

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Allan Ramsay

Table of Contents

<u>The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral</u>	1
<u>Allan Ramsay</u>	1
<u>TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES</u>	1
<u>ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC</u>	2
<u>ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS</u>	2
<u>DRAMATIS PERSONÆ</u>	2
<u>ACT I</u>	3
<u>SCENE I</u>	3
<u>SCENE II</u>	9
<u>ACT II</u>	16
<u>SCENE I</u>	16
<u>SCENE II</u>	20
<u>SCENE III</u>	21
<u>SCENE IV</u>	25
<u>ACT III</u>	30
<u>SCENE I</u>	30
<u>SCENE II</u>	31
<u>SCENE III</u>	38
<u>SCENE IV</u>	42
<u>ACT IV</u>	46
<u>SCENE I</u>	46
<u>SCENE II</u>	52
<u>ACT V</u>	61
<u>SCENE I</u>	61
<u>SCENE II</u>	65
<u>SCENE III</u>	67

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Allan Ramsay

This page copyright © 2002 Blackmask Online.

<http://www.blackmask.com>

- TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES
- ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC
- ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS
- DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.
- ACT I.
- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.
- ACT II.
- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.
- SCENE III.
- SCENE IV.
- ACT III.
- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.
- SCENE III.
- SCENE IV.
- ACT IV.
- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.
- ACT V.
- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.
- SCENE III.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH By Margaret Turner

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

TRULY sensible of your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S goodness and condescension, in permitting me to introduce to the public , under your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S auspices and protection , his English version of Mr. Ramsay's GENTLE SHEPHERD , I humbly entreat your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S acceptance of my most grateful and respectful acknowledgments; and that Heaven may confer on your ROYAL HIGHNESS every blessing that can make a Prince as great and happy as he is good is the most devout prayer of your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S Most respectful,

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

And devoted servant,
MARGARET TURNER .

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC

No one ever committed a Performance to the eye of the public with more anxious diffidence than I do an English version of the Gentle Shepherd. Conscious of the merits of the original, and the impossibility of doing it justice in any other dialect than that in which it was originally written, I blush at my own temerity in attempting it; but, as most scribblers introduce themselves to the world with an apology, I also have mine which would gain me the indulgence of every feeling heart: and, while shrink from the eye of criticism, yet I hope judgment will be softened by mercy: and, when it is observed with that scrupulous attention which have adhered to the original, I also hope that my errors will be treated with lenity.

With those who understand the Scotch dialect, this Pastoral needs no panegyric; and with those who do not, I have not the vanity to think that my opinion would be of any consequence; but I shall give that of gentleman who is acknowledged by the world as an able critic and an elegant writer.

"I must not omit the mention of another Pastoral Drama, which will bear being brought into comparison with any composition of his kind in any language; that is, Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd. It is a great disadvantage to this beautiful Poem, that it is written in the old rustic dialect of Scotland, which, in short time, will probably be entirely obsolete, and not intelligible; and it is a farther disadvantage, that it is so entirely formed on the rural manners of Scotland, that none but a native of that country can thoroughly understand or relish it. But, though subject to these local disadvantages, which confine its reputation within narrow limits, it is full of so much natural description, and tender sentiment, as would do honour to any Poet. The characters are well drawn, the incidents affecting, the scenery and manners lively and just. It affords a strong proof both of the power which Nature and Simplicity possess to reach the heart in every sort of writing; and of the variety of pleasing Characters and Subjects with which Pastoral Poetry, when properly managed, is capable of being enlivened" *Dr. BLAIR'S Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters.*

ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS

THE encouragement I have met with from the public in general in enabling me to print so honourable and numerous List of Subscribers, merits my most sincere acknowledgments.

To those particular friends, whose exertions in my behalf have done me so much honour, and to those whose generous attentions have so essentially served me, I cannot say what I feel, but I hope that they will accept the grateful thanks of heart truly sensible of their goodness.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

- SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.
- PATIE. the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.
- ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.
- SYMON,

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.

- GLAUD.
- BAULDY, a hynd engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

- PEGGY, thought to be Gland's niece.
- JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.
- MAUSE, an old woman supposed to be a witch.
- ELSPA, Symon's wife.
- MADGE, Glaud's sister.

SCENE, A shepherd's village and fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

TIME OF ACTION within twenty-four hours.

First Act begins at eight in the morning.

Second Act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third Act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth Act begins by day-light next morning.

ENGLISH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

Beneath a rocky shelter's southern side,
Where fountains clear in healthful streamlets glide,
Two youthful shepherds on the daisies lay,
Tending their flocks one lovely morn of May.
Poor Roger groans, till hollow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

SONG.

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens;

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The watching of the fold .

My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alone,
O! she's the fair can banish care,
O! she's the fair without compare.
My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
To other maids I'm cold:
But she makes all my spirits glow,
When watching of the fold.

My Peggy smiles so kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on all the towns,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles so kindly,
It makes me blithe and bold,
And nothing gives me such delight,
As watching of the fold.

My Peggy sings so softly,
When on my pipe I play,
By all the rest it is confest,
By all the rest that she sings best.
My Peggy sings so softly,
And in her songs are told,
With innocence, the best of sense,
At watching of the fold.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a joyous mood.
How blithsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirp o'er their pleasing chants;
How healthy 'tis to scent the morning air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care.

What ails thee, Roger, then? why sigh you so?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd woe?

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie, to an adverse fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to dash the rolling flood,
The rav'n and fox to long for lambkin's blood:
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Must still despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
Willows on marshy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful maids, or loss of worldly store,
Shall make me drop a tear, or wake an hour.

ROGER.

So might I say; but 'tis not eas'ly done
By one whose soul's so sadly out of tune.
you have so soft voice, and smooth a tongue,
That you're the darling of both old and young.
If I attempt to sing, or but to speak,
They stop their ears, and up their milk-pails take,
And jeer me as they home from milking go;
Confus'd and vex'd, I know not what to do:
Yet I'm as tall as thou as well made too,
Why should I please the lasses less than you?
For every sheep thou hast, ten I can show,
And should, as one may think, before thee go.

PATIE.

Perhaps, my neighbour, you've a niggard's heart,
So with the coin you cannot freely part.
What signifies your wealth, if that's the case?
A sordid soul still wears a careful face.

ROGER.

My cow-house falls, nine head of cattle kills,
Three elf-shot were, yet I endur'd these ills:
Few cares in winter last my heart did know,
Though scores of wethers perish'd in the snow.

PATIE.

Were your rich farms as poorly stock'd as mine,
Less you would lose, and less you would repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
O'erflowing wealth but troubles us to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That th'ou may'st, feel the pangs of many a loss!
O may'st thou doat on some fair haughty wench,
Who ne'er will stoop thy scorching thirst to quench!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Till press'd beneath the load, Alas! you say,
And own, tho' one's no fool, yet fret he may.

PATIE.

Six good fat lambs I sold them out and out
At the West Port and bought a winning flute,
Of plum-tree made, the joints with iv'ry bound:
A handsome pipe, and of a pleasing sound
With it I'll blither be, and ne'er look dull,
Than you with all your cash, ye doleful fool.

ROGER.

I'm no such churlish ass; no, Patie, no
'Tis other cares that fill my heart with woe:
I dreamt a dreary dream the other night,
That makes me still to shudder with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how silly is this art,
To one who know each secret of your heart
Feign'd are your dreams, and weakly do you hide
Your well-seen love, and scornful Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, tell me all your woe,
And safely think none but yourself doth know.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, you have guess'd too true,
And there is nothing I'll conceal from you
Me scornful Jenny looks on with despite;
To speak but to her puts me in a fright:
She jeers me morn and night in every place,
Whilst I, confounded, look with bashful face.
Beyond yon hillock green we met last night;
Away she fled as I had been a sprite.
She Bauldy loves Bauldy that drives the car ;
But me she jibes, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy loves not her well I know that
He sighs for Neps so there is tit for tat.

ROGER.

I wish I could not love her, but in vain
I till must doat, and bear her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a dog I dearly like;

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Wen till he howl, the poor dumb thing she'll strike.
Since "Love me, love my dog," the proverb goes,
Her cruelty to mine her hatred shews.
When I begin to tune my shepherd's horn,
In all her face she shews a chilling scorn.
Last night I play's, you never heard such spite,
"O'er Bogie" was the tune, and her delight:
Yet tauntingly she to her cousin said,
With such a sneer, "What tune has Roger play'd?"
Flocks, wander where you will, my heart's so sore,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle more.

PATIE.

E'en do so, Roger, who can help mischance?
Since wayward woman leads you such a dance,
Now that you've lost all hope yon cliff is steep
E'en go your way, and take the lover's leap.

ROGER.

To spill my blood I need not make such haste,
I'll warrant death come soon enough at last.

PATIE.

Great goose! leave off that silly whining way;
Seem careless there's my hand you'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as true
As ever Jenny can be lov'd by you.
Last morning I was rather early out,
Upon a wall I leant, looking about;
I saw my Peg come frisking o'er the lea;
I saw my Peg, but Peggy saw not me:
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist.
Her petticoat tuck'd up did sweetly show
Her tight-made legs, that whiter were than snow.
Her hair bound back, so glossy and so sleek,
Whilst flowing locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks so ruddy, and her eyes so clear;
And O! her lips like ripest fruit appear.
Neat, neat she was in snow-white jacket clean,
As she tript lightly o'er the dewy green:
Blithesome, I cried, "My pretty Peg, come here;
"I wonder what makes you so soon appear!"
"But I can guess you come to gather dew:"
Away she scour'd saying, "What's that to you;"
"Then fare you well," said I, "just as you please,"
And leap'd the wall with gay indifferent ease.
But when she saw with how much ease I spake,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

She came with a right trifling errand back:
Abus'd me first then bade me send my dog,
To bring three ewes which stray'd upon the bog.
I smil'd, and so did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding walk and took in truth
A store of kisses from her glowing mouth.
While hard and her to my heart I prest,
I thought my soul would leap out of my breast.
Between each kiss she often tried to scold,
But by her eyes another tale was told.
Dear Roger, when your Jenny tries such tricks,
Do you so too, and never mind her freaks.
Indifferent seem, she'll change her mood, my lad;
Go woo another, and she'll run half mad.

SONG.

Dear Roger, when she plays such tricks,
And answers kindness with a flight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglects,
For women still in love delight:
Despising men who quickly yield,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse then keep the field,
And still advance, you'll win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
'Tis by their eyes the truth is seen:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late,

ROGER.

Kind Patie! now Heav'n bless your honest heart!
You're still so merry, and have such an art
One's heart to cheer, e'en when 'tis like to break,
As mine was now, ere you began to speak.
So, for your pains, a present I design,
(My mother, rest her soul! she made it fine;)
Spun from the softest wool such plaids but few
Scarlet and green the checks, the borders blue:
With streaks like gold, and silver cross'd with black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
You well deserve it, who have been so kind
T' untwist my ravel'd doubts, and clear my mind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

PATIE.

Well, be it so since you have frankly made
To me a present of your fine new plaid,
My flute is yours; and she too, now so nice,
Will soon be kind, if you take my advice.

ROGER.

All you advise I promise to observe;
But keep the flute, which you so well deserve.
Now take it out, let's have some clever thing,
For I'm in trim to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see if all our flocks be feeding right;
Then by that time our homely bread and cheese
Will make a breakfast that a squire might please;
Might please the nicer tares, had they the wit,
Instead of spice, with health to season meat.
When we have had the grace-cup front that spring,
Then I shall do my best to play and sing.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

A flow'ry vale, two verdant banks between,
Where lasses wash, and bleach their linen clean;
A purling brook runs winding thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
Here view two barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
Whilst Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Peg with better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

COME , Peg, let's fall to work upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen dean;
The water clear, the sky unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

PEGGY.

Go farther up the stream to Habbie's How ,
Where all the sweets of spring and summer grow:
There, o'er a little cliff, 'tween two birch trees,
The water falls, and murmurs to the breeze;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And, when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,
There bathe ourselves. 'Tis healthful now in May,
And sweetly cooling on so warm a day.

JENNY.

Mad girl! when we're undrest, what will you say,
If our two shepherd lads should come that way?
That jeering, fellow Pate would cry in haste,
"Faith, lasses, I must say, you're not shame-fac'd."

PEGGY.

We're far from any road, and out of sight,
Our shepherds feed their flocks beyond the height.
Now we're alone, dear Jenny, let me know,
Why with neglect you plague your lover so?
By all the neighbours it is clearly seen,
That Roger loves, that you his love disdain.
What faults d'ye find? In truth, between us two,
The best day in the year he's worthy you.

JENNY.

I do not like him, Peggy, so have done;
A lad more sheepish I have never known.
Full nice he combs his hair, and trim he goes,
And decks his bonnet blue with ribbon-bows;
Which with conceited air he wears aside,
While garters fine below his knees are tied.
His cravat too's put on with nicest care,
And few go nearer to the church or fair;
But what of that? He ne'er has more to say,
Than, "How d'ye do?" or, "Here's a charming day."

PEGGY.

You dash the lad with pride and slighting scorn,
Hatred for love! it is not to be borne:
But you'll repent, soon as his love grows cold.
What is a haughty maid like when she's old?
Like a spoil'd child, who quarrels with its meat,

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

And frets and cries for whims, and will not eat:
'Tis laugh'd at by the rest till dinner's past,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

And then the little fool's oblig'd to fast,
Or take another's leavings at the last.
Dear Jenny, think, and do not lose your time.

SONG.

You'll wish you had been kinds
If lover's heart grows cold;
For none your smiles will mind,
Soon as your face looks old.

The fondled child, who will not eat,
Although by hunger prest,
And, whimpering, quarrels with its meat,
Is laugh'd at by the rest.

They jest it till the dinner's past:
Thus by itself abus'd,
The foolish thing's oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a single life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I but love in whispers still has said,
That men and we were for each other made.

JENNY.

If Roger is my love, how should I know?
For sure I am he never told me so.
He looks and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But who's oblig'd to spell his hums and ha's?
Whene'er he likes to speak his mind more plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools who flav'ry love, and may be free;
The fellows may go hang themselves for me.

PEGGY.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

E'en take your way; for me, I have a mind,
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

How can you love that helter-skelter blade?
A very devil, that mutt be obey'd.
We soon shall hear what a poor wrangling life
You two will lead, when once you're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I'll run the risk, nor have I any fear,
But rather think each tedious day a year,
Till I with pleasure and with pride shall say,
How much I love, how willingly obey:
When I shall lay aside my maiden art,
And give him love for love with all my heart;
And by the tenderest kindness ever show
That I deserv'd the heart he did bestow.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Make a great fuss with fondness and with praise,
Fondling you both in public and alone:
But soon as e'er the novelty is gone,
He'll view you as the captive does his chain,
And think he lost his freedom you to gain.
Instead then of long days of sweet delight,
One he'll be dumb, next scold from morn to night:
And, may be, in his wrangling moods bestow
Upon his loving wife a hearty blow.

SONG.

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder fate betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think on nought but being married;
And running to that state destroys
Both cheerful peace, and youthful joys.

PEGGY.

Such vulgar thoughts as these want pow'r to move
My settled mind I'm too far gone in love.
Patie to me is than my life more dear;

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

The loss of him, the only ill I fear.
There's not a shepherd lad in many a smile:
And then he speaks with such a winning art,
His words they thrill like music thro' my heart.
How gently can he sport, and gaily jest,
At idle fears, that frighten all the rest.
Each day that he's alone upon the hill,
He reads wife books, that teach him wit and skill:
He is but what need I say that or this?
I'd take a month to tell you what he is.
In all he says or does there's such an air;
Compar'd with him, the rest but dolts appear.
His better sense will long his love secure:
I'll nature haunts the soul that's weak and poor.

SONG.

How shall I be sad when a husband I've chose,
That has better sense than any of those
Sour, weak, silly fellows, like fools and like knaves,
Who sink their own joys by making us slaves.
The man who is prudent ne'er slights his own wife,
Nor with dull reproaches encourages strife:
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

JENNY.

Ha, "Bonny Lass of Branksome ," ere 'tis long,
Your witty Pate will put you in a song.
O 'tis a pleasant thing a bride to be;
Then round your fire the whimpering brats you see,
Squalling for this, for that, with teasing din:
To make them rags then you must toil and spin.
One scalds itself with broth, and one falls sick,
One loses shoes, and one its head doth break.
The devil rules the roast, and home grows hell;
Abus'd by Patrick worse than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

To be a wife yes, that's a happy state,
When round the fire she sees sweet children set.
If I'm so happy, I shall take delight
To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
O, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
Than seeing playful infants at your knee;
When their first wish, and all they aim at, is
But to be fondled, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending day and night

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

The like of them, when love makes care delight?

JENNY.

But pen'ry, Peggy, is the worst of all,
If to your lot ill chance make begg'ry fall:
Your clothes all ragged, and your dinner scant
There's little love or mirth where there is want.
Your cattle die, and floods may bear away
From off the meadows your fine ricks of hay
Smother'd in wreaths of snow your wethers lie,
Rotten by plashy thaws your ewes may die:
Your butter, wool, and cheese, a dealer buys,
But ere the day of payment breaks and flies.
With threat'ning look the squire his rent demands:
You've none to give; 'tis in a bankrupt's hands:
He muff be paid, and seizes what is left:
Where will you go, of house and home bereft?
Dear Peg, be wife, and live a single life;
Believe me, 'tis no jest to be a wife.

PEGGY.

May such ill luck befall that silly she
Who has such fears; they never troubled me.
Let's cherish hope, and strive to do our best;
No more's requir'd; trust heaven for the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle oft-times say,
That lads, for wives that virtuous, all should pray;
As the most careful man could never get
A well-stor'd farm, unless his wife would let.
Then nothing shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to cheer my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he gains, I'll guide with prudent care,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

And win a name at market, tron , and fair,
For wholesome, clean, and cheap sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some wool,
Shall first be sold to pay the squire in full:
Then all behind's our own thus, without fear,
In love and plenty we thro' life shall steer:
And when our children and our stores increase,
The day I was his wife my Pate will bless.

JENNY.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, bewitching eyes, be seen,
Will make your Patie think his half-worn Peg,
And her accustom'd kiss, scarce worth a fig.

PEGGY.

No more of that Dear Jenny, to be free,
Some men more constant are in love than we;
Nor is the wonder great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind:
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our quick passions would our peace beguile;
So, when the wife at home meets with neglect,
That she's in fault I'm ready to suspect.
But I'll employ with pleasure all my art
To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart:
At night, when he comes weary from the hill,
I'll have all things made ready to his will:
In winter, when he toils thro' rain and wind,
A blazing fire and clean hearth-gone he'll find;
And soon as he throws by his plaid and stick,
The boiling pot from off the fire we'll take;
Clean huckaback I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford:
Good humour and the nicest mobs shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon turns cold,
And dwindles down to none, as folk grow old.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Our children, and their children, form a tie,
Stronger in love than aught that we can spy.
See yon two elms, that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years since bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer every year they've prest,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their union now completely blest:
This shields the other from the eastern blast;
That, in return, defends it from the west.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Such as stand single (a state so lik'd by you!)
Beneath each storm from ev'ry point must bow.

JENNY.

I've done I yield; dear Peggy, I must yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little foe
That nestled in my breast long, long ago.

SONG.

I yield, dear Peggy, you have won,
And there is no denying,
That, sure as light flows from the sun,
From love proceeds complying;
For all that we can say or do
'Gainst love, the wife ne'er heed us;
They know our bosoms lodge the foe,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alas, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's not fair,
That you'll not let the urchin take the air:
Hafte, let him out, and I shall well observe
If he does Bauldy or poor Roger serve.

JENNY.

Another time's as good. for see the sun
Is very high, and we're not yet begun
To froth our sope; and come our aunt this way,
A wicked scold we'll have for our delay;
But when we've done, I'll tell you all my mind;
For this seems true, no lass can be unkind.

[Exeunt .

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

A snug thatch'd house, before the door a green;
Fowls on the dunghill, ducks in pools are seen.

ACT II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

On this side stands a barn, a cow-house there;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's there by the door he fits,
And to his seat of turf his friend invites.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD morrow, neighbour Symon come, sit down,
Let's have some talk What's all the news in town?
You've sold at market, as I've heard just now,
The white-fac'd heifer, and her mother too;
And bought, no doubt, tobacco cut and dry:
Out with your box; let's have a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With all my heart but mark me now, old boy,
I've gotten news will tickle your heart with joy.
I could not rest till I came here this morn,
To tell you things have taken such a turn,
Our tyrants base trembling for deeds they've done,
Like vermin vile, to desarts now must run.

GLAUD.

Fine talk! Oh, Symon! wags will never stand
To hatch and spread the biggest: lies off-hand;
Which soon fly round like wild-fire, far and near:
But loose your budget; true or false, let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad hath with our Master been;
Our brave good Master! who right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to fare his head,
Because, you know full well, he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory, with Montrose:
Now one call'd Monk, since Cromwell's with Old Nick,
Has shew'd the Parliament a right fly trick,
Reilor'd king Charles; and ev'ry thing's in tune:
And Halbert lays, we'll see Sir William soon.

GLAUD.

That makes me blithe indeed but jest not you
Tell o'er your news again, then swear 'tis true.
And saw you Hab! and what did Halbert say?

ACT II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

They've been indeed a dreary time away.
Now God be prais'd! our knight's come home again
Say, his estates can he with ease obtain?

SYMON.

Those imps, who hagg'd us, till our hearts did groan!

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Thole greedy bears, now all their powers are gone,
And good Sir William shall enjoy his own.

SONG.

Cold be the rebels cast,
Those bloody, base oppressors;
I hope we'll see them at the fail
Hung up like vile transgressors.

Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.

GLAUD.

And may he long! for never did he stint
Us in our thriving with a racking rent;
Nor grudg'd when one got rich; nor said he'd raise
Our farms, for looking smart and fine, on holidays.

SYMON.

Nor would he long, with senseless, saucy air,
E'er see, our old white heads, stand by him bare:
'Put on your bonnet, Symon take a seat
'How're all at home? how's Elspa? how does Kate?
'How fell black cattle? how goes wool this year?'
So kind did all his questions still appear.

SONG.

The squire who his wisdom would prove,
Be lov'd, and be honour'd, and rich,
Should encourage his tenants with loves
Not greedily try to o'erreach.

SCENE I.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

As the horse that we starve and oppress,
Drops down in the midst of the road,
Thus hardships do virtue depress
Till she fainting finks under the load.

GLAUD.

Then quick his butler he would make appear,
With cheering bottles, and the glassess clear,
Which in our breasts rais'd such a pleasing flame
That, when we left him, dancing home we came:
So joyful is my heart, dear neighbour, stay,
And take your dinner here with me to day
We'll send for Elspa too and, upon sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger from the height;
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the next town,
And bring a load of ale, that's stout and brown;
And make our cottagers, both young and old,
Drink till they've lost the way their feet to hold.

SYMON.

I would not baulk my friend, his blithe design,
If that it had not first of all been mine:
With plenty of strong ale my casks are fill'd,
Two good fat wethers I have lately kill'd;
Three pecks of nicest cakes bak'd by our dame,
And, hanging by the fire, a large fat ham.
I saw myself, ere I the lane came down,
Our largest pot that makes the whey put on,
One of the sheep to boil and one we'll roast,
And on the minc'd meat Elspa spares no cost
Small is it chopt, and she can mix full nice
The fav'ry onion with the fav'ry spice:
Rich are the puddings, nice the head and feet,
And neighbours old and young we do invite
To drink Sir William's health and welcome home,
And pass in mirth and glee the hours to come:
You must not then refuse to join the rest,
Since you're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring with you all your family; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll feast: with you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like yourself, old boy! and never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear.
Faith we shall fend it round, till we look bold
Till we forget we're either fail'd or old.
Old, said I! Faith I'm younger by a score
With this good news, than what I was before

SCENE I.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

I'll dance ere night—ho! Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gone wild! Dear Symon, welcome here;
What would you, Glaud, with all this noise and haste?
To spin a thread, you never let one rest.

GLAUD.

Spin! burn your tow: your wheel you next may break,
And in a flame go set the great peat—stack
Then round the bonfire dance till you drop down,
Since we shall see the good Sir William soon.

MADGE.

Glad news indeed! but by whom were they brought?

GLAUD.

What's that to you? go get my Sunday's coat
Look out the whitest of my nice fring'd bands,
My milk—white stockings, gloves too for my hands
Then from the washing call the girls in haste,
And make yourselves as neat, head, feet, and waist,
As you were all to wed young men to day
We dine with Symon quick make no delay .

SYMON.

Do, honest Madge! and, Glaud, I'll hasten home,
To see that all's in order when you come.

[Exeunt .

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

The open field, and deep down in a dale,
A little hut, where turning round her wheel
An aged woman in the sun is set
Warming her chilly limbs before his heat:
At a small distance by a blasted tree,
With folded arms and looks half wild you see
Baldy alone.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

BAULDY.

WHAT'S this! I cannot bear't 'Tis worse than hell,
To be burnt up with love, yet dare not tell!
O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than daisy'd dales, or new-mown hay;
Blither than lambs that frisk o'er hillocks green,
In all the forest nought so straight is seen.
Her eyes like dew-drops sparkling on a rose;
And lilies in her breast their beauties lose;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her eyes, her mouth,
Will bring me to my grave in early youth
For Pate loves her woes me! and she loves Pate
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a rash vow Oh! but one be an ass
That makes rash oaths before the prier say grace.
I dare not speak my mind, else all the three
Doubtless would prove each one my enemy
'Tis hard to bear I'll try some witchcraft art.
To break with one, and win the other's heart
Now here lives Mause a witch that for small price,
By magic arts, can give me wise advice
She can o'er cast the night, o'er cloud the moon,
And call up devils! her errands black to run
At midnight hours the churchyard o'er the raves,
And digs unchristen'd infants from their graves;
Then, in a wizard's scull, their livers boils,
While backward round the hemlock flame she toils;
Then the her prayers revers'd will seven times say,
Till Satan comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom, of black toads, and snakes
Of this her baneful images she makes
Of those she hates then causes them t' expire
With flow and racking pains before the fire
Stuck full of pins the devilish pictures melt
The pains by those they represent are felt.
Yonder fits Mause full well by her 'tis known,
When such as I unto the devil run
She and her cat fit in the yard to bask
Faith! I'm afraid to name what I'm to ask
But speak I must, though I should never thrive
They gallop fast whom maids and devils drive

[Exit.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

A cottage garden, fountain cold,

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Where bubbling water springs
 There sits a woman wrinkled old,
And yet she spins and sings.

SONG.

MAUSE.

 Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may'st dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
 No more the cows shalt thou go milk,
But change thy coat of plaid for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk ,
Peggy, since the king's come.

ENTER BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does old honest goody of the dale?
At threescore ten you look both brisk and hale.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And basking my cold limbs before the sun.
What brings my child this way so soon at morn?
Is there no field to dung? to thresh no corn?

BAULDY.

Enough of both but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs all my desires.

MAUSE.

My helping hand! alas! what can I do,
That underneath both age and pen'ry bow?

BAULDY.

But you are wise above us all you're wise,
Or most part of the parish must tell lies.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think you I'm possest,
That lifts my character above the rest?

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

BAULDY.

Well vers'd in herbs, and seasons of the moon,
By skilful charms 'tis known what you have done.

MAUSE.

What folks say of me, Bauldy, let me hear,
Keep nothing from me, nought you have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well since that you have bid me I'll obey,
And tell you truly what the neighbours say
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the brook bore down my mother's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never more came home;
When Tibby churn'd, and butter never came;
When Bessy Freetock's chopping little one
A fairy turn'd, and could not stand alone;
When Wattle wander'd all night in the wood,
And snow and fear had almost froze his blood;
When Mungo's mare stood frill, and sweat for fright,
As he the midwife brought on a dark night;
When Bawsy dropt down dead upon the green,
And Sarah lost a fillet ne'er more seen;
You, Goody, got the blame of all fell out,
And every neighbour dreads you all about;
And so they may, that mean to do you ill;
For me, I ne'er shall wrong you with my will:
But when I next make groats, I'll strive to please
You with three pecks of them, well mixt with pease.

MAUSE.

Thank you, my lad! now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then I love Peggy Neps is fond of me

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Peggy loves Patie brave and sly is he
And loves Sweet Peg but Neps I hate to see.
Could you turn Patie's love to Neps and then
Peggy's to me I'd be the happiest man!

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to make the bowls run right
So go away and come again at night;
By that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and groats so banish care.

BAULDY.

Well, Mause, I'll come, if I the road can find;
But if you raise the devil, he'll raise the wind;
Then, when 'tis late, the rain and thunder may
So dismal make the night, I'll lose my way.
We're all to meet at Symon's at a feast,
O! come you like a cat, just for a jest!
And then you can our different manners spy;
There's none shall know that's there, save you and I.

MAUSE.

Most like I may but tell not you what's past:
'Tween you and me or dread some woful cast.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May you ride on me every night to France.

[Exit BAULDY.]

MAUSE ALONE.

This fool imagines, as do many such,
I've bargain'd with the Devil, and am a witch
Because by education I've been taught
To speak and act above their common thought
Their gross mistakes shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they know what brought, what keeps me here,
Now since the royal Charles and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
This *pretty foundling* that's brought up by Glau'd,
Who has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I say'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the Usurper, and her death design'd,
To give him and his heirs right to those plains
That by inheritance are her domains:
She's now in life's sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms:
None knows but I; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will make them all sit dumb.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

SCENE IV.

DESCRIPTION.

Behind a tree upon the plain
Pate and his Peggy meet,
In love which not one thought doth stain,
The pretty lass and cheerful swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE , let me go I must not stay,
We're both call'd home, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'm loth to part so soon now we're alone,
And Roger he is off with Jenny gone;
If I may judge from what I hear or see
They're as content to be alone as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Near by this little riv'let let us lean:
Hark how the larks are chanting o'er our heads!
How soft the western winds sigh through the reeds!

PEGGY.

The scented meadows birds and healthy breeze,
For aught I know, may more than Peggy please.

PATIE.

You wrong me much, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking so, you call me dull and blind,
If I could fancy aught so sweet or fair
As my dear Peg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath excels sweet-brier that scents the gale,
Thy cheeks and breast the flowers that paint the vale:
Thy words excel the most delightful note
That warbles through the thrush or blackbird's throat:
With thee I heed no flower that decks the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:
The sweetest fruits that hang upon the tree
Are far inferior to one kiss of thee.

PEGGY.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

To sooth and then deceive, you may dissemble,
And when the foxes preach the lambs should tremble.
You sly one, let me go I dare not stay,
Or swear my innocence you'll ne'er betray.

PATIE.

Sooner unnatural shall a mother be,
And wrong the babe that smiles upon her knee:
The fun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The goats to climb, the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere word or thought of mine shall wrong my love,
I swear by yon bright sun by all above.

PEGGY.

Then keep your oath but many lads will swear,
And perjur'd be to two in one half year:
Now that you like me wond'rous well I see,
But should another steal your heart from me,
Forsaken Peg might unredress'd relate
How the was once belov'd by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'm sure I cannot change, you need not fear,
Though we're but young I've lov'd you many a year:
I mind it well, ere thou could'st walk along,
Or lisp out words, I chose thee from the throng
Of little ones, and led thee by the hand,
Oft to the tansy bank or rushy strand;
Thou smiling by my side, I took delight
To pull the rushes green with roots so white,
Which mixt with flowers to belts and garlands wove,
As my young fancy taught, bedeck'd my love .

PEGGY.

When first thou went'st with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first tried my kill,
To bear the milking pail ne'er gave me pain,
When at the sold on nights I met my swain.

SONG.

PEGGY.

When first my dear lad he went to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first tried my young kill,
The milk-pail to carry no pain was to me,

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

If at the sheep-folding I chanc'd to meet thee.

PATIE.

When corn fields wav'd yellow, and purple heath bells,
Bloom'd lovely on moorlands and sweet rising hills,
What ever gave trouble was nothing to me,
If I sound the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran'st, or wrestled, or putted the stone ,
My heart beat with gladness, when thou the prize won.
Thy every sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For none can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings softly the "Cowden broom knows,"
And Rosie chants sweetly the "Milking the ewes,"
And few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing,
In "Through the wood laddie," Bess makes our ears ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The "Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me,
For though they ring well, yet they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trust what they desire!
And praising so kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.

When corn grew yellow, and the sweet heath-bells,
Bloom'd lovely on the moors and rising hills,
Furze, briers, or new-burnt heath ne'er troubled me,
If I sound purple berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stone,
My heart with gladness beat when thou didst win:
At all these sports thou still gav'ft joy to me,
For none can wrestle, run, or putt like thee.

PATIE.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Jenny sings soft the "Broom of Cowden knows,"
And Rosie chants the "Milking of the ewes;"
In "Jenny Nettles" Nancy does surpass:
For "Maggy Lauder" Marion is the lass:
But when my Peggy sings with better skill
The "Boatman," or the "Lass of Patie's Mill,"
It is a thousand times more sweet to me
Though they sing well they cannot sing like thee.

PEGGY.

With ease we soon believe what we desire,
And, prais'd by one we love, blows up the fire;
But who loves best, let time and conduce try,
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and all my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PATIE.

Like many a one, a gigling fool wert thou,
Who seem as void of breeding as a cow,
At nought they'll wonder senseless tales believe,
Be glad for trifles, and for trifles grieve
Such ne'er could win my love, that know not how
Either to keep a heart, or yet prove true:
Without a flaw, much better sense thou hast,
And beauty too, that far excels the rest.
Continue kind, and all my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is to thee.

PEGGY.

Now we're agreed; but, hark! we must away,
My aunt cloth call, they'll wonder at our stay.

PATIE.

And let them wonder now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good ones would not be amiss;
And then the song we'll sing with mirth and glee,
That I last week made up on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, then claim your hire

PATIE.

Well, I agree.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

SONG.

PATIE.

By all the smiling beauties of thy mouth,
And soften'd eyes that sweetly tell the truth,
I guess, my lass, that thou as well as I,
Art made for love, then why should'st thou deny?

PEGGY.

But know ye, lad, if we confers too soon,
You think us cheap, and then the wooing's done:
The maiden that too soon gives up her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But if they hang too long upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may lose, and so may ye:
Like full ripe fruit your glowing cheeks appear,
And I have sigh'd and woo'd a long half year.

PEGGY (*falling into his arms .*)

Then do not pull me, gently thus I fall
Into my Patie's arms for good and all:
But don't betray your trust and there's my hand
Whene'er the priest says grace, you shall command.

PATIE (*with his left hand about her waist. .*)

O charming trust! away, my cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure all the live long day;
And when 'tis night, then I shall dream of thee,
'Till that one comes that gives thee all to me.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the western skies,
Go soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about that happy day;
Then, if you're weary, honest light,
Take a whole week to make one night.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

ACT III.

SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
Observe a man, whole beard seems bleach'd with time;
A yard wand in his hand; his habit mean;
No doubt you think he has a pedler been
But, hush! the knight has this disguise put on,
And comes in masquerade to see his son.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Through his old avenues, once delightful groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pains renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! how desolate it looks,
Without a roof; the gates fawn of their hooks,
The casements broken down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapestry all bereft.
My stables, and pavilions, ruins all!
That with each rainy blast decaying fall.
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green, and pebbled walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
But, overgrown with net.ties, docks, and brier,
No hyacinths or eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke's the ample rising shade
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches spread,
Basking in sunbeams, early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
All fawn in gapes the walls in ruins lie,
And from what stands, the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd; and now my joy
Forbids all grief when I'm to see my boy,
My sole support, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
Charging him strictly to conceal his birth
'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

And ranges careless o'er the heights and lawn
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling out the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Removed from crowns and courts how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In health and peace, with soul unstain'd by crime.

SONG.

Hid from himself, by early light,
As new blown roses, fresh and bright,
He ranges o'er the lawn and height
After his bleating flocks;
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Blest life that's from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love, with joy agree,
Polluted with no crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
Supporting of their pride and state,
He lives, and, ne'er mistrusting fate,
Contented spends his time.

Now to good Symon's house I'll bend my way
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in
And view it round and round;
There's nought superfl'ous to give pain,
Or coldly to be found.
Yet all is clean a fire of peats
Is blazing on the floor.
The green horn spoons, beech bowls and plates
On shelves that front the door.
The young folks on the green dance light,
The old ones think it best
With good brown ale to clear their sight,

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Take snuff, and chat, and rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE once were young ourselves I like to see
The young folks foot it round so merrily:
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a handsome lad
As one could wish, he's tall and tightly made;
Amongst our youths I think he bears the bell,
And belt amongst them all he tells his tale.

ELSPA.

He's a great comfort to us both, poor lad,
God make him good, and keep him from what's bad;
He's well worth all our care, that I will say,
And ne'er gave us vexation, night nor day.

GLAUD.

I think, my dame, if I am not mistaken,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty taken:
She is a tidy maid as one can see,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

And well you know, more pretty need not be,
Nor better, though she were no kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's arch, and will be ill to catch;
And ere he were, for reasons that I know,
I rather would be in the earth laid low.

GLAUD.

What reasons can you have? there's none I'm sure,
Unless you slighting say that she is poor:
But if that Peggy marries to my mind
I'll be to her as my own Jenny kind;
With my own mark, fourscore of teeming ewes;
That fill a churn at once, five good milch cows,
I'll give to Peggy, that day she's a bride;
O'er and above, if my good luck abide,

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Ten lambs at weaning time, as long's I live,
And two cow-calves I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud! but ask not now
What may be is not fit that you should know.

SYMON.

Ere this day week some things may come to light
Will shew him our denial is no slight.

GLAUD.

Whatever way it ends let's have a glass,
And drink good health to both the lad and lass.

[Their healths go round.]

SYMON.

But will you tell me, Glaud? by some 'tis said
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your door, upon a morn in May,
Nicely wrapt up, and bedded on new hay,

GLAUD.

My chattering sister Madge such stuff reports
Whenever Peg her wayward humour thwarts.

ENTER JENNY.

JENNY.

O father! there's an old man on the green,
The clev'rest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He views our palms, and then pulls out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gives our brows a look:
Then tells the oddest tales that e'er were heard
His head is grey, and long and grey his beard.

SYMON.

Go bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
None shall go hungry by my house to-day.

[Exit JENNY.]

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

But for his fortune–telling, faith I fear
He knows no more of that than my grey mare.

GLAUD.

In fortune–tellers' tales I always doubt,
For greater liars do not go about.

*JENNY returns bringing in SIR WILLIAM;
with them PATIE.*

SYMON.

You're welcome, friend, here, take a seat by me.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give you thanks, and shall not bashful be.

GLAUD.

Friend, to your health; How far came you to–day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge you, neighbour, but a little way:
Rusted with age, short roads seem long to me,
The most that I can go's two miles or three.

SYMON.

Here stay with me to–night, and take your rest,
Such as I have, you're welcome to the best.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unask'd a fav'rite child have you
Whom you love well, and would his fortune know,
I shall employ the utmost of my skill
To tell it truly, be it good or ill.

SYMON (*pointing to PATIE*)

Only that lad alas! I have no more,
Either to please my heart or make it sore.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, shew me your hand what makes you sneer?

PATIE.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

SIR WILLIAM.

You cut before the point judge me when try'd,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

ELSPA.

The Lord protect us! I know well that's true;
Away, away the devil's too great with you:
The mark's beneath his arm-pit inches four,
Scarce ever seen since he a shirt first wore.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'll tell you more in a short time you'll see
That this young man a fine rich 'squire will be.

ELSPA.

Husband, d'ye hear a 'squire! What think ye now?

SYMON.

I do not know Strange old man, what art thou?
But bless your heart 'tis good to promise wealth;
Come, fill a bumper to 'squire Patie's health.

[PATIE'S health goes round.]

PATIE.

A sheep-crook and two flutes of these I'm squire,
Two trusty dogs, my faithful tenants are;
Such is my great estate, and like to be,
So cunning man, don't break your jests on me.

SYMON.

Hush, Patie, let the man look o'er your hand,
Ofttimes as broken a ship has made the land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks at PATIE's hand, then counterfeits a faint, whilst they endeavour to place him right.]

ELSPA.

Defend us! he's a wizard, or possess
With what's not good, or second-sight at least:
Where is he now?

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

GLAUD.

He's seeing all that's done
In every place, beneath, beyond the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-sighted folks , God's grace be here!
See things far off, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb O can he tell
Ask him as soon as ever he is well,
When we'll Sir William see Hush! his breast he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like one that raves.

SYMON.

He'll soon be better Elspa, haste away
And fill him up a glass of usquebaugh.

SIR WILLIAM (*starts up and speaks.*)

"A Knight that for a LION fought
"Against a herd of bears,
"Was to long toil and trouble brought,
"In which ten thousand shares:
"The LIONS roar, again he hears,
"And joy spreads o'er the plain,
"The LION has defeat the bears,
"The Knight returns again.
"The Knight in a few days shall bring
"A shepherd from the sold,
"And shall present him to his king,
"A subject true and bold;
"And Mr. Patrick shall he be
"All you that listen round,
"May without doubt rely on me,
"That this shall truth be found ."

SYMON.

May it happen soon and well, as you have said,
But with Old Nick you've bargain'd, I'm afraid,
To tell some tales that folks would secret keep;
Or do you get them told you in your sleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe'er I get them trouble not your head,
I come not telling fortunes to be paid:
But I'll lay ten to one with any here
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

SYMON.

From whatsoever source your knowledge flow,
They're here that know, and here that do not know,
The hidden meaning of your wond'rous tale,
Which soon will make a nolle o'er hill and dale.

GLAUD.

'Tis no small jest to hear how Symon takes,
And trusts as gospel all the old man speaks
Of marv'lous fortunes Patie's soon to have;
But what we with we easily believe.

SIR WILLIAM.

Hush! doubting man for e'er the sun
Has driv'n down to the sea,
What I have laid you shall see done
In part, or no more credit me.

GLAUD.

So be it, friend and I shall hold my tongue,
I have two well grown lasses, fair and young,
Just fit for marriage I with you could foretell
Such luck for them, the tale would please me well.

SIR WILLIAM.

No more through secrets can I pry,
Till darkness does return;
But once a day that gift have I,
So rest content till morn.

SYMON.

Elspa, come lay the cloth, and bring some meat,
And, of our belt, make this old stranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay awhile your hospitable care,
I rather wish this ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower to take a walk,
And have with you, kind friend, some private talk.

SYMON.

When e'er you please I'll do as you desire;
And, Glaud, you'll smoke your pipe beside the fire.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

We'll but go round the place, and soon come back,
Then sup together, take our pint, and talk.

GLAUD.

I shall step out and see the young ones play;
My heart's still light, although my locks be grey.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION

An errand home young Jenny feigns,
And Roger drops the resc
To whisper out his melting pains,
And thaw his sweetheart's breast.
Behind a bush they meet, hid from each eye
See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to cry.
POOR SHEPHERD.

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I would speak if you would hear,
But your so scornful that I'm aw'd with fear.

JENNY.

And what would Roger say, if he could speak?
Am I obliged to guess what you're to seek?

ROGER.

Yes, you may easily guess for what I long,
Both by my eyes, my sighs, and fault'ring tongue:
Now speak I must, though I should risk your scorn,
Your never from my thoughts night, noon, nor morn.
Ah! could I love you less, I'd happy be,
But happier far! could you but fancy me.

JENNY.

And who knows, honest lad, but that I may?
You cannot say that e'er I laid you nay.

ROGER.

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Alake! my fearful heart begins to fail,
When ever I attempt to tell my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, more rich than I,
Hath won your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I love my father, cousin Peg I love,
But to this day no man my heart could move:
Except my kin, each lad's alike to me;
And from you all I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How long, dear Jenny? say not that again,
What pleasure can you take in giving pain?
I'm glad however that you yet are free;
Who knows but you'll relent and pity me?

JENNY.

You have my pity now, to see you set
On that which makes you all our sweets forget:
O! but we're pretty, good, and every thing
Our breath how sweet when we are kiss'd or sing!
But soon as we're the fools to give consent,
Our power we lose, our folly we repent:
A wife! a pris'ner! and right tame become,
Although the first, the greatest drudge at home.

ROGER.

That's but the case when int'rest we prefer,
And chuse a wife as we would buy a mare
Or when dull parents those together bind
Of differing tempers, such can ne'er prove kind:
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Though you should scorn me, still to doat on thee.

JENNY.

What sugar'd words from lovers lips can fall!
But snarling marriage comes and ends them all:
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
Then sleety clouds soon darken all the skies;
I've seen the silver spring awhile run clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear;
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contention all their joys beguile.

ROGER.

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night;
I've seen the spring run winding through the plain,
Increase and join the ocean, without stain:
The bridegroom may be glad, the bride may smile,
Rejoice through life, and all those fears beguile.

SONG.

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should no more complain;
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has long a kindness had for thee,
Wishing to pair with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, O! let my head
Upon thy breast recline!
This pleasure strikes me almost dead,
Will Jenny then be mine?
O let me press thee to my heart,
My arms around thee twine:
Delightful thought, we'll never part!
Come join thy lips to mine.

JENNY.

Were I but certain you would constant prove,
The fewest words would gain my heart to love:
For I must own, since you at last speak free,
Though I did jeer, I lov'd to be with thee;
And ever felt a warmth in my breast
That made you dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! too happy! hold my head!
This gush of pleasure almost strikes me dead.
Come to my arms! my soul is all on fire
With unexpected love and fond desire
O, I could kiss the moon and stars away,
Then wonder at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms around thee twine,
And press thy beauties to this heart of mine.

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

[They embrace]

JENNY.

With equal joy my softer heart doth yield,
To own thy well tried love hath won the field.
Now by those kisses kind come swear to me
when we're made one you still thus kind will be.

ROGER.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first one strike me deaf and dumb,
A wife who's more belov'd there shall not be,
If you agree to lead your life with me.

JENNY.

Well, I agree next to my father go,
Get his consent he'll hardly say you no:
For you have that which soon will gain him o'er,
Old folks like those who plenty have in store.

SONG.

Well, I agree, you're sure of me;
Next to my father go:
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you no:
For you have what he would be at,
And soon will gain him o'er,
As parents old think love grows cold
When there is little store.

Should he deny, then what care I,
My love shall then be shown,
Though kindred do each one say no,
I will have thee alone.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find no fault in me.

ROGER.

Twice fifteen head of cattle in my folds;
As many that give milk my cow-house holds;
Five packs of wool at Lammas I can sell,
Shorn from my bouncing bleaters on the hill.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

That with much tare my thrifty mother made:
Whate'er could make a blithsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gives joy to me,
Because I can give all, my love, to thee:
And had I fifty times as much, and more,
With none but Jenny I would share my store:
My love and all is yours, now hold them fast,
And manage as you chuse to make them last.

JENNY.

I'll do' my best: but see who comes this way,
Patie and Peg besides I must not stay:
Let's steal from other now, to-morrow meet:
Should we be seen, a deal of scorn we'll get.

ROGER.

To where the willow shades the minnow pool
I'll from the hill come down, when day grows cool.
Keep promise; meet me there; there let us meet
To kiss and tell our love, there's nought so sweet.

SCENE IV.

DESCRIPTION.

This scene shews Symon and the Knight
Within a gallery much decay'd;
Where all is in woful plight;
Nor has the knight his face display'd,
With his true shepherd jesting still,
He asks the way he knows full well.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To one who lost it lending gen'rous aid
His King to save, when rebels did assail,
And 'gainst the laws of nations did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is the name we mourn'd,
In which we now rejoice, since he's return'd.

DESCRIPTION.

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Sir William drops his long white beard;
Symon transported sees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.

My master! my dear master! do I see
Him healthy, strong, and from all danger free
Return'd to cheer his longing tenants' sight,
And bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

SIR WILLIAM.

Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And not ev'n to himself his birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

To your command by duty I was bound;
Next my own judgment many reasons found
As youths without estates, though highly born,
Ev'n sprung from kings, look bashful and forlorn:

SIR WILLIAM.

And often vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends; which gives their minds a cast
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Full well I know, Sir, what you say is true;
For there's 'squire Guttle's son, that's lov'd by few;
His father cram'd his fortune down his throat,
And left his poor proud heir not worth a groat.
Spunging he goes about from place to place,
As scant of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all, as penance for their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Runs in each tradesman's debt who's so unjust
To his own family as to give him trust.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such useless branches of the commonwealth
Should be lopp'd off, to give the gate more health:
Unworthy bare reflection Symon, run

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the longest summer's-day
Would be too short could I his worth display.
In word and deed he can behave so well,
That out of fight he runs before them all:
And when they chance to quarrel or contest:
Patrick's made judge to tell who's cause is best;
And his decree stands good he'll make it stand;
Who dares rebel finds his correcting hand:
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He makes our proudest: shepherds soon obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale delights me much good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Both wond'rous well; in truth, I did not spare,
But of his schooling took the greatest care:
And he delights in books Will read and speak
With thole that know them, Latin words and Greek.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read and of what kind?
Though some instruct, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

At Edinburgh market where our sheep he sells,
Then he buys books of hist'ry, songs, or tales:
Nor does he want of them a store at will,
Which in his pocket he takes to the hill.
About one Shakespear, and a famous Ben
He often speaks, and calls them first: of men.
How sweetly Hawthornden, and Stirling sing,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

And one call'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He knows full well, and—makes their verses ring.
I rather think he sometimes too much says

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him once a book he brings,
With this, laid he, on wilds I talk with kings.

SIR WILLIAM.

He answer'd well; and much you glad mine ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's who is not so inclin'd.

SYMON.

What know we better that so seldom look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a leaf or two half spell, half read,
Till nodding round is every drowsy head.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jested, Symon but one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's now at the age when little loves
Flutter around young hearts like cooing doves:
Has no young maiden, with inviting mien
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engaged his eye, and caught his youthful heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the worst, but knew the smallest part,
Till I with Glau'd's fair niece, saw him of late
Rather more kind than what I thought was fit.
I had my fears; but now have naught to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd with all those charms
May bless the fairest best-born lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night must end his over lowly flame,
When higher views shall his ambition claim,
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now you the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

With how much joy I on this errand fly,
There's none can know that is not downright I.

[Exit SYMON.]

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

Whene'er th' object of our hope appears
One happy hour cancels the pain of years:
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd—for pleasures rise like morning light
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
Those joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and his love

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

I must, in haste, my Patrick now remove
To courts, and camps, that may his soul improve.
As the rough diamond, when it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SONG.

 Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd mull be drove,
His soul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

The scene drawn in a former page
Glaud's dwelling Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

SCENE IV.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

MADGE.

OUR knight's come home! and owns young Pate his heir!

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!

MADGE.

As true as you stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a wizard, with a beard
Five hands in length, and white as snow—drift's fall,
Amongst us came, cry'd "Merry be ye all."
We wonder'd much to see his uncouth look,
While from his pocket out he whipp'd a book.
Viewing us all, as we around him prest,
But fix'd his eyes on Patrick at the last;
Slyly pretending fortunes he could tell,
Yet nothing would he hive for all his skill.

MAUSE.

Then sure the lasses, and each gaping lout,
Would crowd around him, with a hand held out.

MADGE.

As fast as fleas hop to the wool in flocks,
Held in the mouth of some old wily sox,
When he to drown them, and his rump to cool,
On summer days slides backward in a pool.
In short, he did for Pate fine things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pull'd off his beard to Symon; Symon knew
His welcome master; whose knees he did embrace,
While tears of joy ran trickling o'er his face.
Patrick was sent for happy lad is he!
Symon told Elspa, Elspa told it me.
You'll hear out all the secret story soon:
In troth 'tis very odd, when all is done,
To think how Symon all this while conceal'd,
And ne'er to Pate himself his birth reveal'd
Our Peg will lore her lad, alas! poor lass!

MAUSE.

It may be so, and may be not the case:
To pull deep rooted love must give great pain:

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Even kings have taken a queen from off the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.

MADGE.

Such nonsensc! love take root, without great dower,
'Tween one so highly born one mean and poor!
Those fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
But such strange wonders, now we never see.

MAUSE.

If Pate forsakes her, Bauldy may be had:

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Yonder he comes, and, oh! but he looks glad;
Thinking, no doubt, he'll be the lucky lad.

MADGE.

He get her! lubberly lout! it suits him well
To pitch his tent where Patrick thought to dwell!
If I were Peg, I'd let young master see

MAUSE.

You'd be as saucy in your choice as he:
And so would I: but hush! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY [singing .]

Jockey said to Jenny, will you answer yes?
Not a bit, said she, for all that you possess;
For all that you possess, I will not marry thee,
As you please, lays Jockey, 'tis the same to me.

MADGE.

Well chanted, Bauldy, that's a clever song.

BAULDY.

I'll sing it all 'tis better than 'tis long.

[Sings again.]

SCENE I.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

I have land and store; and money at command:
I have seven good oxen ploughing up my land;
Ploughing up my land, so clever on the lea,
And if you will not take me, 'tis the same to me.

I have a good hall house, a stable, and a barn;
A peatstack fronts the door, to keep it snug and warm:
To keep it snug and warm, and merry shall we be;
And if you will not have me, 'tis the same to me.

Jenny said to Jockey, tell it not again,
I shall be the lass, and you shall be the swain;
You're a clever lad, and I am full of glee,
More welcome you're to take me than to leave me free.

I know it: maidens will come to at last,
Though for a while they must their snow-balls cart.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how goes all?

BAULDY.

Faith, very right:
I hope we'll all sleep sound but one to-night.

MADGE.

And who's the unlucky one, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find out that not difficult's the task:
Poor pretty Peggy, who must now despair
Of Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, do ye,
While Peg's in dumps, put in a word for me:
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Less wilful, and aye' constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where many a time to her your heart was sworn.
Fye, Bauldy, blush, and to your vows be just;
What maid will dare a perjur'd man to trust?
The curse of heaven still hangs above their heads
That e'er are guilty of such sinful deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece so black a way;
Nor will she be advis'd, that I can say.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

BAULDY.

So black away! perjur'd! and all the rest:
You lie, old runnion, and in faith had best
Eat in your words, or, for this defamation,
I'll make you stand, before the congregation.

MADGE.

You'll make me stand! ye wry-mouth'd driv'ling dunce:
Say that again my distaff's on your sconce,
And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
From your false face shall claw the ugly skin.

BAULDY.

I take you witness, Mause, you heard her say
I perjur'd was and she for that shall pay.

MADGE.

You're witness too he call'd me pretty names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims:
You filthy dog!

[Flies at his hair like a fury.] A stout battle MAUSE endeavours to separate them.

MAUSE.

Let go your holds; fye, Madge! Bauldy have done;
I would not wish this scuffle should be known,
'Tis so odd like.

[BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with a bleeding nose.]

MADGE.

'Tis odder like by full
To let a spiteful toad blow up the coal.
It suits him well with soul provoking tongue,
To tell me whether I am old or young:
Older than I by years have married been,
And, ere they died, have children's children seen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, Bauldy, you were much to blame

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

[This and the following four lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

To call Madge aught but her own Christian name.

BAULDY.

My ears, my nose, and noddle, find the same.

MADGE.

Old runnion! filthy fellow, I'll old ye.

MAUSE.

Hush; be friends again with honest Bauldy:
Forgive, forget, 'twould make an odd like story:
Come and shake hands; I see the lad looks sorry.

BAULDY.

'Gainst Madge I have no spite, believe me Mause;
But she abusing first was all the cause
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall forgiveness have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon! Gallows-face complete;
Go, blubbering, own your faults to her you'd cheat:
Go, and repent, perform what you have sworn,
Or you'll be blasted sure as you were born.
Vow and retract! was e'er the like heard tell?
Swift take him devil, he's too long out of hell.

BAULDY (*running off.*)

Heaven's grace defend us all! Thrice curst were, he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

MADGE (*laughing.*)

I think I've given this perjur'd knave a trimming:
He'll ne'er tell me his love nor boast his winning.
He's but a rascal that would try to serve
A maiden so he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

You trimm'd him tightly I commend you for't;
His bleeding snout gave me no little sport:
For this forenoon he was so scant of grace,
And manners too to tell me to my face
He hoped I was a witch, and would not stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch! how had you patience this to bear,
And leave him eyes to see, or ears to hear?

MAUSE.

Old wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Oblige us oft resentment to decline;
But when strength fails, then other means we try,
And cunning can the want of strength supply:
Thus I put off revenge till it was night,
Then bade him come, when i his wrongs should right:
I'm sure he'll meet me; therefore came I here
Your help to ask, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we'll have at this fool's cost;
You'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghost.
A linen sheet wrapt round me, like one dead,
I'll chalk my face, and groan, and shake my head:
We'll give him such a fright, he'll no more long,
To go a conjuring a maid to wrong.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The western clouds shine with departing light.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

Now birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green grass grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever true,
To meet, to comfort Peg, and bid adieu.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

HOW happy is my heart! and beats so light:
O, Mr. Patrick! still your thoughts were right;
Sure gentlefolks can farther see than we
That nothing have to boast of pedigree.
My Jenny now, who broke my heart at morn,
Is perfect yielding sweet and no more scorn:
I spake my mind she heard I spake again
She smil'd I kiss'd, I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

Of that I'm glad but, oh! my sudden joy
Uplifts my heart, yet sometimes I could cry.
A father sound brave, gentle, kind, and great,
Exalted o'er the rest by an estate.
With looks all kindness, words that love confest,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast:
Such were the eyes, he said, so smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, sun-shine of my youth!
Who set too soon! And while he praise below'd,
All down his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
With mingled feelings, did my soul assail;
That speechless long my new found sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd:
Unusual transports made my head turn round,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Whilst I myself with tiring raptures found
The happy son of one so' much renown'd.
But he has heard Too faithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids; oh! this disturbs my peace!
Ere I forsake nay love, to beat this heart must cease?

ROGER.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

How to advise you, I am at a stand:
But wer't my case, you'd settle it off hand.

PATIE.

Duty, and partly reason, plead his cause;
But love rebels 'gainst all restricting laws;
Fixt in my soul the shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

SONG.

Duty, and partly reason,
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason,
The strongest must be obey'd;

And now, though I am one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change in my soul there's no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them both Sir William may be won:
Your Peggy's handsome you're his only son.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And from these bands no fate my soul shall move!
I'll wed none else, through life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

Is not Sir William and yourself to stay
Amongst us here, or are you going away
To London court, or other distant parts,
To leave your own poor us, with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

To London next, and afterwards to France,

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance.
With some more monkey-tricks as I suppose;
Then come home strutting in my red-heel'd shoes.
And 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I shall be some pettish thing's dull slave
For a few bags of cash, which, for my part,
As needless are as third wheel to a cart;
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear such news shall hear my death.

ROGER.

"They that have just enough can soundly sleep,
"O'erflowing wealth but troubles us to keep."
From you, good Mr. Patrick, this tale came.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought at night's the same:

[This and the above line and the following line are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
From Heav'n above without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

Estates like yours can fine contentment yield,
Whilst we but pick it scantily off the wild:
Fine clothes, soft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er you dine,
Submissive servants honour, wealth, and ease,
Who's not content with these is ill to please.

PATIE.

So Roger thinks, and thinks not far amirs,
But many a cloud hangs hovering o'er the bliss:
The passions rule the roast and if they're sour,
Like the lean kine, they'll soon the fat devour:
The spleen, lost honour, and affronted pride,
Sting like the sharpest darts in gentry's side.
Gouts, gravels, and perhaps a worse disease,
Most common are with those o'ercome with ease;
While o'er the heath the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish and wholesome air.

ROGER.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Lord, man, I wonder, and it much delights
My heart whene'er I listen to your flights:
How got you all that sense I fain would hear,
That I may disappointments learn to bear?

PATIE.

From books, the choicest books, I got some skill;
These best can teach what's real good or ill;
Ne'er grudge each year to spend some stones of cheese
To gain those silent friends that ever please.

ROGER.

That shall I do and what to buy you'll tell:
Faith I'll have books, if I my cows should sell:
But let me know how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

PATIE.

Then thus it is his will must be obey'd,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

My vows I'll keep, and the shall be my bride
But I some time that last design must hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

So proud of being your confidant am I,
To wile it from me e'en devils I defy.

[Exit ROGER.]

PATIE *[solus .]*

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her who holds my heart:
I know she loves, and her sort soft will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment Heav'n support my fair,
And let her comfort claim thy tender care:
Her eyes are red

ENTER PEGGY.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as thou wont'st, allow no room for fears:
Though I'm no more a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not look so high I now repine
At the unhappy fate that made not me
A high-born maid, or shepherd still kept thee.
Who can, without great pain, see from the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some pirates hand
Far from his wishes to a distant land.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our love, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown:
I falsehood hate I'll kiss thy tears away;
I know to love as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on! speak ever thus, and calm my grief,
Short time dare I to hope this kind relief;
New thoughts some high born beauty will inspire,
That with nice airs swims round in silk attire;
Then I! poor I! may of hard fate complain,
When the young 'squire's no more my cheerful swain:
No more again I'll hear sweet tales exprest
By the gay shepherd that excels the rest:
No more be envied by the tattling gang,
Because thou kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang;
No more, alas! we'll on the meadows play,
And run half breathless round the ricks of hay;
That thou might'st follow, oft-times have I fled,
On purpose fall'n to be thy pris'ner made:
No more around the mossy hillocks creep
To watch and gaze upon thee while asleep.
But hear my vow 'twill help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly sore disease,
And worst of ills attend my wretched life!
If e'er to one but thee I be a wife.

SONG.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Speak on, speak thus, and calm my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
When thou must from thy Peggy sunder.
 Some high-born maid in silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alas, poor me! will soon conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the swain who did excel
The rest, whole wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows, where we oft have stray'd,
Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet scented ricks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! I shall never creep
The hillock round with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Though thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er go back from what I've sworn to thee:
And time, though time must intervene awhile,
And I must leave my Peggy and this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
The fair foundation of our mutual love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid
To bribe my love from thee, delightful maid,
For thee I'd leave all these inferior things
To such as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I weep for joy, to hear my love so kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but dark despair,
I thought my life but little worth my care:
My heart was like to break; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me:
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Dream through the night, till my day—star appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glau who's far from fool,
And will not grudge to put me to each school
Where I may manners learn

SONG.

PEGGY.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless of care,
But now I will fav't for your sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay;
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till you appear,
Then lock you for aye in there arms.
When you were a shepherd, I sigh'd
For no higher degree in this life;
But now all my skill shall be try'd
To be what's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the blossom in May,
But, fix'd in the mind, it will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the bright fire of true love,
If virtue is fix'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

PATIE.

That's wisely said,
What he bestows that way shall be well paid.
Though without all the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
But in high stations, left we give offence,
We must learn modes unknown to innocence;
Affect oftentimes to like the thing we hate,
And drop sincerity to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the fashion, mourn when we are gay:

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Pay compliments to those we oft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this be gentry, I had rather be
Still what I am but I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No, my dear Peggy, I do only jest
At gentry's apes; for, still among the best,
Good manners make their merit brighter shine,
When arts to please with native virtues join.

PEGGY.

Since with no hazard, and so small expense,
From books my love can gather so much sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that would force his son,
For trifling nonsense, such great risk to run.

PATIE.

There is no doubt but trav'ling does improve;
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love:
But soon as I've shook off my aukward air
In foreign parts, to thee I'll haste, my fair.

SONG.

PEGGY.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit of the birchen bush,
Where thou first kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst unfold me.

By greenwood copse or fountain;
And where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There I will tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

With every setting day and rising morn
I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy safe return:
Beneath that tree, and where we run and play'd,
Upon the bank where suckler lambkins feed;

And to the copse where first you kindly mov'd
My yielding heart to trust I was belov'd,
I'll often go, and tell the trees and flowers
With joy, that they may witness I am yours.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me from thy temples fair
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Were every hair upon this head of mine
Worth an estate, by right they all are thine:
The ringlet take, my scissars are at hand,
For only what is right you will demand.

PATIE.

No more I'll ask; but since we've little time,
To spend it thus in words appears a crime;
Love's softer meaning better is exprest:
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[They embrace, and the curtain drops.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

See how poor Bauldy stares like one possest,
And roars up Symon from his kindly rest:
Bare legg'd, and coat all loose, with night-cap on,
See the old man comes forward to the clown.

SYMON.

ACT V.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

WHAT want you, Bauldy, at this silent hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowsy pow'r:
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night?
What makes you look so pale, and shake, and stare?
Your teeth all chatt'ring, and erect your hair.

BAULDY.

O give me quick some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy legs with trembling fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture out alone at night
Alas! I'll ne'er recover from the fright,
Ne'er be the man I was, O Symon! O!

[SYMON gives him drink.

SYMON.

What ails thee, fool? to make so much ado.
Sir William's left his bed, his foot I hear;
You've waked him; and he comes ill pleased, I fear.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? You stir by times I see;
Before 'tis light; how long d'ye think 'twill be?

SYMON.

I fear, Sir, we've disturbed your rest to night,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

But some strange thing's put Bauldy in a fright,
He's seen a ghost, or wrestled with a sprite.

BAULDY.

O, yes dear Sir, indeed 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM (*smiling.*)
I long to hear't

BAULDY.

SCENE I.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Ah, Sir! one Mause, a witch most fell,
Who 'mongst the hawthorn lives above the mill,
First promis'd that she'd help me by her art,
To gain a pretty wayward lass's heart:
As she appointed, I met her to night,
But may no friend of mine get such a fright!
For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought is like to freeze my blood!)
Raised up a ghost or devil, which I don't know,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as snow;
Black hands it had, its face was deadly pale,
Upon me far the witch and it both fell;
Pull'd down my breeches, whilst I, like a fool,
Belabour'd was as I have been at school.
My heart did jump out of its place almost,
I powerless grew with fear, and hope was lost,
Then with an hideous laugh they vanish'd quite;
And I, half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crept up, and fled straight from them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to give the devil his due.
I'm sure my heart will never cease to beat,
Till I see Mause upon the faggots set.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, what is just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour you shall be obey'd;
But first I'll raise some friends, for I'm afraid,
If once she squall, that, by her witchcraft art,
She'll raise the devil himself to take her part.

[Exit BAULDY.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghost have made themselves some sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind!

SYMON.

But does your honour think there's no such thing
As witches raising devils up through a ring,
Then playing tricks? a thousand I could tell
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing on a moor
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and jump
O'er banks and bogs with candles in his rump,
Appearing sometimes like a black horn cow,
A dog, a cat, and sometimes like a sow;
Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
Whilst they on cats, or clowns, or broomsticks, ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim actors the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then oft by night amaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, or stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Was ever fam'd for sense, or yet was rich:
But Mause, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet, very honest life;
Which makes me think this hurly-burly past
Will end in nothing but a jell at last

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm sure it will; but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to-night:
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SONG.

The lovely gray-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray;
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours through the day:
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet attend his levee;
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While heated with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain:
May health be my lot, and peaceful my mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state;

SCENE I.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue fillet Jenny binds her hair;
Glaud by his morning fire has set him down,
And motty shines through smoke the rising sun:
A pipe in's mouth, the lasses please his eyes,
And now and then good-humour'd jests he tries.

GLAUD.

I WISH, my girls, it may keep fair till night,
You do not use so soon to see the light;
You mean to join the throng, as I suppose,
That take their leave of Patrick ere he goes:
But do you think, a 'squire as he is now,
That he'll regard two home-spun maids like you?

JENNY.

Though he's young master, I am very sure
He has more sense than slight old friends, though poor:
Last night in all our sports he took his share,
And kiss'd my cousin too from ear to ear.

GLAUD.

So, so, no doubt most like he will again;
But be advis'd his company refrain:
Before he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to lead a chaste and frugal life:
But now, a gentleman, he'll soon forsake,
Such virtuous thoughts, and boast of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake! what's that? Sure if it means ought ill,
That he'll ne'er be, or I have lost my skill.

GLAUD.

Ah, simple maid! you know naught of the affair,
One young, and good, and great, is very rare:

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

A rake's a graceless spark, who's not asham'd
To do what we think sinful to be named;
Such are so void of sense, that they will boast
Of ruin'd health by shameful lewdness lost.
Kind youthful maids like you by wiles they'll won,
Then jest and scorn them when they are undone.
Be wary then I say, nor dally you
With such as he, or you at last will rue.

PEGGY.

Sir William's virtuous, and of noble blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

GLAUD.

That's true, and many gentry more than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sown; they're so puff'd up with pride,
Many there are who mock each holy guide
That shews the way to heaven; I know it well
I've heard them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father! ah, that's very odd!
Sure he that doubts a doomsday doubts a God.

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:
But I'm not laying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to such ways would e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid! No, he knows better things:
But here's our aunt her face some wonder brings.

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

Haste, haste we're all sent for o'er the way,
To hear, and help to clear some strange fray
'Bout witchcraft spells Bauldy accuses Mause
At Symon's house, the knight's to judge the cause.

GLAUD.

SCENE II.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Give me my staff Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the girls with you I'll step before.

[Exit.]

MADGE.

Poor Peg! do Jenny look alas! alas!
Her eyes how red and woe begone her face!
To-day her sparkish lad for Edinburgh goes,
To strut a gentleman amongst the beaus;
To change his crook, cut from the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glitt'ring headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and country whey,
For scented tea that smells like new-mown hay;
To leave the greenswerd dance when we go milk,
To turtle among the beauties cloth'd in silk.
But Peg, poor Peg! muff with the shepherds stay,
And take what God will send in home-spun gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what need you teaze us with your scorn?
'Tis not my fault that I'm not higher born.
If I the daughter of some lord had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patrick on the green:
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, should heaven's decree
Design him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A likely story, troth! but we delay;
Pin up your aprons both, and come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Gland, and Mause,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Poor Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 'tis told him that the switch
Was handled by revengeful Madge
For calling her bad names, and Mause a witch,
Which with his ill-bred nonsense rais'd their rage.

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

SIR WILLIAM.

AND was that all? Well, Archbald, you were serv'd
Just as I think your conduct well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides I hear you meant to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confess my fault through all its steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he informed on that head,
Before I know not what of me they said.

BAULDY.

And please you, Sir, of that no doubt I had;
But sure to seek the devil I was half mad;
Yet, with your honour's leave, if she's no witch
She's both a sly and a revengeful
And that my some-place finds; but I'll be dumb
Upon that head, for here the ghost doth come,
And the young pretty witch, whole rosie cheek
Sent me without my wits the devil to seek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY. AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM (*looking at PEGGY*)

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once that form'd a face
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?

GLAUD.

Sir, she's my niece
And yet she's not but I should hold my peace.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
She is, and she is not! pray, Glaud, explain.

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

GLAUD.

Because I doubt, if I should make appear

[This and the following three lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

What I have secret kept this thirteen year

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak on: I'm all impatience!

PATIE.

So am I!
For much I hope, and yet I know not why.

GLAUD.

Then, since my master orders, I obey
This pretty foundling, one clear morn of May,
Close by the calm side of my door I sound,
All sweet and clean, and carefully wrapt round
In infant robes, of rich and noble make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake!
Who, worse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air
So much of innocence, so sweetly fair,
So helpless young; for she appeared to me,
As I could guess near two years old to be?
I took her in my arms, the infant smil'd
With such a look 'twould made a savage mild.
I hid the story; she has pass'd since then
For a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
What care I have bestow'd I ne'er shall rue,
Her merit's such I think it all her due.
You see she's pretty; I can swear she's good,
And I'm right sure she's sprung from noble blood;
Of whom I know not no more can I unfold
Than what I to your honour now have told.

SIR WILLIAM.

The tale seems strange!

PATIE.

The tale delights mine ear!

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my task Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile She has no cause to blush.
Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest parent she can claim.
He saw at first, and with quick eye did trace,
His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie when she's so near her grave?
But I will own, whate'er can make appear
That this is true, is what I wish to hear.

OMNES.

The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[MAUSE goes forward leading PEGGY to SIR WILLIAM.]

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well! ah, me! and has the space
Of fifteen years so plough'd this wrinkled face
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

SIR WILLIAM.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

Ha! honest nurse! where were my eyes before!
I knew thy faithfulness, and need no more:
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY and makes her sit by him.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece! truth must prevail;
But no more words 'till Mause has told her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with blisses,
That I may give my cousin fifty kisses.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that fav'd her infant—life
When it was threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's long; but I the secret knew,
How they pursued with avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possest:
All this to me a confidant confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
The harmless child they'd smother in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,
And stole the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me; when the day was done
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful swains.
For fear of being found out, and to secure
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er might happen to her, might be by.
Here, honest Glaud himself and Symon may
Remember wall how I that very day
From Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD (*with tears of joy.*)

Well I remember: Heavens reward your love!
Long have I wished for this; for oft I thought
In time such knowledge would about be brought.

PATIE.

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

'Tis now a crime to doubt my joys o'erflow,
Yet to your will I due obedience owe.
O, Sir! with love paternal view her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms!
She's mine by vows, and would, though still unknown,
Have been my wife when I those vows durst own.

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand
With as good will as either could demand.

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace and kneel to SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this blessing I receive
As one would life that's sinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM (*raising them .*)

I give you both my blessing; may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve!

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete and joys arise;
While I'm half giddy with the blest surprize.
And do I then my Patrick's equal prove,
Who had for me such kind, such generous love?
Long may Sir William bless there happy plains!
Happy, while Heaven permits, he there remains

PATIE.

Still as our guardian nay our master live,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

No more we'll ask than you shall please to give;
With Peggy blest, my heart has nought to crave.

GLAUD.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them who sought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all belongs to her,
And make him reimburse with shame and fear.

PEGGY.

My change of fortune does but light appear,
When balanc'd with the lad my soul holds dear:
For his sake, best of men! I'll ever prove,
Most grateful for your matchless, gen'rous love.

SYMON.

What double joy awakens up this day;
I hope now, Sir, you won't soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and make prepare
A dinner for you of good country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hang on the two, and doat on you:
E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Keen Madge's switch, and sly old Mause's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kind good old man! remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Mechanics quickly shall my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall my planting rear:
My father's plenteous table you shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the best news I've heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

God bless Sir William, and God save the king,
To enjoy their own, and make the shepherds sing.

ROGER.

Come, let us all rejoice Come, let us sing;
And in one chorus join, 'God save the King!'

SCENE III.

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Mause with very Madge agreed,
Although she switch'd me well when sore afraid;
But I'm so happy, freely I forgive,
And joyful sing 'Long may Sir William live!'

MADGE.

Long may he live; and, Archbald, learn to check
That tongue of yours, and think before you speak;
Ne'er call her old that's maid against her will,
Or you may curse some witch's fingers still.
This day I'll with the younger of you flaunt,
And ever boast that I was call'd the aunt
Of our young lady, my child; my pretty dear!

PEGGY.

From me no other name you e'er shall hear:
And, my good nurse how shall I grateful be
For all thy matchless kindness done' to me?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Do fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon and, kind Glau, to thee

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

And both your heirs, I give in simple see,
As justly due, the lands you rent of me,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair
Who have enough besides, and there can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES.

O, may the Lord of heaven your honour bless,
Confirm your joys, and guard what you possess!

PATIE [*presenting* ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.]

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

My trusty friend, who all my secrets knew
Ere I was rich, let me present to you:
He loves Glaud's daughter Jenny, why asham'd?
In virtuous love there's nothing to be blamed:
Long was he dumb at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to ask good Glaud for his consent,
That none may wear a face of discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My son's demand is fair Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have;
Give frank consent, and steward he shall be
O'er all the lands that here belong to me.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we say,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

But that we're bankrupts who can ne'er repay?
What you command I'll willingly obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take
Your marker's interest still your business make:
Please him, be faithful, and this old grey head
With quietness shall nod down to the dead.

ROGER.

To make fine speeches never was my way,
And when I feel the most, I least can say:
But for my master, father, and my wife
Them will I strive to please while I have life.

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm satisfy'd, and do well believe
That, in his station, each will well behave:
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward and satisfaction in your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
And when we stand on brinks of dark despair,

The Gentle Shepherd, a Scotch Pastoral

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Some happy turn with joy dispels our fear;
Now all's to rights, who sings best let me hear.

PEGGY.

To your command I'll first obedience shew,
And sing you one, the newest that I know.

SONG.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
Pie's handsome, of a middle size,
And graceful in his walking;
The brightness of his eyes surprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

On a small bank last night we met,
Ripe corn all round it growing;
With look so kind, and words so sweet,
He set my heart a glowing;
He vow'd that true he would remain,
Each rising fear disarming;
Which makes me like to sing since then
The corn fields are charming.

Let lasses of a silly mind,
Refuse what most they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry thee,
Farewell to fears alarming;
Thy pleasure shall my pleasure be
While corn fields are charming.

THE END.