

THE
HISTORY
OF
DUNFERMLINE

GATHERED FROM
GOOD AUTHORITY,
PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE
AND
HEARSAY

Printed by the author, D. Patton.
1813.

TO THE READER

Now reader ye may read this rime
and carefully consider'd
Its the history of Dunfermline toun
from different quarters gather'd
As my material was not good
I've given you it as I had it
Consider the tools wherewith I wrought
who could have better made it?
I sought and scrapit here and there
and fought to get it gather'd
I thought to let it get the air
and not in my pocket smother'd
Some will treat it with a sneer
and say what nonsense is it
But says another ye need na' speir^o ask
its just like him that made it
I think this is the worst that can be said
For I mean no man to anger
I hope to see a history of this toun
with print a good deal thranger^o increased

THE
HISTORY
OF
DUNFERMLINE

As through Dunfermline street I roam'd
one night when it was late
Of whisky I had gotten some
I thought nothing could me bate^o beat

To the old abbey then I stray'd
for it was both sleet and snaw
Beneath the arch I stood frae snoug^o snug
my back up to the wa'

We never durst gang far fra hame
 if it was late at night
 For I myself with some o them
 has often got a fright

But within this short, they are dispers'd
 for witches we hae nane
 I cou'dna tell if tak my life
 where these witches all have gone

There's nothing here us to molest
 but all is quiet and still
 I'll tell you something of this toun
 tho' I cannot tell you all

This toun it has had stations four
 I'm told this is a truth
 The first was north a little bit
 where now there stands a loch

Its station next was just hard by
 it now is the churchyard
 The thorn tree it was the crose
 by mony a' an' its said

Its station next was south from this
 the Nethertoun I mean
 Some of the walls that therein is
 does manifest the same

A popish chapel there does stand
 just hard by the wayside
 Where I know in times of old
 there images they had

Just south a little on the road
 a way to the left hand
 Is a hill they call it the Parjews°
 its composed of sea sand

Perdius. [Paradise?]
 Perdius Mount.

The people then did penance dree
 for forneccation
 This sand was borne from the sea
 these wretches backs upon

Now all those that play'd this trick
 these heavy burdens bore
 The number I have quite forgot
 I think nearhand a score

There's the tower bridge that is hard by
 at the back of Pittencreeff
 There witches the devil caught
 and hang'd him like a thief

They tied a rope about his neck
 and threw him o'er the side
 Contented to there homes they went
 thinking he wou'd till morning bide

Then next morning there they thought
 to find old blatty° deid
 They found the rope hung o'er the pend
 and in'd a lusty peat°

?

divot; turf

This bridge most gothic like appears
 it is of ancient date
 I'm sure it is some hundred year
 since the same was built

I'm sure it is of early date
 as soon's the toun was built
 I cannot find, do as I will
 which of them was first

Here stood a monestry of old
 erected by the pope
 Where monks and friars, cardinals
 by him were caus' to stop

After this these walls were built
 by David, and Canmore
 The date if I right recollect
 is eleven hundred and twenty four

In this place the kings did dwell
 when I first ken'd the same
 Then this place destroyéd was
 by Edward and his men

In my young days I scarcely then
 a soldier ever saw
 I recollect in time of need
 that these were rais'd by law

Then if that we refus'd to come
 and help the peace to keep
 Emedeatly then we were fin'd
 in two shillings, or a sheep

Then when the time of need was o'er
 these were dismiss'd again
 For in our land a standing force
 at that time was not known

Six kings their ashes lie hard by
 beneath four marble stones
 Wha once inhabited these walls
 but now these kings are gone

Ann of Denmark had a house
 just north from where we stand
 She was the mother of royal blood
 and monarchs of this land

Then soon the Union did take place
 the kings to England went
 Then London was and still it is
 the seat of Parlement

But yet our trouble was not o'er
 for disturbance still we had
 It was upon religion's score
 this causéd much blood shed

For each did think his way was best
 and did his neighbour hate
 Because their thoughts did not agree
 they liv'd in perfect spite

But now the land is quiet and still
 and religion is at rest
 For each may worship as he will
 and none may him molest

Emprouve the blessings that ye've gott
 as ye in quietness live
 What e'er is due to church or state
 be allways sure to give

Honour the king, this is requir'd
 see ye don't deny the same
 And peace and love as your reward
 shall in this land remain

When king's authority is despis'd
 it much disturbance breed
 Then every evils authoris'd
 when the people is the heid

In my young days when Charles reign'd
 disturbance we had much
 No man was safe to speak his mind
 neither in state nor church

In these days the people then
 the upper hand they got
 Nothing their anger could restrain
 till Charles met the block

Now we'll return to where we was
 and speak about the toun
 Let us rejoice these days are pass'd
 and better days are come

There's something I've to tell you yet
 how this toun got its name
 It was from a farm at the Cross
 the waters Dun and Line

Now this farm, Dun, and Line
 all three being join'd in one
 The joining of them fairly make
 the word Dunfermline

From these the people did at first
 give to this toun its name
 And ever since it does remain
 to be Dunfermline

The church or place of worship here
 is still kept in repair
 But this is not the ancient church
 this only was the quier

Five windows of the ancient church
 are yet to be seen
 Another steeple here did stand
 but the same is fall'n down

The steeple that at presant stands
 is not of such a date
 Two hundred years or thereabouts
 since the same was built

In my young days the people all
 repair'd unto this church
 They worship'd here with one accord
 in the west end was the porch

This toun it then had little trade
 as I the truth will tell
 Some table napery here was wove
 we bleach'd it a' oursel'

We had a notion o' our ain
 but we had little pride
 These pladden hose and gunmouth'd breeks
 shows it is true I've said

In my young days I was a beau
 of the first magnetude
 These pladden hose & gunmouth'd breeks
 old now, look very odd

This bonnet and this coat of gray
 I'm sure ye wou'd not wear
 For pride has come to have the sway
 for little good I fear

For now your dress it is right fell°
 it forms a curious weed°
 The short body'd gowns and Umbrell
 seem strange to me indeed

remarkable
garment

Ye laugh to see my coat of gray
 and thinks it is right fell
 I wou'd laugh'd as much in my young day
 to have seen your Umbrell

I see our plan ye do adopt
 ye surely think it best
 I mean the short tail'd broad hench'd° coat
 and something lang o' waist

gored?

I see your shoon is tied wi' ponts°
 this fashion aince was ours
 Where buckels° I have seen them paint
 just hard upon your toes

laces
buckles

The bonnet ye must have it next
 this will complete our dress
 Then nought but pladden hose ye want
 to be the same with us

Now I have telt as far's I mind
 what happen'd in my day
 I hope your news you'd let me ken
 keep nething back I pray

Don't be afraid to speak your mind
 but do it free and frank
 Tell me what in your days has been
 I'm sure I will you thank

So now young man you'll let me know
 your news as far's ye ken
 And keep nothing from me now
 that happened in your time

The end of the first part

PART II
 CONTAINING
 A MODERN ACCOUNT

Then this young man with haughty tone
 this old man did address
 Ye say your clothing is not fine
 indeed I think no less

I laugh to see your hameld° state
 and this thy rustic dress
 An oddlike figure thou dost make
 I really most confess

domestic

Dunfermline toun as far's I know
 a history never had
 But some fables stories just like yours
 is all it can afford

I've known this toun for several years
 when housing was but thin
 I think it now to me appears
 nearly as large again

By buildings added on the west
 on the estate of Pittencreeff
 Ther's baldredg burn° & goulf drum°
 and likeways the foot path

Baldridgeburn
 Golfdrum

Dunfermline bridge upon the west
 it is of modern date
 Chalmers°, late of Pittencreeff,
 he was the architect

George Chalmers
 (c. 1720-1797)

This Bridge did cost five thousand pound
 by Mr Chalmers paid
 And all to beautify the toun
 from it he sought no aid

Two hundred and twenty seven feet
 that is this bridge's length
 Twelve feet in breadth, fifteen in height
 the whole is of great strength

But on this place where now we stand
 I never knew much odds
 Where the monarchs of this land
 before had their abodes

Just north from this a house and arch
 did stand across this road
 Where in my young days the cocks did fight
 to schoolboys that belong'd

The only alteration here
 this house is taken down
 And all does contribute I'm sure
 to beautify the toun

Within the toun there has been made
 improvements not a few
 To some of them I will allude
 and make them known to you

At the cross some housing stood
 their importance was but small
 In place of which, within this short,
 they've builded the Guild-Hall

This house it fronts both north & west
 on the south-side of the street
 The spire that stands on the north front
 in height's a hundred feet

It is compos'd of storys four
 most elegant to see
 Such buildings in thy young days
 would be right strange to thee

The streets are clean and well built
 and keep't in good repair
 By six scaffengers or there-about
 that are still working there

Through the Low dam, not long since
 you know there was a ford
 Where now there is a causeway
 across a pended brig

Where foot and horse across may pass
 and not with injury meet
 This place is as commodious
 as any other street

Where before the giddy head
 not free from danger was
 The water it such roaring made
 while o'er the same they pass

This street is twenty feet in breadth
 that's laid this lade across
 And yet a place is still reserv'd
 for drink to kine and horse

The Toun House is a building nate^o neat
 compos'd of storys four
 Whereas I know within this late
 it was but two I'm sure

In the east end there stands a tower
 and in it hings a bell
 Councils, burials, meetings all
 are warn'd by its knell

This house is narrow but its nate^o neat
 well finish'd in and out
 Some portraits therein doth remain
 will never be forgot

These men I will not name, to whom
 these portraits do belong
 There's some that in Dunfermline shine
 and these make up the throng

A house down in the Nethertoun
to which ye do allude
This house it now is taken down
in its place is a coal road

From thence a waggen way does go
streght down to Bruce's haven
Where these coals unto the sea
in waggens they are driven

This road it is with yetlan^o laid cast iron
I mean the waggen rails
Its not much worse than a kenall^o canal
where boats with horses sails

Just north a little from the toun
there's another waggen road
Whereby the coals are driven down
wherewith the toun's suppli'd

Dunfermline trade, it was not great
when I first in it dwelt
Two manufact'ers had the most
if I right recollect

The trade of this toun did consist
of dornicks^o, course and fine linen
Some deaper^o also here were wove diaper
back-cams^o were very thin cambrics?

But demask^o now in all its kinds buckrams?
is drove on to great extent damask
From this to London by the sea
to merchants it is sent

From thence it through the world goes
and serves both east and west
Both Africa and India too
has there tables with it dress'd

Now Manufact'ers, half a score
Dunfermline doth contain
The weaving trade in less or more
is carried on by them

These men their stock they do not spare
but lays it out, indeed
By these many a one doth live
by weaving for their bread

Some of them that did raise this trade
at first to any height
Their names into Dunfermline shou'd
shine with lustre bright

Said the old man, you'll stop a bit
 since ye have been so kind
 Something I've to tell you yet
 that's now come in my mind

In my young days the toun-house stood
 just straight across the street
 At the back thereof, down to the burn
 was just a glen complete

Full of trees and growing broom
 this ground was for no use
 But Cutties°, cats, and rabbits then hares
 there might themselves amuse

But now this ground is cultivate
 on both sides of the brig
 Where with pleasure and garden ground
 the owner's well suppli'd

This house it was of gothic make
 it had some degree of strength
 Before this house there was a stair
 full forty feet in length

This stair is reach'd hard by the trone
 that then stood in the street
 A cart of hay below the same
 could have pass'd with ease complete

This house it was storys two or little more
 if I right recollect
 The jail and rooms were up the stair
 below was the meal-market

This house had neither tower nor clock
 wherewith the hours to tell
 On the fore wall they did erect
 a place where hung the bell

Just at the cross there stood a tower
 when I first ken'd the same
 Some of the stones that therein were
 in this jail, they do remain

All these hieroglyphic stones
 that round this jail are plac'd
 Anciently they did belong
 to this building at the cross

These stones they still do beautify
 and ornament this house
 The honour we must still apply
 to them that built the cross

The toun it then was quite confus'd
 by buildings here and there
 The cross and trone and all the ports
 these were then in repair

Some time ago Dunfermline had
 a gallows of their own
 This tree it stood on a brae-head
 a little by east the toun

This tree it had four cleeks° I mind
 each could have hang'd a man
 But as providance had so design'd
 it only hangèd one

hooks

One Ramsey was the victim here
 it's said for stealing sheep
 He liv'd in dens and coves we hear
 dug in the earth so deep

But it came to pass that for this tree
 Dunfermline had no need
 Then through time it lost its feet
 and lay by the road side

This tree it was of oak so good
 as I've heard people say
 A weaver stole this piece of wood
 and made of it a lay°

loom frame

This lay is in this toun its said
 some weaver wags° the same
 Better to wag this piece of wood
 than that it should carry them

shuttles back and forth

Now I will end what I had gather'd
 and now as no man's pen is tether'd
 I hope some better pen than mine
 will bring up what I've left behind

FINIS

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