

## THE FISHER.

AMANG the hills, streech'd at his ease,  
Adjustin' lines an' buskin' flees  
A guid half-pun'er sune to seize,  
Dreams Aun'ra.

By bosky lochside noo he casts,  
Intent as lang's the gloamin' lasts,  
Or e'er the simmer e'enin' blasts  
Sing chilly.

In peatty watters to the knee,  
His line an' reel, clear rinnin' free,  
He whups his rod an' casts his flee,  
Troot temptin'.

But feth! the fish are sweart to rise,  
Till juist whan mirk comes ower the skies,  
A jaunty troot his luck then tries,  
He's grippit!

An' noo a test o' skill begins!  
The fish fast doon the watter rins,  
An' Aun'ra oot amang the whins  
Gangs wi' 'im.

His line he noo begins to draw,  
An' gently wi' his reel to ca'  
Puir trootie's strength fast ebbs awa'.  
He's landit!

The fecht gangs on frae mirk till morn,  
 Whan hameward past the dewy corn  
 Douce Aun'ra struts, his basket borne  
 Fu' proodly.

O' a' the sports that mankind plays,  
 Be't Simmer, Spring or Autumn days,  
 There's nane deserves oor he'rtfelt praise  
 Like fishin'.

JAMES BROWN.

*buskin'*, dressing.  
*sweart*, reluctant.

*bosky*, unfrequented.