

IN OOR KAILYARD.

THERE'S mony a tear been drapped, nae doot,
 Ower oor kailyard,
 For tears ha'e aye been thereabout
 In oor kailyard :
 But yont the kail was aye the wa',
 And ower it mony a wind wad blaw
 Frae ferlie launs nae ither saw
 To oor kailyard.

Sang aiblins was a dwinin' floo'er
 In oor kailyard,
 Wi' mair o' peety in't than poo'er
 In oor kailyard,
 But in amang the runts at times
 Some daft glint kittled up the rhymes,
 And bells o' Elfland rang their chimes
 In oor kailyard.

Philosophy wad glow'rin' staun'
 In oor kailyard,
 And weigh the worls in its haun'
 In oor kailyard ;
 Wad staun' and peer ayont the wa',
 Searchin' the mystery o' it a',
 And never see the kail ava'
 In oor kailyard.

Wi' heids in the clouds abune their kail
 In oor kailyard,
 Oor folk ha'e seen creation sail
 Ower oor kailyard ;

The whirlin' bleeze o' comets fine,
 Braw shapes o' heathenish design,
 A' circlin' by in solemn line
 Roon' oor kailyard.

Mair grew than green-kail commonsense
 In oor kailyard;
 Faur yont there stretched the wide, immense
 Haill worl's kailyard;
 We werena blin', but hadna words
 To speak the thochts that pierced like swords,
 But stood dumb-foonert by the Lord's
 Ain braw kailyard.

And beauty? Ah, did we no see't
 In oor kailyard,
 Wi' eager een and try to pree't
 In oor kailyard?
 A hunner years by that auld wa',
 Aye workin' at oor ain bit raw,
 We've waited for its spirit to fa'
 On oor kailyaird.

And will its livin' presence come
 To oor kailyard,
 And Scotland staun' nae langer dumb
 In her kailyard?
 I canna tell—I dinna ken—
 I whiles ha'e visions o't—but then
 It a' depends what breed o' men
 'S in oor kailyard.

ROBERT BAIN.

kailyaird, cottage garden.
ferlie, strange.
peer, look.
aiblins, perhaps.

dwinin', fading.
kittled, aroused.
pree't, taste it.
runts, kail stems.

SHAKESPEARE AND DICKENS AND ME.

THE langer I leeve the mair I'm impressed
 By Shakespeare and Dickens and Me.
 I micht hae said Scott, but still at the last
 He's raither ta'en up wi' the things o' the past,
 But nae sic reflection, I think, can be cast
 At Shakespeare or Dickens—or me.

His humour's a' richt—in that, as ye ken,
 He's like Shakespeare or Dickens or me;
 For humour's the same, whaever ye gang,
 Wi' a glint in its e'e, as it toddles alang,
 Whiles breakin', wi' Shakespeare, oot into a sang,
 Or lauchin', wi' Dickens and me.

I lauch to mysel' whan I think o' the phrase—
 “Shakespeare and Dickens and ME!”
 It soon's gey consaitty—but, oh, the chairm
 O' the ither twa whan they tak' my airm
 An' tell me a wee bit conceit 'll no hairm
 Either o' them or me.

An' we dauner aboot, we dinna mind whaur,
 The twa I hae mentioned and me;
 Whiles ta'en up with the flash o' a caur,
 Whiles wi' the puir folk common as glaur,
 And thochts about baith gang travellin' faur
 In the heids o' them and me.

And whiles we sigh wi' a deep content,
 Wullie and Cherlie and me—

At the wonnerfu' things about oor feet,
The wonnerfu' queer folk in the street,
And wonner at a' we see or meet
Fa's on Wullie and Cherlie and me.

The deil the haet o' pride hae they,
Bletherin' there wi' me—
O' moons an' stars an' siclike things,
O' wise daft callants and daft wise kings,
And a' the thochts the daft Muse brings
To the likes o' them and me.

Nae doot ye think I whiles feel prood,
O' thae twa traikin' wi' me;
But never a thocht o' vanity
Comes into the heid o' them or me,
For a' dust's dust to the hail o' the three,
Shakespeare and Dickens and me.

We three gaed into a restaurant,
Shakespeare and Dickens and me;
I had my tea—but the ither twa
Were ghaists that naebody roond us saw,
An' sae they baith just drifted awa'
Frae their empty chairs and me.

An' that's the sorrow o' a' that's acquent
Wi' Shakespeare and Dickens, like me—
That as we wander about amang men,
O' a' we meet there's nane can ken
The wonnerfu' shapes that's passin' then—
Shakespeare, Dickens and ME—
Blin' folk!
Thinkin' there's only Me!

COCK O' THE NORTH.

A Cock o' the North begood to craw—
 The midden aneath him he barely saw—
 For a' he cared it was miles awa'—
 Though there wasna a glint o' the sun ava'
 And it was a cauld, grey mornin';
 Ay, cauld and grey was the mornin'!

“What are ye crawin' for?” cackled the goose;
 “A' was as quate as death in the hoose,
 An' ye couldna hear the cheep o' a moose;
 What sets ye up there crawin' sae croose
 At this daft 'oor o' the mornin'?”

“By the stretch o' your neck an' the strut o' your
 legs,
 An' the flash in your twa een bricht an' gleg's
 The point o' a needle, I doot, ma fegs,
 There's been a by-ordinar layin' o' eggs,
 For a' it's a frosty mornin'.”

“Eggs! Eggs are naething to me ava'.
 Mine is a loftier mission an' ca'.
 Whan the planets were laid oot, raw on raw,
 To me was gi'en the trumpet to blaw
 The word to the sun in the mornin'.”

“ There was nae sun ava’ yestreen !”

“ I’ve naething to dae wi’ what has been.

I’m here to open sleepin’ folks’ een,

To see what ever o’ sun’s to be seen——”

“ But what if there’ nane in the mornin’ ?”

“ That’s nae concern o’ mine,” quo’ the cock.

“ Gin the sun doesna mind to keep time wi the clock,

It lies wi’ me to roose the folk

Wi’ a blast o’ my trumpet an’ gie them a shock——

It’s guid for their nerves in the mornin’.

“ To wauken the hoose baith but and ben,

Syne send my challenge ower valley and glen

To wauken the worl an’ let it ken

There’ll never be onything dune by men

That lie in their beds in the mornin’.

“ You cackle awa’ to your he’rt’s content !

Nane but geese ’ll ever tak’ tent.

My talent to me frae heaven was sent,

No’ to be buried awa’, but spent——

An’ I’ll crawl till I burst in the mornin’.”

“ Ay, mony’s the time,” said the goose, “ and aft,

My mither has tell’t me cocks were daft.”

“ Losh, lassie, that’s the mark o’ oor craft,

To gie the ower wise worl a waft

O’ lunacy in the mornin’.”

“Gin that’s your wey o’t, blether awa’.”

“Weel, you maun cackle and I maun craw.”

And he rase on his taes an’ gied a blaw,

An’ the mists curled up into rosy snaw,

And the sun lauched oot on the mornin’.

Sae, cocks and cockerels o’ the North,

Poets daft, baith sides o’ the Forth;

Keep on crawin’ for a’ you’re worth;

Dinna be blate in the land o’ your birth,

Gin ye’d see its sun rise in the mornin’.

That sun may be in a bit o’ a swither,

To shine on the land that’s a’ oor mither,

But gin ye a’ keep crawin’ thegither,

First the tane and then the tither,

SOMETHING maun rise in the mornin’—

It’ll no be cauld that mornin’!

ROBERT BAIN.

midden, dung pit.

crouse, brisk.

blate, backward.

gleg’s, sharp.

tent, heed.