

## "GLEN," A SHEEP DOG.

I KEN there isna a p'int in yer heid,  
 I ken that ye're auld an' ill,  
 An' the dogs ye focht in yer day are deid,  
 An' I doot that ye've focht yer fill;  
 Ye're the dourest deevil in Lothian land,  
 But, man, the he'rt o' ye's simply grand;  
 Ye're done an' doited, but gie's yer hand,  
 An' we'll thole ye a whilie still.

A daft-like character aye ye've been  
 Sin the day I brocht ye hame,  
 When I bocht ye doon on the Caddens green,  
 An' gied ye a guid Scots name;  
 Ye've spiled the sheep an' ye've chased the stirk,  
 An' rabbits was mair tae yer mind nor work,  
 An' ye've left i' the morn an' stopped till mirk,  
 But I've keepit ye a' the same.

Mebbe ye're failin', an' mebbe I'm weak,  
 An' there's younger dogs tae fee,  
 But I doot that a new freen's ill tae seek,  
 An' I'm thinkin' I'll let them be;  
 Ye've whiles been richt whaur I've thocht wrang,  
 Ye've liked me weel an' ye've liked me lang,  
 An' when there's ane o' us got tae gang—  
 May the guid Lord mak' it me.

HILTON BROWN.

*doited*, feeble in mind.*thole*, tolerate.

## THE TENANT.

THE Tenant's gane, the Lodge is shut;  
 Nae mair, until the Twalth return,  
 We'll see him threshin' at the burn,  
 Or sittin' shiverin' in his butt.

A sair wee man, wi' a' respec';  
 If a' thing wasna as he wantit  
 He girmed an' grat an' raged an' rantit  
 Till folks was fain t' thraw his neck.

He made oor road a road o' fear;  
 His hunnert-horse-poo'er Sich-an-Sich  
 Wad send ye loupin' for the ditch—  
 An' "Damn yer eyes!" was a' ye'd hear.

A sair wee man; but sich maun be.  
 He pays the Laird a bonny rent,  
 An' syne the Lairdie, weel content,  
 Brings doon the rents for chiels like me.

O' birds an' fish a mighty killer—  
 Guid send him back wi' gun an' creel;  
 We nivver lo'ed him unco weel—  
 But, man, we fairly rooked his siller!

HILTON BROWN.

*rooked*, despoiled.

## "GOWF."

THERE'S mony a gowfer gane clash i' the burn  
Wha thocht tae hae pitched by the pin;  
There's mony a mannie twa up at the turn  
That disnae come hame wi' a win;  
There's mony a lauch turn't intil a girn—  
An' the ba's niver doon till it's in.

There's mony a ballie lies bonny an' clean  
That gaed f'ae the tee wi' a hook;  
An' mony a better hit fair on the green  
Lies nestit awa' in a neuk;  
For as shair as a trespass is whilies forgi'en,  
The righteous is whilies forsook.

There's mony a laddie that putts for a three  
An' disna get doon in a fower;  
An' mony a callant that's lang aff the tee  
Wins roon in a hunnert an' ower;  
For the promise o' Hope is maist aften a lee,  
An' the glances o' Fortune a glower.

There's mony a shottie hit stiddy an' strang  
That's bunker'd jist short o' its goal;  
There's mony a tappit yin hirples along  
Tae finish nae far f'ae the hole;  
The judgment o' Providence canna be wrang—  
But it's whiles nae easy tae thole.

I'll gie ye the moral, gudeman an' gudewife,  
An' ye winna dispute it, I'm shair—  
It's a thing they're acquaint wi' f'ae Forres till Fife,  
It's kennit f'ae Elie till Ayr—  
The lessons o' gowf are the lessons o' life—  
An' eh! but they scunner ye sair!

HILTON BROWN.

*scunner*, disgust.

*thole*, suffer.