

HOLIDAYS.

I SIT in ae chair wi' my feet in anither,
 I hotch an' I grunt, an' I'm jist in a swither
 If I wadna be better in bed a'thegither,
 For the day is wat an' dreary.

I wish either me or the rain was awa',
 I'm ready wi' even my shadow tae thraw,
 I'm fashed an' I'm fashious, an' tired o' it a',
 For the day is wat an' dreary.

I've smoked mysel' sick an' faun' faut wi' my dinner,
 At girnin' an' growlin' I'd match an' be winner,
 'Twad anger a saint—an' I'm jist a puir sinner—
 An' the day is wat an' dreary.

I've read till I'm wearied, tried music in vain,
 I've looked oot the window, an' cursed at the rain,
 I've wunnered if whan I cam here I was sane,
 For the day is wat an' dreary.

A day in the kintra is a' very weel,
 But in weather like this a puir toonsman may feel
 That raither than stay in't he'd go tae the deil,
 For the day is wat an' dreary.

Auld Time's staunin' still; does he think it's a
shoo'er?

Each meenit's drawn oot tae the length o' an oor :
I'd kill him, but that is fair oot o' my poo'er,
For the day is wat an' dreary.

The wee birds are silent; they've nae he'rt tae sing,
They're no very sure if it's winter or spring;
They're coorin' for shelter, they're no on the wing,
For the day is wat an' dreary.

It's maybe a guid enough day for a mole
Or some creepin' cratur that leeves in a hole,
But tae glower oot a window's no easy tae thole,
For the day is wat an' dreary.

ANONYMOUS.