

OUR MITHER TONGUE

THE DEEIN' POACHER.

I HAV snared my hinmost mawkin, I hae bagg'd my
hinmost bird;

I will tramp nae mair the snaw, nor yet the green;
Sure, afore the pheasants fatten, I'll be sleepin' i' the
yird,

For I saw the doctor shakin's heid the streen.

Ay, the keeper will be lauchin'—curse his knicker-
bocker'd legs!—

An' the laird'll hae less sweerin' on his sowl;
The'll be peace amo' the heather, an' the plantins, an'
the segs,

For the poacher's leavin' man, an' beast, an' fowl.

Yet I'd like anither sizzon, for the hatchin' time was
dry,

An' the simmer's been a beauty a' the time;
The'll be muckle bags for gamey, an' eneuch for me
forby—

Gin I only cud get stoot, I'd risk the crime.

But this bloomin' hoast is killin', an' my spurtle
 shanks are sair,
 Fegs! I never was sae tired upo' the hill;
 It's my crawlin' i' the ditches, an' my wand'rin' late
 an' air,
 His played Harry wi' the life o' Poacher Bill.

The parson, couthie body, he was here on Tyesday
 nicht,
 An' he tell't me fat I am, an' didna spare;
 But he tell't me o' the huntin' lan's ayont the eagle's
 flicht:
 Man, he even trysted me to meet him there!

Oh! I win'er if there's mercy to gie chaps like me a
 chance:
 Oh! I win'er if it's trowth the parson said:
 It wad gar my pulses canter an' my dacklin' he'rt to
 dance,
 War I sure my black accoont his a' been paid.

I hae tastit little mercy, for 'twas aye the saxty days;
 But the Shirra winna hae the hinmost word:
 If I only cud but lippen as I ocht, the Pilot says
 I'd get thro' the swallin' river at the ford.

GEORGE ABEL.

matwkin, hare.
segs, the yellow iris.
yird, earth.
stoot, strong.

hoast, cough.
dacklin, less speed.
couthie, kindly.
lippen, trust.

A CAUL WELCOME.

FIN I gaed to the kirk wi' Nan,
The fowk did gape an' leuk,
But neen o' them heeld oot a han',
Nor offered seat nor buik.

My wifie's bonnet catched their e'en,
They scanced her weel-made goon,
They glowered at me fae heid to sheen,
An' back fae breeks to croon.

Twa el'er billies weel cud see
Fat we pat i' the brod;
Ane winket wi' his buzness e'e,
The tither gied a nod.

We maybe forket oot o' bress
Mair than we cud afford;
As ither sants 'll aye gie less,
To pruve they lo'e the Lord.

But neen to his did speak a wurd,
We only got a grunt
Fin Nannie gied a chiel a dird,
An' bade him hurschle yont.

As little haed the feck I saw
To say to God Himsel';
They sat like divots in a raw,
Ooncarin heaven or hell.

An' sae the wife an' me cam' oot
 Wi' dowie herts an' caul,
 An' fegs, we baith did mair than doot
 If yon's oor Shepherd's faul.

If britherheed is ony wye,
 An' love that barms an' wirks,
 If there are welcomes neth the sky—
 They shud be i' the kirks.

O sirs, ye'll gie the Lord a chance,
 His Hoose a better name,
 An' dinna leuk at fowk askance,
 But gar them fin' at hame.

GEORGE ABEL.

billies, fellows.
burschle, move along a
 seat without rising.
dird, thump.

jeck, majority.
divots, pieces of turf.
dowie, sad.
barms, ferments.