

THE WEY O' A WOMAN.

WHAT is it, Tam, gars ye think that I loe ye,
 Aye glowerin' at me wi' your hungerin' een,
 That whiles I'll alloo seem to gang through an'
 through me,
 Though whiles—an' that's aftenest—I care na a
 preen?

Div ye think, lad, I'm wearin' my he'rt on my bunnet
 For a' folks to see an' for a' folks to try?
 But, aiblins, my man, ye wad fin', gin ye won it,
 That the he'rts o' us women is gey kittle kye.

I wunner what's in me attracts ye, my mannie :
 Is't my een, or my mou', or is't that I'm young
 An' no owre camsteerie, but douce-like an' canny?
 There's ae thing I'm sure o'—it isna my tongue !

That I canna help lowsin' to gie ye a flytin'
 When ye're blate as a sheep or as stiff as a stirk,
 Or when, warst o' a', ye talk o' troth plightin'
 An' oexterin' me up the brae to the kirk.

I wunner ye stan' it, ye're no a' a sumphie,
 An' whiles honied words divna stick in your hass ;
 But, fegs, ye're a faur better judge o' a grumphie
 Than ye are o' the weys o' a switherin' lass,

Wha canna richt say if her he'rt is inclinin'
 A wee bittock your gait, or else aiblins no;
 But your leal he'rt, my laddie, I couldna thole tynin',
 An' so I just *hae* to tak' you for my joe.

JOHN F. FERGUS.

preen, a pin.

aiblins, perhaps.

camsteerie, unmanageable.

blate, shy.

sumphie, stupid.

thole, suffer.

tynin, losing.

joe, sweetheart.

THE AILIN' BAIRN.

THERE'S a bonnie wee bogle comes doon the lum,
 At nicht when I'm a' my lane,
 An' I lie awake till I see it come,
 For it eases my dool and pain.

It mak's a cloak o' the surrlin' reek,
 An' tosses the sparks on hie:
 An' I watch an' watch, but I daurna speak
 For fear that awa' it'll flee.

An' it jinks an' dances the lowe amang,
 An' never gets burnt ava',
 An' whiles it tweeters a wee bit sang
 Like music that's faur awa.

But its face I can never richtly see,
 Though it seems to hae shinin' een,
 That aye sae kindly look ower at me,
 An' the bogle I ken 's a frien'.

An' I wunner, gin I get strang again,
 If the bogle'll come an' play
 Wi' me in the sun, an' the wind, an' the rain,
 For the hale o' the leelang day.

Or gin I dee, will the bogle come,
 Wi' a look that is sad an' wae,
 An' tak' me awa' wi' him up the lum,
 To the bonnie place he cam' frae?

JOHN F. FERGUS.

ailin', sick.
lum, chimney.

bogle, apparition.
dool, grief.