

THE PIPER

Oor Burns Club Supper was held in the ha'—
 Oh! sirs, here's a baur worth the tellin'—
 There was rowth o' guid cheer, an' a dram for us a',
 An' oor he'rts wi' contentment were swellin',
 Fair swellin'!
 Oor he'rts wi' contentment were swellin'.

There was peace an' guidwill till the haggis cam'
 roun',
 An' a piper cam' roun' wi' the haggis;
 An' wha was the piper but yon glaikit loon,
 The gomerall son o' auld Maggie's,
 Auld Maggie's,
 The fushionless son o' auld Maggie's?

His pipes in his oxter, his face like the munc,
 Oh, deil tak' his drones an' his chanter!
 For och! sic a skirl he gied for a tune
 It scunner'd the laird o' Glenbranter,
 Glenbranter,
 Ay, scunner'd the laird o' Glenbranter.

Then up frae the fire rise oor doverin' dougs,
 Wi' een that for mercy implore us;
 They think we hae ta'en an ill-will to their lugs
 An' they jine wi' a yowl in the chorus,
 The chorus,
 They jine wi' a yowl in the chorus.

Auld Duncan McTavish he girn'd an' he grued,
 Could he thole it, the puir Hielan' buddie?
 In his auld-farrant wey he sat thinkin' alood.

An' he syne ca'd the piper a cuddie,
A cuddie!
He syne ca'd the piper a cuddie.

When supper was feenish'd oor chairman, Tam Reid,
Said: "We've had a harmonious meetin',
But the epithet *cuddie* 's been flung at the heid
O' the piper; an' noo he is greetin',
Ay, greetin'!
I tell ye the piper is greetin'."

Then Duncan spak' up, an' nae man we're agreed
Is in age or experience riper:
"Sir, wha ca'd the piper a cuddie ne'er heed;
But wha ca'd the cuddie a piper?
A piper!
Oh, wha ca'd the cuddie a piper?"

PADDY, THE PACKMAN

AULD PADDY, the packman, comes daunerin' roon,
He chaps at ilk door, an' he dumps his pack doon,
An' the lees that he tells are a waefu' disgrace,
But naebody yet breenged a door in his face.
For he bids ye guid mornin' wi' cheeriest smile,
An' the siller frae oot o' your pooch he'll beguile ;
Nae wife can resist him, his words hae a spell,
He tells ye your weans are as bonnie's yersel.
Your gairden's sae braw it's a sicht for sair een,
An' your grumphie's the fattest that ever was seen.
An' your hens !—dinna tell him, he kens by the look
They're your neebour's, puir birds, an' they a' hae
the pook.

He speirs gin ye'll tak' a bit keek at his pack,
Then aff comes the lid, an' he keeps ye in crack.
This bonnie blue ribbon would match your blue een ;
An' here's a braw peenie for Nancy or Jean ;
These muckle red hankies would dae Erchie fine ;
Or your man'll need gallowses, cheap, ane-an'-nine.
Ye whiles shake your heid, but it's nae use ava,
Your brave resolutions gae slippin' awa'.
His wares are sae bonnie, he cracks aye sae croose,
He'll lea' ye wi' de'il a bawbee in the hoose.
An' ye'll cry, " I've been gyte, an' oh ! what'll Jock
say ? "
But Paddy, the packman, 's no' roon ilka day !

AULD ALLAN

“WE’LL tak’ a dauner doon to feed the stots,”
Mony’s the time I’ve heard auld Allan say.
Dauner he aye did, canniest o’ Scots ;
Sma’ shame to him, for he had lang been grey.
I see him yet, nae wrinkles on his broo,
A tall kenspeckle buddie, stracht an’ thin.
Auld-farrant whiskers on his lean chafts grew ;
That sprucely groomed he micht the week begin
Ilk Sawbath he would scart the stibble frae his chin.

“We’ll tak’ a dauner doon,” he’d say again,
“Doon to the haugh to feed the stots, aye, aye.”
An’ syne he has a poke o’ ile-cake ta’en,
An’ cried the collie frae the close oot-by.
He’d scan the skies, the heeven’s woof an’ warp,
Misca’ the weather ere he’d tak’ the gait,
As yin that trails ahint a kisted corp
Richt slowly ower the fields he’d step sedate.
Haste was a thing unseemly, an’ the stots could wait.

Ower ilka fence he’d sclim wi’ muckle care,
Lest on the wire his breeks gat some mishap,
Rheumatics fashed him whiles, his jints were sair,
He’d walk a hunner yairds to seek a slap.
He havered aye to me, or to himsel’,
O’ jobs he ettled daein’ sune or late :
Hoo this stob wantit duntin’ wi’ a mell,
Or that yett maun be pit to richts some gait ;
But sheep would aye get through the hedge : they’d
no’ be bate.

Doon to the banks o' Endrick we would come,
The green haugh-lands fornenst the fields o' Catter,
Auld Allan's stauff upon the pans would drum,
As like as no' the stots were ower the watter.
Doon to the ford he'd hirple, canny-like,
Then to the collie shout: "Gae fetch them, Rover."
Into the stream would plunge the willin' tyke.
"The beasts'll get sair wames amang that clover,"
Allan would mutter, then sit doon, an' nod, an'
dover.

The kye would come, the collie at their heels
Bowfin' an' snappin' at the hinmaist brute.
Some aye would swither at the ford, thrawn de'ils;
Allan would bide for them they'd ken, nae doot.
Then yin by yin they'd breist the Endrick swirlin',
An' yin by yin they'd reach the hither side.
"Some o' thae beasts'll sune be richt for Stirlin',"
Allan would say, an' skelp some glossy hide.
"There's nae stots like them in the strath," he'd say
wi' pride.

Oh! easy-oasy Allan, was't yestreen
That last on braes o' Drymen we twa met?
It's thirty year, aye, that an' mair, I ween,
Sin' ye were cairried through the kirk-yaird yett.
But weel I mind thae daidlin' daunerin' days
When I was jist a wee rid-cheekit callan
That heedit nocht, but ran aboot the braes
An' likit fine to feed the stots wi' Allan.
Sleep soond, auld chiel, your kind ha'e gane frae ha'
an' hallan.