

EEL: The audacious wench cried oot, "Guid-nicht, Chairlie!" an' blew me a kiss.

ALL: A' weel!

EEL: An' I cried oot i' the wurrds o' the gude buke: "An Jehu cried unto the eunuchs, Throw her dune!"

BONES: An' was she rebukit?

EEL: Nay! she cried back on me: "There's no eunuchs here, Chairlie, nor none wanted. Throw it up!"

CHIPS: The brazen, forward, sculduddery wench! The flytin', sweerin' harlot o' Babylon!

EEL: An' then she picks up her fiddle, that she's lured thousands o' men to their doom wi', and she plays, "We are na fou, we're no that fou."

ALL: Shame on her!

GRAB: Hark! wha's that? (*The tuning of a violin is heard, off*)

EEL: There she is! There's the 'Hoor o' Babylon! (*Lilith, off, plays a lively though classical piece of music.*)

EEL: To your tents, O Israel! To your homes, men o' Houghmagandie! On to the marrow-bones o' your knees, and pray that the curse may be removed from us!

ALL: Amen!

EEL: As for me, I'll wrestle wi' this deevil, and maybe have strength given me to overcome it. Here comes the meenister, I'll hae twa wurrds wi' him on the matter!

ALL: Guid guide ye and preserve ye! (*All go off R. in consternation.*)

EEL: An' noo to wrestle wi' the demon! (*Enter L. Meek and Dose. Dose is an educated man, well dressed.*)

EEL: Gude-mornin', meenister! Gude-mornin', doctor!

MEEK (*very humble and quiet*): Gude-mornin', Elder!

DOSE: Morning, Elder!

EEL: I wad hae twa wurrds wi' ye, meenister!

MEEK: Ay! Ay! What is it, noo?

EEL: Meenister, it's verra terrible, what I wad say to ye. The 'Hoor o' Babylon's amang us. (*The doctor laughs.*)

DOSE: At it again, Eel? Ha! Ha! Ha!

EEL: Ay, sir, d'ye ken this is a muckle serious affair! There's a French actress body in the village! In the village o' Houghmagandie!

DOSE: Ha! Ha! Ha! I was just going to tell you about it, Meek. It's a dear little Russian girl, a friend of my wife's. She's had a tremendous season in Paris — they went mad over her — so we suggested her coming up here for a rest. She wouldn't stay with us — poor child, she has to practise eight hours a day! — so we got her the room over Awl's, and she comes to the Surgery for meals. My wife's bringing her up to the Manse to call on Monday.

MEEK: Oh! Oh! There, Elder, you see it's all right.

EEL (*aghast*): A'richt!!!! — a'richt!!!! (*Meek and Dose nod and pass on, laughing.*)

EEL: He's fair witched! He's the prey o' Satan! The meenister was laughing on the Sawbath! Oh, Lord! Lord! An' I'm left by my lanes to wrestle wi' the de'il i' petticoats! Witchcraft! fair witchcraft! An' sorcery! Whaur's ony help but in the A'mighty? (*He takes out a flat whiskey flask and swallows a big dram.*) Whaur, I say, is ony help but in the A'mighty? (*Re-enter Awl, L., still smoking.*)

AWL: Hullo, Elder, an what's the matter noo? Hae ye discovered the sin of Achan again?

EEL: Ah, well! Ah, well! Alack the day. . . . Hae ye come to torment me, ye dirty little Atheist?

AWL: Three lies in three words, Elder. Ye'll win the Bishop's Kettle this year, for sure! But what is it? Hae the Glasgie fowk got wind o' your little affair wi' Bung's? What d'ye mak' a year oot o' that?

EEL: Ye wicked deevil!

AWL: I dima care. It's your affair to take the King's siller, and the whisky man's gowd! But I'm wondering hoo it gangs wi' sae muckle relevation!

EEL: Hoo dare ye?

AWL: Or have they found your ain private still o'er the brae? An exciseman wi' a still o' his ain! ha! ha! ha!

EEL: Ye fausse fiend! Hae ye gi'en me awa'?

AWL: Na! I'm no sae reelegious as ye are. But I doot it's fowk ken o' your dealin's wi' Jeannie Mackay!

EEL: Hoo did ye ken that?

AWL: Why, the lass is in trouble; and you best ken wha's the fault is.

EEL: Ay! And didna I gie her fower shilling an' saxpence to get to Glasgie an' hide her shame? An' didna I rebuke her for the sin o't by the reever bank, so that she might hae found grace to droon hersel'?

AWL: Ay! ye're a mean, sneakin', coordly, murderous dog! That I didna ken, an I thank ye for tellin' me. I'm for ben. (*He spits ostentatiously on the ground and goes off R. But remains visible to audience as one watching the scene. He whistles softly and beckons, off.*)

EEL: Bad! Bad! I maun be fey to hae tellt him that. But I'll see Jeannie, and gie her twa pund sterling — na! one pund fifteen shillin' — na! one pund ten shillin' — an' get her tae Glasgie — wi' the promise o' mair! An' yon's the teeket — wi' the promise o' mair! An' I'll chase the Babylonish Harlot from Houghmagandie, so that if the wurst comes tae the wurst, fowk winna gie ony credit tae the lass. An' noo, then, wi' my conscience clearit, I'll confront the lioness i' her den. (*He turns to go off R., and is startled to find Lilith entering R. She wears a thin summer dress very beautifully made, and on her head is a coquettish hat with a suggestion of horns. On seeing him she laughs. His gloom deepens. She goes up and curtsies to him, then puts up her fiddle and plays the "Old Hundredth" or other Scottish hymn tune.*)

EEL: Weel, wad ye aye play holy tunes, I wadna say! (*She plays a religious classical piece.*)

EEL: That savors o' Popery, I doot! But i' the main ye mean weel! (*She plays "Auld Lang Syne," and other Scottish ballads, arranged so as to lead from grave to gay. He is by this time enthralled by the music, and begins to show animation, following the beats with his hands. Even his feet begin to be uneasy.*)

EEL: Weel! weel! wha wad hae thoct it? There's no sic haim after a', maybe. (*She sees him her prey, and plays a mad Hungarian dance. He is compelled to pick up the step, and she leads him, dancing, three or four times round the stage and off, L. Awl comes out to centre of stage. Lilith, off, changes to "The De'il's awa wi' th' Exciseman."*)

AWL (*sings*):

The de'il cam' fiddling through our toun,

An's danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman;

And ilka wife cries:

(*The windows of every house burst open, and women appear, joining in the song.*)

Auld Mahoun!