXXXIX.

SIRS, Dreid and Danger then, quod *Wit,*
Ze did zour fells to me submit,
  *Experience* can proufe.
That, quod *Experience,* I paft,
Thair awin Confeffions make them faft,
  They may nae mair remoife;
For Gif I richt remember me,
  This Maxime then they made,
To wit, the Man with Wit fould wey
  Quhat Philosophs haif laid,
    *Quhilk Sentance Repentance*
  Forbad him deir to buy,
  They knew then how trew then,
    And pressd not to reply.

XC.

Thocht he dang *Dreid and Danger* doun,
Zit *Courage* could not be owrecum;
  *Hope* hecht him sic a Hyre;
He thocht himfell, how fone he saw
His Enemies were laid fae law,
  It was nae Tyme to tyre:

He
The Cherrie and the Slae.

He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,
In case it sould grow cauld;
For he esteemt his Faes defate,
Quhen anes he fand them fald;
Thoch we now, quod he now,
Haif bein fae frie and frank,
Unfocht zit he mocht zit,
For Kyndness cund us thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it fae as thou haft faid,
That unrequyrd we proffert Aid,
At leift that came of Luve.

Experience ze start owre fone,
Ze naithing dow till all be done,
And then perhaps ze pruve
Mair plain than pleafant to perchance,
Sum tell that have zou tryt,
As faft as ze zour fell advance;
Ze cannot weil denyt:
Abyde then zour Tyde then,
And wait upon the Wind,
Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,
To hald ze ay behind.

XCII. QUHEN
XCII.

QUHEN ze haif done sum duchtie Deids,
Syne ze fuld fe how all succeids,
To wryt them as they wer;
Friend, huly, haft not half sae faft,
Leift, quod Experience, at laft,
Ze buy my Doctrine deir;
_Hope_ puts that Hafte into your Heid,
Quhilk Boyls your barmy Brain;
Howbeit Fulis haft cums huly Speid,
Fair Hechts will mak Fulis fain.
Sic Smyling begyling
Bids feir not any Freits;
Zit I now deny now,
That all is Gold that gleits.

XCIII.

Suppose not Silver all that shynes,
Aftymes a tentless Merchand tymes,
For bying Geir begefs;
For all the Vantage and the winning,
Gude Buyers get at the Beginning,
Quod _Courage_ nocht the lefs.

Quhyls
Quhyls as gude Merchants tynes as wins,
Gif auld Mens Tales be trew,
Suppose the Pack cum to the Pins,
Quha can his Chance eschew.
Then gude Sir, conclude, Sir,
Gude Buyers haif done baith,
Advance then, tak Chance then,
As fundrie gude Ships hath.

XCIV.

Quha wift quhat wald be cheip or deir,
Should neid to traffique but a Zeir,
Gif Things to cum were kend :
Suppose all bygane Things be plain,
Zour Prophesie is but prophane,
Ze had beft behald the End ;
Ze wald accuse me of a Cryme,
Almaift befoir we met,
Torment zou not befoir the Tyme,
Since Dolour pays nae Det,
Quhats bypaft that I paft,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit by Dume zit,
Confefs ze haif nae Feil.

XCV. Zit,
XCV.

ZIT, quod *Experience*, quhat then,
Quha may be meiteft for the *Man*,
Let us his Answer haif;
Quhen they submitted them to *me*,
To *Reason* I was fain to flie,
His Counsell for to craif.
Quod he, since ze zourfells submit,
To do as I decreit;
I fall advyse with *Skill* and *Wit*,
Quhat they think may be meit;
They cryd then, we byde then,
At *Reason* for Refuge;
Allow him and trow him,
As Governour and Juge.

XCVI.

*Then* said they all with aue Consent,
Quhat he concludes we are content
His Bidding to obey;
He hath Authoritie to use,
Then tak his Choice quhom he will chuse,
And langer not delay:
Then Reason raise and was rejoyfsd;
  Quod he, myne Hearts cum hidder,
I hope this Pley may be compofd,
  That we may gang togidder;
To all now I fall now
His proper Place affign,
  That they heir fall say heir,
They think nane uther Thing.

XCVII.

COME on, quod he, Companzion, Skill,
Ze understand baith Gude and Ill,
  In Physick ze are fyne,
Be Mediciner to the Man,
And schaw sic Cunning as ze can,
  To put him out of Pyne;
Firt gaird the Grund of all his Grief,
  Quhat Sicknes ze suspekt,
Syn luke quhat laiks for his Relief,
  Or furder he infeck.
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him zour gude Advyce,
  And pance not, nor skance not,
The Perril nor the Pryce.

XCVIII. THOCH
XCVIII.

Thoch it be cummerfom quhat reck,
Find out the Caufe by the Effeext,
And working of his Veins;
Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,
Se first quhat Fashion may be fund,
To pacifie his Pains;
Do quhat ze dow to haif him haile,
And for that Purpose preife,
Cut aff the Caufe, the Effeext maun fail,
Sae all his Sorrows ceife.
His Fever fall nevir
Frae thencefurth haif a Forfs,
Then urge him to purge him,
He will not wax the warfe.

XCIX.

Quoth Skill, his Sences are fae fick,
I knaw nae Liquor worth a Leik
To quench his deidlie Drouth,
Except the Cherry Help his Heit,
Quhais fappy Slokning sharp and sweit,
Micht melt into his Mouth,
And
And his Melancholie remuve,
To mitigate his Mynd,
Nane hailfomer for his Behuve,
Nor of mair cooling Kynd.
Nae Neetar directar,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor fend him to mend him,
Nane lyke it I believe.

C.

For Drouth decays, as it digests;
Quhy then, quod Reason, naithing rests,
But how it may be had?
Maist trew, quod Skill, that is the Scope,
Zit we maun haif sum Help of Hope.
Quod Danger I am red;
His Hastynes bred us Mishaps;
Quhen he is highlie horft;
I wis we lukit or we lap.
Quod Wit, that wer not warst.
I mein now convein now
The Counsell ane and all,
Begin then, call in then;
Quod Reason, fae I fall.
CI.

THEN *Reason* raise with Gesture grave,
Belyve conveining all the lave,
   To heir quhat they wald say,
With Silver Scepter in his Hand,
As Chiftain chofen to command,
   And they bent to obey.
He pansed lang befoir he spak,
   And in a *studie stude,*
Syne he began and Silenss brak,
   Cum on, quod he, conclude
   Quhat Way now we may now
Zon Cherrie cum to catch,
Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,
Haif done, let us Dispatch.

CII.

QUOTH *Courage,* skurge him firft that skars,
Much Musing Memorie but mars,
   I tell zou myne intent.
Quod *Wit,* quha will not partlie panfe,
In Perils perifes perchanse,
   Owre rackles may repent.

Then,
Then, quod *Experience*, and spak,
Sir, I haif fein them baith,
In Braidienefs and lye aback,
Escape and cum to Skaith:
But quhat now of that now,
Sturt follows all Extreams;
Retain then the Mein then,
The surest Way it seims.

CIII.

*Quhair* sum has furderd, sum has faild;
*Quhair* Part has perisht, Part prevaild,
Alyke all cannot luck;
Then owther venture with the ane,
Or with the uther let alane,
The Cherrie for to pluck.

*Quod* *Houp*, for Feir Folk maun not fash,
*Quod* *Danger* let not licht;
*Quod* *Wit*, be nowther rude nor rash;
*Quod* *Reason* ze haif Richt:
The Rest then thocht beft then,
Quhen Reason said it fae,
That roundlie and foundlie
They fuld togidder gae.
CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all Haft,
As for my Saftie serving maift,
    Tho Dreid and Danger feird,
The Perril of that irksome Way,
Left that thairby I fould decay,
    Quha then fae weak appeird;
Zit Hope and Courage hard befyde,
    Quha with them wont contend,
Did tak in Hand us all to gyde,
    Unto our Journeys End,
Implaidging and waidging
    Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,
Provyding the Gyding
    To them were granted fyne.

CV.

Then Dreid and Danger did appeal,
Alledging it could nei r be well,
    Nor zit wald they agrie;
But said they fould found thair Retreit,
Because they thocht them nae Ways meit
Condu&ters unto me;

Nor
The Cherrie and the Slae.

Nor to no Man in myne Estate,
With Sickness fair opprest;
For they take ay the nearest Gate,
Omitting of the best.
Thair nearest perqueirest,
Is always to them baith,
Quhair they, Sir, may say, Sir,
Quhat reck them of zour Skaith.

CVI.

But as for us twa now we sweir
Be him befoir we maun appeir,
Our full Intent is now
To haif ze hale, and always was,
That Purpose for to bring to pass,
Sae is not thairs I trow:
Then Hope and Courage did attest,
The Gods of baith these Parts,
Gif they wrocht not all for the best
Of me with upright Hearts:
Our Chiftain then liftan
His Scepter did enjoyn
Nae moir thair Uproir there;
And fae there Stryf was done.

CVII. Re-
CVII.

REBUIKING Dreid and Danger fair,
Suppose they meint weil evirmair
  To me, as they had sworn;
Because thair Nibours they abusit,
In swa far as they had accusit
  Them, as ze hard beforne.
Did he not els, quod he, consent
  The Cherrie for to pou?
Quod Danger, We are weil content,
  But zit the Manner how?
We fall now, evin all now,
  Get this Man with us thair,
It rests then, ands beft then
  Zour Counfell to declair.

CVIII.

WEIL said, quod Hope and Courage, now
We thairto will accord with zou,
  And fall abyde by them;
Lyk as befoir we did submit,
Sae we repeit the samyn zit,
  We mynd not to reclaime:

Quhome
Quhome they fall chuse to gyde the Way,
We fall them follow straigh,
And furder this Man, quhat we may,
Because we haif fae hecht;
Promitting, bot flitting,
To do the Thing we can,
To pleise baith, and eife baith
This filly fickly Man.

CIX.

QUHEN Reason heard this, then, quod he,
I fe zour cheifest Stay to be,
That we haif namd nae Gyde:
The worthy Counsell hath therfoir,
Thocht gude that Witt fuld gae befoir,
For Perrills to provyde.
Quod Witt, Ther is but ane of thre,
Quhilk I fall to ze schaw,
Quhairof the first twa cannot be,
For ony thing I knaw:
The Way heir fae fley heir,
Is that we cannot clim,
Evin owre now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

CX. THE
CX.

The next, gif we gae doun about,
Quhyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,
The Streim is thair fae flark,
And also paffeth waiding deip,
And braider far than we dow leip,
It fuld be ydle Wark:
It grows ay braider to the Sea,
Sen owre the Lin it came,
The rinning Deid dois signifye
The Deipness of the same:
I leive now to deive now,
How that it swiftly flyds,
As fleiping and creiping,
But Nature fae provyds.

CXI.

Our Way then lyes about the Lin,
Quhairby I warrand we fall win,
It is fae ftraight and plain,
The Watter allso is fae schald,
We fall it pas, evin as we wald,
With Plesour, and bot Pain:

For
For as we see a Mischief grow
Aft of a feckles Thing,
Sae lykways dois this River flow
Forth of a prettie Spring;
Quhois Throt, Sir, I wot, Sir,
Ze may flap with zour Neive,
As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir,'
*Experience* can preive.

CXII.

THAT, quod *Experience*, I can,
And all ze said sen ze began,
I ken to be a Truth.
Quod *Skill*, The famyn I apruve;
Quod *Reason*, Then let us remuve,
And fleip nae mair in Sleuth:
*Witt* and *Experience*, quod he,
Sall gae befoir a Pace,
The *Man* fall cum with *Skill* and *me*
Into the second Place;
Attowre now zou Four now
Sall cum into a Band,
Proceiding and leiding
Ilk uther be the Hand.

CXIII. As
CXIII.

As Reason ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre rasch, nane was affrayd,
   Our Counsell was fae wyfe,
As of our Journey, Witt did note,
We fand it trew in ilka Jot,*
   God blifs the Enterpryfe:
For evin as we came to the Tree,
   Quhilk as ze heard me tell,
Could not be clum thair suddenlie,
   The Fruit, for Rypenes, fell;
   Quhilk haifting and taifting,
   I fand my felf relievd
Of Cair all and Sair all
   That Mynd and Body grievd.

CXIV.
PRAISE be to GOD my LORD thairfoir,
Quha did myne Helth to me restoir,
   Being fae lang Tyme pynd;
And blessed be His haly Name,
Quha did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,
   Me quha was fae unkynd.

All
The Cherrie and the Slae.

All Nations also magnifie
This evirliving Lord,
Lat me with zou, and zou with me,
To laud Him ay accord;
Quhois Luve ay we pruve ay
To us abune all Things,
And kifis Him and blifs Him,
Quhois Glore eternall rings.

FINIS.
THE

Justling and Debate up at the Doun,
Betwixt William Adamson and John Sym.

I.

The Grit Debate and Turnament,
Of Truth nae Tongue can tell,
Was for a lusty Lady gent,
Betwixt twa Frieks fae fell;
For Mars the God armipotent
Was not fae ferfs himself,
Nor Hercules, that Aiks uprent,
And dang the Deil of Hell
With Horns that Day.

II. Doubt-
II.

Doubtles was not sic duchtly Deids
Amangñ the dowsy Peirs,
Nor zit nae Clerk in Story reids
Of fae triumphand Weirs;
To se hou stoutly on thair Steids
The stalwart Knychtis steirs,
Quhyle Bellies bair with brodding bleids
With Spurs as scherp as Breirs,
And kene that Day.

III.

Up at the Doun the Day was set,
And fixed was the Feild,
Quher baith thir noble Chiftains met
Enarmit under Schield;
They wer fae hafty and fae het,
That none of them wad zield,
But to debait, or be doun bait,
And in the Quarrell kield,
Or flane that Day.

IV. There
IV.

There was ane better and ane worfs,
   I wald that it were wittin,
For William wichtar was of Corfs
   Than Sym, and better knittin.
Sym said, He set nocht by his Forfs,
   But hecht he fuld be hittin,
And he might counter Will on Horfs,
   For Sym was better fittin
Nor Will that Day.

V.

To see the Stryfe came Zonkers ftout,
   And mony a galziart Man,
All Dainties deir was thair bot Dout,
   The Wyne on broch it ran:
Trumpetts and Schalims, with a Schout,
   Playd or the Rink began,
And equal Juges fat about
   To see quha tint or wan
The Field that Day.

VI. WITH
VI.

With twa blunt Truncher-Speirs squair,
   It was their Interprisè,
To fecht with baith their Faces bair,
   For Luve, as is the Gyfe;
A Friend of theirs, throu hap cam thair,
   And heard the Roumor ryse,
He ftall away their Stings baith clair,
   And hid in secret Wayes,
   For Skaith that Day.

VII.

Strang Men of Armes and meikle Micht,
   Wer set them for to furdir;
The Harald cryd, God schaw the richt,
   Syn bad them go togidder.
Quhair is my Speir? says Sym the Knicht,
   Sum Man go bring it hidder;
But wald they tarry thair all Nicht,
   Thair Launces cam too lidder
   And flaw that Day.

VIII. Sym
VIII.

SYM flew as fery as a Fown,
Down frae the Horse he said,
Says, He fall rew my Staff has ftown,
For I fall be his Deid.
William his Vow plicht to the Powin,
For Favour or for Feid,
Als gude the Trie had nevir grown,
Quherof my Speir was maid
To juft this Day.

IX.

Thir Vows now maid to Sun and Mune,
They raikit baith to rest,
Them to refrech with their Disjune,
And aff their Armour kieft;
Not knawing of the Deid was done,
Quhen they fuld haif fawn beft,
The Fyre was pischt out lang or Nune,
Their Denner fuld haif dreft,
And dicht up at the Down that Day.

X. Then
X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
    Far mair than of beforne,
They wift not hou to get him pynd,
    That them had driven to Scorn:
 Ther was nae Death micht be devynd,
    But braid Aiths haif they sworn,
He fuld deir buy be they had dynd,
    And ban that he was born,
      Up at the Down that Day.

XI.

THEN to Dalkieth they maid them boun,
    Reid-wod of this Reproach,
There was baith Wyne and Venison,
    And Barrells ran on brotch.
They band up Kyndnes in that Toun,
    Nane frae his Feir to fotch,
For there was nowther Lad nor Loun
Micht eat a Bakin-lotch
    For Fownefs, up at Dalkieth that Day.
XII.

SYNE after Denner raise the Din,
And all the Toun on Steir,
William was wyse, and held him in,
For he was in a Feir.
Sym to haif Bargain could not blin,
But bukkit Will on Weir,
Says, Gif thou wald this Lady win,
Cum furth and break a Speir
   With me, up at Dalkieth this Day.

XIII.

Thus still for Bargin Sym abydes,
And schoutit Will to Schame,
Will saw his Faes on baith the Sydes,
Full fair he dred for Blame:
Will schortly to his Horfe he flydes,
And says to Sym be Name,
Better we baith were buyand Hydes
   And Wedder Skins at hame,
Nor here, up at Dalkieth this Day.

XIV. Now
XIV.

Now is the Grume that was sae grim
Richt glad to live in Lie,
Fy, Thief, for Schame, cryes litle Sym,
Wilt thou not fecht with me!
Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,
Nor I am be sic thrie:
And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,
Sae cowardly tuke the Flie
For Feir, up at Dalkieth that Day.

XV.

THEN every Man gave Will a Mock,
And said, He was owre miek.
Says Sym, Send for thy Brither Jock,
I fall not be to sike;
For were ze foursum in a Flock,
I compt ze not a Leik,
Tho 1 had naithing but a Rok
To gar zour Rumples reik
Behind, up at Dalkieth this Day.

XVI. THERE
XVI.

There was richt nocht but haif and gae,
With Lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they saw Sym sic Courage tae,
And Will mak it sae teuch:
Sym lap on Horse-back lyk a Rae,
And ran him till a Heuch,
Says, William, cum ryde down this Brae,
Thocht ze fuld brek a Beugh,
For Lufe, up at Dalkieth this Day.

XVII.

Syne down the Brae Sym braid lyke Thunder,
And bad Will follow faft;
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did funder,
Be he Mid-hill had past.
William saw Sym in sic a Blunder,
To gae he was agaft;
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder
His Courfour fuld him caft,
And hurt him up at Dalkieth that Day.

XVIII. Then
XVIII.

Then all the Zonkers bad him zield,
Or doun the Glen to gang;
Sum cryd the Couard fuld be kield,
Sum doun the Cleuch they thrang;
Sum ruschd, sum rumbled, and sum rield,
Sum be the Bewis hie hang:
Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,
They were fae fou and pang,
With Eise, up at Dalkieth that Day.

XIX.

Then jelly John came in a Jak,
To Field quhair he was feid it,
Abune his Brand a Buckler black,
Bail fell the Bairn that baid it;
He flipit swiftly to the Slak,
And rudly doun he raid it,
Before his Curpall was a Crak,
Could nae Man tell quha maid it,
For Lauchter, up at Dalkieth that Day.

XX. Be
XX.

Be than the Bougil gan to blaw,
For Nicht had them owretane:
Alace, said Sym, for faut of Law,
That Bargin get I nane.
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw
They passed every ane,
Syne partit at the Potter-Raw,
And findry Gaits are gane,
To rest them within the Toun that Nicht.

XXI.

This Will was he beguild the May,
And did hir Marriage spill;
He promisit hir to let him play,
Hir Purpose to fulfill;
Frae scho fell fow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
Quherfore he tint the Feild that Day,
And tuke him to a Mill,
To hyde him as a Coward false of Fay.

Finis, quod Scot.
On MAY.

I.
May is a Month maift amene
For them in Venus Service bene,
To recreate their heavy Hearts:
May caufes Courage frae the Splene,
And evry Thing in May reverts.

II.
In May the pleasant Spray upsprings,
In May the mirthful Maveis sings,
And now in May to Maidens falls,
With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,
And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.
In May gois Gallants bring in Symmer,
And trymmly occupy their Tymer,
With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:
In May gois Gentlewomen gymmer,
In Gardens grene their Grumes to glade.

IV. In
On MAY.

IV.
In May quhen Men zied everichone,
With Robene Hoid and Littil-John,
To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbys;
Now all sic Game is faftlings gone,
But gif it be amangs clovin Robbys.

V.
ABBOTTS by Rule, and Lords bot Reafon,
Sic Senzeors Tymes owerweil this Seafon,
Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falsit Feiblenefs and Trefon,
Has rung thryfs owre this Zodiack.

VI.
In May begins the Gowk to gail;
In May Deir draw to Doun and Dale,
In May Men mells with Famynie,
And Ladys meit their Luvairs leil,
Quhen Phebus is in gemini.

VII.
Butter, new Cheife, and Beir in May,
Connans, Cockles, Cruds and Whey,
Lapfters, Lempets, Muffels in Shells,
Greinleiks, and all sic Men may fey,
Suppofe fum of them fourly smells.

VIII. In
VIII.
In *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,
Sum halks the Walters, sum with Hounds,
The Hares out throw the Forest catches,
Syne after them thair Ladeis Sounds,
To scent the Rynning of the Ratches.

IX.
In *May* frank Archers will affix
Ane Place to meit, syne Marrows mix,
To schute at Butts, at Banks and Braes,
At Revers sum, sum at the Prikks,
Sum laich and to beneth the Clais.

X.
In *May* Men of Amours fuld gae
To serve their Ladies and nae mae;
Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes;
For sum may cum in Favour fae,
To kiss their Luve on *Buchan Ways*.

XI.
In *May* gois Damofells and Dams
In Gardens grein to play lyke Lamms;
Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers;
Sum rin at Barlabreiks like Rams,
Sum round about the standing Pillars.

XII. In
XII.
In May gois Maidens till La Reit,
And hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,
To horse them quhair the Gate is ruch:
Sum at Inchbuckling-brae they meit,
Sum in the Mids of Musselbrugh.

XIII.
So May and all thir Moneths three,
Are het and dry in thair Degrie;
Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,
For Health of Body now haif ze,
Not aft to mell with thankles Mouth.

XIV.
Sen evry Pa Byrne is at Pleasure,
I council you to sport with Measure,
And namely now May, June and July,
Delyt not lang in Luvers Leasure,
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.

JOHNLNIE
JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Sum speiks of Lords, sum speiks of Lairds,
And siclyke Men of hie Degrie,
Of a Gentleman I sing a Sang,
Sumtyme call'd Laird of Gilnockie.
The King he wrytes a luing Letter
With his ain Hand fae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speidily.

This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous John Armstrang of Gilnockhall in Liddisdale, a Head of a numerous Clan and Faction, who used to pass over in Troops to England, making continual Incursions, and taking much Plunder in the bordering Parts. See an Account of his being taken and executed, with many of his Followers (in his own Country, not contending with his Prince at Edinburgh, as the vulgar Ballad falsly narrates) in Buchanan's History of James the Vth, about the Year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's Mouth of the Name of Armstrang, who is the 6th Generation from this John. He tells me this was ever esteem'd the genuine Ballad, the common one, fals.
THE Eliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant Company,
Weill ryde and meit our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
MAKE Kinnen and Capon ready then,
And Venison in great Plenty,
Weill welcome Hame our Royal King,
I hope heill dyne at Gilnockie.

THEY ran their Horse on the Langum Hown,
And brake their Speirs with mekle main;
The Ladys lukit frae their loft Windows,
GOD bring our Men weil back again.
QUHEN Johnny came before the King,
With all his Men fae brave to see,
The King he movit his Bonnet to him,
He weird he was a King as well as He.

MAY I find Grace, my Sovereign Liege,
Grace for my loyal Men and me;
For my Name it is Johnny Armstrang,
And Subject of zours, my Liege, said he.
Away, away, thou Traytor Strang,
Out of my Sicht thou mayst sune be,
I grantit nevir a Traytors Lyfe,
And now I’ll not begin with thee.

GRANT me my Lyfe my Liege, my King,
And a bony Gift I will give to thee,
Full Four and twenty Milk whyt Steids,
Were a foald in a Zeir to me.
I’ll gie thee all these Milk whyt Steids,
That prance and nicher at a Speir,
With as mekle gude Inglis Gilt,
As four of their braid Backs dow beir.

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a bony Gift I’ll gie to thee,
Gude Four and twenty ganging Mills,
That gang throw a the Zeir to me.
These Four and twenty Mills complete,
Sall gang for thee throw all the Zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid Quheit,
As all thair Happers dow to bear.

Away,
Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a great Gift I’ll gie to thee,
Bauld Four and twenty Sifters Sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all sould flee.

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a brave Gift I’ll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and Newcastle Town,
Sall pay thair zeirly Rent to thee.

Away, away, thou Traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, King, he says,
Althocht a King and Prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my Lyfe,
I dare well sayit but Honesty:
But a fat Horse and a fair Woman,
Twa bony Dogs to kill a Deir;
But Ingland fuld haif found me Meil and Malt,
Gif I had livd this hundred Zeir.

SCHO
Scho fuld haif found me Meil and Malt,
And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;
But neir a Scots Wyse could haif said,
That eir I skaithd her a pure Flie.
To seik het Water beneath cauld Yce,
Surely it is a great Folie;
I haif asked Grace at a graceles Face,
But there is nane for my Men and me.

But had I kend or I came frae Hame,
How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
I wad haif kept the Border-fyde,
In spyte of all thy Force and thee.
Wift Englands King that I was tane,
O gin a blyth Man wald he be;
For anes I flew his Sifters Son,
And on his Breist-bane brak a Tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,
Imbroiderd owre with burning Gold,
Bespangled with the same Mettle,
Maist beautifull was to behold.
Ther hang nine Targats at Johnys Hat,
   And ilk an worth Three hundred Pound,
What wants that Knave that a King fuld haif,
   But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.

O quhair gat thou these Targats, Johnie,
   That blink sae brawly abune thy Brie?
I gat them in the Field fechting,
   Quher, cruel King, thou durft not be.
Had I my Horfe and my Harnefs gude,
   And Ryding as I wont to be,
It fould haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,
   The Meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, Kirfty, my Brither,
   Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun;
Lang mayft thou dwell on the Border-fyde,
   Or thou fe thy Brither ryde up and doun.
And God be withee, Kirfty, my Son,
   Quhair thou fits on thy Nurses Knee;
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir,
   Thy Fathers better thoult never be.
FARWEIL, my bonny Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Esk fyde thou standest stout,
Gif I had lived but seven Zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.

John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant Companie;
But Scotland's Heart was never fae wae,
To see fae mony brave Men die.

Because they saud their Country deir
Frae Englishmen; nane were sae bauld,
Quhyle Johnie livd on the Border-fyde,
Nane of them durft cum neir his Hald.
Of heidstrang Zouth ill to command,  
Advyfd to keip a Hank in Hand.

O Gallants all, I cry and call,  
Keip Strenth, quhyle that ze haif it,  
Repent ze fall, quhan ze are thrall,  
Frac Tyme the Dub be lavit.
With wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,  
With Courage hie on loft;
Suppose great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,  
Beware drink not owre aft.

Tak but at Lifi, suppose ze thrift,  
Zour Mouth at Leasure cule,  
Zour Mynd solift weil to refift,  
Langer lefts Zeir than Zule.

Tho
Tho ze ryd fast, cast not owre aft
Zour Speir into the Reift,
With Stuff uncoft, set upon loft,
  Enough is even a Fiist.

In Cupids Grace suppose ze trace,
  Thinkand zour fell abune,
Ze may percase cast Daweis Ace,
  And fae be lotchit fune.
Frae Tyme ze flank into the Bank,
  And Drypoynyt cumis in Play;
Ze tyne the Thank, Man, hald a Hank,
  Or all be past away.

Frae thou rin tume, as I presume,
  Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,
Thee to consume with Fyre allume,
  That Bourd may be forborn.
Far in that Play, I suthly say,
  Gude Will is not allowit;
Gif thou nocht may, gae Way, gae Way,
  Then art thou all forhowit.
Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.

Considderance has no Luvance,
Frae thou be bair thairben,
At that Semblance, is no Plesance,
Quhen pithles grows thy Pen.
Quhen thou has done thy Det abune,
Forfochten in the Feild,
Scho will fay, fune get thee an Spune.
Adieu, baith Speir and Sheild.

Frae thou inlaiks to lay on Straiks,
Frae Hyne, my Son, adieu;
Than thy Roum vaiks, an uthers takes
That Solace to perfue.
Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,
Gude is in Tyme to ceife;
To tar and tig, fyn Grace to thig,
That is a pityous Preis.

Therefore bewar, hald the on far,
Sic Chafwair for to prys,
To tig and tar, then get the War,
It is ill Merchandyfe.

Mak
Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.

Mak thou nae Vant, owre aft to hant
   In Places dern thair doun,
Frae Tyme thou want, that Stuff is scant
   To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,
   For shuiting at the Schells,
Out of zour Shins the Substance rins,
   They get no Genzell Ells.
In Tyme let be, I counfell thee,
   Ufe not that offerand Stok;
Quhen thee they see, they bleir thyne Ee,
   And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou suppose haif at thy Chois,
   I red thee for the Nains;
Keip Stuff in Pose, tyne not thy hois,
   Wair not all in that wains.
Frae Tyme scho see under thyne Ee,
   The Brawn away it munts:
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,
   Thou maun let be sic Hunts.

FRAE
Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.

FRAE thou luke chest, _adieu_ that Faift,
   To hunt into that Schaw,
Quhen on that Beift at thy requeist,
   Thy Kennets will not kaw.
Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou sowlp,
   And Wirdis to be fweir,
And makes a Stop, when they sould hop,
   _Adieu_ the Thrissil deir.

THERFORE albeit thy Hounds haif speid
   To rin owre aft let be,
In thy maist Neid sometyme bot Dreid,
   They will rebuted be;
Owre aft to hound in uncouth Ground,
   Thou may tak up unbatit:
Therfore had bound thocht scho be found,
   Or dreid thy Dogs be slaitit.

SCHO is not ill that fitteth still,
   Persewed in the Sait,
That Beift scho will give thee thy fill,
   Till thou be even Chakmait.

Sup-
Suppose thou range owre all the Grange,  
And seik baith Syke and Sewch;  
Still will sacho menge, and make it strenge,  
And give thee even eneuch.

THERWITH advyse, suppose sacho ryse,  
Laich underneth thy Fute;  
But be thou wyfe, sacho will surpryse  
Thy Hounds and them rebute.  
In Tyme abyde, the Feilds are wyde,  
I counsell thee, gude Bruther;  
Ill is the Gyde that fails bot Tyde,  
Syne racklefs is the Ruther.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze persue  
To hunt at evry Beift,  
Ze will it rew, ther is anew,  
Thairto haif ze no Hafte.  
With an O and an I, ze Hunters all and Sum,  
Quhen best is Play, pafs hame away,  
Or Dreid, War after cum.  

Quod BALNEVIS.

The
The blate Luvair that fain wad, but fears to speik.

I.

My Heart is loft only for Luve of one,
   For Laik of Speich, and all for Shamefulness,
I dare not speik my Purpose to propone,
   Nor wat not how my Purpose I fall dress;
Speik I till hir and scho be merciless,
And denzie not again to speik to me,
   Then haif I tint my Speiking mair and lefs,
And unspeik Speich had better unsoken be.

II.

I dar not speik for Dreid that scho dis pyt
   My rural Terms, and say I do but raif,
And speik I not unto my Lady quhyte,
   Withouten Speich hir Luve I cannot haif:
But gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I spare to speik for laik of Eloquence;
   O couth scho without Speich my Synis perfaif,
I wald nocht speik to hir Magnificens.

III. Fain
III.

Fain wald I speik, gif Speiking micht avail,
    Gif s'cho for Speich wald speik to me again:
I spared to speik for spilling of my Tale,
    Then I my speiking spendit haif in vain:
To speik and speid not is an lef'tand Pain.
How fall I speik? I dare not speik for Dreid;
    Be it gude or ill, s'cho speiks to me again,
Zit fall I speik, unspoken can nocht speid.

IV.

Quhat fall I speik, sen I maun speik on forfs
    To hir that is of Speich maist eloquent?
Then I fall speik, how that my cairful Cors
    Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and Hour Tor-
ment
    Cause I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,
For want of Speich and ornat Termis plain,
    Beseikng hir with speiking reverent,
That s'cho wald speik to comfort me again.

Quod Stewart.
LUVE a Leveler.

I.
LUVE pryfs, bot Comparison,
The Gentill and the Sempill all,
And of Free-will gives Warefon,
As Fortune chances to befall;
For Luve maks nobill Ladyis thrall
To bafer Men of Birth and Blude,
Sae Luve gars sobir Women small
Find Favour with grit Men of Gude.

II.
FIRM Luve for Favour, Feir or Feid,
Of rich nor pure to speik fuld spair;
For Luve to Hienes hes nae Heid,
Nor lichtlys Lawlines ane Hair,
But puts all Perfons in compair;
This Proverb plainly for to pruve,
That Men and Women, lefs and mair;
Ar cumd of Adam and of Eve.

III. Sae
III.

SAE thocht my Liking wer a Lady,
    And I nae Lord, zit nocht the lefs,
Scho fuld my Service fynd als redy,
    As Duke to Dutches docht him drefs;
For as hie Princely Luve express,
Is to haif Soverenitie,
    Sae Service cums of Simpilnes,
And lieleft Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvaris Lair no Leid fuld lak,
    A Lord to luve a sempill La$s,
A Lady als for Luve to tak
    Ane proper Page hir Tyme to pas$;
For quhy, as bricht bene birnifs Bra$s,
As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
    And als gude drinking out of Glas$,
As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

Quod Scot.
The Floure of Womanheid.

I.

THou Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid,
    And Patroness of hevinly Patiens,
Lady of Lawty baith in Word and Deid,
    Sobir, serene, full of meik Eloquens,
Baith gude and fair: To zour Magnificens
I recommend, as I haif done befoir,
My sempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

For evirmoir I fall zou Service mak,
    Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,
Sen first I knew zour Ladyschip, bot Lak,
    All Bewtie, Zouth and Womanheid ze had,
Withouten Rest my Heart couth not evade.
Thus am I zours, and ay sennyne haif bene
Commandit therto by zour twa fair Ene.

III. Zour
III.

Zour twa fair Ene maks me aft fyis to sing,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me to fich also,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,
Zour twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,
Zour twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,
But links him faft that gets a Sicht of them,
Of every Vertew bricht ze beir the Name.

IV.

Ze beir the Name of Gentilnes of Blude,
Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,
Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,
Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,
Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,
Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,
The Well of Vertew and Floure of Womanheid.

Donald
Donald Owyrs *Epitaph*.

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I.

IN Vyce maift vicious he excells,
That with the Vyce of Treafoun mells,
Thocht he Remission
Haif for Prodiffion,
Schame and Suspiffion
Ay with him dwells.

II.

He evir odious as ane Howle,
The Falt fae filthy is and foul,
Horrible to Nature
Is ane Traytour,
As Feynd in *Frater*
Undir a Coul.

III. QUHA
III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,
Upon himfell turns the Mischeif;
His fraudfull Wylis
Himfell begylis,
As in the Ylis
Is now a Preif.

IV.

THE fell strong Traytour Donald Owyr,
Mair Falset had nor udir four,
Round Ylis and Seis
In his Suplies,
On Gallow Treis,
Zit dois he glowir.

V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defens
Be Pra&ick, Powir nor Puffiens,
Thocht it frae Licht
Be smoird frae Sicht,
GOD schawis the Richt
With soir Vengens.

VI. Of
VI.
Or the fals Fox diffimulator
Kynde, is ilka Theif and Traytour,
    After Respyte
    To mak Defpyte,
    Mair Appytyte
    He has of Nature.

VII.
Wer the Tod tane a thousand Faud,
And Grace him given as aft for Fraud;
    Wer he on Plane,
    All wer in vain,
    Frae Henns again
    Micht nane him had.

VIII.
The Murtherer ay Murther mais,
And ay till he be flane he flays;
    Wyvis thus mak Mokks
    Spynand on Roks.
    Ay rynns the Fox
    Quhyle he Fute hes.

Quod Dunbar.
**COMPARISON.**

The Bramble growls, althocht it be obscure,
Quhylis Mountane Cederis tholes the boufteous Winds,
And myld Plebyan Spirits may leif secure,
Quhylis michty Tempeftis tofs Imperial Mynds.

The Solsequium, or the Lover comparing himself to Sun-Flowir.

I.

Lyk as the dum Solsequium with Cair owrecum Dois sorrow, quhen the Sun gois out of Sicht, Hings doun his Heid, and droupis as deid, and will not spreid,
But lukis his Levis throw Langour all the Nicht, Till fuliſch Phaeton aryſe with Quhip in Hand To purge the Chriftal Skyis, and licht the Land.
Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,
And to thair King ane glade Gudemorrow gives, Frae than that Flowir lifts not to lour,
But lauchs on Phebus lowſing out his Leivs.

II. Swa
II.

Swa stands with me, except I be quhair I may se
My Lamp of Licht, my Lady and my Luve,
Frae scho depairts, a thousand Dairts in findry Airts
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Reft or Ruve,
My Countenance declairs my inward Greif,
And Howp almaiift dispairs to find Releif.
I die, I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,
I loth on every Thing I luke, allace!
Till Titian myne upon me schyne,
That I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

III.

Frae scho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir
The Dawing of my lang defyrit Day,
Then Courage cryis on Howp to ryse, quhen he espyis
The noyfum Nicht of Absens went away;
No Noyis, frae I awalke, can me impefche,
But on my staitly Stalk I flurische fresche,
I spring, I sprout, my Leivs ly out,
My Colour changis in ane hairtfum Hew;
Na mair I lout, but stond up stout,
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV. O
O happy Day! go not away, Apollo stay
Thy Chair frae going doun unto the West,
Of me thou mak thy Zodiak, that I may tak
My Plefour to behald quhome I luve beft:
Thy Presens me restoris to Lyfe from Deth,
Thy Absens lykways fchoris to cut my Breth;
I wis in vain thee to remain,
Sen primum mobile says me always nay,
At leift thy Wane bring suene again,
Farewell with Patiens per Fors till Day.

Quod Montgomery.
The First Psalm.

I.

Well is the Man,
Zeal blisit than,
Be Grace that can
Eschew ill Counsale and the godles Gaits,
Quha walks not in
The Way of Sin,
Nor dois begin
To sit with Mokkaris in thair schamefull Saits,
But in Jehovah's Law
Delyts aricht,
And studys it to knaw
Baith Day and Nicht.
That Man fall be lyke to ane Tre
That plantit by the ryning River grows,
Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,
Quhais Leivis fall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowse.
II.

His Actions all
Ay prosper fall:
So fall not fall
To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand,
Quhilk Day by Day
Winds dryve away:
Thairfore I say
The wicket in thair Jugment fall not ftand,
Nor Sinners cum nae mair,
Quhome God disdains,
In the Assembly quhair
The Juff remains.
For quhy? The Lord quha heirs Record,
He knaws the righteous Conversation ay,
But godles Gaits, quhilk he so haits,
Sall quickly perreifs, and bot Dout decay.
The Twenty third Pschalme.

I.

The Lord maist hie,
   I knaw will be,
An Hird to me,
I cannot lang haif Strefis, nor stand in Neid;
   He makis my Lair,
In Feilds maist fair,
   Quhair I bot cair,
Reposing at my Pleasure safety feid.
   He sweitly me convoyis
   To pleifand Springs,
   Quhair naething me anoyis,
   But Pleasure brings:
   He brings my Mynd, fit to sic Kynd,
That Fors or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve:
   He dois me leid in persyt Freid,
   And for his Name he will me nevir leive.

II. Thocht
II.

Thocht I wald stray,
Ilk Day by Day,
In deidly Way,
Zit will I not despair, I feir none ill;
For quhy thy Grace,
In every Place,
Dois me imbrace,
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me still.
In dispyt of my Foes,
My Tabill grows,
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy,
My Cup owreflows.
Kyndness and Grace, Mercy and Peace,
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,
And me convoy to endless Joy
In Hevin, quhair I fall be with thee always.

These two Psalms quod Montgomery.
A Description of Pedder Coffes
their having no Regard to Honesty in their Vocation.

I.
IT is my Purpoſe to discryve
This holy perſyte Genologie
Of Pedder Knaves superlatyve,
Pretendand to Authoritie,
That wate of nocht but Beggartie:
Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Louns,
That wald diſtroy Nobilitie,
And baneiſ it all Borrows Towns.

II.
They are declarit in feven Parts,
Ane ftroppit Coffe, quhen he begins,
Ay fornand all and fındry Arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and fells their Eggs,
Regretandly on them he winns,
And fecondly his Meit he beggs.

III. Ane
III.

ANE Swyngeor Coffe amangst the Wyves,
In Landwart dwells with subtile Meins,
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,
And fains them syne with Deid Mens Bains;
Like Rome-rakers with awfterne Grains,
Speikand Cur-lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand purily with pityous Manes,
Lyke fenzeit Symmie and his Brother.

IV.

THIR currifh Coffes that fails owre fune,
And Thretiefum about a Pack,
With bair blew Bonnets and hobeld Shune,
And Beir Bannocks with them they tak,
The schamlesfs Shrews, GOD gie them lak,
At Nune quhen Merchants make guid Cheir,
Steil doun and ly behind a Sack,
Drinkand but Dreggs and barmy Beir.

V.

KNAVATICK Coffe, miskens himself,
Quhen he gets on a furrit Goun;
But Lucifer the Laird of Hell,
Is not lefs haly than that Loun;

As
As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calf clovin futtered fleid Cuffroun,
Will wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

VI.

ANE Dylvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,
Diftroys the Honnour of our Nation,
Taks Guids a frift frae fremit Men,
And breaks with them his Obligation,
Quhilks dois our Merchants Defamation,
They are reprievt for that Regratour;
Therfore we give our Declaration
To hang and draw that common Traytour.

VII.

A curloreas Coffe, that Hege-Scraper,
He fits at hame quhen that they bake;
That Pedder Brybour that Sheip-keipar,
He tells them ilk ane Cake by Cake,
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Faik
Betwixt his Doublet and his Jacket,
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,
Ill than he mort into a Rakket.
VIII.
A Codroch Coffe, he is owre rich,
   And hes nae Hap his Gude to spend,
But lives lyke ony wareit Wretch,
   And trefts never till take an End,
With Falsheid ever does him defend,
Proceiding still in Avarice,
   And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,
But walks a wilsome Way I wifs.

IX.
I zou exhort all that this heir,
   And reids this Bill, ze wald it schaw
Unto the Provost, and him require,
   That he would give thir Coffes the Law,
And banish them the Burges Raw;
And to the Shoe-streit gar themften,
   Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

Quod Lindsay.

The
The fyne Advyce Jock gied bis Ded,
Zeil ken quben ze thir Lynes haif red.

JOCK, quod his Ded, quhat will me eisy make?
With standing my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil
My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;
Lying irks my Back, and gif I fit I feil
My Hipps ar hurt; and lein I neir fae weil,
My Elbuck smarts.—Quod Jock, Pain to exyle,
Since all these eise not, best ein hing a quhyle.

A N S W E R.

I Thank ze, Jock, for zour Advyce,
My kyndly Cock, I thank ze, Jock,
Weil have ze spoke and councild nyce;
I thank ze, Jock, for zour Advyce.
The Ballat of the Reid-Squair, fought on the 7th July 1576.

I.

On July seventh, the Suthe to say,
   At the Reid-Squair the Tryft was set,
Our Wardens they affixt the Day,
   And as they promifi, fæ they met:
Allace! that Day I'll neir forzet,
Was sure fæ feird, and then fæ fain,
   They came ther Justice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

II.

CARMICHAELL was our Warden then,
   He caufit the Countrey to convene,
And the Laird Watt, that worthy Man,
   Brocht in his Surname weil be fene:
The Armstrangs to that ay haif bene
A hardy Houfe, but not a hail;
The Eliots Honours to mentain,
   Brought in the laif of Liddisdail.

III. Then
III.

Then Twidail came to with Speid,
The Scherif brocht the Douglas doun,
With Cranflane, Gladflane, gude at Neid,
Baith Rewls-Watter and Hawick-Toun.
Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the Trumbulls strang and stout;
The Rutherfuirds, with grit Renoun,
Convoyit the Toun of Jedbruch out.

IV.

With uther Clanns I can nocht tell,
Because our Wairning was nocht wyde,
Be this our Folk hes tane the Fell,
And plantit Pallions thair to byde:
We lukit doun the uther Syde,
And saw cum breistinge owre the Brae,
And Sr George Foster was thair Gyde,
With Fyftene hundrid Men and mae.

V.

It greivt him fair that Day I trow,
With Sr John Hinrome of Schipfydehouse,
Because we wer not Men enow,
He counted us not worth a Soufe;
The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.

Sr George was gentill, meik and doufe,
But he was hail, and het as Fyre;
But zit, for all his Cracking crouse,
He rewd the Raid of the Reid-squyre.

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
Or els nae Answer mak again,
But play the Beift, and let him be.
It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,
Had Tyndall, Redfdaile at his Hand,
With Cuckfdaile, Gladfdaile on the Lie,
Auld Hebsfrie and Northumberland.

VII.

Zit was our Meiting meik enough,
Begun with Mirrines and Mows,
And at the Brae abune the Heugh
The Clerk sat doun to call the Rows,
And sum for Ky and sum for Ewis,
Callit in of Dandrie, Hob and Jock,
I saw cum merching owre the Knows,
Fyve hundred Fennicks in a Flock.

VIII. WITH
VIII.

With Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;
Howbeit we wer not weil content,
Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:
Sum zeid to drink, and sum ftude ftill,
And sum to Cairds and Dyce them sped,
Quhyle on ane Farstein they fyld a Bill,
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

CARMICHAELL bad them speik out plainly,
And cloke nae Cause for Ill nor Gude,
The uther answering him full vainly,
Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude.
He raife and raxd him quhair he ftude,
And bad him match him with his Marrows:
Then Tyndall hard these Refouns rude,
And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

Then was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,
And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,
A Schaften and a Fennick their,
Gude Symmingtoun was flain frae Hand.

The
The Scotismen cryd on uther to stand,
Frae Tyme they saw John Robson slain:
Quhat fuld they cry! The Kings Command
Culd cause nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

Up raise the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boift,
Quhat fuld we do with sic a Number,
Fyve thousand Men into ane Hoist?
Then Henrie Purdie proud hes cost,
And verie narrowlie had mischeisd him,
And ther we had our Warden loft,
Wart not the grit God he releivd him.

XII.

ANE uther throw the Breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell:
Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,
Into my Heart it struk a Knell;
Zit up he raise, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Dunts full dour,
His Horfemen they faucht stout and snell,
And stude about him in the Stour.

XIII. THEN
XIII.

Then raisd the Slogan with ane Schout,
Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedbrugh heir:
I trow he was not half fae stout,
But anes his Stomak was a Steir,
With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,
He might fe mony a crackit Crown,
But up amang the Merchant Geir
The Buffie were as we were down.

XIV.

The Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,
Fyve hundred flain into the Flicht,
But we had Peftellets anew,
And shot among them as we micht.
With Help of God the Game gade richt,
Frae Tyme the foremost of them fell;
Hynd owre the Know, without Gude-nicht,
They ran with mony a Schout and Zell.

XV.

And after they had turned Backs,
Zit Tyndall Men they turnd again,
And had not bene the Merchant Packs,
There had bene mae of Scotland flain:

But
The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.

But Jesus gif the Folk was fain
To put the Buffing on thair Theis,
And fae they fled with all thair Main,
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

Sr Francis Russel tane was thair,
And hurt, as we heir Men reherse;
Proud Wallingtoun was woundit fair,
Albeit he was a Fennick ferss.
But gif ze wald a Souldier ferche
Amang them all was tane that Nicht,
Was nane fae wordie of our Verfe
As Colingwood that courteous Knicht.

XVII.

Zung Henrie fkapit Hame, is hurt,
A Souldier schot him with a Bow,
Scotland has Cause to mak grit Sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Mow.
The Laird Watt did weel indeid,
His Friends stude stoutly by himsell,
With little Gladslane, gude in Neid,
For Gretein kend not Gude-be Ill.

XVIII. The
XVIII.

The Scheriff wantit not Gude-will,
Howbeit he micht not ficht fae fae fae:
Beanjeadart, Hundlie and Hunthill,
Three, on they laid weil at the last,
Exept the Horfe-men of the Gaird;
If I could put Men to Avail,
Nane stoutlier stude out for thair Laird,
Nor did the Lads of Liddisfdaill.

XIX.

But litte Harnife had we thair,
But auld Badrule had on a Jack,
And did richt weil, I zou declair,
With all the Trumbulls at his Back.
Gude Ederftane was not to lack,
With Kirktown, Newtoun, Nobill-men;
Thir is all the Specials I haif spak,
Forby them that I could nocht ken.

XX.

Quha did invent that Day of Play,
We neid nocht feir to find him fune,
For Sr John Fofler, I dare weil say,
Maid us that noysome Afternune:

Not
The Ballat of the Reid-Squair.

Not that I speik preceifly out,
That he supposd it wald be Perrill,
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dout,
Gart Tyndall Lads begin the Quarrell.
THE EAGLE and ROBIN RED-BREAST.

THE Prince of all the fethert Kynd,
That with spred Wings out fleis the Wind,
And tours far out of humane Sicht
To view the schynand Orb of Licht:
This Ryall Bird, tho braif and great,
And armit strang for stern Debait,
Nae Tyrant is but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferiour Friends.

ANE Day at his Command did flock
To his hie Palace on a Rock,
The Courtiers of ilk various Syze
That swiftly swim in Chriftal Skyis;
Thither the valiant Tefsals doup,
And heir rapacious Corbies croup,
With greidy Gleds and flie Gormahs,
And dinsome Pyis and clatterin Dawes;
Proud Pecocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruсht up thair Pens that solemn Day,
Bowd first submissive to my Lord,
Then tuke thair Places at his Borde.

MEIN Tyme quhyle feisting on a Fawn,
And drinking Blude frae Lamies drawn,
A tunefull Robin trig and zung,
Hard by upon a Bour-tree fung.
He fang the Eagles Ryall Lyne,
His perfing Ee and Richt divyne,
To sway out-owre the fetherit Thrang,
Quha dreid his martial Bill and fang:
His Flicht sublime, and Eild renewit,
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;
In fafter Notes he fang his Luve,
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for Jove.

THE Monarch Bird with Blythness hard
The chaunting litil Silvan Bard,
Calit up a Buzart, quha was than
His Favourite and Chamberlane.
Swith to my Treasury, quod he,
And to zon canty Robin gie
As mekle of our currant Geir
As may mentain him throw the Zeir;

We
The Eagle and Robin Red-breist. 235

We can weil spairt, and its his Due.
He bad, and furth the Judas flew,
Straight to the Brench quhair Robin fung,
And with a wickit lieand Tung,
Said, Ah! ze sing fae dull and ruch,
Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,
His Majestie hes a nyfe Eir,
And nae mair of zour Stuff can beir;
Poke up zour Pypes, be nae mair fene
At Court, I warn ze as a Frein.

He spak, quhyle Robinis swelling Breift,
And drouping Wings his Greif exprest;
The Teirs ran happing doun his Cheik,
Grit grew his Hairt, he coud nocht speik,
No for the Tinsell of Rewaird,
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;
Straitcht to the Schaw he spred his Wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair Princelie Bountie is suppreft,
By fic with quhome they ar oppreft,
Quha cannot beir (because they want it)
That ocht fuld be to Merit grantit.

Quod AR. Scot.

Hay
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.

I.

The Paip, that Pagane full of Pryde,
He hes us blindit lang,
For quhail the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na Wonder they ga wrang:
Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring
Of all Iniquitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-
Trie.

II.

Bot his Abhominatioun
The Lord hes brocht to Licht,
His Popishe Pryde and thrinfeld Crowne
Almaift hes loft thair Micht.
His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,
Of new found Vanitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III. His
III.
His Cardinallis hes Caus to murne,
   His Bischoppis borne aback;
His Abbotis gat ane uncouth Turne,
   Quhen Schavelingis went to fack,
With Burges Wyfis thay led thair Lyvis,
   And fure better nor we,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IV.
His Carmelites and Jacobinis,
   His Dominiks had greit Do,
His Cordeleiris and Augustinis,
   Sanct Frances Ordour to;
Thay fillie Freiris, mony Zeiris,
   With babling blerit our Ee,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

V.
The Sifteris gray, befoir this Day,
   Did crune within thair Cloifter,
They feit ane Freir thair Keyis to beir,
   The Feind refflave the Fofter;
Syne in the Mirk fa weill culd wirk,
   And kittil them wantounlie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI. The
VI.
The blind Bishop he could not preach,
For playing with the Laffis;
The syllie Friar behuisset to fleiche,
For Almous that he assis;
The Curate his Creed he could not reid,
Schame fall the Cumpanie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VII.
The Bishop would not wed ane Wife,
The Abbote not perfew ane,
Thinkand it was ane luftie Lyfe,
Ilk Day to have ane new ane,
In everie Place ane uncouth Face,
His Luft to satise,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VIII.
The Persoun would not have ane Hure,
Bot twa, an thay war bony;
The Vicar (thocht he was pure)
Behuisset to have als mony;
The Pareis Preist, that brutall Beist,
He polit thame privelie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IX. Of
On the Mes.

IX.
Of Scotland well, the Freiris of Faill,
The Lymmerie lang hes leftit,
The Monkis of Melros maid gude Kaill
On Frydayis, quhen thay faillit;
The fillie Nunnis keist up thair Bunnis,
And heist thair Hippis on hie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trie.

* * * * * *

***************

On the Mes.

---3333333---

I.
K Naw ze not GOD omnipotent,
He creat Man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his Commandement,
And eit of the forbiddin Tre;
Had not that blisfit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorn,
For all zour Mes.

II. Sen
On the Mes.

II.

Sen we war all to Sin maid sure,
Throw Adamis Inobedience,
(Saif CHRIST) thair was na Creature
Maid Sacrifice for our Offence;
Thair is na Sanct may save zour Saull,
Fra ze transgres,
Suppois Sanct Peter and Sanct Paull
Had baith said Mes.

III.

Knowing thair is na Christ bot ane,
Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;
Quhy give ze Glore to Stock and Stane,
In worshipping of uther Goddis?
Thir Idoles that on Alteris standis,
Ar Fenzeitnes,
Ze gat not God amang zour Handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

IV.

And sen na Sanct zour Saull may save,
Perchance ze will speir at me than,
How may the Paip thir Pardounis have,
With Power baith of Beist and Man?

Throw
On the Mes.

Throw nathing bot ane fenzeit Faith,
  For Halynes
Inventit Wayis to get thame Graith,
  Lyke as the Mes.

V.

Of Marriage ze maid zou quyte,
  Thinking it Thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of Wyffis is Appetyte,
  That Curage micht increas againe;
That honny Lippis, ze did persw,
  Grew Gall I ges,
Thinking it was Contritioun trew
  To dance ane Mes.

VI.

Gif God was maid of Bittis of Breid,
  Eit ze not ouklie fax or sevin,
As it had bene a mortall Feid,
  Quhill ze had almaist heryt Hevin,
Als mony Devilis ze man devoir,
  Quhill Hell grow les,
Or doutles we dar nocht reftoir
  Zou to zour Mes.

VII. Gif
VII.

Gif God be transubstantiall
In Breid, with hoc est corpus meum,
Quhy war ze sa unnaturall,
As tak him in zour Teith and fla him?
Tripairst and devydit him
At zour dum Dres,
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him
Mumling zour Mes.

VIII.

Ze partit with Dame Povertie,
Tuke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,
Fra Charitie and Chaftitie,
With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;
That raifit the Mother of Mischeif,
Zour Gredynes,
Beleving ay to get Releif
For saying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vaine Venerienes,
Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze feme haly)
Proude poyfonit Epicuriens,
Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellie:
Beleve,
On the Mes.

Beleve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis
Zour Idilnes,
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Browis
For saying Mes.

X.

HAD not zour self begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene fiandand zit:
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That ever gart Sanct Frances flit;
Ze grew fa superstitious
In Wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious,
Contrair zour Mes.

XI.

Our Bischoppis ar degenerate,
Thocht they be mountit upon Mulis,
With Huredome clene effeminate,
And Freiris oft-tymes previs Fulis;
For duftifit and bob at Evin,
Do fa increes,
Hes drevin fum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes.

XII. Christ
XII.

Christ keip all faithfull Christians
From perverfit Pryde and Papistrie;
God grant thame trew Intelligens
Of his Law, Word and Veritie;
God grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
Syne Blis posles,
Throw Faith on Christ all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

Sen Mes is nathing ellis to say,
Bot ane wikit Inventioun,
Without Authoritie, or Stay,
Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:
Gif Kingis wald Mes to Rome hence dryve
With Haiflines,
Suld be the Meane to have belyve
Ane End of Mes.
On Purgatorie.

I.

Of the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane Sponk;
Thairfoir sayis Gedde, Wayis me,
Gone is Preift, Freir and Monk.

II.

The Reik sa wounder deir thay solde
For Money, Gold and Landis,
Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,
Is feasit in thair Handis.

III.

Thay knew nathing bot Covetice
And Lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

IV. At
IV.

At Corps Presence they wald sing,
For Ryches, to flokkin the Fyre:
Bot all pure Folk that had nathing
Was skaldit vaine and lyre.

V.

ZIT fat they heich in Parliament,
Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,
Untill now that the New Testament
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

VI.

And thocht thay suffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,
The mair thay blaw, full weill they knaw
The mair it dois misthryve.
HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY step he East the Wa,
    And stately step he West,
Full Seventy Zeirs he now had sene,
    With skerfs sevin Zeirs of Rest.
He livit quhen Britons Breach of Faith
    Wroucht Scotland meikle Wae:
And ay his Sword tauld to their Cost,
    He was their deidly Fae.

II. Hie
II.

HIE on a Hill his Castle stude,
With Halls and Touris a Hicht,
And guidly Chambers fair to fe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
His Dame fae peerles anes and fair,
For Chaft and Bewtie deimt,
Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
Saif Elenor the Quene.

III.

FULL Thirtein Sons to him scho bare,
All Men of Valour stout;
In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand
Nyne loft their Lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To stand by Liege and Land:
Hie was their Fame, hie was their Micht,
And hie was their Command.

IV.

GREAT Luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their Sifter faft and deir,
Her Girdle shawd her Middle gimp,
And gowden glift her Hair.

Quhat
Quhat waefou wae hir Bewtie bred?

Waefou to zung and auld,

Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,

As Story ever tauld.

V.

The King of Norse in Summer Tyde,
Puft up with Powir and Micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the Yle,
With mony a hardy Knicht:
The Tydings to our gude Scots King
Came, as he sat at Dyne,
With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,
Drinking the Blude-reid Wyne.

VI.

"To Horfe, to Horfe, my Ryal Liege,
Zour Faes f tand on the Strand,
Full Twenty thousand glittering Spears
The King of Norse commands.
Bring me my Steed Mage dapple gray,
Our gude King raife and cryd,
A truftier Beast in all the Land
A Scots King nevir feyd.

VII. GO,
VII.

**GO, little Page, tell Hardyknute,**

*That lives on Hill so hie,*

**To draw his Sword, the Dreid of Faes,**

*And haste and follow me.*

The little Page flew swift as Dart

Flung by his Masters Arm,

**Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,**

*And rid zour King frae Harm.*

VIII.

**THEN reid, reid grew his dark-brown Cheiks,**

*Sae did his dark-brown Brow;*

**His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,**

*In Dangers great to do;*

**He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glas,**

*And gien five Sounds fae shrill,*

**That Treis in grene Wod schuke thereat,**

*Sae loud rang ilka Hill.*

IX.

**His Sons in manly Sport and Glie,**

**Had paft that Summers Morn,**

**Quhen lo down in a graffy Dale,**

**They heard their Fatheris Horn.**
That Horn, quod they, neir sounds in Peace,
We haif other Sport to byde;
And fune they heyd them up the Hill,
And fune were at his Syde.

X.

LATE late Zefrene I weind in Peace
To end my lengthned Lyfe,
My Age micht weil excuse my Arm
Frae manly Feats of Stryfe;
But now that Norse dois proudly boaß
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be saíd of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothsay bend thy Bow,
Thy Arrows schute sae leil,
Mony a comely Countenance
They haif turnd to deidly Pale:
Brade Thomas tak ze but zour Lance,
Ze neid nae Weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainst Westmorlands ferfs Heir.

XII. MAL-
XII.

_MALCOM, licht of Fute as Stag_  
That runs in Forest wyld,  
Get me my Thousands Thrie of Men  
Well bred to Sword and Schield:  
Bring me my Horse and Harnisine,  
_My Blade of Mettal cleir._

If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,  
They fune had fled for Feir.

XIII.

_FARWEIL my Dame sae peirles gude,_  
And tuke hir by the Hand,  
_Fairer to me in Age zou seim,_  
_Than Maids for Bewtie famd:_  
_My zounge\'st Son fall here remain_  
_To guard these stately Towirs,  
_And but the Silver Bolt that keips,  
_Sae fast zour painted Bowirs._

XIV.

_AND first slo\' wet hir comely Cheiks,  
And then hir Boddice grene,  
_Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twift,  
_Weil plett with Silver schene;  
And_
And Apron set with mony a Dice
Of Neidle-wark fae rare,
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may gues,
Saif that of Fairly fair.

XV.

AND he has ridden owre Muir and Mofs,
Owre Hills and mony a Glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded Knight
Making a heavy Mane;
Here maun I ly, here maun I dye,
By Treacheries false Gyles;
Witless I was that eir gaif Faith
To wicked Womans Smyles.

XVI.

SR Knight, gin ze were in my Bowir,
To lean on Silken Seat,
My Ladyis kyndlie Care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly Hate;
Hir self wald watch ze all the Day,
Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;
And Fairly fair zour Heart wald cheir,
As scho stands in zour Sicht.
XVII.

ARYSE, zoungh Knicht, and mount zour Steid,
Full lowns the schynand Day,
Cheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the Way.
With smylefs Luke and Wifage wan,
The wounded Knicht replyd,
Kynd Chiftain, zour Intent pursue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,
Can eir be fweit or fair,
But fune beneath fum draping Trie,
Caud Deith fall end my Care.
With him nae Pleiding micht prevail,
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest Words and Reafon strang,
Straif courteously in vain.

XIX.

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattans Land fae wyde,
That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,
Quhen Faes his Courage feyd:
Of Pictish Race by Mothers Syde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the Princely Maid,
Quhen he faift Pictish Crown.

XX.
Now with his ferfs and stalwart Train,
He reicht a rysing Heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,
Nors Army lay in Sicht;
Zonder my valziant Sons and feris,
Our raging Revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottis Shaird
To try with us their Fate.

XXI.

MAK Orisons to him that saift
Our Sauls upon the Rude,
Syne braifiy schaw zour Veins ar filld
With Caledonian Blude.
Then furth he drew his trusty Glaive,
Quhyle Thoufands all arround,
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanft in the Sun,
And loud the Bougills found.

XXII. To
XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill
   In Haft his Merch he made,
Quhyle, playand Pibrochs, Ministralls meit
   Afore him stately strade.
Thryse welcum valziant Stoup of Weir,
   Thy Nations Scheild and Pryde;
Thy King nae Reason has to feir
   Quhen thou art be his Syde.

XXIII.

QuHEN Bows were bent and Darts were thrawn,
   For thrang scarce could they flie,
The Darts clove Arrows as they met,
   The Arrows dart the Trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full fers,
   With little Skaith to Man,
But bludy, bludy was the Field,
   Or that lang Day was done.

XXIV.

The King of Scots that findle bruikd
   The War that luikt lyke Play,
Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,
   Sen Bows seemt but Delay:
Quoth
Quoth noble Rothsay, Myne I’ll keip,
I wate its bleid a Skore.
Haft up my merry Men, cryd the King,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The King of Norfe he socht to find,
With him to menfe the Faucht,
But on his Forehead there did licht
A sharp unsonfie Shaft;
As he his Hand put up to find
The Wound, an Arrow kene,
O waefou Chance! there pinnd his Hand
In midft betwene his Ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, revenge, cryd Rothsays Heir,
Your Mail-coat fall nocht hyde
The Strength and Sharpness of my Dart;
Then sent it through his Syde:
Another Arrow weil he markd,
It perfit his Neck in twa,
His Hands then quat the silver Reins,
He law as Eard did fa.

XXVII. SAIR
XXVII.

SAIR bleids my Liege, fair, fair he bleids.
Again with micht he drew
And Gesture dreid his sturdy Bow,
Fast the braid Arrow flew:
Wae to the Knight he settled at,
Lament now Quene Elgreid,
Hie Dames to wail zour Darlings Fall,
His Zouth and comely Meid.

XXVIII.

TAKE aff, take aff his costly Jupe
(Of Gold weil was it tweyd,
Knit lyke the Fowlers Net through quilk
His fteilly Harnefs fhynd)
Take, Norfe, that Gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the Blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended Bow,
He sure nae Weapon feirs.

XXIX.

Proud Norfe with Giant Body tall,
Braid Shoulder and Arms strong,
Cryd, Quhair is Hardyknute sae famd,
And feird at Britains Throne:

Tho
Tho Britons tremble at his Name,
I sune fall make him wail,
That eir my Sword was made fae sharp,
Sae saft his Coat of Mail.

XXX.

THAT Brag his stout Heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou Micht:
I'm Hardyknute this Day, he cryd,
To Scotlands King I hecht,
To lay thee law as Horfes Hufe,
My Word I mean to keip.
Syne with the first Strake eir he strake,
He garrd his Body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene lyke gray Gofehawks staid wyld,
He sicht with Shame and Spyte;
Disgraced is now my far famd Arm,
That left thee Power to sryke:
Then gaif his Head a Blaw fae fell,
It made him doun to s'toup,
As law as he to Ladies usit
In courtly Gyse to lout.

XXXII. FULL
XXXII.

**FULL** fune he rais’d his bent Body,
His Bow he marvelld fair,
Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
As Touch of *Fairly* fair:
*Norse* ferliet too as fair as he
To fe his fately Luke,
Sae fune as eir he strake a Fae,
Sae fune his Lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

*QUHAIR* lyke a Fyre to Hether set,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A furdy Fae with Luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He spurd his Steid throw thickest Ranks
The hardy Zouth to quell
Quha ftude unmufit at his Approach
His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

*THAT* schort brown Shaft sae meanly trimd,
*Lukis lyke* poor Scotlands Geir,
*But dreidfull* seims the rusly Poynt!
And loud he leuch in Jeir.
XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his Sadill swang,
   His Stirrip was nae Stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,
   Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened Clay he fell,
   Richt far was hard the Thud,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
   All waltering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles Gestring Mynd unmuvit
   On raid he north the Plain,
His seim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,
   Quhen Winner ay the same;
Nor zit his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik,
   Coud meise saft Luve to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his Scorn,
   Then languid grew his Luke.

XXXVII. In
XXXVII.
In Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Cheik
All panting on the Plain,
The fainting Corps of Warriorus lay,
Neir to aryfe again;
Neir to return to native Land,
Nae mair with blythfom Sounds,
To boift the Glories of the Day,
And schaw thair Shyning Wounds.

XXXVIII.
On Norways Coast the Widowit Dame
May wafh the Rocks with Teirs,
May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis
Befoir hir Mate appeirs.
Ceife, Emma, ceife to hope in Vain,
Thy Lord lyis in the Clay,
The valziant Scots nae Revers thole
To carry Lyfe away.

XXXIX.
There on a Lie quhair ftands a Crofs
Set up for Monument,
Thousands full fierce that Summers Day
Filld kene Waris black Intent,
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praife Hardyknute,
  Let Norfe the Name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
  Sal lateft Ages reid.

XL.

LOUD and chill blew the westlin Wind,
  Sair beat the heavy Showir,
Mirk grew the Nicht eir Hardyknute
  Wan neir his stately Tower,
His Towir that usd with Torches bleife
  To fhyne fae far at Nicht,
Seimd now as black as mournig Weid,
  Nae Marvel fair he fichd.

XLI.

THAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir
  Thairs nae Licht in my Hall;
Nae Blink fynes round my Fairly fair,
  Nor Ward stands on my Wall.
Qwhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas fay,
  Nae Anfwer fits their Dreid.
Stand back, my Sons, I'll be zour Gyde,
  But by they paft with Speid.

XLII. AS
XLII.

As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands Faes,
  There ceift his Brag of Weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his Dame,
  And Maiden Fairly fair.
Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir
  He wift not zit with Dreid;
Sair schuke his Body, fair his Limbs,
  And all the Warrior fled.

* * * * * *
## Glossary;

**OR,**

An EXPLANATION of the Scots Words.

### A

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>A</strong></th>
<th><strong>AT</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All.</td>
<td>Air, soon, early, item Heir.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abaisit, abashed.</td>
<td>Akerbraid, breadth of an</td>
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<td>Abeit, albeit.</td>
<td>Aisf, aloft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abergown, Coat of Mail.</td>
<td>Allane, allone.</td>
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<td>Ablens, perhaps.</td>
<td>Almous, Alms.</td>
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<td>Aboife, abuse, above.</td>
<td>Alkynd, all kind, or Sort of.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abusive, Habit.</td>
<td>Ais, as, and.</td>
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<td>Abune, above.</td>
<td>Amene, pleasant.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adoun, downward.</td>
<td>Ane, one.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aff, off.</td>
<td>Anes, anis, once.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Afs, afi, oft, often.</td>
<td>Anteterwe, Example.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Affeir, frightened.</td>
<td>Apenit, opened.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Afsrey, Fear.</td>
<td>Appleis, please.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agit, aged.</td>
<td>Arles, earnest.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Agaist, afrighted.</td>
<td>Artilzie, Artillary.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aidir, either.</td>
<td>Afs, ask.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aik, Oak.</td>
<td>Aljaizie, affailed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ain, own.</td>
<td>Attains, at once.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aits, Oats.</td>
<td>Attemperit, tempered.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Air, Time past.</td>
<td>Attowre, out over.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Attercap, a Wasp.</td>
<td><strong>Av</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Avalkziet, availed.
Aventure, Adventure.
Aver, a Horse.
Averil, senseless Fellow.
Aucht, ought, item eight.
Auld, old.
Awe, owe.
Awin, own.
Awis, owns.
Aureat, Golden.
Ayd, Aid.
Aynfe, Advice.
Aynnd, Breath.

BA

BAID, bade, did abide.
Band, bound.
Banes or Bains, Bones.
Bannocks, Bread.
Bair, bare.
Bairn, Bern, Child, Youth.
Baith, both.
Bale or Beal, Sorrow.
Balmit, embalmed.
Ban, to curse.
Bang, to move hastily.
Barbir, barbarous.
Barbulsiet, to confuse.
Barret, Sort of Liquor.
Barrow Trams, Staves of a Barrow.
Barm, Yealt.
Barmy, fermented and muddy.
Bauld, bold.
Bawfy, white fac’d.
Bedene, immediately.
Befoir, befrom, before.
Beft, beaten.
Begouth, began.
Begylit, beguiled.

Behald, behold.
Beboif, Behove.
Beil, any Shelter against the Inclemency of the Weather.
Belywe, immediately.
Belies, Bellows.
Beik, to bask or warm.
Beims, Beams.
Beir, to bear, item to moan.
Beir, Barley.
Beit, Help.
Ben, inner part of a House.
Bene, been.
Bene, Bean.
Bent, the Field.
Berkit, barkened.
Befek, beseech.
Befwakit, blanched.
Betwisch, betwixt.
Bewis, Boughs.
Bewlie, Beauty.
Bezond, beyond.
Bigg, build.
Biggit, built.
Bikkerit, contended.
Bink, Bench.
Bin, been.
Biquour or Bicker, a large Cup or Dih.
Birkin Bobyns, a Knot of Birch Leaves.
Birs, Bristle.
Birn, to burn.
Birnish, burnished.
Bisshe, bursly.
Blad, a Strok, item a big Piece of ......
Blae, livid.
Bland, to mix.

Bla-
Blasby, wet.
Blate, bashful.
Blaw, Blow.
Bleber, to bable.
Bledoch, Butter-milk.
Bleir, to make the Eyes red or dim.
Blen, looked.
Blether, to stammer and speak Nonsense.
Blink, a small Sight, item to sparkle.
Blinkit, looked hastily.
Blume, Bloom.
Blude, Blood.
Bodin, furnished.
Boedword, Message.
Bocht, bought.
Bog, Marsh.
Boift, to boast.
Bok, to vomit.
Bony, beautiful, item little.
Boitings or Buitings, Boots.
Bot, but, item without.
Bougers, Rafters.
Bouk, the Body, item Bulk.
Bougil, a young Bull, item his Horn.
Boun, ready to go.
Bourd, a Sport, item to sport.
Boysfeous, boisterous.
Boystler, a Bolster.
Bow, a Fold of Cattle.
Brand, a Sword.
Brasund, the Muscles.
Branglit, brandished.
Braif, brave.
Brankand, Pransing.
Braile, to clath.
Braw, brave, fine.

Brac, Side of a Hill, Bank of a River.
Brad, broad, item to haste, arise.
Braids or Brades, is like, or takes after.
Brais or brase, Embrace.
Brafh, brushe.
Breiks, Breeches.
Bricht, bright.
Brie, Eye-brow.
Brilzean, Brillant.
Brim, fierce.
Brocht, brought.
Brod, to prick or spur.
Brock, the Badger.
Browdin, fond of.
Broystler, Brewer.
Brudie, teeming, fertile.
Bruik, brook or enjoy.
Brukit, blackened.
Brukil, brittle.
Brynt, brunt.
Bud, Bribe.
Buke or Buik, Book.
Buith, Booth or Shop.
Buith-meal, Shop Rent.
Buiting, Booty.
Bundin, bound.
Bun, Arfe.
Bure, did bear.
Burde, Board.
Burn, a Brook.
Burdoun, a Palmers Staff.
Busbment, Men lying in Ambush.
Buff, a Buh.
Bute, Help, Advantage.
But and bot, without.
Byre, Cow-houfe.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CA</th>
<th>CR</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C'A, call.</td>
<td>Cleft, the Cleaving.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabroch, poor lean Flesh.</td>
<td>Clene, clean.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadgers, Higglers.</td>
<td>Clerk, generally used for a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callit, called.</td>
<td>learned Man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campion, Champion.</td>
<td>Clevis or Cleuchs, Cliffs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cankert, angry, item ulcerated.</td>
<td>Clekit, laid hold on.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canny, happy, convenient.</td>
<td>Cleith, Cloath.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canty, cheerful.</td>
<td>Cleuch, Hollowbetwixt Hills.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caproufy, an upper Garment.</td>
<td>Clipit, called.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carline, an old Woman.</td>
<td>Clips, Eclips.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpent, to talk.</td>
<td>Clocks, Beetles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carvell, a Kind of Ship.</td>
<td>Clod, to throw.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cast, a throw.</td>
<td>Cluds, Clouds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cative or Catif, Captive or Cawd, called.</td>
<td>Cluke, to hook.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cawf, Calf.</td>
<td>Clum or clam, climbed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caawk, Chalk.</td>
<td>Cloves, Hoves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cawkit, did sythe.</td>
<td>Codroch, miserable and nafty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cauld, Cold.</td>
<td>Combure, to burn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ceis, to ceafe.</td>
<td>Coft, bought.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celeitude, Highness.</td>
<td>Con, the Squirrel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celeft, heavenly.</td>
<td>Comick, comick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chalmer, Chamber.</td>
<td>Corbie, a Raven.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaip, ecape.</td>
<td>Corinoch, a Highland Tune.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chafts, the Chops.</td>
<td>Cowbowby, Cowherd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Check, to check.</td>
<td>Cowwd, cut or clipped.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chat, to hang on a Gallows.</td>
<td>Courias, courteous.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheil, a Perfon.</td>
<td>Couth, cold, item familiar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheir, Sheer, item chear.</td>
<td>Covetice, Covetousnes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chenzie, Chain.</td>
<td>Cour, to stoop and creep flow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chereis, cherieth.</td>
<td>Crabit, furly, angry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clam Shells, Scalop Shells.</td>
<td>Craig, the Neck, item a Rock.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clan, a Tribe.</td>
<td>Craif, crave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claifhes, idle Tales.</td>
<td>Craw, the Crow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claifh, to throw Dirt.</td>
<td>Creap, did creep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claiith, Cloath.</td>
<td>Craik, to croak.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clais, Cloaths.</td>
<td>Crawdon, faint hearted.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catter, chatter.</td>
<td>Craifb, Greafe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claw, to chatter.</td>
<td>Creils, Baflcets.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Croufe, brilk and bold.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cruif, a Lodge.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cryne,
Cryne, wither and grow lefs.
Crum, a little Bit.
Culc, Cool.
Cum, come.
Cunzie, Coyn.
Cun, Tafte.
Cummerfom, troublefom.
Culroon, a Rascal.
Curches, Kerchiefs or Head-Linnen.
Cuik, Cook.
Curpal, Crupper.
Cufs, did caft, item vomit.
Cut, Ancle, Joint, item a Trifle.

D
DA

Dae, Do.
Daft, mad, foolish.
Dairthful, dear. [merry.
Dander, wander carelessly.
Dang, Defeat.
Danton, to quell.
Dapill, napel.
Daw, Dawn, item a Sluggard.
Dawing, dawning.
Decave or Deif, to deafen.
Deid, dead, item Death, item deed.
Deil, deal, item Devil.
Dink, dynk, faucy, item finely
Denty, fine. [drefl.
Deme, to deem. [ning.
Demyng, condemning or dam-
Depairt, to divide.
Depaynt, painted.
Deray, Noife, Sporting,
Gambols.
Derch, a Dwarf.
Dern, Secret.

Derth, Dearth.
Defavit, deceived.
Det, Debt.
Devalling, descending haftily.
Dew, due. [deckt.
Dicht, to clean, item drefTed,
Ding, to beat or overcome.
Ding, worthy.
Dirin, befritten.
Denzie, to deign.
Docht, could, availed.
Dochter, Daughter.
Dis, does.
Dok, Arfé.
Donk, Moif.
Dos, neat, regular.
Up doff, Put in Order.
Dow, to be able.
Dow, Dove.
Dowbart, dull Fellow.
Douchy, hardy, valiant.
Dowf, heavy Fool, item dull,
melancholy.
Dour, fullen, hard.
Dous, solid, grave.
Draif, drave.
Drait or Dret, shit.
Drawkit, wet.
Drie, to endure.
Dreich, tedious.
Dreiry, lonfome & mournful.
Dring, a Mifer.
Droich, a Dwarf.
Drone, to act lazily.
Droukit, drenched.
Droup, to droop.
Dryt, flite.
Dewam, Qualm.
Dubs, Mire and little Pools.
Duds, Rags.

Duils
**Glossary.**

| Duils, Goals. | Eitle, to aim. |
| Dule, Pain. | Esperance, Hope. |
| Dum, Dumb. | Eʃchapt, Escaped. |
| Dume, Doom. | Eʃerichone, every one. |
| Dunt, to beat hard. | Eydently, see Ihandly. |
| Dung, beaten. | Eyndle, to be jealous. |
| Duris, Doors. | Eyntling, Jealousy. |
| Dwalm, to swoon or take a Qualm. | **F A** |
| Dyne, to dine. | FA, fall. |
| Dynt, Stroak. | Fae, Foe. |
| Dyvour, a Bankrupt. | Falʃet, Falſhood. |

| E A | Falk, a Fold, to quit. |
| --- | Fair, to go or pass. |
| **EARD**, Eird, or Erde, Earth. | Fairly, clever and tight. |
| Ee, Eye. | Falskie or Felskie, to fail. |
| Edert, Edward. | Fand, found. |
| Edder-langit, stung by an Adder. | Fangs, Paws and Claws. |
| Egil, the Eagle. | Fang, to grasp. |
| Eik, to add, item also. | Fankle, to intangle. |
| Eild, Age. | Fafʃ or Fafʃe, to trouble. |
| Eir, Ear; item E'er. | Fassoun, Fashion. |
| Eirynéchange, Fear of Spirits and Goblins. | Faw, Fall. |
| Eife, Eafe. | Faews, gets. |
| Eit, to eat. | Fauld or Fund, Fold. |
| Eith, easy. | Faut, Fault. |
| Eme, Uncle. | Fay, Faith. |
| Empaʃbed, hindered. | Fazart, a Daftard. |
| Elbuck, Elbow. | Fecht, Fight. |
| Eʃrithch, ghostly, wild, lone- fome. | Feckles, without Strength. |
| Enamilit, enameled. | Fedder, a Father. |
| Ene, Eyes. | Fedderem, Wings. |
| Eneuch, enough. | Feid, Feud, Hatred. |
| Enʃenzie, Enlign. | Feidom, Fatality. |
| Eʃch, Irish. | Feilty, Subjection. |
|  | Feil, Senfe, item many. |
|  | Feir, Fear. |
|  | Feir, tight. |
|  | Feir or fere, Companion. |

**Feit**
Feit, hired.
Fen, to live.
Fenzie, to feign.
Ferly, to wonder, a wonder.
Ferd, Fourth.
Ferfs, Force.
Fey, predestinated to Death, or some Misfortune.
Feynd, Fiend, the Devil.
Ficht, Fight.
Fie or Fe, a Herd of Cattle.
Firy-fary, Hurry, Confusion.
Fisch, Fifth.
Fitch, to move.
Flendris, Splinters.
Flang, did fling.
Flane, an Arrow.
Flaught, a Blaze of Lightning.
Flauchter-Spade, Spade for flaying Turf.
Flaws, Lies—Flaw, to lie.
Fleim or Flene, to banish.
Flet, did flyte or chide.
Fley, to fright.
Flit, to remove.
Flichter, flutter like a Bird.
Flocht, Flight, Fear, Anxiety.
Flyte, Chide.
Flure, Floor.
Fog, Mofs.
Forsairn, abus'd.
Forsochten, tired and faint with fighting.
Forleit, to forfake.
Forment, opposite to.
Forwayit, gave Way.
Forworthin, worthlefs.
Forlane, alone.
Forlopin, Vagabond.
Forzet, to forget, item for-gotten.
Forler, a Forrefter, item Nurfe.
Fow, full, item drunk.
Foumart, a Pole-cat.
Fouth, Abundance.
Frae, from.
Fragil, weak, tender, frail.
Frak, haft.
Frawart, crofs and ugly.
Freiks, impertinent Fools.
Fried, Freedom.
Fremit, strange, not a Kin.
Freprie, the ruffling or Folds
Frict, Fright. [of Cloath.
Fripon, a Knav.
Frift, to Truft or give Credit.
Fruzech easily broken.
Fu, full.
Fud, the Tail.
Fude, Food.
Fuff, to blow.
Fule, Fool.
Fund, found.
Furder, to fpeed, item further.
Fure, wait on, item fared.
Furthy, free in Behaviour.
Fute, Foot.
Futher or fudder, a great many.
Fyrefangt, burnt.
Fylock, a young Mare.
Fyle, defile.
Fyke, to be reflive.
Fyne, fine.

G A

GAB, the Mouth.
Gad or Ged, Goad.
Gadder, gather.
Gae, go.
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<tr>
<th>Glossary</th>
<th>GR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gaif, gave.</td>
<td>Girn, to grin, item a Trap or Snare.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gains, serves.</td>
<td>Girth, a Sanctuary.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gair, greedy.</td>
<td>Glamour, the Sight deceived.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gait, Gate, Way, Method, item Goat.</td>
<td>Glaik, to pafs Time idly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaiflings, Goslings.</td>
<td>Glar, Myre.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galziart, brisk, jolly, wanton.</td>
<td>Glove, a Sword.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gams, Gums.</td>
<td>Gle or Glie, Mirth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gan, began.</td>
<td>Gled, a Kite.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gane, gone, item serve.</td>
<td>Gleim, small Flame.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gane, Mouth.</td>
<td>Gledid, Small Spunk of Fire.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gang, to go.</td>
<td>Glen, a Hollow between Mountains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaunt, to yawn.</td>
<td>Glengore or Grandgore, the French Pox.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gar, to make or oblige.</td>
<td>Glore, Glory.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garderyance, a Cafe of Instruments.</td>
<td>Glunfsboch, four Fellow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garth, a Garden or Inclosure.</td>
<td>Gloum, to knit the Eye-brows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gaw, Gall.</td>
<td>Glour, to flare.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gawf, a Laugh.</td>
<td>Glures, Gloves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gawfy, large and fat.</td>
<td>Goldpink, the Goldfinch.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geck, Mock, or caft up the Head in Derision.</td>
<td>Golk or Gowk, the Cuckow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gein, given.</td>
<td>Ghift, to Glister.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gent, gentile.</td>
<td>Grape, to grope.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genterice, honourable Birth.</td>
<td>Graif, the Grave, item grave.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentlenefs, Clemency.</td>
<td>Grain, grane, groan.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genzie, a Dart or Arrow.</td>
<td>Grangis, Corn Fields, Barns and Grannaries.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerfome, a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Leafe.</td>
<td>Graith, to make ready, item Utenfils, necessary Things.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Get, a Child.</td>
<td>Graithed, attyred, made ready.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghaiff, Ghost.</td>
<td>Grai, did weep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gie, give.</td>
<td>Grein, to long for earnestly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gif, gin, if.</td>
<td>Greit, weep, item great.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gild, Clamour.</td>
<td>Greene, green.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilt, guilded.</td>
<td>Grei, Degree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gimp, see Jimp.</td>
<td>Gres or Gers, Grafs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gird, to strike.</td>
<td>Grit or greit, great.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Grots**
Grots, Oats half ground.
Gro[wf, to ly flat on ones
Grund, Ground. [Belly.
Grundin, sharped.
Gruntill, a Sow.
Grynzie, Snout or Nose.
Grype, a Pig.
Grumrdoun, Protection.
Guiks, expects Time foolifhly and Delays.
Gude or guid, good.
Gudes, Riches.
Guims, Gums.
Gule, redifh Yellow.
Gule Snout, red Nos'd.
Gulejochboch, the Jaundice.
Gurtle, furlie.
Gyant, Giant.
Gyde, Guide.
Gydar, Guider.
Gymmer, court and enjoy.
Gymp, neat, pretty.
Gyfe or Gyis, Guife.

Hankit, held with Ropes.
Hap, hop, item Chance.
Harle, to drag.
Harnif, harnifhed.
Harns, see Hairns.
Harfe or Hairs, hoarfe.
Having, Behaviour.
Hawkit, white faced.
Hawtane, haughty.
Heal, Heil, Health.
Hecht, to promise, a Promise.
Hecht, named.
Heich, high.
Heilt or heiled, upheld.
Heir, here, item hear.
Heift, lifted up, hoifed.
Herbry, Harbour.
Heryit, spoiled, impoverifhed.
Hether, Heath.
Hevin, Heaven.
Heuch, a Rock, a steep Hill.
How, Hue.
Heynd, quick, clever.
Hie, high.
Hicht, Height.
Hicher, higher.
Hiddlings, hiding Places.
Hint, fnatched.
Hinny, Honey.
Hir, her.
Hird, who watches the Flocks or Cattle.
Hirpland, going like one lame.
Hitch, to move.
Ho, the Singular of Hose.
Hobled, cobled.
Hojft, Cough.
Holk, to dig.
Holkit, made hollow.
Holtis, Hills, high Ground.

HA, Hall.
Habitiklis, Tabernacles.
Hae, have.
Haggies, a kind of Pudding.
Hailsum, wholesome.
Haif, have.
Hairns or Harnis, Brains.
Hair, or hairy, hoary gray.
Hald, Hold.
Haly, Holy.
Hals, to salute.
Hame, Home.
Handfell, the first Money that a Merchant gets.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Glossary</th>
<th>KY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How, hollow.</td>
<td>KA, to drive.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howis, ----</td>
<td>Kabute, a little House.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howdrand, hiding.</td>
<td>Kail, Colewort or Cabage, item Broth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howk, to dig.</td>
<td>Kaip or Kap, Cap or Top.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howlat, an Owl.</td>
<td>Kaves, Calves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howp, hope.</td>
<td>Keift, did cast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hude, Hood.</td>
<td>Kemd, combed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hud-pyk, a Churl.</td>
<td>Ken, to know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huly, flow.</td>
<td>Kene, keen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hure, Whore.</td>
<td>Kend, knew.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurcheon, Hedge-hog.</td>
<td>Keny, a Rustick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurklis, goes bowed and decrepid.</td>
<td>Kep, to catch what moves toward one.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hynd, fraight.</td>
<td>Kepar, such a Catcher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyd, to hide.</td>
<td>Kinrick, Kingdom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hynt, to take.</td>
<td>Kimmer, a Comer or she-Goffip.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### JA

| Anglers, Contenders. | K
|---|---|
| Jaip, to jest or cheat, item to heave and set. | A
| Jap, a Daft of Water. | Anglers, Contenders. |
| Jely, joly. | Jap, a Daft of Water. |
| Jimp, neat. | Jely, joly. |
| Feil or Geil, (Saint) the Patron Saint of Edinburgh. | Jimp, neat. |
| Jouk, to bow. | Feil or Geil, (Saint) the Patron Saint of Edinburgh. |
| Jyb, to mock. | Jouk, to bow. |
| Ilk, each. | Jyb, to mock. |
| Ilka, every. | Ilk, each. |
| Infik, Infect. | Ilka, every. |
| Inlaik, to come short. | Infik, Infect. |
| Ilfard, illfavoured. | Inlaik, to come short. |
| Inding, unworthy. | Ilfard, illfavoured. |
| Ingle, a Fire. | Inding, unworthy. |
| Inglis, English. | Ingle, a Fire. |
| Thandyly, busily, without Intermillion. | Inglis, English. |

### KA

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kabute, a little House.</th>
<th>KA, to drive.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kail, Colewort or Cabage, item Broth.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kaip or Kap, Cap or Top.</td>
<td>Kaip or Kap, Cap or Top.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaves, Calves.</td>
<td>Kaves, Calves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keift, did cast.</td>
<td>Keift, did cast.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kemd, combed.</td>
<td>Kemd, combed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken, to know.</td>
<td>Ken, to know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kene, keen.</td>
<td>Kene, keen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kend, knew.</td>
<td>Kend, knew.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keny, a Rustick.</td>
<td>Keny, a Rustick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kep, to catch what moves toward one.</td>
<td>Kep, to catch what moves toward one.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kepar, such a Catcher.</td>
<td>Kepar, such a Catcher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinrick, Kingdom.</td>
<td>Kinrick, Kingdom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kimmer, a Comer or she-Goffip.</td>
<td>Kimmer, a Comer or she-Goffip.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinnen, Rabits.</td>
<td>Kinnen, Rabits.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kiltit, tucked up.</td>
<td>Kiltit, tucked up.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirn, Churne.</td>
<td>Kirn, Churne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirtle, Petycoat.</td>
<td>Kirtle, Petycoat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kift, Cheft.</td>
<td>Kift, Cheft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kittle, difficult, item ticklish.</td>
<td>Kittle, difficult, item ticklish.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinfch, a Loop, to count his Kinfch, a Loop, to count his</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kinfch, to hit his Part.</td>
<td>Kinfch, to hit his Part.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knapfska, Knapfack.</td>
<td>Knapfska, Knapfack.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knaw, know.</td>
<td>Knaw, know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kniicht, Knight.</td>
<td>Kniicht, Knight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Know, Hillock.</td>
<td>Know, Hillock.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kowschot or Cowfschot, the Ring-Dove.</td>
<td>Kowschot or Cowfschot, the Ring-Dove.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ky, Kine.</td>
<td>Ky, Kine.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kyte, Belly.</td>
<td>Kyte, Belly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kyth, to shew.</td>
<td>Kyth, to shew.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LE Glossary. LU 275

L A

Aggerit, bemired.
Laich, low.
Laid, Load.
Laif or lave, the rest.
Lair, Learning, item a Place
Laik, to want. [to ly in.
Lains, themelves.
Laip, to lap as a Dog.
Laifure, Leasure.
Laif, laced.
Laibh, loath.
Laithly, Lothsome.
Laits, Manners.
Landwart, the Country.
Lane, Loan.
Langour, Wearyness.
Lans, a Lance.
Lans, to dart.
Lap, did leap.
Larbour, wooden.
Lathand, feeble, weak and
Law, low. [faded.
Lawtie, Honesty, Juflice.
Lawland, Lowland.
Leil or leaf, honeft.
Leîches, Laïhes.
Leicb, Leech or Dr.
Leid, a Person, item Language.
Leif, Leave, item to live.
Leim or Leam, Flame.
Leil, honeft, lawful.
Leis, Loves, leis me, it pleases
Leiïnges, Lies. [me.
Leïf, leaf.
Leir, to learn.
Lemman, Courtezan or Con-
Lends, Buttocks. cubine.
Lefum, lawful.
Leuch, did laugh.
Lever, rather.
Leur, rather.
Liar or Lyart, hoary.
Licht, Light, item merry.
Licharie, Lechery.
Lichly, undervalue.
Lickmadowups, fervile Flatterers, that salute like Dogs.
Lidder, slow, lazy.
Lie, Corn Lands until for some Years.
Lie or le, calm.
Lift, the Sky.
Ligg, to ly.
Limm, Limb.
Limmer, Thief and Whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a Precipice where Water
Linkit, went haftily. [falls.
Lippen, depend.
Lipper, leaperous.
Lijk, the Groin or Flank.
Loan, where the Cows are
Lokar, curled. [milked.
Loppin, did leap.
Lore, Learning.
Low, Flame.
Lown, a Whore or Rogue.
Lounger, hanging-headed.
Loun, calm.
Lowp, to leap.
Lowpar, Leaper.
Lout, to bow low.
Lows, loose.
Lude, loved.
Lufe, Love, item the Palm
of the Hand.
Lufray, Gifts.
Luggs, Ears.
Luggit,
Glossary.

Luggit, to draw by the Ears.
Luid, loved.
Luims, Looms.
Luivar, Lover.
Luk or Luck, Fortune.
Luke or Luik, Look.
Lukit or lucken, closed together.
Lum, Chimney.
Lundge, to hang downward.
Lunzie, Loyne.
Lute, did let. [Fellow.
Lurdane, a Blockhead or lazy.
Lufcbbald, a Slugard.
Lyfe, Life.
Lyke, Like.
Lyking, beloved.
Lymmer, a Whore and Knaue.
Lyre, the Complexion.
Lyth, a Joynt.
Lytt, dyed, litted.

M A

MAE, noe.
Maboun, the Devil.
Maid, made.
Mak, make.
Makars, Poets.
Malefon, Malediction.
Maik, Mate or Match.
Mailpayers, Farmers.
Main or mane, to moan.
Mair, more.
Mais, most.
Mait, Mate.
Man, muft.
Mandrag, Mandrake.
Mangit, bruifed, maimed.
Mankit, wanting.
Mant, to flammer.

Mantil, Mantle.
Marrow, Fellow or Mate.
Mauchs, Magots.
Maun, muft.
Mavis, a Thrush.
Meid or Mede, Mood, item a.
Meil, Meal. [Reward.
Mein or mene, mean.
Meis, to still or mitigate.
Meiths, Bounds, Limits or Marks.
Mekle or meikle, much.
Mell, to meddle or contend.
Melifluat, sweet flowing.
Melteith, a Male of Meat.
Mends, amends.
Menzie, Company or Retinue.
Menfweir, swear against.
Menfrowned, perjuried.
Merl, the Merlin, a Bird.
Meffen, a Lap-Dog.
Mete, to measure.
Micht, might.
Middling, Dunghill.
Milane, alone.
Minglit, mingled.
Mint, to attempt, to aim.
Minny, Mother.
Minfrell, Musician.
Mirk or merk, dark.
Mifken, to Milknow, item forbear.
Mifmade, deformed.
Mifter, to need.
Mok, to mock.
Mold, the Ground.
Mony, many.
Mortber, Murder.
Mot, may.
Mou, Mouth.
Moud, mouthed.
Mows, Jest.
Muck, Dung.
Mude, Mood.
Mune, Moon.
Muir or Mure, a Heath.
Mumting, muttering.
Murderièst, murdered.
Murgeon, to make Signs or imitate.
Mure or muse, move.
Myce or Myès, Mice.
Mynd, Mind.
Myne, mine.
Mynt, to offer or attempt.
Mynzion, Mignon.
Myting, a Mite.

None or Nune, Noone.
Noy, annoy.
Noyis, Noife.
Nowther, neither.
Nuik or Nuke, Nook, Corner.
Nurifor, nurifhing.
Nurture, Education, item Correction.
Nybill, to pike.
Nys, Nice.

O B
Oblièft, obliged.
Ocht, ought or aught.
Odwil, hateful.
Ockerar, an Uferer.
Oift, Hoft.
Ony, any.
Opinzion, Opinion.
Or, before.
Orifons, Prayers.
Ot, of it.
Owre, over.
Owrefrett, overspread, imbellifhed.
Owregubelm, overwhelm, &c., all the other owres.
Owkh, Week.
Owther, either.
Owfen, Oxen.
Oxter, Arm-pit.
Oys, Grandchildren.

P A
Addock, a Frog.
Paddock-rude, Spawn of Padzian, Pageant. [Frogs.
Paîs, Chaftifement.
Pais, Pasch or Efter.
Paitlait, an Under-coat.
Paip, the Pope.
Pallions, Pavilions.
Palat, Skin.
Pang, to stuff.
Panfe, Paufe.
Pare, to empair.
Pauchty, haughty.
Pavops, Paps or Breasts.
Payntit, painted.
Pech, to breath short.
Peilid, stript.
Peir, an equal.
Peis, Peas.
Pelour, a Pilgarlick.
Pennair, a Pen-Cafe.
Pens, Plumes.
Perfay, in Faith.
Perfé, pierce.
Perfave, perceive.
Perfew, pursue.
Pet, a Favourite, to take the Pet, to be peevish.
Pingle, to strive or labour with Difficulty.
Pik, Pitch.
Pifch, to pifs.
Pifh, Strength.
Plaid, a loofe upper Garment.
Plait, fold.
Plaunt, Complaint.
Plack, third of a Peny.
Plelids, Contentions.
Plein, complain.
PleNZie, complain.
Pleis, please.
Plesans, Pleasure.
Plet, to twift, twifted.
Pleuch, Plow.
Pley, Contest or Squable.
Plight, plighted.
Polk, Poke, or little Sack.
Pofody, a Sort of Highland Broth.
Pow, to pull.
Pows, Poll or Head.
Powtch, Pocket.
Powter, to prog.
Praick, Practice.
Presfe or prive, prove, try, or Taffe.
Preincod, Pincusheon.
Preving, trying.
Presfe, presf.
Prent, Print or Impression.
Prevene, to prevent.
Propyne, a Prefent.
Prydles, humble.
Prysis, Prizes.
Punci, Pulfes.
Punde, to sequefter.
Pulchritude, Beauty.
Pure or Pur, poor, item pure.
Puirtith, Poverty.
Purflit, rusled.
Purfe-pyk, Pick-purse.
Pufiance, Power.
Pyne, Pain.

QU
Uantance, Acquaintance.
Quat, did quite or quit.
Quay, young Cow.
Quaver, Quiver.
Quene, Queen.
Quell, to kill.
Quba, who.
Qubail, Whale.
Qubais,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RA</th>
<th>Glofary.</th>
<th>RO 279</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Qubais, whose.</td>
<td>Ratches, Hounds.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Qubair, where.</td>
<td>Raw, row.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Qubat, what.</td>
<td>Rawmould, beardless, simple.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubat-reck, what the Matter.</td>
<td>Raucht, reaucht.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Qubelp, a Whelp.</td>
<td>Rax, Stretch.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Qubeils, Wheels.</td>
<td>Rebal, a Talker of Nonsense or Rebaldry.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quheit, Wheat.</td>
<td>Red or reid, to wish, item</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhen, when.</td>
<td>Redour, Fright. [Fear.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubenh, a Part.</td>
<td>Rebatour, a malicious Enemy.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhilk, which.</td>
<td>Reid, Red, item to read.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubidder, whither.</td>
<td>Reik, Smok, item to reach.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhip, Whip.</td>
<td>Reikis, rigged, item smoked.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubittle, a Knife.</td>
<td>Reird, Noise.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubitly, pale and thin.</td>
<td>Reift, to dry in a Chimney.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhirl, whirl.</td>
<td>Reive or reve, to rob.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubois, whose.</td>
<td>Rever, a Rober.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qubom, whom.</td>
<td>Renzie, the Rein of a Bridle.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhylsome, sometime ago.</td>
<td>Reprieve, reprove.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quby, why.</td>
<td>Reswine, receive.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhyle, while, item until.</td>
<td>Refone or Refoun, Reason.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhyte, White.</td>
<td>Revers, Robbers.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quod, quoth, said.</td>
<td>Revers, the Rovers at which the Archers shoot.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAE, Roe.</td>
<td>Rewth, Pity.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rad or Red, feared.</td>
<td>Resume, Realm.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Racklefs or recklefs, to act carelessly or rash.</td>
<td>Rewyne, Ruin.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raifs, rave, did rive.</td>
<td>Rew, to take Pity, item to repent.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raing, a Circle.</td>
<td>Richt, Right.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raik, to go a quick Pace.</td>
<td>Right now, lately.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raip, a Rope.</td>
<td>Rift, to belch.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rair, to roar.</td>
<td>Rigg, the Back, item a Ridge.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rait, Rate.</td>
<td>Rilling, a Shoe made of rough raw untan’d Leather.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rang, Rung.</td>
<td>Rink, a Course.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ranigald, a foolish Scold.</td>
<td>Ring, to reign.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rak, Fog or Mist.</td>
<td>Riffies, Bulrushes.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ramand, crying.</td>
<td>Roches, Rocks.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Rafeb, Rash.</td>
<td>Roir, to roar.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Rok
Rok, a Distaff, item to roll or move from one Side to the other.
Rone, Bramble or Briar.
Row, a Roll, to roll.
Rowth, Abundance.
Rowpond, crying-hoarse.
Rowms, Rooms.
Rowmis, to make a Noise.
Roun, Whisper.
Roung or Rung, a Cloun's Staff.
Rowt, to bellow or low like a Bull.
Royis, raves.
Ruch, rough.
Rude, Redness.
Rude, a Crofs.
Rug, to pull with Force.
Rukes, Crows.
Rukis, Ricks.
Rundge, to range and gather.
Rumple, a Rump.
Rute, Root.
Rufe or rufe, to commend, praife, extoll.
Ruther, the Rudder.
Ryall, Royall.
Ryfe or Rife, common.
Rynk, Rank.
Rys or Ryce, Dwarf Bushes of Wood.
Ryfe, rise.
Ryve, to tear and splet.

N.B. the c here between the f and h, tho' it is never used now, yet it was feldom neglected by our old Gentlemen; therefore any hard Word that begins with only f, look for it in fch.

Saiklefs, innocent.
Sain or Sane, to blefs.
Sair, fore.
Sane, fay.
Sall, shall.
Sald, fold.
Sang, Song.
Sans, without.
Sar, Savour.
Sargeand, Serjeant.
Sark, Shirt.
Sary, Sorry.
Saw, old Saying or Prophecy.
Saw, Word or Promise.
Sauch, a Willow.
Saucht, at Eafe, in Peace.
Saul, Soul.
Sauld, fee Sald.
Sawrs, Savours, Smells.
Schilling, Meal before it is sifted.
Schit, a blasted little Creature.
Schogled, dangled.
Schouil, she will, or she'll.
Schog, to shake.
Schol, she.
Schore, to threat.
Schot, Shot.
Schir, Sir.
Schrewis, Shrews.
Schuke, shook.
Schuder, to Shiver.
Schune, Shoes.
Schule, School.
Schupe, made ready, intended.
Schure, did sheer.
Scrimp, scant.
Scoul, to look grim, by letting fall the Brows.
Seil, Seal.
Seil, Happines, Prosperity.
Seimly, comely.
Seir, or Sere, severall.
Sell, self.
Seindle, seldom.
Sen, since.
Sene, seen.
Sens, sense.
Sefyn, since that Time.
Senzie, Signory.
Senxior, Senior.
Sefoun, Seafon.
Serve, or Serf, to deferve.
Sets, becomes.
Seuch, a Furrow or Ditch.
Sey, to try.
Scaldit, burnt.
Scart, Hermaphrodite.
Scowerie or Skowerie, meagre.
Scunder, a Qualm, to loath.
Sib, a Kin.
Sic or fik, such.
Sich, figh.
Sicht, Sight.
Sicker, sure.
Siller, Silver.
Sindle, seldom. [Corns.
Single, a Handful of gleaned
Skail, to scatter.
Skairs or Skers, scarce.
Skaitb, Lofs, Harm.
Skapit, escaped.
Scant, scarce.
Skap, Scalp.
Skar, Scar.
Skelf, Shelf.
Sklander, Scandal.
Sklender, Slender.
Skent, to go aside, to lie.
Skonce, to cover, a Cover.
Skoldirt, parched.
Skorn, Scorn.
Skeich, Skittifh.
Skoul, hang or knit the Brows.
Skink, to fill Drink, item strong Broth.
Skirl, to cry.
Skrows, Scrolls.
Skrudging or Skurging, Scouring.
Skryfe, Scruf.
Skraip, Scrape.
Skryk, to screech.
Skugry, in Hidlings.
Skulls, Hand Baskets.
Skum, Scim.
Skyth, Lofs, Hurt.
Sla, Slay.
Slae, Sloe.
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Slave</td>
<td>Slave, Slaif</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>did slit or cut</td>
<td>Slait, did slit or cut.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>an opening between</td>
<td>Slak, an opening between</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flow</td>
<td>Slaw, flow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smooth</td>
<td>Sleik, smooth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cunning</td>
<td>Sleuth, cunning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slight, slight</td>
<td>Slicht, Slight.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South</td>
<td>Sle, South.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to quench</td>
<td>Slokin, to quench.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchword, peculiar to a certain Name or Set of People, used to know their Friends from Enemies</td>
<td>Slogan or Slughorn, a Watchword, peculiar to a certain Name or Set of People, used to know their Friends from Enemies.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Hulk</td>
<td>Slouch, a Hulk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>filly pitiful Fellow</td>
<td>Smaik, a filly pitiful Fellow.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>befmar</td>
<td>Smair, befmar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith's Work-house</td>
<td>Smidy, Smith's Work-house.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to infect</td>
<td>Smit, to infect.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spot, as of Grease on</td>
<td>Smot, a Spot, as of Grease on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smothered</td>
<td>Smorit, smothered.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smoak</td>
<td>Smoke, Smoak.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>small Spot</td>
<td>Smyt, a small Spot.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to smile</td>
<td>Smyle, to smile.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clever</td>
<td>Snack, clever.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>speak tartly</td>
<td>Snejft, to speak tartly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to snore</td>
<td>Sneir, to snore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sharp</td>
<td>Snell, sharp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>show displeasure by diddainful Looks</td>
<td>Sniff, to show displeasure by diddainful Looks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman's Head-band for binding back the Hair</td>
<td>Snude, a Woman's Head-band for binding back the Hair.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sore</td>
<td>Soir, Sore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recreation</td>
<td>Solace, Recreation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to solicit</td>
<td>Solijst, to solicit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luck, Happiness</td>
<td>Sonce or sonfs, Luck, Happiness.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Wreath of Straw used as a Cushion, or a Load Sadle</td>
<td>Sonk, a Wreath of Straw used as a Cushion, or a Load Sadle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>made Excuse</td>
<td>Sonziet, made Excuse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to go about begging</td>
<td>Sornand, to go about begging.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>should</td>
<td>Sould, should.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sovereign</td>
<td>Soverane, Sovereign.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sweep</td>
<td>Soup, sweep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smooth</td>
<td>Sound, smooth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to prophesy</td>
<td>Space, to prophesy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wane from Suck</td>
<td>Spate or Spait, Land Flood or Torrent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the Shoulder</td>
<td>Spaul, Spald, the Shoulder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to speak</td>
<td>Speik, to speak.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to climb</td>
<td>Speil, to climb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to ask, item a Spear</td>
<td>Speir, to ask, item a Spear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the Buttery</td>
<td>Spence, the Buttery.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spain</td>
<td>Spenzie, Spain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to spoil</td>
<td>Spill, to spoil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a very small Fish</td>
<td>Spirling, a very small Fish.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smooth</td>
<td>Sound, smooth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Guifh</td>
<td>Spowt, a Guifh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sprigs, Bushes</td>
<td>Spray, Sprigs, Bushes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Tune</td>
<td>Spring, a Tune.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spoil, item to spoil</td>
<td>Spulzie, Spoil, item to spoil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Spring, to spring as a Clock</td>
<td>Sprent, a Spring, to spring as a Clock.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Weaver's Shuttle</td>
<td>Spule, a Weaver's Shuttle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squeek</td>
<td>Squeil, Squeek.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spark of Fire</td>
<td>Spunk, a Spark of Fire.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinning</td>
<td>Spynd, Spinning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone</td>
<td>Stane, Stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sting</td>
<td>Stang, Sting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piles of Corn</td>
<td>Stakis, Piles of Corn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stole</td>
<td>Stall, stole.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>robust</td>
<td>Stallwart, robust.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stagger</td>
<td>Stakkar, Stagger.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>strong</td>
<td>Stark, strong.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steep</td>
<td>Stay, Streight, Steep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sadle</td>
<td>Staw, stole.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Steik,
Steik, to shut.
Steir, stir.
Stend, long Stryde.
Stern, Star.
Stevin, the Voice.
Steirk, a big Bull Calf.
Stot, Bullock, item a Note in Musick.
Stour, Dust in Motion.
Stour, Throng of Battle.
Stoup, Prop or Pillar.
Stowen, stolen.
Staig, young Horse.
Strange, strong.
Straw, Straw.
Strak, did strike.
Strinkil, to sprinkle.
Strynd, strain, item Kindred.
Stalwart, large and strong.
Stalkers, sturdy Beggars.
Stude, flood.
Study, Smith’s Anvil.
Sturdy, stout and strong.
Sturt, Vexation.
Styme, Small Sight.
Stypand, Benefice.
Stynt, to stay or hold.
Sua, so.
Sukkar, Sugar.
Suith or Suth, Truth.
Suld, should.
Sune, fone, soon.
Swapit, featured.
Swats, Small-bear or Dreg.
Swankies, clever young Felloes.
Sulzie, to foil, item Soil, Land.
Supone, suppose.
Sute, Soot.
Suth, Truth.
Swaird, the Grasy Surface of the Ground.
Swat, did sweat.
Swankie, couple Youngster.
Sweir, lazy, item to swear.
Swairness, Launy.
Swith, Hast, haftlyie.
Sworn, Swim.
Swoun, Faint.
Swyngeor, a tall Wenching, item, a Scoundrel.
Swyth or Swith, soon.
Syis, Times.
Syke, a Water Ditch.
Symmer, Summer.
Syne, afterward, then.
Syre, Sire, Father.
Syte, Sorrow.

T A

TAE, Toe.
Tois, Toes.
Tacht, Taught.
Tallon, to Tallow or Grease.
Tald or Tauld, told.
Taid, Toad.
Talzior, Taylor.
Target, Clasps or Buckles.
Targe, a Shield.
Tarow, to refuse.
Tawch, Tallow.
Tawfy, little Cup.
Tax, a Scourge or little Whip.
Tedder, a Rope or Band for Horses.
Telzie, a Cut of Beef.

Tene,
| **Tene, Anger.** | **Tolbuith, a Prison.** |
| **Tent, to notice.** | **Towdy, the Arfe.** |
| **Teugh, tugh.** | **Towris, Towers.** |
| **Teynd, Anger.** | **Townmond, Twelve Months.** |
| **Thae, those.** | **Trants, Nig-nays.** |
| **Thair, their, there.** | **Trattles, silly Tales.** |
| **Thairin, within.** | **Traikit, dragled.** |
| **Thairout, without.** | **Trayn, Train or Lead.** |
| **Thay, those.** | **Treachour or treichour, treacherous.** |
| **Thie, Thigh.** | **Tret or treit, treat.** |
| **Thir, those.** | **Tretie, intreating.** |
| **Thocht, thought, tho't.** | **Trew, true.** |
| **Thoile, to suffer.** | **Trig, neat.** |
| **Thrawart or trawart, crofs.** | **Trow, believe.** |
| **Thrawis, Throws.** | **Truncheon, Head or Piece of a Spear.** |
| **Thrawn, crofs, Thrawn vult, ill natured Countenance.** | **Trumpours, Deceivers.** |
| **Threfe, in Corn, twenty four Sheaves; applied to other Things it means a great deal.** | **Tryme, handsome.** |
| **Thring, to wring or Throng.** | **Trymbill, Tremble.** |
| **Throple, the Wind Pipe.** | **Tryl, an Appointment.** |
| **Thyne, thine, item thence.** | **Tung, Tongue.** |
| **Thud, The Noise rather stronger than sharp that Things make that come on other with Force and Quickness.** | **Tuke, took.** |
| **Ticht, handsome, tight.** | **Tume, empty, item to empty.** |
| **Tig, to sport with gentle touches, pating and the Tinsell, Lofe, like.** | **Tway or twae, two.** |
| **Tint, Lof.** | **Twich, Touch.** |
| **Tirl, to give a small sharp Stroke, item to uncover.** | **Tewyne, to twine.** |
| **Tirly mirly, a Whirlygig.** | **Tyde, Tide.** |
| **Tittar, rather.** | **Tyke, a Dog.** |
| **Tod, a Fox.** | **Tymmer, Timber.** |
| **Toder, the other.** | **Tyne or tene, lofs.** |
| **Toits or toyts, Freeks.** | **Tyne, tain, or tine, Anger.** |
| **Tynt, loft.** | **Tynt, loft.** |
| **Tyte, freight, soon, quickly.** | **Tyte, freight, soon, quickly.**

**WA**

| **WA, Wall.** | **WA, Wall.** |
| **Wad or Wed, Wager.** | **Woe.** |
| **Wae, Woe.** | **Waefu,** |
Waefu, woeful.
Wag, Shake.
Waif, lonly, alone.
Waif, Wave.
Wair or ware, to bestowed.
Wait, weak, item wait.
Waitth, wandred or strayed.
Wakryfe, little enclined to sleeping.
Wale, the Choice, to choife.
Wald, would.
Walop, to Galop.
Wallowit, withered.
Waly, large.
Wally-goody, great Jewell.
Walydraig, a pityful Creature, or the most worthles of a number.
Wame, Womb.
Wan, pale, item went.
Wanjuckit, ill nursed.
Wanworth, worthles.
Wane or wain, House.
Wanflers, Venus Gamesters.
Wanryfe, uneafy.
Warden, Guardian.
Warfon, Reward.
Wark, Work.
Warlo, a Wretch.
Warie, to fret.
Wate or wait, to know.
Wow, a Wall, a Wave.
Wedjet, to Mortgage.
Weil, well.
Weind, supposed.
Weir, War.
Weird, Fortune.
Weit, Rain, item to wet.
Wene or wein, to think or suppose.

Wend, go away.
Weirly, cautiously.
Wyjit, wiped or woped.
Wicht, clever.
Wicht, Wight, a Person.
Wicker, Willow.
Wid, mad.
Widdert, withered.
Widdy or Wody, the Gallows.
Wie, little.
Widdysow, Gallows fac’d.
Widdill, an uneasy restless Motion.
Will, wild.
Willom, wild.
Wimple, to fold back and forward.
Winning, Dwelling.
Winnocks, Windows.
Wirdy or wordy, worthy.
Wirk, to work.
Wirry, to worry.
Wift, to work.
Wod, a Wood.
Won, to dwell.
Wond, dwelt.
Wont, thought or supposéd.
Wouit, courted.
Wrak, Wreck.
Woaf, Wolf.
Wow, a Note of Wonder.
Wraik, to vex.
Wraith, the Waite.
Wrait, wrote.
Wrang, wrong.
Wrocht, wrought.
Wympler, a Curie or Wave.
Wyre, cunning.
Wyfe, Wife.
Wyfs, Wives.

Wyt,
**Glossary.**

| Wyt, to blame, the Cause or Wyse, wife. [Blame. Wyfp, a Handful of Straw, or the like. |

*N.B.* Some old Scots Words not explained in this Glossary, through Inadvertency in collecting and ranging of them, and some few, for which we can plead a better Excuse, shall be annexed, with such in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which Volume is to be published in a short Time, consisting chiefly of Satyres and Interludes, wrote by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lyon King at Arms, and acted on the Play Green between Leith and Edinburgh, with several other Pieces never before printed.
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