

## AN APRIL WEAN.

APRIL rowed a wee bit laddie in her green, green  
plaid :

“ Come and see the bonny ferlies in the warld !” she  
said ;

“ There are crocuses and lillies,  
Gowden spinks and daffodillies  
(Weel prepared for sunny showers  
Wi’ umbrellas in their flowers),  
Puddock stools and fairy rings,  
And sae mony ither things !”

“ But I doot your bonny warld is geyan weet and  
cauld ;

A’ the folk that gang about it are sae dour and auld :

They’ve nae thocht o’ lilt or daffin’,  
Heartsome ploys, or idle daffin’ ;  
They think naething is sae bonny  
As the glint o’ gowden money,  
An’ they never bend their knees  
But to gaither in bawbees !”

“ Hech ! Ye’ll see a mighty differ, lad, when we gang  
doun,

For the stiffest folk are souple when I come to toun !

When I send their bonnets spinnin’,  
Ye suld see the auld anes rinnin’,  
Lauchin’, stottin’, fa’in’, skirlin’,  
Pechin’, blawin’, wheezin’, birlin’,  
Till wi’ lauchin’ I am sair,  
And can puff an’ blaw nae mair !”

“Dod! But that’s a ploy a laddie wad be fain to see!  
Are there folks doonbye to hap an’ feed a bairn like  
me?”

“There’s a faither and a mither  
And a kindly aulder brither;  
And they’ll cradle ye sae sweetly  
Ye’ll forget the skies completely;  
And I’ll come ilk year to see  
Hoo your folks and you agree.”

TAMAR FAED.

*ferlies*, wonders.  
*bawbees*, halfpennies.  
*pechin'*, panting.

*hap*, clothe.  
*ilk*, each.

## A WINTRY SANG.

A BIRD sat chitterin' on a tree

When the year was dune and auld;  
And he cheepit to me sae peetiously,  
"Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!

I wadna girn at the bitter sleet

Nor the blast that blaws sae bauld;  
Tho' the grund be weet, I can aye get meat—  
Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!

But the grund is gript wi' an icy hand,

Ma wings I weel may fauld,  
For there's nocht to be fand in an airn land—  
Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!

Hunger has gien ma pride a bit shake;

Sae noo that ma tale is tauld,  
Can ye spare me a peck for auld sake's sake?  
Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!"

TAMAR FAED.

*chitterin'*, shivering.

*peck*, a small quantity.

## THE INCOMER.

My mither had gane wast the toun,  
 I'd naebody to guide me,  
 Whan Love cam' chappin' at the door,  
 And cried to win aside me;  
 I vowed that I wad draw the sneck,  
 For Love was aye a traitor—  
 But first I'd maybe tak' a keek  
 An' see the wee bit craiter.

But when I saw the bonny bairn,  
 Sae winsome-like and cheerie,  
 I clasped him wi' a longin' airm  
 An' ca'ed him my ain dearie.  
 Noo, whiles I lauch, and whiles I greet,  
 An' wistna what's the maitter—  
 But weel I wot it canna be  
 That bonny, wee bit craiter !

TAMAR FAED.

*sneck*, fasten the latch of the door.

## THE SPAEWIFE.

COME, lay by your cutty, ye auld gipsy wife!

Here's siller to bring second-sicht to your e'e;  
They say ye foretell a' the chances o' life—  
Noo, read what the future is spinnin' for me!

Success in adventure! I wot ye're richt there,  
The sword in ma scabbard is easy to draw.  
And gowd for the liftin'! Ye promise sae fair,  
I doot there's a sting i' the tail o' it a'.

Does the road I maun tread rin awa to the west,  
Whaur the saut waves are swept by the sea-farin'  
gull?

Dinna—dinna say nay! Ye may keep a' the rest  
Gin ye'll let me win hame to the red rocks o' Mull!

TAMAR FAED.

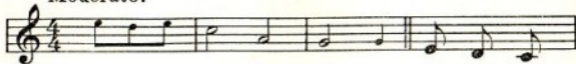
*cutty*, a short clay pipe.

**HAME'S HAME.**

Words by  
TAMAR FAED.

Music by  
ROBERT M<sup>c</sup> LEOD.

Moderato.



1. I've trai-velled
2. Hame to the
3. My heart is



faur, — I've trai-velled wide, — Sin' last I  
hills, — that gai-ther round, — A wee auld  
greet - in' in my breast; — I can - na



saw the Bor - der side Wi' a' its  
far - rant mar - ket town That cud - dles  
bide, I can - na rest Till I win



sil - ler burns; But noo that  
doun a - sleep; Hame to the  
hame a - gain; A for - eign

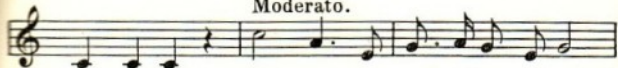


Time — puts forth his hand — To speed my  
stream — that sweetly rins — By bon-ny  
lānd, — a for-eign sea — Are nocht but



last few grains of sand It's hame my  
glens an' leaf - y linns An' owre the  
sichts an' shows to me, But Scot - land

## Moderato.



heart re - turns. } Fain, fain, but eh, my heart is fain,  
craigs sae steep. }  
is my ain. }



Fain, fain, wad I be back a - gain, —



For the winds o' mem - 'ry steal



Frae the airt I lo'e sae weel And



hame's hame. —