The Ever Green

VOLUME SECOND
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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1876
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 sweit throw Albion bin fung.

S'. 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.

Welcum, illufrat Lady, and our Quene,
Welcum our Lyon with the Floure-de-Lyce;
Welcum our Thistle with the Lorane Grene;
Welcum our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,
Welcum our Jem, and joyfull Gentryce;
Welcum our Beil of ALBION to beir;
Welcum our plefand Princes maift of Pryce,
God give you Grace agains this gude new Zuir.
II. This
II.

This Gude New Zeir we hope with Grace of God,
Sall be of Peace, Tranquility and Rest;
This Zeir fall Right and Reason rule the Rod,
Quhilk fae lang Season has bene fair supreft;
This Zeir firm Faith fall freely be conset,
And all eronious Questions put arreir
To labour that this Lyfe amang us left,
God give zou Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

III.

Herefore address thee duely to decore,
And rule thy Regne with his Magnificence;
Begin at God to gar set forth his Gore,
And of his Gospel get Experience;
Cause his true Kirk be had in Reverence,
So fall thy Name and Fame spred 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
to Queen MARY.

Wey Justice equal without Discrepance,
Strengthen thy State, with Stedsfastness to stieir,
To temper Tyme with true Continuance,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

V.

CAST thy Constate by Council of the Sage,
And cleeve to Chryft has kept thee weil in Cure,
Attingent now to twenty Zeirs of Age,
Preservand thee from all Misaventure.
Wald thou be served and thy Countrie sure,
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Eir,
Pres ay to be Prote&rix of the Pure,
Sae GOD fall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

VI.

GAR stanche all Stryfe, and stable thy Estates,
In Constance, Concord, Charity and Luve:
Be biffy now to banifh all Debates,
That twixt Kirk-men and tempral Men dois muve,
The pulling doun of Policy reprove,
And let perversfed Prelates live perquier,
To do the best befeikand GOD abuve,
To give thee Grace agains this gude 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 Lasses lo,
Will argue baith with Bishop, Preist and Freir:
To danton this thou has enouch to do,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VIII.
But wyte the wickit Pastors wald not mend
Their vicious Living, all the Warld prefcryves;
They tuke nae tent their Traik sould turn till end,
They were sae proud of their Prerogatyves,
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 Baffards with the Skufe they skraip
To blande their Blude with Barrons by Ambition,
They purchesst pithlesse 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 alyde sic Sort of Superftition,
GOD give thee Grace against this gude new Zeir.

X.

THEY Benifice and Pention tint that marriet;
On Frydays quha eit Flesh was fyr-fangt;
It made nae Mis quhat Maydens they mifcarriet,
On Fafting Days, they were not brunt or hangt.
Licence for Lechry frae their Lord belantg,
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,
To mend that Menzie has fae mony mangt,
GOD give thee Grace against 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 bine to deid Mens Banes,
Offer on Kneis to kis, 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 against this gude new Zeir.

XII. THEY
XII.

They tyart God with Trifles tume and Trantals,
And deivid 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 silly Sheip and sobir Flock to simeir,
To ceife all sindre Sects or Herefieis,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIII.

With Meis and Mattins nae ways will I mell,
To juge them justly passis my Ingynne,
They gyde not ill that governs weill themfell,
And honestly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,
Doubts to discus, for Doctors are divyne,
Cunning in Clergie to declar them cler:
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 rebutte.

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

XV.

The Epiftles and Evangells now are Preicht,
Bot Sophestrerie 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 cursed Covetice of Geir,
Now to expell that Idol stands up plain,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

For Sum are fene at Sermons sum fa haly,
Singand Sanct Davids Pfalter on their Buiks,
And are but Bibliſts fairing full their Belly,
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,
Ruggand and revand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;
Lyke very Wasps against Gods Word mak Weir;
Now sic Christians to kifs with Chanters Kuiks
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVII. DeWtIE
XVII.

Dewtie and Detts are driven by Doublenefs,
And Folks are flemit frae zung Faith Professors,
The greatest ay the greidyar I ges,
To plant quhere Preists and Parfons were Possessors,
Teinds are uptane by Testament Transgressors,
Credence is paft of Promife thocht they sweir,
To punish Palmers, and reproach Oppressors,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVIII.

Puir Folk ar famift 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 so 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
to Queen MARY.

Be they unpaid, thy Purveyants are socht,
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
   To vifly 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 seims sweit,
   Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are lyttit.
Gif thou perfave sum Senzior it has smittit,
Solift them fastly not to perfeveir;
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hienes wit it,
But graciously forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

Forgivnes grant with Gladness and Gude-will,
   Gratit to all into zour Parliament,
Syne stablifh Statutes, stedfaft to stand still,
   That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Earls, and Lords in consequent,
Treat 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,
   Caufe every State to their Vocation go,
Scolaftick Men the Scriptures to difcryve,
   And Majeftrates to ufe their Sword also,
Merchants to trade and trafick to and fro,
Mechanicks Work, Hufbands to saw and Sheir,
   So fall be Wealth and Weilfare without Woe,
Be Grace of God agains this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

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

XXIV. This
XXIV.

This Zeir fall be Embassies heir belyve,
    For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings,
This Zeir within thy Region fall aryfe
    Rows of the Rankest that in Europe rings;
This Zeir bith Blythness and Abundance brings,
Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to their,
    With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXV.

Gif Saws be futhe to schaw thy Cellitude,
    Quhat Bairn sould bruke all Britain be the Sie,
The Prophecie exprefly 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 Defcent the fame sould spring of thee,
By Grace of God agane this gude new Zeir.

XXVI. Now

Gif Saws be futhe. 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 allege, made after his Acceffion; this Poem being wrote in 1562, some Years before his Birth.
XXVI.
Now to conclude, on Chryft cast thy comfort,
And cherish them that thou has under Charge,
Supone maift sure he fall fend thee support,
And len the lufty 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, maift 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 faif, and haif, engrave 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, maift chaft, cheif Carbuncle and Choife,
Sweit smyling Sovraign shining bot a Spot,
Bleff
To his Heart.

Bleff, beautiful, benygn, and beft begot,
To this Indyte pleafe to inclyne thine Eir,
Sent be thy simple Servant Sanders Scot,
Greiting great God to grant thy Grace gude Zeir.

Quod Alexr. Scot.

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 Cause,
An let hir seik a Heart for thee,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho 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 moft 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 beastial,
   But knaw quha dois the Gude or Ill;
At Hame with me then tarry still,
   And se then quha playis beft thair Pawis,
And let the Fillock fling hir fill,
   For Feynd a Crum of thee fcho faws.

III.

Thocht fcho be fair I will not fenzie,
   Scho is the Kynd with utheris maes;
For quhy thair is a Fellen 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 fcho faws.

IV.

Remember how that Medea
   Wyld for a Sicht of Jafon zeid,
Remember how that Creffida,
   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 ischo may speid,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ischo faws.

V.

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

VI.

Neir dunt again within my Breift,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage spill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit ischo sненIft,
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 frirt, and fyк hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ischo faws.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.

A
A Brash 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.

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

IV.

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

V.

Quod he, my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnyfopps, my sweit Possody,
Be not owre bowstrous to your Billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;

Zour
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.
A Brash of Wouing.

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 spane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,
   Fou leis me on that graces 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 graces gane.

Quod Clerk.
THE

GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

RIGHT as the Stern of Day began to schyne,
Quhen gone to Bed was Vesper and Lucyne,
I raiſe, and by a Roseir did me rest;
Upsprang the goldin Candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit Beims Chriftalyne,
Glading the miry Fowlis in thair Neft,
Or Phebus was in purpure Kaip reveſt;
Up sprang the Lark, the Hevenis Minſtral ſync,
In May intill a Morrow mirthſufleſt.

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 Papingo, 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 sweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all Collours,
The Perlit Dropis schuke in silver Schours,
    Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fleit,
Depairt frae Phebus did Aurora greit,
Hir criftal Teirs I faw 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 Rosles 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 Purpoure Hevin owre skailt in Silver Slopps,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Leivs and Barks.

IV. Doun
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 schadowit 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 frofty 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, A'sure, Gold and Gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,
Sae nobilie that Joy was for to fene,
The Roche against the River resplendant,
   As low iluminate the Levis schene.

VI. QUHAT
VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowls faft Harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers Sound that ran me by,
   On Floras Weid I flepit quhair I lay,
Quhair fune into my dreimand Fantify,
I saw approche agane the Orient Sky,
   Ane Schip on fail as blofome on the Spray,
With Maft of Gold, bricht as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full luftely,
   With swiftest Motion throu a Crystal Bay.

VII.

And hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Rispies and the Reids,
   Aryvit fcho quheirfrae annon thair Lands,
Ane hundreth Ladeis luftie intill Weids,
Als freth as Flours that in the May upspreids,
   In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair fhynand 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 weill indytè,
How all the Flours with all the Lillies quhyt,
   Depaint was bright, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,
Nocht Homer thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat Style the maist 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 fresh, and Lady Flora schene,
   Juno, Latona, and Proserpina,
Diane the Goddes of Chest 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 bright, and blyth as Lucifera.

X. Thair
X.

Thair saw I May of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix Apryl and June her Sisters schene,
   Within the Garden walkand up and doun,
Quhom of the Fowls refaif Gladnes 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 maift Plefeir,
   Quhair that I lay heilit with Leivs Rank,
The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;
Nature fuluft 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
The Goldin Terge.

XII.

Syn to Dame Flora, on the famyne Ways,
They faluift and they thank a Thousand Syis,
   And to sweit Venus neift, Luvis bony Quene,
They sang 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 perft the Hevinly Skyis,
   Quhyle loud resfount the Firmament serene.

XIII.

Ane uther Court thair saw I subsequent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
   And dreidfull Arrows grundin sherp and squhair,
Thair saw I Mars the God armipotent,
Awful and sfern, brāid, stong and corpulent.
   Thair saw I crabit Saturn auld and Hair,
His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air,
Thair was Mercurius, wyse 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 Blafts lyke to an Lord unstable,
Thair was blyth Bacchus 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 mirrely they playt,
And Ballats fang with michty Nottes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full sobirly asflyt,
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 suddenly 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 areift; and they nae Tyme delayit;
Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,
With Bowis big, in traffic Hairs scheon,
    Richt suddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
The Party was fae plefand to be fene,
    A Wondir lufty Bikar me aflayit.

XVII.

And firft of all with Bow in Hand ay bent,
Came Bewty’s Dame richt as scho’wald me schent,
    Syne followit all her Damofells in Feir,
With mony divers awfull Instrument,
Into the preifs fair Having with hir went,
    Syne Portrator, Plefance and lufty Cheir,
Then Resoun came with Scheild of Gold so cleir,
In Plait of Mail as Mars armipotent,
    Defendit me that noble Chevalier.
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 naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;
   Full sune they dreid to do a Violence:
Swiet Womanheid I faw come in Prefence,
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 Stedsfaeth,
   Discretion, Gentiles, Considderans,
Leful Company, and honest Busines,
Benign Luke, myld Cheir and Sobirness,
   All thir bure Genzies to do me Grivans;
But Refoun bure the Terge with sic Constans,
Thair scharp Assay micht do me no Deirence,
   For all their Preis and awful Ordinans.

XX. UNTO
XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII. Dame
XXII.

Dame Hameliness scho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and heynd in Archery,
And brocht in Bewtie to the Feild again,
With all the Choise 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 sanc.

XXIII.

Thick was the Schot, of grundin Arrows kene,
But Reffoun with the Goldin Scheild sae schene,
Weirly deffendit quhoseir affayit;
The awfull Schower he manly did suftene,
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 sae fair me suddenly affrayit.
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 cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindit, Reffoun? quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy feim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

Dissimulance was biffy me to aflyle,
And Fair Calling did aft upon me smyle,
And Cherissing me fed with Words fair,
Acquaintance new embrafit me a quhyle,
And favourt me, till Men micht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I faw 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 south hir Dres,
And me delyverit unto Havynes,
For to remane, and scho in Cure me take;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodnes,
God Eolus his Bougill blew, I ges,
That with the Blast the Aiks in Fareft schuke,
And suddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, ther was but Wilderness,
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 flent,
And with swift Courfe out owre the Flude they frak;
They fyrit thair Guns with Powdir violent,
Till that the Reik raife to the Firmament,
The Rochis all refoundit with the Rak,
For Reird it semit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I spreit
Amangs the Clewis, fae caifull was the Crak.

XXVIII. AND
XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this Swowning,
The joyfull Minfralls mirryly did sing,
   For Mirth of Phoebus tendir Beims schene;
Sweit wer the Vapouris, faft the Morrowing,
Hailfum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
   The Air atemperit, fobir 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 reverence *Chawfer, Rose of Rethouris all,
As in our Toung the Flowir imperiall,
   That evir raife.in Brittane, quha reids richt,
Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
The fresch enamallit Termes celeftiall;
   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 Panygyrick on Chawfer, as 'tis perfectly generous and hand-
some from a Scots Poet, it likewise shews that the Lowland Scots
Language and the English at that Time were the same.
XXX.

O morale Gower and Lidgate laureat,
Zour suggrat Toungs and Lipps aureat
   Bene till our Eirs Cause 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 schupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and disolate
   Of Rethorick, or lusty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle Quair be evir obedient,
Humbyl subject, and semple of Intent,
   Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has spent,
Of hir maift lyftie Roses redolent
   Is nane into thy Garland set on Hicht;
   O Schame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht:
Rude is thy Weid, bare, deffitute and rent,
   Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.

Quad Dunbar.

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

I.
First Lerges of the King my Cheif,
Quhilk came as quietly as ane Theif,
And in my Hand slaid 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 fonziet not, nor said me nay,
But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

III.
Of Gallaway the Bischop 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 Croce the Abbot zing,
I did to him ane Ballat bring;
But or I paft a Pice him frae,
I gat nae lea than Deil a thing,
For Lorges of this new Zeir Day.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

Now Lorges of my Lordis all
Baith temporall State and spirittual,
My self fall evir sing and say,
I haif them fund sae liberall
Of Lorges on this new Zeir Day.

VIII. Foul
VIII.
Foul fa this Froft 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 themfell,
    For Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

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

X.
Grit GOD releif Margaret our Quene,  
For gif scho wer as scho hes bene,  
    Schowald be lerger of Lufray  
Than all the laif that I of mene,  
    For Lerges 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 Mirrynes,
To zou in Stirvling in Diffres,
Quhair nowther Pleasance nor Delyt is,
Thus pittyng ane Apostle wryts:
O ze Hermits and Hankerfildis,
That tak zour Penance at zour Tables,
And eit nae Meit restorative,
Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
But Ale that is baith thin and smal,
With but few Courses in zour Hall,
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 Bles of Glory:  
Of Edinbrugh the mirry Toun  
We fall begin a carefull Soun,  
Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,  
The Bleft abune we fall beseik  
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 Stirling, ilka Court Mans Fae,
Again to Edinbrugh's Joy and Blifs,
Quhair Worfchip, Wealth and Weilfair is,
Play, Pleafance, and eik Honesty,
Say ze Amen, for Charity.

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

Fube Dom. benedicite.
Out of Diftrefs of Stirving Toun
To Edinbrugh blefs God mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles deir,
Virgins, Confeflouris, Martyris cleir,
And all the Seat celefliall,
Devoutly we upon them call,
That fune out of zour Pains fell,
Ze may in Heaven heir with us dwell,
Dumbars *Dregy.*

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.

*Responsorium, 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 Stirlings 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
In *Edinbrugh* heir, and mak gude Cheir,
Quher Wealth and Weilfare is bot Weir;
And I that do zour Pains discoyve
Intend to visly 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 Confolation them to give,
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
And ichaw them, quhen their Pains ar past,
They fall cum up to Heaven at laft;
Hou nane deserves to haif Sweitnes,  
That nevir taftit Bitternes;
And therfor hou fuld ze confidder
Of *Edinbrughs* Blefs, quhen zou cum hidder:
But gif ze taftit had befoir
Of *Stiroling* Toun, the Pains foir,
And therfor tak in Patience
Zour Penance and zour Abstinece,
And ze fall cum or *Zule* begin
Into the Blefs that we ar in;
Qhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.
Dumbars Dregy.

Respon. tu autem Dom.
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in Stirvling,
Frac 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 trifliciae de Stirvling,
Orna, Domine, animas eorum:
Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,
In villa Vincentium,
Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen.

DEUS, qui justos in corde humiles
Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling versantes,
A paenis & trisitii ejusdem,
Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,
Ut requiescat Striviling. Amen.
The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie
Herafter follows, jocund and merrie.

I.

Sir John the Rofs, ane Thing ther is compyld
In generall, be Kennedie and Quinting,
Quhilk has themselfs abune the Sterns styld;
But had they made of Menace ony mynting
In special, then sic Stryfe fuld ryse bot flynting:
Howbeit with Bost thair Bosomes 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, fum Sage for Schame fuld sink,
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 fae bauld in thair Back-byting
To gar me ryme and raife the Feynd with Flyting,
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

Quod Dunbar to Kennedie.

Kennedie to Dunbar.

I.

Dirtie Dunbar, on quhome blaws thou thy Boift?
Pretendant thee to wryte sic scaldit Skrows,
Thou raw-moud Rebald, fall doun at the Roift;
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,

Mandrag
Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 49

Mandrag, Mymerkin, maid Maister 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 Commissar,  
Fantastick Fule, trust 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 sune thou mak my Commissar Amends,  

And

2  G
50 Flying 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,
Rebold renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;
A lawland Erse wald mak a better Noyis.

II. Riven
Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 51

II.

Riven, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaltrie,
Scart Scorpion, scal'dit in Scurillitie,
I se the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
And into uther Science nothing flie,
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 Wiip 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 meth therto, my Hand I hecht
To redd thy Rebal ryming with a Rout:
Throw Britain braid it fall be blown 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 purpozd anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In Paislay, with a Poyson that was fell,
For quhilk Brybour zit fall thou thele a Breif;
Pelor, I fall it prieve on thee my fell.

V.

Tho I wald lie, thy frawart Phifnomy
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;
Suppofe thy Heid wey armit Tymis ten,
Thou fall recryit, or I thy Crown fall cleive.

VI.

Or thou durft move thy Mynd malitious,
Thou saw the Sail abune my Heid updraw;
But Eolus full wid, and Neptunus,
Mirk and Munclefs, 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 famišt aw,
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boaft.

VII. Thou
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 sæ fain be flyld;
Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.
FORWORTHIN Fule, of all the Warld Refufe,
Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoyce to flyt?
Sic Eloquence as they in Earfry use,
In sic is fet thy trawart Appityte;
Thou has full litle 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 Maifter pingle;
Thou lay richt prydles 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, lowfy, baith in Lisk and Lunzie,
Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumpel;
For he that rofted 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 Commissar 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 Cripel 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 Trumpier 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 saw 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 freils in Cocks and Hens,
Thou
56  *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Thou plucks the Poultry, scko 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 thinkst 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 chaste,
Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;
I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaift.

XVI.

The larbar Lukes of thy lang leines 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 ghaiffly Luke fleys 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 lousy 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 harfh 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,
Reiftit and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,
   And aft beswakit with an owre hic Tyde,
Quhillk 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 skylan Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
Wan wraigland Wafp, mac Worms thou has be-fitten
   Than there is Grafs on Ground or Beift on Lind;
   Tho
58 *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie.*

Tho thou did first sic Folly to me find;
Thou fall again with mae Witnes than I,
Thy Gulchoch 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 Caprowsy 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 Qhiet,
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.

Strait 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 Wisps 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 flane thee up the Cawsy as thou gaes.

XXII. THE
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 chaft with Craws,
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark,
Then Carlings cry, Keip Curches in the merk,
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceles gaes:
Anither says, I se 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 sic a Noyfe,
Quhyle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers cast baith Coals and Creils;
For Reird of thee, and rattling of thy Butes.
Fifh Wyves cry fy, and cast down Skulls and skeils,
Sum clafhes thee, some clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.
Loun lyke Mahoun, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Greif, Mischieif fall betyde,
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chafe and fley,
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 sets 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 fleagar in the
Fleet;
Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-schilling in the
Mill-house:
Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, falle Traytor,
Feynds Get,
Filling of Tauch, Rak sauch, Cry Crauch thou
art owreset;
Mutton Dryver, Girnal Ryver, zad Skyvar foul
fell thee;
Herityck, Lunatyck, Purspyk, Carlines Pet,
Rotten Crok, dirten Dok, cry Cok, or I fall quell
thee.
Kenedies Answer to Dunbar.

I.

D'Othane 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 Celeftal;
    Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,
    Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,
Thou fall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Beftial.

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.
    Corfpatrick Earl of Merch, and be Ilusion,
Thefirft that eir pat Scotland in Confusion,
    Was that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

III. Quhen
III.

Queen Bruce and Baliol differt for the Crown, 
Scots Lords could not obey the Inglis Laws;
This Corfpatrick betrayed Berwick Town,
And flew Seven thousand Scots within the Waws:
The Battle of Spottmuir he gart cause,
And came with Edward Langshanks to the Field,
Where Twelve thousand true Scottish Men were killed,
And Wallace chief, as the Chronicle shaws.

IV.
SCOTS Lords and ChFEAins he gart hald and Cheffon,
In Firmance fast, till all the Field 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 Cross of Halyroodhouse, and sic Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,
This Corfpatrick that Scotland has undone.

V.
WALLACE gart cry an Counsale into Perth,
And calld Corfpatrick Traytor be his Style,
But that damned Dragon drew him in Diferth,
And said he kend but Wallace King in Kyle,
Out
Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie.

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 Treason as the Bruntstane flinks,
Of Deilbers Mother casten 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 Treason I can tell the Tales,
That cums on Nicht by Vision 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 Castle he pursuet,
Brought him forth boundin, and the Place refkewt,
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 Treason,
Belzebubbs Oys and curf Corspatrick's Clan.
Thou was prefcryvt and ordaind be Sathan,
Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,
And gar me shaw thy Antecelors 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 ryse ilka Nicht and ratle;
And on thy Corfs, Vengeance, Vengeance they cry,
Thou art the Caufe they may not rest 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 certyf.

X.

Insenswat Sow, ceis fals Enlaces Air,
And knaw, kein Scald I hald of Alathia,
And gar me not the Caufe lang to declar,
Of thy curf Kin Deilber and his Alia;

Cum
Cum to the Cors on Kneis and mak a Cria,
Confes thy Cryme, hald Kennedie thy King,
And with a Hawthorn scourge thy fell and dung,
Thus drie thy Pennance dele quisti quia.

XI.
Pass to my Commisar and be confest,
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,
Inspyr with Hermes frae his golden Sphere,
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purifie 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 wyfe Men hate to heir.

XIII. Thou
XIII.

Thou luves nae Erīh, Elf, I understand,
But it fuld be all true Scotismens Beid;
It was the first gude Language of this Land,
And Scota gart it multyplie and spred,
Till Corspatrick that we of Treason reid,
Thy Fore-fader, made Erfehe and Erfchmen thin,
Throu his Treason brocht Inglis Faslouns in,
Sae wald thyself, micht thou to him succeed.

XIV.

Fule Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
It may be verrfeit thy Wit is thin,
Quhen thou wryts Denfmen dryd upon the Ratts,
Denfmen of Denmark are of the Kings Kin,
The Wit thou fuld have had was caften in,
Even at thy Erfe 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 frush Banes behind Dogs Backs.
Thy
Thy Purfe its tume, I haif haith Steids and Caiks,
Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Subfance 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 closed in a Clout on Northway Coaft,
Sic Revel gars thee be servt with cauld Roaft,
And aft fit supperless beyond the Se,
Cryand at Doris, Caritas amore DEI,
Breikles, Barefute, and all in Duds up doft.

XVIII. DEIL-
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, wyse 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 a 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 gracelis 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.

RAWMOUTH Rebald, 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 steil,

Quhen
Quhen thou puts Poyfou to me I appeil
Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Perfon,
Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, Garfoun,
Thou fall buy it deir enouch, Derch of the Deil.

XXI.

IN Ingland, Owl, fould be thy Habitation;
Homage to Edward Langbants made thy Kin,
Into Dunbar refaift 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 Poyfie, 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,
Trefand to have of his Magnificence,
Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benysce bedein,
Quhair that the Ravins fall ryve out baith thy Ein
And on the Rattis fall be thy Residenc.

XXIII. Frae
XXIII.

Frae Atrick Forest forward to Domfreise,
Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Crusds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Geis,
And undernicht quhyles thou stall 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 unhonest, Wolrun, that thou works.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

Thou haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
For Falt of Puffance, Peilor, thou may pak thee;
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedset 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 steir,
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 sae mickle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was faynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpoist for to pafs,
Thou schot and was not ficker of thy Tail,
Befhait the Steir, the Compas and the Glafs,
The Skiper bad gar land thee at the Bafs,
Thou spewd and cuiste 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 paft;
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 sylt 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 Horfmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,
And with that Craft convoy thee throw the Land;
Be naithing aircb, 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 Lowse of the Dok ther doun.
Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie. 73

Frae honest Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
    On sum wyld Defert quhair ther is no Repair,
    For syling and infecting of the Air,
Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

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

XXXII.
Greit in the Glaiks, gude Maifter Gwiliane Gowkks,
    Maift imperfyte in Poetrie and Profe,
All clofs under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
    Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Rose!
Lunatick Lymmar, Lufchbald, lous thy Hose,
    That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
In recompensing of thy Conspiracion,
Or turfs thee out of Scotland, tak thy Choice.
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 jest,
   Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam-schells,
   Cleik on thy Crofs, 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, Monftr of all Men,
I fall gar bake thee to the Laird of Hillhouse,
   To swelly thee instead of a pullt Hen;
Fazart Fowmart, softert in Filth and Fen,
   Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phyfnomy,
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, manfsworn, Atheist abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce infatiable;
With Gog and Magog greit Glorificat.

XXXVI.

NERO thy Nevoy, Goliah thy Grandfyre,
Pharo thy Fader, Egypta thy Dame,
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cause that I conspyre
Gainst thee, and ilka futie Deil thy Eme;
Belzebub thy full Brudder he will claim
To be thy Air, and Cayphas thy Sector,
Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,
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 lollar-dorum,
Defamit, fsamit, blamit, primus Paganorum;
Out out, I schout upon that Snout that fnevils,
Tale-teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the De-vels;
Spink, fsink, with Stink ad Tartara termagorum.

The
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 sleip a Wink,
Licet aeger in corpore,
Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

NUNC
III.

NUNC condon 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 Diflevery
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 cervisa,
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 warldly Gude I bad nae mair,
Et corpus meum ebriofum,
I leif unto the Toun of Air;

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

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was sicker,
  Sed semper variabile,
That evermair wad flow and sicker,
  Conforti meo Jacobi;
Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,
  Verum Deum renui,
But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,
  Hoc patium 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 seiverunt,
We wer as fib as Sive and Riddle,
  In una silva quae creverunt.

VIII. QUA
VIII.

QUIA mea solatia,
They wer but Leifings all and ane,
Cum omni fraude & falacia,
I leif the Maifter of Sanct Anthane,
To William Gray ein fine gratia,
My ain deir Cusine, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
But quhen the Holland-tree grows grene.

IX.

My fenzeing and my fals Winning,
Relinquo falsis fratribus,
For thats conform to Gods ain Bidding,
Disparis 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 offendo bonum multum,
Testament of Mr. Andro Kennedie.

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 Swayne,
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 sepulta ordino,
On the new Gyfe, sae God me saife,
Non scitut more solito.

XIII. IN
XIII.

IN die mea sepulturea,
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 fletu miscebam.

XIV.

I will nae Priests for me shal ling,

Dies illa dies irae,
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 cervisiae,
Within the Grave to fet sic Thing

In modum crucis juxta me,
To sley the Feynds, than hardly sley

De terra plasmasti me.
Discretion in Asking.

I.
Of every Asking 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 Asking fuld Difcracion be.

II.
Ane Fule, thocht he haif Cause or nane,
Crys ay, Gife me, unto a Drene;
And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
In Asking fuld Difcracion be.

III.
Sum askis mair than he defervs,
Sum askis far less than he servs,
Sum schames to ask, and braids of me,
And all without Reward he sterves;
In Asking fuld Difcracion 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 Maifter baith is Schame;
In Askings fuld Difcration 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 Askings fuld Difcration 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 Askings fuld Difcration 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 Askings fuld Difcration be.

VIII. Sum
VIII.
Sum nicht 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 Discretion be.

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

**

_Discration in Giving._

---

I.
To speik of Gifts or almous Deids,
Sum gives for Merit, sum for Meids,
Sum warldlie Honour to up hie,
Gives aft to them that nathing neids;
In Giving fuld Discretion be.  

II. Sum
Discration in Giving.

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 Discration 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 Discration be.

IV.
Sum gives so lillt 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 Discration be.

V.
Sum in his Giving is fæ large,
That all owre-laidin is his Berge,
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie;
Thairof his Honour dois discharge;
In Giving fuld Discration 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 noch enteris in his Eir;
In Giving fuld Difcration be.

VII.

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

IX.

Thair sum gets Gifts and rich Arrayis,
To sweir all that his Maifter sayis,
Thocht all the contrair weil kens he;
Ar mony sic now in our Dayis;
In Giving fuld Difcration be.
Difcration in Taking.

X.

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

XI.

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

Follows Difcration in Taking.

I.

N Ow 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 Difcration 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 raifi 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 maki,
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 fyin they gar them understand
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

VI. Sum
Difcration in Taking.

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 sould he nevir forbeir;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

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

VIII.
Grat Men for Taking and Oppreflion,
Ar sett 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 Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,
That gars my pouth be aft ill lynd;
In Taking fuld Difcration be.

The foregoing three quod Mr. Wm. Dunbar.

On
On Detraction and Deming.

I.

Using alane 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 waïrd on me,
   Thocht he dow nicht to leid a Tyke,
   Zit can he not let Deming be.

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

V.
Be I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honestly 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 Stature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monfterous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.
AND be I ornat in my Speich;
Then Towfy sas 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 wift thir Folk that uther deims,
How that their Saws to uthers feims,
Thair vicious Words and Vanity,
Thair trartling 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 fæ I fall with God his Grace,
Keip his Command into that Cæfe,
Besick and ay the Trinity,
In Hevin that I may hæf 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 silken 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 silken Gouns, and Cellars tume and bair.

II.

Now a small Barons rich Abulzement,
In silkin Furrings, Chenzies and sic Geir,
Micht furnifs 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 quytlaid doun.
And changit in Jack Knapska and Abergown.

III. Wald
III.

Wald all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,
And gar unfulziet keip them cleane 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 thern, and thair Succession,
Gif sinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Discretion.

IV.

Thair Men alfo maun be bot Smyt or Smot,
Frae his Caproufy be with Ribbons laift,
With Velvet Bord about his threid-bare Coit:
On Woman Wayis weil tyit about his Waißt,
His Hat on Syde set up for ony Haißt,
For Hichtines the Culroun dois misken,
His awin Maißter as weil as uther Men.

V.

Quha finns in Pryd, does firßt to God Grivance,
Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a Fall;
Syne of himself weßis faß his Substanßce,
Sae lerge, that it owrepasses his Rentall,
His Tennants pure he dois oppresß with all;
His coifßly Gown, with Tail faß wyde out spred,
His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Bed.

Quod Clerk.
Satyre
SATYRE on Covetousness.

I.

Freedom, Honour and Nobility,
Meed Manhood, Mirth and Gentility,
Ar now in Court repute as Vice,
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

II.

All Welfare, Wealth and Wantonness,
Ar changit into Wretchedness,
And Play is set at little Pryce,
And all for Cause of Covetyce.

III.

Halking, 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 Caufe of Covetyce.

V.

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

VI.

Husbands 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 Caufe of Covetyce.

VIII. And
VIII.

And Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk thair Tennants fald Summer Meil,
And lives on Ruits under the Ryfs,
And all for Caus 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 activ Man and Wyle,
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,

Compil't into Scottis Meeter by Captain Alexander Montgomery.

I.

About an Bank with Balmy Bewis,

Quhair Nychtingales thair Notis renewis

With gallant Goldspinks gay;

The Mavis, Merle, and Progne proud,

The Lintelquhyt, Lark and Lavrock loud,

Sallit mirthful May.

Quhen Philomel had sweitly sung,

To Progne scho deplord,

How Tereus cut out hir Tung,

And fally her deflourd;

Quhilk Story so sorie

To schaw hir self scho feimt,

To heir hir so neir hir,

I doutit if I dreimt.

II. The

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrafe, 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, perflyed, 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 Eyis,
   Can on his Mayock call;
The Turtle wails on witherit Treis,
   And Eccho answerw 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 birsly Bairs and Brocks;
Sum feiding, sum dreiding
The Hunters subtle Snairs,
With skipping and tripping,
They playit them all in Pairs.

IV.

The Air was sobir, saft and sweit,
Nae mifty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
But quyit, calm and clear,
To foster Floras fragrant Flowris,
Quhairon Apelles 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 Flurist Twists,
Admiring Natures Alchymists,
    Laborious buffie Bies,
Quhairof sum sweitest Honie socht,
    To dtay thair Lyves frae Sterve,
And sum the waxie Veschells wrocht,
    Thair Purchase 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 Muse furmatches myne.

But
The Cherrie and the Slae.

But as I lukit myne alane,
   I saw a River rin
Outowre a steipie 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 C-sol-fa-uth Cleif,
   With Lang and Large at lift;
With Quaver, Crotchet, Semibreif,
   And not an Minum mift,
      Compleitly mair sweitly
Scho fridound flat and schairp,
   Nor Mufes that ufs
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 Chryftal 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.

ANE 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 fone aff his Geir he schuke,  
Upon the graffie Grund;  
I ran als lichtly for to luke,  
Quhair Ferlies micht be fund:  
Amafit I gafit  
To see his Geir fae gay,  
P erfai feng 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,  
C upido, 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 fle, and Schafts to schute  
Or Flamis to set on Fyre.  
Mak Choice then of thosè then,  
Or of a thousand Things,  
But crave them and have them,  
With that I wowed his Wings.

XI. Quhat
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 sumtyme schot his Mother,
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairy,
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-flye and Candill.

XIII.

As sacho deelyts into the Low,
Sae was I browdin of my Bow,
Als ignorant as sacho;
And as sacho flies quhyl sacho be fyrt,
Sua with the Dart that I defyrt,
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 sae fond,
Defyring, aspyring;
And sae was sene 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-maister 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 fulifh Folk epy,
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 seyd the Archer-craft,
To schute my fell with sik a Schraft,
As Reafon quyte miskenns:

Frae
Frae Wilfullnes gai' 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 flakkering was my Stait!
That undir Cure I gat fik 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 spulzied me of my Geir;
With Flicht then on Hicht then
Sprang Cupid in the Skyis,
Forzetting and setting
At nocht my cairfull Cryis.

XVII. Sae
XVII.

Sae lang with Sicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelit Eyis grew dim
   With stairing 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 so he thuds so,
   And flew I wift not quhair.

XVIII.

Then frae I saw that God was gane,
And I in Langour left allane,
   And fair tormentit to;
Sumtyme I sicht, quhyl I was fad,
Sumtyme I must and maift gane mad,
   I wift not quhat to do;

Sumtyme
The Cherrie and the Slae.

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 Defyre
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 devorit,
   With Sichs I went about,
But ay the mair I schupe to smorit,
   The baulder it brak out;
Ay preising bot ceisig,
   Quhyl it micht breik the Bounds,
My Hew fo furth schew fo
   The Dolour of my Wounds.

XX. With
XX.

WITH deidy 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 Punfis lap with Pith;
Sae Fervency did me infek,
   That I was vext thairwith:
   My Heart ay did start ay,
   The fyrie Flamis to flie,
Ayhowping, throw lowping,
   To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

BUT, O alace! it was abufit,
My cairfull Corps keipt it inclusift,
   In Prefoun of my Breift;
With Sichs sae fowpit and owre-fet,
Lyk to aue Fifch faft in the Net,
   In Deid throw undeceift.

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

XXII.

The mair I wreftlit with the Wind,
The fafter still my self I find,
Nae Mirth my Mynd micht meife;
Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
I was fae altert and owre-gane,
Throw Drowth of my Diseife:
Zit weakly as I micht I rafe,
My Sicht grew dim and dark,
I skakkerit at the Windill-straes,
Nae Takin I was stark;
Baith sichtles and michtles
I grew allmaist at ains,
In Angwifche I langwifche,
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 schoir:
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 fie than
Of Cherries on the Braes,
Belaw to I saw to
Ane Bufs 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
Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,
Declyning doun thair Toppis,
Reflex of *Phebus* aft the *Firth*,
New colourit all thair Knoppis;
With dansing and glansing,
In Tyrls dornik champ,
Quhilk streimaned and leimed
Throw Lichtness of that Lamp.

**XXV.**

*WITH earnest Eie, quhyl I espy*

The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,
Half-gaite almainft to Hevin;
The Craig fae cumberfum 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, flat and dreich,
   The Trie lang, found and small,
I was affrayd to clim fa hich,
   For Feir to fetch a Fall;
   Affrayit to fey 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 suiith Men say,
   And we may see oursells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
   And Pultronnes plain repells;
   Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,
*Dreid, Danger or Difpair*,
   To Fazarts hard Hazarts,
   Is deid or they cum thair.

XXVIII.

*QUHA* speids, but sic as heich afpyris,
*Quha* triumphs nocht, but sic as tryes
   To win a nobill Name;
Of schrinking, quhat but Schame succeids,
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 Skaithe,
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 Breiff dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the Danger dreids,
Sa I belief thy Bofome bleids,
Sen laft that Fyre thou felt:
Befyds that, seindle Tymes thou feis
That evir Courage keips the Keis
Of Knawledge 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 eftirward may cum.

XXXI.

Zit Wifdom witches thee to wey
This Figure in Philofophy,
   A Lesoun 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 thyfell,
Quhairfuir 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, suppoze thou think it foure,
May satisfie to flokkin
Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,
Quril dryes thee with Desyre,
Afwage than thy Rage, Man,
Foul Watter quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

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

The
The Prattick is to bring to pas,
    And not to enterpryfe,
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 fieand
About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

LUKE quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
And flip na Certainty for Howp,
    Quha gyds thee but begefs.
Quod Courage, Cowards tak nae Cure
To sit with Schame, sae they be fure,
    I lyke them all the les;
Quhat Plesure purcheft is bot Pain,
    Or Honour win with Eise,
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. QHAT
The Cherrie and the Slae.

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

Gif any Patient wald be panft,
Quhy fuld he lowp quhen he is lanft,
Or schrink quhen he is schorn;
For I haif hard Chirurgians fay,
Astymes defferring of a Day,
Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak
The Cherrie and the Slae.

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 setts ay,  
Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

Thocht all Beginnings be maift hard,  
The End is plefand afterward;  
Then schrink not for a Schowre;  
Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,  
Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,  
The Sweit 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 sye baith, and try baith,  
Advysement does nane Ill,  
I say then, ye may then,  
Be willfull quhen ze will.

XXXVIII. Eut
XXXVIII.

But zit to Mynd the Proverb call,
Quha use Perrils perish fall,
    Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them laists.
And I haif hard, quod Howp, that he
Sall nevir schaip to fail the Se,
    That for all Perrills caits.
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 noblest Part,
    Thy Wark wald not gang weil,
Considering thae Companions can
Diswade a filly simple Man,
    To hasard for his Heil,

Suppose
The Cherrie and the Slae.

Suppose they haif defavit sum,
Or they and we micht meit;
They get nae Credence quhair we cum,
With ony Man of Spreit,
By Reasoun thair Treasoun
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 wìth thee to be wyfe,
Postponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,
But Faith in underneath the Flowr,
The lurking Serpent lyes;
Suppose thou seis her not a Styme,
Till that scho stuffs thy Fute:
Perfaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,
Thy flewthing does owrefchute.
Allace Man! thy Càfe 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 lost;
For he will hald thee hard and faft,
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be paft,
And thou give up the Ghost:
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 pryfe now
Into Dishonours Bed,
And Cowart as thou art,
That from his Fortune fled.

XLII.

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

XLIII.

QUOD Danger, Sen I understand,
That Counsell can be nae Command,
I have nae mair to say,
Except gif that he thocht it good;
Tak Counsell zit or ze conclude
Of wyfer Men nor they.
They are but rackles, zung and rasche,
Suppose they think us fleid;
Gif of our Fellowchip zou fasche,
Gang with them hardly biet.
God speid zou, they leid zou,
That has not meikle Wit.
Expell us, zeil tell us,
Heiraftir 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 wyse as ze are may gae wrang;
Thairfore tak Counfail or ze gang
Of sum that stand befyde.

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

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 Bufs.
They are conditiond lyk the Cat,
    They wald not weit thair Feit,
But zit gif ony Fifch 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 aftentymes 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 fis hunger the Net.
    Quhat haist, Sir, ze taist, 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 say to Will,
    We see him schod sae strait:
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 Counfail or he cum:
Quod *Will* quhairto soud he cum heir,
   He cannot hald his himdumb;
   He speiks ay, and seiks ay
   Delay of Tyme be Drifts;
   He grieve us, and deivs us,
   With Sophistries and Schifts.

XLIX.

Quod *Reasoun*, quhy was he debar'd?
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 lei'd him all thair lains;
For they wald haif him up the Hill,
   Bot owther Stap or Stay:
And quha was welcome' thair *Will*;
   He wald be formost ay;
   He could do, and fould do,
   Quha evir wald or nocht,
   Sic speiding proceiding
   Unlyklie was I thocht.

L. Thair-
Thairfor I wisht them to bewar,
And rashly not to run owre far,
Without sic Gyds as ze.
Quod Courage, Freind, I heir zou fail,
Tak bettir tent unto zour Tale,
Ze said it could not be;
Besydis that ze wald not consent,
That evir we fuld clim:
Quod Will for my Pairt I repent,
We saw 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.

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 speke it but begefs,  
Sum Fruit thairin I fynd;
Ze wald be forward I confees,  
And cums aftymis behynd.
It may be that they be  
Defavit that nevir doutit;
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 sweir
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 strangar
Has made them than they war,
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

LIII. Quhy
The Cherrie and the Slæ.

LIII.

QHVR may not thes 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 zounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

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

Qhahir-
Quhairwith before he seyd to shute,
He nowther ziel 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 Witnes 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 Counsell 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 soould say,
Our gude Advyse he fall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
   To put zon Will away,

And
The Cherrie and the Slae.

And banisfch baith him and Dispair,
That all gude Purpofe Spills ;
Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
Let them twa flyte thair fills,
Sic Coiffing bot Loffing,
All honest Men may ufe ;
That Change now were ftrange now,
Quod Reafon to refuse.

LVIII.

Quod Will, Fy on him quhen he flew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif ftyd his Sturt.
Quod Reafon, thocht he bear the Blame,
He nowther faw nor neidit them,
Till he himfelf had hurt :
First quhen he miftert not, he micht,
He neids and may not now
Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht
Empafhed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Perfaive thy Purpofe 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 se,
We think ze hald ze dum,
Of Byganes I haif hard, quod he,
I knaw not Things to cum.
Quod Reason, The Season
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:
A Man in Schape doth not consift,
For all zour taunting Tales,
Thairfoir Sr Will, I wald ze wift
Zour Metaphysick fails;
Gae leir zit a Zeir zit
Zour Logick at the Schulis,
Sum Day then ze may then
Pafs Master with the Mulis.

LXI.

QUOD Will, I marvell quhat ze mein,
Suld not I trow my ain twa Een,
For all zour Logick Schulis,
If I did not I war not wyfe:
Quod Reason, I haif tald zou thryfe,
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 Taffe,
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 Syllogifm sayde lyke a Swyne,
   A Cow may teach thee Lair;
Thou ues only but thyne Eies,
Scho touches, taftes, smells, heirs, and seis,
   Qhilk 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 perftyter
   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 little Wark zit ze may vowd
To grow a galant Horfe and gude,
   To ryde thairon at Zule:

But
The Cherrie and the Slac.

But to our Ground quhair we began,
For all zour gustless Jefts,
I must be Master to the Man,
But thou to brutall Beifts;
Sae we twae maun be twae,
To caufe baith Kynds be known,
Keip thyne then frae myne then,
And ilk ane ufe 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 formoist in the Feild,
And Master gif he mich,
Yea he fuld rather die than zield,
Though Reason had the richt:
Shall he now mak me now
His Subject or his Slait,
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 fo 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 afpyre,
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 pratick prieve.

LXVI.

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

But
But fen 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 firft and heir firft
Quhat he himself will say.

LXVII.

THEN all togither they began
To fay, Cum on, thou martyrit Man,
Quhat is thy Will, advye?
Abaifd a bony quhyle I baid,
And mufd or I my Answer maid,
I turnd me anes or twyfe,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais Motions muvit me maift;
Sum seimd affurd, sum dred for Dout,
*Will* ran reid-wod for Haifs,
With wringing and flinging,
For Madnefs lyke to mang;
*Dispair* to, for Care to,
Wald neids himself gae hang.

LXVIII. QHILK
LXVIII.

Quhilk quhen Experience perfavit,
Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,
As Will alledged of lait,
Quhen that he sware he naithing saw
In Age, but Anger, flak and flaw,
And cankert of Confait;
Ze could not luck as he alegd,
That all Opinions speirt,
He was fae frak and fyrie edgt,
He thocht us four but speirt:
Quha panfis, quhat chanlis,
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 Difpair could not cum speid,
Lo quhair he hangs all but the Heid,
And in a Widdy waifs:

Gif
Gif zou be sure anes thou may fe,
    To Men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
    Confidder be themsells.
    Then chufe thee to ufe thee,
    By us, or sic as zone,
Sae fone now, haif done now,
    Mak owther aff or on.

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 perfing Passion of thy Spreit
    That waifts 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 sae opprest.

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 Counsell 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 sched,
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
Befyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to do,
Confiddering the swiddering
Ze fand me firft 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. Zit
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 stand 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 confes,
Strength is not ordaind to oppres
With Rigour, bye the richt;
But on the contrair, to fuistle
The waik-anes that owerburdent bein,
Als mekle as they midst.

Sae
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,
Insift not, ze wift not
We went against our Will.

LXXVI.

WITH Courage ze wer sae content,
Ze nevir socht our small Consent,
Of us ze fude nae Aw:
Thair Logick Lessons ze allowt,
Ze wer determined to trowit
Allegedence past for Law;
For all the Proverbs we perusid,
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 fee now,
Do naithing undefyrd.

LXXVIII.

Thair is a Sentence said be sum,
Let none 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 Slæ.

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

LXXIX.
Quhair ze wer sent for, let us fe 
Quha wald be welcomer than we, 
Pruve that, and we ar payd. 
Weill, quod Experience, beware, 
Ze ken not in quhat Cæfe 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-schot 
Be mair than half ane Inch: 
Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir, 
Be four, quhilk feimeth fweit; 
I feir now ze heir now 
A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX. Sir,
SIR, by that Sentence ze haif layd,
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 se,
Suppose ze sryve for State,
Gif he regarded not how he
Had learnt my Lesfon late;
And granted he wanted
Baith Reafon, Wit and Skill,
Compleining and meining
Our Absence did him Ill.

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 Leifings did believe,
I sald thy Doctrine deir:

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

LXXXII.

I could, in Cafe 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 regifier it richt.

LXXXIII. HA,
The Cherrie and the Slae.

LXXXIII.

Ha, ha! quod Hope, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a Prentise 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 fe,
But quhen ye fe it say;
Zit, quod Experience, at thee
Mak mony Mints I may,
By Signs now, and Things now
Quhilk ay befoir me beirs,
Expressing by gueffing
The Perril that appeirs.

LXXXIV.

Then Hope replyd, and that with Pith,
And wyfelie weyd his Words thairwith,
Sententioufliie and short:
Quod he I am the Anchor Grip
That faifs the Sailours and thair Ship,
Frac Perril to thair Port.

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

LXXXV.

THOU leifs them not thy felf alane,
But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,
   Gars Courage quhat them als ;
Quod Hope, I wald ze underftude,
I grip faft gif the Grund be gude,
   And fleit quhair it is fale ;
Ther fuld nae Fault with me be fund ;
   Nor I accused at all,
Wyte fie as fuld haif plum'd the Grund,
Befoir the Anchor fall,
   Their Leid ay at Neid ay,
Micht warn them if they wald,
Gif they thair wald fstay 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:
Z{ea} 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 own Estate,
    Let him his Chiftains chufe;
But zit his Battill will be blate,
    Gif he our Forfs 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 perfave him settled fae,
To fatisfie him with the Slae,
    His Companie we quyte:
Then Driend and Danger grew full glad,
    And wont that they had won;
They thocht all feild that they had faid,
    Sen they had firft 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, Dried and Danger then, quod Wit,
Ze did zour fells to me submit,

\textit{Experience} can proife.

That, quod \textit{Experience}, I past,

Thair awin Confessions 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 said,

\textit{Quhilk Sentance Repentance}

Forbad him deir to buy,

They knew then how trew then,

And presid not to reply.

XC.

Thoicht he dang Dried and Danger doun,
Zit \textit{Courage} could not be owrecum;

\textit{Hope} hecht him sic a Hyre;

He thocht himself, how fone he saw
His Enemies were laid fae law,

It was nae Tyme to tyre:

He
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 Kyndnefs cund us thank.

XCI.

Suppose it fae as thou haft said,
That unrequyrd we proffert Aid,
    At leif that came of Luve.
Experience ze start owre sone,
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:
Abide 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 se how all suceeds,
    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 zour Heid,
    Quhilk Boyls zour barmy Brain;
Howbeit Fulis haft cums huly Speid,
    Fair Hechts will mak Fulis fain.
    Sic Smyling begylng
    Bids feir not any Freits;
    Zit I now deny now,
    That all is Gold that gleits.

XCIII.

Suppose not Silver all that fhynes,
Aftymes a tentles Merchand tymes,
    For bying Geir beges;
For all the Vantage and the winning,
Gude Buyers get at the Beginning,
    Quod Courage nocht the les.

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 efczew.
Then gude Sir, conclude, Sir,
Gude Buyers haif done baith,
Advance then, tak Chance then,
As fundrie gude Ships hath.

XCV.

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 Prophefie is but prophan,
Ze had best 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 bypast that I past,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit by Dume zit,
Confess 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 fkie,
   His Counsell for to craif.
Quod he, since ze zourfells submit,
   To do as I decreit;
I fall advyfe 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 ane Consent,
Quhat he concludes we are content
   His Bidding to obey;
He hath Authoritie to use,
Then tak his Choice quhom he will chufe,
   And langer not delay:

Then

2

X
Then *Reason* raise and was rejoysd;
Quod he, 'myne Hearts cum hidder,
I hope this Pley may be compoysd,
That we may gang togidder;
To all now I fall now
His proper Place asygn,
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;
First gaird the Grund of all his Grief,
Quhat Sicknes ze suspect,
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.

Thocht it be cummerfom quhat reck,
Find out the Caufe by the Effect,
    And working of his Veins;
Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,
Se firt 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 Effect 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 Skilly, his Sences are sae fick,
I knaw nae Liquor worth a Leik
    To quench his deidlie Drouth,
Except the Cherry Help his Heit,
Quhais fappy Slokning shrarp and sweet,
    Micht melt into his Mouth,

And
And his Melancholy remove,
To mitigate his Mynd,
Nane hailsmer for his Behuve,
Nor of mair cooling Kynd.
Nae Nectar directar,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor send 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?
Maisf trew, quod Skill, that is the Scope,
Zit we maun half sum Help of Hope.
Quod Danger I am red;
His Haftynes bred us Mifhap;
Quhen he is highlie horft;
I wifs we lukit or we lap.
Quod Wit, that wer not warft.
I mein now convein now
The Counsell ane and all,
Begin then, call in then;
Quod Reason, sae I fall.

CI. Then
CI.

Then *Reason* raise with Gesture grave,
Belyve conceiving all the lave,
   To heir quhat they wald say,
With Silver Scepter in his Hand,
As Chiftain chosen to command,
   And they bent to obey.
He panfed lang befoir he spak,
   And in a stude stude,
Syne he began and Silens 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 Mufing Memorie but mars,
   I tell zou myne intent.
Quod *Wit*, quha will not partlie panse,
In Perils perishes perchance,
   Owre rackles may repent.

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

CIII.

Quhair sum has furderd, sum has faild;
Quhair Part has perifht, Part prevaild,
Alyke all cannot luck;
Then owther venture with the ane,
Or with the uther let alane,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
Quod *Hoop*, for Feir Folk maun not fafh,
Quod *Danger* let not licht;
Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor rafh;
Quod *Reafon* ze haif Richt:
The Rest then thocht beft then,
Quhen Reafon said it fae,
That roundlie and foundlie
They fuld togidder gae.

CIV. To
CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all Haft,
As for my Saftie serving maift,

Tho Drei and Danger feird,
The Perril of that irksome Way,
Left that than I fould decay,

Quha then fae weak appeird;
Zit Hope and Courage hard bydyde,

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 syne.

CV.

Then Drei and Danger did appeal,
Alledging it could nei be well,
Nor zit wald they agrie;

But said they sould found thair Retreit,
Because they thocht them nae Ways meit

Conducters unto me;

Nor
Nor to no Man in myne Estate,
    With Sickness fair opprest ;
For they tuke ay the neirest Gate,
    Omitting of the best.
Thair neirest perqueirest,
    Is always to them baith,
Quhair they, Sir, may say, Sir,
    Quhat recks 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 pafs,
    Sae is not thairs I trow:
Then Hope and Courage did atteft,
The Gods of baith these Parts,
Gif they wrocht not all for the best
    Of me with upricht 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 meant well evirmair
To me, as they had sworn;
Because their Nibours they abused,
In swa far as they had accusit
Them, as ze hard before.
Did he not else, 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 refts then, ands best then
Zour Counsell to declar.

CVIII.

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

Quhome
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Quhome they fall chuse to gyde the Way,
    We fall them follow straigt,
And furder this Man, quhat we may,
    Because we haif sae hecht;
Promise, bot flitting,
    To do the Thing we can,
To pleis baith, and eise baith
    This filly sickly Man.

CIX.

Quhen Reason heard this, then, quod he,
I se zour cheisest 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 know:
The Way heir sae ftey 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 ftaik,
And alfo passeth waiking deip,
And braider far than we dow leip,
    It suld be ydle Wark:
It grows ay braider to the Sea,
    Sen owre the Lin it came,
The rinning Deid dois signifie
    The Deipnys 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 allfo is fae fchald,
We fall it pas, evin as we wald,
    With Plesour, and bot Pain:

For
For as we se a Mischeif 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 fen 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
The Cherrie and the Slæ.  173

CXIII.

As Reason ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre rasch, nane was affrayd,
    Our Counsell was fae wyse,
As of our Journey, Witt did note,
We fand it trew in ilka Jot,
    God blys the Enterpryse:
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 self relievd
Of Cairs all and Sairs 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 fræ Deith to Lyfe reclaim,
    Me quha was fae unkynd.

All
All Nations allfo 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 kifs Him and blifs Him,
Quhois Glore eternall rings.

FINIS.
THE

Justing 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 lufty Lady gent,
    Betwixt twa Fricks fæ fell;
For Mars the God armipotent
    Was not fæ serfs himfell,
Nor Hercules, that Aiks uprent,
    And dang the Deil of Hell
        With Horns that Day.

II. Doubt—
II.

Doubtles was not sic duchty Deids
Amangst the downsy 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 haasty and fae het,
   That nane of them wad zield,
But to debait, or be doun bait,
   And in the Quarrell kield,
   Or slane 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 suld 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 f'out,
   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 Interprise,
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 stall 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 Horfe he slaid,
Says, He fall rew my Staff has flown,
   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 reft,
Them to refrefch with their Disjune,
   And aff their Armour kieft;
Not knawing of the Deid was done,
   Quhen they fuld haif fawn beft,
The Fyre was plicht out lang or Nune,
   Their Denner fuld haif dref,
      And dicht up at the Down that Day.

X. Then
X.

Then wer they movit out of Mynd,
  Far mair than of besorne,
They wist 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 Venifon,
  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
betwixt Adamson and Sym.

XII.

Syne after Denner rai’se the Din,
   And all the Toun on Steir,
Will was wyfe, 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 ftill for Bargin Sym abydes,
   And schoutit Will to Schame,
Will saw his Faes on baith the Sydes,
   Full fair he dreed for Blame:
Will shortly to his Horfe he flyes,
   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 fae 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 Jack,
I fall not be to fiek;
For were ze fourfum in a Flock,
I compt ze not a Leik,
Tho I had naithing but a Rok
To gar zour Rumples reik
Behind, up at Dalkieth this Day.
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 fae teuch:
Sym lap on Horfe-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 rufchd, 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 Eife, up at Dalkieth that Day.

XIX.

Then jelly John came in a Jak,
To Field quhair he was seid 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
betwixt Adamfon and Sym. 185

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 promist hir to let him play,
   Hir Purpose to fulfill;
Frae sacho fell sowl, 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 fals of Fay.

Finis, quod Scot.
On MAY.

—May is a Month maift amene—

I.

May is a Month maift amene
For them in Venus Service bene,
To recreate their heavy Hearts:
May causeth Courage frae the Splene,
And ev'ry Thing in May revers.

II.

In May the pleasant Spray upsprings,
In May the mirthful Mavis 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 trymmy occupy their Tymmer,
With hunt up ev'ry 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 Bobbysn;
Now all sic Game is fasflings gone,
But gif it be amangs clovin Robbysn.

V.

Abbotts by Rule, and Lords bot Reason,
Sic Senzeors Tymes owerweil this Season,
Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falsit Feiblenes and Treason,
Has rung thrys 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,
Lapsters, Lempets, Muffels in Shells,
Greinleiks, and all sic Men may sey,
Suppose sum 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 fæ,
To kifs 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.
On MAY.

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

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 Paftyme is at Pleasure,
I council you to sport with Measure,
And namely now May, June and July,
Delyt not lang in Luvers Leafore,
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

Quod ALEX. Scot.

JOHNIE
JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

Sum speiks of Lords, sum speiks of Lairds,
And siclyke Men of hie Degrie,
Of a Gentleman I fing a Sang,
Sumtyme calld Laird of Gilnockie.
The King he wrytes a luving Letter
With his ain Hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him spedily.

This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous John Armstrang of Gilnockhall in Liddisfdale, 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 falsely 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 esteemed the genuine Ballad, the common one, false,
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 Johny came before the King,
With all his Men fae brave to see,
The King he movit his Bonnet to him,
He weind 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 Johny Armstrang,
And Subject of yours, my Liege, said he.

Away,
Away, away, thou Traytor Strang,
Out of my Sicht thou maist 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 richer 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 Traitor, &c.

Grant me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a great Gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld Four and twenty Sisters Sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all soould flee.

Away, away, thou Traitor, &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 Traitor, &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 Horfe 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 fuld haif found me Meil and Malt,
   And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;
But neir a Scots Wyfe 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.
Wist Englands King that I was tane,
   O gin a blyth Man wald he be;
For anes I flew his Sifters Son,
   And on his Breift-bane brak a Tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,
   Imbroiderd owre with burning Gold,
Bespangled with the fame Mettle,
   Mai$t beautifull was to behold.

Ther
Johnie Armstrang.

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 fae brawly abune thy Brie?*
I gat them in the Field fechting,
Quher, cruel King, thou durst not be.
Had I my Horfe and my Harnefs gude,
And Ryding as I wont to be,
It should haif bene tal'd this hundred Zeir,
The Meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, *Kirsfy,* my Brither,
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun;
Lang mayft thou dwell on the Border-syde,
Or thou fe thy Brither ryde up and doun.
And *God* be withee, *Kirsfy,* my Son,
Quhair thou fits on thy Nurfes Knee;
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir,
Thy Fathers better thoult never be.

Far-
Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Esk syde thou staneft 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 Scotlands Heart was never sae wae,
To see sae mony brave Men die.

Because they savd their Country deir
Frac Englishmen; nane were sae bauld,
Quhyle Johnie livd on the Border-syde,
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,
Frae Tyme the Dub be lavit.
With wanton Zouth tho’ ze be cowth,
With Courage hie on loft;
Suppofe great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,
Beware drink not owre aft.

Tak but at Lift, suppofe ze thrift,
Zour Mouth at Leasure cule,
Zour Mynd solift weil to resift,
Langer lefts Zeir than Zule.

Tho
Advoyce to a headstrong Youth.

Tho ze ryd saft, caft not owre aft
Zour Speir into the Reift,
With Stuff uncoft, set upon lost,
Enough is even a Feiſt.

In Cupids Grace suppose ze trace,
Thinkand zour fell abune,
Ze may percaſe caſt Daweis Ace,
And fæ be lotchit fune.
Frae Tyme ze ſtank into the Bank,
And Drypoynſt 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 forbore.
Far in that Play, I suthly fay,
Gude Will is not allowit;
Gif thou nocht may, gae Way, gae Way,
Then art thou all forhowit.

Con-
Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.

Considerance has no Luuance,
   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 say, sune 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 uther takes
   That Solace to persue.
Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,
   Gude is in Tyme to ceife;
To tar and tig, sune Grace to thig,
   That is a pityous Preis.

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

Mak
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 counsell 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.
Advyce to a headstrong Zouth.

Frae thou luke chest, adieu that Faist,
To hunt into that Schaw,
Quhen on that Beist at thy requeist,
Thy Kennets will not kaw.
Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou sowp,
And Wirdis to be sweir,
And makes a Stop, when they sould hop,
Adieu the Thriffil deir.

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

Scho is not ill that sitteth still,
Perfewed in the Sait,
That Beist scho will give thee thy fill,
Till thou be even Chakmait.

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

THERWITH advyse, suppose scho rsfe,
Laich underneth thy Fute;
But be thou wyse, scho will surpryse
Thy Hounds and them rebate.
In Tyme abyde, the Feilds are wyde,
I counsell thee, gude Bruther;
Ill is the Gyde that fails bot Tyde,
Syne rackles 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, pas hame away,
Or Dreid, War after cum.

Quod BALNEVIS.

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

I.

MY Heart is lost 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 dres; 
Speik I till hir and fcho be mercylefs, 
And denzie not again to speik to me, 
Then haif I tint my Speiking mair and lefs, 
And unspeed Speich had better unspoken be.

II.

I dar not speik for Dreid that fcho dispyt 
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 fcho without Speich my Synis perfaif, 
I wald nocht speik to hir Magnificens.

III. Fain
III.

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

IV.

Quhat fall I speik, fen I maun speik on fors
  To hir that is of Speich maist eloquent?
Then I fall speik, how that my cairful Corfs
  Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and Hour Torment
Cause I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,
For want of Speich and ornat Termis plain,
  Beseiking hir with speiking reverent,
That scho wald speik to comfort me again.

Quod Stewart.
LUVE a Leveler.

I.

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

II.

FIRM Luve for Favour, Feir or Feid,
   Of rich nor pure to speik fuili 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 lefts,
Scho suld my Service fynd als redy,
   As Duke to Dutches docht him drees;
For as hie Princely Luve express,
Is to haif Soverenity,
   Sae Service cums of Simpilness,
And lieleit Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvaris Lair no Leid suld lak,
   A Lord to luve a fempill Las,
A Lady als for Luve to tak
   Ane proper Page hir Tyme to pafs;
For quhy, as brichet bene birniit Bras,
As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
   And als gude drinking out of Glas,
As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

Quad Scot.
The Floure of Womanheid.

I.

Thou Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid,  
And Patrones 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 fempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

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

III. ZOuR
III.
Zour twa fair Ene mafs me aft syis to sing,
Zour twa fair Ene mafs me to sich alfo,
Zour twa fair Ene mafs 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 Gentilnefs 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 Owyrs Epitaph.

I.

IN Vyce maist vicious he excells,
That with the Vyce of Treafoun mells,
Thocht he Remission
Haif for Prodission,
Schame and Suspission
Ay with him dwells.

II.

He evir odious as ane Howle,
The Falt sae 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 himself turns the Mischief;
His fraudfull Wylis
Himself 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 Practick, Powir nor Puffiens,
Thocht it frae Licht
Be smoird frae Sicht,
God schawis the Richt
With soir Vengens.

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

VII.
Wer the Tod tane a thoufand 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.

COM-
COMPARISONE.

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

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

I.

Lyk as the dum Solfequium 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 aryfe with Quhip in Hand
To purge the Christal 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 lowfing 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,
Fraccho depairs, a thousand Dairts in findry Airts
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Reft or Ruve,
My Countenance declairs my inward Greif,
And Howp almaift 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.
Fraccho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cler
The Dawing of my lang desyrit Day,
Then Courage cryis on Howp to ryse, quhen he efpyis
  The noysum NIch of Abfens went away;
No Noyis, frac I awalke, can me impesche,
But on my ftaity Stalk I flurishe fresche,
  I spring, I sprout, my Leivs ly out,
My Collour changis in ane hairtsum Hew;
  Na mair I lout, but stand 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 Prefens me reforis to Lyfe from Deth,
Thy Absens lykways schoris to cut my Breth;
    I wifs in vain thee to remain,
Sen primum mobile says me always nay,
At leift thy Wane bring fune again,
Fareweil with Patiens per Forfs till Day.

Quod Montgomery.
The First Psalm.

I.

Well is the Man,
Zeal blisst than,
Be Grace that can
Eschew ill Counfale and the godless Gaits,
Quha walks not in
The Way of Sin,
Nor dois begin
To sit with Mokkaris in their shamefull 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 unlowfe.
The First Psalm.

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 Jvgment fall not stond,
Nor Sinners cum nae mair,
Quhome God disdains,
In the Assembly quhair
The Just remaines.
For quhy? The Lord quha beirs 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 maift hie,
   I knaw will be,
An Hird to me,
I cannot lang haift Streifs, nor ftand in Neid;
   He maks my Lair,
In Feilds maift fair,
Quhair I bot cair,
Reposing at my Pleasure safely feid.
   He swoitly me convoyis
To pleisand Springs,
Quhair naething me anoyis,
   But Pleafour brings:
He brings my Mynd, fit to fic Kynd,
That Forfs or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve:
   He dois me leid in perfyt 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 dispair, 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 Peice,
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 Pschalmes 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 perfyte 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 baneifs it all Borrows Towns.

II.
THEY are declarit in seven Parts,
Ane stroppit Coffe, quhen he begins,
Ay fornd all and fndry Arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and sells their Eggs,
Regretandly on them he winns,
And secondly 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 awfiterne Grains,
Speikand Cur-lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand puirly with pityous Manes,
Lyke fenzeit Symmie and his Brother.

IV.

Thir currish Coffes that fails owre fune,
And Thretiesum about a Pack,
With bair blew Bonnets and hobeld Shune,
And Beir Bannocks with them they tak;
The schamless 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.

Knavatrick 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 comes brankand throw the Toun,
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calf clovin futtered fled Cuftroun,
Will wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

VI.

Ane Dyvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,
Diftroys the Honnour of our Nation,
Taks Goids a frist 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 curloresous 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 cits them in the Buith that Smaik,
Ill than he mort into a Rakket.

VIII. A
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 wilsume Way I wis.

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-freit gar them siten,
   Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

Quod Lindsay.
The fyne Advyce Jock gied his Ded,  
Zeil ken quhen 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.

ANSWER.

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 promist, fae they met:
   Allace! that Day I'll neir forzet,
Was sure fae seird, and then fae 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 sene:
The Armstrangs to that ay haif bene
   A hardy House, but not a hail;
The Eliots Honours to mentain,
   Broucht in the laif of Liddisdail.

III. THEN
III.

THEN Twidail came to with Speid,
The Scherif brocht the Douglas doun,
With Cranstane, Gladstane, gude at Neid,
Baith Revls-Watter and Hawick-Toun.
Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the Trumbulls frang 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 faw cum breifing 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 rew'd the Raid of the Reid-squyre.

VI.
To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
    For ether ze maun flicht or flie,
Or els nae Answer mak again,
    But play the Beist, and let him be.
It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,
    Had Tyndall, Redfäile at his Hand,
With Cuckfäile, Gladfäile on the Lie,
Auld Hebfrime and Northumberland.

VII.
Zit was our Meiting meik enough,
    Begun with Mirrines and Mows,
And at the Brae abune the Heugh
    The Clerk fat 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 fiude fiill,
And sum to Cairds and Dyce them fied,
Quhyle on ane Farstein they fyld a Bill,
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

Carmichael 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 raise and raed him quhair he fiude,
And bad him match him with his Marrows:
Then Tyndall hard these Refouns rude,
And they lute aff a Ficht of Arrows.

X.

Then was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,
And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,
A Schafte and a Fenick their,
Gude Symmington was slain frae Hand.
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 rase the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boist,
Quhat fuld we do with sic a Number,
Fyve thousand Men into ane Hoist?
Then Henrie Purdie proud hes coft,
And verie narrowlie had mischeid 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 loft him thair,
Into my Heart it struk a Knell;
Zit up he rase, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Dunts full dour,
His Horsemen they faucht stout and snell,
And stude about him in the Stour.

XIII. THEN
XIII.

THEN raiyd the Slogan with ane Schout,
    Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedbrugh heir:
I trow he was not half sae stout,
    But anes his Stomak was a Steir,
With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,
He micht se 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 Peistlelets anew,
    And schot 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 Jesu 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 Russell tane was thair,
   And hurt, as we heir Men reherfe;
Proud Wallingtoun was woundit fair,
   Albeit he was a Fennick ferfs.
But gif ze wald a Souldier serche
Amang them all was tane that Nicht,
   Was nane fae wordie of our Verfe
As Colingwood that courteous Knicht.

XVII.

Zung Henrie skapit Hame, is hurt,
   A Souldier socht him with a Bow,
Scotland has Caufe to mak grit Sturt,
   For laiming of the Laird of Mow.
The Laird Watt did weil indeid,
His Friends stude stoutly by himself,
   With little Gladstane, gude in Neid,
For Gretein kend not Gude be Ill.

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

XIX.
But litle Harnise 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 Ederfane was not to lack,
With Kirktoun, Newtown, 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 Foster, I dare weil say,
   Maid us that noysome Afternune:

Not
Not that I speik preceisly 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-breist.

The Prince of all the fethert Kynd,
That with fpred 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 fttern Debait,
Nae Tyrant is but condescends
Astymes 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 Tersafs doup,
And heir rapacious Corbies croup,
With greidy Gleds and flie Gormahs,
And dinsome Pyis and clatterin Daws;

Proud
Proud Pecocks, and a hundred mae,
Brufcht 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 tuneful Robin trig and zung,
Hard by upon a Bour-tree fung.
He sange the Eagles Ryall Lyne,
His perßing Ee and Richt divyne,
To swaye out-owre the fetherit Thrang,
Quha dreid his martial Bill and sange:
His Flucht sublime, and Eild renewit,
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;
In faster Notes he sange his Luve,
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for Jove.

The Monarch Bird with Blythnesß hard
The chaunting littil 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-breast. 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 licand Tung,
Said, Ah! ze sing fæ dull and ruch,
Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,
His Majesty 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 expreft;
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;
Straicht to the Schaw he spred his Wing,
Revolvit again nae mair to sing,
Quhair Princelie Bountie is suppreft,
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,
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 quhair 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 Popisiche Pryde and thrinfal Cell Crowne
Almaifl hes loft thair Micht.
His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,
Of new found Vanitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III. His
III.
His Cardinalis 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 Systeris gray, befoir this Day,
    Did crune within thair Cloifter,
They feit ane Freir thair Keyis to beir,
    The Feind refflave the Foster;
Syne in the Mirk sa weill culd wirk,
    And kittil them wantounlie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI. The
VI.

The blind Bischop he culd nocht preiche,
For playing with the Lassis;
The sylvie Freir behuisset to fleiche,
For Almous that he assis;
The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the Cumpanie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VII.

The Bischop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,
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 Lust to satisfie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VIII.

The Persoun wald nocht have ane Hure,
Bot twa, an thay war bony;
The Vicar (thocht he was pure)
Behuisset to have als mony;
The Pareis Preift, that brutall Beift,
He polit thame privelie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IX. Of
IX.

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

* * * * * *

On the Mes.

I.

KNaw 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 bliisit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,
For all zour Mes.

II. Sen
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 fave zour Saull,
Fra ze transfres,
Suppois Sanct Peter and Sanct Paull
Had baith said Mes.

III.

KNAWING 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 fave,
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 Appetye,
   That Curage micht increse again;
That honny Lippis, ze did perfew,
   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 oukle sax or fevin,
As it had bene a mortall Feid,
   Quhill ze had almaist heryt Hevin,
Als mony Devilis ze man devoir,
   Quhill Hell grow les,
Or doubtles we dar nocht restoir
   Zou to zour Mes.

VII. Gif
VII.
Gif God be transfubstantiall
   In Breid, with hoc est corpus meum,
Quhy war ze sa unnaturall,
   As tak him in zour Teith and fla him?
Tripairtit 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 rai)set the Mother of Mischeif,
   Zour Gredynes,
Beleving ay to get Releif
   For sayng Mes.

IX.
O wickit vaine Venerienes,
   Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze feme haly)
Proude poysnot 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 sayng Mes.

X.

HAD not zour self begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene standand 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 dustifit and bob at Evin,
Do fa incres,
Hes drevin sum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes.

XII. Christ
CHRIST keip all faithfull Christianis
From perverst Pryde and Papiftrie;
God grant thame trew Intelligens
Of his Law, Word and Veritie;
God grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
   Syne Blis posses,
Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,
   And nocht on Mes.

SEN Mes is nathing ellis to say,
Bot ane wickit Inventioun,
Without Authoritie, or Stay,
   Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:
Gif Kingis wald Mes to Rome hence dryve
   With Haiftines,
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 fa wounder deir thay solde
  For Money, Gold and Landis,
Qhill have the Riches on the Molde,
  Is seafit 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 Prefence thay wald sing,
   For Ryches, to flokkin the Fyre:
Bot all pure Folk that had nathing
   Was skaldit vaine and lyre.

V.
Zir 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.
HARDY KNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

I.

Stately stept he East the Wa,
And stately stept 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 Coft,
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 se,
    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 lost 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 Norfe 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 stand on the Strand,  
"Full Twenty thousand glittering Spears  
"The King of Norfe commands.  
Bring me my Steed Mage dapple gray,  
Our gude King raife and cryd,  
A truflier 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 Maisters 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 Glafs,
And gien five Sounds sae fhrill,
That Treis in grene Wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka Hill.

IX.

His Sons in manly Sport and Glie,
Had past that Summers Morn,
Quhen lo down in a graffly Dale,
They heard their Fatheris Horn.
That Horn, quod they, neir founds 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 Zeftrene I weind in Peace  
To end my lengthned Lyfe,  
My Age mitch weil excuse my Arm  
Frae manly Feats of Stryfe;  
But now that Norfe dois proudly boaft  
Fair Scotland to in thrall,  
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,  
He feard to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothfay 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 Weft morlands 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 Horfe and Harnifine,
My Blade of Mettal cleir.
If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,
They sune had fled for Feir.

XIII.

FAREWEL my Dame fae peirles gude,
And tuke hir by the Hand,
Fairer to me in Age zou feim,
Than Maids for Bewtie famd:
My zounge Son fall here remain
To guard thefe flately Towirs,
And shut the Siluer Bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zour painted Bowirs.

XIV.

AND firſt ſcho wet hir comely Cheiks,
And then hir Boddice grene,
Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twift,
Weil plett with Silver ſcheme;
And
And Apron set with mony a Dice
   Of Needle-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 lye, here maun I dye,
   By Treacheries faile Gyles;
Witles 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 zould 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. A-
XVII.

ARYSE, zowng 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 Vifage 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 sweit or fair,
But sune beneath sum draping Trie,
Cauld Deith fall end my Care.
With him nae Pleiding micht prevail,
Braif Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest Words and Reaason 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
Of Piëtisb Race by Mothers Syde,
Quhen Piëts ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the Princely Maid,
Quhen he saišt Piëtisb Crown.

XX.

Now with his serfs and stalwart Train,
He reicht a rysing Heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,
Norfs Army lay in Sicht;
Zonder my valziant Sons and feris,
Our raging Revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottisb Swaird
To try with us thair Fate.

XXI.

*Mak* Orifons to him that saišt
Our Sauls upon the Rude,
Syne braistly schaw zour Veins ar filld
*With* Caledonian Blude.

Then furth he drew his trufty Glaive,
Quhyle Thoufands all arround,
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanst 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, Minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.
Thrye welcum valziant Stoup of Weir,
Thy Nations Scheild and Pryde;
Thy King nae Reafon 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 ferfs,
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 feimt 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 Norse he socht to find,
   With him to mense the Faucht,
But on his Forehead there did licht
   A sharp unfonzie Shaft;
As he his Hand put up to find
   The Wound, an Arrow kene,
O waefou Chance! there pinnd his Hand
   In midst betwene his Ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, revenge, cryd Rothsay's Heir,
   Your Mail-coat fall nocht byde
The Strength and Sharpnes of my Dart;
   Then sent it throuch his Syde:
Another Arrow weil he markd,
   It persit 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 dreed 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 twynd,
Knit lyke the Fowlers Net through quhilk
His steilly Harnes shyd)
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 famed,
And feird at Britains Throne:

Tho
Tha Britons tremble at his Name,
I sue fall make him wail,
That eir my Sword was made sae bharp,
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 Horses Hufe,
My Word I mean to keip.
Syne with the firft Strake eir he strake,
He garrd his Body bleid.

XXXI.
Norse ene lyke gray Goshawks steal wyld,
He sicht with Shame and Spyt;
Disgraced is now my far famed Arm,
That left thee Power to stryke:
Then gaif his Head a Blaw sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
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 marvell'd fair,
Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
As Touch of Fairly fair:
Norfe ferliet too as fair as he
To fe his stately 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 sturdy Fae with Luke enrag'd
Up towards him did prance;
He spurd his Steid throw thickest Ranks
The hardy Zouth to quell
Quha stude unmusit at his Approach
His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

THAT s'hort brown Shaft sae meanly trim'd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands Geir,
But dreidfull seims the rufty Poynt!
And loud he leuch in Jeir.

Aft
Hardyknute.

Aft Britains Blude has dimd its Shyne
This Poynt cut short their Vaunt;
Syne piered the boifteris bairded Cheik,
Nae Tyme he tuke to taunt.

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 hardenes Clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the Thud,
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles Gesture Mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the Plain,
His feim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,
Quhen Winner ay the fame;
Nor zit his Heart Dames dimplet Cheik,
Coud meife 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 Warriours 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 Shying Wounds.

XXXVIII.
On Norway Coaft the Widowit Dame
May wash 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,
Thoufands full fierce that Summers Day
Filld kene Waris black Intent,

Let
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise 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 flately Tower,
His Towir that usd with Torches bleife
   To thyne fae far at Nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning Weid,
   Nae Marvel fair he fichd.

XLI.

THAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir
   Thairs nae Licht in my Hall;
Nae Blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
   Nor Ward stands on my Wall.
Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas say,
   Nae Answer fits their Dreid.
Stand back, my Sons, I’ll be zour Gyde,
   But by they past with Speid.

XLII. AS
XLII.

As faft 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.

* * * * * *
A

GLOSSARY;

OR,

An EXPLANATION of the Scots Words.

A

Air, soon, early, item Heir.
Aith, Oath.
Akerbraid, breadth of an
Akaft, aloft.
Allane, allone.
Almons, Alms.
Alkynd, all kind, or Sort of.
Ais, as, and.
Amene, pleasant.
Ane, one.
Anes, amis, once.
Anteterume, Example.
Apenit, opened.
Applais, please.
Arles, earnest.
Artilzie, Artillary.
As, alk.
Affaikt, affailed.
Attains, at once.
Attemperit, tempered.
Attowore, out over.
Attercap, a Wafp.

Av.
Avalziet, availed.
Adventure.
Aver, a Horse.
Averil, fenlelefs Fellow.
Aucht, ought, item eight.
Auld, old.
Awe, owe.
Awein, own.
Aweis, ows.
Aureat, Go’den.
Ayd, Aid.
Ayfe, Advice.
Aynd, Breath.

BA

B'AID, 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 confufe.
Barrei, Sort of Liquor.
Barrow Trams, Staves of a
Barrow.
Barm, Yeft.
Barmy, fermented and muddy.
Bauld, bold.
Beautf, white fac’d.
Bedene, immediately.
Befair, beform, before.
Befi, beaten.
Begouth, began.
Begyfiet, beguiled.

Behald, behold.
Behoif, Behove.
Beil, any Shelter against the
Inclemency of the
Weather.
Belyve, immediately.
Bellies, Bellows.
Beik, to balfk or warm.
Beins, Beams.
Beir, to bear, item to moan.
Beir, Barley.
Beit, Help.
Ben, inner part of a House.
Bine, been.
Bene, Bean.
Bent, the Fielf.
Berkit, barkened.
Befek, befeech.
Befwakit, blanchcd.
Betwisch, betwixt.
Bevis, Boughs.
Bevitc, Beauty.
Bezond, beyond.
Bigg, build.
Biggit, built.
Bikkerit, contended.
Bink, Bench.
Biu, been.
Biquour or Bicker, a large
Cup or Dih.
Birkin Bobyns, a Knot of
Birch Leaves.
Birs, Brifle.
Birn, to burn.
Birnift, burnifhed.
Bilfitc, bafily.
Blad, a Strok, item a big
Piece of ..... 
Blat, livid.
Bland, to mix.

Bla-
Bluffy, wet.
Blate, balffful.
Blaw, Blow.
Bleber, to bable.
Bledoch, Butter-milk.
Bleir, to make the Eyes red or dim.
Blent, looked.
Blether, to stammer and speak Nonfenfe.
Blink, a small Sight, item to sparkle.
Blinkit, looked haftily.
Blume, Bloom.
Blade, Blood.
Bodin, furnished.
Bodword, Message.
Bocht, bought.
Bog, Marth.
Boif, to boaft.
Bok, to vomit.
Bony, beautiful, item little.
Boatings or Boots, Boots.
Bot, but, item without.
Bougars, Rafters.
Bouk, the Body, item Bulk.
Bougil, a young Bull, item his Horn.
Boun, ready to go.
Bourd, a Sport, item to sport.
Bouffous, boifterous.
Bouffler, a Bolifter.
Bow, a Fold of Cattle.
Brand, a Sword.
Braund, the Muscles.
Branglit, brandifhed.
Braif, brave.
Brankand, Pranfing.
Bratle, to clafh.
Braew, brave, fine.

Brae, Side of a Hill, Bank of a River.
Braid, broad, item to hafle, arife.
Braids or Brades, is like, or takes after.
Braiz or brace, Embrace.
Braif, brufh.
Briks, Breeches.
Bricht, bright.
Brie, Eye-brow.
Briksan, Brillant.
Brim, fierce.
Brocht, brought.
Brod, to prick or spur.
Brock, the Badger.
Browdin, fond of.
Browfler, Brewer.
Brudle, teeming, fertile.
Bruik, brook or enjoy.
Brukit, blackened.
Brukil, brittle.
Brynt, brunt.
Bud, Bripe.
Buke or Bulk, 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.
Buifment, Men lying in Ambufh.
Buff, a Buth.
Bute, Help, Advantage.
But and bot, without.
Byre, Cow-houfe.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CA</th>
<th>Glossary</th>
<th>CR</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cabroch, poor lean Flesh.</td>
<td>Cleft, the Cleaving.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cadgers, Higglers.</td>
<td>Clerk, generally used for a learned Man.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Callit, called.</td>
<td>Clevis or Cleuchs, Clifts.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Campion, Champion.</td>
<td>Clekit, laid hold on.</td>
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<td>Cankert, angry, item ulcerated.</td>
<td>Cleith, Cloath.</td>
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<td>Canny, happy, convenient.</td>
<td>Cleuch, Hollow betwixt Hills.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Candy, cheerful.</td>
<td>Chipit, called.</td>
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<td>Cuprously, an upper Garment.</td>
<td>Clips, Eclips.</td>
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<td>Cartice, an old Woman.</td>
<td>Clocks, Beetles.</td>
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<td>Carp, to talk.</td>
<td>Clod, to throw.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carvell, a Kind of Ship.</td>
<td>Cluds, Clouds.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caft, a throw.</td>
<td>Cluke, to hook.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cative or Catif, Captive or Cawed, called.</td>
<td>Clum or clam, climbed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cawf, Calf.</td>
<td>Clues, Hoyes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cawt, Chalk.</td>
<td>Codroch, miserable and nafty.</td>
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<td>Cawkit, did thye.</td>
<td>Combure, to burn.</td>
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<td>Cauld, Cold.</td>
<td>Coff, bought.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ceis, to ceafe.</td>
<td>Con, the Squirrel.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Celcitude, Highness.</td>
<td>Comicb, comick.</td>
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<td>Celft, heavenly.</td>
<td>Corbie, a Raven.</td>
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<td>Chalmer, Chamber.</td>
<td>Corinoch, a Highland Tune.</td>
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<td>Chaip, efcape.</td>
<td>Cowbowoby, Cowherd.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chafis, the Chops.</td>
<td>Cowed, cut or clipped.</td>
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<td>Chaick, to check.</td>
<td>Courtis, courteous.</td>
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<td>Chat, to hang on a Gallows.</td>
<td>Couth, cold, item familiar.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheil, a Perfon.</td>
<td>Covetice, Covetoufnes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheer, Sheer, item dear.</td>
<td>Cour, to stoop and creep slow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chenzie, Chain.</td>
<td>Crabit, furly, angry.</td>
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<td>Chereis, cherish.</td>
<td>Craig, the Neck, item a Rock.</td>
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<td>Clam Shells, Scalop Shells.</td>
<td>Craif, crave.</td>
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<td>Clan, a Tribe.</td>
<td>Crow, the Crow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clafhe, idle Tales.</td>
<td>Crap, did creep.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clafb, to throw Dirt.</td>
<td>Craik, to croak.</td>
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<td>Claitb, Cloath.</td>
<td>Crawdon, faint hearted.</td>
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<td>Clais, Cloaths.</td>
<td>Creifb, Greafe.</td>
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<td>Clatter, chatter.</td>
<td>Creils, Backets.</td>
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<td>Claw, to feratch.</td>
<td>Crouse, brisk and bold.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cloath.</td>
<td>Cryne,</td>
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</table>
Cryne, wither and grow lefs.

Crum, a little Bit.

Cule, Cool.

Cum, come.

Cumzie, Coyn.

Cum, Tafte.

Cummerfoam, troublesom.

Culroum, a Rascal.

Curches, Kerchiefs or Head-Linnen.

Cuike, Cook.

Curpel, Crupper.

Cuffe, did caft, item vomit.

Cute, Ankle, Joint, item a Trifle.

DER

Dairthful, dear. [merry.

Dander, wander carelesly.

Dang, Defeat.

Danton, to quell.

Dapill, dapple.

Daw, Dawn, item a Sluggard.

Dawing, dawning.

Deawe or Deif, to deafen.

Deid, dead, item Death, item deed.

Deil, deal, item Devil.

Dink, dynk, saucy, item finely

Denty, fine. [dref.

Deme, to deem. [ning.

Demyng, condemning or dam-

Depairt, to divide.

Depaynt, painted.

Deray, Noise, Sporting,

Gambols.

Dereb, a Dwarf.

Dern, Secret.

DE Glossary.  DU 269

Dertb, Dearth.

Defavit, deceived.

Det, Debt.

Devalling, descending haftily.

Dew, due. [deckt.

Dicht, to clean, item dressed,

Ding, to beat or overcome.

Ding, worthy.

Dirlin, belhitten.

Dinzie, to deign.

Docht, could, availed.

Dochter, Daughter.

Dois, does.

Dog, Arfe.

Donk, Moift.

Dois, neat, regular.

Up doft, Put in Order.

Dow, to be able.

Dow, Dove.

Dowbarb, dull Fellow.

Doughty, hardy, valiant.

Dowf, heavy Fool, item dull,

melancholy.

Dour, fallen, hard.

Dous, solid, grave.

Draif, drave.

Draif or Dret, shit.

Drowkit, wet.

Drie, to endure.

Dreib, tedious.

Dreiry, lonfome & mournful.

Dring, a Mifer.

Droich, a Dwarf.

Drone, to act lazily.

Droukit, drenched.

Droup, to droop.

Dryt, thite.

Dwam, Qualm.

Dubs, Mire and little Pools.

Duds, Rags.

Duils
Guils, Goals.
Dule, Pain.
Dum, Dumb.
Dume, Doom.
Dunt, to beat hard.
Dung, beaten.
Duris, Doors.
Dwalm, to swoon or take a
Qualm.
Dyne, to dine.
Dynt, Stroak.
Dyvour, a Bankrupt.

E A
EARD, Eird, or Erde,
Earth.
Ee, Eye.
Edert, Edward.
Edder-flungit, flung by an
Adder.
Egil, the Eagle.
Eik, to add, item also.
Eild, Age.
Eir, Ear, item E'er.
Eirynes, Fear of Spirits and
Goblins.
Eifë, Eafe.
Eit, to eat.
Eith, easy.
Éme, Uncle.
Empafted, hindered.
Elbuck, Elbow.
Elritch, ghostly, wild, lone-
some.
Énamilt, enameled.
Ene, Eyes.
Enuech, enough.
Enfenzie, Ensign.
Erfebh, Irith.

Ette, to aim.
Esperance, Hope.
Éschopit, Escaped.
Éveriebone, every one.
Éydently, see Íthandly.
Eyndle, to be jealous.
Eyning, Jealoûly.

F A
Fa, fall.
Faë, Foe.
Faljët, Fálhood.
Faik, a Fold, to quit.
Far, to go or pass.
Fairdy, clever and tight.
Falzie or Felzie, to fail.
Fand, found.
Fangs, Paws and Claws.
Fang, to grasp.
Fänkle, to intangle.
乏he or Fashe, to trouble.
Fassion, Fashion.
Faw, Fall.
Faws, gets.
Fauld or Fand, Fold.
Faut, Fault.
Fay, Faith.
Faxart, a Daftard.
Fecht, Fight.
Feeckles, without Strength.
Fedder, a Father.
Fedderen, Wings.
Fed, Feud, Hatred.
Feddom, Fatality.
Feeîty, Subjection.
Feil, Sense, item many.
Feir, Fear.
Fer, tight.
Feir or Íere, Companion.
Fëit
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Felt, hired.
Fen, to live.
Fenzie, to feign.
Ferly, to wonder, a wonder.
Ferd, Fourth.
Feris, Force.
Fey, predefinatned to Death, or some Misfortune.
Feynd, Fiend, the Devil.
Ficht, Fight.
Pie or Pe, a Herd of Cattle.
Firy-fary, Hurry, Confusion.
Fitch, Fifth.
Fitch, to move.
Fendris, Splinters.
Flang, did fling.
Fleas, an Arrow.
Flaught, a Blaze of Lightning.
Flauchter-Spade, Spade for flaying Turf.
Flaws, Lyes—Flaw, to lie.
Flech, to flatter.
Fleim or Fleme, to banish.
Flet, did flyte or chide.
Fley, to fright.
Flit, to remove.
Flichter, flutter like a Bird.
Floch, Flight, Fear, Anxiety.
Flyte, Chide.
Flure, Floor.
Fog, Mofs.
Forfairn, abused.
Forfochten, tired and faint with fighting.
Forleit, to forfake.
Fornt, opposite to.
Forwayit, gave Way.
Forworthin, worthless.
Forlant, alone.
Forlopin, Vagabond.

Forzet, to forget, item forgotten.
Foller, a Forrester, item Nurse.
Fow, full, item drunk.
Foumart, a Pole-cat.
Fouth, Abundance.
Frae, from.
Frail, weak, tender, frail.
Frak, haft.
Fravarti, crofs and ugly.
Freiks, impertinent Fools.
Freid, Freedom.
Fremit, strange, not a Kin.
Freprie, the ruffling or Folds
Fricht, Fright. [of Cloath.
Fripom, a Knave.
Frisb, to Trust or give Credit.
Fruch, easily broken.
Fu, full.
Fud, the Tail.
Fude, Food.
Fuff, to blow.
Fule, Fool.
Fund, found.
Furder, to speed, item further.
Fure, wait on, item fared.
Furthy, free in Behaviour.
Fute, Foot.
Futher or sudder, a great many.
Fyrefangt, burnt.
Fylack, a young Mare.
Fyle, defile.
Fyke, to be reflive.
Fyne, fine.

G A

GAB, the Mouth.
Gad or Ged, God.
Gadder, gather.
Gae, go.
Gaif,
Gaif, gave.
Gains, serves.
Gair, greedy.
Gaft, Gate, Way, Method, item Goat.
Gaflings, Goslings.
Galsart, brisk, jolly, wanton.
Gans, Gums.
Gan, began.
Gane, gone, item serve.
Gane, Mouth.
Gang, to go.
Gaunt, to yawn.
Gar, to make or oblige.
Gardening, a Cafe of Instruments.
Garth, a Garden or Inclosure.
Gaw, Gall.
Gawf, a Laugh.
Gawfy, large and fat.
Geck, Mock, or cast up the Head in Derision.
Gein, given.
Geir, Wealth.
Gemmer, gender.
Gent, gentle.
Genterice, honourable Birth.
Gentilnes, Clemency.
Genzie, a Dart or Arrow.
Gerfome, a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Leafe.
Get, a Child.
Ghoft, Ghost.
Gie, give.
Gif, gin, if.
Gild, Clamour.
Gilt, guilded.
Gimp, see Jimp.
Gird, to strike.

Girn, to grin, item a Trap or Snare.
Girth, a Sanctuary.
Glamour, the Sight deceived.
Glaik, to pass Time idly.
Glar, Myre.
Glove, a Sword.
Gle or Ghe, Mirth.
Gled, a Kite.
Gleim, small Flame.
Gleid, Small Spunk of Fire.
Glen, a Hollow between Mountains.
Glengore or Grandgore, the French Pox.
Glore, Glory.
Glunjebuch, four Fellow.
Gloum, to knit the Eye-brows.
Glour, to flare.
Glures, Gloves.
Goldspink, the Goldfinch.
Golk or Gowk, the Cuckow.
Giff, to Glitter.
Gowden, Golden.
Gowkith, foolish.
Grape, to grope.
Graf, the Grave, item grave.
Grain, grane, groan.
Grangis, Corn Fields, Barns and Granaries.
Grath, to make ready, item Utensils, necessary Things.
Grathbed, attyred, made ready.
Grat, did weep.
Grein, to long for earnestly.
Greit, weep, item great.
Grene, green.
Grei, Degree.
Gres or Gers, Grafs.
Grit or Greit, great.
Grots, Oats half ground.  
Growf, to ly flat on ones 
Grund, Ground.  [Belly. 
Grundin, sharped. 
Gruntill, a Sow. 
Grunzie, Snout or Nose. 
Gryce, a Pig. 
Grwairdoun, Protection. 
Guiks, expect Time foolishly 
Gude, or guid, good. 
Gudes, Riches. 
Guins, Gums. 
Gule, redifh Yellow. 
Gule Snout, red Nos'd. 
Gulefchoch, the Jaundice. 
Gurie, furlie. 
Gyant, Giant. 
Gyde, Guide. 
Gydar, Guider. 
Gymer, court and enjoy. 
Gymp, neat, pretty. 
Gyfe or Gyis, Guife. 

HA  
Habitiklis, Tabernacles. 
Hae, have. 
Haggies, a kind of Pudding. 
Hailfum, 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. 

Hankit, held with Ropes. 
Hap, hop, item Chance. 
Harle, to drag. 
Harnif, harnilhed. 
Harns, see Hairns. 
Harfe or Hairs, hoarfe. 
Having, Behaviour. 
Hauckit, white faced. 
Haswane, haughty. 
Heal, Heil, Health. 
Hecht, to promise, a Promise. 
Hecht, named. 
Heich, high. 
Heilt, or helded, upheld. 
Heirt, lifted up, hoised. 
Herbr, Harbour. 
Heryit, spoiled, impoverished. 
Heiter, Heath. 
Hevin, Heaven. 
Heuch, a Rock, a steep Hill. 
Hew, Hue. 
Heynd, quick, clever. 
Heie, high. 
Hicht, Height. 
Hiecher, higher. 
Hiddlings, hiding Places. 
Hint, snatched. 
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, cobbled. 
Hoift, Cough. 
Holk, to dig. 
Holkit, made hollow. 
Holtis, Hills, high Ground. 
How
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>IT</th>
<th>Glossary</th>
<th>KY</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>How</em>, hollow.</td>
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<td>K A</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Howit</em>, ——</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>KA</em>, to drive.</td>
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<td><em>Howsit</em>, to dig.</td>
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<td><em>Kail</em>, Colewort or Cabage, item Broth.</td>
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<td><em>Howlat</em>, an Owl.</td>
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<td><em>Kap</em> or <em>Kap</em>, Cap or Top.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Hynd</em>, straight.</td>
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<td><em>Kep</em>, to catch what moves toward one.</td>
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<td><em>Hyd</em>, to hide.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kepar</em>, such a Catcher.</td>
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<td><em>Hynt</em>, to take.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kinnick</em>, Kingdom.</td>
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<td><em>J A</em></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kimmer</em>, a Comer or she-Goffip.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Jaip</em>, to jeft or cheat, item to heave and fet.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kiltit</em>, tucked up.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Jeil</em> or <em>Geil</em>, (Saint) the Patron Saint of Edinburgh.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kittle</em>, difficult, item ticklish.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Jouk</em>, to bow.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kinfch</em>, a Loop, to count his <em>Kinfch</em>, to hit his Part.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Ilka</em>, every.</td>
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<td><em>Knaew</em>, know.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Ilfard</em>, illfavoured.</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kowsebot</em> or <em>Cowsebot</em>, the Ring-Dove.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Ithandly</em>, busily, without Inter-</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Kyth</em>, to shew.</td>
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<tr>
<td>L A</td>
<td>Leuch, did laugh.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leuch, low.</td>
<td>Lever, rather.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laif or law, the rest.</td>
<td>Liar or Lyart, hoary.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lair, Learning, item a Place</td>
<td>Licht, Light, item merry.</td>
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<td>Laik, to want.</td>
<td>Licharic, Lechery.</td>
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<td>Lains, themselves.</td>
<td>Lichily, undervalue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laip, to lap as a Dog.</td>
<td>Lickmadowps, servile Flatterers, that salute like Dogs.</td>
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<td>Laift, laced.</td>
<td>Lidded, flow, lazy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laith, loath.</td>
<td>Lie, Corn Lands untiled for some Years.</td>
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<td>Laithly, Lothsome.</td>
<td>Lie or le, calm.</td>
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<td>Laits, Manners.</td>
<td>Lift, the Sky.</td>
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<td>Landwurt, the Country.</td>
<td>Ligg, to ly.</td>
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<td>Lane, Loan.</td>
<td>Limm, Limb.</td>
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<td>Langour, Wearyness.</td>
<td>Limmer, Thief and Whore.</td>
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<td>Lans, a Lance.</td>
<td>Limp, to halt.</td>
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<td>Laos, to dart.</td>
<td>Lin, a Precipice where Water Linkit, went hastyly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lap, did leap.</td>
<td>Lippen, depend.</td>
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<td>Larbour, wooden.</td>
<td>Lipper, leaperous.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Latband, feeble, weak and</td>
<td>Lijk, the Groin or Flank.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Law, low.</td>
<td>Loan, where the Cows are Lokar, curled.</td>
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<td>Lawtie, Honefty, Juffice.</td>
<td>Loppin, did leap.</td>
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<td>Lawland, Lowland.</td>
<td>Lore, Learning.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lei or leal, honeft.</td>
<td>Low, Flame.</td>
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<td>Leisches, Lathes.</td>
<td>Lown, a Whore or Rogue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leib, Leech or Dr.</td>
<td>Lounger, hanging-headed.</td>
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<td>Leid, a Person, item Language.</td>
<td>Loun, calm.</td>
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<td>Leif, Leave, item to live.</td>
<td>Lowp, to leap.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leim or Leam, Flame.</td>
<td>Lowpar, Leaper.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leil, honeft, lawful.</td>
<td>Lou, to bow low.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leis, Loves, leis me, it pleases</td>
<td>Lows, loose.</td>
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<td>Leifings, Lies.</td>
<td>Lude, loved.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leift, leaft.</td>
<td>Life, Love, item the Palm of the Hand.</td>
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<td>Leir, to learn.</td>
<td>Lusfray, Gifts.</td>
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<td>Lemman, Courtezan or Con-</td>
<td>Luggs, Ears.</td>
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<td>Leuds, Buttocks.</td>
<td>Luggit,</td>
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<td>MA</td>
<td>Gloffary.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Luggit, to draw by the Ears.</td>
<td>Mantil, Mantle.</td>
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<td>Luid, loved.</td>
<td>Marrow, Fellow or Mate.</td>
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<td>Luimt, Looms.</td>
<td>Mauks, Magots.</td>
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<td>Luivar, Lover.</td>
<td>Maun, muft.</td>
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<td>Luk or Luck, Fortune.</td>
<td>Mavis, a Thurf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Luke or Luik, Look.</td>
<td>Meid or Mede, Mood, item a</td>
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<td>Lukit or lucken, closed to-</td>
<td>Med, Meal.</td>
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<td>Lum, Chimney.</td>
<td>[Reward.</td>
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<td>Lundge, to hang downward.</td>
<td>Mein or mene, mean.</td>
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<td>Lunzie, Loyne.</td>
<td>Meis, to still or mitigate.</td>
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<td>Lute, did let.</td>
<td>Meits, Bounds, Limits or Marks.</td>
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<td>Lurdane, a Blockhead or lazy</td>
<td>M. kle or mekle, much.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lufchbald, a Slugard.</td>
<td>M. ill, to meddle or contend.</td>
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<td>Lyfe, Life.</td>
<td>Mellfluat, sweet flowing.</td>
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<td>Lyke, Like.</td>
<td>Melletb, a Male of Meat.</td>
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<td>Lyrking, beloved.</td>
<td>Mends, amends.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lymmer, a Whore and Knave.</td>
<td>Menzie, Company or Retinue.</td>
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<td>Lyre, the Complexion.</td>
<td>Menzwir, swear againft.</td>
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<td>Lyth, a Joynt.</td>
<td>Menzvorn, perjured.</td>
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<td>Lytitt, dyed, litted.</td>
<td>Merkand, marking.</td>
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<td><strong>M</strong></td>
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<td><strong>AE</strong>, moe.</td>
<td>Merle, the Merlin, a Bird.</td>
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<td>Mahoun, the Devil.</td>
<td>Meffen, a Lap-Deg.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maid, made.</td>
<td>Mete, to measure.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mak, make.</td>
<td>Micht, might.</td>
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<td>Makkars, Poets.</td>
<td>Middling, Dunghill.</td>
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<td>Malefon, Malecification.</td>
<td>Milan, alone.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mark, Mate or Match.</td>
<td>Minglit, mingled.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mailpayerz, Farmers.</td>
<td>Mirit, to attempt, to aim.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Main or mane, to moan.</td>
<td>Minny, Mother.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mair, more.</td>
<td>Minfrell, Mufician.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maijft, moft.</td>
<td>Mirk or merk, dark.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mait, Mate.</td>
<td>Mijken, to Milknow, item</td>
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<tr>
<td>Man, muft.</td>
<td>forbear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mandrag, Mandrake.</td>
<td>Mijmade, deformed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mangit, bruised, maimed.</td>
<td>Mijter, to need.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mankit, wanting.</td>
<td>Mok, to mock.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mant, to flammer.</td>
<td>Mold, the Ground.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Mou</strong>,</td>
<td>Mony, many.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mortber, Murder.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mot, may.</td>
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<tr>
<td>NO</td>
<td>Glossary</td>
<td>PA</td>
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<tr>
<td>----</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mou, Mouth.</td>
<td>None or Nune, Noone.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moud, mouthed.</td>
<td>Noy, annoy.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muck, Dung.</td>
<td>Nowuther, neither.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mude, Mood.</td>
<td>Nuik or Nuke, Nook, Corner.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mune, Moon.</td>
<td>Nurifer, nurifhing.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muir or Mure, a Heath.</td>
<td>Nurture, Education, item</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mumting, muttering.</td>
<td>Correction.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murderief, murdered.</td>
<td>Nybill, to pike.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murgeon, to make Signs or imitate.</td>
<td>Nys, Nice.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muve or mufe, move.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Myce or Myfs, Mice.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mynd, Mind.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Myne, mine.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mynt, to offer or attempt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mynzion, Mignon.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Myting, a Mite.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>NA</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N'ai, nae, no.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nains, nanes, the Pur-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naitling, nothing. [pofe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>None, none.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neir, near.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neir, never.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Neiz, the Nose.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neif, next.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neif or Nieve, Fift.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nek, a Term at Chefs, when the King cannot be guarded from a Check.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newill, a Stroak with the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicht, Night. [Fift.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niggarts, Niggards.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nocht, nought, frequently for not.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Noit, Stroak on the Head.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nold, would not.</td>
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</tbody>
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<tr>
<th>O B</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Obliht, obliged.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ocht, ought or aught.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odievill, hateful.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ockerar, an Uferer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oif, Hoft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ony, any.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opinzion, Opinion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or, before.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orifons, Prayers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Or, of it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owr, over.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owrrefrett, overspread, imbellifhed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owrrequelrn, overwhelm, &amp;c., all the other owres.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owk, Weck.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Owther, either.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Owfen, Oxen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oxer, Arm-pit.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oys, Grandchildren.</td>
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<th>PA</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Addock, a Frog.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paddock-rude, Spawn of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Padzian, Pageant. [Frogs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paiks, Chattlement.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PL L Glossary. QU

Pais, Pach or Efter.
Pailtait, an Under-coat.
Pois, the Pope.
Pallions, Pavilions.
Palacl, Skin.
Pang, to stuff.
Pafhe, Paufe.
Pare, to empair.
Pauhghty, haughty.
Pouups, Paps or Breasts.
Paynit, painted.
Peelh, to breath short.
Peld, stript.
Peir, an equal.
Peis, Peas.
Pelour, a Pilgarlick.
Pennair, a Pen-Cafe.
Pens, Plumes.
Perfay, in Faith.
Perfe, pierce.
Perfave, perceive.
Perfew, pursue.
Pet, a Favourite, to take the Pet, to be peevish.
Pingle, to strive or labour with Difficulty.
Pik, Pitch.
Pipeb, to pifs.
Pith, Strength.
Plaid, a loofe upper Garment.
Plait, fold.
Plaint, Complaint.
Plack, third of a Peny.
Plaids, Contentions.
Plain, complain.
Plennie, complain.
Plais, please.
Plasams, Pleasure.
Plct, to twift, twifted.
Pluech, Plow.
Pley, Conteft or Squable.
Plight, lighted.
Polk, Poke, or little Sack.
Pofody, a Sort of Highland Broth.
Pou, to pull.
Pou, Poll or Head.
Poutch, Pocket.
Powter, to prog.
Praiek, Practice.
Preif or prive, prove, try, or Tafe.
Preincod, Pincusheon.
Preiving, trying.
Preife, pres.
Prent, Print or Impreffion.
Prevene, to prevent.
Propyne, a Present.
Prydlefs, humble.
Pryfts, Prizes.
Punctis, Pulfes.
Punde, to fequefter.
Pulchritude, Beauty.
Pure or Pur, poor, item pure.
Puirtith, Poverty.
Purflit, rufled.
Purfl-pyk, Pick-purfe.
Pufiance, Power.
Pyne, Pain.

QU

Qwantance, Acquaintance.
Quat, did quite or quit.
Quay, young Cow.
Quaver, Quiver.
Quene, Queen.
Quell, to kill.
Quba, who.
Qubail, Whale.

Quhais,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RA</th>
<th>Glossary</th>
<th>RO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quhais, whose.</td>
<td>Ratches, Hounds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhair, where.</td>
<td>Raw, row.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhat, what.</td>
<td>Racemound, beardless, simple.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quhat-reck, what the Matter.</td>
<td>Raucht, reacht.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhelp, a Whelp.</td>
<td>Rax, Stretch.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Quheils, Wheels.</td>
<td>Reballd, a Talker of Nonfense or Reballdry.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhen, when.</td>
<td>Red or reid, to wish, item</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Quheils, Wheels.</td>
<td>Redour, Fright.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quheils, Wheels.</td>
<td>Rebatour, a malicious Enemy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhel, a Part.</td>
<td>Reid, Red, item to read.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhilk, which.</td>
<td>Reik, Smoak, item to reach.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhilder, whither.</td>
<td>Reikit, rigged, item burned.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhittle, a Knife.</td>
<td>Reil, to dry in a Chimney.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhitly, pale and thin.</td>
<td>Reive or revé, to rob.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhib, whirl.</td>
<td>Rever, a Robber.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhib, whose.</td>
<td>Renzie, the Rein of a Bridle.</td>
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<td>Quhib, whom.</td>
<td>Reprieve, reprove.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhylsome, sometime ago.</td>
<td>Reflave, receive.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhy, why.</td>
<td>Refone or Refoun, Reason.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhyte, while, item until.</td>
<td>Revers, Robbers.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quhyte, White.</td>
<td>Revers, the Rovers at which the Archers shoot.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quod, quoth, said.</td>
<td>Rewth, Pity.</td>
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<tr>
<td>RAE, Roe.</td>
<td>Rewne, Realm.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rad or Red, feared.</td>
<td>Rewyne, Ruin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rackles or reckles, to act carelessly or rashly.</td>
<td>Rew, to take Pity, item to repent.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Raif, rave, did rive.</td>
<td>Reich, Right.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Rings, a Circle.</td>
<td>Rich now, lately.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Raik, to go a quick Pace.</td>
<td>Rift, to belch.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Raip, a Rope.</td>
<td>Ring, the Back, item a Ridge.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rair, to roar.</td>
<td>Rilling, a Shoe made of rough raw untan'd Leather.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rail, Rate.</td>
<td>Rink, a Courfe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rang, Rung.</td>
<td>Ring, to reign.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ranigald, a foolish Scold.</td>
<td>Rispies, Bulrushes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rak, Fog or Mist.</td>
<td>Roches, Rocks.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ramand, crying.</td>
<td>Roir, to roar.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rafch, Rash.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Glossary.

Rok, a Diftaff, item to roll
or move from one Side to
the other.
Rone, Bramble or Briar.
Row, a Roll, to roll.
Rowth, Abundance.
Rowpand, crying-hoarse.
Rowsms, Rooms.
Rowmis, to make a Noise.
Roun, Whisper.
Rong 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.
Ryfe or rufé, to commend,
praise, extoll.
Ruther, the Rudder.
Ryall, Royall.
Ryfe or Rife, common.
Rynk, Rank.
Rys or Ryce, Dwarf Bushes
of Wood.
Ryfe, rife.
Rywe, to tear and spleet.

Rok, a Difstaff, item to roll
or move from one Side to
the other.
Rone, Bramble or Briar.
Row, a Roll, to roll.
Rowth, Abundance.
Rowpand, crying-hoarse.
Rowsms, Rooms.
Rowmis, to make a Noise.
Roun, Whisper.
Rong 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.
Ryfe or rufé, to commend,
praise, extoll.
Ruther, the Rudder.
Ryall, Royall.
Ryfe or Rife, common.
Rynk, Rank.
Rys or Ryce, Dwarf Bushes
of Wood.
Ryfe, rife.
Rywe, to tear and spleet.

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

Scant, scarce.
Schaip, to fit.
Schaips, tharp.
Schaus, thew.
Schaus, little Woods.
Sched, separate.
Scheil, Shepherd's Cot.
Scheine, shining.
Schen, troubled, confounded,
spoiled, ruined.
Scheip, Sheep.
Scheild, unhuked, item a Scheild.

N.B. the e here between the
f and b, tho' it is never
used now, yet it was feldom
neglected by our old
Gentlemen; therefore any
hard Word that begins
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Scant, scarce.
Schaip, to fit.
Schaips, tharp.
Schaus, thew.
Schaus, little Woods.
Sched, separate.
Scheil, Shepherd's Cot.
Scheine, shining.
Schen, troubled, confounded,
spoiled, ruined.
Scheip, Sheep.
Scheild, unhuked, item a Scheild.
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<tr>
<th>SC</th>
<th>Glossary</th>
<th>SL</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Schilling, Meal before it is fistet.</td>
<td>Schuster, a Qualm, to loath.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schit, a blasted little Creature.</td>
<td>Sib, a Kin.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schogled, dangled.</td>
<td>Sic or SIC, such.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schoil, the will, or she'll.</td>
<td>Sich, high.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schog, to shake.</td>
<td>Sicht, Sight.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Scho, she.</td>
<td>Sicker, sire.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schore, to threat.</td>
<td>Siller, Silver.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schot, Shot.</td>
<td>Single, a Handful of gleaned</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schir, Sir.</td>
<td>Skains or Skers, scarce.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schrewis, Shrews.</td>
<td>Skaitb, Loss, Harm.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schuke, shook.</td>
<td>Skapit, escaped.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Schuder, to Shiver.</td>
<td>Scant, scarce.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schune, Shoes.</td>
<td>Skap, Scalp.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schule, School.</td>
<td>Skar, Scar.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schupe, made ready, intended.</td>
<td>Skelf, Shelf.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Schure, did sheer.</td>
<td>Sklander, Scandal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scrimp, scant.</td>
<td>Sklender, Slender.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Scoul, to look grim, by letting fall the Brows.</td>
<td>Sklen, to go aside, to lie.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>See, Seal.</td>
<td>Skoncer, to cover, a Cover.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seil, Happines, Prosperity.</td>
<td>Skoldiri, parched.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Seimly, comely.</td>
<td>Skorn, Scorn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ser, or Sere, several.</td>
<td>Skich, Skittifh.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sell, self.</td>
<td>Skoul, hang or knit the Brows.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seindle, seldom.</td>
<td>Skink, to fill Drink, item strong Broth.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sen, since.</td>
<td>Skirl, to cry.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sene, seen.</td>
<td>Skrows, Scrolls.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sens, Senfe.</td>
<td>Skrudging, or Skurging, Scourging.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sensyne, since that Time.</td>
<td>Skruft, Scruf.</td>
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<td>Senzie, Signority.</td>
<td>Skraip, Scrape.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Senzior, Senior.</td>
<td>Skryk, to feree.</td>
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<td>Sejourn, Seafon.</td>
<td>Skugry, in Hidlings.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Serv, or Surf, to deferve.</td>
<td>Skulls, Hand Baskets.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sets, becomes.</td>
<td>Skum, Scim.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sencb, a Furrow or Ditch.</td>
<td>Skyth, Lons, Hurt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sey, to try.</td>
<td>Sla, Slay.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scaldit, burnt.</td>
<td>Slae, Sloe.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Scart, Hermaphrodite.</td>
<td>Slaif,</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Slajf, Slave.
Slait, did slit or cut.
Slak, an opening between
Slaw, flow.
Sleik, smooth.
Sleuth, cunning.
Sleight, Slight.
Smokin, to quench.
Slogan or Slughorn, a Watchword, peculiar to a certain Name or Set of People, used to know their Friends from Enemies.
Slooch, a Huflc.
Smak, a silly pitiful Fellow.
Smir, befmea.
Smidy, Smith's Work-houfe.
Smelt, to infect. [Cloaths.
Smot, a Spot, as of Grease on Smorit, fmothered.
Smuke, Smoak.
Smyt, a small Spot.
Smyle, to smile.
Snack, clever.
Sneifl, to fpeak tartly.
Sneir, to snore.
Snell, fharp.
Sniff, to fiew Difpleafure by disdainful Looks.
Snuide, a Woman's Headband for binding back the Hair.
Soir, Sore.
Solace, Recreation.
Solst, to folicite. [nefs.
Sonf, or fonf, Luck, Happi
Sonk, a Wreath of Straw used as a Cuffion, or a Load Sadle.
Sonzet, made Excufe.
Sornand, to go about begging.
Sould, should.
Soverane, Sovereign.
Soup, sweep.
Sound, smooth.
Spae, to prophesy.
Spate, wane from Suck.
Spate or Spait, Land Flood or Torrent.
Sprang, to leap.
Spawne, Stiffness in the Hams, a Horfe Diseafe.
Spaul, Spald, the Shoulder.
Speik, to fpeak.
Speil, to climb.
Speir, to ask, item a Spear.
Spence, the Buttery.
Spenzie, Spain.
Spill, to spoil.
Spirling, a very small Fifh.
Sound, smooth.
Spout, a Gufh.
Spray, Sprigs, Buhhes.
Spring, a Tune.
Spulzie, Spoil, item to spoil.
Sprent, a Spring, to fpring as a Clock.
Spule, a Weaver's Shuttle.
Squeil, Squeek.
Spunk, a Spark of Fire.
Spynand, Spinning.
Stane, Stone.
Stang, Sting.
Stakkar, Stagger.
Stark, ftrong.
Stay, Straight, Steep.
Staw, ftole.
Sute, Soot.
Suth, Truth.
Swaired, the Grasy Surface of the Ground.
Swat, did sweat.
Swankie, souple Youngster.
Sweir, lazy, item to lwear.
Swirnes, Lasines.
Swith, Haft, haltylie.
Swom, Swim.
Swoun, Faint.
Swyngeor, a tall Wencher, item, a Scoundrel.
Swyth or swhith, soon.
Syis, Times.
Syke, a Water Ditch.
Symmer, Summer.
Syne, afterward, then.
Syre, Sire, Father.
Syte, Sorrow.

TA

TAE, Toe.
Tais, Toes.
Tacht, Taught.
Tallon, to Tallow or Grease.
Tald or Tauld, told.
Taid, Toad.
Talsior, Taylor.
Target, Claps or Buckles.
Targe, a Shield.
Turrow, to refuse.
Tauch, Tallow.
Twauf, little Cup.
Taz, a Scourge or little Whip.
Tedder, a Rope or Band for Horses.
Telzie, a Cut of Beef.

Tene,
Tene, Anger.
Tent, to notice.
Tough, tugh.
Teynd, Anger.
Thae, thofe.
Thair, their, there.
Thairin, within.
Thairout, without.
Thay, thofe.
Thie, Thigh.
Thir, thofe.
Thocht, thought, tho't.
Thole, to suffer.
Thrawart or traywart, crofs.
Thrawis, Throws.
Thrawn, crofs, Thrawn vult, ill natured Countenance.
Threfe, in Corn, twenty four Sheaves; applied to other Things it means a great deal.
Thring, to wring or Throng.
Throple, the Wind Pipe.
Thyne, thine, item thence.
Thud, The Noife rather stronger than sharp that Things make that come on other with Force and Quickness.
Ticht, handfome, tight.
Tig, to fport with gentle touches, pating and the
Tinfell, Lofe. [like.
Tint, Loft.
Tirl, to give a small sharp Stroke, item to uncover.
Tirly mirly, a Whirlygig.
Tittar, rather.
Tod, a Fox.
Toder, the other.
Toits or toys, Freeks.

Tolbuith, a Prifon.
Towdy, the Arfe.
Towris, Towers.
Towmond, Twelve Months.
Trantals, Nig-nays.
Trattles, sily Tales.
Traikit, dragled.
Trayn, Train or Lead.
Treacbour or treichour, treacherous.
Trete or treit, treat.
Trettie, intreating.
Trew, true.
Trig, neat.
Trow, believe.
Trumbeon, Head or Piece of a Spear.
Trympours, Deceivers.
Tryme, handfome.
Trymbill, Tremble.
Tryfl, an Appointment.
Tung, Tongue.
Tuke, took.
Tune, empty, item to empty.
Twayne or twae, two.
Twich, Touch.
Twayne, to twine.
Tyde, Tide.
Tyke, a Dog.
Tymmer, Timber.
Tyne or tene, lofs.
Tyne,lein, or tine, Anger.
Tynt, loit.
Tyte, freight, soon, quickly.

WA

WA, Wall.
Wad or Wed, Wager.
Wae, Woe.

Wae fu,
Waefu, woeful.
Wag, Shake.
Waif, lonly, alone.
Waif, Wave.
Wair or ware, to bestow.
Waik, weak, item wait.
Waitb, wandred or strayed.
Wakryfe, little enclin'd to sleeping.
Wale, the Choice, to choife.
Wald, would.
Waloop, to Galop.
Wallowit, withered.
Waly, large.
Wally-gosdy, great Jewell.
Walydraig, a pityful Creature, or the most worthles's of a number.
Wame, Womb.
Wan, pale, item went.
Wanfeckit, ill nurfed.
Wanworth, worthles.
Wane or wain, Houfe.
Wanfleters, Venus Gamefters.
Wanrafe, uneafy.
Warden, Guardian.
Warifon, Reward.
Wark, Work.
Warlo, a Wretch.
Warie, to fret.
Wate or wait, to know.
Waw, a Wall, a Wave.
Wedjef, to Mortgage.
Weil, well.
Weinf, suppos'd.
Weir, War.
Weird, Fortune.
Weit, Rain, item to wet.
Wene or wein, to think or suppofe.
Wend, go away.
Weirly, cautiously.
Wypit, wiped or woped.
Wicht, clever.
Wicht, Wight, a Person.
Wicker, Willow.
Wid, mad.
Widdert, withered.
Widdy or Wody, the Gallows.
Wie, little.
Widdyfow, Gallows fac'd.
Widdill, an uneafy reffles Motion.
Will, wild.
Wifiam, wild.
Wimple, to fold back and forward.
Winning, Dwelling.
Winnocks, Windows.
Windy or wordy, worthy.
Wirk, to work.
Wirry, to worry.
Wij, to know.
Wod, a Wood.
Won, to dwell.
Wond, dwelt.
Wont, thought or suppos'd.
Wouit, courted.
Wrak, Wreck.
Wowf, Wolf.
Wow, a Note of Wonder.
Wraik, to vex.
Wraith, the Wale.
Wrait, wrote.
Wrang, wrong.
Wroght, wrought.
Wymler, a Curle or Wave.
Wylfe, cunning.
Wyfe, Wife.
Wyffe, Wives.
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_Wyt_, to blame, the Caute or _Wys_, wife.  
_Wyp_, a Handful of Straw, or the like.

_Valentant_, valiant.  
_Vanish_, vanish.  
_Udder_, other.  
_Velziet_, availed.  
_Venomit_, Envenomed.  
_Vertew_, Virtue.  
_Ug_, to loath.  
_Ur some_, loathsome.  
_Vify_, take a View of.  
_Ulie_, Oyl.  
_Undocht_, one that can do nothing.  
_Unfulziet_, undefiled.  
_Ungeird_, unarmed.  
_Unquit_, uncleared or unpaid.  
_Unficker_, unfure.  
_Uznnezon_, Union.  
_Ycee_, Vice.  
_Yyle_, vile.

_YCE_, Ice.  
_Ydle_, idle.  
_Yle_, Ille.  
_Ynd_, India.  
_Tre_, Ire.  
_Treland_, Ireland.  
_Tron_, Iron.

_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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