The Covenanters

A Scotch Ballad Opera

The Words by Thomas Dibdin

The Music by Edward James Loder

This libretto is a transcription from the J. Duncombe & Co. edition (1835) held in the British Library at General Reference Collection 2304.a.9.

Attribution of Scottish words mainly from John Jamieson, *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language.* available at http://www.scotsdictionary.com/ and *Dictionary of the Scots Language*, available at http://www.dsl.ac.uk/ .

Stage Directions	R.H. - Right Hand L.H. - Left Hand U.E. - Upper Entrance

Please email any queries to englishromanticopera@gmail.com. More information on the opera can be found at https://englishromanticopera.org/operas/TheCovenanters.htm .

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Dramatis Personae

Donald Graeme
Allan Hamilton
Allaster Wilson
Sampson Harvey
Captain Clobberton
Ross
Captain Stirling
Atkins
Sandy
Hewson

Mary Hamilton
Luckie Graeme

Costume

Allan Hamilton – Blue, old fashioned coat, laced crimson vest, plaid scarf, blue hose and small clothes, Scotch cap[1].

Allaster Wilson – Grey coat, laced plaid waistcoat, grey hose and small clothes, belt and broadsword, Scotch bonnet.

Sampson Harvey – Raven coloured square cut coat, small clothes and hose, dark grey plaid flapp'd vest, three corner'd flapp'd hat, dark, dangling hair and long sword.

Captain Clobberton – Old fashioned Scotch regimentals, hat and feather.

Donald Graeme – A pedlar's long plaid coat, and Scotch regimentals underneath.

Ross, Hewson and Atkins – Same regimentals as Donald

Sandy and Peasantry – Varied Scotch dresses

Mary Hamilton – Light dress, with plaid scarf, and plaid trimming

Luckie Graeme – Blue body and petticoat, with plaid border.

Female Peasants – White, blue and grey dresses, with plaid corsets and trimmings.

[1] Small clothes probably refers to 18th century knee breeches.

The Covenanters

{5}[2]

Act 1

Scene 1 – *A small Romantic Farm in a picturesque vale surrounded by verdant Hills dotted with sheep. The Farm House is nearly covered with Jasmin, Roses, and Honey suckle. A rustic Paling and practicable Wicket in front, near which* Mary *sits at her Wheel, as the curtain rises.*

Air – Mary. "Lewis Gordon"[3]

Far awa' for wealth and fame,
Fights my bonnie, bonnie Graeme;
Yet for wealth nor fame cares he,
But to gain a smile frae me!

[*Comes forward*

Air – "Nae luck aboot the House"

And there's nae pleasure in my heart,
I canna smile at a'--
Syne Graeme and I were doomed to part,
And he went to the war.

[*Enter* Lucky Graeme U.E.L.H. *singing*

Air – "Saw ye Johnny coming"

Cease your waefu'[4] singing, Mary!
Cease your waefu' singing;
Cease to greet
Your love ye'll meet –
Ere morning chime be ringing, Mary!
Ere morning chime be ringing,
Ye'll get woo'd and wedded and a'
Wedded and woo'd and a' --
Won't ye be vary weel off,
To get woo'd and wedded and a'?

Mary No, Luckie Graeme, your son Donald has been too long away, without one single line of remembrance, for me to hope ever to see him more.

Luc. But ye will see him, darling.

Mary And in his absence his captain -----

[2] **{x}** is the page number in the Duncombe edition.
[3] These are the titles of the Scottish ballads whose tunes were used.
[4] woeful

Luc. We ken the captain's aye an' uncannie loon[5] and gin the lasses laugh at his bombast and love making, he gets mad as an awfu' tiger, or some sic glowering animal. But Donald **{6}** can be as mad as he, wi' right on his side, and he'll protect ye from him.

Mary Aye, but when, dear Luckie, when?

Luc. Sooner than ye think. There's a ranting chiel o' a pedlar just come awa' frae the south, who has seen and spoken of Donald, and broucht[6] me a token that he'll be here e'er soon.

Mary A token!

Luc. Aye sic a bonnie ane! What thenk ye o' a kiss?

Mary A kiss! And how could he send it?

Luc. By word o' mouth and the pedlar.

Mary And how did you receive it?

Luc. Frae the pedlar.

Mary Why, do you mean to say ----------

Luc. I mean to say he has anither sic token for yersel'.

Mary Well, I never shou'd have thought ----------

Ped. (*Without*, U.E.R.H. – *Sings*) La, la, la, la, ra!

Luc. Ech, sirs! Hear ye that? It's the vara Waff Birkie[7] himsel'!

[*Enter* Pedlar, U.E.R.H. *in a large Plaid Cloak with a Pack*]

Air – Pedlar. "The Laird o' Co'pen"

Come awa' to the pedlar, and gie him a turn,
I'm awa' on the heather, and o'er the burn:
I've glasses for lasses, and gay things like this,
And aw' for the ailler[8] ye may never miss.
I've rings that for tokens true lover's divide,
Here's the half of a gou'd one was ever my pride,
And when the dear lassie that gave it I see,
The twa joined again at our wedding shall be.

[5] Here "loon" means a rogue or scamp
[6] Scottish language version of brought
[7] Probably means "worthless fellow"
[8] This might be a misprint for "siller" – silver or money

Ped. (*To Mary)* Will you buy, pretty maiden?

Mary And who is he that asks?

Ped. A wee bit merchant wha has brocht his wares tul the market, and this amang them. [*Gives a note*

Mary A note – and to me! 'tis Donald's hand ! and it says -----

Ped. (*Sings*) La, la, la ral, la!

Luc. (*Finishing the tun*e) Laddledy alti la! It's my ain braw son – my bonnie Donald Graeme and yer true leal soger[9] laddie!

Ped. (*Takes off his Cloak, takes his military Cap from the Pack and puts it on*.) Yes, my dear Mary, 'tis your own faithful Graeme!

Song – Donald. "My Boy Tammie"

Safe returned from fields of strife,
Take your Donald!
Ne'er to leave you but with life,
Now he's hame wi' thee.
For thee, he heav'd the distant sigh,
In every danger thou wert nigh ---
For thee he'd live, for thee to die,
Blest would Donald be!

The Star of eve and rising sun
Saw your Donald
At his post, but duty done,
His thoughts at hame wad be ----
His straw roof'd cot, his brethren twa,
His sister fair, his mother bra',
And ane – the sweetest thought of a' ----
Mary, was of thee!

Don. My dear Mary, I assumed this disguise for the purpose of warning your father that my comrades are coming to put military execution in force against all who dare shelter man, woman, or child, of the stiffneck'd and rebellious Covenanters.

Mary They are no favorites with my father, though he scorns to act against them. But where have you been so long, Donald? And why Mary never had a written line or token of your kindness?

Don. I'll briefly tell ye, lassie.

Luc. Bide awee! Where's yer Feyther, lassie!

[9] True, real soldiers

Mary He's gone to meet our farm folks who had leave to go to the fair. Poor I am left alone the while. And since mother died and Donald left us, lonely enough it is.

Luc. 'Twill be gayer noo, sae while Donald tells of aw his braw battles, and why he cou'd neither write nor send, I'll keep watch that nae bodie forgathers where ye be, for Donald wad nae wish to be discover'd giving ye this good warning o' the Covenanters.

Don. Do, good mother, and shou'd any of my comrades approach ---

Luc. Gin they shou'd, ye'll just hear my singing ----
"Woo'd and wedded and aw" &c. [*Exit* U.E.L.H

Mary Well, Donald, you've seen so many finer plces, and so many finer lasses, that this poor cottage and the heart within it, are scarce worth recollection.

Don. I have seen nothing to eclipse my Mary, and sooner wou'd I have turn'd my back upon an enemy than have willingly neglected thee. But writing was impossible, as my diary shall convince you.

Song – Donald. "Kelvin Grove"

When the trumpet's loud alarms,
Bonny Mary, O!
{8} Call'd me far from those bright charms,
Bonny Mary, O!
O'er the billows forced to go,
Where the strife laid many low,
I was captive to the foe
Bonny Mary, O!

Then of writing who could think,
Bonny Mary, O!
Without either pen or ink,
Bonny Mary, O!
Or, when guarded by a host,
Could a letter quit the coast
Through a military post,
Bonny Mary, O?

In a dungeon dark and drear,
Bonny Mary, O!
I still thought of thee, my dear,
Bonny Mary, O!
Deprived of every light,
Save Love, by day and night,
Was it *wrong*, I didn't *write*,
Bonny Mary, O!

Mary No, my dear Donald, how cou'd you? How were you releas'd?

Don. As they took us, by hard fighting, and a little help from the prison keepers pretty daughter.

Mary A forward hussy, I dare say!

Don. O, very!

Mary I suppose so.

Don. As forward as yourself, dear Mary, to free a captive lover from his bonds, and enable him to return to the girl of his heart's selection.

Mary (*Rather jealous*) I dare say she pitied you.

Don. She did, I assure you, and coming one night ---

Mary Night, of all times in the world !

Don. Quite alone.

Mary Very proper!

Don. Unknown to her ferocious father -----

Mary That of course!

Don. She whisper'd in my ear ----

Mary What?

Don. That she had a lover.

Mary O, how very lucky!

Don. Who wish'd me out of the prison.

Mary With good reason.

Don. Fie, Mary! He had heard me speak of you, and sympathy ----

Mary Is a very pretty word and means ----
{9}

Don. That he got me out, and put me in the way of our encampment, when we fell into an ambush. I fought my way through, and he, fearful of punishment for having assisted me, ran away with his sweetheart and got married; and if you and I don't follow the example, he'll have had all his trouble for nothing.

Mary Time enough for that. But forgive my suspicions, Donald; I have watched every path, listened to every breeze and asked for news of you from every soul I met!

Air – Mary. "Jenny Nettle"

Saw ye aught o' my love --
Laughing Jennie, black eyed Minnie?
Saw ye aught o' my love ---
Marching o'er the border?
His breastplate bright wi' martial pride,
His sword hangs dancing by his side,
'Twould do you good to see him ride,
With a' his troop in order.

Saw ye aught o' my love,
Gudeman Patie, Cummer Katie?
Saw ye aught o' my love,
On his charger prancing?
When trumpets blow and drums gae rap
He wears a feather in his cap,
Ye never saw a likelier chap,
To set young hearts a dancing!

Saw ye aught o' my love,
Luckie Aggie, fair haired Maggie!
Saw ye aught o' my love,
Marching o'er the border?

Don. Well, now I'm come, Mary, not another week shall pass ere we are ----

Luc. (*Sings, without,* U.E.R.H.)
Woo'd and wedded, &c.

Mary Hark! 'tis your mother's signal!

[*Enter* Luckie U.E.R.H.

Luc. There's yer feyther awa' on the hill within a short half mile of us.

Don. I'll wait his coming.

Luc. Nay, but there's an awfu' dour looking chiel wi' him, and ---- [*Bugle heard* U.E.L.H.] -- Hark! Tul the sogers!

Don. 'Tis our troop, I'll join them by the well-known lover's walk behind the farm -- they are in the valley.

Luc. Hoot! Tak yer cloak about ye!

Don. Better without it now, keep it in the house. – [*Luckie carries Cloak, Pack, &c into Cottage*] --- And now, dear Mary, be careful that none of these preaching Covenanters are shel**{10}**tered here. Our Captain is so inveterate, that death or ruin would befall the house!

Mary Your Captain, Donald! Ah! If you knew ---

Don. Knew what?

Mary O, nothing, but in your absence ----

Don. Well, my Captain?

Mary Is not worth another word or a thought. He talks nonsense to our lasses, and is very angry when they won't listen to him. But your time is precious, and when we meet again ----

Don. You shall tell me all, and though he is my officer, if he has dared – [*Bugle*] -- But, hark! I must leave thee, Mary.

Duett – Donald and Mary -- "Logie of Buchan"

Fair fa' ye dear laddie while I gang awa,
lassie
Ye're the maid of my choice, and the pride o'them a';

The token at parting we severed in twa'
Love faithfully guarded when ye were awa!
Then think na lang laddie while I an awa,
lassie
For we'll ha' a wedding in spite o' them a'.

[*Exeunt* Donald, U.E.L.H. – Mary *into the House*.

Scene 2 – *The Kitchen of the Farm. A Door and Window in the Flat, and a Door on one side. A large Chimney place with transparent Fire opposite. Melo-dramatic Music. Rain heard.*

[*Enter* Luckie *from side Door*]

Luc. I've pit awa' the pedlar's pack and cloak, and noo tae mak a warm low[10] i' Mary's ingle to gi' her daddy a welcome, for the clouds look awsom, and it rains hard ower the hills. [*Blows the Fire, it blazes up*]

[*Enter* Mary *from Door in flat*

Mary I can see nothing of my father; were you mistaken, Luckie?

[*Thunder at a distance*]

[10] Presumably a typo for "glow"

Luc. (*In the Chimney recess*) Nae mistake at a', he'll be just waiting tul get shelter frae the rain.

[*Storm louder – Lightning at the Window, - Knocking at the Door in Flat*]

Mary 'Tis my father [*Opens the Door*]

[*Enter* Allan Hamilton *shaking the rain from his Bonnet and dress*

Ham. Well, Mary, lass, here's a storm! I wish I hadn't let **{11}** the farm servants go to the fair; they'll be overtaken as they cross the moor.

Mary O, no, father, the storm will be over before they think of leaving.

Ham. Look at yon awful cloud aboon the Lowther Mountain.

Luc. (*In the Chimney corner*) There's aye bad news when a cloud rests there ye ken.

Ham. What, Luckie! Is it you? I'm glad you're so weel sheltered. When heard you of your boy?

Why, father, she ----

[*A dreadful flash of Lightning* – Mary *screams, and runs to* Allan Hamilton]

Mary The bolt that follows that flash will be tremendous!

[*Loud Thunder*]

Luc. Ech, sirs! And where's the gude mon I saw walking wi' ye ower the hills, e'en noo?

Ham. He stopped to visit a sick neighbour

Luc. But wha was he himsel'?

Ham. 'Twas Sampson Harvey

Luc. Ye're weel quit of him; had he come in here I'd ha' thought him the ill luck yon cloud just foreboded.

Ham. He is a staunch and rigid Covenanter, with great zeal and little feeling, and for a messenger of peace, as he calls himself, his noise too often creates more friends than friendships.

[*During the above speech Mary takes her Father's Coat and puts on his Night Gown – Storm continues – A knocking heard at Door in Flat*]

Mary I'm glad he came not here, a friend has been to warn us especially against such guests. -- [*Knocking again*] -- Ah, they are come from the fair.

[*Opens the Door, and the great Mawworm figure of* Sampson Harvey *stalks in*]

-- Bless me –

[*Receding* –Harvey *wrings the Water out of his lank Hair, and the skirts of his Coat.*]

Ham. Friend Sampson, did you fail of shelter, or was the cottage full?

Har. In the cottage there was death. The military hunters are abroad, and my staying in that house might, peradventure, have brought danger on an innocent family, less able to abide it than yourself.

Ham. (*Coldly*) Than ye -- that's neighbourly, however.

Har. Is it neighbourly to hesitate on your threshold, when a lamb o' the Covenant is astray on a night like this?

Ham. But you are now an outlawed man, and your lodging here might cost my life. Half the family of my nearest neigh – **{12}**bour were cruelly slain for giving but a morsel of bread to one of your brethren, and my child might also become a victim.

Har. Though art one of the faint-hearted who desert the good old cause, and being neither saint nor soldier, thou dost, like a cunning cur, bear away the bone for which we are contending. Thou holdest back, and settest not thy shoulder to the wheel, and a hewing in pieces shall come upon the roof which sheltereth not a child of light and loveliness like me, and fear shall fall upon thy head, and on the head of that combed and curled idolatress, thy daughter. [*Thunder*] Hearest thou that reproof!

Ham. If it be one it is to thy hypocrisy; but the storm befriends thee beyond thy threats, or else ---

Song – Mary.

When rides the storm in yonder cloud,
And awful thunders warn aloud,
To aid each heart by sorrows bowed –
And hear the mourner's ditty
Or poverty's heart rending tale,
The widow's cry, the orphans wail
Then woe to whom shall naught avail
The soft appeal to pity.

The lightning darts its forked ray,
In brighter streams than brightest day,
While startled travellers on their way,
Forego their choral ditty –
For prayer that they may shelter find,
Then grant it, and still bear in mind,
Heaven loves who hear with feeling mind --
The soft appeal to pity!

Mary No, father, in spite of danger he must remain. Mr Harvey, approach the fire, your clothes are wet.

Ham. He had better go within and put on dry ones.

Har. Yea, and for fear of search, within the inner chamber will I abide. The outward man of Allan Hamilton varyeth from mine but little, and I may be comfortably attired in his coat, waistcoat, and those profane garments which before young maidens are unmentionable!

Ham. Lucky Graeme, look to the convenience of our guest, and may no ill come of it.

Har. What ill can come of it, thou timid hare? Even if a savoury mess of pottage were set before the wayfarer, and if those gifts of spirit thy whiskey bottle doth contain, were poured out before Sampson Harvey, spite of thy cold welcome he would not despise them.

[*Exit at side Door*

Ham. I wish your back was fairly turned on us! These turbulent times sae bewilder a body! Heaven send better days to poor auld Scotland! But from whom, Mary, did you receive the warning you just spoke of?

{13}

Mary From Donald Graeme, who is just returned from ---

[*Loud knocking*]

Ham. Hey day! Here comes some other lovely lamb of the covenant.

Mary I fear the lamb's of another flock.

Ham Or rather their sheep dogs.

Concerted piece. [*During which Harvey comes from side door, and is disguised by Luckie, in the Pedlar's dress.*]

Soldiers (*Without*) In our captain's name --

Har. Abomination!

Luc. Hoot! Hoot! you're to blame –

Mary Conciliation

Soldiers We ask once more ?

Ham, Luc. Mary (*To* Harvey) Hide! Hide!

Soldiers Are we here to wait?

Har. In this fearful strait ---

Luc. Bide! bide!

Soldiers Unbar your door, or dread your fate---
We ask once more – ere 'tis too late!

Inmates What's to be done?

Soldiers Our captain's here!

Inmates The risk we run!

Luc. Hoot! Never fear ---
From soldier's[11] eyes
In this disguise

[*Shewing Pedlar's Dress*]

Soldiers Your barrier's weak ---
You vainly close ---

Mary Speak, father, speak!

Soldiers Down, down she goes !

[*A crash – Door falls in – All run off but* Ham

[*Enter* Captain Clobberton

Clob. Come in, my chucks, we must have some talk with this same Allan Hamilton.

[*Enter* Donald Graeme, Russell, Ross, Atkins *and* Hewson, at Door *in Flat*]

So, Mr Hamilton, you've turned coventicler. Don't stare as if you saw an owl, but answer yes or no.

Ham. You've asked me no question, sir, as yet.

Clob. Were you not present at the Lanark preaching, where one of the king's soldiers was slain in an endeavour to disperse the meeting?

Ham. No!

Clob. At least you are a sworn brother of the covenant?

Ham. I do deny it!

Clob. Rather confess, and save your wretched life

Ham. I will not tell an untruth even to save a life, that never was wretched till you came among us.

[11] soldiers'

Clob. I came as a friend, and made a proposal respecting your daughter, which had you but accepted ------- **{14}**

Ham. I should have deserved more than the very worst I have now to apprehend from you. We are of poor rank but honest manners, and the presence of the father ought to protect his child.

Clob. You might have rejected my proposal with civility, but you treated me with a degree of arrogance, only to be exceeded by your daughter's scorn.

Ham. She was ever a good girl, and acted by her father's bidding. You canna blame an auld man for thinking o' his daughter's preservation. The linnet canna pair wi' the sparrow-hawk, and if my child is too low to be the wife of any man, she is too high to be his unlawful loon[12].

Clob. Well, sir, that's past; and now, do you know Sampson Harvey, a preacher?

Ham. I do

[Mary *and* Luckie *re-enter from side Door*

Clob. Have you lately spoken to him?

Ham. Very lately

Clob. He has been in your house?

Ham. Most probably

Clob. And is here *now*?

Luc. Nay, nay, not he, most gallant Captain, Mr. Hamilton is nae fond o' the like o' Sampson Harvey. I ha' been here aw the day, and nae chiel has darkened this door, barring Patie Paterson, the pedlar, wha brings his wares o' a Wednesday, and wad ha' set ev'ry lass i' the hoose dancing by his time, gin they had nae aw been awa' tul the fair, - [*Bagpipes heard at side Door*] - Hear tul him! What a spring he has wi' his skirling pipe, and the shake o' his braw wee finger!

Clob. Well, lads, if we've missed a traitor we have found a dance, and *this* shall be my partner.

[*Seizing* Mary's *Hand*

Ham. My daughter is no dancer, sir. Permit her to retire, and you'd better seek some leddy to whom your favours will be nae dishonour -- to me they will only bring disgrace! I say again, she is nae dancer.

Clob. A lovely Scotch lassie, and no dancer! Tell that to the raw recruits! That sparkling eye, that form, that pretty foot proclaim the falsehood; and by those coral lips which were once so saucy!

[*Approaching to kiss her* -- Donald *interposes*

[12] Here "loon" probably means a worthless woman, who has lost her chastity.

Don. (*Aside*) I shall betray myself. Hold, Captain! If we trifle so long here we may lose the traitor we are in search of.

Clob. May we so, Sir Corporal Bounce? If we lose one traitor we seem to find another! Ods! Mutiny and court martial, but we'll teach you the respect due to your officer, and before we sleep too! Go in, sir, turn that piping pedlar out, and then search well the house. By my intelligence Harvey **{15}** is in it now, but that shan't hinder us from having one reel, and is the gallant and redoubtable Mr. Donald Graeme shall have the old woman for a partner.

Don. (*Angrily*) Captain, allow me to ----

Luc. Ech, sic a bonnie dance! Faith shall be Captain, and it's nae the first time; sae come awa' piper, and as the rains aw ower, ye shall lead the rant oot on the green before the hoose, and we'll aw follow i' yer train.

[Luckie *takes* Donald's *Arm, the* Captain *leads Mary, the* Soldiers *go jeeringly in pairs, while* Sampson *disguised in the Pedlar's Cloak and a Comical Cap, with the Pack at his back, and Bagpipes under his Arm, rushes from the Side Door playing a ranting Reel, and makes towards the Entrance Door in Flat, which is thrown open for him by* Lucky Graeme.]

Clob. Halt! Not so fast! Pedlar, let's see your wares; I want to treat this maiden. Open your pack, we've a shrewd guess at your merchandise; some pious treason I dare say. Out with it! What's the *crack* article?

Har. (*Presenting a Pistol, and getting close to Door*) *This*!

Clob. A crack article indeed! but we sha'n't suffer it to go off.

Har. Approach, and it is death to whoever dare impede a captain of the Covenant!

[*Rushes out*]

Clob. To him, boys, follow! Graeme, you shall pay for this.

[*Exit after his Men – Pistol heard* – Donald, Allan, Luckie, *and* Mary *follow at Door in Flat*]

Scene 3 – *Exterior of the House as in First Scene - Melodramatic Music*

Harvey *enters from House pursued by Troopers, and suddenly disappears, as if by magic, jumping down among some underwood at the extreme edge of a Precipice - The Pursuers, together with the* Captain*, who enters last from the House, appear in momentary astonishment.*

Clob. 'Tis well the villain's shot took no effect. He has broke his neck down that precipice, no doubt, and cheated the Provost Marshall. Fetch out the inmates!

[Enter Allan, Donald, Mary, *and* Luckie *from House*.

Clob. Surround them! Allan Hamilton, I hold you guilty of treason, and must punish you forthwith.

Ham. What *must* be, *must* be! Yet we've done no wrong.

Clob. Perhaps, sir, you'll tell us where the miscreant, who has just eluded our pursuit, was hidden?

Ham. I know not, nor would reveal it if I did. By sheltering him from the storm, I performed an act of common humanity.

{16}

Clob. How came he by that disguise?

Ross. [13] Captain, te'll no pe telling ye tat; put her nainsel fill tak' her aith tat. Tonald Graeme wore it tis very morning; sae she maun pe in te plot.

Don. Liar! Were we not on duty I'd cleave the o the waist!

Clob. You shall have work enough to do, good Donald, without killing a comrade, and a tougher task afterwards, to stand on your own defence. So, first of all, as you seem to feel that old gentleman's trobles, you shall have the pleasure of putting an end to them.

Don. How mean you, captain?

Clob. Silence! Attention! Allan Hamilton, stand forth – Gentlemen, bind his arms!

Mary O mercy, mercy! Captain, you wouldn't harm my father? 'twas through my fault the preacher had admittance! My father had refused – then take my life, and spare, oh spare the guiltless!

[Clob. *rudely snatches the skirt of his coat, which she had seized, from her -- she falls* – Donald *raises her*.]

Clob. The silly wench thinks me a milksop! You're mistaken, sweetheart.

[13] Ross's speech is quite distorted probably suggesting some unspecified Scots dialect, presumably for comic effect.

Don. She is, indeed! she took you for a Man!

Clob. Mutinous coward! Mealy and cream-faced as a boy recruit! The tear of a puling girl fills his own eyes until their sight is useless.

Don. He can be no coward who braves the fury of Captain Clobberton. My comrades, all but one, if they dare speak, think, as I do, that we have seen too much of this summary injustice. We know the motive of your present anger; and as for the tear that dims the vision of a soldier, at sight of a daughter pleading for her parent's life, the eye that's ashamed of it, deserves to be shut for ever!

Clob. That sermon over, we must do our duty. Atkins and Russell -- place the prisoner on his knees, and this handkerchief over his eyes!

Mary Murderers! Spare him! Donald, will you behold him butchered?
[*Rushes before her Father*]

Clob. Ross and Hewson! Take hence that girl!
[*They seize her* -- Donald *rushing to her aid, is opposed by* Clobberton *with his drawn sword*]
Hold sir!

Don. Spare him! Spare both, and punish only me. I beg -- upon my knees I do entreat it!

Clob. Punish you! That you are sure of when this duty's over. Your carbine's loaded – take that ground. Present! And shoot the traitor!
{17}

Don. O, no! *Must* I?

Clob Must I repeat the order? Fire on the villain!

Don. May I be pardoned for obeying? [*Fires – the* Captain *falls*] – He bade me fire on the villain – I have done so. [Ross *and* Hewson *seize him and quit* Mary, *who runs into her* Father's *Arms and faints* – Atkins *and* Russell *hasten to the* Captain's *body, and seem about to raise it* -- Luckie *rushes to* Donald, *and exclaims* -- " My boy! My bairn! " -- *The Act Drop falls*]

End of Act the First

Act 2

Scene 1 – *A Rocky Hollow, with Cottages peeping through the undergrowth. Little Wooden Bridges at different angles are seen over transparent Brooklets and others formed by trunks of Trees, rudely laid across from one jutting craggy eminence to another.*

A Group of Scotch Lads and Lasses discovered

Dance, Song and Chorus. "Over the hills and far away"

Solo Riding on the mountain breeze
Freedon here her children sees
Careless wha may stand or fa'
Chorus Over the hills and far awa'.

Solo Though the redcoats mak sae free,
Let them only bide awee
King William comes to chase them a'
Chorus Over the hills and far awa.

Enter Alaster Wilson *armed*

Wil. I'm blythe to see ye merry, my brave lads and bonnie maids, but your spirits are like to be interrupted. Firing has been heard in the direction of Allan Hamilton's farm, and Sampson Harvey has been absent, for the first time, from a Covenant meeting. You'd best away to your hidings.

San. One more dance first. The firing was only two shots; and as for Sampson Harvey, he'll pop up somewhere when least expected.

[Harvey *appears rising from the trunk of a hollow Tree, which forms a sort of Pulpit for him*]

Har. Yea, I will arrive in time of need from the heart of an **{18}** aged oak, or the bowels of a blessed beech tree! And I will warn ye once, twice, yea three times, against the wearers of *head pieces, back pieces, steel stays* and *bandaliers*! I will lift up my voice against their *manoeuvres, marching, and counter marching, right facings, dress fronts,* and *left facings* -- for they *stand at ease* while we are in trouble; their *prime* care is to *load* us with bonds, *make ready to present us* with persecution and fire at our family comforts! but they shall fall! fall! fall! yea even as the falleth, or as I --

[*The Tree breaks and he falls down with it.*]

Wil. (*Imitating it*) Or as you do fall among us. Hast hurt thyself?

Har. Alas, I have broken ---

Wil. No bones, I hope?

Har. Yea, there is a fracture ---

Wil. Where?

Har. In Luckie Graeme's whiskey-bottle, which she gave to support my footsteps on the road -- yea, even as if it were a crutch.

Sandy (*Taking a broken Stone Bottle from under* Harvey's *cloak*.) More like a pitcher than a crutch.

Har. (*Taking the bottom of the Bottle*.) The pitcher may go often to the well --

[*Drinks*]

Wil. It may – but such are no the pitchers tul your liking.

Song – Wilson

Bide a wee, till I may tell
What I canna keep fra thinking.
It's nae the pitcher at the well,
Frae which, gude mon, ye're fond o' drinking,
Sweeter far the can to you,
When a friend's inclined to give it,
Sparkling bright wi' mountain dew,
Whiskey, Fairntosh, or Glenlivet!
Chorus – Sparkling bright, &c.

Water's over weak and pale,
And though some folks find nae fault in't,
Yet ye love not Adam's ale,
Till ye get a peck o'malt in't
Still more dear a stoop, &c.[14]

Har. Well, there's yet some consolation left -- 'tis a strange story . [*Drinks again*]

Wil. It seems to go down.

Har. Such a mystery!

Wil. We shall never get to the bottom of it.

Sandy No, but *he* will. **{19}**

[14] Presumably the song continues with the lines beginning "When a friend's inclined to give it" and the chorus from the first verse.

Har. Thou knowest we have secret ways by which to escape the enemy, and, as the profane ones pursued me, I ran down the hidden path at the root of a bramble.

Wil. And tumbled up from the hollow of an oak.

[*Enter* Luckie Graeme, U.E.R.H. *from the Vale below*]

Duc.[15] Awa, awa wi' ye, my men! It's nae time to be preaching ower yer liquor, when my son Donald is I'bonds, and marching below I' the hollow tull a court martial for killing Captain Clobberton, and saving the life o' Allan Hamilton and his bonnie mitherlass lassie!

Wil. For killing Clobberton – the murderer of my father!

Sandy And of my twa brithers!

All Huzza! [*With a tremendous shout, the echo of which is heard and repeated from the distant hills*]

Wil. But tell us – how was it, Luckie?

Har. Let thy tidings be poured forth among the multitude, like refreshing rain upon the verdure of the field.

Luc. Had I thought my son Donald would iver ha' shotten a fellow-creature, Corporal Kildrummie, o' Fife, should never ha' made a soger of him.

Wil. Well, but how happened it?

Luc. Just in obedience to the vary word o' command! Clobberton bade him shoot a villain, and down fell himself, like the price of meal in a plenteous harvest.

Har. Peradventure it was on my account?

Fuc.[16] Ye speak right weel, Mister Harvey, for had ye but staid, like an honest man, to be shot yersel, the thing wad ha' niver fallen oot! But after I had happit ye I' the pedlar's duds, ye went off as quick as the pleasure o' our youthfu' days, and they laid hands on Allan and his daughter, and she screechit and Clobberton swore, and Donald fired, and here comes Allan Hamilton himsel' to tak the vary story out o' my telling.

[*Enter* Allan Hamilton *and* Mary, U.E.R.H.,
whom the Women eagerly run to receive.]

Ham.

Hasten, friends! Haste to rescue a gallant youth, who saved me from death, and my daughter from a still worse fate!

[15] Clearly a mistype for Luc.
[16] Another mistype for Luc.

Air – Mary.

Oh, hasten the friend of poor Mary to save,
Who made to defend the defenceless his care --
And sent the oppressor to seek in the grave,
That doom he intended the guiltless to share.

O stay not, delay not, assistance to give,
To him whose delight in kind deeds was his guide.
A moment – the next – he no longer may have,
But for whose gallant bearing poor Mary had died.

{20}

Har. Allan Hamilton, you were one of the kind hearted, and we might well deny help to one so slow to aid the brethren, but for thy daughter's sake ---

Wil. For my sake, you may add -- Hamilton is my kinsman, and for the sake of the youth who has slain our greatest enemy.

Ham. (To Harvey) Besides, it was the shelter we afforded you that brought us into danger.

Wil. And entitles him to all the aid we can muster. In what force are our enemies?

Ham. They were but four, and ere the youth and I could oppose them they were reinforced by some half dozen who carried off the body of their captain, while the prompt surrender of our brave protector was the only condition on which our lives were spared.

Luc. And *his* life will be lost gin ye waste anither moment.

Ham. Oh no – they're scarcely yet on march, and have a long and winding path to take, and 'twill be some time ere they gain the narrow pass at the foot of these hills, where we must intercept them.

Wil. Let the women retire. Twenty of my clansmen shall go down with Hamilton to the rescue, while the rest from above -- under the guidance of Sampson Harvey -- shall hurl down our mountain masses in advance, so as to fill up the efile, and stop their progress.

Har. Yea, the tops of the hills shall descend into the bottom of the valley, the tall trees shall bow down into the dell, while every falling stone shall be a stumbling-block to the lads of buff leather and bright breastplates.

Luc. And we auld and young lassies will be sen on high at the back o' our defenders, till the misguided Southrons shall mistake us for anither army. Forward, lasses, forward!

Wil. Forward!

(*In a hollow tone*) Forward!

Har. [*Piano March and Chorus.* Wilson, Hamilton, and Clansmen *for the procession*. Sampson Harvey *and a division of older Men form as a central column*. Luckie *and* Mary *head a Female rear guard, and all begin to march different ways in distinctly marked time, to the following Chorus*.]

Air – "Scots wha hae"

Tread the soft and feathery heath,
W1' cautious step and pent up breath,
Let aw yer wrongs lie still as death,
Firm and silent be!
Till tyrant bodies cease to reign,
Who inly scorn while ye complain, **{21}**
And joy and peace return again,
And aw folk shall be free!

Or if that good day's denied,
Let your children say wi' pride –
In glory's cause our feyther's died ---
For Scotia's liberty!
Tread the soft and feathery heath, &c.

[*Exeunt* U.E.L.H. *marching to the last four lines -- the voices dying away in the distance as they go off*.]

Scene 2 – *A Landscape*

Old English Drum and Fife March -- "The lass I left behind me"

Enter Captain Stirling *and* Soldiers , L.H.

Stir. Our coming hither to announce the abdication of bigotry and a new reign of toleration will scarcely be believed for joy! Halt, lads, and rest ye merrily, while ye quaff a health to our new sovereign William. Things are changed my lads, and you march no longer to oppress your brethren, but Peace inspires your noisy mirth – while your front in the forerunner of jollity, and your rear a relief guard to the oppressed.

Song and chorus

The march of a victor o'er slaughter and ruin,
May gratify soaring ambition and pride,
But mine the pursuit be when mischief is brewing,
His mixture to mar, and his aim set aside
Let steel clad precision to discipline bow,
The march of good humour's the true rowed dow!
Chorus Row de dow!
The march of, &c.

Who conquers the world we may call a great hero,
And martinet valour may envy the elf
Who beats all opposers from one down to Zero
And subdues every soul he attacks, but himself.
Let steel clad ambition , &c.

[Exeunt R.H.]

Scene 3 – *A Rocky Defile. High hills on each side, connected by two romantic tree and cable Bridges, one beyond, and higher than the other. A cataract between and a range of blue Mountains in the distance.*

Pipes play a March, scarcely heard, at first, increases gradually as **{22}** *coming nearer, till* Ross, Russell, Atkins *and* Hewson *enter with* Donald Graeme, *prisoner, L.H. preceded by a Piper.*

Ross. Ta march has peen sae long, stravaigin teserocks and stones, tat pefore we gang over ta prig wese tak a breath. Noo, Tonald Graeme, dunna ye think ye wur wud tae shoot ta captain? 'Twad hae peen petter for ye to ha' shot ta covenanter. She's feared the weight o' ta crime hings heavier on yer shouthers than twenty knapsacks would on yer pack.

Don. My conscience and my deeds belong to a higher court than your opinion, or your masters, and to prove I little care how soon I meet them, I frankly tell you, you have lost your way; you should have continued with the escort that conveyed the captain's remains.

Rus. (*To* Ross) The corporal told you the same.

Ross. Her nainsel[17] dunna like marching fit te tead, presides to sight o' tead man's pody wad put our contemned comrade still more in ta blue devils.

Don. Your comrade is not yet condemned, and fears the dead still less than, in an honest cause, he does the living; who, if I may judge from the blue fire upon that summit, are likely to prove more formidable on this road than you're aware of, especially on the bridge.

[17] Own self. The *Dictionary of the Scots Language* states that this is associated in pseudo-Highland speech with a Highlander's supposed way of speaking of himself.

Song - Donald

Be warned in time – in time be wise –
Behold what omens cross your way,
Yon flame behold – and mark, where flies,
In hunger's scent, yon bird of prey

Advice, when offered, ne'er is prized
Yet while the time to think may last ---
Be friendly caution not despised,
Or rue! Time is --Time was – Time's past!

Ross. She tinna pelieve ye -- she'll march o'er tat prig though auld clootie were beyond it. March! -- [Luckie *appears on the first Bridge*, L.H.] -- Hollo! Talk of ta teil and --- march, I say!

Luc. Dinna, dinna march! Bide, bide a wee for the love o' life, my bonnie men! The first foot that follows me upo' this path marches tul death!

Ross March! -- [*Music* – Ross *leads his party to the entrance of the first Bridge, which Luckie crosses, and remains at the opposite end, and as* Ross *is about to set his Foot on it a low whistle is heard, and the Bridge falls into the chasm beneath*.] -- Treacherous villains ! tam rascal! **{23}**

Don. Nay, you were doubly warned, and kindly too.

Luc. And gin my bonnie lad had nae been I' yer uncannie company, I'd ha' waited till yer forward footstep had been planted in the vera midst o' the snare I saved ye from.

Ross. Thanks, witch! And since conducting your son to punishment, on his parole, is a service of sic danger, she'll e'en get quit of her as quick as she kilt ta captain. Prisoner, take tat place!

[*Points to a clump of Trees, towards which* Donald *very coolly walks* -- Luckie *utters a faint cry* -- Allaster Wilson *and two of his Men rush from behind the clump, give* Donald *a Broad Sword, and with their own Claymores and Targets stand between him and the* Soldiers – *At the same moment a Rope and Hooks are lowered from the* Peasantry *above, and the first Bridge is hauled up to its place again, when* Luckie *and her female followers cross it* -- Sampson Harvey *appears with the* Old Men *on a projecting Ledge high up at a first Entrance – The Bridge beyond the first becomes crowded with* Peasantry, *the Ledges on each side with armed* Highlandmen, *the whole Scene forming an Amphitheatre, diversified by the Picturesque Attitudes, varied Costume, and spirited appearance of the Men, and half Military dresses of the Lasses contrasted with the Witchlike grouping of the* Mothers *and* Granddams -- *A Tableau is formed below by* Ross *and his* Associates, *opposed to* Wilson, Donald, Sandy *and a* Highlander -- *All the above movement must be simultaneous, and, after a moment's pause,* Sampson Harvey, *from above, where he stands conspicuous, with his Arms stretched out like a tall Finger Post, breaks the temporary silence*.]

Har. Preserve the innocent! Smite not the guilty, as hostages for the safety of our lambs who are fettered in the house of Dagon!

Don. They are but in their duty, let them proceed unharmed, and tell their chiefs that the death I gave him who would have slain the father and insulted the purity of her I love, was an act of self defence. In recompence for the life I saved accord me this request.

Ham. In which I join [*A shout of assent*]

Don. Comrades, farewell! May we meet in happier times. The path your fellow soldiers took will prove a safe one.

Ross. (*Sarcastically, sheathing his Sword*) Farewell, Graeme! There's an ell of hemp ready for ye at the Grass Market, in Auld Reekie, so take her farewel defiance, for traitor, coward, and knave as thou art! [*Going*]

Don. Hold, Ross! You have defied me, and shall abide it. Draw? **{24}**

Ross. Draw! whar her nainsel! a highland shentleman! Condescend to match herself with a rebel, except in general fight.

Don. You called me knave and coward; and your insignificance, which might shield a better man, shall not protect you.

[Mary Hamilton and Luckie Graeme, *who have by this time quitted the Bridge, seem to interpose* -- Allan Hamilton and Wilson *take them away*]

Ross. (*Draws*) Well, since ye'll no pe satisfied without, come on, my cock of the covenant, or a dozen if ye like!

Don. (*To those about him*) Nay, prevent me not!

Wil. Let Donald Graeme go, or I shall meet that braggart with my own good sword.

Har. (*Who has descended*) The man of blood hath openly defied us, and shall not our champion go forward to meet him!

Wil. Yes, let their combat try which is the better cause. Should the enemy conquer, let him depart in peace, -- should he fall let him rue the issue of his insolence!

All Huzza!

Ross. (*To the* Piper) Blaw, piper, blaw! Blaw, I say!

[*Music* -- Covenanters, Highlanders, &c. *come down from the heights, and form an ample semi-circle on the Stage to view the Combat* -- Sampson Harvey *mounts a Knoll on the back centre, and with violent comic agitation*

marks the vicissitudes of the ensuing Fight, threatening and encouraging alternately with uplifted Arms and clenched Hands, grunting his approval, groaning his disappointment, or shouting his exultation as circumstances govern -- Wilson, Hamilton, *and* Sandy *remain one side in front,* Russell, Atkins *and* Hewson *on the other side* -- Ross *and* Donald *in the Centre* -- Mary *and* Lasses *a little behind* Hamilton -- Luckie *and her* Associates *opposite – Piper and Drum accompanies Combat, which is desperately sustained with various fortune on both sides, till* Ross *falls disarmed, and* Donald *in possession of both their Swords, stands proudly in triumph over him* -- *Deafening acclamation*.]

Don. Your sword you have again, and with it this advice. Do not in future lesson (sic) your reputation by the insolence of a boaster, nor call any man a knave till in your power to prove him one.

Ross. Thank ye. She retracts what she said, and for returning tis friend who never failed me before, do you tak a bit of advice from me. Tak care of old Dalziel! and his myrmidons, they'll soon be after you -- she'd be sorry to see 'em tack up so pretty a fellow, so don't stay here to get married, or you may get into twa desperate nooses at once.

Mary Not stay to get married! What a wicked wretch! **{25}**

Har. Out on thee, Amalekite!

Luc. Gae awa' wi' thee, thou evil one! [*A long and loud roll of Drums heard -- they all stand in a picture of alarm*]

Ross. Soho! My old women! did you hear tat? Ye are surrounded! Flee, Graeme, flee!

Don. Never, while this good sword can defend my kindred and my Mary! To arms, countrymen, to arms!

Peas-antry To arms!

[*Hurried music. They display Broadswords, Scythes on Poles, Pikes, &c. They place the Women in the centre of a hollow square, disarm and surround the Troopers.* Harvey *displays a Book, and an immense sword. The other characters form groupes* (*sic*) *in various attitudes of defence. Drums again and loud shouts. The two Bridges are now filled with* English Soldiers -- *drums and colours on the centre of the first Bridge -- two Trumpeters on the heights on each side – these all join in a triumphant flourish, when* Captain Stirling *appears between the Colours, and in front of the Drums, waving a White Flag, and addresses the crowd below*.]

Capt. S Countrymen, I bring ye peace and safety! Your enemies have fled their country -- the reign of persecution is no more, and it is the pride of your new sovereign, King William, to add to personal freedom the liberty of conscience!

[*Flourish. Shouts, &c. All below sheath their Swords - the* Covenanters *shake hands with the* Troopers -- *Lads and Lasses form into couples* -- Captain Stirling *and* Officers *descend from the Bridge, and mingle with all parties. The principal characters fill the two sides of the Stage* -- Donald, Luckie, *and* Mary, *in one groupe* – Allan, Wilson, *and* Captain Stirling *in another -- the Troopers, all but* Ross *in a third -- and* Sampson, *with the old folks, in a fourth. The centre is left open for the* Peasantry *to dance, in which* Ross *and some of the Soldiers, &c. join. The Flags wave on the Bridge and the military instruments above join the Pipers in accompanying the Dance, while other Soldiers are seen gaily marching and countermarching during the Finale.*]

Chorus

Lasses each a partner taking,
Grief and gloomy care forsaking,
Hearts that late were au'most breaking,
Beat I' mirthfu' measure
Party matters clean forgetting,
Discord's sun for ever setting,
Teraful eyes now gay coquetting,
Changed by honest pleasure.

If braw Donald, rather jealous,
Kill'd his chief, as stories tell us, **{26}**
Such rash deeds – may nought compel us,
Ever to encore 'em.
Rather hand in hand advancing,
Past woe present joy enhancing,
Let us sing while featly[18] dancing,
Merry Tullochgorum.

[*The Reel of Tullochgorum is played by the Piper and danced*]

The Curtain Falls

[18] gracefully