

BRUCE AND THE ETTERCAP.

[An ettercap is a spider.]

WHEN Robert Bruce, forfouchen sair,
Was trachled wi' his strife,
He hid himsel' within a cave
Frae them that socht his life.

He lit his pipe, and took a puff,
And said "I'll chuck the job,
And them wha like can hae my croon :
The thing's no worth a Bob."

And as he lookit a' about,
He saw abune his heid
A hairy speeder in the air,
Thrang climmin' up a threid.

But just afore it reached the roof,
It missed its foot and fell ;
Bruce made to hit it, but it ran
Richt up the threid like hell.

He clawed his pow, and puffed his pipe,
And owre his features grim
There shone a licht, for he had thocht
The ettercap like him.

Six times it fell, seeven times it rose,
And didna fa' again :
"By criffens!" said King Robert Bruce,
"Your case micht be my ain !

“ For Scotland’s croon I’ve focht and failed,
 But no sax times as yet;
 If I go on as ye hae dune,
 I’ll get the damned thing yet.

“ Ye’ve climmed and fa’en and climmed again,
 Kept he’rt and ne’er gi’ed in,
 If ae threid broke and let you doon,
 Anither threid ye’d spin.

“ Ye didna seek your threids afar,
 But span them frae your guts;
 Aye, that’s the thing to tak’ ye through!
 They help ane mair than wuts!”

Sae Robert took a hearty meal,
 And, broadsword in his haund,
 He smote his foes till they uprose
 And scuttled frae the laund.

And thus we see frae historee
 How perseverance serves
 (And guts) to gain a man his wish,
 And mair than he deserves.

ANONYMOUS.

forfouchen, worn out.

trachled, troubled and hindered.