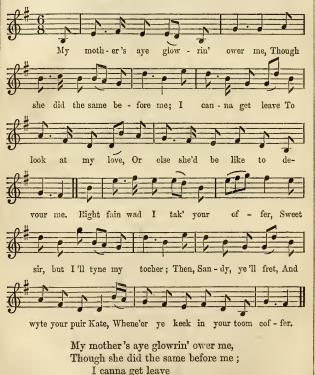
KATIE'S ANSWER.



To look at my love, Or else she'd be like to devour me. Right fain wad I tak' your offer, Sweet sir, but I'll tyne my tocher; Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, And wyte your puir Kate, Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of silver, and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweir
To twine wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' your land,
And, there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.