

## ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

TIME, my laud, ill dim yir ee;  
Yir youthfae strength ill fade;  
Love is the greatest gift ye can gie,  
See that ye lay't on a maid!

Gie nae ill ummin a chance te hairy ye :  
Be pure, fativir ye be !  
Gin an ummin play strumpet afore she mairry ye,  
She'll dee't agen or she dee.

Dinna tak ane o' yon quines that pose,  
Or, laud, yill live te rue't;  
An', min', gin ye lay yir love on a rose,  
Ithers are welcome te poo't.

Marriage, my laud, 's yir deth or croon ;  
Steer clear o' feckless jauds.  
A he'rt o' gold 'neth a hodden goon  
Is worth aw beauty's gawds.

Dinna gang chasin' warldly gear,  
Bit lay bye for a rainy day.  
Borrowin', laddie, aye proves dear,  
An', laddie, it's safer te hae.

Tho' winter's caul te the shrunken limb,  
An' deth look caul te the ee,  
Thir's naething on earth sae caul an' grim  
As the caul o' charity.

Thrawin' wi' an ummin aye brings dule—  
 Ye mecht as weel be deid!  
 Lord, laddie, an ummin's as thrawn's a mule,  
 An' sometimes needs er heid.

Nae doot yill get mony a queer begeck  
 Gin ye try to clim at aw,  
 Bit, laddie, I'd raither ye broke yir neck  
 Than ye didna clim ava.

LEWIS COUTTS.

*ummin*, woman.*quines*, girls.*feckless jauds*, incompetent  
wenches.*hodden*, homespun.*thrawin'*, being stubborn.*begeck*, disappointment.

## MORNIN, NOON AN' NECHT.

"FAT are ye deein' sae early, lass,  
An' the dew se weet on the grass?"

"I'm washin' my face in Beltane dew  
Te keep it bonny for you."

"Fat's in the pot yi've been bilin' is fyle?  
It's surely sum eldric brew!"

"I'm makkin a wash o' cammamile  
Te keep my hair bonny for you."

"Foo are ye winnin' that cloos on yir lap  
O yarn sae fleecy an' fine?"

"Te weave a cradle pladdie te hap  
Yir commin bairn an' mine."

"Fat in the warl's the hauntin' croon  
Yir singin' inte yirsel'?"

"An aul wive's spell, ye silly loon,  
Te sain it fae aw ill."

LEWIS COUTTS.

*eldric*, frightful.  
*winnin*, winding.

*cloos*, balls.  
*sain*, shield.

## HE WAS DESPISED AND REJECTED!

O, LASSIE, gin yill wed wi' me,  
 Ee'll get aw my gear an' laan.  
 She glowert at him like Bennachie,  
 An' gid im's heid in's haan.  
 I've affin seen conceit in men,  
 But ee're the warst! ye gawp!  
 Ye surely think I dinna ken  
 A whutteret fae a whaup.

Wed wi' you? Nae for my life!  
 Ye needna try te mak pretence —  
 Yir only wintin' me te wife  
 Te save ye sum expense.  
 Tak yir goud an' gear awa,  
 Yill need them aw yet te yirsel',  
 Altho ye hae a bob or twa,  
 I'm nae te buy or sell.

LEWIS COUTTS.

*gawp*, stupid.  
*whutteret*, weasel.

*whaup*, curlew.