

THE  
GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET

BY

JAMES BALLANTINE

AUTHOR OF "THE MILLER OF DEANHAUGH," "ONE HUNDRED SONGS,"  
"POEMS," ETC.

*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS*

By ALEX. A. RITCHIE.

## PREFACE.

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ABOVE thirty years have elapsed since "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" was published, first in monthly parts, then in one volume. The book had a large circulation, run through several editions, and has for some time been out of print.

I feel, therefore, very much gratified that the present publishers offer the volume at a price which brings it within reach of all classes. The character and scenery described were faithfully depicted from nature; the incidents on which the narrative is chiefly founded were connected with an interesting period of Scottish history; and I fondly hope that many of the songs may continue to be appreciated as they have been by my countrymen in all parts of the world.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

EDINBURGH,  
*Christmas Day, 1874.*

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### INTRODUCTORY SCRAPS.

The pawky auld carle cam ower the lea,  
Wi' mony gude e'ens and gude morrows to me,  
Saying, "Gude folks, for your courtesy,  
Will ye lodge a leal auld man?"

JAMES V.

THE Wallet of a Gaberlunzie, though filled only with scraps, often contains good gusty cheer; and when the owner has been long enough on the road to be able to find a home in every house he comes to, there is a chance of his having collected a few choice morsels, which even epicurean tastes might relish.

Now-a-days, however, when bills are posted through every parish, and boards slung on every toll-bar, offering rewards for the apprehension of sturdy vagrants, and prohibiting begging as a public nuisance—when out-door relief is proffered to the dwellers in tents and barns—when the scattered tribes of Egypt are plying the shuttle of industry in staid and peaceful communities—when smuggling is put down by the strong arm of the Excise—and those who roamed about, making a living by evading the law, or by asking charity, have been compelled to betake themselves to other modes of procuring subsistence,—

it may appear strange that we should solicit shelter for one of the wandering fraternity. Nevertheless, trusting to the kindness of feeling generated in the days of yore, and believing that a Gaberlunzie cannot knock in vain at the door of a Scottish heart, we have ventured to bespeak a kind reception for his lyart locks and his furrowed brow, hoping that, in return, his conversation may cheer a moody mind, and beguile a tedious hour.

It is not our intention at present to introduce our hero to our readers in the usual formal manner;—he will in due time introduce himself in a way more congenial with his own feelings, and in better keeping with his own character. Few people make anxious inquiry about a man in his grade of life, and he gets leave to bequeath to his descendants, along with his bundle of rags and his roving disposition, a clear mind and a healthy constitution, without any one claiming kin with him, or counting his pedigree. This neglect on the part of the world, however, has its advantages. Faces which are lit up with smiles in the presence of superiors often lower deadly dark when there is no motive for dissimulation, and nature is bountiful to the children of the bag and the scrip, inasmuch as she discloses herself to them without disguise or hypocrisy.

Perhaps this was the idea which impelled our good King James, of glorious poetic memory, to assume the disguise of the ragged fraternity, that he might obtain a thorough knowledge of how he stood in the estimation of his subjects; at least our hero seems to have made choice of his once most respectable profession, because it afforded him the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of his own countrymen. With an eye keenly alive to humour, and a heart deeply imbued with sentiment, he has travelled over, and become familiar with, the greater part of Scotland, and has succeeded in filling a very bulky wallet, from which we purpose to select such scraps as, it is hoped, may excite and gratify in some measure the public appetite; such sketches of character as may come within the range of the narrative to which this chapter is intended to form an introduction.

Our friend is also an enthusiastic admirer of Scottish scenery, and talks with rapture of the pleasure it has yielded him in the course of his wanderings. "Ah," says he, "little wot ye o' the enjoyments o' a Gaberlunzie, what warlds come within his ken,

how varied an' endless are his amusements ! Consider yoursel' daunderin' about amang the hills your leesome lane, without a leeving being to commune wi' anent the fou' flowing tide o' thought that's rowing thro' your bosom ;—to lie down on the crisp heather an' gaze up into glory, watching the varying shapes o' the wee pearly cluds floating thro' the blue ether, and the sma' black specks o' music warbling an' winging in mid-air like sae mony blessed spirits, blending heaven an' earth thegither ;—to listen to the heather linties in thousands around ye chirming an' keeping up the chorus, and hear the low, sweet, and harmonious notes o' the bonny hillside warblers o' auld Scotland echoed frae the choirs aboon ;—to gaze upon the mountains towering to the lift, bold, rugged, an' gigantic, yet tapering wi' airy form and graceful elegance, their sides a' thickly studded wi' bonny green spats o' rich verdure, thatch-roofed cots, sma' sheep farms, winding paths, jutting points, wooded knowes, dark ravines, an' sparkling waterfa's ;—to see a' these grand features alternately in light an' shadow, the rays o' light dancing, flickering, and playing at boo-peep amang the heighs and howes, an' the cluds throwing innumerable fantastic shadows across the green slopes an' the black ridges ;—to behold the airy mountain-tops now half buried in mist, then lit up wi' a bright sun, the fore hills sharp and pointed, relieved against a clear an' cloudless sky, while the distant masses are enveloped in dark gray vapour, whilk adds to their mystic grandeur, and increases their gloomy vastness ;—it is amang scenes like these whaur the wanderer feels his ain greatness, and his ain littleness, and whaur he may weel exclaim, in the emphatic language o' Scripture, 'It is good for us to be here !'

"In this state o' mind, it is also gude to clamber up the steep and craggy mountain, an' explore the druidical remains, biggit at an early age by the heroic sons o' devotion, far apart frae the warld, an' weel fitting for the communing o' spirit wi' spirit, in the magnitude o' immensity. Wha can help here feeling, that ane o' the strongest proofs o' the soul's immortality is its seeking an' finding a hame in a' ages amid sic laneliness ; a feeling which is kept up and strengthened, when, after descending frae that wild an' solitary region, thro' lang sheep-tracks, an' footpaths skirted wi' the gowden yellow broom, after opening an' steeking mony wee rustic yetts, an' crossin' mony purlin' streams, ower wee green wooden rustic briggs, we at lang and last reach



**"THE OLD CHURCH ROAD.**

READ yon straggling pathway, seen  
 Peeping through the hedgerows green,  
 By the arching willows shaded,  
 By the briar and bramble braided,  
 Where the chequering sunbeams throw  
 Fretted network down below,  
 Glistening 'mid the velvet sod,  
 Woven o'er the Old Church Road.

" Hanging footpaths, creeping flowers,  
 Laugh in sun, and weep in showers,  
 Yellow whins and bells of blue,  
 Mingle with the turf's green hue ;  
 While the thistle in his pride  
 Woos the wild rose by his side ;  
 Love and Peace have blest abode  
 In the quiet Old Church Road.

" Cross yon ancient Roman bridge,  
 Mark its solitary ridge ;  
 'Mid its rent and tottering walls,  
 Trees spring, while the structure falls ;  
 So Rome lies in ruins gray,  
 While old Scotia blooms like May ;  
 Here her heroes dauntless strode,  
 Freedom kept the Old Church Road.

" Leave the streamlet's silver tide ;  
 Now we'll climb the green hill side,  
 Winding up our wooded way,  
 Peeping through our covert gay,  
 Glints of blue in sky and burn  
 Woo our eye at every turn ;  
 Fancy's fairy feet ne'er trod  
 Pathway like the Old Church Road.

“ Now we near the Old Church Yard,  
Where amid the long rank sward  
Graves are sinking, stones are crumbling,  
Monuments and aisles are tumbling ;  
Waving trees with moaning sound  
Sigh like weeping mourners round,  
Shading those who wont to plod  
Weekly by the Old Church Road.

“ Now the Gothic pile appears—  
Green with moss, and gray with years,  
Knight and Baron, bold and free,  
Here have humbly bent the knee,—  
Priest and Monk have chanted praise,  
Knox hath sung his fervid lays ;  
Warm hearts, panting after God,  
Hallow still the Old Church Road.

“ See yon Elder hoary grown,  
Tend the window as his own,  
And the blooming youthful pair  
Knit more close in mutual prayer ;  
What though cold-eyed age may see  
Childhood in unbridled glee,  
Wisdom his gray head may nod,  
Children love the Old Church Road.

“ Thus while Love lies slumbering mild  
In this sweet sequester'd wild,  
Let us rest on this old stile,  
Let us stay our thoughts awhile,  
Let us mingle heart and eye  
With the holy lullaby,  
Let us frame our peaceful Ode  
Mid the quiet Old Church Road.

“ Hail, sweet goddess, gentle Peace !  
Soon War's deadly reign shall cease ;  
Crown'd in glory, soon shalt thou  
Twine the olive round his brow ;



Soon shall foolish man be free  
 From all bonds, save Love and thee ;  
 Truth, thy harbinger, abroad,  
 Earth becomes one sweet Church Road.\*

The peaceful solitudes of nature have a tendency at all times to elevate the mind, and lead it to indulge in anticipations of that glorious epoch of human life,

"When man to man the world o'er  
 Shall brithers be for a' that,"—

a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Our wanderer's way of life has not always allowed him to indulge in such felicitous dreams. He has mingled much with man in the great thoroughfares of life,—our densely-populated cities,—and in the less frequented, but more strongly marked, localities of our country villages. He has witnessed jocund mirth and squalid misery elbowing each other in our crowded streets ; he has heard the alarm-bell of gossiping slander rung through the little hamlet ; he has seen so many proofs that we take more pleasure in discovering the vices than the virtues of our neighbours, that, at times despairing of the final emancipation of the race, he has set man down as an animal naturally and essentially vicious.

Transient, however, are these fits of spleen ; the slightest breath of virtue, gently stealing its way amid the Babel confusion of sounds which proceed from the brazen throat of vice, is instantly caught by his harmoniously-attuned ear ; a good action, however stealthily performed, rarely escapes his observation, and the shadows of despondency and doubt which may hover over him for a time speedily dissolve into thin air before the rising sun of truth and virtue. Often under the guidance of these benevolent feelings has he perceived, in what are generally considered appalling scenes of wickedness, more that was deserving of pity than of blame. Where others have seen vice only, he has discovered want ; and where they have sternly rebuked, he has kindly relieved.

Need we say that, with these propensities, feelings, and principles, our friend finds much to instruct, amuse, and delight him in the pent-up city as well as in the unbounded solitude ; and that nothing affords him more gratification than

to exchange the stillness of the Old Church Road for the chaotic jumble of a large town.

“Tak a walk,” says he, “through the High Street o’ Auld Reekie, in a cauld snell nicht in the dead o’ winter, when puir bodies, toom an’ blae though they be, wi’ little wark and sma’ provend, hae a’ turned out to wair their ‘hard won penny fee’ on what will put them ower the following week. The street presents ae moving mass o’ brightness an’ blackness, o’ misery an’ merriment. The shops, teeming wi’ myriads o’ living beings, throw into shade, by their gas-lit brilliancy, the paper-protected lights in the portable warehouses o’ the street merchants. There is also here to be seen strongly marked gradations o’ rank, even among the puir. The shop frequenters hae their heads an’ feet happit: they wha mak their markets in the streets hae neither. In the ae class there’s decency and comparative comfort; in the ither, squalid misery an’ filthy rags. The shivering beings wha purchase the unwholesome commodities vended in the street, are often to be seen waited for in the dark stair-foots by some famine-stricken wretch, whas gnawing hunger seizes the first morsel that fate or chance throws in her way.

“A wee wean stands at a dark close-mouth,  
 Wi’ an ashy cheek an’ a watery ee;  
 An’ the rags waffin’ round her wad wauken ruth  
 In a far mair stieve-breasted bodie than me.  
 Like a wee starvin’ bird on the frozen lea,  
 Her voice is mute an’ her head hings law;  
 Like the shiverin’ leaf as it fa’s frae the tree—  
 Shrinkin’ to dow’ mong the drifted snaw—  
 Sae the wee thing cow’rs in the chilly blaw.

“Ah, waur than the bird in the wintry day  
 In this daughter o’ weary want an’ sin!  
 And as in midday the gloamin’ gray  
 O’ershadows the hame that she huddles in;  
 So deep-dyed crime and clamorous din  
 Spreads a dark cloud ower her hapless race;  
 An’ nae lawfu’ bread can the wee thing win,  
 Wi’ the brand o’ shame on her shy wee face:—  
 O God! man has justice, but little grace!

"The law, wi' a keen an' hungry growl,  
 Hath strangled its victim, to vengeance due ;  
 An' Poverty glowers wi' a dour-brow'd scowl,  
 While Justice frowns askant and grue.  
 Gae up the dark close, an' gaze till ye rue,  
 Ye friends o' the scaffold, avengers o' crime !  
 There are rowth o' victims, but penitents few,  
 Alack, there's sma' heat in our soil o' Time !  
 So repentance maun bloom in a warmer clime.

"Thou shak'st like a leaf, and sae shalt thou dow,  
 Wi' thy feckless marrows, my sweet wee bairn !  
 Till thought sits light on man's godlike brow,  
 An' a lowe o' love melts his heart o' airn,  
 An' bright shall it glow, when men shall learn  
 That it's better to heal than wound the heart ;  
 That mercy is powerful, as vengeance is stern ;  
 That love alone hath the heavenly art,  
 From crime's black breast to pluck the venom'd dart.

"Ah, why should there be sic lack o' charity amang us—why should some be wallowin' in gluttony, while ithers are deein' o' want ! Nature never made a mou' but she sent a morsel to feed it wi', and there's walth in the warld for us a', were it a' weel wared an' judiciously divided. Yet even here, whaur poortith feeds on poortith, want also helps wretchedness. Look at that cocked-nosed, high-cheeked Hibernian, wha has just been gieing a big bawbee's worth to the wee deein' lookin' lassie ; examine his establishment, and you'll learn that he wha helps anither has maistly as muckle need o' help himsel'. His cart an auld box, wi' twa rough barkit larch trams and a pair o' hurley wheels attached, is slung ower the back o' a lang luggit, bare baned, beld skinned wee cuddy, standing close to the plainstones, quietly mumping some green blades. A bare-headed, bare-fitted urchin, clad in an auld pair o' knee-breikums, an' a coat that might hae ance been his grandfather's, sits squatted on the grund, feeding the cuddy, an' ever an' anon gies it some touching proofs o' his affection, by throwing his arms round its neck, while the humanized quadruped whisks its skeleton tail, cocks its lugs, pushes its face into his hand, and expresses its sense o' the kindness o' its provider. They are baith o' the same household, baith foster brothers,—the laddie

looes the faither that works, and the dumb brute that toils for him; and there are scenes in high life no containing sae muckle pure sentiment as is to be found in the hame o' that travelling Hibernian merchant.

"Green-hearted auld fool that I am, here am I now in the middle o' a rollickin' set-o' bairns, as merry a group o' raggit little urchins as e'er were seen thegither; they are a' o' ae family, and hae come out to spend their Saturday night's bawbee—ae bawbee among the seven. The auldest carries a lumbering lout o' a blubbering boy, wha wi' his finger thrust in his mouth keeps roarin lustily; in they a' stumble into a dim and dingy sweetie shop; the purchase is made, they a' examine it, the lolaby screams at the tap o' his voice, the gundy-monger orders them off, an' awa they scamper doun the next close, as weel pleased wi' the bawbee purchase as if they held a lottery prize. Little merry creatures, dwell on this moment o' felicity; many enjoyments in after-life ye may hae, but few that will be relished so sweetly as the morsel now to be divided among ye!

"Here also are to be seen the stark form and blate look o' the out-door labourer, and black murky face o' the brent-browed artisan, a' playing the part o' capitalists for ae little hour; their thrifty wives priggging, and striving, and scheming to gar the limited an' scanty weekly allowance gang as far as they can towards the comfort o' the weans at hame.

" 'Aye the weans cry crowdie, crowdie,  
Crowdie mammy, crowdie mae,  
Till the wee but hungry totts  
Hae crowdied a' the meal away.'

"Here the pair widow is likewise seen struggling hard to conceal her wants, and aften smothering, by her bashfu' forbearance, the charity which she might easily awaken. Tears well nae frae the dried-up springs o' a broken heart. Decent pride can ill stoop to beg, an' mony a desolate widow wad rather dee o' want than let the warld ken her necessities.

"Let us in the meantime, however, leave this emporium o' character, wi' its lang an' tempting array o' penny-shows, ballad-singers, speech-criers, baskets o' laces, combs, caps, shoe-ties, an' twopenny mirrors, wi' hurleys fu' o' cherry-cheekit apples an' brown speldings, and let us visit twa friends o' mine in their quiet quarters. Nae solitude in the country is half sae quiet as in the middle o' a big town; and there are few bodies that the warld ken or care less about than



“THE SPUNK SPLITTERS.\*

OUN a steep crookit close, lowering, ourie  
and grim,  
Whaur the windows are few, and the lights  
are dim,  
Whaur twa winkin' lamps in the keen frosty  
nicht  
Send up their lang columns o' dim smeekeit  
licht,  
And the heigh hoary houses, maist meetin'  
aboon,  
Keep out ilka blink o' the red fozzy moon,  
There's ae window shines thro' the dark-  
ness sae dun—  
That's the hame o' auld Dumpie and  
Duncan her son.

“There's a strong gurly blast, tho' its no frae the south,  
Ne'er mind, but slip into the dark entry mouth,  
And step up ae storey, nor marvel ye sair,  
Tho' close by your lug a bit donkey should rair ;  
Nor heed, when you get to the storey aboon,  
Tho' some squeeikin' grumphies in concert may croon ;  
Ne'er fash, but bolt up like the shot o' a gun,  
Till ye win up to Dumpie and Duncan her son.

“Yet while ye're gaun up to see what's gaun on there,  
Tak tent o' your feet in that worn windin' stair :  
Nor cower for that tyke wi' its lang eerie howl,  
Nor swarf for that cat, wi' its starved wailing yowl,  
Nor the wee whingin' wean, skyting down wi' a skirl,  
Nor the half open door, dauded to wi' a dirl ;  
Up—up to the garret, I'll wad ye get fun,  
Gif ance ye reach Dumpie and Duncan her son.

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\* The profession of spunk (*Anglicè*, matches) splitting is now at an end. The worthy members thereof must now have sought another mode of living ; and the gaberlunzie having seen the decay of his own order, about the same time when “German lucifers,” and a whole legion of “infernals,” had put an end to the spunk-splitting and brimstone-dipping vocation, it naturally follows, that he should take a deep interest in the fate of

“Dumpie and Duncan her son.”

“ Ne'er mind tho' auld Dumps, when ye rap at the door,  
May bid ye gae wa', wi' a gruff girm'n' roar ;  
Her bark's no her bite, sae ne'er mind ye her din,  
But lift up the sneck and pap cannily in :  
Put on your best specks if ye're short in the sight,  
Shut out a' the dark, and let in a' the light,  
And finish the picture that I hae begun,  
For now ye see Dumpie and Duncan her son.

“ But just for their sakes wha might hae to come far,  
To ken what this couple o' queer bodies are,  
And might think him a beggar, and her an auld hunks,  
I may hint that the bodies are thrang splittin' spunks,  
That they're aft scant o' meat, and sair scrimpit o' claes,  
That they've warsled right sair wi' the warld a' their days,  
Yet aye wi' their ain hands their living they've won ;  
O wha loes nae Dumpie and Duncan her son.

“ The last whiles are first ; there's an Eye up aboon,  
Tho' we seldom look up, never tires lookin' doon,  
That taks a' the feckless aye under its ken,  
The wee hungry birds, and the weak sons o' men ;  
That Eye shedding radiance o'er nature afar,  
Illuming each planet, and lighting each star,  
While sparkling with glory it kindles the sun,  
Lights the lown hearts o' Dumpie and Duncan her son.”

It is possible that the circle of the Gaberlunzie's admirers may be much circumscribed by his ballads generally being so peculiarly Scottish in dialect, and his sketches of character frequently drawn from what is fashionably termed low life. We would, however, fain believe that the world is now getting heartily sick of the torrent of Cockney slang with which it has long been deluged, and that the public would rather have some other text-book to regulate their morals than the Newgate Calendar, even although paraphrased by the most popular periodical writers of the day. Entertaining these views, we shall be disappointed if the out-door freshness of honest, humble Scottish life, and the kindly homeliness of the Scottish tongue, be not sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of a very considerable proportion of the reading and thinking

community. Our hero seems of a similar opinion, when he exclaims, "Wha wad I sing anent if I didna sing o' my ain class,—'a fellow feeling maks us wondrous kind;' an' they wha, when ilk ither door was steekit, made me aye welcome to halve their bed an' their bicker, weel merit a' the notice I can gie them. We a' hae our shortcomings an' our fauts; yet weel I trow there are fewer vices an' mair virtues among the pair than the warld weel wots o', an' the gangrel bodies among whilk I hae spent the buik o' my life hae baith pith an' poetry among them. Blessings attend the meal-pock that feeds, an' the barn that beds them; like the widow's cruise and barrel, they shall baith be the fou'er." With regard to the dialect, he observes, "Dinna ye be alarmed; if the ballads are worth reading, our Southern neighbours will soon find out the meaning o' the braided word in them; besides, ye ken we are the true conservatives o' the auld stieve Saxon tongue, and mony bonny words lang reputed an' believed to be Scotticisms are to be found in the writings o' the fathers o' English sang, and are now restored to the place they are sae weel entitled to haud in the language spoken by the greatest nation on the face o' the yirth. Ah!" again exclaims he, with strong emphasis, "therein consists the peculiar glory o' Scotland, she's sae fond o' auld associations—auld feelings—auld songs—auld friends—an' auld lang syne,—and there's little danger that sae lang as she keeps up her auld character, her noble sister England will ever forsake or forget her; friendly as they hae lang been, every day knits them closer. Mony o' the bonny fair-haired English lassies hae learnt Burns, maist o' them hae read Scott, an' aiblins some o' them will throw a blythe blink o' their ee on the sayings o' the Gaberlunzie. Mony auld stories, sangs, and ballants hae I gathered anent the ancient feudal families o' our native country, that will aiblins baith amuse and interest them. Dinna ye think that I hae been piping, an' fiddling, an' singing, an' story-telling, among the halls an' the cottages o' Scotland half a century for naething. Far hae I travelled wi' a bare back an' a hungry heart, but aften when the stock o' provend for the bodie was sma', the mind got abundant food for reflection. The common sufferings o' humanity mak us a' common brithers, an' the sorrowfu' heart has aften gotten relief, by pouring its plaint into the ear o' the Gaberlunzie. Bronze-browed, ruddy-cheeked, and hale-hearted as I am, these gray



THE AUNT BEGGAR MAN

*The beggar man's name is John, and he is old and  
 and he is a very poor man, and he is a very  
 and he is a very poor man, and he is a very  
 and he is a very poor man, and he is a very*



locks camna without grief, these furrows didna gather without tears. Yet the colour o' the hair's no worth minding, an' the corners o' my een are mair wrinkled wi' laughin', than the corners o' my mou' wi' girnin'; so here's a sang anent ane o' my ain exploits in the days o' yore. Some auld wives living yet (then the flowers o' the village) may mind it brawly; an' aiblins while their bosoms are heezed up wi' a momentary recollection o' those early days, they will tell how weel they then relished the free an' hearty smacks o'



“THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

HE auld cripple beggar cam jumpin, jumpin,  
 Hech how the bodie was stumpin, stumpin,  
 His wee wooden leggie was thumpin, thumpin—  
 Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?  
 An' aye he hirpled and hoastit, hoastit,  
 Aye he stampit his foot, and he boastit,  
 Ilka woman and maid he accostit—  
 Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

“The auld wives cam hirplin in scores frae the clachan,  
 The young wives cam rinnin, a' gigglin an' lauchin,  
 The bairnies cam toddlin a' jinkin an' daffin,  
 An' pookit the tail o' the queer auld man.  
 Out cam the young widows a' blinkin fu' meekly,  
 Out cam the young lasses a' smirkin fu' sweetly,  
 Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin discreetly,  
 An' gat a bit smack frae the queer auld man.

“Out cam the big blacksmith, a' smeekeit and duddy,  
 Out cam the fat butcher, a' greasy and bluidy,  
 Out cam the auld cartwright, the wee drucken bodie,  
 An' swore they would flaughter the queer auld man.  
 Out cam the lang weaver, wi' his biggest shuttle,  
 Out cam the short snab, wi' his sharp cutty whittle,  
 Out cam the young herd, wi' a big tattie beetle,  
 An' swore they would batter the queer auld man.

“The beggar he coost aff his wee wooden peg,  
 An’ he show’d them a brawny sturdy leg;  
 I wat but the carle was strappin an’ gleg—  
     Saw ye e’er sic a brisk auld man?  
 He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife;  
 He dumpit the butcher, wha ran for his life;  
 He chased the wee wright wi’ the butcher’s sharp knife—  
     Saw ye e’er sic a brave auld man?”

“He puff’d on the weaver, he ran to his loom;  
 He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon;  
 He skelpit the herd, on his bog-reed to croon—  
     Saw ye e’er sic a strong auld man?  
 The wives o’ the toun then a’ gather’d about him,  
 An’ loudly an’ blithely the bairnies did shout him;  
 They hooted the loons wha had threaten’d to clout him—  
     Kenn’d ye e’er sic a lucky auld man?”

## THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.



The auld cripple beggar cam jumpin, jumpin, Hech how the bodie was



stumpin, stumpin, His wee wooden leggie was thumpin', thumpin';



Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man? An' aye he hirpled, and



hoast - it, hoast - it, Aye he stampit his foot, and he boastit,



Ilk - a woman and maid he ac-cost-it, - Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?