

ME AN' ANDRA.

WE'RE puir bit cratur's, Andra, you an' me.
Ye hae a bath in a marble tub, I dook in the sea;
Café au lait in a silver joug for breakfast gangs to
you;
I sup yit brose wi' a horn spuin an' eat till I'm fu'.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra—hardly ony.
My sky is as clear as your's, an' the clouds as
bonnie;
I whussle a tune thro' my teeth to mysel' that costs
nae money.

The bobolink pipes in the orchards white in your
hame on the ither side;
Grey whaups cry up on oor muir t' me, white sea-
maws soom on oor tide.
An organ bums in your marble hall wi' mony a sough
an' swell;
I list to the roar o' the wind an' the sea in the hollow
o' a shell.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly ony
ava,
For the measure that throbs thro' eternal things to
me is as braw.
An' it wafts me up to the gate o' God to hear His
choir an' a'.

We're draiglit bit craturs, Andra, plowterin' i' the
 glaur,
 Paidlin' ilk in oor ain bit dub, an' glowerin' ilk at his
 star;
 Rakin' up the clert o' the trink till oor Faither airts
 us hame,
 Whiles wi' a strap, whiles wi' a kiss, or carryin' us
 when we're lame.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra—we're sib as
 peas in a pod,
 Ill-faured weans at the best—the draiglit wi' the
 snod;
 An' we'll a' get peyed what we're ocht, Andra,
 when we gang hame to God.

What if I win fame or gear, Andra, what if I fail,
 Be gleg as a fumart-whittrock, or dull as a snail—
 It'll be a' ane in a hunder years whether I sally or
 slide:
 The nicht sits as dark on a brawlin' linn as it broods
 on a sleepin' tide.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra—whether ye
 bum or bizz;
 If no a wheel we may be a clink—if we canna pull
 we can bruiz;
 We maun tak' the world as we find it, lad, an'
 content wi' 't as it is.

ROBERT COUSTON.

yit, oat.
whaups, curlews.
clert, dirt.
trink, drain.
sib, akin.

gleg, keen.
fumart, polecat.
whittrock, weasel.
bruiz, press.

THE WAYFARER.

It's a lang dreich gate to yon toon-end,
An' the gangin's steep an' stey,
But, oh, to be whaur the hills an' the sea
Forgether i' the bay.

It's a weary road to my ain toon-end,
E'er I can cuddle doon
In the but-an'-ben, near the folk I ken,
In yon quiet kintra toon.

I cam' ower late to London toon,
Nae skill could succour me,
Or lift the pains whaur I sookit my weans,
In the days when they were wee.

My guidman sleeps i' the dour North Sea,
An' John 'mang the bings o' Loos;
But my sorrows croon wi' the nicht cam' doon,
When my ewe lamb quat the hoose.

The skirlin' Mairch winds bend the trees,
'Tween blast an' blast o' snaw;
But aye I glower 'tween shower an' 'shower
To the Norland, far awa'.

Were I but aince ower Solwa's tide,
I'd thole baith tire an' pain,
An' tak' the road i' the strength o' God,
Back to the folk I ken.

To be hame—to be hame at the fa' o' the mirk,
When the saut breeze draws aff the deep;
An' to creep in-bye, an' lanesome lie,
An' say my prayers—an'—sleep.

To a black-oot fire an' a stanin' knock,
An' a moanin', black lum-head;
But my ain kin-folk, at craw o' the cock,
Will hap me when I am deid.

ROBERT COUSTON.

dreich, wearisome.
stey, hard to climb.
gate, road.

quat, left.
thole, suffer.

“GRANNIE.”

I HAE a fire to heat mysel',
A bed to rest when wearie;
An' everybiddy's kind to me,
Hoo can I be but cheerie?
It's lang sin' I could loup the dyke,
Or steer about as I wad like.

My family's sperfled far an' wide,
My lassies a' are marrit;
Jeans' three come toddlin' but the hoose,
Her youngest maun be carrit;
It mak's their grannie young again
To daut them as she did her ain.

Whyles when the winter's level sun
Sklents ower the byre an' barn,
I set them patchwork seams to sheu
Or stokin' heels to darn;
An', oh, my auld he'rt-fountains fill
To see the bairns sae like mysel'.

When short-day winds blaw doon the reek
An' steer the flaggin' lowes,
My lamp-o-leerie glances sweet
Upon their curly pows,
As through my box o' tapes an' pirns
They blythesome howk, the darlin' bairns.

An' whyles I gie them Noah's ark,
Whyles tell them bits o' stories.
But maist they like my gibble box
Filled fu' o' glitterin' norries;
Flat on the bass afore the fire
They rummage through't, an' never tire.

Rings, keys, brass buttons, laumer beads,
 Bools, crystals, snaw-white chuckies,
 Odd links o' chains, wheels, whirligeegs,
 An' seaside silver buckies—
 They turn them ower an' ower an' ower,
 An' find enchantment by the hour.

Earth whiles turns oot her gibble box,
 Her aulder bairns to please;
 The moss that greens the damp dyke fit
 Was her first swatch o' trees;
 Queer ichthyosaurs an' fossil ferns,
 She shows her scientific bairns.

Oo aye—nae doot at antern times
 The unkenned tears may fa'
 At gloamin' when my fancy seeks
 His picter on the wa';
 Gentle as nichtfa' leaves the lee,
 The angels pairtit John an' me.

Still, wi' a fire to heat mysel',
 A bed to rest when weary,
 An' a'biddy sae kind to me,
 Hoo can I be but cheerie,
 Or stint or grudge the cheerfu' smile
 That lichtsome make the langsome mile?

ROBERT COUSTON.

spersfed, scattered.
howk, dig.
gibble, odds and ends.

laumer, amber.
swatch, sample.
antern, occasional.