

## COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

AIR—“*John Anderson, my jo.*”

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,  
Ilk morning scraping orra things thegither for his wife—  
His coat o' glowing ruddy brown, and wavelet wi' gold—  
A crimson crown upon his head, well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,

For, like a man o' mettle, he—siclike meets face to face ;  
 He gi'es the loons a lethering, a crackit croon to claw—  
 There is nae gaun about the bush wi' Cockie-leerie-la !

His step is firm and evenly, his look both sage and grave—  
 His bearing bold, as if he said, " I'll never be a slave ;"  
 And, tho' he hauds his head fu' high, he glinteth to the grun,  
 Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glow'ring at the sun :  
 And whiles I've thocht had he a hand wharwi' to grip a  
 stickie,

A pair o' specks across his neb, and round his neck a dickie,  
 That weans wad laughing haud their sides, and cry—" Pre-  
 serve us a' !

Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawblood, douce Cockie-  
 leerie-la !"

So learn frae him to think nae shame to work for what ye  
 need,

For he that gapes till he be fed, may gape till he be dead ;  
 And if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,  
 That they who winna work in heat, maun hunger in the  
 frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack, and honest pride will  
 fill

Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-aff frien's will bring grist to  
 your mill ;

And if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a  
flaw,

Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes to—Cockie-  
leerie-la!

William Miller