

## IN EXILE.

UP by the back o' Bennachie,  
 Up North an' hyne awa'!  
 Och, that's far I would like to be,  
 For a'thing here's a thra'.

Up at the back o' Bennachie,  
 Far Gaudie rins sae sweet!  
 Gin I were there I'd be at hame,  
 An' off the hard steen street.

The street, the street, the weary street,  
 Be't day shift or at nicht—  
 A hell o' shops an' motor cars,  
 In bleezin' waste o' licht.

The thing roars by like Don in spate,  
 But God knows far it gings—  
 I'm on the bank an' needna speer  
 Foo't a' thegither hings.

I just pace on wi' steady beat,  
 An' files tak' up a stan'  
 At corner bits, to ease my feet  
 An' gie the tyauve a scan.

An' then I'm back 'tween Oyne an' Insch,  
In blithesome caller air,  
Wi' ae e'e on the Mither Tap,  
The tither plooin' fair :—

Back far I ken it's fine to be  
In hairst time or in snaw—  
Roun by the fit o' Bennachie,  
The ae kind bit o' a'.

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

*tyauve*, to struggle.

*caller*, fresh.

## THE HOWDY AND THE CLAIK.

BUT wheesht!—there's Meg the Howdy-wife!—

Howdy-wife,

Howdy-wife;

The sicht o' 'r like a bubbly-jock

Gars a' the lassies flee.

There's naething that she disna ken,

Disna ken,

Disna ken;

Tho' truth she canna aye mak' oot—

But that's 'tween you an' me.

She kens the ruit an' rise o' a',

Rise o' a',

Rise o' a';

An' for the kintra-side about

She has the pedigree.

On some she pits the fear o' deith,

Fear o' deith,

Fear o' deith;

For what she kens wad coup the cãrt

O' some that's unco hie.

An' wha like her can dress a corp—

Dress a corp,

Dress a corp;

A' clean an' straucht in bonnie peace

Wad dae ye guid to see.

But whiles I think she kens the Deil,  
    Kens the Deil,  
    Kens the Deil;  
For, losh! it's like a witch's gift—  
    The thing that's in her e'e.

Wi' Muckle Meg be cannie O,  
    Cannie O,  
    Cannie O;  
In case she kens a kittle thing  
    Wad irk ye like a flea.

But O she kens to bring them hame—  
    Bring them hame,  
    Bring them hame;  
And bairns that get her Howdy-skelp  
    Need never fear the sea.

“ ‘Need never fear the sea,’ ye say?”  
    So they say,  
    So they say;  
But, Lord, than let her handle me  
    I think I'd rather dee!!

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

*howdy-wife*, mid-wife.

*coup*, upset.

## THE SUMP.

As I gaed doon the Canongate—  
 Think ye that I was blin' ?  
 Tho' she'd a shawl upon 'er heid,  
 An' nae licht but the Mune.

At me she shot a merry glint,  
 An' gied 'er heid a cast :  
 Then wi' a lauch she gaily said—  
 " I canna let ye past."

My he'rt gaed thumpin' at ma ribs—  
 Am shure I look't a sheep !  
 As roun' she wheel't an' linkit me,  
 While I could hardly cheep.

Quo' she : " My lad, yer unco bash !—  
 A dram wad dae ye guid :  
 Come in by here—a place I ken—  
 They've stuff'll warm yer bluid."

To her bit howff we slippit in—  
 I saw she kent the road :  
 An' in a closet neuk we drank  
 Till I was fairly sod.

Her e'en war black, or maybe broon—  
 I couldna say for shure ;  
 But what she said an' what she did  
 Betrayed she was the Whoor.

An' whan we left the kittle hole,  
 Wi'ts wee bit skinklin' lamp—  
 She leuch at me an' ca'd me "Sumph!"  
 Jist like some orra scamp.

An' shure eneuch ma heid was fu'—  
 Ma pouches they war toom;  
 As there I sat beside the door,  
 No' fit to bite ma thoum'.

But, eh ma Gode! the wench was fine!—  
 She was nae common drab;  
 A bonnie lilt was on 'er tongue,  
 An' honey sweet her gab.

Gin I gang doon the Canongate  
 An' meet wi' her again,  
 I ken she'll get her will o' me,  
 An' I'll be jist as fain!

For tho' she whumml't me, the jaud!  
 She stirred me to the core;  
 An' gart the sumph that in me was  
 Flee hyne forever more.

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

*kittle*, cunning.

*sumph*, simpleton.

*whumml't*, upset.

## AT THE NADIR.

THE howe o' the year—

In dirdum o' wind an' snaw!—

Nae spunk o' fire to cheer;

An' naething to pit in oor craw : . . .

What wad they hae?—

Frae folk can nor want nor win!—

They say we should " Pray

HIM to keep us frae sin !"

But God kens weel

The Deil 'ull get little to claw

If it's on oor meal

He lippens to fill his maw !

Aye!—a " doon an' oot !"

Is what they ca' me, now-a-days :—

Ma tools—up the spoot !

What I stan' in—a' ma claes !

. . . . .

Lass!—you an' me's dune :—

This nicht's the warst we've hid—

Naething for knife or spune!—

I jist need some grub to see rid ! . . .

Had oor lads been spared  
 Frae that damned "scrap-o'-paper" War!  
 We'd no been sae bared  
 To Winter's fell blight an' scaur. . . .

Wife!—do ye no' think—  
 Wi' them—we'd be better awa?  
 We could pass in a blink  
 Frae a' this warsle an' thraw!

We hae nae road to gang—  
 Nae freens in oor auld North hame—  
 It's a' bye like a sang;  
 An' to leave we needna think shame!

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

*dir-dum*, tumult.  
*fell*, strong.

*warsle*, struggle.  
*lippens*, trusts.



## THE HUNGRY WEAVER.

O WHAT hae ye the nicht, luckie!—

O what hae ye the nicht?

Hae ye onything in the aumrie

Wad gie fell hunger a fricht?

“There’s naething,” said she, “but a pickle  
o’ broth—

A pickle o’ broth an’ a blade o’ kail.

There’s nae red meat, nor a scart o’ white,

An’ to drink, there’s never a drap o’ ale.”

The hoose is shürelly toom, luckie!—

The hoose is shürelly toom!—

Hae ye naething wad comfort a boddie

That’s wrocht a’ day at the loom?

“There’s maybe,” said she, “a herrin’ in  
saut—

That on a farle micht taste yer mou’ :

But butter there’s nane, nor o’ dreepin’ a bit :

An’ naething the day has come frae the  
coo.”

Ye’re unco bare the day, luckie!—

Ye’re shürelly unco bare!—

A herrin’ in saut an’ a farle o’ bread —

A boddie wad need something mair.

“Aweel,” said she, “there’s an ingan, I  
mind—

That an’ a corner o’ skim-milk cheese;

An’ meal as muckle’s mak’ ye brose :—

I’m no sae bare’s ye’re ill to please!”

Ye may be in the richt, luckie,  
 Ye may be in the richt :  
 But I had thochts o' a collop o' flesh,  
 Or the doup o' a hen the nicht.

“Content ye weel,” my luckie she cried,  
 “Fell hunger’s the kitchen to claw the pan,  
 Yer red meat an’ white meat’s but pride o’  
 the e’e

In them mak’ a god o’ their belly, guid-  
 man—

In them mak’ a god o’ their belly !” quo’ she.

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

*luckie*, a term applied  
 to an elderly woman  
 of affairs.

*farle*, a quarter segment  
 of oatcake.

## THE WITCH.

## I.

FOR a' the gaets that I hae been,  
 And a' the lasses I hae seen,  
 The like o' her I met yestreen  
     I never saw at dancin' O!  
 She reelt about wi' sic a grace—  
 In an' out, she reelt about;  
 Reelt about wi' sic a grace,  
     I vow she was entrancin' O!  
 The womenfolk were a' but mad,  
 For deil a ane could keep her lad;  
 They ca'd her for a wanton jade,  
     Sae witchin' was her glancin' O!

## II.

Her bonnie een were o' the blue,  
 But whether gleamin' fause or true,  
 They had the licht that lovers drew,  
     And ne'er a lad can swither O!  
 Like moths she drew them round about—  
 Drew them round, drew them round:  
 Like moths she drew them round about  
     Till some their wings did wither O!  
 And then she led them but an' ben  
 Wi' a' the arts that women ken,  
 Until the women thocht their men  
     Had a' gane gite thegither O!

## III.

But O she was a handsome lass !  
 And with a wit that did surpass,  
 As diamond does the common glass,  
     She fooled us to our faces O !  
 But wha the deil could wish her ill—  
     Wha the deil, wha the deil :  
     He wasna man could wish her ill  
         That had sae mony graces O !  
 The like o' her ye never saw—  
 She'd gar the best forhoo the Law,  
 For sic a witch did Adam fa'  
     An' coup the holy traces O !

PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY.

*gaets*, ways.*forhoo*, forsake.