

## THE PEST.

OH ye, wha in your oors o' ease,  
 Are fashed wi' golochs, mauks, an' flees,  
 Fell stingin' wasps an' bumble bees,  
     Tak tent o' this :  
 There's ae sma pest that's waur nor these  
     To mar your bliss.

They hing o'er hedges, burns, an' wuds,  
 An' dance at e'en in dusky cluds ;  
 Wi' a' your random skelps an' scuds,  
     They're naeweys worrit :  
 Gin there's a hole in a' your duds,  
     They'll mak straucht for it.

I've traivled wast, I've traivled east ;  
 I'm weel aquant wi' mony a beast ;  
 Wi' lions, teegers, bears—at least  
     I've kent their claw :  
 I've been the fell mosquito's feast—  
     But this coves a'.

Auld Scotland, on thy bonnie face,  
 Whan Mither Nature gied ye grace,  
 Lown, birken glens an' flo'ery braes,  
     Wild windy ridges,  
 To save ye frae deleerit praise,  
     She gied ye midges.

W. RUS DARLING.

*golochs*, earwigs.  
*mauks*, maggots.

*duds*, clothes.  
*coves*, surpasses.