

## SAIR WARK'S NAE EASY.

*Doon at Nether Dallachy*

*There's neither watch nor knock,  
But denner time an' supper time,  
An' aye yoke, yoke.*

It's hingin' in, aye hingin' in,  
A' day fae sax tae sax,  
The de'il a meenit div ye get  
Tae gi'e yersel' a rax.

In winter time it's plooin' ley,  
Or anse it's cain' muck  
Or neeps tae ser' the byllie's nowt,  
Or thrashin' a bit ruck.

The stem-mull at a neep'rin toon  
Is shortsome, but it's sair—  
A fraucht o' barley's nae that licht  
Tae shouther up a stair.

But files there'll be a bonny ploy  
Fin lassies tramp the soo,  
An' filies tee an anterin dram  
For sweelin' doon the stew.

Syne roon again comes shaavin' time  
Wi' grubber, roller, harra—  
Tae haud fowk oot o' langer, dod,  
The hairst's its only marra.

Ye're skilpin' on throu' steens an' stoor  
 Until ye've fir't yer feet,  
 An' aye the grieve is girnin', " Jock,  
 Hing in, ye dozy breet."

It's birze an' scraap an' birze again,  
 Fin neeps come tae the hyow ;  
 Yon foreman chiel, he's sic a de'il  
 For hashin', hashin' throu'.

Yer back may crack, it doesna mak',  
 Ye be'et tae ca awa'—  
 Sae fa's wyte is't ye canna wale  
 The big anes fae the sma'?

An' neist ye're ootbye at the moss  
 Tae cast the winter's peat :  
 A fusome clorty business gin  
 The lair be saft an' weet.

Ye've syne the hey tae tak' aboot,  
 An' gin the wither's shoory  
 It's nesty, scuttery kin' o' wark,  
 An' fin it's dry it's stoory.

The hairst! My certies, thon's the job  
 Tae gar ye pech an' swyte,  
 An' gin ye fa' ahin the lave  
 The grieve gyangs fairly gyte.

It's fine, nae doot, tae hurl about  
For him that ca's the reaper,  
But nae sae fine tae bin' an' stook  
Aside a forcey neeper.

Fae morn tae nicht there's nae devaal  
Fae trauchlin aye an' tyaavin,  
Ye've hardly time tae cla' yersel'  
Fin yoky wi' a yaavin.

It's boo an' lift an' boo again  
Until ye're like tae drap,  
An' maybe files ye'll hae tae scythe  
A laid an' tousled crap.

A weel, at lang length clyak comes,  
Ye've stook't the hinmost rig;  
The warst o't's bye, but still an' on  
It's a' tae fork an' big.

There's eident days' an' forenichts tee  
Aneth a muckle meen,  
Afore ye've gotten winter an'  
Anither hairst is deen.

Dod, man, it's gran' tae see the rucks  
Straucht stanin' an' weel-shapit :  
Ye've deen yer darg an' there it is  
A' thackit braw an' rapit.

But hear the grieve : " Ye glaikit gype,  
 There's nae time tae be lost ;  
 Awa' an' get the tatties up  
 An' happit fae the frost !"

Or lang ye're at the ploo again,  
 Sae roon the sizzens rin,  
 An' aye by tearin' oot the life  
 Ye try tae haud it in.

*Doon at Nether Dallachy*

*There's neither watch nor knock,  
 But denner time an' supper time,  
 An' aye yoke, yoke.*

J. M. CAIE.

*rax*, stretch.

*ley*, lea.

*ca'in' muck*, carting dung.

*byllie's nowt*, cattleman's  
 cattle.

*ruck*, stack.

*stem-mull*, itinerant threshing  
 machine.

*neep'rin'*, neighbouring.

*fraucht*, load.

*ploy*, amusement.

*soo*, a stack of hay or straw.

*anterin*, occasional.

*sweelin'*, washing.

*shaavin'*, sowing.

*fir't*, blistered.

*birze*, press.

*wyete*, blame.

*fusome*, unpleasant.

*devaal*, ceasing.

*tyaavin'*, toiling.

*yoky*, itchy.

*yaavin*, barley corn.

*clyak*, end of cutting the corn.

*eident*, diligent.

*glaikit gype*, foolish simpleton.

## THE PUDDOCK.

A PUDDOCK sat by the lochan's brim,  
 An' he thocht there was never a puddock like him.  
 He sat on his hurdies, he waggled his legs,  
 An' cockit his heid as he glowered throu' the seggs.  
 The bigsy wee cratur' was feelin' that prood,  
 He gapit his mou' an' he croakit oot lood :  
 " Gin ye'd a' like tae see a richt puddock," quo' he,  
 " Ye'll never, I'll sweer, get a better nor me.  
 I've fem'lies an' wives an' a weel-plenished hame,  
 Wi' drink for my thrapple an' meat for my wame.  
 The lasses aye thocht me a fine strappin' chiel,  
 An' I ken I'm a rale bonny singer as weel.  
 I'm nae gyaun tae blaw, but the truth I maun tell—  
 I believe I'm the verra MacPuddock himsel'."

A heron was hungry an' needin' tae sup,  
 Sae he nabbit th' puddock and gollup't him up;  
 Syne runkled his feathers : " A peer thing," quo' he,  
 " But—puddocks is nae fat they eesed tae be."

J. M. CAIE.

*hurdies*, haunches.  
*nabbit*, caught.

*seggs*, rushes.

## FAT'S THE EESE?

I TRIED tae ploo my furrow straucht an' 'fair,  
 Though roch the lan', wi' mony a yird-fast steen;  
 I vrocht an' swat, an' yet, for a' my care,  
 At hairst my crap was maistly licht an' green.

I howkit peats an' keest them fae the lair,  
 Syne cam' an' onding that wad ne'er devaal,  
 An' sae, for a' my tyaavin, lang and sair,  
 My winter fore-nichts files were byous caul'.

I delved my yaird, I planted buss an' floo'r,  
 I watched the bonny buds an' floorish braw,  
 But aft they were, in some mischancy 'oor,  
 A' blaadit by the cranreuch an' the snaw.

I've deen my darg, though ither fowk may tell  
 O' anterin things I micht hae deen some better;  
 I've socht tae ser' my neepers as mysel',  
 Forgi'en their debts an' still been nae man's  
 debtor.

Though a' my life I've warsled up the brae,  
 O' gear I've nane, my frien's are a' awa';  
 An' noo my back is boo't, my haffits gray—  
 I'm spierin' at ye, Fat's the eese o't a'?

J. M. CAIE.

*onding*, a heavy fall of rain  
 or snow.

*tyaavin'*, toiling.

*byous*, exceedingly.

*blaadit*, spoilt.

*darg*, day's work.

*anterin*, occasional.

*warsled*, struggled.

*haffits*, temples.

*spierin'*, asking.