

Wilson's Tales of the Borders and of Scotland, Volume XXIV. eBook

Wilson's Tales of the Borders and of Scotland, Volume XXIV.

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Page 1

THE MINSTREL'S TALES.

I.

EDMUND AND HELEN.

CANTO FIRST.

Come, sit thee by me, love, and thou shalt hear
A tale may win a smile and claim a tear—
A plain and simple story told in rhyme,
As sang the minstrels of the olden time.
No idle Muse I'll needlessly invoke—
No patron's aid, to steer me from the rock
Of cold neglect round which oblivion lies;
But, loved one, I will look into thine eyes,
From which young poesy first touched my soul,
And bade the burning words in numbers roll;—
They were the light in which I learned to sing;
And still to thee will kindling fancy cling—
Glow at thy smile, as when, in younger years,
I've seen thee smiling through thy maiden tears,
Like a fair floweret bent with morning dew,
While sunbeams kissed its leaves of loveliest hue.
Thou wert the chord and spirit of my lyre—
Thy love the living voice that breathed—"aspire!"—
That smoothed ambition's steep and toilsome height,
And in its darkest paths was round me, light.
Then, sit thee by me, love, and list the strain,
Which, but for thee, had still neglected lain.

II.

Didst thou e'er mark, within a beauteous vale,
Where sweetest wild-flowers scent the summer gale,
And the blue Tweed, in silver windings, glides,
Kissing the bending branches on its sides,
A snow-white cottage, one that well might seem
A poet's picture of contentment's dream?
Two chestnuts broad and tall embower the spot,
And bend in beauty o'er the peaceful cot;



The creeping ivy clothes its roof with green,
While round the door the perfumed woodbine's seen
Shading a rustic arch; and smiling near,
Like rainbow fragments, blooms a rich parterre;
Grey, naked crags—a steep and pine-clad hill—
A mountain chain and tributary rill—
A distant hamlet and an ancient wood,
Begirt the valley where the cottage stood.
That cottage was a young Enthusiast's home,
Ere blind ambition lured his steps to roam;
He was a wayward, bold, and ardent boy,
At once his parents' grief—their hope and joy.
Men called him Edmund.—Oft his mother wept
Beside the couch where yet her schoolboy slept,
As, starting in his slumbers, he would seem
To speak of things of which none else might dream.

III.

Adown the vale a stately mansion rose,
With arboured lawns, like visions of repose
Serene in summer loveliness, and fair
As if no passion e'er was dweller there
Save innocence and love; for they alone
Within the smiling vale of peace were known.
But fairer and more lovely far than all,
Like Spring's first flowers, was Helen of the

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Hall—

The blue-eyed daughter of the mansion's lord,
And living image of a wife adored,
But now no more; for, ere a lustrum shed
Its smiles and sunshine o'er the infant's head,
Death, like a passing spirit, touched the brow
Of the young mother; and the father now
Lived as a dreamer on his daughter's face,
That seemed a mirror wherein he could trace
The long lost past—the eyes of love and light,
Which his fond soul had worshipped, ere the night
Of death and sorrow sealed those eyes in gloom—
Darkened his joys, and whelmed them in the tomb.

IV.

Young Edmund and fair Helen, from the years
Of childhood's golden joys and passing tears,
Were friends and playmates; and together they
Across the lawn, or through the woods, would stray.
While he was wont to pull the lilies fair,
And weave them, with the primrose, round her hair;—
Plait toys of rushes, or bedeck the thorn
With daisies sparkling with the dews of morn;
While she, these simple gifts would grateful take—
Love for their own and for the giver's sake.
Or, they would chase the butterfly and bee
From flower to flower, shouting in childish glee;
Or hunt the cuckoo's echo through the glade,
Chasing the wandering sound from shade to shade.
Or, if she conned the daily task in vain,
A word from Edmund made the lesson plain.

V.

Thus years rolled by in innocence and truth,
And playful childhood melted into youth,
As dies the dawn in rainbows, ray by ray
In blushing beauty stealing into day.
And thus too passed, unnoticed and unknown,



The sports of childhood, fleeting one by one.
Like broken dreams, of which we neither know
From whence they come, nor mark we when they go.
Yet would they stray where Tweed's fair waters glide,
As we have wandered—fondly side by side;
And when dun gloaming's shadows o'er it stole
As silence visible—until the soul
Grew tranquil as the scene—then would they trace
The deep'ning shadows on the river's face—
A voiceless world, where glimmered, downward far,
Inverted mountain, tree, and cloud, and star.
'Twas Edmund's choicest scene, and he would dwell
On it, till he grew eloquent, and tell
Its beauties o'er and o'er, until the maid
Knew every gorgeous tint and mellowed shade
Which evening from departed sunbeams threw,
And as a painter on the waters drew.

VI.



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Or, when brown Autumn touched the leaves with age,
The heavens became the young Enthusiast's page
Wherein his fancy read; and they would then,
Hand locked in hand, forsake the haunts of men;
Communing with the silver queen of night,
Which, as a spirit, shone upon their sight,
Full orb'd in maiden glory; and her beams
Fell on their hearts, like distant shadowed gleams
Of future joy and undefined bliss—
Half of another world and half of this.
Then, rapt in dreams, oft would he gazing stand,
Grasping in his her fair and trembling hand,
And thus exclaim, "Helen, when I am gone,
When that bright moon shall shine on you alone,
And but *one* shadow on the river fall—
Say, wilt thou then these heavenly hours recall?
Or read, upon the fair moon's smiling brow
The words we've uttered—those we utter now?
Or think, though seas divide us, I may be
Gazing upon that glorious orb with thee
At the same moment—hearing, in its rays,
The hallowed whisperings of early days!
For, oh, there is a language in its calm
And holy light, that hath a power to balm
The troubled spirit, and like memory's glass,
Make bygone happiness before us pass."

VII.

Or, they would gaze upon the evening star,
Blazing in beauteous glory from afar,
Dazzling its kindred spheres, and bright o'er all,
Like LOVE on the Eternal's coronal;
Until their eyes its rays reflected, threw
In glances eloquent—though words were few;
For well I ween, it is enough to feel
The power of such an hour upon us steal,
As if a holy spirit filled the air,
And nought but love and silence might be there—
Or whispers, which, like Philomel's soft strains,
Are only heard to tell that silence reigns.
Yet, he at times would break the hallowed spell,
And thus in eager rhapsodies would dwell



Upon the scene: "O'er us rolls world on world,
Like the Almighty's regal robes unfurled;—
O'erwhelming, dread, unbounded, and sublime—
Eternity's huge arms that girdle time
And roll around it, marking out the years
Of this dark spot of sin amidst the spheres!
For, oh, while gazing upon worlds so fair,
'Tis hard to think that sin has entered there;
That those bright orbs which now in glory swim,
Should e'er for man's ingratitude be dim!
Bewildered, lost, I cast mine eyes abroad,
And read on every star the name of GOD!
The thought o'erwhelms me!—Yet, while gazing on
Yon star of love, I cannot feel alone;
For wheresoe'er my after lot may be,
That evening star shall speak of home and thee.
Fancy will view it o'er yon mountain's brow
That sleeps in solitude before us now;
While memory's lamp shall kindle at its rays,
And light the happy scenes of other days—
Such scenes as this; and then the very breeze
That with it bears the odour of the trees,
And gathers up the meadow's sweet perfume,
From off my clouded brow, shall chase the gloom
Of sick'ning absence; for the scented air
To me wafts back remembrance, as the prayer
Of lisping childhood is remembered yet,
Like living words, which we can ne'er forget."



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VIII.

Till now, their life had been one thought of joy,
A vision time was destined to destroy—
As dies the dewy network on the thorn,
Before the sunbeams, with the mists of morn.
Thus far their lives in one smooth current ran—
They loved, yet knew not when that love began,
And hardly knew they loved; though it had grown
A portion of their being, and had thrown
Its spirit o'er them; for its shoots had sprung
Up in their hearts, while yet their hearts were young;
Even like the bright leaves of some wandering seed,
Which Autumn's breezes bear across the mead,
O'er naked wild and mountain, till the wind,
Dropping its gift, a stranger flower we find.
And with their years the kindling feeling grew,
But grew unnoticed, and no change they knew;
For it had grown, even as a bud displays
Its opening beauties—one on which we gaze,
Yet note no seeming change from hour to hour,
But find, at length, the bud a lovely flower.

IX.

Thus, thrice six golden summers o'er them fled,
And on their hearts their rip'ning influence shed;
Till one fair eve, when from the gorgeous west,
Cloud upon cloud in varied splendour pressed
Around the setting sun, which blinding shone
On the horizon like its Maker's throne,
Till veiled in glory, and its parting ray
Fell as a blessing on the closing day;
Or, like the living smile of Nature's God
Upon his creatures, shedding peace abroad.
The early lark had ceased its evening song,
And silence reigned amidst the feathered throng,
Save where the chaffinch, with unvarying strain,
Its short, sweet line of music trilled again;
Or where the stock-dove, from the neighbouring grove,
Welcomed the twilight with the voice of love:
Then Edmund wandered by the trysting-tree,



Where, at that hour, the maid was wont to be;
But now she came not. Deepening shade on shade,
The night crept round him; still he lonely strayed,
Gazed on the tree till grey its foliage grew,
And stars marked midnight, ere he slow withdrew.
Another evening came—a third passed on—
And wondering, fearing, still he stood alone,
Trembling and gazing on her father's hall,
Where lights were glittering as a festival;
And, as with cautious step he ventured near,
Sounds of glad music burst upon his ear,
And figures glided in the circling dance,
While wild his love and poverty at once
Flashed through his bursting heart, and smote him now
As if a thunderbolt had scorched his brow,
And scathed his very spirit; as he stood,
Mute as despair—the ghost of solitude!

X.



Page 5

Strange guests were revelling at the princely hall—
Proud peers and ladies fair; but, chief of all,
A rich and haughty knight, from Beaumont side,
Who came to woo fair Helen as his bride;
Or rather from her father ask her hand,
And woo no more, but deem consent command.
He too was young, high-born, and bore a name
Sounding with honours bought, though not with fame;
And the consent he sought her father gave,
Nor feared the daughter of his love would brave
In aught his wishes, or oppose his will;
For she had ever sought it, as the rill
Seeketh the valley or the ocean's breast;
And ere his very wishes were expressed,
She strove to trace their meaning in his eyes,
Even as a seaman readeth on the skies
The coming breeze, the calm, or brooding gale,
Then spreads the canvas wide, or reefs the sail.
Nor did he doubt that still her heart was free
As the fleet mountain deer, which as a sea
The wilderness surrounds; for she had grown
Up as a desert flower, that he alone
Had watched and cherished; and the blinding pride
Of wealth and ancestry had served to hide
From him alone, what long within the vale
Had been the rustic gossip's evening tale.
That such presumptuous love could e'er employ
The secret fancies of the cottage boy,
He would have held impossible, or smiled
At the bold madness of a thought so wild—
Reading his daughter's spirit by his own,
Which reared an ancient name as virtue's throne,
And only stooped to look on meaner things,
Whose honours echoed not the breath of kings.

XI.

Wild were the passions, fierce the anguish now,
Which tore the very soul, and clothed the brow
Of the Enthusiast; while gaunt despair
Its heavy, cold, and iron hand laid bare,
And in its grasp of torture clenched his heart,
Till, one by one, the life-drops seemed to start



In agony unspeakable: within
His breast its freezing shadow—dark as sin,
Gloomy as death, and desolate as hell—
Like starless midnight on his spirit fell,
Burying his soul in darkness; while his love,
Fierce as a whirlwind, in its madness strove
With stern despair, as on the field of wrath
The wounded war-horse, panting, strives with death.
Then as the conflict weakened, hope would dash
Across his bosom, like the death-winged flash
That flees before the thunder; yet its light
Lived but a moment, leaving deeper night
Around the strife of passions; and again
The struggle maddened, and the hope was vain.

XII.

He heard the maidens of the valley say,
How they upon their lady's wedding-day
Would strew her path with flowers, and o'er the lawn
Join in the dance, to eve from early dawn;
While, with a smile and half deriding glance,
Some sought him as their partner in the dance:
And peasant railers, as he passed them by,
Laughed, whispered, laughed again, and mocked a sigh.
But he disdained them; and his heaving breast
Had no room left to feel their vulgar jest,
For it ran o'er with agony and scorn,
As water dropping on a rock was borne.



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XIII.

Tw'as a fair summer night, and the broad moon
Sailed in calm glory through the skies of June,
Pouring on earth its pale and silv'ry light,
Till roughest forms were softened to the sight;
And on the western hills its faintest ray
Kissed the yet ruddy streaks of parted day.
The stars were few, and, twinkling, dimly shone,
For the bright moon in beauty reigned alone.
One cloud lay sleeping 'neath the breathless sky,
Bathed in the limpid light; while, as the sigh
Of secret love, silent as shadows glide,
The soft wind played among the leafy pride
Of the green trees, and scarce the aspen shook;
A babbling voice was heard from every brook,
And down the vale, in murmurs low and long,
Tweed poured its ancient and unwearied song.
Before, behind, around, afar, and near,
The wakeful landrail's watchword met the ear.
Then Edmund leaned against the hallowed tree,
Whose shade had been their temple, and where he
Had carved their names in childhood, and they yet
Upon the rind were visible. They met
Beneath its branches, spreading as a bower,
For months—for years; and the impassioned hour
Of silent, deep deliciousness and bliss,
Pure as an angel's, fervid as the kiss
Of a young mother on her first-born's brow,
Fled in their depth of joy they knew not how;
Even as the Boreal meteor mocks the eye,
Living a moment on the gilded sky,
And dying in the same, ere we can trace
Its golden hues, its form, or hiding-place.
But now to him each moment dragged a chain,
And time itself seemed weary. The fair plain,
Where the broad river in its pride was seen,
With stately woods and fields of loveliest green,
To him was now a wilderness; and even
Upon the everlasting face of heaven
A change had passed—its very light was changed,
And shed forth sickness; for he stood estranged
From all that he had loved, and every scene



Spoke of despair where love and joy had been.
Thus desolate he stood, when, lo! a sound
Of voices and gay laughter echoed round.
Then straight a party issued from the wood,
And ere he marked them all before him stood.
He gazed, he startled, shook, exclaimed aloud,
“Helen!” then burst away, and as a shroud
The sombre trees concealed him; but a cry
Of sudden anguish echoed a reply
To his wild word of misery, though he
Heard not its tone of heart-pierced agony.
She, whom his fond soul worshipped as its bride,
He saw before him by her wooer’s side,
’Midst other proud ones. ’Twas a sight like death—
Death on his very heart. The balmy breath
Of the calm night struck on his brow with fire;
For each fierce passion, burning in its ire,
Raged in his bosom as a with’ring flame,
And scarce he knew he madly breathed her name;
But, as a bark before the tempest tost,
Rushed from the scene, exclaiming wildly, “Lost!”



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XIV.

Two days of sorrow slowly round had crept,
And Helen lonely in her chamber wept,
Shunning her father's guests, and shunning, too,
The glance of rage and scorn which now he threw
Upon the child that e'er to him had been
Dear as immortal hope, when o'er the scene
Of human life, death, slow as twilight, lowers.
She was the sunlight of his widowed hours—
The all he loved, the glory of his eye,
His hope by day, the sole remaining tie
That linked him with the world; and rudely now
That link seemed broken; and upon his brow
Wrath lay in gloom; while, from his very feet,
He spurned the being he was wont to meet
With outstretched arms of fondness and of pride,
While all the father's feelings in a tide
Of transport gushed. But now she wept alone,
Shunning and shunned; and still the bitter tone
In which she heard her Edmund breathe her name,
Rang in her heaving bosom; and the flame
That lit his eye with frenzy and despair,
Upon her naked spirit seemed to glare
With an accusing glance; yet, while her tears
Were flowing silently, as hours and years
Flow down the tide of time, one whom she loved,
And who from childhood's days had faithful proved,
Approached her weeping, and within her hand
A packet placed, as Edmund's last command!
Wild throbbed her heart, and tears a moment fled,
While, tremblingly, she broke the seal, and read;
Then wept, and sobbed aloud, and read again,
These farewell words, of passion and of pain.

XV.

EDMUND'S LETTER.

Helen!—*farewell!*—I write but could not speak
That parting word of bitterness; the cheek
Grows pale when the tongue utters it; the knell



Which tells "the grave is ready!" and doth swell
On the dull wind, tolling—"the dead—the dead!"
Sounds not more desolate. It is a dread
And fearful thing to be of hope bereft,
As if the soul itself had died, and left
The body living—feeling in its breast
The death of deaths, its everlasting guest!
Such is my cheerless bosom; 'tis a tomb
Where Hope lies buried in eternal gloom,
And Love mourns o'er it—yes, my Helen—Love—
Like the sad wailings of a widowed dove
Over its rifled nest. Yet blame me not,
That I, a lowly peasant's son, forgot
The gulf between our stations. Could I gaze
Upon the glorious sun, and see its rays
Fling light and beauty round me, and remain
Dead to its power, while on the lighted plain
The humblest weed looked up in love, and spread
Its leaves before it! The vast sea doth wed
The simple brook; the bold lark soars on high,
Bounds from its humble nest and woos the sky;
Yea, the frail ivy seeks and loves to cling
Round the proud branches of the forest's king:
Then blame me not;—thou wilt not, canst



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not blame;
Our sorrows, hopes, and joys have been the same—
Been one from childhood; but the dream is past,
And stern realities at length have cast
Our fates asunder. Yet, when thou shalt see
Proud ones before thee bend the suppliant knee,
And kiss thy garment while they woo thy hand,
Spurn not the peasant boy who dared to stand
Before thee, in the rapture of his heart,
And woo thee as thine equal. Courtly art
May find more fitting phrase to charm thine ear,
But, dearest, mayst thou find them as sincere!
And, oh! by every past and hallowed hour!
By the lone tree that formed our trysting bower!
By the fair moon, and all the stars of night,
That round us threw love's holiest, dearest light!
By infant passion's first and burning kiss!
By every witness of departed bliss!
Forget me not, loved one! forget me not!
For, oh, to know that I am not forgot—
That thou wilt still retain within thy breast
Some thought of him who loved you first and best—
To know but this, would in my bosom be
Like one faint star seen from the pathless sea
By the bewildered mariner. Once more,
Maid of my heart, farewell! A distant shore
Must be thy Edmund's home—though where the soul
Is as a wilderness; from pole to pole
The desolate in heart may ceaseless roam,
Nor find on earth that spot of heaven—a home!
But be thou happy!—be my Helen blessed!—
Thou wilt be happy! Oh! those words have pressed
Thoughts on my brain on which I may not dwell!
Again, farewell!—my Helen, fare-thee-well!

XVI.

A gallant bark was gliding o'er the seas,
And, like a living mass, before the breeze,
Swept on majestic, as a thing of mind
Whose spirit held communion with the wind,



Rearing and rising o'er the billowed tide,
As a proud steed doth toss its head in pride.
Upon its deck young Edmund silent stood—
A son of sadness; and his mournful mood
Grew day by day, while wave on wave rolled by,
And he their homeward current with a sigh
Followed with fondness. Still the vessel bore
The wanderer onward from his native shore,
Till in a distant land he lonely stood
'Midst city crowds in more than solitude.

XVII.

There long he wandered, without aim or plan,
Till *disappointment* whispered, *Act as man!*
But though it cool the fever of the brain,
And shake, untaught, presumption's idle reign,
Bring folly to its level, and bid hope
Before the threshold of attainment stop,
Still—when its blastings thwart our every scheme,
When humblest wishes seem an idle dream,
And the bare bread of life is half denied—
Such disappointments humble not our pride;
But do they change the temper of the soul,
Change every word and action, and enrol

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The nobler mind with things of basest name—
With idleness, dishonesty, and shame!
It hath its bounds, and thus far it is well
To check presumption—visions wild to quell;
Then 'tis the chastening of a father's hand—
All wholesome, all expedient. But to stand
Writhing beneath the unsparing lash, and be
Trampled on veriest earth, while misery
Stems the young blood, or makes it freeze with care,
And on the tearless eyeballs writes, *Despair!*
Oh! this is terrible!—and it doth throw
Upon the brow such early marks of woe,
That men seem old ere they have well been young;
Their fond hopes perish, and their hearts are wrung
With such dark feelings—misanthropic gloom,
Spite of their natures, haunts them to the tomb.

XVIII.

Now, Edmund 'midst the bustling throng appears
One old in wretchedness, though young in years;
For he had struggled with an angry world,
Had felt misfortune's billows o'er him hurled,
And strove against its tide—where wave meets wave
Like huge leviathans sporting wild, and lave
Their mountain breakers round with circling sweep,
Till, drawn within the vortex of their deep,
The man of ruin struggleth—but in vain;
Like dying swimmers who, in breathless pain
Despairing, strike at random!—It would be
A subject worth the schoolmen's scrutiny,
To trace each simple source from whence arose
The strong and mingled stream of human woes.
But here we may not. It is ours alone
To make the lonely wanderer's fortunes known;
And now, in plain but faithful colours dressed,
To paint the feelings of his hopeless breast.

**XIX.**

His withered prospects blacken—wounds await—
The grave grows sunlight to his darker fate.
All now is gall and bitterness within,
And thoughts, once sternly pure, half yield to sin.
His sickened soul, in all its native pride,
Swells 'neath the breast that tattered vestments hide
Disdained, disdaining; while men flourish, he
Still stands a stately though a withered tree.
But, Heavens! the agony of the moment when
Suspicion stamped the smiles of other men;
When friends glanced *doubts*, and proudly prudent grew,
His counsellors, and his accusers too!

XX.

Picture his pain, his misery, when first
His growing wants their proud concealment burst;
When the first tears start from his stubborn soul.
Big, burning, solitary drops, that roll
Down his pale cheek—the momentary gush
Of human weakness—till the whirlwind rush
Of pride, of shame, had dashed them from his eye,
And his swollen heart heaved mad with agony!
Then, then the pain—the infinity of feeling—
Words fail to paint its anguish. Reason, reeling,
Staggered with torture through his burning brain,
While his teeth gnashed with bitterness and pain;
Reflection grew a scorpion, speech had fled,
And all but madness and despair were dead.

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XXI.

He slept to dream of death, or worse than death;
For death were bliss, and the convulsive wrath
Of living torture peace, to the dread weight
That pressed upon sensation, while the light
Of reason gleamed but horror, and strange hosts
Of hideous phantasies, like threatening ghosts.
Grotesquely mingled, preyed upon his brain:
Then would he dream of yesterdays again,
Or view to-morrow's terrors thick surround
His fancy with forebodings. While the sound
Of his own breath broke frightful on his ear,
He, bathed in icy sweat, would start in fear,
Trembling and pale; then did his glances seem
Sad as the sun's last, conscious, farewell gleam
Upon the eve of judgment. Such appear
His days and nights whom hope has ceased to cheer
But grov'lers know it not. The supple slave
Whose worthiest record is a nameless grave,
Whose truckling spirit bends and bids him kneel,
And fawn and vilely kiss a patron's heel—
Even *he* can cast the cursed suspicious eye,
Inquire the *cause* of *this*—the *reason why*?
And stab the sufferer. Then, the tenfold pain
To feel a gilded butterfly's disdain!—
A kicking ass, without an ass's sense,
Whose only virtue is, pounds, shillings, pence;
And now, while ills on ills beset him round,
The scorn of such the hopeless Edmund found.

XXII.

But hope returned, and on the wanderer's ear
Breathed its life-giving watchword, *Persevere*!
And torn by want, and struggling with despair,
These were his words, his fixed resolve and prayer,
"Hail perseverance, rectitude of heart,
Through life thy aid, thy conquering power impart;
Repulsed and broken, blasted, be thou ever
A portion of my spirit! Leave me never;



Firm, fixed in purpose, watchful, unsubdued,
Until my hand hath grasped the prize pursued."

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Now, list thee, love, again, and I will tell
Of other scenes, and changes which befell
The hero of our tale. A wanderer still,
Like a lost sheep upon a wintry hill—
Wild through his heart rush want and memory now,
Like whirlwinds meeting on a mountain's brow;
Slow in his veins the thin blood coldly creeps;
He starts, he dreams, and as he walks, he sleeps!
He is a stranger—houseless, fainting, poor,
Without the shelter of one friendly door;
The cold wind whistles through his garments bare,
And shakes the night dew from his freezing hair.
You weep to hear his woes, and ask me why,
When sorrows gathered and no aid was nigh,
He sought not then the cottage of his birth,
The peace and comforts of his father's hearth?
That also thou shalt hear. Scarce had he left

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His parents' home, ere ruthless fortune reft
His friend and father of his little all.
Crops failed, and friends proved false; but, worse than all,
The wife of his young love, bowed down with grief
For her sole child, like an autumnal leaf
Nipped by the frosts of night, drooped day by day,
As a fair morning cloud dissolves away.
Her eyes were dimmed with tears, and o'er her cheek,
Like a faint rainbow, broke a fitful streak,
Coming and vanishing. She weaker grew,
And scarce the half of their misfortunes knew,
Until the law's stern minions, as their prey,
Relentless seized the bed on which she lay.
"My husband! Oh my son!" she faintly cried;
Sank on her pillow, and before them died.
Even they shed tears. The widowed husband, there,
Stood like the stricken ghost of dumb despair;
Then sobbed aloud, and, sinking on the bed,
Kissed the cold forehead of his sainted dead.
Then went he forth a lone and ruined man;
But, ere three moons their circling journeys ran,
Pride, like a burning poison in his breast,
Scorched up his life, and gave the ruined rest;
Yet not till he, with tottering steps and slow,
Regained the vale where Tweed's fair waters flow,
And there, where pines around the churchyard wave,
He breathed his last upon his partner's grave!

II.

I may not tell what ills o'er Edmund passed;
Enough to say that fortune smiled at last.
In the far land where the broad Ganges rolls;
Where nature's bathed in glory, and the souls
Of me alone dwell in a starless night,
While all around them glows and lives in light:
There now we find him, honoured, trusted, loved,
For from the humblest stations he had proved
Faithful in all, and trust on trust obtained,



Till, if not wealth, he *independence* gained—
Earth's noblest blessing, and the dearest given
To man beneath the sacred hope of heaven.
And still, as time on silent pinions flew,
His fortunes flourished and his honours grew;
But as they grew, an anxious hope, that long
Had in his bosom been but as the song
Of viewless echo, indistinct, and still
Receding from us, grew as doth a rill
Embraced by others and increasing ever,
Till distant plains confess the sweeping river.
And, need I say, that hope referred alone
To her who in his heart had fixed her throne,
And reigned within it still, the sovereign queen.
Yet darkest visions oft would flit between
His fondest fancies, as the thought returned
That she for whom his soul still restless burned,
Would be another's now, while haply he,
Lost to her heart, would to her memory be
As the remembrance of a pleasing dream,
Vague and forgotten half, but which we deem
Worthy no waking thought. Thus years rolled by;
Hope wilder glowed and brightened in his eye.
Nor knew he why he hoped; but though despair
The Enthusiast's heart may madly grasp, and glare
Even on his soul, it may not long remain
A dweller on his breast, for hope doth reign
There as o'er its inheritance; and he
Lives in fond visions of futurity.



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III.

Twelve slow and chequered years had passed.—Again
A stately vessel ploughed the pathless main,
And waves and days together glided by,
Till, as a cloud on the Enthusiast's eye,
His island home rose from the ocean's breast—
A thing of strength, of glory, and of rest—
The giant of the deep!—while on his sight
Burst the blue hills, and cliffs of dazzling white—
Stronger than death! and beautiful as strong!
Kissed by the sea, and worshipped with its song!
“Home of my fathers!” the Enthusiast cried;
“Their home—ay, and their grave!” he said and sighed.
But gazing still upon its glorious strand,
Again he cried, “My own, my honoured land!
Fair freedom's home and mine! Britannia! hail!
Queen of the mighty seas; to whom each gale
From every point of heaven a tribute brings,
And on thy shores earth's farthest treasure flings!
Land of my heart and birth! at sight of thee
My spirit boundeth, like a bird set free
From long captivity! Thy very air
Is fragrant with remembrance! Thou dost bear,
On thy Herculean cliffs, the rugged seal
Of godlike Liberty! The slave might kneel
Upon thy shore, bending the willing knee,
To kiss the sacred earth that sets him free!
Even I feel freer as I reach thy shore,
And my soul mingles with the ocean's roar
That hymns around thee! Birthplace of the brave!
My own—my glorious home!—the very wave,
Rolling in strength and beauty, leaps on high,
As if rejoicing on thy beach to die!
My loved—my father-land! thy faults to me
Are as the specks which men at noontide see
Upon the blinding sun, and dwindle pale
Beneath thy virtue's and thy glory's veil.
Land of my birth! where'er thy sons may roam,
Their pride—their boast—their passport is their home!”



IV.

'Twas early spring; and winter lingered still
On the cold summit of the snow-capt hill;
The day was closing, and slow darkness stole
Over the earth as sleep steals on the soul,
Sealing the eyelids up—unconscious, slow,
Till sleep and darkness reign, and we but know,
On waking, that we slept—but may not tell;
Nor marked we when sleep's darkness on us fell.
A lonely stranger then bent anxious o'er
A rustic gate before the cottage door—
The snow-white cottage where the chestnuts grew,
And o'er its roof their arching branches threw.
It was young Edmund, gazing, through his tears,
On the now cheerless home of early years—
While as the grave of buried joys it stood,
Its white walls shadowed through the leafless wood;
The once arched woodbine waving wild and bare;
The parterre, erst the object of his care,
With early weeds o'ergrown; and slow decay
Had changed or swept all else he loved away.
Upon the sacred threshold, once his own,

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He silent stood, unwelcomed and unknown;
Gazed, sighed, and turned away; then sadly strayed
To the cold, dreamless churchyard, where were laid
His parents, side by side. A change had come
O'er all that he had loved: his home was dumb,
And through the vale no accent met his ear
That he was wont in early days to hear;
While childhood's scenes fell dimly on his view,
As a dull picture of a spot we knew,
Where we but cold and lifeless forms can trace.
But no bold truth, nor one familiar face.

V.

Night sat upon the graves, like gloom to gloom,
As silent treading o'er each lowly tomb,
Thoughtful and sad, he lonely strove to trace,
Amidst the graves, his father's resting-place.
And well the spot he knew; yea, it alone
Was all now left that he might call his own
Of all that was his kindred's; and although
He looked for no proud monument to show
The tomb he sought, yet mem'ry marked the spot
Where slept his ancestors; and had it not,
He deemed—he felt—that if his feet but trode
Upon his parents' dust, the voice of God,
As it of old flashed through a prophet's breast,
Would in his bosom whisper, "Here they rest!"
'Twas an Enthusiast's thought;—but, oh! to tread,
With darkness round us, 'midst the voiceless dead,
With not an eye but Heaven's upon our face—
At such a moment, and in such a place,
Seeking the dead we love—who would not feel.
Yea, and believe as he did then, and kneel
On friend or father's grave, and kiss the sod
As in the presence of our father's God!



VI.

He reached the spot; he startled—trembled—wept;
And through his bosom wildest feelings swept.
He sought a nameless grave, but o'er the place
Where slept the generations of his race,
A marble pillar rose. "Oh Heaven!" he cried,
"Has avaricious Ruin's hand denied
The parents of my heart a grave with those
Of their own kindred?—have their ruthless foes
Grasped this last, sacred spot we called our own?
If but a weed upon that grave had grown,
I would have honoured it!—have called it brother!
Even for my father's sake, and thine, my mother!
But that cold marble freezes up my heart,
And seems to tell me that I have no part
With its proud dead; while through the veil of night
The name it bears yet mocks my anxious sight."
Thus cried he bitterly; then, trembling, placed
His finger on the marble, while he traced
Its letters one by one, and o'er and o'er;—
Grew blind with eagerness, and shook the more,
As with each touch, the feeling o'er him came—
The unseen letters formed his father's name!

VII.



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While thus, with beating heart, pursuing still
His anxious task, slow o'er a neighbouring hill
The broad moon rose, by not a cloud concealed,
Lit up the valley, and the tomb revealed!—
His parents' tomb!—and now, with wild surprise,
He saw the column burst upon his eyes—
Fair, chaste, and beautiful; and on it read
These lines in mem'ry of his honoured dead:
"Beneath repose the virtuous and the just,
Mingled in death, affection's hallowed dust.
In token of their worth, this simple stone
Is, as a daughter's tribute, reared by one
Who loved them as such, and their name would save
As virtue's record o'er their lowly grave."
"Helen!" he fondly cried, "thy hand is here!"
And the cold grave received his burning tear;
Then knelt he o'er it—clasped his hands in prayer;
But, while yet lone and fervid kneeling there,
Before his eyes, upon the grave appear
Primroses twain—the firstlings of the year,—
And bursting forth between the blossomed two,
Twin opening buds in simple beauty grew.
He gazed—he loved them as a living thing;
And wondrous thoughts and strange imagining
Those simple flowers spoke to his listening soul
In superstition's whispers; whose control
The wisest in their secret moments feel,
And blush at weakness they may not reveal.

VIII.

He left the place of death; and, rapt in thought,
The trysting-tree of love's young years he sought;
And, as its branches opened on his sight,
Bathing their young buds in the pale moonlight,
A whispered voice, melodious, soft, and low,
As if an angel mourned for mortal woe,
Borne on the ev'ning breeze, came o'er his ear:
He knew the voice—his heart stood still to hear!
And each sense seem'd a listener; but his eye
Sought the sad author of the wand'ring sigh;
And 'neath the tree he loved, a form as fair
As summer in its noontide, knelt in prayer.



He clasped his hands—his brow, his bosom burned;
He felt the past—the buried past returned!
Still, still he listened, till, like words of flame,
Through her low prayer he heard his whispered name!
“Helen!” he wildly cried—“my own—my blest!”
Then bounded forth.—I cannot tell the rest.
There was a shriek of joy: heart throbbed on heart,
And hands were locked as though they ne’er might part;
Wild words were spoken—bliss tumultuous rolled,
And all the anguish of the past was told.

IX.

Upon her love long had her father frowned,
Till tales of Edmund’s rising fortunes found
Their way across the wilderness of sea,
And reached the valley of his birth. But she,
With truth unaltered, and with heart sincere,
Through the long midnight of each hopeless year
That marked his absence, shunned the proffered hand
Of wealth and rank; and met her sire’s command
With tears and bended knees, until his breast
Again a father’s tenderness confessed.



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X.

'Twas May—bright May: bird, flower, and shrub, and tree,
Rejoiced in light; while, as a waveless sea
Of living music, glowed the clear blue sky,
And every fleecy cloud that floated by
Appeared an isle of song!—as all around
And all above them echoed with the sound
Of joyous birds, in concert loud and sweet,
Chanting their summer hymns. Beneath their feet
The daisy put its crimson liv'ry on;
While from beneath each crag and mossy stone
Some gentle flower looked forth; and love and life
Through the Creator's glorious works were rife,
As though his Spirit in the sunbeams said,
“Let there be life and love!” and was obeyed.
Then, in the valley danced a joyous throng,
And happy voices sang a bridal song;
Yea, tripping jocund on the sunny green,
The old and young in one glad dance were seen;
Loud o'er the plain their merry music rang,
While cripple granddames, smiling, sat and sang
The ballads of their youth; and need I say
'Twas Edmund's and fair Helen's wedding-day?
Then, as he led her forth in joy and pride,
A hundred voices blessed him and his bride.
Yet scarce he heard them; for his every sense,
Lost in delight and ecstasy intense,
Dwelt upon her; and made their blessings seem
As words breathed o'er us in a wand'ring dream.

XI.

Now months and years in quick succession flew,
And joys increased, and still affection grew.
For what is youth's first love to wedded joy?
Or what the transports of the ardent boy
To the fond husband's bliss, which, day by day,
Lights up his spirit with affection's ray?
Man knows not what love is, till all his cares
The partner of his bosom soothes and shares—
Until he find her studious to please—



Watching his wishes!—Oh, 'tis acts like these
That lock her love within his heart, and bind
Their souls in one, and form them of one mind.
Love flowed within their bosoms as a tide,
While the calm rapture of their own fireside
Each day grew holier, dearer; and esteem
Blended its radiance with the glowing beam
Of young affection, till it seemed a sun
Melting their wishes and their thoughts as one.

XII.

Eight years passed o'er them in unclouded joy,
And now by Helen's side a lovely boy,
Looked up and called her, Mother; and upon
The knee of Edmund climbed a little one—
A blue-eyed prattler—as her mother fair.
They were their parents' joy, their hope, their care;
But, while their cup with happiness ran o'er,
And the long future promised joys in store,
Death dropped its bitterness within the cup,
And its late pleasant waters mingled up
With wailing and with woe. Like early flowers,
Which the slow worm with venom'd tooth devours,

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The roses left their two fair children's cheeks,
Or came and went like fitful hectic streaks,
As day by day they drooped: their sunny eyes
Grew lustreless and sad; and yearning cries—
Such as wring life-drops from a parent's heart—
Their lisping tongues now uttered. The keen dart
Of the unerring archer, Death, had sunk
Deep in their bosoms, and their young blood drunk;
Yet the affection of the children grew,
As its dull, wasting poison wandered through
Their tender breasts; and still they ever lay
With their arms round each other. On the day
That ushered in the night on which they died,
The boy his mother kissed, and fondly cried,
"Weep not, dear mother!—mother, do not weep!
You told me and my sister, death was sleep—
That the good Saviour, who from heaven came down,
And who for our sake wore a thorny crown—
You often told us how He came to save
Children like us, and conquered o'er the grave;
And I have read in his blessed book,
How in his hand a little child He took,
And said that such in heaven should greatest be:
Then, weep not, mother—do not weep for me;
For if I be angel when I die,
I'll watch you, mother—I'll be ever nigh;
Where'er you go, I'll hover o'er your head;
Then, though I'm buried, do not think me dead!
But let my sister's grave and mine be one,
And lay us by the pretty marble stone,
To which our father dear was wont to go,
And where, in spring, the sweet primroses blow;
Then, weep not, mother!" But she wept the more;
While the sad father his affliction bore
Like one in whom all consciousness was dead,
Save that he wrung his hands and rocked his head,
And murmured oft this short and troubled prayer—
"O God! look on me, and my children spare!"



XIII.

Their little arms still round each other clung,
When their last sleep death's shadow o'er them flung!
And still they slept, and fainter grew their breath—
Faint and more faint, until their sleep was death.
Deep, but unmurmured was the mother's grief,
For in her FAITH she sought and found relief;
Yea, while she mourned a daughter and a son,
She looked to heaven, and cried, "Thy will be done!"
But, oh! the father no such solace found—
Dark, cheerless anguish wrapt his spirit round;
He was a stranger to the Christian's hope,
And in bereavement's hour he sought a prop
On which his pierced and stricken soul might lean;
Yet, as he sought it, doubts would intervene—
Doubts which for years had clouded o'er his soul—
Doubts that, with prayers he struggled to control;
For though a grounded faith he ne'er had known,
He was no prayerless man; but he had grown
To thinking manhood from his dreaming youth,
A seeker still—a seeker after truth!—
An earnest seeker, but his searching care

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Sought more in books and nature than by prayer;
And vain he sought, nor books nor nature gave
The hope of hopes that animates the grave!
Though, to have felt that hope, he would have changed
His station with the mendicant who ranged
Homeless from door to door and begged his bread,
While heaven hurled its tempest round his head.
For what is hunger, pain, or piercing wind,
To the eternal midnight of the mind?
Or what on earth a horror can impart,
Like his who feels engraven on his heart
The word, *Annihilation!* Often now
The sad Enthusiast would strike his brow,
And cry aloud, with deep and bitter groans,
“How have I sinned, that both my little ones—
The children of my heart—should be struck down!
O Thou Almighty Spirit! if thy frown
Is now upon me, turn aside thy wrath,
And guide me—lead, oh lead me in the path
Of heaven’s own truth; direct my faith aright,
Teach me to hope, and lend thy Spirit’s light.”

XIV.

Thus, long his soul as a frail bark was tossed
On a dark sea, with helm and compass lost,
Till she who ever to his breast had been
The star of hope and love, with brow serene,
As if no sorrow e’er her heart had riven,
But her eye calmly looked through time to heaven—
Soothed his sad spirit, and with anxious care
Used much of reason, and yet more of prayer;
Till bright’ning hope dawned gently o’er his soul,
Like the sun’s shadow at the freezing pole,
Seen by the shiv’ring Greenlander, or e’er
Its front of fire does his horizon cheer;
While brighter still that ardent hope became,
Till in his bosom glowed the living flame
Of Christian faith—faith in the Saviour sent,



By the eternal God, to preach, "Repent
And be ye saved."—Then peace, as sunshine, fell
On the Enthusiast's bosom, and the swell
Of anguish died away, as o'er the deep
The waves lie down when winds and tempests sleep.

XV.

Time glided on, and wedded joys still grew
As beauty deepens on an autumn view
With tinges rich as heaven! and, though less green,
More holy far than summer's fairest scene.
Now o'er the happy pair, at life's calm eve
Age like a shadow fell, and seemed to weave
So fair a twilight round each silvered brow,
That they ne'er felt so young, so blest as now;
Though threescore winters o'er their path had fled,
And left the snow of years on either head.
For age drew round them, but they knew it not—
The once bright face of youth was half forgot;
But still the young, the unchanged heart was there,
And still his aged Helen seemed as fair
As when, with throbbing heart and giddy bliss,
He from her lips first snatched the virgin kiss!

XVI.



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Last scene of all: An old and widowed man,
Whose years had reached life's farthest, frailest span,
And o'er whose head, as every moment flew,
Eternity its dark'ning twilight threw,
Lay in his silent chamber, dull and lone,
Watching the midnight stars, as one by one
They as slow, voiceless spirits glided past
The window of his solitude, and cast
Their pale light on his brow; and thus he lay
Till the bright star that ushers in the day
Rose on his sight, and, with its cheering beams,
Lit in his bosom youth's delicious dreams;
Yea, while he gazed upon that golden star,
Rolling in light, like love's celestial car,
He deemed he in its radiance read the while
His children's voices and his Helen's smile;
And as it passed, and from his sight withdrew,
His longing spirit followed it! and flew
To heaven and deathless bliss—from earth and care—
To meet his Helen and his children there!

THE ROMAUNT OF SIR PEREGRINE AND THE LADY ETHELIN.

I.

Of a maiden's beauty the world-wide praise
Was a thing of duty in chivalrous days,
When her envied name was a nation's fame,
And raised in knights' breasts an emulous flame,
Which lighted to honour and grand emprise—
Things always so lovely in ladies' eyes;
For a true woman's favour will ever be won
By that which is noble and nobly done.

Sir Peregrine sounded his bugle horn
With a note of love and a blast of scorn;
Of love to the Lady Etheline
Up in yon Castle of Eaglestein,
Whose beauty had passed o'er Christian land
As a philter to nerve the resolute hand
Of many a knight in the goodly throng



Who gathered round Godfrey of Buglion,
With Richard, and Raymond, and Leopold,
And thousands of others as brave and bold;
And a blast of scorn to every knight
Who would dare to challenge his envied right.
The porte yields quick to the warder's hand
By the Yerl's consent, by the Yerl's command;
And the ladye, who knew the winding sound,
As the tra-la-la rang all around,
Has opened her casement up on high,
And thrown him the kiss of her courtesy.

II.

"I am come, fair ladye, to beg of thee,
As here I crave upon bended knee,
That thou wilt grant unto my prayer
A single lock of thy golden hair,
To wear in a lockheart over my breast,
And carry with me to the balmy East—
The land where the Saviour met his death,
The sacred Salem of saving faith,
Which holds the sepulchre of our Lord,
Defiled by a barbarous Paynim horde.
Grant me the meed for which I burn,
And, by our Ladye, on my return,
We will wedded be in the sacred bands
Of a sacrament sealed by holy hands."



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The ladye has, with a gesture bland,
Taken her scissors into her hand,
And clipt a lock of her auburn hair,
And yielded it to his ardent prayer;
But a pearly drop from her weeping eyes
Hath fallen upon the golden prize.
“Ah! blessed drop,” said the knight, and smiled—
“This tear was from thine heart beguiled,
And I take it to be an omen of good,
For tears, my love, are purified blood,
That impart a beauty to female eyes,
And vouch for her kindly sympathies.”
“Ah! no, ah! no,” the maid replied—
“An omen of ill,” and she heavily sighed;
Then a flood came gushing adown her cheek,
Nor further word could the damoiselle speak.
Then said Sir Peregrine, smiling still,
“If tears, my love, are an omen of ill,
The way to deprive them of evil spell
Is to kiss them away, and—all is well!”
And he took in his arms the yielding maid,
And kissed them away, as he had said.

The warder has oped the porteluse again,
To let Sir Peregrine forth with his train.
Loud spoke the horn o'er fell and dell,
“Fare thee—fare thee—fare thee well;”
But Etheline, as she waved her hand,
Could not those flowing tears command,
And thought the bugle in sounds did say,
“Fare thee—fare thee well for aye.”

III.

A year has passed: at Eaglestein
There sat the Ladye Etheline;
Her eyes were wet, and her cheek was pale,
Her sweet voice dwindled into a wail;
For though through the world's busy crowd
The deeds of the war were sung aloud,
And the name of Sir Peregrine was enrolled
With Godfrey's among the brave and bold,
No letter had come from her knight so dear,



To belie the spell of the lock and tear.
The Countess would weep, and the Yerl would say,
“Alas! for the hour when he went away.”
But the womb of old Time is everly full,
And the storm-wind bloweth after a lull.
Hark! a horn has sounded both loud and clear,
And echoed around both far and near;
It is Sir Ronald from Palestine—
Sir Ronald, a suitor of Etheline.
“I have come,” said he, “through pain and peril,
To tell unto thee, most noble Yerl:
Woe to the sword of the fierce Soldan,
Who slew our most gallant capitan!
Sir Peregrine, in an unhappy hour,
Fell wounded before High Salem’s tower,
And ere he died he commissioned me
To bear to Scotland, and give to thee,
This bit of the genuine haly rood
Dipt in his heart’s outpouring blood,
That thou mightst give it to Etheline,
As a relic of dead Sir Peregrine.”

IV.

All Eaglestein vale is yellow and sere,
The ancient elms seem withered and bare,
The river asleep in its rushy bed,
The waters are green, and the grass is red,
The roses are dead in the sylvan bowers,
Where oft in the dewy evening hours,
Ere yet the fairies had sought the dell,
And the merle was singing her day-farewell,
The Lady Etheline would recline
And think of her dear Sir Peregrine:
All was cheerless now, forlorn,
As if they missed her at early morn;
At noontide and at evening fall
They sorrowed for her, the spirit of all.



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In the solary, up in the western wing,
The Countess and Yerl sat sorrowing
For one so young, so gentle, and fair,
Their only child, lying ailing there,
Waning and waning slowly away,
Yet waxing more beautiful every day,
As if she were drawing from spheres above,
Before she got there, the spirit of love,
Which shone as a light through the silken lire,
Pure as was that of the vestal fire;
And ever she kissed in hysterical mood
The bit of the cross all red with blood.
“Oh mother dear! I wish—I fear
The time of my going is drawing near:
Last night, at the mirk and midnight hour,
A voice seemed to come through my chamber door—
For the ear of the dying is tender and fine—
And three times it sounded Etheline;
And it is true, as I’ve heard say,
Such voices are calls to come away—
The voices of angels hovering near,
Who wish us to join them in yonder sphere.”
“Oh! no, oh! no, my own dear child,
Thine overfine ears have thee beguiled:
It was the Yerl, when in a dream,
Who three times called thy dear-loved name;
I heard the call as awake I lay,
And thou mayst believe what now I say.”

“Oh mother! oh mother! what do I hear?
It is the nightingale singing clear;
I have heard the notes in Italian clime,
And remember them since that early time;
And it is true, as I’ve heard say,
That when the nightingale sings by day,
The dying who hears it will pass away.”
“No, no, my child, the song you hear
Is that of the throstle-cock singing clear:
I see him upon the linden tree,
And you, if you like, may also see.
I know its speckled breast too well;
It is not, dear child, the nightingale.”



When this she heard, the maiden sighed,
As if she were vexed she was denied
The hope of passing quickly away
To yon regions bright of eternal day.

“Oh mother! list, what do I hear?
Sir Peregrine’s horn is winding clear;
Ah, I know the sound, as it seems to say
In its windings, ‘Hali-hali-day;’
And it is true, as I’ve heard tell,
When a dead man’s horn sounds loud and shrill,
It is a true sign to his earthly bride,
He will wait for her spirit at evening tide.”

The Countess turned her face to the Yerl;
It was true what was said by the dying girl;
It was Sir Peregrine’s horn they heard,
And they both sat mute, nor whispered a word,
For they wondered much, and were sore afraid
Of mysteries working about the maid,
Who, as she lay in her ecstasie,
Kept muttering slow an Ave Marie:
“Oh, Lady sweet! the sign hath come,
Happy the maid whom her knight calls home;
It is the nightingale that I hear,
The golden sun is shining clear;
And I’ve heard tell in time past gone,
Blessed is the bier that the sun shines on.”

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And, as they listened, there came to their ear
The grating of the portcullis gear,
And a cry of fear from the ballion green,
As if the retainers a ghost had seen:
Tramp and tramp on the scaliere,
And along the corridor leading there;
The door is opened, and lo! comes in
The leal and the living Sir Peregrine.
“Holy Maria!” the Countess cried,
“Holy Maria!” the Yerl replied;
The maid looked up, then sank her head,
As an Ave Marie again she said:
“Ave Marie! my sweet ladye,
Ave Marie! I come to thee.
Ah, soft and clear those eyes of thine,
That look so kindly into mine;
Oh Ladye sweet! stretch forth thy hand
To welcome me to yon happy land;
Oh Virgin! open thy bosom fair,
That thy poor child may nestle there;”
Then she laid her arms across her breast,
And gently, softly, sank to rest.
The throstle-cock’s voice rang out more clear
On the linden tree there growing near,
And the sun burst forth with brighter ray
On the couch where her spirit had passed away.

V.

Over hollow, and over height,
Sir Peregrine sought that caitiff knight
Who had wrought such woe to Eaglestein—
To him and the Lady Etheline.
The time has come and the wish made good,
The villain he met in the Calder Wood.
“Hold, hold, thou basest dastard Theou,
For Ceorl’s a name thou’rt far below;
Ten lives like thine would not suffice
To be to my soul a sacrifice;
There is the glaive, it is thine to try.
Or with it or without it thou must die.”
But the caitiff laughed a laugh of scorn:
“Come on, thou bastard of bastards born.”



Their falchions are gleaming in bright mid-day:
They rushed like tigers upon their prey;
Sir Peregrine's eyes flashed liquid fire,
The caitiff's shone out with unholy ire;
But victory goes not aye with right,
Nor the race to those the quickest in flight.
Sir Peregrine's fury o'ershot his aim:
His sword breaks through—his arm is maim!
With nothing to wield, with nothing to ward.
No word of mercy or quarter heard;
With a breast-wound deep as his heart he lies,
A look of scorn—Sir Peregrine dies.

Behind the crumbling walls of Eaglestein,
The tomb of the old Yerls may still be seen,
And there long mouldering lay close side by side,
Sir Peregrine the bold and his fair bride;
Their ashes scattered now and blown away,
As thine and mine will be some coming day.
This world is surely an enchanted theme,
A thing of seims and shows—a wild fantastic dream.

III.

THE LEGEND OF ALLERLEY HALL.

The tower-bell has sounded the midnight hour,
Old Night has unfolded her sable pall,
Darkness o'er hamlet, darkness o'er hall,
Loud screams the raven on Allerley Tower;[A]
A glimmering gleam from yon casement high
Is all that is seen by the passer-by.

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[Footnote A: In Ayrshire, as I have heard, but I know of no trace of the family. The old distich may be traced to some other county:

“The Allerley oak stands high, abune trees;
When the raven croaks there, an Allerley dees.”

Such rhymes have generally something to rest upon, but I cannot associate this with any county, far less a family.]

All things are neglected, time-smitten there,
Crazy and cobwebbed, mildewed and worn,
Moth-eaten, weeviled, dusty, forlorn,
Everything owing to waning and wear;
From the baron’s hall to the lady’s bower
NEGLECT is the watchword in Allerley Tower.

There is silence within old Allerley Hall,
Save the raven without with her “croak, croak,”
And the cricket’s “click, click,” in the panels of oak,
Behind the dim arras that hangs on the wall;
So silent and sad in the midnight hour,
Yet life may still linger in Allerley Tower.

An old woman sits by a carved old bed—
The drape of green silk, all yellow and sere,
The gold-coloured fringes dingy and drear;
And she nods and nods her silvery head,
And sometimes she looks with a half-drowsy air.
To notice how Death may be working there.

Lord William lies there, care-worn and pale,
All his sunlight of spirit has passed away,
And left to him only that twilight of grey
Which ushers men into the long dark vale;
Fast ebbing his life, yet feeling no pain,
Save a memory working within his brain.

He had sought the world’s crowd for forty years,
But only a little relief to borrow
From the heartfelt pangs of that early sorrow
Which had drawn him away from his gay compeers,
And made him oft sigh, with a pain-begot scorn,
That into this world he ever was born.



But being brought in, as a victim, to tarry,
With him, as with all, it is how to get out
With no more of pain than you can't go without,
Where all have original sin to carry;
But his memory brightened, as strength waxed low,
Of the grief he had borne forty years ago.

There is silence and sadness in Allerley Tower;
The taper is glimmering with murky snot,
The raven croak-croaking with rusty throat,
And the cricket click-clicking at midnight hour;
And the woman mope-moping by the bed,
Still nodding and nodding her drowsy head.

"Now bring me, old nurse, from that escritoire,
A packet tied up with a ribbon of blue;"
Ah! well, though now faded, that ribbon he knew,
Which his fingers had bound forty years before.
He shuddered to look, yet afraid to wait,
Lest Death might render his vision too late.

That ribbon he drew in a calm despair:
Behold now revealed to his wondering eyes
A face of all beautiful harmonies,
Set fair among ringlets of golden hair;
With eyes so blue and a smile of heaven,
Which haply some angel to her had given.

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Beside that miniature lay a scroll,
As written by him forty years before:
He read every word of it o'er and o'er,
And every word of it flashed through his soul,
In a flood of that bright and awakened light
Which slumbers and sleeps through a long, long night.

THE SCROLL.

"I loved my love early, the young Lady May;
I saw her bloom rarely in youth's rosy day;
But her eye looked afar to some orb that was shining,
As if for that sphere her spirit was pining.

"Faint in the light of day seemed what was near her;
Visions far, far away, clearer and clearer;
Still, as flesh wears away spirits that bear it,
Eyeing yon milky way, sigh to be near it.

"Lady May, she is dying—she hears some one whisper,
Near where she's lying, 'Come away, sister'—
Draw down each silky lid—draw them down over
Eyes whose last light on earth shone on her lover.

"My lost Lady May in yon vault now is sleeping;
Her sisters who go to pray come away weeping;
And while I yet linger here, some one elates me,
Whispering into my ear, 'Yonder she waits thee.'"

And thus they had waited until this last day,
But the hour of their meeting was coming apace;
And as he still gazed on that beautiful face,
His spirit so weary passed gently away;
And the nurse would unfold those fingers so cold,
Which still of that picture retained the hold.

There's the silence of death in Allerley Tower,
The taper gone out with its murky smoke,
The raven has finished her croak-croak,
The cricket is silent at midnight hour;
The last of the Allerley lords lies there,
And Allerley goes to a distant heir.



In yon tomb where was laid his young Lady May,
Lord William sleeps now by the side of her bier;
And the Allerley lords and ladies lie near.
But nearest of neighbours they nothing can say:
No "Good morrow, my lord," when the day is begun,
No "My lady, good night," when the day it is done.

IV.

THE LEGEND OF THE LADY KATHARINE.

I.

'Twas at a time now long past gone,
And well gone if 'twill stay,
When our good land seemed made alone
For lords and ladies gay;
When brown bread was the poor man's fare,
For which he toiled and swet,
When men were used as nowt or deer.
And heads were only worth the wear
When crowned with coronet.

There was a right good noble knight,
Sir Bullstrode was his name[A]—
A name which he acquired by fight,
And with it meikle fame.
Upon his burnished shield he bore
A head of bull caboshed
(For so they speak in herald lore),
And for his crest he aptly wore
Two bones of marrow crossed.

[Footnote A: A knight called Bullstrode, as having got his name in the way set forth, is mentioned by Guillim; but whether he is the same as he who figures in the Scotch legend I do not know.]



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For he had slain in tourney set
Full many a blazoned fool;
Nor would he deem his praise complete
Till he had slain a bull.
He threw the gauntlet at the brute,
Which was received with scorn,
For Taurus straight the gauntlet took,
Then in the air the bauble shook,
And tossed it on his horn.

To fight they went with might and main,
And fought a good long hour;
The knight's long lance was broke in twain—
Sir Bull had now the power;
The ladies laughed, the barons too,
As they Sir Bull admired!
But where fair ladies are to view,
Who may declare what knight may do,
By noble emprise fired?

The knight he paused amid the claque,
And threw a look of scorn:
Sir Bull has Bullstrode on his back,
Who held by either horn;
And round the ring, and round the ring,
Rushed bull in wild affray,
Stamping, roaring, bellowing,—
And, stumbling, gave his neck a wring,
And Bullstrode won the day.

This valiant knight, by love inspired,
Next sued fair Katharine,
The daughter of Sir Ravensbeard,
A man of ancient line;
And he had known the reason good
Sir Bullstrode got his name,
And wished—if Kate could be subdued—
To mix his blue and blazoned blood
With one of such a fame.



II.

But when the knights are thus employeed,
The lady is in yon glen,
There seated by the river side
With one, the flower of men—
George Allan—a rich yeoman's heir,
Who leased her father's land.
Yet, though beloved by all the fair,
Young Allan might not surely dare
To claim this envied hand.

Yet hearts will work, and hearts will steal
What high commands deny;
And beauty is a thing to feel,
Self-chosen by the eye:
Nor would fair Katharine had gi'en
A touch of Allan's hand
For all the honours she could gain
From duke or earl, lord or thane,
Or knight in all the land.

She knew the price she had to pay
For this her secret love;
But where's a will there is a way,
And Kate she would it prove.
The will we know, the way's obscure,
Deep in her soul confined;
What quick invention might secure,
With love for the inspiring power,
Was in that maiden's mind.

"Now, Allan," she said, with a silent laugh,
In eyes both quaint and keen,
"Thou must not fear, for here I swear
By Coz. Saint Catharine,
'Twas easier for this doughty knight
To hold these horns he dared,
Than take for wife by a father's right,
Against the spurn of a maiden's spite,
The daughter of Ravensbeard."

"No, no, fair lady," George Allan said—
With tears his eyes were full—
"Tis easier to force the will of a maid,
Than hold by the horns a bull."



“Yes! yes! of the maids who say a prayer,
Like sisters of orders grey;
But Kate admits no craven fear,
And she can do what they cannot dare,
For she’s quicker of parts than they.”



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III.

It's up in yon chamber well bedight
Of the castle of Invercloyd,
A maiden sits with a grim sir knight
Seated on either side.
"I come to thee by a father's right,
To issue my last command,
That thou concede to this gallant knight,
What his noble nature will requite,
The guerdon of thy hand."

"And here, upon my bended knee,"
Sir Bullstrode blandly said,
"I pray thee, in knightly courtesie,
The grace thy sire hath pled."
"Oh yes! a guerdon let it remain,
I give thee free consent;
But I have a mind, and will maintain,
This knight shall only my favour gain
In knightly tournament."

"What meaneth the wench?" the father cried,
With a fire-flaught in his eye,
"What other knight would'st thou invite
Sir Bullstrode to defy?
Is he a lover? I grant no parle,
For I am resolved to know,
And wish, by my sword, no better a quarrel;
And be he a ceorl, or be he an earl,
He goes to shades below."

"No lover is he, my father dear,
My champion who shall be;
A stranger knight shall for me fight,
And shall my fate decree."
"Well done! well done!" cried Sir Bullstrode,
"That goeth with my gree;
May the carrion crow be then abroad,
All hungry to feed upon carrion food,
That day he fights with me."



“But let this contract,” said the maid,
“Be written on parchment skin,
And signed, and sealed, and witnessed,
That surety I may find.”
Again the father knit his brow,
Yet could not he complain,
Because Sir Bullstrode wished it so,
That all the world might come to know
His honour he could maintain.

IV.

It's up in yon chamber tapestried,
Sits the Lady Katharine;
She smiled at a woman's art applied
Her own true love to win.
And lo! who comes in a tearful way,
But her pretty tire-woman,
“Hey! hey! what now? good lack-a-day!
Such cheeks so pale, and lips like clay;
What ails maid Lilian?”

“Oh it is, it is, young mistress mine,
All about this valiant knight,
Who came to me all drunk with wine,
At the dead hour of the night.
He seized me struggling to get free,
And swore by the goat of Jove,
He would me fee, if I would be,
La! my lady! I fear to tell it to thee,
His left-hand lady-love.”

“Ho! ho! my maid, a pretty scene!
A brute of noble parts!
But 'tis easier to turn a bull by each horn,
Than rule two women's hearts.
No harems have we in western land,
Where a woman's soul is free,
To rule weak man by her high command,
And rouse by a wave of her wizard wand
The fire of his chivalrie.”

V.



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Lo! round the lists, and round the lists,
Bedecked with pennons gay,
Environed there with ladies fair,
Sir Bullstrode held his way.
High mounted on a gallant steed,
And armed a-cap-a-pie,
His lance well graced by a pennon red,
A white plume nodded o'er his head,
With ribbons at his knee.

"Why mounts not Kate the dais seat?"
The father loudly cried.
"She hath not finished her robing yet,"
A lady quick replied.
And now a shout rang all about,
Ho! ho! there comes apace,
A Cataphract[A] of noble mien,
With armour bright as silver sheen,
And eke of gentle grace.

[Footnote A: A knight completely equipped; a word in common use in the times of chivalry.]

He bore for his escochion
Dan Cupid with his dart,
And for his crest there was impressed
A well-skewered bleeding heart;
His yellow streamer on his spear,
Flew fluttering in the wind,
And thrice he waved it in the air,
As if to fan the ladies there,
And thrice his head inclined.

"Who's he, who's he?" cried Ravensbeard;
But no one there could say.
"Knowest thou him?" cried some who heard;
But each one answered Nay.
"I am Sir Peveril," said the knight,
"If you my name would learn,
And I will for fair Katharine fight,
A lady's love, and a lady's right,
And a lady's choice to earn."



The gauntlet thrown upon the ground,
Sir Bullstrode laughed with joy:
"Short work," said he, "I'll make of thee—
Methinks a beardless boy."
Nor sooner said than in he sprang
And aimed a mortal blow,
The crenel upon the buckler rang,
And having achieved an echoing clang,
It made no more ado.

The stranger knight wheeled quick as light,
And charging with gratitude,
Gave him good thank on his left flank,
And lo! a stream of blood!
Shall he this knight, so dread in fight,
Cede to this beardless foe,
And feel in his pain, returned again,
That vaunt of his so empty and vain,
That vaunt of the carrion crow?

Stung by the wound, not less by shame,
He gathered all his force,
And sprang again, with desperate aim,
His enemy to unhorse;
But he who watched the pointed lance
A dexterous movement made,
And saw his foe, as he missed the blow,
Rock in his selle both to and fro,
And vault o'er his horse's head.

Sore fainting from the loss of blood,
He lay upon the ground,
Nor e'er a leech within his reach
Can stop that fatal wound.
And there with many an honour full,
That brave and doughty knight,
Sir Bullstrode, who once strode the bull,
And killed (himself one) many a fool,
Has closed his eyes in night.

VI.

And now within the ballion court
There sits Sir Ravensbeard:
"Who shall me say what popinjay
Hath earned this proud reward?"



And there stands Katharine all confessed
In maiden dignity;
"Twas I, in 'fence of life sore pressed,
'Twas I, at honour's high behest,
This bad man made to die.

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“For hear me, sire, restrain your ire,
This knight you so admired,
A plan had laid to ruin my maid,
While he for my love aspired.
I claim the contract by his hand,
Whereto thou’rt guarantee,
And this young Allan is the man,
And he alone of all Scotland,
Thy Katharine’s lord shall be.”

V.

THE BALLAD OF AILIE FAA.

I.

Sir Robert has left his castle ha’,
The castle of fair Holmylee,
And gone to meet his Ailie Faa,
Where no one might be there to see.
He has sounded shrill his bugle horn,
But not for either horse or hound;
And when the echoes away were borne,
He listened for a well-known sound.

He hears a rustling among the leaves,
Some pattering feet are drawing near;
Like autumn’s breathings among the sheaves,
So sweet at eventide to hear:
His Ailie Faa, who is sweeter far
Than the white rose hanging upon the tree,
Who is fairer than the fairies are
That dance in moonlight on the lea.

Oh! there are some flowers, as if in love,
Unto the oak their arms incline;
And tho’ the tree may rotten prove,
They still the closer around it twine:
So has it been until this hour,
And so in coming time ’twill be,
Wherever young love may hang a flower,
’Twill think it aye ane trusty tree.



He has led her into a summer bower,
For he was fond and she was fain,
And there with all of a lover's power
He whispered that old and fatal strain,
Which those who sing it and those who hear
Have never sung and never heard,
But they have shed the bitter tear
For every soft delusive word.

He pointed to yon castle ha',
And all its holts so green and fair;
And would not she, poor Ailie Faa,
Move some day as a mistress there?
As the parched lea receives the rains,
Her ears drank up the sweet melodie;
A gipsy's blood flowed in her veins,
A gipsy's soul flashed in her eye.

Oh! it's time will come and time will go,
That which has been will be again;
This strange world's ways go to and fro,
This moment joy, the next is pain.
A sough has thro' the hamlet spread,
To Ailie's ear the tidings came,
That Holmylee will shortly wed
A lady fair of noble name.

II.

In yon lone cot adown the Lynne
A widowed mother may think it long
Since there were lightsome words within,
Since she has heard blithe Ailie's song.
A gloomy shade sits on Ailie's brow,
At times her eyes flash sudden fires,
The same she had noticed long ago,
Deep flashing in her gipsy sire's.

When the wind at even was low and loun,
And the moon paced on in her majesty
Thro' lazy clouds, and threw adown
Her silvery light o'er turret and tree,
Then Ailie sought the green alcove,
That place of fond lovers' lone retreat,
Where she for the boon of gentle love,
Had changed the meed of a deadly hate.

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She sat upon "the red Lynne stone,"
Where she between the trees might see,
By yon pale moon that shone thereon,
The goodly turrets of Holmylee.
And as she felt the throbbing pains,
And as she heaved the bursting sigh,
A gipsy's blood burned in her veins,
A gipsy's soul flashed in her eye.

If small the body that thus was moved,
So like the form that fairies wear,
It was that slenderness he loved,
So tiny a thing he might not fear.
But there is an insect skims the air,
Bedecked with azure and green and gold,
Whose sting is a deadlier thing by far
Than dagger of yon baron bold.

III.

She sat upon the red Lynne stone,
The midnight sky was overcast,
The winds are out with a sullen moan,
The angry Lynne is rolling past.
What then? there was no lack of light,
Full fifteen windows blazing shone
Up on the castle on the height,
While Ailie Faa sat there alone.

For there is dancing and deray
In the ancient castle of Holmylee,
And barons bold and ladies gay
Are holding high-jinks revelry.
Sir Robert has that day been wed,
'Midst sounding trumpets of eclat,
And one that night will grace his bed
Of nobler birth than Ailie Faa.

Revenge will claim its high command,
And Ailie is on her feet erect,
She passes nervously her hand
Between her jupe and jerkinet.
There lies a charm for woman's wrong,



Concealed where beats the bursting heart,
Which, ere an hour hath come and gone,
Will play somewhere a fatal part.

IV.

Up in the hall of Holmylee
Still sound the revel, the dance, and song,
And through the open doors and free
There pours the gay and stately throng;
But of all the knights and barons there,
The bridegroom still the foremost stood,
And she the fairest of the fair,
The bride who was of noble blood.

It was when feet were tripping
The mazes of the dance,
It was when lips were sipping
The choicest wines of France,
A wild scream rose within the hall,
Which pierced the roofen tree,
And in the midst was seen to fall
The Baron of Holmylee.

“To whom belongs this small stilette.
By whom our host is slain?”
Between a jupe and jerkinet
That weapon long had lain.
Each on his sword his hand did lay,
This way and that they ran;
But she who did the deed is away,
Ho! catch her if you can.

VI.

THE LEGEND OF THE FAIR EMERGILDE

I.

Thou little god of meikle sway,
Who rul'st from pole to pole,
And up beyond yon milky way,
Where wondrous planets roll:
Oh! tell me how a power divine,
That tames the creatures wild,

Whose touch benign makes all men kin,
Could slay sweet Emergilde?



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It's up the street, and down the street,
And up the street again,
And all the day, and all the way,
She looks at noble men;
But him she seeks she cannot find
In all that moving train;
No one can please that anxious gaze,
And own to "Ballenden."

From the high castle on the knowe,
Adown the Canongate,
And from the palace in the howe,
Up to the castle yett,
A hizzy here, a cadie there,
She stops with modest mien;
All she can say four words convey:
"I seek for Ballenden."

Nor more of our Scotch tongue she knew,
For she's of foreign kin,
And all her speech can only reach
"I seek for Ballenden."
No Ballenden she yet could find,
No one aught of him knew;
She sought at night dark Toddrick's Wynd,
Next morn to search anew.

II.

And who is she, this fair ladye,
To whom our land is strange?
Why all alone, to all unknown,
Within this city's range?
Her face was of the bonnie nut-brown
Our Scotch folk love to view,
When 'neath it shows the red, red rose,
Like sunlight shining through.

Her tunic was of the mazerine,
Of scarlet her roquelaire,
And o'er her back, in ringlets black,
Fell down her raven hair.
Her eyes, so like the falling sterns,



Seen on an August night,
Had surely won from eastern sun
Some rayons of his light.

And still she tried, and still she plied,
Her task so sad and vain,
The words still four—they were no more—
“I seek for Ballenden.”
No Ballenden could she yet find,
No one aught of him knew,
And still at night down Toddrick’s Wynd,
Next morn to search anew.

III.

In Euphan Barnet’s lowly room,
Adown that darksome wynd,
A ladye fair is lying there,
In illness sair declined;
Her cheeks now like the lily pale,
The roses waned away,
Her eyes so bright have lost their light,
Her lips are like the clay.

On her fair breast a missal rests,
Illumed with various dyes,
In which were given far views of heaven
In old transparencies.
There hangs the everlasting cross
Of emerald and of gold,
That cross of Christ so often kissed
When she her beads had told.

Those things are all forgotten now,
Far other thoughts remain;
And as she dreams she ever renes,
“I seek for Ballenden.”
Oh Ballenden! oh Ballenden!
Whatever, where’er thou be,
That ladye fair is dying there,
And all for love of thee.

IV.

In the old howf of the Canongate
There is a little lair,



And on it grows a pure white rose,
By love implanted there;
And o'er it hangs a youthful man,
With a cloud upon his brow,
And sair he moans, and sair he groans,
For her who sleeps below.



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No noble lord nor banneret,
Nor courtly knight is he,
No more than a simple advocate,
Who pleadeth for his fee.
He holds a letter in his hand,
On which bleared eyes are bent,
It came afar from Almanzar,
The Duke of Bonavent—

A noble duke whom he had seen
In his castle by the sea,
When for one night he claimed the right
Of his high courtesie;
And that letter said, "Kind sir, I write
In sorrow, sooth to say,
That my dear child, fair Emergilde,
Hath from us flown away;

"And all the trace that I can find
Is this, and nothing more,
She took to sea at Tripoli
For Scotland's distant shore.
It is a feat of strange conceit
That fills us with alarms:
Oh seek about, and find her out,
And send her to our arms."

V.

And who is he this letter reads
With tears the words atween?
Yea! even he she had sought to see,
The sair-sought Ballenden.
Yet little little had he thought,
When away in that far countrie,
That a look she had got of a humble Scot
Would ever remembered be.

But tho' he had deemed himself forgot
By one so far away,
Her image had still, against his will,
Him haunted night and day.
And when he laid him on his bed,

And sair inclined to sleep,
That face would still, against his will,
Its holy vigil keep.

Oh gentle youth, thou little thought,
When away in our north countrie,
That up and down, thro' all the town,
That ladye sought for thee.
And little little did thou wot
What in Euphan's room was seen,
Where, as she died, she whispering sighed,
"I die for Ballenden." [A]

[Footnote A: The reader will remember the romantic story of the English A'Becket; but it would seem our Scottish advocate was even more highly favoured. Nor is the romance in such cases limited to the ladies. I may refer to the pathetic story of Geoffrey Rudel, a gentleman of Provence, and a troubadour, who, having heard from the knights returned from the Holy Land of the hospitality of a certain countess of Tripoli, whose grace and beauty equalled her virtue, fell deeply in love with her without ever having seen her. In 1162 he quitted the court of England and embarked for the Holy Land. On his voyage he was attacked by a severe illness, and had lost the power of speech when he arrived at the port of Tripoli. The countess, being informed that a celebrated poet was dying of love for her on board a vessel, visited him on shipboard, took him by the hand, and attempted to cheer him. Rudel recovered his speech sufficiently to thank the countess for her humanity, and to declare his passion, when his expressions of gratitude were silenced by the convulsions of death. He was buried at Tripoli, beneath a tomb of porphyry which the countess raised to his memory. His verses "On Distant Love" were well known. They began thus:



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Angry and sad shall be my way
If I behold not her afar,
And yet I know not when that day
Shall rise, for still she dwells afar.
God, who has formed this fair array
Of worlds, and placed my love afar,
Strengthen my heart with hope, I pray,
Of seeing her I love afar.

]

VII.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE CASTLE OF WEIR.

I.

The baron has gone to the hunting green,
All by the ancient Castle of Weir,
With his guest, Sir Hubert, of Norman kin,
And a maiden, his only daughter dear—
The Ladye Tomasine, famed around
For beauty as well as for courtesie,
Wherever might sensible heads be found,
Or ears to listen, or eyes to see.
Nor merely skin-deep was she fair:
She had a spirit both true and leal,
As all about the Castle of Weir
Were many to know, and many to tell.
Right well she knew what it was to feel
Grim poverty in declining day,
With a purse to ope, and a hand to deal,
And tears to bless what she gave away;
Yet she was blithe and she was gay.
And now she has gone to the hunting green,
All on this bright and sunshiny day,
To fly her favourite peregrine,
With her hunting coat of the baudykin,
Down which there flowed her raven hair,
And her kirtle of the red sendal fine,
With an eagle's plume in her heading gear.



II.

If the knight had not a hawk on his wrist,
He had kestrel eyes both cunning and keen,
And the quarry of which he was in quest
Was the heart of the lovely Tomasine;
But the ladye thought him a kestrel kite,
With a grovelling eye to the farmer's coop,
And wanted the bold and daring flight
That mounts to the sun to make a swoop.

The Baron of Weir points to the sky,
"Ho! ho! a proud heron upon the wing!
Unhood, my Tomasine dear, untie!
Off with the jesses—away him fling!"
"Up! up! my Guy," cried the laughing maid,
As with nimble fingers she him unjessed,
"Up! up! and away! and earn thy bread,
Then back to thy mistress to be caressed."
Up sprang the bird with a joyful cry,
And eyed his quarry, yet far away,
Still up and up in the dark blue sky,
That he might aim a swoop on his prey;
Then down as the lightning bolt of Jove
On the heron, who, giving a scream of fear,
Shoots away from his enemy over above,
And makes for the rushing Water of Weir.

III.



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The Water of Weir is rushing down,
Foaming and furious, muddy and brown,
From the heights where the laughing Naeiads dwell,
And cascades leap from the craggy fell,
Where the mountain streamlets brattle and brawl,
'Midst the mountain maidens' echoing call,
Through pools where the water-kelpies wait
For the rider who dares the roaring spate.
Rain-fed, proud, turgid, and swollen,
Now foaming wild, now sombre and sullen;
Dragging the rushes from banks and braes,
Tearing the drooping branches of trees,
Rolling them down by scallop and scaur,
Involving all in a watery war—
Turned, and whirled, and swept along,
Down to the sea to be buried and gone.

The peregrine, fixed on the wader's back,
Is carried along in her devious track,
As with a weak and a wailing scream
The victim crosses the raging stream.
"I will lose, I will lose my gay peregrine!"
Cried shrilly the Lady Tomasine:
She will hurry across the bridge of wood,
With its rail of wattle which long hath stood;
Her nimble feet are upon the plank
That will bear her over from bank to bank;
She has crossed it times a thousandfold:
Time brings youth and Time makes old;
The wattles have rotted while she was growing,
The wind is up and the waters rowing,
And to keep her feet she must use her hand.
"Come back! come back!" was the baron's command,
Too late!—go wattles—a piercing scream!
And the maid falls into the roaring stream!
Round and round, in eddying whirl,
Who shall save the perishing girl?
Round and round, and down and away,
Nothing to grasp, and nothing to stay.
The baron stands fixed and wrings his hands,
And looks to Sir Hubert, who trembling stands.
Sir Hubert! one moment now is thine—
The next! and a power no less than divine



Can save this maid of so many charms
From the grasp of Death's enfolding arms.
Spring! spring! Sir Hubert, the moment is thine
To save a life, and a love to win.
No! no! the dastard kestrel kite
Aye hugs the earth in his stealthy flight.
Hope gone! the pool at the otter's cave
Will prove the Ladye Tomasine's grave.
Ho! ho! see yonder comes rushing down
A lithe young hind, though a simple clown—
Off bonnet and shoes, and coat and vest,
A plunge! and he holds her round the waist!
Three strokes of his arm, with his beautiful prize
All safe, although faint, on the bank she lies!
A cottager's wife came running down,
"Take care of the ladye," said the clown.
He has donned his clothes, and away he has gone,
His name unuttered, his home unknown.

IV.

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Up in the ancient Castle of Weir
Sat the baron, the knight, and the fair Tomasine;
And the baron he looked at his daughter dear,
While the salt tears bleared his aged eyne;
And then to the steward, with hat in hand:
“Make known unto all, from Tweed to Tyne,
A hundred rose nobles I’ll give to the man
Who saved the life of my Tomasine.”
Sir Hubert cried out, in an envious vein,
“Who is he that will vouch for the lurdan loon?
There’s no one to say he would know him again,
And another may claim the golden boon.”
Then said the ladye, “My eyes were closed,
And I never did see this wondrous man;
And the cottar woman she hath deposed
He was gone ere his features she could scan.”
“Ho!” cried the baron, “I watched him then,
As I stood on the opposite bank afeared;
Of a hundred men I would ken him again,
Though he were to doff his dun-brown beard.”

A year has passed at the Castle of Weir,
Yet no one has claimed the golden don;
Most wonderful thing to tell or to hear!
Was he of flesh and blood and bone?
Though golden nobles might not him wile,
Was there not something more benign?
Was not for him a maiden’s smile?
Was not that maiden Tomasine?

V.

The ladye sat within her summer bower
Alone, deep musing, in the still greenwood;
Sadly and slowly passed the evening hour,
Sad and sorrowful was her weary mood,
For she had seen, beneath a shadowing tree,
All fast asleep a beauteous rural swain,
Whom she had often sighed again to see,
But never yet had chanced to see again;—
So beautiful that, if the time had been
In a long mythic age now past and gone,
She might have deemed that she had haply seen



The all-divine Latona's fair-haired son
Come down upon our earth to pass a day
Among the daughters fair of earth-born men,
And had put on a suit of sober grey,
To appear unto them as a rural swain.
With features all so sweet in harmony,
You might have feigned they breathed a music mild,
With lire so peachy, fit to charm the eye,
And lips right sure to conquer when they smiled,
All seen through locks of lustrous auburn hair,
Which wanton fairies had so gaily thrown
To cover o'er a face so wondrous fair,
Lest Dian might reclaim him as her own.

In the still moonlit hour there steals along,
And falls upon her roused and listening ear
The notes of some night-wandering minstrel's song,
And oh! so sweet and sad it was to hear.
You might have deemed it came from teylin sweet,
Touched by some gentle fairy's cunning hand,
To tell us of those joys that we shall meet
In some far distant and far happier land;
And oft at night, as time still passed away,
That hopeless song throughout the greenwood came,
And oft she heard repeated in the lay
The well-known sound of her own maiden name;
And often did she wish, and often sighed,
That bashful minstrel for once more to see,
To know if he were him she had espied
All fast asleep beneath the greenwood tree.



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VI.

Alace! and alace! for that false pride
In the hearts of those of high degree,
And that gentle love should be decried
By its noblest champion, Chivalrie.
If the baron shall hear a whispered word
Of that fond lover's sweet minstrelsie,
That love-lorn heart and his angry sword
May some night better acquainted be.
Woe! woe! to the viper's envenomed tongue
That obeys the hest of a coward's heart,
Who tries to avenge his fancied wrong
By getting another to act his part.
Sir Hubert has lisped in the baron's ear,
When drinking wine at the evening hour,
That a minstrel clown met his daughter dear
At night in her lonely greenwood bower.
"Hush! hush! Sir Hubert, thy words are fires;
Elves are about us that hear and see,
Who may tell to the ghost of my noble sires
Of a damned blot on our pedigree."
And the baron frowned with darkened brow,
And by the bones of his fathers swore
That from that night this minstrel theou,
To his daughter would warble his love no more.

VII.

That night the minstrel sang in softer flow,
Waxing and waning soft and softer still,
Like autumn's night winds breathing loun and low,
Or evening murmur of the wimpling rill;
But there was heard that night no farewell strain,
As in foretime there ever used to be—
A stop! and then no more was heard again
That bashful lover's hapless minstrelsie.
Next morn the maid, with purpose to enjoy
The forest flowers and wild birds' early song,
Unto the greenwood went; and to employ
Her weary musing as she went along,
Love's magic memory from its depths upbrought



The notes that ever still so sweetly hung
About her heart; and as she gaily thought,
She sung them o'er as she had heard them sung.
Onward she moved: her dreamy, listless eye
Had leant upon a fragrant wild-rose bed,
And, glancing farther, what does she descry?
Stretched stiff and bloody, his sad spirit fled,
Yea, him whom when asleep she once had seen,
And had so often wished again to see,
Now dead and cold 'mong the leaves so green,
And all beneath the well-known greenwood tree.

"Good day, my ladye," then some one said—
It was Sir Hubert there close behind;
"He will sing no more, or I am belied,
For the reason, I wot, that he wanteth wind."
Up came the baron in angry vein;
He casts his eye on the body there;
He scans the features again and again
With a look of doubt and shudder of fear;
His hands he wrings with a groan of pain,
He rolls his eyeballs with gesture wild—
"Great God! by a villain's counsel I've slain
The youth who saved my darling child!"

Among yon hoary elms that o'er him grow
A harp is hung to catch the evening gale,
That sings to him in accents soft and low,
And soothes the maiden with its sorrowful wail,
Who, as she sits within her greenwood bower,
And listens to the teylin's solemn strain,
Bethinks her, in her tears, of every hour
That gentle youth had sung to her in vain.



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VIII.

THE ROMAUNT OF ST. MARY'S WYND.

I.

Of Scotland's cities, still the rarest
Is ancient Edinburgh town;
And of her ladies, still the fairest
There you see walk up and down:
Be they gay, or be they gayless,
There they beck and there they bow,
From the Castle to the Palace,
In farthingale and furbelow.

Says Lady Jane to Lady Janet,
"Thy gown, I vow, is stiff and grand;
Though there were feint a body in it,
Still I trow that it would stand."
And Lady Janet makes rejoinder:
"Thy boddice, madam, is sae tend,
The bonny back may crack asunder,
But, by my faith, it winna bend."

But few knew one both fairer, kinder,
The fair maid of St. Mary's Wynd;
Among the great you will not find her,
For she was of the humbler kind.
For her minnie spinning, plodding,
She wore no ribbons to her shune,
No mob-cap on her head nid-nodding,
But aye the linsey-woolsey gown.

No Lady Jane in silks and laces,
How fair soever she might be,
Could match the face—the nature's graces
Of this poor, humble Marjorie:
Her eyes they were baith mirk and merry,
Her lire was as the lily fair,
Her lips were redder than the cherry,
And flaxen was her glossy hair.

Ye bucks who wear the coats silk-braided,
With satin ribbons at your knee,



And cambric ruffles starched and plaited,
With cocked bonnets all ajee,
Who walk with mounted canes at even,
Up and down so jauntilie,
Ye would have given a blink of heaven
For one sweet smile from Marjorie.

But Marjory's care was aye her minnie,
And day by day she sat and span;
Nor did she think it aught but sin aye,
To bear the stare of gentleman:
She doated on her own dear Willie,
For dear to her fond heart was he,
Who, though his sire was poor, yet still he
Was far above the low degree.

It was aye said his father's father
Did claim some Spanish pedigree,
Which many well believed, the rather
That he was not of our countrie:
His skin was brown as nut of hazel,
His eye was black as Scottish sloe,
And all so bright that it would dazzle
The eye that looked that eye into.

There came into his head a notion,
Which wrought and wrought within his brain,
That he would cross th' Atlantic Ocean,
And seek the land of Spanish Main;
And there amass a routh of treasure,
And then come back with bosom leal
To his own Marjory, and release her
From rock and reel and spinning wheel.

Up spake the minnie—it did not please her
That he should "gae sae far frae hame:"
"Thou'lt reap less in yon Abiezer
Than thou wilt glean in this Ephraim;
For there's a proverb faileth never;
A lintie safe within the hand,
Though lean and lank, is better ever
Than is a fat finch on the wand."



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Then Marjory, with eye so tearful,
Whispered in dark Willie's ear,
"Thou wilt not go and leave me careful,
Friendless, lanely, starving here;
My minnie God hath gien a warning,
And I can do nae mair than spin,
And slowly, slowly comes the earning
That with my wheel I daily win."

"Oh fear not, Marjory dear—content ye,
Blackfriar John hath to me sworn,
That man of God will kindly tent ye
Until that I again return;
And he has promised fair to write me
Of how ye live and prosper twain,
And I will faithfully requite ye
With my true love to you again."

II.

Dark Willie took his sad departure,
And left at home his Marjory dear
To doubt and fear from every quarter,
Weep—weeping sadly on the pier;
And o'er the sea, all dangers scorning,
And o'er the sea he boldly sailed,
Until upon the fortieth morning
The promised land at length he hailed.

Now! thou one of the fateful sisters
That spins for man the silver thread,
Spin one of gold that glints and glisters
For one who stands in meikle need;
Spin it quick and spin it finely,
Till Willie's golden fortune's made,
And send him back to Marjory kindly,
Who spins at home for daily bread.

There was a rich old Spanish senor,
Who bore dark Willie's Spanish name,
And came to feel the kindly tenor
Of plighted friendship's sacred claim:
He gave his right hand to dark Willie,



With shares of a great companie,
Which sent forth goods far o'er the billow,
In ships that sailed on every sea.

Don Pedro had an only daughter,
The Donna Clara, passing fair,
Who, when her sire took his departure,
Would be her father's only heir:
Her eyes, so like two sterns of even,
Shining the murky clouds among,
And black her ringlets as the raven,
That o'er her marble shoulders hung.

Oh Willie! Willie! have thou care, man!
And give unto thine heart a stay,
For there are witcheries working there, man,
May steal that heart of thine away.
No need! to him blue eyes are glowing,
To him most beautiful of all,
No need! for flaxen hair is flowing
To keep his loving heart in thrall.

III.

A year had passed, and he had written
Of loving letters more than one,
The while gold pieces still remitting
All to holy Blackfriar John;
Yet still no answer had he gotten;
And as the days still passed away,
He fell to musing, and deep thought on
What had caused the strange delay.

What now to him those golden pieces
That he so fastly now could earn?
Ah, love like his gives no releases,
However Clara's eyes might yearn;
He wandered hither, wandered thither,
By sad forebodings nightly tossed;
He wandered now, he wandered ever,
In mournful musing sadly lost.



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But time would tell: there came a letter
That filled his soul with dire dismay,
And told him his dark fears' abettor,
His Marjory's health had flown away:
Even as the clay her cheek was paling,
Her azure eyes were waxing dim,
Her hair unkemp't, and loose, and trailing,
And all for hopeless love of him.

Sad harbinger of things to harrow,
Another came, ah! soon a day,
To tell him his dear winsome marrow
From this sad world had passed away.
No more for him those eyes so merry,
That were to him so sweet to see!
No more those lips red as the cherry,
That were to him so sweet to pree!

IV.

Alas! there are of things—we see them
Without the aid of wizard's spell;
But there are other things—we dree them,
No art of wizard can foretell:
Strange thing the heart where love has power,
So tossed with joy or racked with pain!
Dark Willie from that fatal hour
Seemed fated ne'er to smile again.

In vain now Clara, sembling gladness,
Plies the magic of her wile,
To draw him off from his great sadness,
And cheat him of a loving smile:
The more her sympathy she tenders,
The more he will by art defy
All beauty which but contrast renders
With his own dear lost Marjory.

V.

Now Time's big silent, solemn billow
Rolls quietly on from year to year:



Don Pedro lies on his green pillow,
With love-lorn Clara sleeping near.
But, ere he died, he did declare it
His pleasure when his days were told,
And Clara dead, with none to share it,
Don William should heir all his gold.

Gift vain, oh vain! would wealth restore him
His long-lost Marjory to his arms?
Nay, would it wake and bring before him
One only of her envied charms?
No, it might cause another courtship,
A love he could not now control:
Great Mammon lured him to his worship,
And lorded in his inmost soul.

What though ten years away had stolen?
'Twas not to him all weary time,
Who every day was pleased to roll in
The tempting Mammon's golden shrine.
But when he laid him on his pillow,
His fancy sought the farthest east,
And conjured up some lonely willow
That waved o'er her he loved the best.

Change still—a passion changed to pity!
No other solace would he have—
A wish to see his native city,
And sit and weep o'er Marjory's grave.
To see that house, yea, buy the sheiling
In that old wynd of St. Marie,
A hermit there to live and dwell in,
Then sleep beside his Marjorie.

VI.

Blow soft, ye winds, and tender-hearted
This hermit waft to yonder shore,
From which for sordid gold he parted
Ten weary years and one before.
Ho! there's the pier where last he left her,
That dear, loved one, to weep alone,
And for that love of gold bereft her
Of all the pleasures she could own.



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He's now within the ancient borough!
He sought the well-known White Horse Inn,
And there he laid him down in sorrow,
Some strengthening confidence to win;
Then up the street, with none to greet him,
He held his sad and sorrowing way,
When lo! who should be there to meet him
But Friar John?—who slunk away.

Strange thing! but lo! the sacred sheiling
In that old wynd of St. Marie—
The window where with mirthful feeling
He tap't the sign to Marjorie.
He sought the lobby dark and narrow,
Groped gently for the well-known door,
Where he might hear of his winsome marrow,
Who died there many years before.

He drew the latch, and quietly entered;
There some one spinning merrilie!
A faltering question then he ventured:
"My name, kind sir, is Marjorie."
"Great God!" he cried, in voice all trembling,
And sank upon a crazy chair,
And tried to trace a strange resembling
In her who sat beside him there.

A maiden she still young and buxom,
Nor change but what ten years may bring,
Her hair still of the glossy flaxen,
Her eyes still blue as halcyon's wing.
He traced the lines, he knew each feature
Of all her still unfaded charms;
And now this long lost, worshipped creature
Is locked fast in his loving arms.

"Look up! look up! thy fear controlling,
It is thy Willie's voice that calls:"
She oped her eyes—now wildly rolling
All o'er his face the lustrous balls—
"It is, it is—oh, powers most holy!
And I had heard that thou wert dead;
And here, in spite of melancholy,
I still spin for my daily bread."



“’Twas Friar John wrote me a letter,
He said he saw thee on thy bier;
And sore I mourned with tears, oh bitter!
For one I ever loved so dear.”
“Oh, wae befa’ that wicked friar,
Who sairly tried my love to gain;
Wae, wae befa’ that wicked liar,
Wha brought on us sae meikle pain.”

Then Willie said, with tears encumbered,
“Cheer up, cheer up, dear Marjorie,
For I have gold in sums unnumbered,
And it shall all belong to thee.”
“And art thou true, and still unmarried?
And is thy bodie not a seim?
And is it true my ears have carried,
Or is it a’ a lying dream?”

“All, all is true, my dearest hinny,
What thou’rt to me I am to thee,
Our years on earth may still be many,
And quickly we shall wedded be.”
“Ah, weel! ah, weel!” and sighing, sobbing,
She on his breast her head hath lain;
And as he felt her bosom throbbing,
He kissed her ower and ower again.

And he has bought a noble mansion,
And stocked it with all things genteel
Of costly price—nor need we mention
The rock and reel and spinning-wheel;
And he has bought a noble carriage,
With servants in gay liverie,
I trow there was an unco marriage
In the ancient wynd of Saint Marie.

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IX.

THE LEGEND OF MARY LEE.[A]

(Another Version.)

[Footnote A: See the strange song of the same name in the *Scottish Gallovidian Encyclopaedia*, from which I borrow some of the maledictory epithets. Grotesque they may be, but they are justified by the vocabulary of our old witch-sibyls used in curses and incantations, as we find in books of diablerie.]

Though Robert was heir to broad Kildearn,
He had often with gipsies roved,
And from gipsies he came a name to earn,
Which was dear to the maid he loved.
To ladies fair he was Robert St. Clair,
When he met them in companie;
To a certain one, and to her alone,
He was only Robin-a-Ree.[2]

[Footnote 2: Kingly, or royal, in the gipsy tongue.]

Through Kildearn's woods they were wont to rove,
And they knew well the trysting tree;
The green sward was their bed of love,
And the green leaves their canopie.
But the love of the virgin heart is shy,
And hangs between hope and fear;
It is fed by the light of a lover's eye,
And it trusts thro' the willing ear.

"My Mary! I swear by yon Solway tide,
Which is true to the queen of night,
That thou shalt be my chosen bride
When I come to my lawful right:
My father is now an aged man,
And but few years more can see;
And when he dies, old Kildearn's land
Belongs to Robin-a-Ree."

"Oh Robin, oh Robin," and Mary sighed,
"Aye faithfu' to you I hae been,
As true as ever yon Solway tide
Is true to yon silvery queen."



And faithfu' and true I will ever prove
Till that happy day shall be,
When I will be in honoured love
The wife o' Robin-a-Ree."

Green be thy leaves, thou "tree of troth,"
And thy rowan berries red,
Where he has sworn that holy oath,
If he stand to what he has said.
But black and blasted may thou be,
And thy berries a yellow green,
If he prove false to Mary Lee,
Who so faithful to him has been.

For a woman's art and a woman's wile
A man may well often slight,
At the worst they are but nature's guile
To procure what is nature's right.
But a woman's wrath, when once inflamed
By a sense of fond love betrayed,
No cunning device by cunning framed
Has ever that passion laid.

II.

Passions will range and passions will change,
And they leave no mortal in peace,
There is nothing in man that to us seems strange
That to passion you may not trace.
The heart that will breathe the warmest love
Is the first oft to cease its glow,
The fairest flower in the forest grove
Is often the first to dow.

A woman's eye is aye quick to see
The love of a lover decay:
And why from the trusty trysting tree
Does Robin now stay away?
There are other trees in the wood as green,
With as smooth a sward below,
Where lovers may lie in the balmy e'en,
And their love to each other show.



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'Twas when the moon in an autumn night
Threw shadows throughout the wood,
She heard some sounds; and with footsteps light,
Where no one could see, she stood.
She listened, and with an anxious ear,
To know who these there might be:
A youth was there with his mistress dear,
And the youth was Robin-a-Ree.

Silent and gloomy she wandered home,
And went to her bed apart,
No softening tear to her eye would come,
No sigh from her aching heart.
The balmy milk of a woman's breast
Waxed curdled green and sour,
And Mary Lee was by all confessed
As changed from that fatal hour.

At times, when the moon gave little light,
She sat by the Solway side,
And thought, as she sat, of that happy night
When he swore by the Solway tide.
Far sweeter to her the roaring wind,
Than when it was solemn and low,
For the waters he swore by seemed to her mind
As resenting that broken vow.

Still darker and darker the cloud on her brow,
Yet paler her tearless cheek;
But no one her sorrow would ever know,
Nor word would she ever speak.
'Tis the story old, old, so often told,
To be told while time shall be,
Fair Catherine, the heiress of Ravenswold,
Is the wife of Robin-a-Ree.

III.

It was on an angry winter night,
When Mary sat in her gloom,
There came to her door an ill-doing wight—
Kildearn's drunken groom:
He placed in her hand a gold-filled purse,



And spoke of love's sacred flame;
And well she knew the unholy source
Whence the man and the money came.

"Awa and awa, thou crawling worm,
On whom thy horse will tread
Awa and awa, and tell Kildearn,
I accept his noble meed."
She placed the purse in a cabinet old,
And locked it right carefullie,
"Lie there, lie there, thou ill-won gold.
Till needed thou shalt be."

IV.

The years roll on, nor Robin-a-Ree
Can their onward progress stay,
The years roll on, and children three,
Have blessed his bridal day.
And Mary Lee is there to see,
As she sat in her lonely home,
Two of Kildearn's children three,
Borne away to Kildearn's tomb.

But none of these years work change on her:
As she seeks the lone greenwood,
She sees a man lying bleeding there,
While his horse beside him stood.
He called for help, where help there was none,
Tho' Mary was standing near,
Who spoke in a solemn eldritch tone,
Words strange to the human ear:

"The hairy adder I dinna like,
When I the fell creature meet,
Neither like I the moon-baying tyke.
Nor the Meg-o'-moniefeet.
I canna thole the yellow-wamed ask,
Sae fearful a thing to see;
But mair than a', and ower them a',
I hate fause Robin-a-Ree."



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V.

Time puts in the sack that behind him hangs
Of things both old and new,
And every hour brings stranger things
Than those we have bidden adieu.
The last one of those children three,
Young Hector, Kildearn's pride,
Has gone, in his childish mirth and glee,
To play by the Solway tide.

That tide by which his father swore
As true to the silvery queen—
That tide is breaking with sullen roar,
And Hector no more is seen.
They may search, they may drag—the search is vain,
No Hector they'll ever find;
A lugger is yonder, away to the main,
Borne on an eastern wind.

And there is a woman who stands in the bay,
And she holds out both her hands,
As if she would wave that lugger away
To some of the distant lands.
And if you will trace her to her hold,
Where a purse of gold was laid,
You will find the drawer, but not the gold,
For the purse and gold are fled.

VI.

Time flies, but sin breeds in-and-in,
And a father's grief is stern;
Robin is dead, and a distant kin
Now calls himself Kildearn.
The moon's pale light falls on yonder tomb,
By which sits a woman grey,
And sings in the blast a revengeful doom,
In a woman's weird way.

“Chirk! whutthroats in yon auld taff dyke,
Hoot! grey owl in yon shaw,



Howl out! ye auld moon-baying tyke,
Ye winds mair keenly blaw,
Till ye rouse to the rage o' a wintry storm
The waves of the Solway sea,
And wauken the brawnit connach worm
On the grave o' Robin-a-Ree."

VII.

More years passed on. Ho! near by the cove
Is a ship with a pirate crew,
All bound in honour and fear and love,
To their captain, Hector Drew;
Who looked through his glass at old Kildearn,
As thoughts through his memory ran,
And fain of that house he would something learn.
But he is an outlawed man.

Nor venture could he to come upon land,
Except under cloud of night,
And he and all his pirate band
Lie hidden there out of sight;
That he might plunder Kildearn House
Of its gold and its jewelrie,
Then away, and away, again to cruise
Where rovers aye love to be.

But there is one who stands on the shore,
Who knew that pirate hoy,
Whose captain she bribed many years before
To steal away Kildearn's boy.
She has sent the bloodhounds to the wood,
They have seized them every loon,
And sent them to answer for deeds of blood,
To Edwin's old castled toun.

The Admiral High of old Scotland
Has them tried for deeds so dark,
And they are decreed by his high command
To be hanged within high-water mark.
On the sands of Leith, as St. Giles struck two,
And within the hem of the sea,
There Captain Drew and all his crew
Were hanged for piracie.



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And so it is true that a woman's wile
A man may with safety slight,
At worst it may be but nature's guile
To procure what is nature's right.
But a woman's wrath, if once inflamed
By a sense of fond love betrayed,
No cunning device by cunning framed
Has ever that passion laid.

THE BALLAD OF AGE AND YOUTH.

I left yon stately castle on the height,
The ancient halls of lordly Ravenslee,
Wherein was met, in grandeur all bedight,
Of knights and dames a gallant companie;
For I was in a misanthropic mood,
And deemed that gay galaverie false and vain,
And wished to lie or loiter in some wood,
And give my fancy her unbridled rein.

I left them all in flush of pleasure's sport,
Some knights with damoiselles gone forth to woo,
Some listing gleemen in the ballion court,
Some deep in ombre, some at lanterloo,
Some gone a-hawking with the merlyon,
Some at their noon-meat sipping Spanish wine,
Some conning old romances on the lawn,
And all to meet in hall at hour of dine.

II.

Down in Dalmossie dell I sought a nook
Beneath a thick and widely-spreading tree,
And there I sat to con my little book,
My book of old black-letter grammarie.
All stillness in that deep and lonely dell
Save hum of bumble-bee on nimble wing,
Or zephyr sporting round the wild blue bell,
While fancy feigned some tiny tinkle-ring.

Lo! come from yonder sheiling by the burn
An aged pair whom Time claimed as his own—



Their clothes all brown, and sere and sadly worn,
But brushed and clean, and tentily put on.
I noted well the signs of their great eild,
Their shrunken limbs, their locks of snowy hair,
The wobbling walk, the bowing, bending bield,
The wrinkled cheeks, and looks of dule and care.

I thought on hapless man—with changing face,
Each day more furrowed as he wears along.
He looks into the glass to cry Alace!
Alace for that spring time that's past and gone!
He looks askance, and sees young eyes that lour
On him, so comely once, unsightly grown:
The faded roses make a scented bower,
But aged man seems spurned by man alone.

Yet happy he who, changing with advance,
Has bright and golden hopes beyond the sun;
He can give back their saucy, pitying glance,
Who set such wondrous price their youth upon.
Their night will come in turn, yea, comes apace,
Without, mayhap, the hope of brighter day,
When age-worn looks will don their native grace,
And feel no more this world's despised decay.

III.

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That aged pair sat down upon the green,
While each the other helped to softest seat,
I watched their ways, myself by them unseen,
And heard their quivering words, so kindly sweet,
As still of golden days when they were young,
Of youth's green summer time they spoke and wept,
And soft in wailing song there came along
These words, which I in memory long have kept:

THE SONG OF AGE.[A]

"The trees they are high, John, the leaves they are green,
The days are awa that you and I have seen;
The days are awa that we have seen;
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again.

"There was joy at our marriage—a dance on the green,
They a' roosed the light of my bonnie blue een,
My bonnie blue een, where tears may now be seen;
And oh! that we were to be married again,
Married again, married again,
And oh! that we were to be married again.

"The grass it is wet, John, the wind it is keen,
Our claes they are worn, and our shune they are thin;
Our shune they are thin, and the waters come in;
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again.

"There was joy in our youth, John, at wish's command,
We danced and we sang, and we ilka gate ran,
But now dule and sorrow's on ilka hand;
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again,
Summer again, summer again,
And oh! for youth's bonnie green summer again.

"There's graves in yon howf, John, and hillocks o' green,
Where our bairns lie sleeping that left us alane,
And they're waiting for us till we gae to creep in;
And alas! for youth's bonnie green summer again,



Summer again, summer again,
And alas! for youth's bonnie green summer again."

When *she* had crooned her chant, I heard *him* say,
With sobbing voice and deep heart-heaving sigh,
"Dry up thae tears, my Jean, for things away,
Time's but a watch-tick in eternity;
We darena sing of earth, but lift our prayer
To Him whose promises are never vain,
That we may dwell in yonder Eden fair,
And see youth's summer blooming green again."

Then rose a prayer to Bethel's Lord and King
That He would lead them through this vale of woe,
And to the promised land his children bring,
Where Babel's streams in living waters flow.
They left: again all silence in the dell
Save hum of bumble-bee on nimble wing,
Or zephyr sporting round the wild blue bell,
While fancy feigned some tiny tinkle-ring.

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[Footnote A: Some readers may recognise in the old woman's song portions of an ancient ditty that used to be chanted in a wailing cadence in several parts of Scotland. I suspect the song as a whole is lost—the more to be regretted for its sweet simplicity and melodious wail (so far as judged in the fragments), which in a modern song would be viewed as weakness or affectation. Indeed, the modes of thought and feeling that belong to what is called advanced civilisation are impatient of these things except as rude relics of yet untutored minds; and the pleasure with which they are accepted has in it perhaps a grain of pity for those that didn't know better than produce them. Yet, as regards mere poetical feeling at least, the nearer the fountainhead the purer the water.]

IV.

And is not youth, thought I, a vulgar thing,
When lording over WISDOM'S ancient reign?
What may avail the brilliancy of spring
If autumn yields no hoards of garnered grain?
Experience is the daughter of old Time,
Mother of Wisdom, last and noblest born,
Who comes as Faith to help our waning prime,
To cheer the night of age and light the morn.

I sought at eve the castle on the height,
The ancient halls of lordly Ravenslee,
Oh! contrast great! gay scene of youth's delight—
The spinette, galliard, mirth's galaverie!
I thought upon the couple in the wood,
And how that singing, dancing, laughing train
Would one day sigh in Time's avenging mood,
"Alas! for youth's green summer time again."

XI.

THE LEGEND OF CRAIGULLAN.[A]

[Footnote A: This legend has been referred to several Scotch families—one in Fife in particular, the name of which it would be imprudent to mention.]

Yonder the halls of old Craigullan!
To weird doom for ever true;
The moaning winds are sad and sullen,
The screech-owl hoots too-hoo! too-hoo!
The lazy burn-clock drones around,



The wing-mouse flaps the choking air,
The croaking frog hops on the ground,
For weird fate is working there.

Each wing had once a goodly tower
Of stately beild, both broad and high;
In every tower a lady's bower,
Bedecked with silken tapestry;
In every bower a lovely maid,
Her youth and beauty all in vain;
And with each maid a keeper staid
To watch the wanderings of her brain.

'Twas said that those who went that way
Would hear some shrill and piercing wail
Come from these towers, and die away
As borne upon the passing gale;
Yet none could say from whom it came,
Far less divine the reason why;
And Superstition, with her dream,
Could only whisper mystery—
Unholy spirits haunting nigh,
And screaming in the midnight hour,
Presage of vengeance from on high
For deeds done in Craigullan's tower.



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If Superstition has her dream,
She also has her waking hour;
Nor ever man, howe'er supreme,
Can free him from her mystic power.
And it was told, in whispering way,
That once Craigullan led his hounds
Out forth upon a Sabbath day
Within the church bells' sacred sounds;
And as he rode, by fury fired,
A woman, pregnant, overthrown
Beneath his horse's hoofs, expired,
And, dying, shrieked this malison:
*From this day forth, till time shall cease,
May madness haunt Craigullan's race!*

The words struck on a sceptic's ear:
Would woman's curse his pleasure stay?
He blew his horn both loud and clear,
And with his hounds he hied away.
He conned no more the weird reve
Which all conspired to prove untrue,
For he had healthy daughters five,
Who up in maiden beauty grew—
Clorinda, Isobel, and Jane—
Such was the order of their birth—
And Florabel and Clementine,
All lovely, gay, and full of mirth.

But man is blind, with all his power,
And gropes through life his darksome way;
Nor ever thinks the evil hour
May come within the brightest day.

As custom went, a noble throng
Hath filled Craigullan's ancient hall,
Amidst th' inspiring dance and song,
Clorinda is admired of all.
The sun with his enlivening light
Brings out the viper and the rose,
And joy that cheers will oft excite
Dark Mania from her long repose.
Amidst the dance and music there—
The dance which she so proudly led—



A maniac shriek has rent the air—
Clorinda falls, her reason fled.

In vain shall passing time essay
To soothe the dire domestic pain;
Fair Isobel becomes the prey
Of that same demon of the brain.
When autumn winds were sighing low,
When birds were singing on the tree,
Amidst their song she met the foe,
And sank beneath the fell decree.

Nor yet the sibyl leaf all read,
Dark Nemesis is grim and sullen;
She bends again her vengeful head—
Woe! woe! to old Craigullan.
The next by fatal count of Time,
The next by her foreboding fears—
Jane falls, like those in early prime—
She falls amidst a mother's tears.

Nor finished yet the weird spell,
Wrought out by some high powers divine.
The victim next is Florabel,
The fairest of Craigullan's line.
The shadow fell upon her bloom,
Grew darker as the period neared,
As if the terror of her doom
Wrought out the issue which it feared.

If Superstition has her dreams,
Proud reason has her mystic day;
And who shall harmonize the themes
In this world's dark and dreary way?
If Clementine is yet forgot,
Is the relief to her a gain?
She fears the demon in each thought,
In every fancy of the brain.
If once a cheerful thought shall rise,

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The dreaded enemy is near;
If once her heaving bosom sighs,
The vengeful demon will appear.
In vain she seeks the greenwood grove,
In vain she hears the merlin sing,
In vain she seeks her flower alcove,
In vain for her the roses spring.
If holy peace she tries to seek,
She hears Clorinda's maniac song,
Or Florabel's ecstatic shriek,
Sounding the stilly woods among.

What though Sir Walter seeks her bower,
And pleads his suit on bended knee
With all a lover's magic power,
That she his lady-love shall be?
He does not know her secret pain;
She dare not whisper in his ear;
She dare not trust that she is sane;
She loves him, but she loves with fear.

This is *her* madness. Who shall know
If she with reason, *they* without,
Which have the greater load of woe?
Her sisters have not sense to doubt.
This is the world's madness too:
We seek for truth, and seek in vain.
While madly we the false pursue,
Who shall decide that he is sane?

And still the halls of old Craigullan
To weird doom are ever true;
The moaning winds are sad and sullen,
The grey owl hoots too-hoo! too-hoo!

XII.

THE HERMIT OF THE HILLS.



“Intruder, thou shalt hear my tale,” the solitary said,
While far adown beneath our feet the fiery levin played;
The thunder-clouds our carpet were—we gazed upon the storm,
Which swept along the mountain sides in many a fearful form.

I sat beside the lonely man, on Cheviot’s cloudless height;
Above our heads was glory, but beneath more glorious night;
For the sun was shining over us, but lightnings flashed below,
Like the felt and burning darkness of unutterable woe.

“I love, in such a place as this,” the desolate began,
“To gaze upon the tempests wild that separate me from man;
To muse upon the passing things that agitate the world—
View myself as by a whirlwind to hopeless ruin hurled.

“My heart was avaricious once, like yours the slave of feeling—
Perish such hearts! vile dens of crime! man’s selfishness concealing;
For self! damned self’s creation’s lord!—man’s idol and his god!
Twas torn from me, a blasted, bruised, a cast off, worthless load.

“Some say there’s wildness in my eyes, and others deem me crazed,
They, trembling, turn and shun my path—for which let Heaven be praised!
They say my words are blasphemy—they marvel at my fate,
When ’tis my happiness to know they *pity* not, but *hate*.

“My father fell from peace and wealth the day that I was born—
My mother died, and he became his fellow-gambler’s scorn;
I know not where he lived or died—I never heard his name—
An orphan in a workhouse, I was thought a child of shame.

“Some *friend* by blood had lodged me there, and bought my keeper too,
Who pledged his oath he would conceal what of my tale he knew.
Death came to him—he called on me the secret to unfold,
But died while he was uttering the little I have told.

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"My soul was proud, nor brooked restraint—was proud, and I was young;
And with an eager joyancy I heard his flattering tongue
Proclaim me not of beggars born—yea, as he speaking died,
I—greedy—mad to know the rest—stood cursing by his side.

"I looked upon the homely garb that told my dwelling-place—
It hung upon me heavily—a token of disgrace!
I fled the house—I went to sea—was by a wretch impressed,
The stamp of whose brutality is printed on my breast.

"Like vilest slave he fettered me, my flesh the irons tore—
Scourged, mocked, and worse than buried me upon a lifeless shore,
Where human foot had never trod—upon a barren rock,
Whose caves ne'er echoed to a sound save billows as they broke.

"'Twas midnight; but the morning came. I looked upon the sea,
And a melancholy wilderness its waters were to me;
The heavens were black as yonder cloud that rolls beneath our feet,
While neither land nor living thing my eager eyes could meet.

"I naked sat upon the rock; I trembled—strove to pray;
Thrice did I see a distant sail, and thrice they bore away.
My brain with hunger maddening, as the steed the battle braves,
Headlong I plunged from the bare rock and buffeted the waves.

"Methought I saw a vessel near, and bitter were my screams,
But they died within me echoless as voices in our dreams;
For the winds were howling round me, and the suffocating gush
Of briny horrors rioted, the cry of death to crush.

"My senses fled. I lifelessly upon the ocean slept;
And when to consciousness I woke, a form before me wept.
Her face was beautiful as night; but by her side there stood
A group, whose savage glances were more dismal than the flood.

"They stood around exultingly; they snatched me from the wave—
Stole me from death—to torture me, to sell me as a slave.
She who stood o'er me weeping was a partner of my chains.
We were sold, and separation bled my heart with deeper pains.

"I knew not what her birth had been, but loved her with a love
Which nor our tyrant's cruelty nor mockery could move.
I saw her offered to a Moor—another purchased me;
But, Heavens! my arms once fetterless, ere midnight I was free!



“Memory, with eager eye, had marked her master’s hated door—
I grasped a sabre, reached the house, and slew the opposing Moor.
I bore her rapidly away; a boat was on the beach—
We put to sea—saw morning dawn ‘yond our pursuers’ reach

“I gazed upon her silently—I saw her sink to sleep,
As darkness gathered over us upon the cheerless deep;
I saw her in her slumber start—unconsciously she spoke—
Oh death!—she called upon *his* name who left me on the rock!

“Then there was madness in my breast and fury in my brain—
She never heard *that name* from me, yet uttered it again!
I started forth and grasped her hand—‘Are we pursued?’ she cried—
I trembled in my agony, and speechless o’er her sighed.

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"I ventured not to speak of love in such an awful hour,
For hunger glistened in our eyes, and grated to devour
The very rags that covered us! My pangs I cannot tell,
But in that little hour I felt the eternity of hell.

"For the transport of its tortures did in that hour surround
Two beings on the bosom of a shoreless ocean found;
As we gazed upon each other, with a dismal longing look,
And jealousy, but not from love, our tortured bosoms shook.

"I need but add that we were saved, and by a vessel borne
Again toward our native land to be asunder torn.
The maiden of my love was rich—was rich—and I was poor;
A soulless menial shut on me her wealthy guardian's door.

"She knew it not, nor would I tell—tell! by the host of heaven,
My tongue became the sepulchre of sound!—my heart was riven.
I fled society and hope; the prison of my mind
A world of inexpressible and guilty thoughts confined.

"She was not wed—my hope returned; ambition my soul,
Sweeping round me like a fury, while the beacon and the goal
Of desire, ever turbulent and sleepless, was to have
The hand that mine had rescued from the fetters of a slave.

"I was an outcast on the earth, but braved my hapless lot;
And while I groaned impatiently, weak mortals heard it not.
A host of drear, unholy dreams did round my pillow haunt,
While my days spent in loneliness were darkened o'er with want.

"At length blind fortune favoured me—my breast to joy awoke;
And then he who had left me on the isolated rock,
I met within a distant land; nor need I further tell,
But that we *met* as equals there, and my antag'nist fell.

"Awhile I brooded on his death; and gloomily it brought
A desolateness round me, stamping guilt on every thought.
I trembling found how bloodily my vengeance was appeased,
At what vile price my bosom was of *jealousy* released.

"For still the breathing of his name by her I lov'd had rung
In remembrance, like the latest sound that falleth from the tongue
Of those best loved and cherished, when upon the bed of death
They bequeath to us their injuries to visit in our wrath.



“But soon these griefs vanished, like a passing summer storm,
And a gush of hope like sunshine flashed around me, to deform
The image of repentance, while the darkness of remorse
Retreated from its presence with a blacker with’ring curse.

“I hurried home in eagerness—the leaden moments fled;
My burning tale of love was told—was told—and we were wed.
A tumult of delightfulness had rapt my soul in flame,
But on that day—my wedding day—a mourning letter came.

“Joy died on ev’ry countenance—she, trembling, broke the seal—
Screamed—glanced on me! and lifeless fell, unable to reveal
The horrid tale of death that told her new-made husband’s guilt—
The hand which she that day had wed, her brother’s blood had spilt.

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"That brother in his mother's right another name did bear:
Twas him I slew—all shrank from me in horror and in fear;
They seized me in my bridal dress—my bride still senseless lay—
I spoke not while they pinioned me and hurried me away.

"They lodged me in a criminal cell, by iron gratings barred,
And there the third day heavily a funeral bell I heard.
A sable crowd my prison passed—they gazed on it with gloom:
It was my bride—my beautiful—they followed to the tomb!

"I was acquitted; but what more had I with life to do?
I cursed my fate—my heart—the world—and from its creatures flew.
Intruder, thou hast heard my tale of wretchedness and guilt—
Go, mingle with a viler world, and tell it if thou wilt."

XIII.

THE BALLAD OF RUMBOLLOW.

The clouds are flying, the trees are sighing,
The birds are hopping from bough to bough;
The winds are blowing, the snowflakes throwing
O'er the green earth below, below;
The storm is coming while I am roaming
The thick dark forest all through, all through;
The air is nipping, my clothes are dripping,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.[A]

On a felled tree lying a woman sits sighing,
Rocking a child both to and fro;
Her gown it is torn, her shoes they are worn—
She looks like a creature of woe, of woe;
Her eyes are glowing, her hair is flowing,
She's all over white with the snow, the snow;
She rocks the child with a gesture wild,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.

The child is crying, and she is trying
To lull it asleep—balow! balow!
And while she is singing, the snowflakes are winging
And whirling in eddies all through, all through.
I listed the rening and wondered the meaning:
Was it the tale of her woe, her woe—



A truthful crooning or a maniac mooning—
All in the forest of Rumbollow?

[Footnote A: The old song called “Rumbollow Fair” is said by Pinkerton to have been lost. I have heard a refrain, “All in the Forest of Rumbollow,” but whether this has any relation to the old song I do not know. I fear I am altogether responsible for this rhapsodical effusion.]

THE SONG OF THE BETRAYED.

“Balow! balow! my bonnie bairn—
Nae father to care for you;
As your mother has sinned so shall she earn,
And to her the world is hard and stern,
Who has loved and lived to rue,
 Balow!
Who has loved and lived to rue.

“On Rumbollow green my love lies slain,
As he cam’ frae Rumbollow Fair;
His bodie lies deep amang rushes green,
Where corbies pike at his bonnie blue een,
And taeds sleep in his hair,
 Balow!
And taeds sleep in his hair.

“The grey owl sits on yon willow tree,
Whose branches o’er him weep,
And sends its scream far o’er the lea,
Where night winds whisper mournfullie,
And through the rashes sweep,
 Balow!
And through the rashes sweep.

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“When first I met wi’ Hab o’ the Howe
I had scarce twice nine years seen,
And he swore by our Ladye o’ Rumbollow
I had set a’ his heart in a holy lowe
Wi’ the fire o’ my twa black een,
Balow!
Wi’ the fire o’ my twa black een.

“Of a’ the fair maidens on Rumbollow green
There was nane sae fair as me,
Wi’ my kilted kirtle o’ mazarine,
And buckles as bright as the siller sheen,
And my coatie o’ cramosie,
Balow!
And my coatie o’ cramosie.

“I was proud that he stood tall men abune,
Sae stalwart, sae bald and free;
But he cozened my heart and left me undune,
Wi’ tatters for claes and bachelers for shune,
And a sin-wean on my knee,
Balow!
And a sin-wean on my knee.

“Last night, when the mune was in the wane,
And the winds were moaning low,
I wandered by his dead bodie alane,
And looked at the hole in his white hause bane,
And the gash on his bonnie brow,
Balow!
And the gash on his bonnie brow.

“Did I wail to the mune, and tear my hair,
And weep o’er his bodie? Na!
I leugh at the fause are wha left me to care,
And fought for Bess Cummock at Rumbollow Fair,
And there lies dead, ha! ha!
Balow!
And there lies dead, ha! ha!”

She is up and going, no look bestowing
Through the dark forest, tra-la! tra-la!
The roundelay still sounds away,
The wail and the wild ha, ha, ha, ha!



Some wretched maiden with grief o'erladen,
Victim of man, ever so, ever so.
The world needs mending and some God-sending,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.

The mill is yonder where she may wander;
The wheels they merrily row, they row;
The lade is gushing, the water's rushing
On to the ocean below, below.
The song is ending, or scattered and blending
In the wild winds as they blow, they blow;
She moves still faster with wilder gesture,
All in the forest of Rumbollow.

It is no seeming, hark! comes a screaming
The moaning forest all through, all through;
The miller is running, no danger shunning,
The foaming waters down flow, down, flow:
Too late his braving, there is no saving—
Down the mill lade they go, they go,
Mother and child 'midst the waters wild;
All in the forest of Rumbollow!

XIV.

THE LEGEND OF THE BURNING OF MISTRESS JAMPHRAY.

I.

From the dark old times that have gone before,
We have got in our day some little relief;
We don't think of doing what they did of yore,
To saw a man through for a point of belief;
We do not believe in old women's dreams,
And devils and ghosts we can do without;
Nor do we now set an old woman in flames,
But rather endeavour to put them out.



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She has ta'en her lang staff in her shaky hand,
And gaen up the stair of Will Mudie's land;
She has looked in the face of Will Mudie's wean,
And the wean it was dead that very same e'en.
Next day she has gane to the Nethergate,
And looked ower the top of Rob Rorison's yett,
Where she and his wife having got into brangles,
Rob's grey mare Bess that night took the strangles.
It was clear when she went to Broughty Ferry,
She sailed in an egg-shell in place of a wherry;
And when she had pass'd by the tower of Claypots,
John Fairweather's gelding was seized with the bots,
And his black horse Billy was seized the same even,
Not by the bots, but the "spanking spavin."
And as she went on to Monifieth,
She met an auld man with the wind in his teeth—
"Are you the witch o' Bonnie Dundee?"
"You may ask the wind, and then you will see!"
And, such was the wickedness of her spite,
The man took the toothache that very night.
With John Thow's wife she was at drawing of daggers,
And twenty of John's sheep took the staggers.
With old Joe Baxter she long had striven,—
Joe set his sponge, but it never would leaven;
And as for Gib Jenkinson's cow that gaed yeld,
It was very well known that Crummie was spelled.
When Luckie Macrobie's sweet milk wouldna erne,
The reason was clear—she bewitched the concern.
True! no man could swear that he ever saw
Her flee on a broomstick over North Berwick Law;
But as for the fact, where was she that night
When the heavens were blue with the levin-light?
The broom wasna seen ahint the door;
It had better to do than to sweep the floor.
Then, sure there was something far worse than a frolic,
When the half of Dundee was seized with the cholic.
True! nobody knew that she gaed to the howf
For dead men's fat to bring home in her loof,
To brew from the mixture of henbane and savin,
Her hell-broth for those who were thirsting for heaven.
For the sexton, John Cant, could be prudent and still—
He knew she would send him good grist to his mill.
Ere good Provost Syme was ta'en by a tremor,



It was known that the provost had called her a limmer;
And when Bailie Nicholson broke his heugh-bane,
Had she not been seen that day in the lane?
It was certain, because Cummer Gibbieson swore
That the bairn she had with the whummel-bore
Leapt quick in her womb one day the witch passed her,
And she was the cause of the bairn's disaster.
When the ferry-boat sank in crossing the Tay,
She was on the Craig pier the very same day.
It was vain to conceal it, and vain to deny it,
She kept in her house an auld he-pyet:
That bird was the devil, and she fed him each day
With the brimstone she bought from Luckie Glenday.
In truth, the old pyet was daintily treated,
Because her black soul was impignorated.
And these were the reasons—enough, I trow—
Why she should be set in a lunting lowe.

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II.

The barrels are brought from Noraway,
Well seasoned with plenty of Noraway pitch;
All dried and split for that jubilee day,
The day of the holocaust of a witch.
The prickers are chosen—hang-daddy and brother—
And fixed were the fees of their work of love;
To prick an old woman who was a mother,
And felt still the yearnings of motherly love
For she had a son, a noble young fellow,
Who sailed in a ship of his own the sea,
And who was away on the distant billow
For a cargo of wine to this bonnie Dundee.
Some said she was bonnie when she was a lassie,
Ah! fair the young blossom upon the young tree;
But winter will come, and summer will pass aye,
And youth is not always to you or to me.
A true loving daughter, with God to fear,
A dutiful wife, and a mother dear;
With a heart to feel and a bosom to sigh,
She had tears to weep, she had tears to dry.

III.

All was joyful—all delectation,
In creatures who prayed to their Maker each morn,
That there was to be a grand incremation
Of a poor fellow-creature, old, weary, and worn.
All pity is drowned in a wild devotion,
A grim savage joy within every breast;
The streets are all in a buzzing commotion,
Expectant of this worse than cannibal feast.
From the provost down to the gaberlunzie,
From fat Mess John to half-fed Bill,
From hoary grand-dad to larking loonie,
From silken-clad dame to scullion Nell;
The oldest, the youngest, the richest, the poorest,
The milky-breasted, the barren, the yeld,
The hardest, the softest, the blithest, the dourest,
Are all by the same wild passion impelled.
If her skin it is wrinkled—ah, God forefend her!



The wild lapping flame will soon make it shrink;
If her eyes are dim and rheumy and tender,
The adder-tongued flames will soon make her wink.
If brown now her breasts—once globes of beauty!
The roasting will char them into a black heap;
If trembling her limbs, the pricklers' loved duty
Will be to compel her to dance and to leap.
The harlequin Man has doffed his jacket,
No pity to feel—he has none to give;
The Bible has said it, and so thou must take it,
“Thou shalt not allow a witch to live.”

IV.

On the long red sands of old Dundee,
Out at the hem of the ebbing sea,
They have fixed a long pole deep in the sand,
And around it have piled with deftly hand
The rosined staves of the Noraway wood,
Four feet high and four feet broad,
To burn, amidst flames of burning pitch,
So rare a chimera yclept a witch—
Born of a fancy wild and camstary,
Like ghost or ghoul, brownie or fairy.
The pricklers are there, each with long-pronged fork,
Yearning and yape for their hellish work,

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And the priests and friars, black, white, or grey,
All ready to preach the black devil away.
Yea, devils are there, more than they opine.
Even one under every gabardine;
And there is a crowd of every degree:
The urchins, all laughing with mirth and glee;
And pipers and jangleurs might there be seen,
And cummers and mummers in red and green,
All cheery and merry and void of care,
As if they were going to Rumbollow Fair.

V.

Ho! yonder comes from the emptying town
A crowd of five thousand all rushing down;
They hurry, they scurry, they buzz, they brize,
And all to see this witch in a blaze.
Deep in the midst of the jubilant throng
A harmless woman is hurried along,—
She is weary, and wheezing for lack of breath,
And o'er all her face is the pallor of death;
And she says, as they push her, in grim despair,
“Ye needna hurry yoursel’s sae sair—
Nae sport there will be till I am there.”[A]

[Footnote A: These words are the old tradition which has been handed down in Dundee for generations.]

VI.

They have doffed her clothes till all but stark;
They have tied her with ropes in her cutty sark;
They have torn the snood from her silvery hair,
And her locks they fall on her shoulders bare,
Or stream in the cold and piercing breeze
Blowing muggy and moist from the eastern seas.
Hush! silence is over all that crowd,
Then an echoing shout both long and loud;



The fagots flare up with a lurid glare—
In the middle shines bright that white figure there,
Like those sad spirits of endless woe
'Midst eternal fires in the shades below!
There lances and glances each long-pronged fork,[A]
As through the wild flames it is quick at work,
Till the red blood squirts and seethes and sings,
As through the red flame each squirtlet springs,
The flames lap round her like forked levin;
The priests send up their prayers to heaven;
But what these prayers are to do when there,
It is likely they could not themselves declare
Yet all this while, in her agony,
She made no murmur, she uttered no cry,
As if she would show by a silent ban
Her scorn of the great wise creature Man.
Lo! the pole breaks over with creaking crash,
The body falls down in the flaming mass;
Up a cloud of sparks with a flesh-burnt smell
Rises and swirls like vomit of hell.

[Footnote A: There is in the records of the town the account of the expenses attending the execution, and the sums in Scots money paid for the tar barrels, and for prickers' fees, *etc.*]

VII.

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There's a ship in the Tay on the rising tide—
She has come that day from a distant land;
The captain stands there the helm beside,
A telescope holding in his left hand.
“What, ho! my lads,” he loudly exclaims,
“Yonder's a fire on the hem of the sea—
It is some good ship that is there in flames:
Good faith! and it blazes right merrily.”
And there is a boat comes from the pier,
And it comes and comes still nigher and nigher—
“What is the ship that is burning there?”
“No ship, sir, it is that is yonder on fire,
But a pile of burning barrels of pitch,
On which all, amidst a deafening cheer,
They are burning an old woman for a witch;
And the woman she is thy mother dear.”
Then Captain Jamphray silent stood,
And a sad and sorrowful man was he;
He turned the helm in a gloomy mood—
“Farewell for ever to Bonnie Dundee.”
And away and away to the Spanish Main,
Where he turned a jolly buccaneer;
And he has ta'en “Yeaman,” his mother's name—
A name which he held for ever dear.

VIII.

When twenty long years had come and gone,
He was laden with Spanish golden prey;
And he yearned and sighed for his native home,
Then turned his prow for the rolling Tay;
And he has bought all, for a handsome fee,
On its bonnie banks where the trees are tall—
The lordly lands of old Murie,[A]
Where he built for himself a noble hall;
And long, long down till a recent time,
There dwelt the Yeaman's honoured line.

[Footnote A: This tradition has always been in the Yeaman family, and very likely to be true, for the reason that an origin not gratifying to the pride of an old house would not have been accepted on the dubious authority of hearsay.]

**XV.**

THE BALLAD OF BALLOGIE'S DAUGHTERS.

There were four fair maids in Ballogie Hall,
Not all so sweet as honey;
But Lillyfair was the flower of them all—
So gentle, so kind, and so bonnie.

And why was it that Ballogie's dame
Was so fond of her Lillyfair?
It was not by reason she bore her name,
Nor yet for her love and care.

It was that she long had cherished a dream
Of a face which she once held dear,
Ere yet she had bent to Ballogie's claim,
Whom she married through force and fear.

That image unsought—all by fancy wrought—
Had been fixed upon Lillyfair,
And to her had gi'en her bonnie blue een,
As well as her golden hair.

Yet the dame was true to her bridal vow,
Though sairly she would mourn,
As she wandered in moods through Ballogie woods,
And down by Ballogie Burn.

And why did these three sisters all
Hate their kind sister so sair?
When gallants came to Ballogie Hall
They sought aye Lilly fair.



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But Ballogie swore by the heavens so hie,
And eke by the Holy Rood,
There was not in all Lillyfair's bodie
Ane drap of Ballogie's blood.

And he whispered words into Sibyl's ear,
Which sweetly unto her came,
That he wouldna care tho' Lillyfair
Were dooked in Ballogie dam.

And Sibyl she whispered to Christobel,
And she into Mildred's ear;
But what that was no tongue might tell,
For there was none to hear.

"What makes ye laugh?" cries Lillyfair,
As she comes tripping ben;
"Oh do come tell, dear Christobel,
For I am fidging fain."

"Oh this is the night, my sister dear.
When the wind is low and loun,
That we are to go in a merry row
To see the eclipse of the moon.

"And thou'lt go with us, Lillyfair,
And see this goodly show—
The moon in the meer reflected clear,
With the shadow upon her brow."

"Oh yes, I will go," Lillyfair rejoined;
And glad in her heart was she,
For seldom before had her sisters deigned
To give her their companie.

'Twas the hour o' twell by Ballogie's bell,
When each with her mantle and hood,
They all sallied out in a merry rout,
Away through the still greenwood.

Shine out, shine out, thou silvery maid,
And light them to the place;
But long ere all this play be played,
In sorrow thou'lt hide thy face.



No shadow of this earth ever can
A murkier darkness throw,
Than what from the sin of cruel man
May be cast on thy silvery brow.

The greenwood through, the greenwood through,
Ho! there is Ballogie's meer;
And deep within its breast they view
The moon's face shining clear.

And down they bent, and forward leant—
Loud laughed the sisters three,
As Lillyfair threw back her hair,
Yet could no shadow see.

But is not this an old, old dream—
Some nightmare of the brain?
A splash! and, oh! a wild, wild scream,
And all is still again.

This was the eclipse which the sisters meant
When they would the maid beguile;
For sin has the greater a relish in't
When lurking beneath a smile.

And now the pale-faced moon serene
Shines down on the waters clear,
Where deep, deep among the seggs so green
Lies Ballogie's Lillyfair.

On Ballogie's dam there sails a swan
With wings of snowy white,
But never is seen by the eye of man
Save in the pale moonlight.

And the miller he looks with upright hair
Upon that weird-like thing,
And as he peers he thinks he hears
It sing as swans can sing.

XVI.

THE LEGEND OF DOWIELEE.

I.



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There still is shown at Dowielee,
Within the ancient corbeiled tower,
A chamber once right fair to see,
And called the Ladye Olive's bower.
Right o'er the old carved mantelpiece
A portrait hung in frame of gold,
O'er which was spread by strange caprice
A pall of crape in double fold;
And it was said, as still they say,
'Twas spread by good Sir Gregory,
And that when it was ta'en away,
The Ladye Olive thou might'st see,
With eyne of blue so softly bright,
Like those we feign in fairie dreams,
Where love shines like that lambent light
That in the opal softly swims.
But they could carry maddening fires,
As when they inspired Sir Evan's breast,
And roused therein those wild desires
That stole from Dowielee his rest.
And led to that, oh, fatal night!
When, less beguiling than beguiled,
She fled, and left in her maddened flight
The good Sir Gregory and her child.

II.

The castle menials hear in bed
Their master's foot-fall overhead—
All in the silent midnight hour,
All under unrest's chafing power,
On and on upon the floor,
On and on both back and fore—
Bereaved, betrayed, disgraced, forlorn,
His brain on fire, his bosom torn
By fancy's images—sad lumber
Of man's proud spirit—care and cumber
Waxing brighter as they keep
From the vexed soul the frightened sleep.



III.

By balustrade and corridor
That lead him to his lady's bower,
He stands before that crape-draped frame—
Its hidden face of *beauteous* shame—
And holds aloft in his shaking hand
The glimmering lamp, nor can withstand
The fierce desire to feed his eye
With that fair-painted treachery.
He lifts the crape, he peers below—
The fire of wrath upon his brow;
He lets it fall—he lifts again,
To feed on the *pleasure* of his *pain*,
And gazes without stint or measure
To gloat on the *pain* that is his *pleasure*;
He turns the picture upon its face,
And reads *the curse of his broken peace*.
He turns the picture round again,
Then away to toss in his bed of pain.

IV.

Some moral thrusts can stab the heart,
And love bestowed returned in hate
May play with some a deadlier part
Than strokes that seem of sterner fate.
In yonder vault down by the aisle
Thou'lt read the good Sir Gregory's name—
His death the sequel of the tale
Inscribed upon that pictured frame.
Yet not forgot while rustic swain
Atunes his throat to melody,
And warbles forth the soft refrain,
“Alace! alace I for Dowielee.”

V.



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Her father dead, Burde Olive fair—
Her mother's image—grows apace,
And oft she throws in pensive care
A glance upon that crape-veiled face:
She wonders what may be beneath.
But fears to lift the veil to know;
Her father with his latest breath
Forbade it, on the pain of woe,
Till she to eighteen years had grown,
With woman's wisdom duly fraught,
When she might take that picture down
And learn the lesson which it taught.
Yet as she sat within the bower
That bore a mother's sacred name,
She felt the heart's divining power
And guessed the face within the frame—
Her mother's! who they said was dead:
And hence the crape—appropriate sign.
But why debarred the simple meed
To look upon her face divine,
And as she looked revive again
Those lines that had been once impressed
By love upon her infant brain,
And never thence to be defaced?
Not ever fairest painted theme,
Or triumph of the graver's art,
Could match the image of her dream
Enshrined within a daughter's heart—
So gently kind, so sweetly fair:
They were the features she assigned
To creatures of yon upper air
When they look down on humankind:
And oft she sighed that morn would shine
When that dark crape she could remove,
And she would feast those eydent eyne
On those that taught her first to love;
And oft she scanned her own sweet face,
Reflected to her anxious view,
To see if therein she could trace
Those lineaments—the *first* she knew.



VI.

On Time's swift wing the years have passed:
The morn has come, the hour is now,
When she would feast her heart at last
By looking on that sacred brow!
She took the picture from the nail,
She held it in her trembling hands,
She lifted up the envious veil,—
And there confessed the mother stands.
The charm is wrought! that painted gleam
Brought up the lines impressed of yore,
As flash of the bright morning beam
On twilight things seen long before.
Her mother seemed from death returned;
She kissed the lips, the cheeks, the chin;
She sobbed, she sighed, she laughed—she mourned
To think it was a painted sign;
And then at last she turned it round,
As if she feared her sire's decree,
And there, in written words, she found
The dreaded curse of Dowielee:

THE CURSE.

“Than Olive who more beautiful
In all that nature could bestow?
Than Olive who more dutiful
When first she pledged that holy vow?
What is she now, by sin entailed?
Dark spirits of yon woods declare,
Where I in anguish wander wild,
The victim of a dark despair.

“Thank Heaven, I leave no son my heir,
Who might another Olive see,
And think her as his mother fair—
Fair, but yet a mystery—
With heart so like some alcove deep,
Where nightingales may sing their song,
And roses blow, and—serpents creep,
To sting him as I have been stung.



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"The secrets of the living rock,
Deep hid from man's divining rod,
A spark may open, and the shock
Bring forth an ingot or a toad:
The secret that is kept for years,
One stroke of fate yields to the sight;
And if the toad a jewel wears,
That jewel may have lost its light.

"Begone ye hopes of tender ties,
Of smiling home with wife and child,
Of all love's tender sympathies,
That once a rugged soul beguiled!
In vain may Beauty deck her crown,
And winning Goodness try her plan,
I trust no more—the guile of ONE
Hath changed me to a savage man.

"If in this world I smile again,
Twill be to see the charming eye
Like *hers*—the smile—each effort plain,
And think I can them all defy.
You tell me these are Nature's ways,
But Nature tells me to beware;
And while each angler smiling plays,
So shall I play to shun the snare.

"Mocked by the glamour of the eye,
I dread all things surpassing fair;
The sweetest flower but makes me sigh
To think there may be poison there.
Were I inclined to change my part,
And seek again domestic peace,
I'd seek for beauties in the heart,
Though seen through a *revolting* face.

"By the heart-pulses of my love,
By all the things once dear to me,
By every tree within the grove,
By every bird upon the tree,
By every tint upon its wing,
By every note of melody
That close by HER I've heard it sing,
Cursed be the dame of Dowielee."



VII.

Burde Olive sat at the evening hour
Within her mother's painted bower:
It was a ruthless winter night.
When beasts and birds cowered with affright
From brattling winds that, roving free,
Moaned in the woods of Dowielee.
A wanderer knelt beside her chair,
And spoke these words of tearful prayer:

THE APPEAL.

"When Justice sought the skies above,
She left on earth her sister, LOVE,
And heaven-born MERCY staid behind
On purpose to console mankind.
The silly sheep that left one day
The winter's beild and went astray,
Did not, when weary, worn, and old,
Seek all in vain the shepherd's fold!
And He, the Shepherd without sin,
Felt for the contrite Magdalene,
And gave her hope—her sin forgiven—
That she would join the fold in heaven:
And shall my Olive while on earth
Forgive not her who gave her birth?
Oh! turn on me a smiling face,
Forgiving eyes—a look of grace."

But Olive turned her face away—
Her father's spirit whispered Nay—
His hastened death, his curse forbade:
She trembled and was sore afraid;
Yet father's daughter, meek and mild,
Was she not, too, the mother's child?

Then *he* was gone, and *she* was here:
Her eye acknowledges the tear
Of brooding nature all confessed—
She falls upon the wanderer's breast!
No more the veil obscures the frame—
The curse is taken from the name.



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XVII.

THE BALLAD OF MAID MARION.

Maid Marion laid her down to sleep,
Maid Marion could do nought but weep,
For thinking of that happy time
When she was in her early prime,
When in her glass she looked so fair
With lily-lire and golden hair.

Full many a year had rolled away,
Since *he* left her that weary day,
When, poor in love and rich in gear,
She cast him off without a tear;
When, poor in gear, tho' rich in love,
He left her o'er the sea to rove.

His ship was never heard of more,
And she must now his death deplore.
Now, poor in gear and rich in love,
She saw him looking from above,
With mild reproof in his dark eyes,
And still that love she dared despise.

"Oh that that day had never been—
That I that day had never seen!
Wae fa the gowd that took its flight,
Wae fa' the love I feel this night,
Wae fa' the pride that made me mad,
And this regret that makes me sad."

And still she turned and aye she mourned,
And aye the briny tear it burned:
A spendthrift father in the grave,
A mother buried with the lave,
And he, her Willie, also gone,
And she left weeping here alone.

And still she tried to fall asleep,
But aye the thoughts their revels keep:
Hark, "one" knurrs from the ancient clock,
Long yet ere crowing of the cock—



That sound which sends to their repose
The ghosts that mourn their human woes.

A faint beam from the waning moon
Can scarcely more than show the gloom;
All is so still and silent round,
The foot of ghost might raise a sound.
Hush! there's a rustling near the bed—
She heard the curtain drawn aside.

With trembling fear she turned to see
Amid the gloom who there might be,
And thought she yet could dimly trace
The outlines of that well-known face
Of him, now dead, who loved her dear,
And she had scorned through pride of gear.

“Oh Marion dear!” the words came plain:
“Maid Marion, dear,” it said again;
“Remember you of that auld time
I tried sae sair thy love to win,
And for that I was lowly born
Thou treated my true love with scorn?”

“Ah, Willie, Willie! I do thee fear,
It is thine angry ghost I hear;
I saw thee looking from on high,
I saw red anger in thine eye;
Come thou my cruel heart to chide,
Or claim me for thy heavenly bride?”

“No, Marion dear!” the shade replied,
“I dinna come thy heart to chide.
A spendthrift father left thee poor,
But Heaven has added to my store.
Thou hast been punished for thy pride,
And I am come to claim my bride.”

“Oh fearful shade! the cock will crow;
It's mair than time thou wert awa.
Gae back into the ocean deep
Where thou and thy companions sleep.”
But still the angry spirit said,
“I come to claim thee for my bride.”



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Sore, sore she wept, and shook with dread,
"I've meikle sin upon my head,
And, oh! I am unfit to dee,
And go to heaven thy bride to be.
Leave me! oh leave me! flit away,
And give me peace to weep and pray."

Now something touched Maid Marion's arm,
She felt the touch both kind and warm;
The spirit took her by the hand,
She felt the touch both kind and bland.
The spirit kissed Maid Marion's mou',
Oh! how it thrilled her body through.

The spirit laughed in that odd way
Which spirits do when they are gay;
For there are spirits good and bad—
The good are aye a merry squad.
No body-pains their hearts to vex,
No worldly cares their minds perplex.

"Nae ghaist am I, Maid Marion dear,
My soul's well cased in fleshly gear;
I have a heart still warm and free,
Enough of gowd for thee and me;
And if thou wilt give up thy scorn,
Trow-la! I'll marry thee the morn."

XVIII.

THE BALLAD OF ROSEALLAN CASTLE.

Yonder Roseallan's Castle old!
Which time has changed to iron grey,
Whose high crenelles, o'ergrown with mould,
Are crumbling silently away.
Soft comes the thought that, years before,
Now hid by time's obscuring pall,
Some tiny foot had tript the floor,
Some silver voice had filled the hall.

There was a time in long past years—
It seems to me an age of dreams—



My grandam filled my itching ears
With all Roseallan's storied themes:
Of how Sir Baldwin dearly loved
The last of all Roseallan's maids;
And how in moonlight nights they roved
Among Roseallan's sylvan shades.

But there was one with envious eyes,
Deep set in visage pale and wan,
Resolved, whoe'er should win the prize,
Sir Baldwin should not be the man.
He took his aim—too deadly straight,
Yet not unseen by Annabel,
Who sprang before her favoured knight,
And died for him she loved so well.

How she who thus so bravely died
Was last of all her honoured name,
The only hope that fate supplied
To keep alive her house's fame.
And then the screeching bird of night
Would mope upon the crumbling walls,
And chirking whutthroats claim the right
To gambol in the ancient halls.

In yonder vault, deep down below,
Half choked with hoary eglantine,
Sleep side by side in lengthened row
The proud Roseallan's noble line.
The hairy wing-mouse flutters there,
The owl mopes as in days of yore,
Strange eldritch sounds salute the ear,
Unholy things crawl on the floor.

How oft alone at midnight hour
I stand within that silent tomb,
What time the moon with waning power
Is struggling through increasing gloom,
On one sole bier *his* tears would fall,
For *her* his groans come evermore,
Whose silver voice once filled the hall,
Whose feet once lightly tript the floor.

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XIX.

THE BALLAD OF THE TOURNAY.

In the castle of Kildrennie,
Up in her chamber high,
There sat the fair Burde Annie,
And with her County Guy—
Come lately from the east,
As far as Palestine,
Where he had sent to his long rest
Many a bold Saracen.

Sir Guy his burning love hath told,
And a favour he hath won,
For lo! a ring of virgin gold
Shines there his finger on.
And they have pledged the solemn yea,
Each on the bended knee,
That on the coming Beltane day
They two shall wedded be.

Burde Annie viewed, to hide her tears,
The red sun setting still,
And lo! behold two cavaliers
Came riding up the hill:
The one he was Sir Hudibras
Come of a noble clan;
The other no less noble was—
The brave Sir Gallachan.

The first bore on his shield outspread
Two bones in cross moline,
And for his crest ane bluidy head,
Erased from Saracen.
The other carried, nobler far,
All in a field of gold,
A flaming bolt of Jupiter,
For crest ane tiger bold.

And up they rode, and up they rode,
Till they came to the lawn
Which spread before the castle broad,



And there they made a stand;
And there they spied Burde Annie
Up in her chamber high,
But for the breadth of her bodie
They could not see Sir Guy.

Burde Annie waved her lily hand,
And threw a kiss a-down—
For Hudibras or Gallachan
Was meant the priceless boon?
For sure it was a priceless boon,
When neither could espy
That when she threw that kiss a-down
She winkit to Sir Guy.

“That kiss divine, I trow, is mine,”
Cried doughty Hudibras;
“I am the man,” cried Gallachan,
“And sure thou art ane ass.”
Such words to hear were ill to bear
By any valiant knight;
And each drew forth his sword o’ weir,
And stood prepared for fight.

They startit, they partit,
Then on each other sprang;
They lungit, they plungit,
Till all the welkin rang.
They ogglit, they gogglit,
Amidst the dread deray;
They chirnit, they girnit,
Like bluidy beasts of prey.

They rattlit, they brattlit,
Each cuirass upon;
They hackit, they thwackit,
Each other’s morion.
They reel it, they wheelit,
And quick came round again;
They burstit, they thrust it,
With all their might and main.

They smeekit, they reek it,
Like to ane smouldering kiln;
They peghit, they sighit,
Each other’s blood to spill,
They trampit, they stampit,



Like animals run wud;
They flarit, they glarit,
With eyne yred with bluid.

At length, to end the bluidy deeds,
They raised their falchions keen,
And down upon each other's heads
They clove them to the chin.
But 'tis not true, as I've heard tell,
And I do not believe
That when these doughty lovers fell,
One laughed within her sleeve.



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But I have also heard it said,
And I again it say,
And I would like to see the head
With tongue in't to say nay—
That as these pates lay on the ground
(As there they yet may lie),
One eye in each cloved head was found
Fixed on that chamber high.

XX.

THE BALLAD OF GOLDEN COUNSEL.

Come Mary and Martha, Jeanie and Jenny,
And sit down and listen, baith ane and a',
To me, wha may very weel be your grannie,
And aiblins may ken ae thing or twa.

This world is no so sweet and so bonnie
As you in your young hearts may suppose;
There's aloe in it as weel as honey,
And aye some prickles on ilka rose.

Young lasses I think are something like fillies
Let out in a field to idle and eat,
To graze by the gowans and drink by the willows,
And never to dream of a bridle *a bit*.

It's no what ye eat, it's no what you drink, dears,
It's no your bonnets, or ribbons, or skirts,
The trinkets ye wear, or the siller ye clink, dears—
There's something, I wean, far nearer your hearts.

Your thoughts are mair of him you will marry,
What the colour may be of his hair,
Whether aye cheery, or sometimes chary,
What his complexion, or dark or fair.

But men they are gude, and men they are ill, dears,
You may get the leal or the lazy loon;
A lover is aft like a gilded pill, dears,
The bitter comes after it's gulped doon.



I fear ye hae little of power to choose him, The husband is settled for you abune; But
you've power in holy bands to noose him *Before ye let him tak' aff his shune.*

For a maid who is silly and stoops to folly,
And finds ower late that she is betrayed,
I ken nae cure for her melancholy
But a coffin—and let it be quickly made.

A braw lover cam' to my minnie's shieling
When I was as young as you now may be,
Sae soft, like a loon wha's bent on stealing,
And he tirmed and whispered secretlie.

“Oh let me in this ae night, Jenny,
And I will for ever thy true love be;
Oh let me in this ae night, hinny,
And I will come back and marry thee!”

“Gae back and awa, for this my will is,
My mither lies gleg wi' half-closed ee,
And bids me beware of faithless billies,
Who will steal my heart and awa frae me flee.”

“For mercy's sake! this ae night, Jenny,
Oh let me scoug frae the wind and rain,
And holy vows I will plight thee, hinny,
That thou wilt be for ever mine ain.”

I opened the door so soft and sleeky,
For fear my mither should hear the din,
And he has ta'en aff his shune so creaky,
And I've led him into my cosy ben.

Our speckled cock crew loud and early,
The day was dawning o'er forest green,
And I let him out as wily and warily
As ever I let him in yestreen.



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"Now, fare thee well, my winsome Jenny,
For I am a baron of high degree;
Now, fare thee well for ever, my hinny,
For the wife of a baron thou ne'er canst be."

With a ha! ha! ha! and a tra-la-lalla,[A]
He stroked the red beard on his chin,
With a ha! ha! ha! and a tra-la-lalla,
And I have never seen him again.

[Footnote A: The reader may here recollect the fine ballad of Buerger, "Der Ritter und sein Liebchen;" and the verse—

Drauf ritt der Ritter hop sa! sa!
Und strich sein Bartchen trallala;
Sein Leibchen sah ihn reiten
Und hoerte noch von weiten
Sein Lachen ha! ha! ha!

]

[The maidens thought the humour gala, And, laughing, they chorused to the strain,
"With a ha! ha! ha! and a tra-la-lalla, And you have never seen him again."]

Now, dears! if your lovers you would not lose them, Tak' counsel—it is not an hour ower
sune: Be sure that in holy bands ye noose them *Before you let them tak' aff their
shune.*

[The maidens thought they would amuse them, And, laughing, they chorused to the
tune, "Oh yes, we in holy bands will noose them *Before we let them tak' aff their
shune.*"]

XXI.

THE BALLAD OF MATRIMONY.

"Come, now tell me, Clarabella,
How that wondrous thing befell,
Why you took that sorry fellow,
Leaving me who loved you well?
It was, good faith! a sad miscarriage,
And cost me many a pang of pain;
Indeed, when I heard of your marriage,
I vowed I ne'er would love again."



“Well, I don’t mind, since you’re pathetic,
And so the reason you shall hear:
Th’ affair was one of arithmetic—
A matter of so much a year.
His father left five thousand good
Of pounds per annum, as you know,
And you possessed, I understood,
Of yearly thousands only two.”

“Well, why did I, who knew of Cupid,
Display so much stupid-ity
As not to know—the thing was lucid—
From Cupid comes Cupid-ity?”
“But not too late,” cried Clarabella:
“My husband dear has gone to heaven;
He left the five to me, good fellow!
And five and two, you know, make seven.”

I laughed and bowed to Clarabella,
And quickly homewards bent my way,
And there became a rustic fellow,
And donned a suit of hodden-grey.
And then I hired me to a farmer,
Concealing every sign of pelf,
One Hodge, who had a pretty charmer,
Who might love me for myself.

I laid bold siege to fair Lucinda,
And tho’ she loved another swain
(I had observed them through the window),
I was resolved her love to gain
Then I would be a lucky fellow,
Assured one loved me for my merit,
And not, like widowed Clarabella,
For the lucre I inherit.

At length I boldly purposed marriage,
And found Lucinda at my call,
And soon thereafter in my carriage
I drove my wife to Border Hall.
Well! she wondered at the mansion,
And all the grandeur that was there,
The servants bowing all attention
To the lady of their squire.



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I had a call from Clarabella,
Who said my choice was very good;
But though her speech was calm and mellow,
I thought her in an envious mood.
Indeed I had some small suspicion
She had avenged a woman's grudge,
And had conveyed my true condition
To the ears of Farmer Hodge.

Sometime thence I met Bill Hedger,
Who knew me spite of my changed dress.
"Squire," said he, "I think I'd wager
There is a something thee doan't guess;
Lucinda's father knew by letter
Thee wert a squire in low disguise,
And she, altho' *she loiked me better*,
Agreed to take the richer prize."

XXII.

THE SONG OF ROSALIE.

Row on! row on! to flowing Tay,
Thou Dighty, who art dear to me;
For here upon thy flowery brae
I parted last frae Rosalie.
Her hair, so rich in gowden hue,
Ilk plait was like a gowden string,
Her eyne were like the bonnie blue
That shines upon the halcyon's wing.

There is a worm that loves the bud,
And there is one that loves the bloom,
And there is one that seeks its food
Within the dark and silent tomb.

Thou speckled thrush, with tuneful throat,
Who sing'st within yon greenwood dell;
Sing on, for every trembling note
Brings back the voice I loved so well.
Thou little pansy, raise thy head,
And turn thine azure eye to me,



And so remind me of the dead,
My dearest, long lost Rosalie.

There is a worm that loves the bud,
And there is one that loves the bloom,
And there is one that seeks its food
Within the dark and dreary tomb.

Thou lambkin on yon hillock's brow,
That sportest in thy gamesome mood,
Play on! for thou remind'st me now
Of one as innocent and good;
All emblems dear, for thoughts you bring
Of her who loved you all to see,
When through the woods in early spring
Ilk bird seemed calling "Rosalie."

But there's a worm that loves the bud,
And there is one that loves the bloom,
And there is one that seeks its food
Within the dark and dreary tomb.

Far have I roamed for years and years,
As from my thoughts I fain would stray;
But here once more I weep my tears
O'er her now mouldering in the clay.
Oh! would that happy day were come
When death shall set my spirit free,
And I shall rise to yonder home,
And be again with Rosalie,

Where is no worm to gnaw the bud,
And none to blight the youthful bloom;
Where spirits sing in joyful mood,
"Behold our triumph o'er the tomb!"

XXIII.

THE BALLAD OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

I.

Mournfully maundering,
Life's last moments squandering,
Weary, weary, wandering,
Through this world of sin,

Hermit-shade! I call thee;
Lead me to the valley—
That mysterious alley,
Where I may creep in.



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World of strange illusion!
Fancy-born delusion!
Reason-bred confusion!
Phantasmagoria!
Love, where shall I find thee?
Faith, how shall I bind thee?
Truth, who has defined thee?
Changing every day.

Streets of hurry scurry!
Fields of fire and fury!
Homes of wear and worry!
Passing quickly by;
Pleasure a wild snatching,
Dying in the catching,
Pain eternal watching
With relentless eye.

Sorrow, old Sin's daughter!
Screams of eldritch laughter!
Burning tears thereafter!
I've felt the vanity;
Still the hope pursuing,
The pursuit ever rueing,
Possession still undoing
The hope's fond prophecy.

II.

Sun! I've seen thy grandeur,
Scenes of gorgeous splendour,
Visions passing wonder
In ocean, sea, and sky;
Thunders o'er us pealing,
Earthquakes 'neath us reeling,
Fiery comets wheeling
Through all immensity.

Virtue! man has crowned thee,
For beautiful he found thee;
Yet millions have disowned thee,
And seek dark Vice's way,
Hypocrisy, deep-hooded,



Injustice still obtruded,
Stern Cruelty, cold-blooded,
 Make brother man their prey.

Kind Love's pure affection!
Pity's benediction!
Charity's sweet action!
 All blessed urbanities;
Man on man still preying;
Bleating lambkins slaying!
Devouring blood, and saying
 All soft humanities.

III.

Dreaming, doubting, moping,
Hopelessly still hoping,
Dimly, darkly groping
 My being's mystery;
This sobbing and this sighing,
This laughing and this crying,
This living and this dying—
 Man's mortal history!

Why this wild contention?
This mocking, cruel invention—
What the deep intention?
 Who shall give replies?
Demons wildly sporting,
God's beautiful distorting,
Or His own hand extorting
 Sin-born penalties?

IV.

Those with whom I started
Oceans wide have parted:
Some are broken-hearted,
 Some lie in the clay;
Those I once heard prattle,
For whom I shook the rattle,
Engaged in life's vain battle,
 Push me off the way.

The world's laugh it jeers me,
Their looks they seem to fear me,



I hear them whisper near me,
 “Old man, why linger here?”
She who loved me dearly,
Wandered with me cheerily,
Is now a phantom merely,
 Seen through memory's tear.

Pale ghost, flitting yonder!
With drooping head you wander.
Deep in thought you ponder
 Why I stay from thee;
Cease those hands to beckon,
Vain, vain, may you reckon;
Alas! I cannot quicken
 Death's desired decree.

Weary, weary wandering,
Life's last moments squandering,
Weary, weary wandering
 Through this world of sin,
None can undeceive me,
None but ONE relieve me,
None but ONE receive me,
 His peace to enter in.

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XXIV.

THE SIEGE: A DRAMATIC TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.—SIR ALEXANDER SETON, Governor of Berwick; RICHARD and HENRY, his sons. PROVOST RAMSAY. HUGH ELLIOT, a traitor. KING EDWARD. EARL PERCY. MATILDA, wife of Seton; *etc.*

SCENE I.—*A Street—the Market-place.*

Enter SIR ALEXANDER SETON, RICHARD and HENRY (*his sons*), PROVOST RAMSAY, HUGH ELLIOT, and *others of the People.*

Provost Ramsay.—Brither Scotchmen! it is my fixed an' solemn opinion, that the King o' England has entered into a *holy alliance* wi' the enemy o' mankind! An' does he demand us to surrender!—to gie up our toun!—our property!—our lives!—our liberty!—to Southern pagans, that hae entered into compact wi' the powers o' the air! Surrender! No, Scotchmen! While we breathe, we will breathe the *breath o' Freedom!* as it soughs down the Tweed, between the heathery hills o' our ain auld country! I am but provost o' Berwick, Sir Alexander, an' ye are its governor; an' in a time like this, the power o' defending or surrendering the gates is yours; but though ye gie up the keys this very hour, an' were every stane o' the walls turned are upon anither—here!—the power to defend this market-place is mine!—and *here* will I stand, while this hand can wield a sword, or a Scotchman is left to die by my side!

Sir Alex.—Fear not, good provost; I through life have learned To live with honour, or with honour fall.

Richard.—And as the father dies, so shall his sons. What sayest thou, Henry?

Henry.—I would say but this— (If one with a smooth chin may have a voice)— When thou dost nobly fall, I'll but survive To strike revenge—then follow thy example.

Provost Ramsay.—Bravely said, callants! As sure as death, I wish ye were my sons! Do ye ken, Sir Alexander, the only thing that grieves me in a day like this, is, that I hae naebody to die for the glory an' honour o' auld Scotland but mysel? But, save us, neebor Elliot! ye look as douf an' as dowie-like as if ye had been forced to mak yer breakfast o' yer coat-sleeve.

Hugh Elliot.—In truth, methinks, this is no time for smiles— In every street, each corner of the town, Struck by some unseen hand, the dead are strewed; From every house the children's wail is heard, Screaming in vain for food; and the poor mother, Worn to a skeleton, sits groaning by! My house, 'tis known, o'erlooks the battlements; 'Tis not an hour gone that I left my couch, Hastening to speed me hither, when a sound,

Fierce as the thunders, shook our firm-built walls: The casements fell in atoms, and the bed, Which I that moment left, rocked in confusion: I turned to gaze on it, and I beheld! —beheld My wife's fair bosom torn—her heart laid bare! And the red stream came oozing to my feet! *Is this a time for smiles!*

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Provost Ramsay.—Your wife! Heaven preserve us! Weel, after a', I hae reason to be thankfu' I hae neither wife nor bairns on a day like this!

Sir Alex.—Behold an envoy from the English camp, Sent with proposals, or some crafty truce.

Hugh Elliot.—Let me entreat you, then, most noble sir, Give him all courtesy; and if his terms Be such as we in honour may accept, Refuse them not by saying, WE WILL DIE.

Enter EARL PERCY and Attendants.

Percy.—Good morrow, my Scotch cousins! My gracious sovereign, your right lawful master, Hath, in his mercy, left you these conditions— Now to throw wide your gates, and, if ye choose, Go walk into the Tweed, and drown your treason; Or run, like scapegoats, to the wilderness, Bearing your sins, and half a week's provision; Or, should these terms not meet your approbation, Ere midnight we shall send some *fleeter messengers*. So now, old Governor, my master's answer?

Provost Ramsay.—The mischief's in your impudence! But were I Sir Alexander, the only answer your master should hae, would be your weel-bred tongue sent back upon the end o' an arrow; an' that wad be as *fleet a messenger*, as ye talk about *fleet messengers*, as ony I ken o'.

Percy.—Peace, thou barbarian! keep thy frog's throat closed. I say, old greybeard, hast thou found an answer?

Sir Alex.—Had my Lord Percy found more fitting phrase To couch his haughty mandate, I perhaps Had found some meet reply. But as it is, Thou hast thine answer in this people's eyes.

Hugh Elliot.—Since we with life and honour may depart, Send not an answer that must seal our ruin, Though it be hero-like to talk of death.

[Enter LADY SETON, listening.]

Bethink thee well, Sir Governor: these men
Have wives with helpless infants at their breasts;
What husband, think ye, would behold a child
Dashed from the bosom where his head had pillowed,
That his fair wife might fill a conqueror's arms!
These men have parents—feeble, helpless, old;
Yea, men have daughters!—they have maids that love them—
Daughters and maidens chaste as the new moon—
Will they behold them screaming on the streets,
And in the broad day be despoiled by violence?



Think of *these things*, my countrymen! [*Aside to PERCY*,
Now, my Lord Percy, you may read your answer.

Percy [aside].—So thou art disaffected, good Sir Orator: Well, ply thy wits, and Edward will reward thee— Though, for my part, I'd knight thee with a halter!

Sir Alex.—Is this thy counsel in the hour of peril, Milk-hearted man? To thee, and all like thee, *I* offer terms more *generous* still than Edward's: Depart ye by the Scotch or English gate— Both shall be opened. Lade your beasts of burden— Take all you have—your food, your filthy gold, Your wives, your children, parents, and yourselves! Go to our Scottish king, and prate of courage! Or go to Edward—Percy will conduct thee.

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[LADY SETON *advances forward*.

Lady Seton.—Spoke like thyself, my husband! Out on thee, slave! [To ELLIOT. Or shall I call thee traitor? What didst thou, On finishing thy *funeral service*, whisper In my Lord Percy's ear?

Elliot.—I whisper, lady?

Lady Seton.—You whisper, smooth-tongued sir!

Percy [aside].—Zounds! by the coronet of broad Northumberland, Could I exchange it for fair England's crown, I'd have my bodyguard of woman's eyes, And make the whole sex sharpshooters!

Provost Ramsay.—Wae's me! friend Elliot, but you have an unco dumfounded-like look after that speech o' yours in defence o' liberty, and infants, and fair bosoms, maiden screams, and grey hairs, and what not.

Sir Alex.—Percy, we hear no terms but death or liberty. This is our answer.

Percy.—Well, cousins, be it so. The wilful dog— As runs the proverb. Lady, fare-yewell. [Exit.

Sir Alex.—On with me, friends—on to the southern ramparts! There, methinks, they meditate a breach. On, Scotsmen! on— For Freedom and for Scotland! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Town Ramparts*.

Enter SIR ALEXANDER, RICHARD, HENRY, PROVOST RAMSAY, HUGH ELLIOT, and Populace.

Sir Alex.—To-day, my townsmen, I shall be your leader; And though my arms may lack their wonted vigour, Here are my pledges [*pointing to his sons*] placed on either side, That seal a triumph youth could never reap. To-day, my sons, beneath a father's eye, Oh give such pride of feeling to his heart As shall outshame the ardour of his youth, And nerve his arm with power strong as his zeal!

[Exeunt all save HUGH ELLIOT.

Elliot.—Thanks to my destiny!—the hour is come— The wished-for hour of vengeance on mine enemy!— Heavens! there is neither nobleness nor virtue. Nor any quality that beggars boast not, But he and his smooth sons have swallowed up; And all the world must mouth their bravery!— I owe a debt to Scotland and to him, And I'll repay it—I'll repay it now! This letter will I shoot to Edward's camp; And now, ere midnight, I'm revenged—revenged!



[LADY SETON *appears from the window of the castle*, as ELLIOT *is fixing a letter on an arrow*.

*Lady Seton [from the window].—*Hold, traitor! hold, Or, by the powers above us, this very hour Your body o'er these battlements shall hang For your fair friends to shoot at!

[ELLIOT *drops the bow*.

*Elliot [aside].—*Now fleet destruction seize the
lynx-eyed fiend—
Trapped in the moment that insured success!
Thank fate—my dagger's left!—she has a son!

*Lady Seton.—*Go, worthless recreant, and in thickest fight Blot out thy guilty purpose:
know thy life Depends on this day's daring; and its deeds And wounds alone, won in the
onset's brunt, Secures my silence.



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Elliot.—You wrong me, noble lady.

Lady Seton.—Away! I'll hear thee not, nor let my ears List to the accents of a traitor's tongue. [*Exit ELLIOT.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in KING EDWARD'S Tent.*

Enter EDWARD and PERCY.

Edward.—Well, my Lord Percy, thou hast made good speed. What say these haughty burghers to our clemency?

Percy.—In truth, your Grace, they are right *haughty* burghers.

One wondrous civil gentleman proposed
To write his answer on your servant's tongue—
Using his sword as clerks might do a quill—
Then thrust it on an arrow for a post-boy!

Edward.—Such service he shall meet. What said their governor?

Percy.—Marry! the old boy said I was no gentleman,
And bade me read my answer in the eyes
Of—Heaven defend me!—such a squalid crew!
One looked like death run from his winding sheet;
Another like an ague clothed in rags;
A third had something of the human form,
But every bone was cursing at its fellow.
Now, though I vow that I could read my fate
In every damsel's eyes that kissed a moonbeam,
I've yet to learn the meaning of the words
Wrote on the eyeballs of his vellum-spectres,
But the old man is henpecked!

Edward.—Prythee, Lord Percy, lay thy fool's tongue by, And tell thy meaning plainly.

Percy.—Nay, pardon me, your majesty; I wot Your servant is the fool his father made him, And the most dutiful of all your subjects.

Edward.—We know it, Percy. But what of his wife?

Percy.—Why, if the men but possess half her spirit, You might besiege these walls till you have counted The grey hairs on the child that's born next June.

Edward.—And was this all?



Percy.—Nay, there was one—a smooth-tongued oily man—
A leader of the citizens; and one
Who measures out dissension by the rood:
He is an orator, and made a speech
Against the governor: the people murmured;
And one or two cried out, “Behold an Antony!”
But he’s a traitor; and I’d hang all traitors!

Edward.—Ha!—then doth the devil, Disaffection, With his fair first-born, Treason,
smooth our path. So we have friends within the citadel. Sent they no other answer?

Percy.—I did expect me to have brought the whole, Like half-clothed beggars bending
at my heels, To crave your Grace’s succour; but, behold, Ere I could bid them home for
a clean shirt, That they might meet your majesty like Christians, Out stepped her
ladyship, and with a speech Roused up the whole to such a flood of feeling That I did
well ’scape drowning in the shout Of Scotland and Seton!—Seton and Scotland!—Then
did she turn and ask me, “Are you answered?” I said I was!—and they did raise a cry Of
Death or Liberty!

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Edward.—They shall have it—death in its fullest meaning. Haste, ply our cannon on the opening breach. Forth!—they attack the camp! Now, drive them back, Break through their gate and guards, Till all be ours! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts.*

Scots driven through the gates in confusion.

Sir Alex.—Woe to thee, Elliot! this defeat is thine. Where was the caution ye but preached this morn, That ye should madly break our little band, And rush on certain ruin? Fie on thee, man! That such an old head is so young a soldier! Here, guard this breach, defend it to the last; Henry shall be thy comrade. On, my friends! They cross the river, and the northern gate Will be their next attack.

Elliot [aside].—“Woe to thee, Elliot! this defeat is thine!”

So says our Governor! 'Tis true!—'twas mine! Though I have failed me in my firm, fixed purpose, Once more he's thrown revenge within my grasp; And I will clutch it—clutch it firmly, too; I *guard* the breach! and with his son to assist me! The Fates grow kind! The *breach!* he said the *breach!* And gave his son up to the power of Edward!

Henry.—Why stand ye musing there? *Here* lies your duty!

Elliot [aside].—'Tis true! 'tis true! *my duty DOES lie there!*

Henry.—Follow me, Elliot. See—they scale the walls! A moment lost, and they have gained the battlement.

Shouting.—PERCY and Followers *leap upon the battlement.*

Percy.—On! followers, on!—for Edward and for England!

Henry.—Have at thee, Percy, and thy followers, too! For Freedom and for Scotland! On, Elliot! on! Wipe out the morning's shame.

Elliot [aside].—Have at thee, boy, for insult and revenge!

[ELLIOT *strikes* HENRY'S sword from his hand.]

Henry.—Shame on thee, traitor! are we thus betrayed?

[Percy's Followers *make* HENRY prisoner.]



Elliot.—Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!—one then is in their grasp! A truce, Lord Percy. See thy prisoner safe, Ere his mad father sound a rescue—off! Thou wouldst not draw thy sword upon a friend?

[SIR ALEXANDER, RICHARD, PROVOST RAMSAY, *and others, enter hurriedly.*

Sir Alex.—Thanks, Elliot! thanks! You have done nobly!—thanks! Where is your comrade?—speak—where is my son?

Elliot.—Would he had been less valiant—less brave!

Sir Alex.—What! is he dead, my good, my gallant boy? Where is his body? show me—where? oh, where?

Richard.—Where is my brother? tell me how he fell?

Elliot.—Could I with my best blood have saved the youth, Ye are all witnesses that I would have done it.

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Provost Ramsay.—Indeed, Mr. Elliot, if ye refer to me, I'm witness to naething o' the kind; for it is my solemn opinion, a' the execution your sword did was as feckless as a winnle-strae.

Sir Alex.—Where is my poor boy's body?

Elliot.—I did not say he died.

Richard.—Not dead!

Sir Alex.—Not say he died?

Elliot.—See yonder group now hurrying to the camp, And shouting as they run. He is their prisoner! [*Aside*] Feed ye, friends, on that.

Sir Alex.—Cold-blooded man! them never wert a father.
The tyrant is! he knows a father's heart;
And he will play the butcher's part with mine!
Each day inflicting on me many deaths,
Knowing right well I am his twofold prisoner;
For on the son's head he'll repay, with interest,
The wrongs the father did him!
"He is their prisoner," saidst thou?" Is their prisoner!"
Thou hast no sons!—none!—I forgive thee, Elliot!

Elliot.—Deeply I crave your pardon, noble sir;
Pity for you, and love for Scotland, made me
That I was loath to speak the unwelcome tidings;
Fearful that to attempt his rescue now,
Had so cut off our few remaining troops,
As seal immediate ruin.

Provost Ramsay [*aside*].—Preserve us a'! hear that. Weel, to be sure, it's a true saying,
"Satan never lets *his* saunts be at a loss for an answer!"

SCENE V.—*Apartment in EDWARD'S Tent.*

Enter EDWARD and PERCY.

Edward.—How fares it with these stubborn rebels now? Do they still talk of death as of a bridal, While we protract the ceremony?

Percy.—I learn, my liege, we've got two glorious allies— Two most right honourable gentlemen— Aiding the smooth-tongued orator: *Disease* and *Famine* have espoused our cause, And the said traitor Elliot is their oracle.



Edward.—Touching this man, we have advice from him,
In which he speaketh much concerns the wants
And murmurings of the citizens: he, too,
Adds, they hold out expecting help from Douglas,
And recommendeth that we should demand
The other son of Seton as a hostage,
In virtue of a truce for fourteen days:
This is his snare. The sons once in his power,
Their father yields, or both hang up before him.

Percy.—'Tis monstrous generous of our friendly Scot; And what return expects he for his service?

Edward.—On giving up the father's head—his place.

Percy.—I fear the lady will have his head first. Did you but see her eyes! I'd bet my coronet 'gainst our friar's cowl, Man wink not treason in his bedchamber But she detect it. Then her ears, again; 'Sdeath! she can hear the very sound of light As it does steal, i' the morning, through her curtains. Should our *friend* wear his head another week, His neck, I'll swear, is not as other men's are.

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Edward.—How fares it with the son, our silent prisoner?

Percy.—Poor soul, he leans his head against the wall, And stands with his arms thus—across his breast— Pale as a gravestone, gnashing at his teeth, And looking on his guards just as his mother would!

Edward.—'Tis now the hour that Elliot has proposed To stir the townsmen up to mutiny. Take our conditions, and *whatever* you please; Get but the son as hostage!—get but that! And both shall die a thief's death if he yield not; He is a father, Percy—he's a father! The town is ours, and at an easy purchase. *[Exit]*

Percy.—And she's a mother, Edward! she's a mother! Ay! and a mother; I will pledge my earldom, And be but plain Hal Percy all my life, If she despise not gallows, death, and children, And earn for thee a crown of shame, my master! In sooth, I am ashamed to draw my sword, Lest I should see my face in its bright blade; For sure my mother would not know her son, As he goes blushing on his hangman's errand.

SCENE VI.—*A Street—the Market-place.*

Enter_ ELLIOT and Populace.

Elliot—You heard, my townsmen, how our gracious governor Did talk to us of honour—! you all heard him! Can any of you tell us what is *honour*? *He* drinks his wine, *he* feeds on beeves and capons; *His* table groans beneath a load of meats; *His* hounds, *his* hawks, are fed like Christian men! *He* sleeps in a downy couch, o'erhung with purple; And these, all these are *honourable* doings! He talks of *liberty*! Is it, then, *liberty* to be cooped up Within these prison walls, to starve from want, That we may have the liberty—mark it, my friends!— The wondrous *liberty* to call him *Governor*? Had ye the hearts or hands your fathers had, You'd to the castle, take the keys by force, And ope the gates to let your children live. Here comes your provost—now appeal to him.

Enter PROVOST RAMSAY.—*The people demand bread.*

Provost Ramsay.—Gie you food!—your bairns dee wi' hunger!—and ye maun hae bread! It is easy saying, Gie ye! but where am I to get it? Do you think there's naeboddy finds the grund o' their stamachs but yersels? I'm sure I hae been blind fastin' these four-and-twenty hours! But wad ye no suffer this, and ten times mair for liberty, and for the glory and honour of auld Scotland?

Elliot [to the people].—He, too, can cant of *liberty* and *honour*!

Provost Ramsay.—I say, Mr. Hypocrite! it is my fixed and solemn opinion that ye are at the bottom o' this murmuring. I ken ye're never at a loss for an answer; and there is anither wee bit affair I wad just thank ye to redd up. Do ye mind what a fine story ye

made in this very market-place the ither week, about getting ower the bed—and your wife's bosom being torn

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bare—and the blood gushing to your feet, and a' the rest o't? Do ye mind o' that, sir? Do ye mind o' that? I daresay, townsmen, ye've no forgot it? Now, sir, it's no aboon ten minutes sine, that the poor creature—wha, according to your account, was dead and buried—got loose frae her confinement, and cam fleeing to me for protection, as a man and a magistrate, to save her frae the cruelty o' you, you scoundrel. Now, what say ye to that, sir? What say ye to that? What do you think o' your orator now, friends?

Elliot.—'Tis false, my friends—'Tis but a wicked calumny devised Against the only man who is your friend.

Provost Ramsay.—Saftly, neebor, saftly! have a care how ye gie the lee to what I say; or, it is my solemn opinion, this bit sword o' my faither's may stap you frae gien it till anither.

Enter SIR ALEXANDER and RICHARD.

Ye are weel come, Sir Alexander: here is Orator Elliot been makin' a harangue to the townfolk; and ane cries for bread, and anither for meal—that it is my opinion I dinna ken what's to be done.

Sir Alex.—What would you have? what is it that you wish? Would ye, for food, sweet friends, become all slaves; And for a meal, that ye might surfeit on it, Give up your wives, your homes, and all that's dear, To the brute arms of men, who hold it virtue To heap their shame upon a fallen foe? Would ye, that ye might eat, yet not be satisfied, Pick up the scanty crumbs around their camp, After their cattle and their dogs have left them; Or would ye, for this favour, be content To take up arms against your countrymen! — For this! will fathers fight against their sons?— Sons 'gainst their fathers?—brethren with each other? Those who would wish it may go o'er to Edward!

[Sound of French horns without]

Provost Ramsay.—Ay, here comes mair proposals—the sorry proposal them! I wish them and proposals an' a' were in the middle o' the Tweed.

Enter EARL PERCY and Attendants.

Percy.—Save ye, my band of heroes; by St. Cuthbert, Your valorous deeds have wrought a miracle, And turned my master's hatred into mercy; For, deeming it a sin that such brave fellows Should die a beggar's vulgar death from want, He doth propose to drop hostilities, And for two weeks you may command our friendship: If in that time you gain no aid from Scotland, Renounce the country, and be Edward master; But, should you gain assistance—why, then, we Will raise the siege, and wish you all good-bye.



*Elliot [to the people].—*Urge the acceptance, friends, of these conditions.

*Omnes.—*We all accept these terms.

*Sir Alex.—*It is the people's wish; and I agree.

*Percy.—*And you, in pledge of due performance, sir, Do give up this your son into our hands, In surety for your honour-----

*Sir Alex.—*What! my son! Give him up too—yield him into your power? Have ye not one already?—No! no! no! I cannot, my Lord Percy; no, I cannot Part with him too, and leave their mother childless!

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Provost Ramsay.—Wad ye no tak me as a substitute, Lord Percy? I'm a man o' property, and chief magistrate beside; now, I should think, I'm the maist likely person.

Percy.—Good master magistrate and man of property, I like thy heart, but cannot take thy person. Give up the youth, or here must end my truce!

Richard.—Fear not, my father. I will be their hostage, For Scotland's sake, and for my father's honour—

Sir Alex.—My boy, my boy, and shall I lose you thus? What surety does cruel Edward give, That, keeping faith, he will restore my sons Back to my arms in safety? Tell me, Percy; Gives he his honour as a man or king?

Percy.—As both, I hold it.

Sir Alex.—And wilt thou pledge thine?

Percy.—This is my master's business, and not mine.

Sir Alex.—'Tis an evasion, and I like it not.

Richard.—Farewell! farewell, my father! be the first To teach these men the virtue of self-sacrifice. Commend me to my mother. I will bear Both of your best loves to our Henry. Farewell! Lead on, Lord Percy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Apartment in SETON'S House.*

Enter SIR ALEXANDER, PROVOST RAMSAY, HUGH ELLIOT, and others.

Sir Alex.—Would Heaven that all go well with my dear boys!
But there's that within me that does tear
My bosom with misgivings. The very sun
To me hangs out a sign of ominous gloom!
A spirit seems to haunt me, and the weight
Of evil undefined, and yet unknown,
Doth, like a death's-hand, press upon my heart.

Provost Ramsay.—Hoot, I wad fain think that the warst is past, and that there is nae danger o' anything happenin' now. But do ye ken, sir, it is my fixed and solemn opinion, that, before anything really is gaun to happen to a body, or to ony o' their friends, like, there is a kind o' something comes ower ane—a sort o' sough about the heart there—an' ye dinna ken what for.

Sir Alex.—Have ye beheld how they are raising bastions, Flanking fresh cannon, too, in front the town, Gaining new reinforcements to their camp, And watching all our



outgoings? Do you think This looks as Edward meant to keep his faith? I am betrayed, my friends—I am betrayed. Fear marcheth quickly to a father's breast— My sons are lost! are lost!

Provost Ramsay.—It's true that King Edward's preparations, and his getting sic fearfu' additions to his army, doesna look weel. But what is a king but his word mair than a man?

Enter Servant.

Servant.—Lord Percy craves an audience with your honour.

Sir Alex.—Conduct him hither. 'Tis as I boded!

[*Exit Servant—enter PERCY.*

You look grave, my lord.

Percy.—Faith, if I can look grave, to-day I should:
None of my mother's children, gossips said,
Were born with a sad face; but I could wish
That I had never smiled, or that her maid
Had been my mother, rather than that I
Had been the bearer of this day's vile tidings.

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Sir Alex.—’Tis of my sons!—what! what of them, Lord Percy? What of them?

Percy.—Yes, ’tis of your sons I’d speak!— They live—they’re well!—can you be calm to hear me? I *would* speak of your sons.

Sir Alex.—I feel!—I feel! I understand you, Percy! you **WOULD** speak of my sons!—Go, thrust thy head into a lion’s den, Murder its whelps, and say to it, *Be calm!* Be calm! and feel a dagger in thy heart! ’Twas kindly said!—kind! kind! to say, *Be calm!* I’m calm, Lord Percy! what—what of my sons?

Percy.—If I can tell thee, and avoid being choked— Choked with my shame and loathing—I will tell thee! But each particular word of this black mission Is like a knife thrust in between my teeth.

Sir Alex.—Torture me not, my lord, but speak the worst; My ears can hear—my heart can hold no more!

Enter LADY SETON.

Percy.—Hear them in as few words as I can tell it: Edward hath sworn, and he will keep his vow, That if to-day ye yield not up the town, Become his prisoners, break your faith with Scotland, Ye with the morning dawn shall see your sons Hung up before your windows. He hath sworn it; And, by my earldom—faith as a Christian— Honour as a peer—he will perform it!

Lady Seton [aside].—Ruler of earth and heaven! a mother begs Thy counsel—Thy protection! Say I *mother!* No voice again shall call me by that name— Both! both my boys!

Sir Alex.—Ha! my Matilda! Thou here! Dry up thy tears, my love! dry up thy tears! I cannot sacrifice both sons and mother! Alas, my country! I must sell thee dearly! My faith—mine honour too!—take—take them, Percy! I am a father, and my sons shall live! — Shall *live!* and I shall *die!* [*Unsheathing his sword.*

Lady Seton.—Hold! hold, my husband—save thy life and honour! Thou art a father—am not I a mother? Knowest thou the measure of a mother’s love? Think ye she yearns not for her own heart’s blood? Yet I will *live!* and thou shalt live, my husband! We will not rob this Edward of his shame; Write—I will dictate as my sons had done it—I know their nature, for ’twas I who gave it.

Sir Alex.—Thou wait’st an answer, Percy—I will give it. [*Sits down to write.*

No; I cannot, Matilda.



Lady Seton.—Write thus: “Edward may break his faith, but Seton cannot! Edward may earn disgrace, but Seton honour! His sons are in your power! Do! do as ye list!”

[He starts up in agitation.]

Sir Alex.—No, no! it cannot be—say not my sons! Lord Percy, let your tyrant take my life! Torture me inchmeal!—to the last I’ll smile, And bless him for his mercy!—but spare, oh spare my children!

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Provost Ramsay.—Really, Sir Alexander, I dinna ken hoo to advise you. To think o' gien up the toun to sic a monster o' iniquity, is entirely out o' the question—just impossible a'thegither; and to think o' the twa dear brave bairns sufferin', is just as impossible as to flee in the air. I tell ye what, my lord—and it is my opinion it is a very fair proposal (if naething but deaths will satisfy your king)—I, for ane, will die in their stead—their faither will for anither; and is there ane amang *you*, my townsmen, that winna do the same, and let your names be handed down as heroes to your bairns' bairns, and the last generation?

Percy.—Thou hast a noble heart, old honest Scotsman; but I cannot accept your generous offer.

Lady Seton.—Mark this, my husband!—that we may still be parents— That we might have two sons to *live and scorn us*— Sell country—honour—all—and live disgraced: Think ye MY SONS would call a *traitor* father?— They drew their life from *me*—from *me* they drew it; And think ye I would call a *traitor husband*?— What! would ye have them live, that every slave, In banquet or in battle, might exclaim, “For you, ye hinds, your father sold his country?” Or, would you have them live, that no man's daughter Would stoop so low as call your sons her husband? Would you behold them hooted, hissed at, Oft, as they crossed the street, by every urchin? Would ye your sons—your *noble* sons—met this, Eather than die for Scotland? If ye do love them, Love them as a *man*!

Sir Alex.—'Tis done! my country, thou hast made me bankrupt! And I am childless!
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VIII.—*The river, and boat. Time midnight. Enter one habited as a friar.*

Friar.—'Tis now thick midnight. All round me sleep, And not a star looks from the curtained heaven. The very sentinels cease to pace their round, And stand in calm security. I'll brave them. What though the bridge be guarded, and the river Rush like a tiger?—love has no such fears, And Heaven is stronger than its waters!

[*A bell tolls slowly.*]

Ha! that slow-tongued bell, that speaks of death,
Falls on my ears as would a solid substance,
Pressing my heart down! Oh cruel speed!
Already they prepare their execution!
But they shall live, or I with them shall die!
THOU, who beholdest me, and lookest through
The darkness of Thy heavens upon Thy suppliant,
Let not a tyrant stain Thy earth with blood—
The blood of innocence! Thou, who art mercy,
Spare a father's tears! Thou, who art love,



Look on a mother's anguish! Thou, who art justice,
Save! oh, save their children! Thou, who art power,
Strengthen my hands to-night. *[Rises.*
Now, may an angel's hand direct my skiff
Straight to their camp, till with one blow I strike
Their freedom and my country's!

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[He leaps into the boat and pushes off.]

SCENE IX.—*The English camp. A fire in the distance.*
Enter HENRY and RICHARD, fettered and guarded.

Henry.—Would it were morning, and the hour were come. For still my heart misgives me, lest our parents Do, in fond weakness, save us by dishonour!

Richard.—Rather than purchase life at such a price,
And have my father sell his faith for me,
And sell his country, I would rather thou,
My brother in my birth and in my death,
Should be my executioner! We know them better!

Henry.—Now I seem old and weary of this life, So joy I in our death for Scotland's sake;
For this death will so wed us to our country, We shall be old in years to all posterity!
And it will place a blot on Edward's name, That time may blacken, but can ne'er efface.

Richard.—My heart, too, beats as light as if tomorrow Had been, by young love,
destined for my bridal; Yet oft a tear comes stealing down my cheek, When I do think
me of our *mother*, Henry!

Henry.—Oh speak not of our parents! or my heart Will burst ere morning, and from the
tyrant rob His well-earned infamy.

Richard.—Oh! I must speak of them: They now will wander weeping in their chamber,
Or from their window through the darkness gaze, And stretch their hands and sigh
towards the camp; Then, when the red east breaks the night away— Ah! what a sight
will meet their eyes, my brother!

Henry.—My brother! oh my brother!

Enter FRIAR.

Guard.—Who would pass here?

Friar.—A friend! a friend!—a messenger of mercy!

Guard.—Nay, wert thou mercy's self, you cannot pass.

Friar.—Refuse ye, then, your prisoners their confessor?

Guard.—Approach not, or ye die!

Friar.—Would ye stretch forth your hand 'gainst Heaven's anointed?



Guard.—Ay! 'gainst the Pope himself, if he should thwart me.

Friar.—Mercy ye have not, neither shall ye find it.

[Springs forward and stabs him—approaches RICHARD and HENRY, and unbinds their fetters.

Friar.—In chains as criminals! Ye are free, but speak not.

Richard.—Here, holy father, let me kneel to thank thee.

Henry.—And let me hear but my deliverer's name, That my first prayer may waft it to the skies.

Friar.—Kneel not, nor thank me here. There's need of neither; But be ye silent, for the ground has ears; Nor let it hear your footsteps.

[He approaches the fire; kindles a torch and fires the camp.

Henry.—Behold, my brother, he has fired the camp! Already see the flames ascend around him.

Friar.—Now! now, my country! here thou art avenged! Fly with me to the beach! pursuit is vain! Thou, Heaven, hast heard me! thou art merciful! *[Exit.*



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SCENE X.—*Apartment in SETON'S House.*

Sir Alex.—Oh, what is honour to a father's heart? Can it extinguish nature—soothe its feelings— Or make the small still voice of conscience dumb? My sons! my sons! Though ye should hold me guiltless, there's a tongue Within me whispers, *I'm your murderer!* Ah! my Matilda! hadst thou been less noble, We both had been less wretched! But do I, To hide my sin, place't on the mother's heart? Though she did hide the *mother* from *men's* eyes, Now, crushed by woes, she cannot look on *mine*. But, locked in secret, weeps her soul away, That it may meet her children's! I alone, Widowed and childless, like a blasted oak Reft of its root and branches, must be left For every storm to howl at!

[ELLIOT *enters with a dagger.*

Ah, my sons!
Could anguish rend my heartstrings, I should not
Behold another sun rise on my misery!

Elliot [springing upon him].—By Heavens, mine enemy, I swear thou shalt not!

They struggle. Shouting without. Enter FRIAR and SETON'S SONS, PROVOST RAMSAY. FRIAR springs forward.

Friar.—Down! traitor, down! [*Stabs ELLIOT.*

Sir Alex.—My sons! my sons! Angels of mercy, do you mock my sight! My boys! my boys!

Provost Ramsay.—Save us a'! save us a'!—callants, come to my arms too! Here's an hour o' joy! This, in my solemn opinion, is what I ca' livin' a lifetime in the twinklin' o' an ee. And what think ye, Sir Alexander! The English camp is a' in a bleeze, and there they are fleeing awa helter-skelter, leaving everything behind them.

Sir Alex.—What! they fly too!—thank Heaven! thank Heaven! My cup of joy o'erflows, and floods my heart More than my griefs!

Richard.—'Tis true, my father— To this, our unknown saviour, do we owe Our life and yours!—'twas he, too, seized the torch, And bid the bonfire blaze to Scotland's freedom.

Sir Alex.—Forgive me, reverend stranger, if that I,
In the delirium of a parent's joy,
O'erlooked the hand that saved me:
Kneel, my sons,
And with your father, at this stranger's feet,
Pour out your thanks, and beg his blessing also.



[They kneel around the supposed friar, who casts off the disguise, and is discovered to be their mother.]

Lady Seton.—A mother, in her children's cause, fears nothing,
And needs not *thanks*—
A woman, in her country's cause,
Can dare what man dare! *[They start up.]*

Sir Alex.—What! my Matilda!

Richard.—My mother!

Henry.—Ha! my mother!

Lady Seton.—Joy, joy, my sons; your mother's done her duty! And joy, my husband, we have saved our *honour*.

Sir Alex.—Matilda, thou hast ta'en my heart anew, And with it, too, my words!



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Provost Ramsay.—The like o' this! I may weel say, what, in the universal globe,
tempted me to be a bachelor! [*Exeunt.*]

XXV.

FAREWELL TO A PLACE ON THE BORDERS.

Lochmaben! I from thee must part,
'Tis destined so to be;
Thy lovely lochs, dear to my heart,
I never more may see.

The heaven of May is mirror'd clear
Within thy waters deep;
So shall my soul with loving care
Thine image ever keep.

I've seen Edina's rocky walls,
Her palaces and bowers;
I've gazed on London's lofty halls,
And monumental towers.

In yon green isle towards the west,
I've roamed without control;
And many a wild, romantic coast
Has charm'd my inmost soul.

But aye to me the sunniest rays
Have thrown their sweetest gleams
Where Bruce was born, and summer days
Inspired my youthful dreams.

The water lilies there shall rest,
And minnows round them play;
The coot shall build her floating nest,
When I am far away.

But ah! no more thy streams and glens
Shall bless my sight, Lochmaben;
Farewell, farewell, lochs, woods, and fens—
Farewell, farewell, Lochmaben!



GLOSSARY AND GENERAL INDEX.

GLOSSARY.

—A—

A', *adj.* all.

ABAK, *adv.* behind.

ABASIT, *part. pa.* confounded; abashed.

ABBACY, *s.* an abbey.

ABEE—to let *abee*, to let alone; not to meddle with.

ABEECH, ABIEGH, *adv.* aloof; “at a shy distance;” keep aloof.

ABLE, ABLIS, ABLINS, AIBLINS, *adv.* perhaps; peradventure.

ABONE, ABOW, ABOON, ABUNE, *prep.* above.

ABOOT, *prep.* about.

AE, *adj.* one; only; single.

AFF, *adv.* off; away.

AFFCAST, *s.* a castaway.

AFFCOME, *s.* the termination of any business. “I gied him his *affcome*,” I gave him a down-setting, or offset.

AFEIRD, *part. pa.* afraid.

AFFHAND, *adj.* plain; honest; blunt; without premeditation.

AFFLUFF, *adv.* extempore.

AFORE, *prep.* before.

AFFPUT, *s.* pretence for delay.

AFFPUTTING, *adj.* trifling; delaying.

AFFSIDE, *s.* offside.

AFT, *adv.* often.



AFTEN, *adv.* often.

AFTERHEND, *adv.* afterwards.

AGAYNE, *prep.* against.

AGAIT, *adv.* on the way or road.

AGEE, *adv.* to one side; ajar; a little open.

AGLEY, A-GLY, *adv.* off the right line; obliquely; wrong.

AHIND, AHINT, *adv.* behind.

AIK, *s.* the oak.



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AILEN, *part. pa.* ailing.

AIN, *adj.* own.

AINS, *adv.* once.

AIR, *adv.* early in the morning.

AIR, AIRE, AYR, *s.* an heir.

AIRMS, *s. pl.* arms.

AIRN, *s.* iron.

AIRT, AIRTH, *s.* point of the compass.

AISLAIR, *adj.* a polished substance.

AITS, *s. pl.* oats.

AITEN, *adj.* oaten.

AITH, *s.* an oath.

AIZLE, *s.* a hot ember.

ALANE, *adj.* alone.

ALANG, *adv.* along.

ALD, AULD, *adj.* old.

ALMOUS, AUMES, *s. pl.* alms.

AMAIST, *adv.* almost.

AMANG, *prep.* among.

AMBRY, *s.* a press or closet where victuals are kept for daily use.

AN', *conj.* and.

ANE, *adj.* one.

ANENT, *prep.* over against; opposite.



ANETH, *prep.* beneath.

ANEUCH, *adv.* enough.

ANIENT, *adv.* or *prep.* on this side of; on the nearest side.

ANITHER, *adj.* another.

ANKERSTOCK, *s.* a loaf made of rye, sweetened with treacle.

ANSE, *adv.* once.

APERT, *adj.* brisk; bold; free.

APERTLY, *adv.* briskly; readily.

APON, APOUN, *prep.* upon.

APPARELLE, *s.* equipage; furniture for warfare.

APPLERINGIE, *s.* the plant called southernwood.

ARCH, *adj.* averse; reluctant.

To ARGLE-BARGLE, ARGIE-BARGIE, *v. a.* to contend; to bandy backwards and forwards.

ARK, *s.* a large chest used for holding meal or corn.

ARK of a Mill, *s.* the place in which the water-wheel moves.

To ARLE, *v. a.* to give earnest of any kind.

ARLES, *s.* earnest of any kind.

ARLY, *adv.* early.

ARMYN, ARMYNG; *s.* armour; arms.

ART and PART, accessory to, or abetting.

ASSE, *s.* ashes, plural *assis* and *aiss*.

ASSHOLE, *s.* place for receiving ashes under the grate.

ASCHET, *s.* a large plate, on which meat is brought to table.

ASK, AWSK, *s.* an eft or water newt; a lizard.

ASKLENT, ASCLENT, ASKLINT, *adv.* obliquely; askint; on one side.



To ASSAILYIE, *v. a.* to attack, to assail.

To ASSOLYIE, *v. a.* to acquit.

ASTEER, *adv.* in confusion; in a bustle.

A'THEGITHER, *adv.* altogether.

ATHORT, *prep.* through, athwart.

ATOUR, ATTOURE, *prep.* over.

ATTOMIE, *s.* a skeleton.

ATTELED, *part. pa.* aimed.

ATTER-CAP, ATTIR-COP, *s.* 1. a spider; 2. an ill-tempered person; one of a malignant or virulent disposition.



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ATWEESH, *prep.* between; betwixt.

AUGHT, *pret. pa.* possessed.

AUCHT, *s.* property; possession; that which is exclusively one's own. *In aw my aucht*, all I am possessed of.

AUKWART, AWKWART, *prep.* across; athwart.

AULD-CLUITY, *s.* the devil.

AULDEST, *adj.* oldest; elder.

AULD, *adj.* old; aged.

AULDFARRANT, AULDFARRANT, *adj.* sagacious.

AULD-MOU'D, *adj.* sagacious in discourse. Sometimes used as crafty.

AUMUS, *s.* an alms.

AVA, *adv.* at all.

AWA, *adv.* away.

AWFU', *adj.* awful.

AWIN, AWYN, *adj.* own. This is the common *pronoun* in the south of Scotland; in other parts, *ain*.

AWNIE, *adj.* bearded.

AWNS, *s. pl.* the beards of corn or barley.

AWSK, *s.* the newt or eft.

AWSOME, *adj.* awful; appalling.

To AX, *v. a.* to ask.

AX-TREE, *s.* an axle-tree.

AYONT, *prep.* beyond.

AY, *adv.* yes.



—B—

BABIE, BAWBIE, *s.* a halfpenny.

BACHLE, BAUCHLE, *s.* an old shoe or slipper.

BACKLINS, *adv.* backwards. *To gae backlins*, to walk backwards, like a ropemaker.

BACKSPANG, *s.* a trick, or legal quirk; advantage taken by one over another.

To BACK-SPEIR, *v. a.* to trace a report as far back as possible; to cross-question.

BACK-SPEIRER, *s.* a cross-examiner.

BADE, *pret.* of bide.

BADRANS, BATHRONS, *s.* a designation for a cat.

To BAE, *v. n.* to bleat like sheep.

To BAFF, *v. a.* to beat.

BAFF, *s.* a stroke or blow.

BAIKIE, *s.* the stake to which a cow is fastened in the stall.

BAILIE, *s.* an alderman; the deputy of a baron in a borough of barony.

BAIR, BAR, *s.* a boar.

BAIRD, *s.* a bard or poet.

BAIRN, BARNE, *s.* a child.

BAIRNHEID, *s.* childhood.

BAIRNLY, *adj.* childish.

BAIRNLINESS, *s.* childishness.

BAIRNS-MAID, *s.* a nursery-maid.

BAIS, *adj.* having a deep or hollow sound: bass.

To BAYT, *v. n.* to feed.

BAISEE, BAIVIE, *s.* a large fire; a great blaze.

BAKE, *s.* a biscuit.

BAKSTER, BAXSTER, s. a baker.

BALD, BAULD, *adj.* bold; intrepid.

BALDERDASH, s. foolish noisy nonsense.

BALK, BURRAL, s. an elevated ridge, raised by a plough.

BALLANT, s. a ballad; a song.

BALOW, BALOO, s. a lullaby; a term used by nurses when lulling children.



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To BAN, BANN, *v. a.* to curse.

BANNIN, *pr. pa.* swearing.

BANDKYN, *s.* a species of cloth, the warp of which is thread of gold and the woof silk, and adorned with figures.

BANDSTER, BANSTER, *s.* one who binds sheaves after the reapers in the harvest field.

BANE, *s.* a bone.

BANE-FYER, *s.* a bonfire.

To BANG, *v. a.* to change place with impetuosity— as, *to bang up*, to start to our feet suddenly.

BANNOCK, *s.* a cake of barley or pease meal baked on a girdle.

BANNOCK-FLUKE, *s.* a turbot.

BAP, *s.* a thick cake, baked in an oven, with yeast in it, and made of flour, oat meal, or barley meal, and sometimes a mixture of two of them.

BARE, *adj.* lean; meagre; naked; uncovered.

To BARKEN, *v. n.* to become hard; to clot.

BARLA-BREIKIS, BURLEY-BRAKS, *s.* a game played in a corn-yard, running round the stacks.

BARLEY, *s.* a term used by children in games, when a truce, or a cessation for the time, is demanded.

BARNE. See BAIRN.

BASSIE, *s.* an old horse.

BASTOUN, *s.* a heavy staff; a baton.

BAITH, *adj.* both.

BATIE, BAWTIE, *s.* a name applied to dogs, generally large ones, without reference to sex.

BATS, *s. pl.* the bots, a disease in horses.



To BATTER, *v. a.* to paste.

BAUCHLE, BACHEL, *s.* an old shoe.

BAUGH, *adj.* ungrateful to the taste.

BAUK, BAWK, *s.* a cross beam in the roof of a house.

BAUK, BAWK, *s.* a strip of land, two or three feet wide, left unploughed.

BAUSY, *adj.* strong; big.

To BAW, *v. a.* to hush; to lull in the manner of nursing a child.

BAW, *s.* a ball.

BAWBEE, a halfpenny.

BAWDEKYN, *s.* cloth of gold.

BAXTER, *s.* a baker.

BEAR, BERE, *s.* barley.

To BECK, *v.* to curtsey.

BEDRAL, *s.* a person who is bedrid.

BEGRUTTEN, *part. pa.* having the face disfigured with weeping.

BEIK, BIKE, *s.* a hive of bees.

BEIK, BEKE, BEEK, *v. a.* to bask, as in the sun.

BEILD, BIELD, *s.* shelter; refuge.

BEIN, BANE, *s.* bone.

BIRR, *s.* noise; cry; force.

BEKE, BEIK, BEEK, *v. a.* to bask.

BELD, *adj.* bald; without hair on the head.

BELE, *s.* a fire; a blaze.

BELYVE, *adv.* by and by.

To BELL THE CAT, to contend with a person of superior rank; to withstand him, either by actions or words, especially the former.

BELLY-THRA, s. the colic.



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To BELT, *v. a.* to gird; to flog; to scourge.

BEN, *adv.* towards the inner apartments of a house. A room is generally called *ben*, and the kitchen *but*.

BEN-END, *s.* *the ben-end of a house*, the inner end of it.

BEN, BIN, *s.* a mountain.

BENE, BIEN, *adj.* wealthy; having abundance.

BENK, BINK, *s.* a bench; a seat.

BENORTH, *prep.* to the northward of.

BENSHIE, BENSHI, *s.* a fairy's wife.

BENT, *s.* a coarse grass growing on sand-hills.

BERE, BEAR, *s.* barley.

BERN, *s.* a barn.

To BESEIK, *v. a.* to beseech; to entreat.

BESYNE, BYSIM, *s.* a bawd.

BESOUTH, *prep.* to the southward of.

BEST-MAN, *s.* groomsmen; *best-maid*, the bridesmaid.

BETWEESH, *prep.* betwixt.

BEUCH, a branch; a bough.

BEVIE, *s.* a great fire.

To BEWRY, *v. a.* to pervert, to distort.

BIB, *s.* a piece of linen used to keep the breast of a child clean when feeding it.

BICK, *s.* a bitch; the female of the canine species.

To BICKER, *v. a.* to fight with stones as schoolboys; to run off quickly.



BICKER, BIQUOUR, *s.* a small wooden dish, made in the form of a washing-tub, the staves being alternately black and white.

To BIDE, BYDE, *v. n.* to wait for; to abide; to endure; to suffer.

To BIG, *v. a.* to build.

BIGGIN, BYGGYN, *s.* a building.

BIGGIT, *part. pa.* built.

BIKE, BEIK, BINK, *s.* a nest of wild bees or wasps.

BILGET, *adj.* bulged; swelling out.

BILLIE, BILLY, *s.* a companion; a comrade.

BINDWOOD, *s.* ivy.

BING, *s.* a heap; a pile of wood.

BINK. See BIKE.

BIRD, BURD, *s.* a bird; a damsel; a lady.

BIRDIE, *s.* a little bird.

BIRK, *s.* a birch-tree.

To BIRK, *v. n.* to give a tart or sharp answer.

BIRKIN, *adj.* of or belonging to birch-wood.

BIRKY, *s.* a lively young man; a mettlesome person.

BIRL, *v. n.* to ply with drink; to club money for the purpose of purchasing drink.

BIRN, *v. a.* to burn.

BIRS, BIRSE, *s.* a bristle.

His birse is up, he is in a passion.

He's a birsie man, he is liable to be irritated easily.

To BIRSLE, *v. a.* to broil; to roast.

BIRSSY, *adj.* having bristles; hot-tempered.

To BIRZE, BRIZE, *v. a.* to bruise; to drive or push.

BISKET, BRISKET, *s.* the breast.

To BISSE, BIZZ, *v. n.* to make a hissing sound, as hot iron plunged into water.



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BISSOME, BYSSYM, *s.* an unworthy female.

BIT, *s.* a vulgar term used for food.

He takes the bit and the buffit wi't,
he takes the food and the blow along with it.

BITTILL, BEETLE, *s.* a wooden mallet for beating clothes.

To BLABBER, *v. n.* to babble; to speak indistinctly.

BLACKAVICED, *a.* dark-complexioned.

BLACK-COCK, *s.* the black grouse.

BLACK-FISHING, *s.* fishing for salmon by torch light.

BLACK-FOOT, *s.* a person who makes matches, or goes between a lover and his mistress.

BLAD, *s.* a large piece of anything.

BLADE, *s.* the leaf of a tree.

BLADOCH, BLEDOCH, *s.* buttermilk.

BLAE, BLA, *adj.* livid; used when the skin is discoloured with a blow, or when chilled with cold.

BLAEBERRY, *s.* the bilberry.

BLAIDRY, *s.* nonsense; folly; silly talk.

BLAIN, *s.* a mark or blemish left by a wound.

BLAIT, *adj.* bashful; sheepish.

BLAIT-MOUIT, *adj.* sheepish; ashamed to open one's mouth, or speak. _ Ye'r no blait_, you are very forward or impudent—used metaphorically.

BLAITIE-BUM, *s.* a stupid, simple fellow.

BLASH, *s.* a heavy fall of rain.

BLASHY, *adj.* deluging, sweeping away, as in a flood; thin, poor, as applied to broth or soup.



To BLAST, *v. n.* to smoke. *To take a blast*, to take a smoke.

BLATE, BLAIT, *adj.* bashful.

To BLATHER, *v. n.* to talk nonsense; to talk ridiculously.

BLATTER, *s.* a rattling noise, such as that made by a heavy shower of rain or hail.

To BLAW, *v.* to blow.

BLEAR, *s.* to obscure the sight.

BLEARD, *s.* dull of sight; having inflamed eyes.

BLEEZE, *v. n.* milk is said to be bleezed when it has become a little sour.

BLEIB, *s.* a pustule, a blister.

The BLEIBS, *s. pl.* the chicken-pox.

To BLENK, BLINK, *v. n.* to open the eyes as after slumber; to throw a glance of regard.

BLENK, BLINK, *s.* a gleam of light.

BLENT, *s.* a glance as in the quick motions of the eye.

To BLETHER, *v. n.* to stammer, or speak indistinctly, or nonsensically.

BLIN, *adj.* blind.

BLINK. See BLENK.

To BLIRT, *v. n.* to burst out a-crying or weeping.

BLOB, BLAB, *s.* 1. anything circular and turned; 2. a blister.

BLOBBIT, *part. pa.* bloated; blurred; blotched.

BLUBBER, *s.* a bubble of air.

To BLUBBER, *v. a.* to cry, to weep.

BLUE-GOWN, *s.* a pensioner. Formerly all pensioners received a blue gown on the king's birthday.

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BLUID, *s.* blood.

BLUIDY, *adj.* bloody; bloodthirsty; covered with gore.

BLUITER, BLUTTER, *v. n.* to make a rumbling noise.

BLUNTIE, *s.* a stupid fellow; a sniveller.

BOAL, BOLE, *s.* a small aperture or press in a house for the reception of small articles; a small opening in a wall for the admission of light or air.

BOB, *s.* a curtsey.

To BOCK, *v. a.* to make a noise with the throat, as persons will frequently do before vomiting.

BOD, BODDY, *s.* a person of diminutive stature.

BODDUM, *s.* bottom.

BODE, BOD, *s.* an offer made prior to a bargain; a proffer.

BODEN, BUDDEN, *v.* offered; proffered.

BODLE, *s.* an old copper coin of the value of two pennies Scots, or third part of a penny English.

BOGILL, BOGLE, *s.* 1. a hobgoblin; a spectre; 2. a scarecrow; any made-up imitation of a spectre.

BOMBILL, BUMBILL, *s.* buzzing noise.

BOMBILL-BEE, *s.* a drone.

BONIE, BONYE, BONNY, *adj.* beautiful; having a fine countenance.

BONIEST, *adj.* the most beautiful.

BOOL, *s.* an ironical name, as applied to an old man.

BOONMOST, *adj.* uppermost.

BOORDLEY, *s.* strong; large; broad; having a manly appearance.

BORDEL, *s.* a brothel.



BOS, BOSS, BOIS, *adj.* hollow.

BOT, BUT, *conj.* but; without anything.

BOTHE, BOOTHE, *s.* a shop made of boards.

BOTHIE, *s. pl.* a cottage; such a one as is occupied generally for the use of servants.

BOTTINGS, BUITINGS, *s.* half boots, or leathern spatterdashes.

BOUCHT, BOUGHT, BUCHT, *s.* a small pen used for milking ewes.

To BOUCHT, BUCHT, *v. a.* to enclose.

BOUK, BUIK, *s.* the trunk of the body; bulk.

BOUKIT, *adj.* bulky, large. *No muckle boukit*, not of much size or dimensions.

BOUN, *adj.* prepared; ready.

BOUR, *s.* the private chamber of a lady in ancient times.

BOURTREE, BOUNTREE, *s.* common elder-tree.

BOW, *s.* a boll; eight pecks.

BOW, *s.* the arch of a bridge; a gateway; a crooked path.

BOWIE, *s.* a small cask or barrel; a milk pail.

BOWSIE, *adj.* crooked; applied to a crooked person, who is called a *bowsie*.

BRACE, *s.* the chimney-piece.

BRACKEN, BRAIKEN, BROCKEN, *s.* the fern.

To BRACK, *v. a.* to break.

BRACKIT, BRACKET, BRUCKIT, *adj.* speckled.

BRAE, *s.* the side of a hill; an acclivity.

To BRAG, *v. a.* 1. to defy; 2. to reproach.



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BRAID, BRADE, *adj.* wide; broad.

BRANDNEW. See BRENTNEW.

BRANDER, *s.* a gridiron.

To BRANDER, *v. n.* to broil.

BRANG, *part. pa.* brought.

BRANKS, *s.* a swelling in the glands of the neck.

BRAT, *s.* a coarse apron.

BRATCHET, BRATCHART, *s.* an opprobrious term, equivalent to *whelp*.

BRAW, BRA, *adj.* fine; gaily-dressed.

BRAWLY, BRAVELY, *adv.* very well.

BRAWS, *s.* fine clothes; a person's best suit.

BRAXY, BRACKS, *s.* a disease in sheep.

BREADBERRY, *s.* pap, used as food for children.

BREAK (*of a hill*,) *s.* a hollow cleft in a hill.

BRECHAME, BRECHEM, *s.* the collar of a horse.

BREE, BRIE, BREW, BROO, *s.* broth; soup.

BRE, BREE, *s.* the eyebrow.

BREEKS, BREIKS, *s.* breeches.

BREER, BREARD, *s.* the first blades of grain which appear above ground.

To BREER, *v. n.* to germinate.

BREID, *s.* breadth.

BRENT, *adj.* high; straight; upright.

BRENTNEW, quite new.



BRIG, BREG, BRYG, *s.* a bridge.

To BRIZE, BIRSE, *v. a.* to bruise; to drive or push.

BROCHAN, *s.* oatmeal boiled to a consistence thicker than gruel.

BROCK, *s.* a badger.

BROCKED, BROCKET, *adj.* streaked and spotted, as a *brockit* cow.

BROCKLIE, *adj.* brittle.

BROD, *s.* a flat piece of wood; a board.

To BROG, *v. a.* to pierce.

BROGUE, *s.* a coarse kind of shoe made of horse leather with the hair on, used by Highlanders.

BROK, *s.* refuse; fragments.

BROO, *s.* broth.

BROONIE, *s.* a spirit supposed to haunt farm-houses, and which, if treated well, performed the duties of the servants while they were sleeping.

BROSE, *s.* a kind of food made by pouring hot water on oatmeal, and mixing them together. *Kail-brose* is made by substituting broth for water.

BROWST, *s.* the quantity of malt liquor brewed at one time.

BRUGH, BURGH, *s.* a borough; a circular encampment; the hazy circle round the moon.

BRUSE, BROOSE, BRUISE, *v. a.* *To ride the bruise*, to run a race on horseback at country weddings. Metaphorically— to contend; to strive.

To BRUSH, *v. a.* to rush forth with speed.

BU, BOO, *s.* a sound often made use of to excite terror in children. *Bu-man*, the devil, or a goblin; an imaginary evil being; a phrase used to keep children in subjection.

BUBBLY, *adj.* snotty.

BUBBLYJOCK, *s.* a turkey-cock.



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BUCHT, s. a fold; a bending; the fold of a ribbon.

BUCKIE, BUCKY, s. any spiral shell.

BUCKIE-INGRAM, s. the soldier-crab, *Cancer bernardus*, which always inhabits the shells of other animals.

To BUCKLE, v. a. to join together, as in marriage.

BUCKLE-THE-BEGGARS, s. a person who marries others in a clandestine manner.

BUCKTOOTH, s. a tooth jutting out from the others.

BUFF, s. a stroke; nonsense.

BUFFER, s. a foolish fellow.

BUFFET, s. a blow.

BUFFETS, s. *pl.* swellings in the glands.

BUFFIE, *adj.* swelled; blown up; puffed up.

BUIK, s. the body; the chest.

BUIK, BUK, BUKE, s. a book.

BUIRDLY, BURDLY, *adj.* large and well-made; stately.

To BULLER, v. *n.* to make a noise like water rushing to and fro in the cavity of a rock.

To BULLIRAG, v. a. to abuse; to tease; to rally in contempt; to reproach.

BULYIEMENTS, s. habiliments.

To BUM, v. *n.* to make a sound like that of bees; the sound emitted by a bagpipe.

BUMBAZED, *adj.* stupified.

BUMBEE, s. the humble bee; a wild bee; a drone.

BUM-CLOCK, s. the common flying beetle.

BUN, BUNN, s. a cake commonly used at New-Year time, composed of flour, dried fruits, and spices.



To BUNG, *v. n.* to make tipsy.

BUNKER, BUNKART, *s.* a low and long chest, frequently placed in front of a bed in cottages, and used as a press, and also as a seat.

BUNTLING, *s.* a bantling; a bird.

BURD, *s.* a damsel; a lady.

BURDALANE, *s.* used when a person is left solitary, as a child the inmate of a strange family.

BURDE, BOORD, *s.* a table; a board.

BURIAN, *s.* a tumulus; a mound of earth.

BURLAW, BYRLAW, BIRLEY, *s.* a court consisting of country neighbours who settle local disputes, *etc.*

BURLY, *s.* a crowd; a brawl.

BURN, *s.* a small stream; a rivulet. *Burnie, burny*, is used as the diminutive of burn.

BURR, BURRH, *s.* persons are said to have the burr who pronounce the letter *r* with a whirring sound, as the Northumbrians.

BURSIN, BURSTEN, *part. pa.* burst; overpowered with fatigue.

To BUSK, *v. a.* to dress; to attire.

BUT, *prep.* without; towards the outer apartment of a house, or kitchen.

BUTER, BUTTER, *s.* the bittern.

BYGANES, *s.* what is past; used in quarrels, as, *Let byganes be byganes*; let what is past be past.

BYRE, *s.* a cow-house.

BY-RUNIS, *s. pl.* arrears; past debts.



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BYSPRINT, *part. pa.* besprinkled.

BYSSYM, BISSOM, *s.* an unworthy female.

—C—

To CA, *v. a.* to call; to strike; to drive.

To CAB, *v. a.* to pilfer.

CABBACK. See KEBBUCK.

CADDIS, *s.* lint for dressing a wound.

CADIE, *s.* an errand-runner; a carrier of parcels.

CAFF, *s.* chaff.

CAIGIE, *s.* wanton.

CAIGIELY, *adv.* cheerfully; wantonly.

CAIK, *s.* a flat cake made of oatmeal.

To CAIKLE, *v. a.* to make a noise like a hen.

CAIRD, *s.* a gipsy; a travelling tinker.

CAIP, CAPE, *s.* the highest part of anything.

CAIRN, *s.* a conical heap of stones.

CAIR-WEEDS, *s.* mourning weeds.

CALD, CAULD, *s.* cold.

CALLAN, CALLANT, *s.* a stripling.

CALLER, *adj.* cool; refreshing.

CALLOT, *s.* a cap for a woman's head.

CALM-SOUGH, to say little.

CALSAY, CAWSAY, *s.* a causeway street; that part of a street which is bounded by the flags.



CAM, *pret.* came.

CAM-NOSED, *adj.* hook-nosed.

CAMPY, *adj.* bold; brave.

CAMSHAUCHEL'D, *part. adj.* distorted.

CAMSTERIE, CAMSTAIRIE, *adj.* unmanageable; perverse.

CANE, KAIN, *s.* a duty paid by a tenant of land to the owners in kind.

CANKERT, *adj.* ill-tempered; cross.

CANN, CAN, *s.* skill; knowledge; acquirements.

CANNA, CANNAE, cannot.

CANNIE, KANNIE, *adj.* cautious; prudent.

CANNILY, *adv.* prudently; cautiously.

CANTY, *adj.* cheerful; lively.

CANTEL, *s.* the crown of the head.

CANTRAP, *s.* an incantation; a spell; mischief artfully performed.

CAP, *v. n.* to crown; to surmount.

CAP, KAP, *s.* a wooden bowl.

CAPERCAILYE, CAPERCALYEANE, *s.* the wood-grouse or cock of the wood, *Tetrao urogallus* (Linn.)

CAPERNOITED, *adj.* peevish; irritable; crabbed; snappish.

CARDINAL, *s.* a long cloak worn by women, generally those of a red colour, and commonly provided with a hood.

CAR-HANDED, *adv.* left-handed.

CARL, CAIRLE, CARLL, *s.* an old man.

CARLIE, *s.* a diminutive man.

CARLIN, *s.* an old woman.

CARLINS-E'EN, *s.* the last night of the year.



CARLISH, s. boorish; clownish.

CARRITCH, CARITCH, s. the catechism.

To CARP, v. a. to contend.

CARSE, KERSS, s. a low and fertile tract of land adjacent to a river.

CASTOCK, CASTACK, s. the stalk or inner core of cabbage or greens.



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To CAST-OUT, *v. n.* to quarrel.

To CAST-UP, *v. a.* to upbraid; to throw in one's teeth.

CATCHY, *adj.* ready to take advantage of another.

CATTLE-RAIK, *s.* a common on which cattle are fed; the feeding range of cattle.

CATWITTIT, *adj.* harebrained; unsettled.

CAUDRON, *s.* a chaldron.

CAULD, *s.* cold.

CAULDRIFE, *adj.* susceptible of cold.

CAULD-STEER, *s.* sour milk and oatmeal stirred together.

CAUSE, *conj.* because.

CAUSEY, CAUSAY, *s.* a street.

CAUTION, *s.* surety.

CAUTIONER, *s.* a surety.

CAVIE, *s.* a hencoop.

To CA', *v. a.* to drive.

To CAWK, *v. a.* to chalk.

CAWKER, *s.* a dram; a glass of any spirits.

CERTIS. *Certis, ye're a fine ane!* You are indeed a good one—(ironically.)

CHACK, CHECK, *s.* a slight repast.

CHAFTS, *s.* the chops.

CHAFT-BLADE, *s.* jaw-bone.

To CHAK, *v. a.* to check.

CHAKIL, *s.* the wrist.



CHALMER, *s.* a chamber.

To CHAMP, *v. a.* to mash; to chop.

CHANCY, *adj.* fortunate; happy.

CHANNEL, *s.* gravel.

CHAP, *s.* a fellow.

To CHAP, *v. n.* to strike with a hammer or any other instrument, or with a stone.

CHAPIN, *s.* a quart.

CHAPMAN, *s.* a pedlar.

CHAUDMELLE', *s.* a sudden broil or quarrel.

To CHAW, *v. a.* to gnaw; to fret.

CHEEK-BLADE, *s.* cheek-bone.

CHEIP, CHEPE, *v. n.* to chirp, as young birds do.

CHEK, *s.* the cheek; the side of a door.

CHESS, *s.* the frame of wood for a window.

CHESWELL, *s.* a cheese-vat.

CHEVERON, *s.* armour for the head of a horse.

CHIEL, CHIELD, *s.* a fellow; a stripling.

CHILD, CHYLD, *s.* a page; a servant.

CHILDER, *s. pl.* children.

CHIMLEY, *s.* a grate; a chimney.

CHIMLEY-BRACE, *s.* the mantelpiece.

CHIMLEY-LUG, *s.* the fireside.

To CHIRK, CHORK, *v. n.* to grind the teeth in a noisy manner.

To CHIRME, *v. a.* the soft warbling of a bird.

To CHITTER, *v. n.* to shiver.



CHOUKS, s. the glandular parts under the jaw-bones.

CHOWS, s. small bits of coal.

CHUCKIE, s. a hen.

CHUCKIE-STANE, s. a small pebble.

CLACK, s. the clapper of a mill.

CLAES, CLAISE, s. *pl.* clothes.

CLAG, CLAGG, s. an incumbrance.



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CLAGGY, *adj.* adhesive; unctuous.

CLAIK, *v. n.* to make a clacking noise like a hen.

CLAIRGY, *s.* clergy.

CLAITH, CLAYTH, *s.* cloth.

To CLAIVER, CLAVER, *v. a.* to talk idly.

CLAM-SHELL, *s.* a scallop shell.

CLAMJAMPHRY, *s. pl.* low acquaintances; not respectable.

CLAMP, *s.* a heavy footstep.

CLAP, *s.* a stroke.

CLAP O' THE HASS, the uvula of the throat.

CLARTS, *s. pl.* dirt; smell.

CLARTY, *adj.* dirty or foul.

To CLASH, *v. n.* to talk idly.

To CLAT, *v. a.* to rake anything together.

CLAT, *s.* a rake or hoe.

CLATCH, *s.* thick mud.

To CLATTER, *v. a.* to tell tales; to tittle-tattle.

CLAUGHT, *pret.* laid hold of suddenly or eagerly.

To CLAVER, *v. a.* to talk in an idle or nonsensical manner.

CLAVER, *s.* clover.

To CLAW, *v. a.* to scratch.

CLECKIN, *s. pl.* a brood of birds.

CLECKIN-BROD, *s.* a battledoor.



To CLEED, *v. a.* to clothe.

CLEG, GLEG, *s.* a gad-fly; a horsefly.

To CLEIK, CLEEK, *v. a.* to catch with a hooked instrument.

CLEIK, CLEEK, *s.* an iron hook.

CLEIKY, *adj.* ready to take advantage.

CLEUCH, CLEUGH, *s.* a precipice; a steep rocky ascent; a strait hollow between two steep banks.

To CLEW, *v. a.* to stop a hole by compressing.

CLICK-CLACK, *s.* uninterrupted talking.

CLINK, *s.* a smart blow; money.

CLIPPIE, *s.* very talkative; generally applied to a female.

CLISH-CLASH, *s.* idle discourse.

CLISHMACLAVER, *s.* idle nonsensical talk.

CLITTER-CLATTER, *s.* idle talk carried from one to another.

To CLOCHER *v. n.* to cough.

To CLOCK, CLOK, *v. n.* to chuck; to call chickens together.

CLOIT, *s.* a clown; a stupid fellow.

To CLOIT, *v. n.* to fall heavily, or suddenly.

CLOITER, *s.* tripe; dirty work.

CLOOT, CLUTE, *s.* a hoof.

CLOSE, *s.* a passage; an entry.

To CLOUR, *v. a.* to dimple.

CLOUSE, *s.* a sluice.

To CLOUT, *v. a.* to patch; to mend.

CLOUT, *s.* cuff; a blow.

CLUF, CLUIF, *s.* a hoof.



CLUMP, s. a heavy inactive fellow.

CLUTE, s. a hoof.

COBLE, s. a small boat, such as is used by fishermen.

COCKERNONNY, s. the hair of a female gathered in a knot.



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COCKLAIRD, s. a landowner who cultivates all his own estate.

COD, s. a pillow.

COFF, COFFE, v. a. to buy; to purchase.

COFT, *pret.* and *part.* of purchased or bought.

COG, COAG, COGUE, s. a wooden basin.

To COGLE, v. a. to move anything from side to side, as a boat in the water.

COLLIE, COLLEY, s. a shepherd's dog; a lounge.

COLLIESHANGIE, s. a squabble, an uproar.

COMMONTIE, s. a common; a community.

To COMPEAR, v. a. to appear.

COMPLIMENT, s. a present.

CONYNG, s. knowledge.

COODIE, CUDIE, s. a small tub.

COOF, CUFE, s. a dastardly silly fellow.

COORIN, v. *n.* crest-fallen; timid.

CORBIE, CORBY, s. a raven.

CORP, s. a corpse; a dead body.

CORRIE, s. a hollow in a hill.

CORS, CORSE, s. the market-place or cross.

COSH, s. neat; quiet.

COSIE, COZIE, *adj.* warm; snug, well-sheltered.

COTTAR, COTTER, s. a person who inhabits a cottage.

To COUP, COWP, v. a. to exchange; to deal; to fall; to upset.



COUPER, s. a dealer.

COUPLE, s. a rafter.

COUR, v. *n.* to stoop; to crouch.

COUT, s. a young horse.

COUTH, COUTHY, *adj.* affable; facetious; affectionate; pleasant.

COVE, s. a cave.

COW, KOW, s. a besom made of broom.

COWE, v. *n.* to beat; to overcome.

To COW v. *a.* to poll the head; to cut; to prune; to damp or frighten.

COWIT, *part. pr.* docked closely; cut; having short hair.

COWSHOT, CUSHIT, s. the ringdove.

To CRACK, v. *a.* to talk.

CRAFT, s. a piece of ground adjoining a house.

CRAG, CRAGE, CRAIG, s. the neck; the throat. CRAIG, s. a rock; a precipice.

To CRAIK, v.*n.* the cry of a hen after laying.

CRANCH, v. *n.* the sound made by an animal in eating bones or other hard substances. CRAP, s. a crop, the produce of the soil; the craw of a fowl; the highest part of anything.

To CRAW, s. to crow; to boast.

CRAW, s. a crow. CREEK *of day*, dawn; the first appearance of morning.

CREEPY, s. a low stool.

To CREEP-IN, v. *n.* to shrink.

CREIL, CREEL, s. an osier basket.

CREISH, s. grease.

To CREISH-A-LUFE, v. *a.* to give money as a bribe or recompense.

CRINCH, s. a very small bit of anything.

To CRINCH, v. a. to grind with the teeth.



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To CRINE, CROYNE, CRYNE, *v. n.* to shrivel; to shrink.

CROK, *s.* a dwarf. CRONEY, *s.* a companion.

CROUS, CROUSE, *adj.* brisk; brave; speeding courage.

CROWDIE, *s.* meal and water in a cold state, or sometimes meal and milk, or cream.

CRUDS, *s.* curds.

CRUELS, *s.* the king's evil; scroula.

CRUMMIE, CRUMMOCK, *s.* a cow.

CRUNE, CROON, *s.* a moaning sound.

CRUSIE, *s.* a lamp, properly one made of malleable iron, and suspended by a handle or wire.

To CRY, *v. a.* to proclaim the banns of marriage in church.

CRYING, *s.* childbirth.

CUD, *s.* a club; a strong staff.

To CUDDLE, *v. a.* to embrace.

CUDDIE, *s.* an ass.

CUFE, *s.* a simpleton.

CUFF-O'-THE-NECK, the back part of the neck.

CUMMAR, KIMMER, *s.* a young woman.

CUNING, CUNNIE, *s.* a rabbit.

To CURFUFFLE, *v. a.* to discompose.

To CURL, a game, to throw or force a flat-bottomed stone along the surface of ice.

CURLING, *s.* a game in which stones are pushed along ice.

CURPLE, *s.* a crupper.

CURRAN, CURN, KURN, *s.* a few; indefinite number.



CURUNDDOCH, CURCUDDY, *s.* a dance among children, in which they sit down on their houghs, and hop round, in different directions.

CUSCHETTE, *s.* a ringdove.

CUTE, COOT, *s.* the ankle.

CUTIKINS, *s. pl.* spatterdashes.

CUTTY, *s.* a wanton immoral young woman.

CUTTY, CUTTIE, *adj.* short.

CUTTY-STOOL, *s.* a low stool; the stool of repentance.

—D—

To DAB, DAUB, *v. a.* to peck, as birds do with their bills.

DAD, DADDIE, *s.* father.

To DAD, DAUD, *s.* to beat.

To DADDLE, DAIDLE, *v. a.* to do anything slowly.

DADDLIE, *s.* a larger sort of bib.

To DAFF, *v. n.* to sport; to romp.

DAFFIN', *s.* gaiety; sporting; diversion.

DAFT, *adj.* delirious; stupid.

DAFT-LIKE, *adj.* foolish-looking; silly-like.

DAFT-DAYS, the Christmas holidays.

DAG, *s.* a gentle shower.

To DAG, *v. a.* to rain gently.

DAIGH, *s.* dough.

DAINTITH, *s.* a dainty.

DAINTY, *adj.* pleasant; good-humoured; worthy; excellent.

DAIVERED, *adj.* dull; stupid; wanting apprehension.

DALL, *s.* a doll.

DAMBROD, s. a draft-board.

To DANCE, *his or her lane*, a phrase used to signify sudden and great rage, or joy at any news.



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To DANDER, *v. n.* to wander slowly; to roam.

DANDERS, *s. pl.* the hard refuse of a smithy fire.

DANG, the *pret.* of ding.

DARKLINS, *adv.* in the dark; hidden; sly.

To DASE, DAISE, *v. a.* to stupify; to benumb.

DAW, DA, *s.* a sluggard; appropriated to a female, a drab.

To DAW, *v. n.* to dawn.

DAWDIE, *s.* a dirty slovenly female.

To DAWT, DAUT, to fondle; to caress; pet; to dote upon.

DAWTIE, *s.* a favourite; a darling.

DAWTIT, *part. pa.* doted; fondled; caressed.

DAYWERK, DAWERK, *s.* a day's work.

To DEE, *v. n.* to die.

DEAN, DEN, *s.* hollow with sloping banks on both sides; a small valley.

To DEAVE, DEEVE, *v. n.* to deafen.

DEDE-THRAW, *s.* in the agonies of death.

DEED-DAIL, *s.* the board on which the dead are laid before being confined.

'DEED, *adj.* indeed.

DEEIN', *v. n.* dying.

DEEVIL, *s.* the devil.

DEIL, DEEL, *s.* the devil.

DEIL'S-BUCKIE, *s.* a wicked imp.

DEIS, *s.* the upper part of a hall, where the floor was raised, and a canopy erected over it, as for festivals, *etc.*



DELIERET, *adj.* delirious.

To DEMENT, *v. n.* to deprive of reason.

DEMENTED, *adj.* insane; unsettled in mind; crazy.

DEN, *s.* a hollow in a hill or mountain.

To DEPONE, *v. n.* to testify on oath.

To DEVALL, DEVALD, *s.* to cease; to intermit.

To DEVE, *v. n.* to stupify with a noise.

DEUCHANDORACH, DEUCHANDORIS, *s.* a drink taken at the door before departing.

DICHT, DYCHT, *v.* to wipe.

DIDNA, did not.

DIKE, DYKE, *s.* a wall either of mud or stones.

DING, *v. a.* to beat; to drive.

DINNA, do not.

To DINLE, *v. n.* to tremble.

DIRD, *s.* a stroke.

DIRDUM, *s.* an uproar.

DIRK, a dagger.

To DIRLE, *v. a.* to tingle.

DIRL, *s.* a vibration.

DIRT, *s.* excrement.

DIRTIN, *adj.* mean; shabby; contemptible.

DISNA, DOESNA, does not.

DISJASKET, *part. pa.* having a dejected or downcast look.

To DISPARAGE, *v. n.* to despise on account of want of rank.

To DISPLENISH, *v. a.* to disfurnish.

DIV, v. a. do. / *div*, I do.

DIVET, DIFFAT, DIVOT, s. a thin oblong turf used for covering cottages and mud walls.

DIZEN, s. dozen.



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DOCHTER, DOUGHTYR, *s.* daughter.

DOCKEN, DOKEN, *s.* the dock; an herb.

DODDY, DADDIT, *adj.* destitute of horns; bald.

DOGGIT, *adj.* stubborn.

DOIN, *v. n.* doing.

DOITIT, DOITED, *adj.* stupid lack of mental activity.

DOIT, *s.* a small copper coin, long in disuse.

DOIT, *s.* a fool; a numskull.

DOMINIE, *s.* a schoolmaster; a pedagogue; a contemptuous name for a clergyman.

DONNARD, DONNART, *adj.* stupid.

DOOCK, DUCK, *s.* a strong coarse cloth used for sails, *etc.*

To DOODLE, *v. a.* to dandle; to fondle.

DOOF, *s.* a stupid silly fellow.

DOOKIT, *s.* a dovecot or pigeon-house.

To DOOK, DOUK, *v. n.* to bathe; to duck.

DOOL, *s.* grief; sorrow.

DOON, DOUN, *s.* down.

DOOT, *s.* doubt.

DORT, *s.* pet.

To DORT, *v. n.* to pet.

DORTY, *adj.* pettish.

DOTTAR, *s.* become stupid from age.

DOUCE, DOUSE, *s.* sedate; quiet.



DOUF, *s.* a stupid fellow.

DOUF, DOLF, *s.* destitute of courage.

DOUKED, *v. n.* bathed; wetted.

DOUNGEOUN, *s.* the strongest or chief tower belonging to a fortress.

DOUP, *s.* the buttocks; the bottom of anything.

DOUR, *adj.* stubborn; inflexible; obstinate.

To DOUSE, *v. a.* to beat; to maltreat.

DOUSE, *adj.* solid; sedate.

DOUSS, *s.* a blow; a stroke.

To DOVER, *v. n.* to slumber.

DOW, DOO, *s.* a dove; a pigeon.

To DOW, *v. n.* to fade; to wither; to lose freshness.

DOWCATE, DUKET, *s.* a dovecot.

DOWNCOME, *adj.* the act of descending.

DOWY, DOWIE, *adj.* dull; downcast; sorrowful.

DOZEND, DOSEND, *s.* stupified; benumbed.

To DRABLE, DRAIBLE, *v. a.* to slabber; to befoul.

DRAFF, *s.* the refuse of grain after being distilled or brewed.

DRAGON, *s.* a paper kite.

To DRAIGLE, *v. a.* to bespatter.

DRAMOCK, *s.* a mixture of meal and water in a raw state.

DRAP, *s.* a drop.

DRAVE, *s.* a drove of cattle.

To DREEL, *v. n.* to move quickly.

DREGY, DERGY, *s.* the computations after a funeral.



DREICH, DREECH, *adj.* slow; tedious.

DRIBBLE, *s.* a very small drop.

To DROUK, *v. a.* to drench.

DROIC, *s.* a dwarf.

DROUTH, *s.* drought; thirst.

DRUMLY, DRUMLIE, *adj.* troubled.



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DRUNT, *s.* to be in a sour, pettish humour.

DUB, *s.* a small pool of water, generally applied to those produced by rain.

DUD, *s.* a rag; a dish-clout.

DUDDY, *adj.* ragged.

DUKE, *s.* a duck.

DULE, *s.* grief.

To DULE, *v. n.* to grieve.

DUMBIE, DUMMIE, *s.* a dumb person.

To DUMFOUNDER, *v. a.* to stupify; to confuse; to confound.

DUMPY, *adj.* short and thick.

DUN, *s.* a hill; an eminence.

To DUNCH, *v. a.* to jog; to push with the elbow or fist.

DUNDERHEAD, *s.* a blockhead.

To DUNT, *v. a.* to strike, so as to produce a dull hollow sound.

DURK, DIRK, *s.* a dagger.

DUST, *s.* a tumult.

DWALM, DWAUM, *s.* a swoon; a sudden fit of sickness.

DWINING, *s.* a declining consumption.

To DWYNE, *s.* to pine.

—E—

EARN, *s.* an eagle.

To EARN, YEARN, *v.* to coagulate.

EASING, *s. pl.* the eaves of a house.



EASTLIN, *adj.* easterly.

EBB, *adj.* shallow.

EE, *s.* an eye.

EEN, *s. pl.* the eyes.

EE-SWEET, *adj.* agreeable or pleasing to the sight.

EERIE, *adj.* dull; lonely.

EFTERHEND, *adv.* afterwards.

EIDENT, *adj.* diligent; industrious.

EIK, EKE, *adj.* an addition.

To EIK, *v. n.* to add to anything.

EIZEL, *s.* a hot ember.

ELBECK, ELBUCK, *s.* elbow.

ELD, *adj.* old.

ELEVEN-HOURS, *s.* a luncheon.

ELDERS, *s. pl.* the members of the kirk-session among Presbyterians.

ELS, *adv.* already.

ELSYN, ELSHYN, *s.* an awl.

ELVES, *s. pl.* fairies.

ELWAND, ELNWAND, *s.* a rod for measuring, an ell in length.

EMBRO', *s.* Edinburgh.

EMERANT, *s.* emerald.

ENEUCH, ENEUGH, *s.* enough.

ERD, ERDE, YERD, YERTH, *s.* earth; soil or ground.

To ERD, YERD, *v. a.* to inter.

ERDDIN, YIRDIN, *s.* an earthquake.



ERLIS, EARLES, *s.* earnest.

ERSE, *s.* Gaelic or Celtic, the language of the Highlanders of Scotland.

ERY, EIRY, EERIE, *adj.* affected with fear.

ESK, *s.* a newt or lizard.

To ETTIL, *v. n.* to aim at.

To EVEN, *v. a.* to level.

EVENDOWN, *adj.* perpendicular.

EVIRLY, *adv.* continually; constantly.

EVINLY, *adj.* equally.

To EXCAMB, *v. a.* to exchange.



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To EXPONE, *v. n.* to explain.

—F—

FA, FAE, *s.* foe.

FA', *s.* fall.

FAIL, FALE, FEAL, *s.* a grassy turf; a sod.

FAIL-DYKE, *s.* a wall built of sods.

To FAIRLY, FERLEY, *v. n.* to wonder.

FAIRNTICKL'D, *adj.* freckled.

FALD, FAULD, *s.* a sheepfold.

FAME, FAIM, *s.* foam.

FAND, *pret.* found; felt.

FARD, *adj.* *Weel-fard*, well-favoured;
well-looking.

FARLE, *s.* the fourth part of a thin cake of oat or other meal.

FARRAND, FARRANT, *adj.* seeming; *Auld-farrand*, sagacious; *Fair-farrand*, *Weel-farrand*, having a goodly appearance.

To FASCH, FASH, *v. a.* to trouble.

FASCHEOUS, *adj.* troublesome; difficult.

FAUCHT, *pret.* fought.

To FAW, FA', *v. a.* to obtain.

FAY, *s.* faith.

FE, FEE, *s.* wages.

FEALE, *adj.* loyal; faithful; true.

To FECHT, *v. a.* 1. to fight; 2. to toil.



FECK, FEK, *s.* 1. quantity; number; 2. the greater part.

FECKLESS, *adj.* weak.

To FEE, *v. a.* to hire.

FEENT, not any; not one.

FEENICHIN, *adj.* triflingly foppish.

FEEZE, *v. a.* to twist.

FEIGH, FEECH, *interj.* fy!

To FEIKLE, FICKLE, *v. a.* to puzzle.

To FELL, *adj.* to kill; to murder.

To FEND, FEN, *v. a.* to shift.

FERLIE, FAIRLIE, *s.* a wonder.

FETTEL, FETTLE, *s.* power; energy.

FEU, FEW, *s.* a possession held on payment of a certain yearly rent, the same as a chief-rent in England.

FEYKIE, *adj.* troublesome.

To FICKE, FYKE, *v. n.* to be in a restless state.

FIDDLING, *adj.* trifling, although apparently busy.

FIDGING, *v. n.* itching.

To FILE, FYLE, *v. a.* to dirty or sully.

FILIBEG, *s.* a kilt or short petticoat, reaching a little way above the knee-cap (*patella*), and worn by the men in the Highlands instead of breeches.

FILL, *s.* full.

FILLAT, FILLET, *s.* the flank of an animal.

FILLER, *s.* a funnel.

To FIND, FIN, *v. a.* to feel.

FIREFLAUCHT, *s.* lightning.



FIRLOT, *s.* the fourth part of a boll.

FIRTH, *s.* an estuary.

To FISSLE, *v. n.* to rustle.

FIXFAX, *s.* the tendon of the neck of cattle or sheep.

To FIZZ, *v. n.* to make a hissing noise.

To FLAF, *v. n.* to flap.

FLAT, *s.* a floor of a house.



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FLEE, *s.* a fly.

FLEEIN, *v. a.* flying.

To FLEG, *v. n.* to affright, to frighten.

To FLEISH, FLEITCH, *v. a.* to wheedle.

FRENDRIS, FLINDERS, *s. pl.* splinters.

FLIPE, FLYPE, *v. a.* to turn a stocking or glove inside out.

To FLISK, *v. a.* to skip; to caper.

FLIT, *s.* to transport.

To FLIT, *v. n.* to remove from one house to another.

FLOURISH, *s.* blossom.

FLUNKIE, *s.* a servant in livery.

FLUSTER, *s.* bustle; confusion.

To FLUTHER, *v. n.* to be in a bustle.

FLYTE, *v. n.* to scold.

FOG, *s.* moss.

FOISON, FUSHIOUN, *s.* strength, ability.

FOISIONLESS, *adj.* weak in intellect; weak in body.

FOK, *s. pl.* folk.

FOOL, *s. a.* a fowl.

FOR, *conj.* because.

FORAT, *adv.* forward.

FORBEARIS, *s. pl.* ancestors.

FORBY, *adj.* besides.



FORE, *prep.* priority; to the fore; still remaining.

FOREFOUCHT, FORFOUCHTEN, *adj.* exhausted with fighting.

FORGANE, FOREGAINST, *prep.* opposite.

To FORGATHER, *v. n.* to meet accidentally.

FORGIE, *v. a.* to forgive.

FORJESKET, *p. pa.* jaded; fatigued.

FORNENT, *prep.* opposite.

FORPET, *s.* the fourth part of a peck.

FORRAY, *s.* a predatory excursion.

To FORSTA, *v. a.* to understand.

FOUL, *adj.* wet, rainy.

FOUMARTE, *s.* a polecat.

FOURHOURS, *s.* tea; four o'clock being the old hour at which that meal was taken in early times.

FOUTRE, *s.* a term expressive of the greatest contempt.

FOW, FU, FOO, *s.* full; drunk.

FOY, *s.* an entertainment given by or to a person before leaving home, or where he has been some time on a visit.

FOZY, *adj.* spongy; porous.

FRACTIOUS, *adj.* fretful; peevish.

FRAE, *prep.* from.

FREND, FREEN, FREEND, *s.* a relation.

FRESH, *s.* a slight flood after rain.

FREY, *s.* a tumult; a fray.

FUD, *s.* the tail of a hare or rabbit.

FUGIE, *s.* a coward.



To FUNK, *v. a.* to strike or kick behind, like a horse. *In a funk*, in a bad humour.

FUR, FURE, *s.* a furrow.

—G—

To GA, GAE, *v. n.* to go.

GAB, *s.* the mouth.

GABBY, *adj.* fluency or speech.

To GAB, *v. n.* to prate; to mock.

GABERLUNGIE, GABERLUNZIE, *s.* a wallet that hangs by the loins, such as is often used by beggars.



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GAED, GAID, *pret.* went.

To GAFFAW, *v. n.* laugh loud.

GAISLINE, *s.* a gosling, a young-goose.

GAIST, *s.* a ghost.

GAIT, GATE, *s.* a way; a street.

GAIT, *s.* a goat.

GANE, *part. pa.* gone.

To GANG, *pret.* to go; to walk, in opposition to riding.

GANGIN, *v. a.* going.

To GANT, GAUNT, *v. n.* to yawn.

GAPUS, *s.* a fool; a silly fellow.

To GAR, *v. a.* to make; to cause; to force.

GARRIN, *v. a.* making.

GARRON, GERRON, *s.* a small horse.

GART, GERT, *pret. of* made.

GART, *pret. of* Gar.

GARTEN, *s.* a garter.

To GASH, *v. n.* to talk much and confidently; pert, insolent talking.

GASH-GABBIT, *s.* with a projecting under-jaw.

GATE, *s.* road.

GAUCY, GAWSY, *s.* plump; jolly.

GAUCKIT, *adj.* stupid.

GAVEL, GAWL, *s.* the gable of a house.



To GAW, *v. n.* to gall.

GAWD, *s.* a goad.

GAWKIE, GAWKY, *s.* a foolish gaping person.

GAWKIT, *adj.* foolish; giddy.

GAWN, *pret. of* going.

GEAN, GEEN, *s.* a wild cherry.

GEAR, GERE, GEIR, *s.* goods.

GEAT, GETT, *s.* a child.

GEBBIE, *s.* the crop of a fowl.

GEE, *pettish. To tak the gee, to become unmanageable.*

GEY, GAY, *adj.* tolerable; pretty much. *A gey wheen, a considerable number.*

GEILY, GEYLIES, *adj.* pretty well.

GENTY, *adj.* neat; genteel-looking; neatly formed.

GEORDIE, *s.* George.

GERS, GYRS, *s.* grass.

GEYEN, GEISIN, GIZZEN, *v. a.* to become leaky for want of moisture.

GIBBLE-GABBLE, *s.* noisy confused talk among a party.

GIBE, *v. n.* to tease; to taunt.

GIE, *v. a.* to give.

GIEN, *pret. of* given.

GIF, GYVE, *conj.* if.

GIFF-GAFF, *s.* mutual giving.

GILLIE, *s.* a page or attendant.

GILLIEPAGUS, *s.* a fool; a silly fellow.

GILPY, *s.* a roguish boy or frolicsome girl.



GILSE, s. a young salmon.

GIMMER, s. a ewe two years old.

GIMP, GYMP, JIMP, *adj.* slim; delicate; scanty.

GIMPLY, JIMPLY, *adv.* scarcely.

GIN, *conj.* if.

GIR, GIRD, GYRD, s. a hoop.

GIRDLE, s. a circular plate of malleable iron with a handle, for toasting oaten bread, *etc.*, over a fire.

To GIRN, s. to grin.



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GIRN, *s.* a snare for catching birds.

GIRNALL, GIRNELL, *s.* a large chest for holding meal.

GITE, *s.* crazy.

GLAIKIT, *adj.* light; giddy.

GLAMER, GLAMOUR, *s.* gipsies were formerly supposed capable of casting a charm over the eyes of persons, and thus making them see objects differently from what they really were. *Cast the glamer o'er her*, caused deception of sight.

GLAR, GLAUR, *s.* mud; mire.

To GLAUM, *v. a.* to grasp anything greedily.

GLAYMORE, *s.* a two-handed sword.

GLED, *s.* the kite, a bird of the hawk kind.

GLEEK, *v. a.* to gibe.

GLEG, *adj.* quick of perception.

To GLEG, GLYE, GLEE, *v. n.* to squint.

GLEN, *s.* a hollow betwixt two hills.

To GLENT, GLINT, *part. pa.* to glance.

GLEYD, *adj.* squint-eyed.

GLIB-GABBIT, *adj.* glib-tongued.

GLIFF, *s.* a sudden fright or alarm.

GLIMMER, *v. n.* to wink; to blink; to twinkle.

GLISK, *s.* a transient view.

GLOAMIN, *s.* twilight.

GLOCK, *s.* a gulp.

To GLOUM, GLOOM, *v. n.* to frown.



To GLOUR, GLOWR, *v. n.* to stare.

GLOUR, *s.* a broad stare.

GLU, *s.* a glove.

To GLUDDER, *v. n.* to work in a dirty manner.

To GLUNSH, *v. n.* to pout.

GOLACH, *s.* a beetle of any kind.

GOLDSPINK, GOUDSPINK, *s.* the goldfinch.

GOLK, GOWK, *s.* the cuckoo; a stupid fellow.

GOMRELL, *s.* a stupid fellow; a numskull.

GOOL, GULE, *adj.* yellow.

GORB, GORBET, GORBIE, *s.* a young bird.

GORMAND, *s.* a glutton.

GOUF, *s.* a stroke; a blow.

GOUD, GOULD, *s.* gold.

GOUPIN, GOWPIN, *s.* the hollow of the hand.

GOWAN, *s.* the wild mountain daisy. *Ewe-gowan*, the common wild daisy.

GOWANY, *adj.* abounding with daisies.

GOWK, *s.* the cuckoo.

GOWK'S-ERRAND, *s.* a fool's errand.

GOWL, *s.* a hollow between two hills.

To GOWL, *v. n.* to howl; to yell.

GOWP, *s.* a mouthful.

To GOWP, *v. a.* to gulp.

GRAIP, *s.* a dung-fork.

To GREEN, GREIN, *v. n.* to long for anything.



To GREIT, GREET, *v. n.* to weep.

GREETING, *s.* weeping.

GRIEVE, *s.* an overseer.

GRILSE, *s.* a salmon not full grown.

GRIPPY, *adj.* disposed to defraud; to be quick at taking advantage.



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GRIST, s. fee paid to a mill for grinding any kind of grain.

GROATS, s. oats with the husks taken off.

GROSET, GROSART, s. a gooseberry.

To GROUE, GROWE, *v. n.* to shiver.

GROUSAM, GRUESOME, *adj.* frightful, uncomely.

GRUMPHIE, s. a vulgar name for a sow. People are said to be *Grumphie* when in a bad humour.

GRUTTEN, *part. pa.* of cried.

GRYCE, s. a pig.

GUD, GUDE, GUEED, *adj.* good. Frequently used for the name of God, as *Gude forgie me*, God forgive me.

GUD-BRODER, GUD-BROTHER, s. brother-in-law.

GUD-DOCHTER, s. daughter-in-law.

GUD-SISTER, s. sister-in-law.

GUD-SYR, GUDSHER, s. a grandfather.

GUD-WIFE, s. 1. a wife; 2. a landlady.

GUDGIE, *adj.* short and stout.

GUFF, s. a vapour; a smell.

GUIDMAN, GUDEMAN, s. a proprietor of land; a farmer; a husband.

To GULLER, *v. n.* to guggle.

GULLY, s. a large knife.

GUMPTION, s. understanding.

GUSEHORN, GUISSERN, s. the gizzard.

GUSTY, *adj.* savoury.



GUTSY, *adj.* gluttonous.

To GUTTER, *v. n.* to do anything in a dirty manner.

GUTTERS, *s. pl.* mire; mud; dirt.

GUTTY, *adj.* gross; thick—applied both to persons and things.

GYISARD, GYSART, *s.* children who go from door to door singing during the Christmas time. Masks are frequently used on such occasions.

GYM, *adj.* neat and spruce.

To GYS, *v. a.* to disguise.

GYTE, *adj.* foolish. *To gang gyte*, to act extravagantly or foolishly.

—H—

HA', *s.* a hall.

HAAFLANG, HAFLIN, *adj.* half-grown.

HAAR, *s.* a fog; a chill easterly wind.

To HABBER, *v. n.* to stutter.

HA-BIBLE, *s.* a large family Bible.

HABBLE, *s.* a scrape; a perplexity.

HACK, *s.* a chop in the hands or feet.

To HAE, *v.* to have.

HAE, *v. n.* to offer anything.

HAEIN, *s.* having.

HAENA, have not.

HALF-MERK-MARRIAGE, a clandestine marriage. From the price paid, *viz.* a merk.

HAFFIT, *s.* the side of the head.

To HAG, *v. a.* to hew wood.

HAGABAG, *s.* coarse table-linen.

HAGBUT, *s.* a kind of firearms used soon after the discovery of gunpowder.

HAGGIES, HAGGIS, s. a pudding made of a lamb's maw, lungs, heart, and liver, mixed with suet, onions, salt, pepper, and oatmeal, and boiled in the stomach of a sheep.



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HAILSOME, *adj.* wholesome; healthful.

To HAIN, HANE, *v. a.* to spare; to save.

HAIR-MOULD, *s.* the mould which appears on bread. *Hair-ryme*, hoar-frost.

HAIRST, *s.* harvest.

HAIRUMSKARUM, *adj.* harebrained.

To HALD, *v. a.* to hold; to cease.

HALE, HALL, *adj.* whole; unbroken.

HALF-MARROW, *s.* a husband or wife.

HALLACH'D, HALLAKET, *adj.* crazy, boisterous; extremely frolicsome.

HALLANSHAKER, *s.* a sturdy beggar; a person of shabby appearance.

HALLAN, HALLON, HALLOND, HALLIN, *s.* a mud wall in cottages, extending from the front backwards, to shelter the interior of the house from the draft of the door when open.

HALLOWE'EN, *s.* the evening before Allhallows.

HALLOKIT, *adj.* giddy; harebrained.

HALLOCK, *s.* a thoughtless, giddy girl.

HALS, HAWSE, *s.* the neck.

HALY, *adj.* holy.

HAME, HAIM, *s.* home.

HAMELY, *adj.* familiar; friendly.

HANDSEL, *s.* the first money received for goods; a gift on the first Monday after New Year's Day.

HANDSEL-MONDAY, *s.* the first Monday of the new year.

HANK, *s.* a coil.

HANTLE, *s.* a considerable number.



To HAP, *v. a.* to cover; to conceal.

HAP-STEP-AN'-LOUP, *v. a.* to hop, step, and leap.

HARIGALDS, *s.* the pluck of an animal.

HARN, *s.* coarse linen cloth made from the tow-hards.

HARNES, *s.* brains.

HASH, *s.* a sloven.

HASSOCK, HASSICK, *s.* a besom; a large round turf used as a seat. HATE, HAIT, HAID, *s.* a whit; an atom; the smallest bit of anything. *Fient a haid hae I i' the house*, I have not a particle of anything in the house.

HATHER, HEATHER, *s.* heath.

HAUGH, HAWCH, HAUCH, *s.* low-lying flat ground.

To HAUP, *v. n.* to turn to the right, applied to horses in the yoke. *He will neither haup nor wind*, he will neither turn to the right nor left; a stubborn man.

To HAVERS, *v. n.* to talk foolishly.

HAVERS, *s.*.. foolish, incoherent talk, or idle talk.

HAVERIL, *s.* one who habitually talks idly.

To HAWGH, *v. n.* to force up phlegm; to hawk.

HAWKIT, *adj.* having a white face—applied to cattle.

HAWKEY, *s.* a cow with a white face.

HAWSE, *s.* the throat.

HEARTSOME, *adj.* merry; light-hearted.

HEARTY, *adj.* cheerful; liberal.

HEATHER-BELLS, *s.* heath-bells.

HECH, *s.* an exclamation.

HECK, *s.* a rack for cattle.



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To HECKLE, *v. a.* to dress flax; to examine with severity.

HEGH-HEY, HEIGH-HOW, an interjection expressive of languor or fatigue.

HEIL, HEYLE, *s.* health; in health.

HEIS, HEESE, *v. a.* to lift up.

HEMPY, *s.* a rogue.

HENDER, *adj.* past; bygone. *Henderend*, the back end.

HEREAWAY, *adv.* in this quarter.

HERISON, *s.* a hedgehog.

HERRIE, *v. a.* to rob; to pillage.

HERRIE-WATER, *s.* a net made with meshes of a small size, such as used by poachers.

HESP, *s.* a clasp; a book.

HET, *adj.* hot.

HETFUL, *adj.* hot; fiery.

HET-PINT, *s.* a hot beverage carried by persons to the house of their friends early in the morning of New Year's Day, composed of ale, whisky, and eggs.

HEUCH, HEUGH, *s.* a crag; a rugged steep.

HEUCK-BANE, *s.* the hackle-bone.

HIDDIL, HIDLINS, *adv.* secretly.

HILLIEGELEERIE, *adv.* topsy-turvy.

HILT AND HAIR, *adj.* the whole of anything.

HILTER-SKILTER, *adv.* in rapid succession.

HIMSEL, *part. pa.* of himself.

To HIRD, *v. a.* to tend cattle or sheep.



HIRD, s. a shepherd; one who tends cattle.

To HIRE, v. a. to let; to engage.

To HIRPLE, v. a. to walk in a lame or waddling manner.

HIRSELL, HIRSLE, v. n. to move forward resting on the hams.

HISSIE, HIZZIE, s. a housewife.

HISSIESKIP, HUSSYFSKAP, s. the business of housewifery.

HIT, *pron.* It.

HITCH, s. a quick motion by a jerk.

HOAM'D, HUMPH'D, *part. adj.* fusty tasted.

HOBBLE, s. a scrape, or state of perplexity.

HOBBLEDEHOY, s. a stripling.

HOCUS, s. a stupid dull fellow.

HODDEN-GREY, *adj.* cloth made of wool in its natural condition, and worn by the peasantry.

HODDIE, HOODIE, s. a carrion crow; also applied to the black-headed or royster crow.

HOESHINS, s. stockings without feet.

HOG, s. a sheep before it has been shorn of its first fleece.

HOGGERS, s. coarse stockings without feet, generally worn over the shoes.

HOGMANAY, HOGMENAY, s. the last day of the year.

HOGRY-MOGRY, HUGGERY-MUGGERY *adj.* slovenly.

HOIF, HOUFF, s. a haunt; a place of concealment; burying-ground.

To HOIST, HOST, HOAST, v. a. to cough.

To HOLK, HOUK, HOWK, v. a. to dig.

HOLL, HOWE, s. a hollow or deep place; concave.

HOLM, HOWN, s. the low level ground on the bank of a river.



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HOOLIE, *adj.* slowly; moderately.

HOP, HAP, *s.* a dance.

HORSE-COUPER, *s.* a horse-dealer.

HOSTELER, *s.* an innkeeper.

HOSTILAR, HOSTILLARIE, *s.* an inn.

To HOTCH, *v. n.* to move the body by sudden jerks.

HOTCH-POTCH, *s.* broth made of lamb cut into small pieces, accompanied with greens, carrots, turnips, green-peas.

HOW, *a* hollow.

HOWDY, *s.* a midwife.

HOWSOMEVER, *adv.* howsoever.

HOUP, *s.* hope.

HOWTOWDY, *s.* a hen that has never laid eggs.

HUBBILSCHOW, *s.* a tumult; a hubbub.

HUDGE-MUDGE, *adv.* clandestinely.

HULLION, *s.* a sloven.

HUMMEL-BEE, *s.* a drone bee.

To HUNKER, *v. n.* to squat down upon one's hams.

HURCHEON, *s.* a hedgehog.

HURDIES, *s.* the buttocks.

To HURDLE, *v. n.* to crouch.

To HURKLE, *v. n.* to draw the body together.

HURRY-SCURRY, *s.* an uproar.

HY, *s.* haste.



HYNDER, s. hindrance.

—I—

IDLESEST, s. the state of being idle.

IER-OE, s. a great-grandchild.

ILK, ILKA, ILKE, *adj.* each; every.

ILKA-DAY, s. a week-day.

ILL-AFF, *adj.* badly off.

ILL-DEEDY, *adj.* mischievous.

ILL-FARD, *adj.* ill-looking.

ILL-SAR'D, *adj.* ill-served; badly used.

ILL-WILLIE, ILL-WILLIT, *adj.* ill-natured.

IMMICK, s. an ant.

To IMPLEMENT, v. a. to fulfil.

IN-BY, *adv.* the inner part of the house.

INCH, s. an island; a level plain.

INGAN, INGIN, s. onion.

INGLE, INGIL, s. fire.

INGLE-NOOK, s. the corner of the fireside.

INLYING, s. childbearing.

INTILL, *pret.* into; denoting entrance.

IRNE, AIRN, s. iron.

ISK! ISKIE! *interj.* a word used in calling a dog.

ITHER, *pron.* other.

IZIE, IZBEL, s. Isabella.

—J—



To JAG, *v. a.* to job.

JANET, *s.* Jess.

JANTY, *adj.* cheerful.

JAP, JAWP, *s.* a spot of mud.

JAPIT, *adj.* bespattered with mud.

JAW, JAWE, *s.* a wave; coarse raillery.

JEDDART, *s.* Jedburgh, a town of Roxburghshire.

JEDDART-JUSTICE, *s.* a legal trial after punishment has been inflicted on the accused.

To JEE, *v. n.* to move to one side.

To JELOUSE, *v. n.* to suspect.

JENNY, *s.* Jess.



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JIFFIE, *s.* a moment.

JILLET, *s.* a giddy girl.

JIMP, *s.* neat, slender.

JINK, *v. n.* the act of one eluding another.

JO, JOE, *s.* a sweetheart.

JOCK, JOCKIE, *s.* John.

JOCKTELEG, *s.* a clasp knife; a folding knife.

To JOGILL, *v. n.* to jog; to move from side to side.

JOG-TROT, *s.* to trot at a slow rate on horseback; anything done in a slow manner.

To JOUK, *v. n.* to bend down the body with a quick motion so as either to elude the sight or a blow.

JOUKRY-PAWKRY, *s.* trickery; juggling.

JUGGS, JOUGS, JUGGES, *s. pl.* a kind of pillory, used on the Borders, whereby criminals were fastened to a post on the wall, with their necks enveloped in an iron collar.

JUPE, *s.* a kind of short mantle for a female.

—K—

KAIL, KALE, *s.* common colewort.

KAIL-BROSE, *s.* raw meal placed in a basin with boiling broth poured over it, and then stirred all together.

KAIL-RUNT, *s.* stem of colewort.

KAIM, *s.* a comb.

KAR-HANDED, *adj.* left-handed.

KAY, KA, KAE, *s.* a jack-daw.

KAYME, KAME, *s.* honeycomb.



KEBBUCK, CABBACK, *s.* a cheese.

KEGIE, *adj.* cheerful.

KEEK, KEIK, *v. n.* to look with a prying eye.

KEEK-BO, *s.* bo-peep.

KEEKING-GLASS, *s.* a mirror.

KEELIVINE, *s.* a blacklead pencil.

To KEKKIL, KEKIL, *v. n.* to cackle; to laugh aloud.

KELL, KULL, *s.* a dress for a woman's head. *A caul*, the hinder-part of a woman's cap.

KELPIE, WATER-KELPIE, *s.* the spirit of the waters, who, as is vulgarly believed, gives warning of those who are to be drowned within the precincts of his beat. This is indicated by preternatural noises and lights. He is supposed to appear in the form of a horse. Many wonderful exploits are attributed to the kelpie.

KELT, *s.* a salmon that has just spawned; a foul fish that has not been in salt water.

KEMP, *s.* a champion.

KEMPIN, *s.* the act of striving on the harvest field.

To KEN, *v. n.* to know.

KENNED, *part. pa.* of to know.

KENSPECKLE, *adj.* having so remarkable an appearance as to be easily known.

KEP, KEPP, *v. a.* to intercept.

KICK, *s.* a novelty. *Kickshaw*, a new piece of finery.

KILL, *s.* a kiln.

KILT, *s.* a short petticoat extending from the belly to the knee, used by the Highlanders of Scotland instead of breeches.

To KILT, *v. a.* to tuck up.

KIMMER, *s.* a young woman.



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KIN, *s.* kindred.

KINK, *s.* a violent fit of coughing, with suspension of breathing.

KINKHOST, KINGCOUGH, *s.* the whooping-cough.

KINSCH, *s.* a loop made on a string or rope.

KIPPER, *s.* a salmon split open, salted, and dried.

KIRK, *s.* church; a body of Presbyterian Christians.

To KIRK, *v. a.* to carry to church as a bride after being married.

KIRN, *s.* a churn.

To KIRN, *v. a.* to make a confused mass of anything.

KIRN-MILK, *s.* butter-milk.

KIST, KYST, *s.* a chest; a coffin.

KISTING, *s.* the act of placing a corpse in a coffin.

KIT, *s.* the whole of a person's property.

KITCHEN, KITCHING, *s.* anything taken to bread, as meat, cheese, or butter.

KITH, *s.* acquaintances, friends.

KITLING, *s.* a kitten.

KITTIE, KITTOCK, *s.* an immodest female.

To KITTLE, *v. a.* to litter; to tickle; to puzzle; to perplex.

KITTLIE, *adj.* itchy.

KITTY-WREN, *s.* the common wren.

KNACKETY, *adj.* self-conceited; small; trifling.

KNACKY, *adj.* quick at a reply or repartee.

KNAPPISH, *adj.* snappish; tart.



KNOCK, *s.* a clock.

KNOIT, NOYT, *s.* a sharp blow.

KNOW, KNOWE, NOW, *s.* a little hill; a hillock.

KNYFE, *s.* a hanger; a dagger; a cutlass.

KOBIL, *s.* a small boat.

KOWSCHOT, CUSHAT, *s.* the ringdove.

To KRUYN, *v. n.* to murmur.

KY, KYE, *s. pl.* cows.

KYLE, *s.* a strait of the sea; a sound.

KYNRIK, *s.* a kingdom.

KYTE, *s.* the belly.

KYTIE, *s.* fat; big-bellied.

—L—

LAB, *s.* a stroke; a blow; a lump.

To LABOUR, *v. a.* to plough.

LACHTER, *s.* the whole eggs laid successively by a hen.

To LACK, *v. a.* to slight.

LAD, *s.* a sweetheart

LADDIE, *s.* a boy, or young man.

LADE, LAID, *s.* a load.

LADE, LEAD, *s.* a mill course.

LAFE, LAVE, *s.* the rest.

LAIF, LAEF, *s.* a loaf.

LAIGH, LAYCHE, *adj.* low; flat.

LAIRD, LARDE, *s.* a person of superior rank; a landholder, under the degree of a knight or squire.



LAIRDSHIP, s. a landed estate.

LAITH, *adj.* reluctant; unwilling.

LAITHFOW, *adj.* bashful.

To LAMB, to yean.

LAMMER, LAMBER, s. amber. *Lammer beads and red thread*, when together, were supposed to be a charm with power to repel witchery in former times.



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LAMPER, *s.* a tall woman.

LAMPET, LEMPET, *s.* the limpet, a testaceous shellfish which adheres to rocks.

LAND, *s.* a house consisting of several stories, generally including separate dwellings.

LAND O' THE LEAL, state of the blessed; heaven.

LAND-LOUPER, *s.* a person who shifts frequently from one place of the country to another.

LANE, *adj.* alone; lone.

LANELY, *adj.* lonely.

LANESOME, *adj.* lonesome.

To LANG, *v. n.* to long; to weary; to think long.

LANG-NEBIT, *adj.* long-nosed or long-billed.

LANG-RIN, *adv.* at length.

LANGSUM, *adj.* slow; tedious.

LANGSYNE, *adv.* long ago.

LANG-TONGUED, *adj.* babbling; given to tell secrets.

LAP, *pret.* leaped.

LAPPORED, *part. pa.* coagulated.

LARE, LERE, *s.* learning.

To LARE, LERE, *v. a.* to teach; to learn.

LARICK, LAVROCK, *s.* a lark.

LASS, *s.* a sweetheart; a young woman.

To LAT, *v. a.* to permit; to suffer; *to lat-be*, to let alone.

LAWIN, LAWING, *s.* a tavern bill; money subscribed or paid for drink.

LAW, *s.* a conical hill.



LEA, *s.* pasture land not ploughed.

LEA-LANG, *adj.* livelong; tedious; long in passing.

To LEATHER, *v. a.* to lash; to flog.

LEDDIE, LEDDY, *s.* lady.

LEE, *adj.* lonely; fallow land.

LEE, *s.* a lie.

LEESOME, *adj.* pleasant.

LEEZE-ME, LEESE-ME, dear is to me—expressive of strong affection or love.

To LEG, *v. n.* to run.

LEG-BAIL, *s.* to run off.

LEGLIN, LAIGLIN, *s.* a milk-pail.

LEID, LEDE, LUID, *s.* a song; a lay.

LEIF, *adj.* willing.

LEIL, LEELE, LELE, *adj.* lawful; right.

LEISCH, *s.* a lash; a thong.

LEISTER, LISTER, *s.* a pronged instrument for striking fish, generally used by poachers.

To LEN, *v. a.* to lend.

To LET-BE, *v. n.* to let alone.

LEUCH, LEUGH, *pret.* laughed.

To LEUE, LUVe, *v. n.* to court; to make love.

LEVIN, *s.* lightning.

LEW-WARME, *adj.* tepid.

LIART, LYART, *adj.* having grey hairs intermixed.

LICHTER, LICHTARE, *part. pa.* delivered of a child.

LICHTS, *s. pl.* the lungs.

To LICK, v. a. to strike; to beat.

LIFT, LYFT, s. the atmosphere; the sky.

LIGLAD, s. a confused noise of tongues; a deal of idle or noisy talk.



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LIKAND, *part* pleasing.

LIKE-WAKE, *s.* the watching of a dead body.

LILT, *s.* a cheerful air.

To LILT, *v. n.* to sing cheerfully and merrily; lively music.

LILT-PYPE, *s.* a musical instrument, the upper part of which was in the form of a flageolet, terminating below in a kind of trumpet-shaped mouth.

LIMMAR, LIMMER, *s.* a scoundrel; a woman of loose manners.

LIN, LYN, *s.* a cataract; a waterfall,

To LINK, *v. a.* to trot or walk smartly.

LINKS, *s. pl* sandy barren ground.

LINTIE, *s.* the grey linnet.

To LIPPEN, *v. n.* to expect; to place confidence in.

LIPPIE, *s.* the fourth part of a peck.

LISK, LEESK, *s.* the groin.

LISTER, *s.* a fishing spear.

To LITHE, *v. a.* to thicken; to render mellow; to soften.

LITTLEANE, *s.* a child.

LOAN, LONE, LOANING, *s.* an opening between fields of corn; lane; a narrow enclosed way.

LOCH, LOUCH, *s.* a lake.

LOCK, LOAKE, *s.* a small quantity.

LOGIE, KILLOGIE, *s.* a vacuity in a kiln for producing a draft of air.

LOME, LOOM, (pronounced *Lume*,) *s.* a utensil of any kind.

LOOT, LOUT, LOWT, *v. a.* to bow down the body; to make obeisance.



LOSH! *n. a.* an exclamation of wonder.

To LOUE, LOWE, LUVE, *v. a.* to love.

LOUN, LOWN, LOON, *s.* a tricky, worthless person; a boy.

LOUN'S-PIECE, *s.* the first slice of a loaf of bread.

LOUN, LOWNE, *adj.* sheltered; calm.

To LOUNDER, *v. a.* to beat severely.

LOUNDIT, *part. pa.* beaten.

To LOUP, *v. n.* to leap; to spring.

LOUPIN-AGUE, *s.* St. Vitus' dance.

LOUPIN-ON-STANE, *s.* a large stone, or flight of steps, for assisting a person to leap on a horse easily.

LOW, *s.* a flame.

LOZEN, *s.* a pane of glass.

LUCKEN, *part. pa.* shut up; contracted.

LUCKIE, LUCKY, *s.* an elderly woman; a grandmother; the mistress of an alehouse.

LUCK-PENNY, *s.* a sum given to a person who makes a bargain.

LUESOME, *adj.* lovely; worthy of being loved; attractive in manner or appearance.

LUFE, LUIF, LUFFE, LOOF, *s.* the palm of the hand.

LUG, *s.* the ear.

LUGGIE, *s.* a small wooden dish for holding meat or drink, made of staves in the manner of a tub, with one of them prolonged considerably above the others.

LUM, LUMB, *s.* a chimney.

LUM-HEAD, *s.* the chimney-top.

LUNCH, *s.* a large piece of anything, particularly applied to something eatable.



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LURE, s. the udder of a cow.

LUSTY, *adj.* beautiful; pleasant; of agreeable manners.

LYART-HAFFETS, s. grey hairs on the cheeks.

—M—

MA, MAY, MAE, *adj.* more in number.

MAAD, MAWD, s. a shepherd's plaid.

MADGE, s. Magdalene.

To MAE, *v. n.* to bleat.

MAGGS, s. a perquisite.

MAHOUN, s. Mahomet; the devil.

MAIDEN, s. an instrument formerly used for beheading state prisoners, similar in its construction to the French guillotine.

MAIK, s. a cant word for a halfpenny.

MAIL, s. tribute. *Black Mail*, a tax paid to freebooters by heritors and tenants for the security of their property.

MAILAN, MAILING, MALING, s. a farm.

MAIL-FREE, *adj.* without paying rent.

MAIN, s. moan.

MAINING, *adj.* moaning.

MAINS, s. the chief farm of an estate, generally that which is attached to the mansion.

MAIST, *adj.* most.

MAISTER, s. a landlord; a designation given to the eldest son of a baron.

MALISON, s. a curse.

MAMMIE, s. a childish term for mother.



MAN, s. a vassal; a husband; a male servant.

MAN, MAUN, *aux. v.* must.

MANE, s. lamentation.

MANGLE, s. a calender.

To MANGLE, *v. a.* to calender linen or other clothes.

MANSE, s. a parsonage house, the house of a minister.

To MANSWEIR, MENSWEIR, *v.* to perjure.

To MANT, MAUNT, *v. n.* to stammer.

MARCHE, s. a landmark.

MARK, MERK, s. a pound of thirty-two ounces.

MARK, MIRK, *adj.* dark.

MARROW, s. a companion; a married partner.

MARROWLESS, *adj.* matchless.

MART, MARTE, MAIRT, s. a cow or ox killed for winter's use.

To MASK, *v. a.* to catch in a net; to infuse.

MAUK, s. a maggot.

MAUKIN, s. a hare.

MAUMIE, *adj.* mellow.

MAUCHLESS, MAUCHTLESS, *adj.* feeble; inactive.

MAW, s. a sea-gull.

MAWKISH, *adj.* spiritless; actionless; slow.

MAWT, s. malt.

MAY, s. a maid; a virgin.

MEDE, s. a meadow.

MEIKLE, MEKYL, MUCKLE, *adj.* great.

MELL, s. a maul.

MELT, s. milt.

MENDS, s. atonement.

To MENE, MEANE, MEYNE, v. a. to bemoan.

MENSK, MENSE, s. dignity of demeanour; discretion.

MENSKFUL, *adj.* manly; moderate; discreet; mannerly.



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MERE, s. a boundary; a limit; the sea.

MERK, s. an ancient Scottish silver coin, value thirteen shillings and fourpence Scotch money, or thirteen pence and one-third of a penny sterling.

MERLE, s. a blackbird.

MERRY-BEGOTTEN, s. an illegitimate child.

MERRY-DANCERS, s. the Aurora Borealis.

MES. s. mass. *Mes* or *Mass John*, a name of derision for a parish minister.

MESSAN, s. a small mongrel dog.

MET, METT, s. measure.

MEVIS, s. a thrush.

MICHTIE, *adj.* of high rank; stately; haughty.

MICK, s. Michael.

MIDDEN, s. a dunghill.

MILK-SYTH, s. a milk strainer.

MILL, MULL, s. a snuff-box made of a horn.

MILL-LADE, MILL-LEAD, s. a mill-course.

MIM, *adj.* prim; demure; prudish.

MIM-MOU'D, *adj.* soft of speech; bashful.

To MIND, *v. n.* to remember; to recollect.

MINNIE, MINNY, s. mother.

MIRK, MYUK, MARK, *adj.* dark.

MIRLYGOES, s. *pl.* when persons see indistinctly they are said to be in the *Mirlygoes*.

MISCALL, MISCA', *v. a.* to call hard names.

MISCHANTER, s. misfortune; mishap.



To MISKEN, *v. n.* not to recognise.

To MISTROW, *v. a.* to suspect; to mistrust.

To MISTRYST, *v. a.* to break an engagement.

MITTENS, *s. pl.* woollen gloves.

MIXTIE-MAXTIE, *adj.* in a state of confusion.

To MODERATE, *v. n.* to preside in an ecclesiastical court.

MODERATOR, *S.* he who presides in an ecclesiastical court.

MODYWART, MODEWORT, *s.* a mole.

MOLLIGRANT, MOLLIGRUBS, whining, complaining.

MONY, *adj.* many.

To MOOL, *v. a.* to crumble.

MORN, MORNE, *s.* to-morrow. *The morn*, to-morrow.

To MORTIFY, *v. a.* to give in mortmain.

MOSS-TROOPERS, *s.* banditti.

MOTHERWIT, *s.* common sense.

MOW, *s.* the mouth.

To MUCK, *v. a.* to carry out dung.

To MUDDLE, *v. n.* to be busy without making progress at a trifling work.

To MUDGE, *v. n.* to stir; to budge.

MUIR, *s.* a heath.

MULIN, MULOCK, *s.* a crumb.

MULTURE, MOUTUR, *s.* the fee for grinding corn.

MUNDS, MUNS, *s.* the mouth.

MURRION, MURREON, *s.* a helmet.

MUTCH, *s.* a cap for a female.

MUTCHKIN, *s.* an English pint,

MY-CERTE, *by my faith.*

MYSCHANCY, *adj.* unlucky.



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MYSELL, s. myself.

—N—

NA, NAE, *adv.* no; not.

NA, NE, *conj.* neither; nor,

NACHET, NACKET, s. an insignificant person. *A little nacket*, one of very diminutive size,

NAIG, s. a stallion; a riding horse,

NAIPRIE, s. table linen.

NANCY, NANNIE, s. Agnes.

NANE, *adj.* no; none.

NATHING, NAETHING, s. nothing.

NAYSAY, s. a refusal.

NEAR-GAWN, NEAR-BE-GAWN, *adj.* niggardly.

NEB, s. the bill of a fowl.

NEEBORS, s. neighbours.

NEER-DO-WEIL, s. a never-do-well.

NEFFIT, s. a pigmy; a very diminutive thing.

To NEIFFER, NIFFER, *v. a.* to exchange.

NEIPCE, s. a granddaughter.

NEIRS, s. *pl.* the kidneys.

NEIST, NIEST, *adj.* next; nearest.

NEIVE, NEIF, s. the fist.

NEVEW, NEVO, NEVOW, s. a nephew.

NEWFANGLED, fond of new things or persons.



To NICHER, *v. n.* to neigh; a loud coarse laugh.

NICHT, *s.* night. *The nicht*, tonight.

NICHTFA, *s.* twilight.

NICK-NACK, *s.* a gim-crack; small wares.

NIP, *s.* a small bit of anything.

To NIP, *v. a.* to carry off cleverly; to pinch.

NIPPIT, *adj.* niggardly

NO, *adv.* not.

NOB, *s.* a knob.

NOCHT, *s.* nothing.

NOLT, NOUT, *s.* black cattle; a stupid vulgar fellow.

NOO, *s.* now; at the present.

NOR, *conj.* than.

NORLAN, NORLAND, *adj.* belonging to the north country.

NORYSS, *s.* nurse.

NOUTHER, NOWTHIR, *conj.* neither.

NUIK, *s.* the corner.

—O—

OE, OYE, *s.* a grandson.

OERCOME, OURCOME, *s.* the overplus.

OHON! *interj.* alas!

OMNE-GATHERUM, *s.* a miscellaneous collection; an incongruous mass.

ONCOME, *s.* a fall of rain or snow.

ONGOINGS, *s. pl.* procedure.

ONKEND, *part. adj.* unknown.



ONSTEAD, *s.* the building on a farm.

ONY, *adj.* any.

OO, *s.* wool.

OORIE, OURIE, OWRIE, *adj.* chill; bleak; having the sensation of cold.

OR, *conj.* lest; than.

OR, *adv.* before, as *Or this*, before this time; rather than, *Or than*, before then.

ORROW, ORA, *adj.* unmatched; not used.

ORROWS, *s. pl.* supernumerary articles.

OSTLEIR, OSTLER, *s.* an innkeeper.

OTHIR, OTHERE, ODYR, *adj.* other.



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OUER, *prep.* over.

OULK, OWLK, *s.* a week.

OUR, OURE, OUER, OWRE, *prep.* over, beyond; denoting excess.

OURGAE, OURGANG, *v. a.* to overrun; exceed; to surpass.

OUR-RAUGHT, *pret.* overtook.

To OURSET, *v. a.* to overcome; to overpower.

OURTILL, *prep.* above; beyond.

OUSEN, *s.* oxen.

OUT-ABOUT, *adv.* out of doors.

OUTBREAKING, OUTBREKIN, *s.* eruption of the skin.

OUT-BY, *adv.* out of doors; abroad.

OUTFALL, *s.* a contention.

OUTGAIT, OUTGATE, *s.* a way of egress; escape from any kind of hardship.

OUTGANE, *part. pa.* elapsed.

OUTLAY, *s.* expenditure.

OUT-OUR, OUT-OWRE, *adv.* over.

OUTSHOT, *s.* a projection.

OUTSPECKLE, *s.* a laughing-stock.

OUTSPOKEN, *s.* free of speech; undisguised in conversation or opinion.

OUTSTRIKING, *s.* an eruption.

OUTWAILE, OUTWYLE, *s.* the refuse.

To OUTWAIR, *v. a.* to expend.

OUTWITH, *prep.* without; on the outer side or exterior; outwards; out from.



OVERLY, *adj.* careless.

OWKLY, *adj.* weekly.

OXTAR, OXTER, *s.* the armpit.

—P—

PACKMAN, *s.* a pedlar.

PADDOCK-STOOL, *s.* a toad-stool; agaricus in general.

PAFFLE, *s.* a small landed estate.

PAFFLER, *s.* a farmer of a small estate.

To PAIK, *v. a.* to beat; to drub.

PAIKER, *s.* a *causey-paiker*, a street-walker.

PAILIN, PAILING, *s.* a fence of stakes.

PAINCHES, *s.* tripe.

PALAVAR, *s.* idle talk.

To PALE, *v. a.* to make an incision in cheese to try its quality.

PALLACH, *s.* a porpoise; a lusty person.

PAND, *s.* a pledge.

PAN-KAIL, *s.* broth made of cole-worts, thickened with oatmeal.

PANNEL, *s.* one brought to the bar of a court for trial.

PAP-O'-THE-HASS, *s.* uvula.

PAPE, PAIP, *s.* the pope.

PAPEJAY, PAPINGAY, *s.* a parrot.

PARITCH, PARRITCH, *s.* hasty-pudding; oatmeal and water boiled together.

PARROT-COAL, *s.* cannel coal which burns clearly.

PARTAN, *s.* the common edible crab.

PARTICATE, *s.* a rood of land.



PARTRICK, PATRICK, *s.* a partridge.

PAT, *pret.* of put.

To PATTERN, *s.* to mutter uninterruptedly.

PATTLE, PETTLE, *s.* a stick wherewith a ploughman clears away the earth which adheres to his plough.

PAUK, *s.* art; wile.



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PAUKY, *adj.* sly; artful.

PAWMIE, *s.* a stroke on the hand with the ferula.

PAWN, *s.* a narrow curtain fixed to the roof or bottom part of a bed.

PAY, *s.* a drubbing.

PAYS-EGGS, *s. pl.* eggs boiled in dye of various colours, and given to children to amuse themselves during Easter.

PEARIE, *s.* a pegtop in the shape of a pear.

PEARLIN, *s.* a species of thread lace.

To PECH, *v. n.* to puff; to pant.

PEEL, PEIL, *s.* a place of strength; a Border tower.

To PEENGE, PINGE, *v. n.* to whine; to complain.

PEESWEIP, PEEWEIP, *s.* the lapwing.

PEG, *s.* a stroke.

To PEG OFF or AWAY, *v. n.* to run off quickly.

PENCH, PENCHE, *s.* the belly. *Penches*, tripe.

PEND, *s.* an archway.

PENDICLE, *s.* a small piece of ground.

PENNIE-BRYDAL, PENNY-WEDDING, *s.* a wedding at which those who attend pay money for their entertainment.

PENNYSTANE, *s.* a flat stone used as a quoit.

PEPE, PEEP, *s.* the chirp of a bird.

PERJINK, *adj.* precise.

PERNICKITIE, *adj.* precise in trifles.

To PETTLE, *s.* to fondle.



To PEW, PEU, *v. n.* the mournful sound emitted by birds.

PHILIBEG, *s.* See FILIBEG.

To PHRASE, FRAISE, *v. n.* to boast; to wheedle.

PIBROCH, *s.* a Highland air of a martial character.

PICKLE, PUCKLE, *s.* a grain of seed; a small quantity.

PIG, PYG, *s.* an earthen vessel.

PIGS, PYGS, *s. pi.* earthenware.

PIK, PICK, *s.* pitch.

PILK, *v. a.* to pilfer.

To PINGLE, *v. a.* to labour with assiduity.

To PINK, *v. n.* to glimmer with the eyes half contracted.

PINNER, *s.* a female head-dress, with long lappets pinned to the temples and reaching to the bosom, where they were fastened.

PIRN, *s.* a reed or quill. *To wind him a pirn,* to make him repent of what he has done.

PIT AND GALLOWS, *s.* an ancient baronial privilege, by which they had on their ground a pit to drown women and a gallows to hang men.

PLACK, PLAK, *s.* a small copper coin formerly in use, the value of the third part of a penny sterling.

PLACKLESS, *adj.* moneyless.

PLAID, *s.* an outer covering, of an oblong square shape, of different coloured stripes, worn by the Highlanders.

PLAIDEN, PLAIDING, *s.* coarse tweeled woollen cloth.

PLAINSTONES, *s. pl.* the pavement or flags.

To PLASH, *v. n.* to make a noise by the dashing of water.



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To PLAT, PLET, *v. a.* to plait.

PLAYFAIR, *s.* a toy.

PLEY, PLEYE, *s.* a debate; a quarrel.

To PLENISH, PLENYS, *v. a.* to furnish a house.

PLENISHING, *s. pl.* household furniture.

PLEUCH, PLEUGH, *s.* a plough.

PLEUGH-GANG, *s.* as much land as can be tilled by means of a single plough.

PLISKIE, *s.* a mischievous trick.

PLOY, *s.* a harmless frolic.

To PLOT, *v. a.* to scald.

PLOUKE, PLOUK, *s.* a pimple.

PLOUKIE-FACED, *adj.* having a pimpled face.

To PLOUTER, *v. a.* to make a noise among water.

PLUFFY, *adj.* flabby; chubby.

PLUMB-DAMES, *s.* a Damascene plum.

PLUMP, *adj.* a heavy shower of rain without wind.

PLUNK, *v. n.* the sound made by a stone or other substance thrown into water.

PLY, *s.* a plait; a fold.

PODLIE, *s.* the fry of the coal fish.

To POIND, POYND, *v. a.* to distrain.

POLICY, POLLECE, *s.* a demesne.

POORTITH, *s.* poverty.

PORRINGER, *s.* a small round earthenware jug with a handle.



PORTIONER, *s.* a person who possesses part of a property which has been divided among co-heirs.

POSE, POIS, POISE, *s.* hidden treasure.

POURIN, *s.* a small quantity of anything liquid.

POUT, *s.* a young fowl.

To POUT, POUTEN, *v. n.* to poke or stir with a long pole or stick.

POW, *s.* the head.

To PREE, *v. a.* to taste.

PREEN-COD, *s.* a pin-cushion.

PREIN, PRIN, *s.* a pin.

PRESERVES, *s. pl.* spectacles which magnify but little.

PRETTY, *adj.* having a handsome face.

PRICKMADAINTY, *s.* a person who is finical in dress or carriage, particularly a small person.

PRIDEFOW, *adj.* proud; conceited.

To PRIG, *v. n.* to haggle; to beat down in price.

To PRINK, *v. a.* to deck; to prick.

To PRINKLE, *v. n.* to thrill; to tingle.

PROCURATOR, *s.* a barrister or advocate.

PROG, PROGUE, *s.* a sharp point.

PROP, *s.* an object placed up to be aimed at.

To PROPONE, *v. a.* to propose.

PROSPECT, *s.* a telescope.

PROVOST, *s.* the mayor of a royal burgh.

PUBLIC-HOUSE, *s.* a tavern or inn.

PUDDENFILLER, *s.* a glutton.



PUIR, PURE, *adj.* poor.

PUIRLIE, *adj.* humbly; unwell.

To PUNCH, *v. a.* to jog with the elbow.

PURPOSE-LIKE, *adj.* seemingly well qualified for anything; well clad.



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To PUT-UPON, to impose upon; to take advantage of another's weakness.

To PUT, *v. n.* to throw a heavy stone with the hand raised over the head.

PUTTING-STONE, *s.* a heavy stone used in the game of putting.

PYAT, PYOT, *s.* a magpie.

PYGS, *s. pl.* crockery ware; earthenware.

—Q—

QUAICH, QUEYCH, QUEGH, *s.* a small shallow drinking cup, made of wood or silver, with two ears.

QUEET, CUTE, *s.* the ankle.

QUEINT, QUENT, *adj.* curious; wonderful.

QUENT, AQUENT, *adj.* acquainted; familiar.

QUEY, *s.* a two-year-old cow.

QUEYN, QUEAN, QUINE, *s.* a young woman.

QUHAIP, QUHAUP, WHAAP, *s.* a curlew.

To QUHEMLE, WHUMMIL, *v. a.* to turn upside down.

To QUHID, WHEED, *v. a.* move quickly.

QUHILK, *pron.* which; who.

QUHIRR, *v. n.* to make a sound like the wings of a partridge or grouse in the act of flying.

QUHITRED, QUHITTRET, *s.* a weasel.

QUHYNE, QUHENE, WHEEN, *adj.* a few.

—R—

RA, RAE, *s.* a roe deer.

RACHE, *s.* a lurcher, or dog that finds and pursues his prey by the scent.



RACK, *s.* a shelved frame fixed to the wall for holding plates.

RACKLE-HANDED, *adj.* careless; rash.

RADE, RAID, *s.* an invasion; a violent attack.

RAIK, *s.* a single carrying of a thing from one place to another.

To RAIL, *v. n.* to jest.

RAIP, *s.* a rope.

RAISED, *adj.* excited; maddened.

RAIVEL, *s.* a rail.

RAMFEEZLED, *part. adj.* exhausted, fatigued.

RAMMER, *s.* a ramrod.

To RAMPAGE, *v. n.* to prance about in a furious manner, as exemplified in passion.

RAM-STAM, *adj.* forward; rash; thoughtless.

RANDY, RANDIE-BEGGAR, *s.* a beggar who endeavours to obtain alms by means of threats; a female scold.

RANDY, *adj.* quarrelsome.

RANTLE-TREE, *s.* a tall raw-boned person.

RAPEGYRNE, *s.* the ancient name given to the little figure made of the last handful of grain in the harvest-field, now called the maiden.

RAPLACH, RAPLOCH, *s.* coarse, homespun, undyed woollen cloth.

RASCH, RASH, *s.* a rush.

RASHY, *adj.* beset with rushes.

RATH, *adj.* strange or savage in aspect.

RATTAN, ROTTEN, *s.* a rat.

RAUCHAN, *s.* a plaid worn by men, formerly made of grey undyed wool.

RAUN, RAWN, *s.* roe of a fish.

RAUCLE, *adj.* rash.

To RAVE, v. a. to plunder by violence.



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RAW, *adj.* damp; chill.

RAW, *s.* a row or rank.

To RAX, *v. n.* to extend the limbs; to stretch them.

RAY, REE, *adj.* mad; wild.

REAM, REYME, *s.* cream.

REAMING-FULL, *adj.* full to the lip or brim.

REAYER, *s.* robber.

REBALD, *s.* a low contemptible fellow.

To REBUT, *v. a.* to repulse.

RED, *s.* riddance.

To RED, REDE, *v. a.* to counsel; to disentangle.

REDDIN-STRAIK, *s.* the blow which persons frequently receive on attempting to separate those who are fighting.

To RED-UP, *part. adj.* to put in order.

RED-WUD, *adj.* in a violent passion; furious.

REEK, REIK, *s.* smoke.

REEL, *s.* a Scottish dance generally performed by two males and two females.

REEL-RALL, *adj.* topsy-turvy.

To REESE, *v. a.* to extol.

REIF, REFE, *s.* the itch.

REIKIE, *adj.* smoky.

To REIK-OUT, *v. a.* to fit out or dress out.

To REIST, *v. a.* to dry by exposure to the heat of the sun, or in a chimney.

To RENG, RING, *v. n.* to reign.



To RESETT, *v. a.* to harbour; to receive stolen goods.

To REST, *v. n.* to be indebted.

To RETOUR, *v. a.* to return.

RIBBLE-RABBLE, *adj.* disordered.

RICKLE, RICKILL, *s.* a heap. *A rickle o' banes*, a person who is very meagre.

RIFE, RYFE, *adv.* plentiful.

RIFF-RAFF, *s.* the rabble.

To RIFT, *v. n.* to belch.

RIGGING, *s.* the ridge of a house.

RIN, *v. n.* run.

To RIND, RYNDE, *v. a.* to melt fat by the heat of the fire.

RINGE, *s.* a whisk made of heath.

RINGLE-EE'D, RYNGIT, *adj.* having a great quantity of white seen round the irides of the eyes.

RINO, *s.* ready money.

To RIPE, RYPE, *v. a.* to search a person.

To RIPPLE, *v. a.* to separate the seed of flax from the stalks.

RIPPLIN-CAME, *s.* a flax-comb.

RISE, RYSS, *s.* a small twig.

RIVE, *s.* rent; tear.

ROCKLAY, ROKELY, *s.* a short cloak worn by females.

RODEN, ROWEN, *s.* the fruit of the mountain ash.

RODEN-TREE, ROWAN-TREE, *s.* the mountain ash.

ROID, ROYD, *adj.* rude; severe.

ROLLOCHIN, *adj.* lively: free-spoken.

To ROOSE, RUSE, *v. a.* to extol.

ROSET, s. rosin.

ROSIE, s. Rose—a Christian name.

ROSIGNELL, s. a nightingale.



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ROUNG, RUNG, *s.* a cudgel.

ROUP, ROOP, *s.* hoarseness.

To ROUP, to cry aloud; to shout; to sell by auction.

ROUSTY, ROOSTY, *adj.* rusty.

To ROUT, *v. n.* to bellow.

ROUTH, ROWTH, *s.* plenty.

To ROW, *v. a.* to roll.

ROYED, *adj.* wild.

ROYSTER, *s.* a freebooter.

RUCK, *s.* a heap of corn.

RUDE, *adj.* strong; stout.

To RUG, *v. a.* to tear.

RULLION, *s.* a shoe made of untanned leather; a coarse masculine female.

RUM, *adj.* excellent.

RUMGUMPTION, RUMMILGUMPTION, *s.* common sense.

To RUMMIL, *v. n.* to make a noise.

RUMPLE, RUMPILL, *s.* the rump; the tail.

RUND, ROON, *s.* a border; a selvage.

RUNT, *s.* the stalk of colewort or cabbage; term applied to an old disagreeable woman.

RUSKIE, *s.* a basket made of twigs.

—S—

SAB, *v. n.* to sob.

SAD, *adj.* grave; heavy.



SAE, *adv.* so.

SAELIKE, SALIKE, *adj.* of the same kind, similar.

SAFT, *adj.* soft.

SAFTLY, *adv.* lightly; softly.

SAILYE, s. assault.

SAIP, s. soap.

SAIR, *adj.* sore; a sore; a wound.

To SAIR, *v. a.* to satisfy; to serve.

SAIRHEAD, s. a headache.

SAIRING, s. as much as satisfies one.

SAIRLY, *adv.* sorely.

SAL, *v. defective*, shall.

SAND-BLIND, *adj.* being very short-sighted, as is often the case with people with very fair hair.

SANDY, s. Alexander.

SANG, s. a song; also the past of sing.

SAP, s. liquid of any kind taken to solids.

SAPS, s. bread soaked or boiled in ale, or wine and water.

SARK, s. a shirt, frequently applied to the shift of a female.

SAUCH, SAUGH, s. the willow tree.

To SAUCH, SOAGH, *v. n.* to emit a rustling or whistling sound, like the wind in a narrow pass.

SAUL, SAWL, s. soul.

SAULLESS, *adj.* destitute of soul.

SAULLIE, SAULIE, s. a hired mourner, such as go in front of a hearse.

SAUT, s. salt.



SAUT-FOOT, s. a salt-cellar.

To SAW, v. a. to sow.

SCAIL, s. a kind of tub.

SCANT, s. scarce.

SCANTY, s. scarcity.

SCANTLINGS, s. *pl.* small pieces of wood tying the rafters together.

SCAMP, s. a cheat.

SCAPE, s. a bee-hive.

SCAR, SCAIR, SCAUR, s. a bare place on the side of a hill from which the soil has been washed off.



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To SCART, *v. a.* to scratch.

SCART, *s.* a scratch.

SCHACHLED, *adj.* crooked; unseemly.

SCHANK, *s.* the leg.

SCHAVE, SHEAVE, SHEEVE, *s.* a slice of anything, such as bread, *etc.*

SCHAW, *s.* a grove or thicket; a shadowy place.

SCHEL, *s.* a shed for sheep.

To SCHERE, *v. n.* to divide.

SCHILL, *adj.* shrill.

SCHOAG, SHOG, *v. a.* to move backwards and forwards.

SCHOGGLE, *v. a.* to shake.

SCHONE, SHOONE, *s. pl.* shoes.

SCHULE, SHUIL, SHOOL, *s.* a shovel.

To SCHUTE, *v. a.* to push.

SCLAITE, SKLAIT, *s.* slate.

SCLATCH, *s.* a lubberly lazy fellow.

To SCLENT, SKLENT, *v. n.* to slope.

ASCLENT, *adv.* obliquely.

SCON, *s.* a flat cake, made of barley meal or flour.

SCREED, *s.* a harangue.

To SCREED, SKREED. *v. a.* to rend in pieces.

To SCREIGH, SKREIGH, *v. n.* to shriek.

SCRIMP, *adj.* narrow; scanty.



SCROOFF, SCRUFF, a thin crust.

SCRYMMAGE, *s.* a skirmish.

To SCUG, *v. a.* to shelter.

SCULDUDRY, has an illusion to a breach of chastity.

SCULL, *s.* a shallow basket.

SCUM, *s.* a mean greedy fellow.

To SCUNNER, *v. n.* to loathe; to shudder in disgust.

To SCUTLE, *v. a.* to spill from carelessness.

SEAM, used in respect to any sort of needlework.

SEATH, SYTHE, *s.* the coal-fish.

SEGG, *s.* the yellow flower-de-luce.

SEKER, SICKER, *adj.* firm.

SEMPILL, SYMPILL, *adj.* low-born.

SEN, *conj.* since; seeing.

SENSYNE, since that time.

SERD, SAIRD, *pret.* served.

SERGE, *s.* a sieve.

SESSION, *s.* the consistory, or parochial eldership in Scotland.

SESSION-HOUSE, *s.* a vestry.

To SET, *v. a.* to let; to become—as, *He sets his rank well.*

SHACHLED, *adj.* crooked; unseemly.

SHACKLE-BANE, *s.* the wrist.

SHAFT, *s.* a handle.

To SHAK-A-FA', *v. a.* to wrestle.

SHAKE-DOWN, *s.* a temporary bed made on the floor.



To SHAMBLE, *v. n.* to make a wry mouth.

To SHANK, *v. a.* to travel on foot.

SHARNE, SHERNE, *s.* the dung of cattle.

SHAVER, *s.* a wag.

SHAWS, *s. pl* the foliage of esculent roots.

SHEAL, SHIELLING, *s.* a hut or residence for shepherds or fishermen.



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To SHEAL, *v. a.* to take the husks off pulse, *etc.*

SHEELINS, *s. pl* the husks of grain.

To SHEAR, *v. a.* to reap; to cut down corn.

SHEARER, *s.* one employed in reaping corn.

SHEARIN, *s.* the act of cutting corn.

SHELTIE, *s.* a very small horse.

SHEUCH, *s.* a furrow.

To SHEUCH, *v.* to place plants in the earth before they are planted.

To SHEVEL, *v. a.* to distort.

SHILFA, *s.* the chaffinch.

SHILPIE, SHILPIT, *adj.* weak; insipid; sickly looking: thin.

SHILLINGS, SHEELINS, *s. pl* the outermost husks of grain.

To SHIMMER, *v. n.* to shine.

SHINTY, *s.* a stick with a crooked end, used as a club for playing a game with a ball called Shinty.

To SHOOT, *v. n.* to push.

To SHOWL, *v. n.* to distort the mouth or face.

To SHUE, *v. a.* to drive away any animals by making a noise.

SIB, *adj.* related by blood: consanguineous.

SIBMAN, *s.* a near relation.

SIBNES, *s.* propinquity; nearness of relationship.

SIC, SICK, SIK, *adj.* such; in the same manner.

SICKER, SIKHER, *adj.* secure; cautious.

SICKEN, *adj.* such kind of.



SICKERLY, *adv.* firmly.

SICKLIKE, *adj.* of the same kind.

SIDE, SYDE, *adj.* a long low-hanging dress.

SIDLINGS, SIDELINS, *adv.* placed side by side.

SILDER, SILLER, *s.* silver.

SILLY, weak from ill health; weak in mind.

SIMMER, SYMER, *s.* summer.

SIMPELL, SEMPLER, *adj.* low-born; poor in circumstances.

SIND, SEIN, SYND, *v. a.* the last water used in washing clothes.

To SINDER, *v. a.* to sunder.

SINDRY, *adj.* sundry; in a disjointed state.

SINGIT-LIKE, *adj.* miserable-looking; puny.

SINCESYNE, *adv.* since that time.

To SIPE, SEIP, *v. n.* to ooze.

To SIST, *v. a.* to delay or stop proceedings.

To SKAIL, SKALE, *v. a.* to dismiss; to spill.

SKAITH, *s.* hurt; damage.

To SKAUDE, *v. a.* to scald.

SKEELY, *adj.* skilful.

SKEICH, SKEIGH, *adj.* apt to be startled; proud; shy, applied to females.

SKEIL, SKEILL, *s.* a small tub for washing, with a single handle.

SKELB, *s.* a splinter.

SKELF, *s.* a shelf.

SKELLIE, SKELLY, *s.* squint in the eye.

To SKELLIE, *v. n.* to squint.

To SKELLOCH, *v. n.* to utter a shrill cry.



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To SKELP, v. a. to beat; to strike with the open hand.

SKELVE, *s.* a thin slice.

SCEP, SCAPE, *s.* a bee-hive.

SKERRY, *s.* a sunken rock in the sea.

SKIFT, *s.* a flying shower.

SKILLY, SKEELY, *adj.* skilful; intelligent.

SKIPPARE, SKIPPER, *s.* a master of a sailing vessel.

To SKIRL, v. n. to utter a shrill cry.

To SKITE, v. a. to eject any liquid forcibly; to squirt.

SKLAIT, *s.* slate.

To SKLICE, v. a. to slice.

SKRANKY, *adj.* a lean, meagre person.

SKRUNTY, *adj.* raw-boned; meagre.

SKUG, SCUG, *s.* a shade; shelter.

SKULE, SCULE, *s.* a large collection of individuals, as a flight of crows.

SKULL, *s.* a hollow basket of an oval or semicircular form.

SKYNK, *v. a.* to pour out liquor.

SLAE, *s.* a sloe.

To SLAISTER, SLOYSTER, v. n. to perform anything in a dirty awkward manner.

SLAP, *s.* a narrow pass between two hills; a breach in a wall or hedge.

SLEEKIT, *adj.* deceitful; cunning.

SLOGAN, *s.* the war-cry or gathering word of a Highland clan.

To SLOKEN, v. a. to quench thirst.



To SLOUNGE, *v. n.* to walk about in a slovenly manner.

SLUMP, *by the slump*, altogether, or in unbroken quantities.

SLUMP, *adj.* taken in gross.

SLUSCH, SLUSH, *s.* soft plashy ground; snow in a state of thawing.

SMA, *adj.* small.

SMATCHET, *s.* a term of contempt applied to a man, but more commonly to a child.

SMEDDUM, *s.* quickness of apprehension.

To SMEEK, *v. a.* to smoke.

SMIDDY, *s.* a smithery.

SMIRIKIN, SMEERIKIN, *s.* a hearty kiss.

To SMORE, *v. a.* to smother; to choke.

SMIT, SMYT, *v. a.* to stain.

SNAB, *s.* a shoemaker.

SNACKIE, *adj.* tricky; quirky.

SNAW, *s.* snow.

SNAK, SNICK, *s.* the latch of a door.

SNEESHIN, *s.* snuff.

SNEESHIN-MILL *s.* a snuff-box.

SNEIST, *s.* a taunt.

SNELL, *adj.* keen; severe.

SNELLY, *adv.* sharply; quickly.

SNIPPY, *adj.* tart in speech.

SNISTY, *adj.* given to saucy language.

To SNITE, *v. a.* to snuff, applied to a candle.

SNODDED, *adj.* lopped; pruned.



SNOT, s. mucus from the nose.

SNOOD, SNUDE, s. a fillet which binds the hair of young women.

SNAW-FLAKE, S. the snow bunting.



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SOBER, *adj.* poor.

SODROUN, SOTHROUN, *s.* an Englishman.

SONSE, SONSY, *adj.* plump in appearance; in good condition of body.

SOOCH, *s.* a copious draught.

SOOTH, *adj.* true; faithful.

SOSS, *s.* a mixture of different qualities of food.

SOUP, SUP, *s.* a spoonful.

SOUR-MILK, *s.* buttermilk.

SOUROCK, SOURACK, *s.* sorrel.

SOUTAR, SOUTER, a shoemaker.

SOW, HAY-SOW, *s.* a stack of hay before it is ready to be removed from the field.

SPAЕ-MAN, *s.* a soothsayer; a fortune-teller.

SPAЕ-WIFE, *s.* a female fortune-teller.

To SPAIN, SPEAN, *adj.* to wean.

SPAIT, SPATE, *s.* a flood.

SPANG, *s.* the act of spanning.

SPARE, *adj.* lean; meagre.

SPEERE, *s.* a hole in the wall of houses in former times, whereby the family received and answered inquiries from strangers.

To SPEIR, *v. a.* to ask.

To SPELDER, *v. a.* to spread open.

To SPELL, *v. n.* to climb.

SPICY, *adj.* proud; testy.

SPLEUCHAN, *s.* a tobacco holder.



SPRAICH, *s.* a shriek.

SPRECKLED, *adj.* speckled.

SPREE, *adj.* trim; gaudy; spruce.

SPRING, *s.* a quick cheerful tune on a musical instrument.

SPUNK, *s.* a match; spirit; vivacity.

SPUNKIE, *s.* *Ignis Fatuus*, or Will-o'-the-Wisp.

SPUNKIE, *adj.* mettlesome; spirited.

To SPUNK-OUT, *v. n.* to be gradually discovered or brought to light.

STAIG, *s.* a horse not yet broken in.

STALWART, *adj.* brave; strong; powerful.

STAMMACK, *s.* the stomach.

To STAMP, *v. n.* to go about stoutly.

STAMREL, *adj.* half-witted.

STANE, *s.* a stone.

To STANG, *v. a.* to sting.

STANG, *s.* a long pole.

STANK, *s.* a ditch with a slow running stream or stagnant water.

To STAP, *v. a.* to stop; to cram; to fill.

To STAW, *v. n.* to surfeit.

STAY, STEY, *adj.* step.

STEAD, STEADING, *s.* a farm house.

To STEEK, *v. a.* to shut.

To STEER, STIR, *v. a.* to meddle with.

STEEVE, *adj.* firm, relating to a bargain made; sometimes used for obstinate.

To STEIK, *v. a.* to stitch.

STELL-NET, *s.* a net stretching a considerable way into a river, and sometimes across it.

To STEND, v. n. to spring; rise to an elevation.

To STERE, STEIR, v. a. to stir.



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STERE, STEIR, *s.* commotion.

STEY, *adj.* steep.

To STICK, *v. a.* to bungle.

To STILT, *v. n.* to go on crutches.

To STINT, *v. n.* to limit; to act shabbily.

STIRK, *s.* a bullock or heifer between the age of one and two years; a stupid rude fellow.

STOB, *s.* a prickle.

STOCK AN' HORN, *S.* a musical instrument composed of a *stock*, which is the thigh-bone of a sheep, and the *horn*, the smaller end of a cow's horn, and a reed.

STOITER, the act of staggering.

STOLUM, *s.* as much ink as a pen will hold.

STOOK, STOUK, *s.* a rick of corn consisting of twelve sheaves.

STOOP, *s.* a post fastened in the earth; a prop; a support.

STORM-STED, *adj.* stopped on a journey in consequence of a storm.

STOT, *s.* a young bull.

To STOT, *v. n.* to rebound from the ground as a ball.

To STOUND, *v. n.* to ache.

STOUP, *s.* a deep and narrow vessel for holding or measuring liquids.

STOURIE, *adj.* dusty.

To STOVE, *v. a.* to stew.

STOWN, STOWIN, *part pa.* stolen.

STRAIK, STRAKE, *s.* a blow.

STRAND, *s.* a rivulet; a gutter.



STRAPPING, STRAPPAN, *part. adj.* tall and handsome.

STRATH, *s.* a valley of considerable extent.

STRATHSPEY, *s.* an air slower than a reel.

STRAVAIG, *v. n.* to stroll about in an idle manner.

STRAUCHT, *adj.* straight.

STREAMERS, *s. pl.* the Aurora Borealis.

To STREIK, STREEK, *v. a.* to stretch; lay out a dead body.

STREIN, STREEN, *s.* evening. *The Strein*, yesternight.

STRIDELEGS, *adv.* astride.

STROUP, STROOP, *s.* the spout of a tea-kettle or pump.

STUDY, STYDDY, *s.* an anvil.

To STUMP, *v. n.* to go about stoutly.

STURDY, *s.* a vertigo; a disease to which black-cattle and sheep are liable when young.

STURE, STOOR, *adj.* strong; robust; rough; hoarse.

SUCH, *s.* a whistling spund.

SUNKETS, *s. pl.* provisions of any description.

SUTHFAST, *adj.* true.

To SWAY, SWEY, *v. n.* to incline to one side; to swing.

To SWEEL, *v. n.* to drink copiously.

SWEETIES, *s. pl.* comfits; sweetmeats.

SWEIR, SWEER, *v. n.* lazy; indolent.

To SWIDDER, SWITHER, *v. n.* to be irresolute.

To SWIRL, *v. n.* to whirl like a vortex.

SYNE, *adv.* afterwards; late as opposed to soon.



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—T—

TABETLESS, TAPETLESS, TEBBITLESS, *adj.* benumbed.

TACK, *s.* a slight hold, as a stitch or two; a lease.

TACKET, *s.* a small nail with a head.

TACKSMAN, *s.* the holder of a lease.

TAE, *s.* a toe.

TAID, *s.* a toad.

TAILE, TAILYE, *s.* a covenant; an entail.

TAIS, TASSIE, *s.* a cup.

TAIVERS, TATTERS, *s. pl.* Meat which has been much overboiled is said to be boiled to *taivers*.

TAIVERSUM, *adj.* tiresome.

To TAK THE GATE, *v. n.* to go off on a journey.

To TAK-ON, *v. a.* to buy on credit.

TALE-PIET, *s.* a tale-bearer: a tattler.

TAM, TAMMIE, TAMMAS, *s.* Thomas.

TANGLE, *s.* an icicle; the large *fuci* or sea plant.

TANGS, TAINGS, *s.* tongs.

TANTRUMS, *s.* high airs; exhibiting a proud and dignified aspect.

To TAPE, *v. a.* to use sparingly.

TAPPIE-TOORIE, *s.* anything erected on a slight, tottering foundation.

TAPPIT-HEN, *s.* a crested hen; a quart measure of ale or beer with a top of foam.

TARRY, *s.* delay.

TARRY-FINGERED, *adj.* light-fingered; a thief.



TARTAN, *s.* cloth chequered of various colours, and originally worn only in the Highlands, every clan adopting its own peculiar tartan.

To TASH, *v. a.* to tuffle; to soil.

TATE, TAIT, *s.* a very small portion of any dry substance.

TATTER-WALLOPS, TAUTER-WALLOPS, *s. pl.* rags fluttering in the wind.

TATTIES, *s. pl.* potatoes.

TAULD, *adj.* told.

TAUPIE, TAWPIE, *s.* an inactive, silly, and slovenly woman.

TAWIS, TAWES, *s.* a whip; a lash; the ferula used by a schoolmaster.

TEAZLE, *s.* a severe brush; an onset.

To TEET, *v. n.* to peer; to look with the eyes half shut.

TEHEE, *s.* a loud laugh.

TEINDS, *s. pl.* tithes.

To TEND, *v.* to guard.

TENEMENT, *s.* a house, sometimes applied to one containing several separate dwellings under one roof.

TENT, *s.* care; attention.

To TENT, *v. n.* to attend.

To TENT, *v. a.* to observe; to remark; to put a value upon.

TENTLESS, *adj.* inattentive.

TERCER, *s.* a widow living upon a terce.

TEUCH, TEUGH, *adj.* tough.

To TEYME, TEME, TUME, *v. a.* to empty.

THACK, THEIK, *s.* thatch.

THAFTS, *s. pl.* the benches of a boat.

THAIRANENT, *adv.* concerning that.

THAIRATTOUR, *adv.* concerning.



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THAIRBEN, *adv.* in an inner apartment of a house.

THAIRM, *s.* the belly.

THAN, *adv.* then; at that time.

THANE, THAYNE, *s.* an ancient Scottish title of honour, denoting presidency in a county or province.

THEE, THEY, *s.* thigh.

THEGITHER, *adv.* together.

To THEIK, *v. a.* to cover with straw; to thatch.

THEIVIL, *s.* a porridge-stick, or stick for stirring broth while boiling.

THEN, *conj.* than.

THEWLESS, THOULESS, THIEVLESS, *adj.* unprofitable; useless; feeble.

THICK, *adj.* intimate; familiar.

THIR, *pron. pl.* these.

THIRL, *s.* to bind; to enslave.

THIRLWALL, *s.* the name given to the wall between England and Scotland thrown up by Severus.

THO, *adv.* at that time.

To THOLE, *v. n.* to bear; to endure; to suffer.

THON, *adv.* yonder; yon.

THOUELL, *s.* the nitch in which the oars of a boat work.

THOUGHT, THOUGHTY, *s.* a moment.

To THOW, *v. n.* to thaw.

THOWLESS, *adj.* inactive.

To THRAPPLE, *v. a.* to throttle.



THRAW, *s.* a pang; an agony.

THRAW-CRUK, *s.* an instrument for twisting straw or hair ropes.

THRAWIN, *part. adj.* distorted.

To THREPE, *v. n.* to aver pertinaciously; to argue; to persist.

THRESUM, *adj.* three together.

THRETTY, *adj.* thirty.

THRIFTY, *adj.* industrious and economical.

THROPILL, THRAPILL, *s.* the windpipe.

THUD, *s.* a dull noise.

THUMBIKINS, *s.* an instrument of torture applied as a screw to the thumbs to force the sufferer to confess or divulge a secret, *etc.*

THUMBLICKING, *s.* an ancient mode of confirming a bargain by the parties licking their thumbs and then placing them against each other.

TIBBIE, *s.* Elizabeth.

TICK, TICKER, *s.* a dot.

To TICK, *v. n.* to click as a clock or watch.

TID, *s.* humour.

To TID, *v. n.* To choose the proper time.

TIFT, *s.* the act of quarrelling; a hasty fit of ill humour.

To TIG, *v. n.* to touch lightly; a game played by children.

TIKE, TYKE, *s.* a cur; a dog; a rough bad-tempered fellow.

TIL, TIYL, *prep.* to.

TILL, *adv.* while; during the time that.

TIME-ABOUT, *adj.* alternately.

TIMMER, *s.* timber.

TIMMER-TUNED, *adj.* unmusical; destitute of ear.



TINCHELL, TINCHEL, s. a circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding an extensive space, gradually closing, bring a number of deer and game within a narrow compass.



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To TINE, TYNE, *v. a.* to lose.

TINT, *pret.* of To lose.

To TIRL, *s.* to give a stroke.

TIRLESS, TIRLASS, *s.* a lattice; a wicket.

TIRLIEWIRLIE, *s.* a whirligig.

To TIRR, TIRLE, *v. a.* to tear; to uncover.

TIRRIVEE, *s.* a fit of passion.

TIRWIRR, TIRRWIRring, *adj.* habitually growling.

TITTY, *s.* a sister.

TO, *adv.* shut. The door is *to*, *i.e.* shut.

TOCHER, *s.* the dowry brought by a wife.

TOCHERLESS, *adj.* destitute of portion.

TOD, *s.* a fox.

TODLE, TODDLE, *v. n.* to walk in a tottering manner, or with short unsteady steps.

TODDY, *s.* whisky, sugar, and hot water.

TODDY-LADLE, *s.* a small ladle of wood or silver used in filling a glass from a tumbler in which toddy is made.

TOFALL, *s.* a building annexed to the wall of a larger one.

TOIT, TOUT, *s.* a fit of illness; a fit of bad humour.

TOKIE, *s.* the head-dress of an old woman, resembling a monk's cowl.

TO-NAME, *s.* a surname.

TOOM, TUME, *adj.* empty.

TOOT, TOUT, *s.* the blast of a horn or bugle.

TOOTHFU', *s.* a moderate quantity of strong drink.



TOSCH, TOSH, TOSHE, *adj.* neat; trim.

TOT, *s.* a term of endearment used to a child.

TOUSIE, TOWSIE, *adj.* disordered; shaggy; rough.

To TOUSLE, *v. a.* to pull at; to put in disorder, as tearing at a girl in sport or rough dalliance.

TOUT, *s.* a copious draught.

TOW, *s.* a rope of any kind.

TOWMONT, TOWMOND, *s.* a year.

TOY, *s.* a woollen or linen headdress worn by women of the lower orders, with the lower part hanging down to the shoulders.

To TOYTE, TOT, *v. n.* to totter as in childhood or old age.

TRAIST, TRYSTE, *s.* an appointed meeting.

TRAM, *s.* the shaft of a cart or carriage.

To TRAMP, *v. a.* to tread with vigour; to walk, as opposed to riding.

TRANCE, *s.* a passage within a house leading from one part to another.

To TRANSMUGRIFY, *v. a.* to transform; to transmute; to change in appearance.

TRAWART, *adj.* perverse.

TREWS, *s. pl.* trousers.

TRIG, *adj.* neat.

To TRIM, *v. a.* to drub.

To TROKE, *v. a.* to bargain in the way of exchange; to barter.

TROTTERS, *s. pl.* sheep's feet.

To TROW, TREW, *v. a.* to believe.

TROWTH, *s.* truth; belief.

TRUE-BLUE, *s.* an epithet applied to rigid Presbyterians, in allusion to the colour of the cockad worn by the Covenanters.



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TRUMPH, *s.* the trump at cards.

TRUNSCHEOUN, *s.* a plate; a trencher.

TRYSTING-PLACE, *s.* a place of meeting previously agreed on.

TUCK, *s.* *tuck of drum*, beat of drum.

TUILYIE, TOOLYIE, *s.* a quarrel; a broil.

To TUME, *v. a.* to empty.

TUP, *s.* a ram; a foolish, stupid fellow.

TUTTIE-TUTTIE, *interj.* pshaw!

TWAL, *adj.* twelve.

TWA-TIREE, *s. pl.* a few in number.

To TWIN, TWYNE, *v. n.* to separate.

TWOPENNY, *s.* small beer.

TYDY, TYDIE, *adj.* neat; clean in person or house.

TYRE-CAP, *s.* a *hat of tyre*; part of the dress of Bruce at Bannockburn.

—U—

UNCANNY, *adj.* unsafe; as having supernatural powers.

UNCHANCY, *adj.* unlucky.

UNCO, *adj.* strange; unknown; very much.

UNCOFT, *adj.* unbought.

ULIE, *s.* oil.

UMAN, *pron.* woman.

UMBRE, *s.* shade.

UNREASON, *adj.* disorder.



UNRYCHT, *s.* injustice; iniquity.

UNSICKKIR, UNSICKER, *adj.* not secure.

UNTILL, *prep.* unto.

UPPISH, *adj.* aspiring; ambitious.

UPTAK, *s.* uptaking; apprehension.

—V—

To VAIG, *v. n.* to wander; to roam.

VALISES, *s. pl* saddlebags.

VARLOT, VERLOT, *s.* an inferior servant.

VAUNTY, *adj.* boastful.

VENT, *s.* a chimney.

VIRLE, *s.* a ferule.

VOGIE, VOKIE, *adj.* merry; cheerful.

VOUT, *s.* a vault.

VOW, WOU! *interj.* expressive of admiration, somewhat equivalent to Oh!

—W—

WA, WAY, WAE, *s.* wo; grief.

To WACHLE, *v. n.* to move backwards and forwards.

WADDS, *s. pl.* pledges used in youthful amusement.

WADSETTER, *s.* one who holds the property of another.

WAFF, *adj.* worthless in conduct; ill-dressed.

WAFFIE, *s.* a vagabond.

WAFT, WEFT, WOFT, *s.* the woof in a web.

WAGANG, WAYGANG. *s.* a departure.

To WAIGLE, WEIGLE, *v. n.* to waddle; to waggle.



To WAIK, *v. a.* to watch.

WAIR, *v. a.* to spend.

WAKERIFE, *adj.* watchful.

WALD, *v. aux.* would.

To WALE, *v. a.* to select; to pick; to choose.

To WALLOP, *v. n.* to move quickly.

To WALLOW, *v. n.* to be immersed or rolling in anything.

WALY! WALLY! *inter j.* expressive of lamentation.

WAMBE, WAME, *s.* the belly.



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To WAMBLE, WAUMBLE, *v. n.* to move in an undulatory manner.

WAN, *adj.* black; gloomy.

WANCOUTH, *adj.* uncouth.

WANTER, *s.* a widower or bachelor.

To WAP, *v. a.* to throw rapidly; to throw.

WAPPIN, WAPPYN, *s.* a weapon.

WAR, WARR, *adj.* worse.

To WAR, *v. a.* to overcome.

WARE, *s.* sea-wced.

WARK, WARKE, *s.* work.

WARKMAN, *s.* a labourer.

WARLD, *s.* the world.

WARLOCK, *s.* a wizard.

To WARSELL, WERSILL, *v. n.* to wrestle; to strive.

WARWOLF, WARWOUF, *s.* a person supposed to be transformed into a wolf.

WASTING, *s.* a consumption.

To WAT, *v. n.* to know.

WATERGANG, *s.* a mill-race.

To WAUBLE, *v. n.* to swing or reel.

WATER-WRAITH, *s.* the spirit of the waters.

To WAUGHT, WACHT-OUT, *v. n.* to quaff; a large draught of any liquid.

To WAUK, *v. a.* to full cloth; to shrink in consequence of being beetled.

To WAW, WAVE, *v. n.* to caterwaul.



WEAN, WEANE, *s.* a child.

To WEAR-IN, *v. a.* to gather in.

WEARY, *adj.* feeble.

WEBSTER, WABSTER, *s.* a weaver.

WEE, *adj.* little.

WEEM, *s.* a natural cavern.

WEET, *s.* rain; wet.

WEFT, *s.* woof.

WEILL-FARAND, WEEL-FARD, *adj.* good-looking.

WEIRD, WEERD, *s.* fate; prediction.

WEIRDLESS, WIERDLESS, *adj.* unprosperous; worthless; not well-doing.

WELCOME-HAME, *s.* repast presented to a bride on entering the door of the bridegroom.

WERSH, *adj.* insipid; tasteless.

WHAAP, *s.* the curlew.

WHANG, *s.* a thong; a large slice.

WHEEN, *s. pl.* a number; a few.

WHID, *s.* a lie.

WHINGE, *v. n.* to whine.

WHISHT! *interj.* hush! be silent.

WHISTLE, WHUSSEL, *s.* the throat.

WHITTLE, *s.* a knife.

WHITTRETS, WHUTTRET, *s.* a weasel.

To WHUMMIL, WHOMEL, *v. a.* to turn upside down.

WHUTTLE, *s.* whitlow, a gathering in the fingers.

WHYLES, *s.* sometimes.



WIDDIE, WUDDY, *s.* the gallows.

WIFE, WYFE, *s.* a woman.

WIFFIE, *s.* a little woman.

To WILE, WYLE, *v. n.* to entice.

To WIMPLE, WYMPEL, WOMPLE, *v. n.* to meander as applied to a stream.

To WIN, WYN, *a. v.* to dry corn.

WINDOCK, WINNOCK, *s.* a window.



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WINKERS, *s.* the eye-lashes.

WINSOME, *adj.* merry; gay; cheerful.

To WISEN, WYSSIN, *v. n.* to wither.

WISHY-WASHY, *s. pl.* shuffling; half-and-half.

To WIT, WITT, *v. n.* to know; *I wit na*, I know not.

WITE, WYTE, *s.* blame.

To WITE, WYTE, *v. n.* to blame; to accuse.

WITTENS, *s.* knowledge.

WIZEN, *s.* the throat.

WIZZEN, *adj.* dry; withered

WOB, *s.* a web.

WOD, WODE, *adj.* mad.

To WON, *v. n.* to dwell.

WOO, *s.* wool. *v.* To make love; to court.

WORDY, WEIRDY, *adj.* worthy.

WORLIN, *s.* a feeble puny person.

To WORRY, *v. n.* to choke; to be suffocated.

WORSET, *s.* worsted.

To WOUFF, *v. n.* to bark.

WOW! *interj.* expressive of admiration.

WRAITH, WRAITHE, *s.* the apparition of a person seen before death, or soon after it.

WRAK, WREK, WRACK, *s.* anything cast upon the sea-shore.

WRAT, *s.* a wort.



WHITER, *s.* an attorney.

WYND, *s.* a narrow lane or alley.

WYSS-LIKE, *adj.* having a decent appearance.

WYTELESS, *adj.* blameless.

—Y—

To YABBLE, *v. n.* to gabble.

YAD, *s.* an old worn-out mare.

YALD, YAULD, *adj.* sprightly; alert.

To YAMER, YAMMER, *v. n.* to complain; continued whining; to pet.

To YAMPH, YAMF, *v. n.* to bark.

YAP, YAPE, *adj.* having a keen appetite; very hungry.

YARD, *s.* a garden for flowers; pot herbs.

VARE, *s.* a weir for catching fish.

YAUD, *s.* an order given by a shepherd to his dog; *far-yaud*, signifying drive the sheep to a distance.

To YAUP, *v. n.* to yelp.

YEALD, *adj.* barren.

YEARN, YERNE, *adj.* eager; wishful.

YELD, YELL, EILD, *adj.* a cow is said to be *eild* when she is giving no milk.

YELDRING, YELDRIN, *s.* a yellow-hammer.

YERD, YERTH, YIRD, *s.* earth; soil.

To YERD, *v. a.* to bury.

To YERK, *v. a.* to beat; to strike smartly.

YESTREEN, *s.* last night.

YET, YETT, *s.* a gate.

YHULL, YULE, *s.* Christmas.

YILL, *s.* ale.

To YIRR, *v. n.* to snarl; to growl.

To YOKE, *v. n.* to engage with another in dispute or in a quarrel.

YONT, *prep.* beyond.

YOU DEN-DRIFT, *s.* snow driven by the wind.

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To YOUF, YUFF, *v. n.* to bark.

YOUK, YEUK, *s.* the itch.

To YOUK, YUKE, *v. n.* to itch; to be itchy.

YOUKY, *_adj._* itchy; metaphorically, eager, anxious.

To YOUL, YOULL, *v. n.* to howl, to yell.

YOW, YOWE, *s.* a ewe.

YULE, *s.* the name given to Christmas.

YULE-E'EN, *s.* the night preceding Christmas.

To YYRNE, *v.* to coagulate; to curdle.

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