

THE BONNIE BROUKIT BAIRN.

MARS is braw in crammasy,
Venus in a green silk goun,
The auld mune shak's her gowden feathers,
Their starry talk's a wheen o' blethers,
Nane for thee a thochtie sparin',
Earth, thou bonnie broukit bairn!—
*But greet, an' in your tears ye'll droun
The haill clanjamfrie!*

HUGH M'DIARMID.

broukit, neglected. *clanjamfrie*, collection.
crammasy, red.

THE WATERGAW.

Ae weet forenicht i' the yow-trummle
 I saw yon antrin thing,
 A watergaw wi' its chitterin' licht
 Ayont the on-ding;
 An' I thocht o' the last wild look ye gied
 Afore ye deed !

There was nae reek i' the laverock's hoose
 That nicht—an' nane i' mine;
 But I hae thocht o' that foolish licht
 Ever sin' syne;
 An' I think that mebbe at last I ken
 What your look meant then.

HUGH M'DIARMID.

yow-trummle, ewe tremble.
watergaw, indistinct rain-
 bow.
on-ding, downpour.

reek, smoke.
*There was nae reek in the
 hoose*, it was a dark and
 stormy night.

COUNTRY LIFE.

OOTSIDE! . . . Ootside!
There's dooks that try tae fly,
An' bum-clocks bizzin' by,
A corn-skreich an' a cay
An' guissay i' the cray.

Inside! . . . Inside!
There's golochs on the wa',
A craidle on the ca',
A muckle bleeze o' cones
An' mither fochin' scones.

HUGH M'DIARMID.

dooks, ducks.*bum-clocks*, beetles.*corn-skreich*, corncrake.*guissay*, pig.*cray*, stye.*golochs*, earwigs.*fochin'*, turning.

CROWDIEKNOWE.

Oh to be at Crowdieknowe
 When the last trumpet blaws,
 An' see the deid come loupin' owre
 The auld grey wa's.

Muckle men wi' tousled beards,
 I grat at as a bairn,
 'll scramble frae the croodit clay
 Wi' feck o' swearin'.

An' glower at God an' a his gang
 O' angels i' the lift—
 Thae trashy bleezin' French-like folk
 Wha gar'd them shift!

Fain the weemun-folk 'll seek
 To mak' them haud their row—
*Fegs, God's no blate gin he stirs up
 The men o' Crowdieknowe!*

HUGH M'DIARMID.

feck, great deal.
glower, glare.

lift, firmament.
blate, cautious.