

THE LAIRD O' RYFFE.

“Howk my grave!” said the Laird o' Ryffe;
“Sheuch me deep in the lane hill-side;
Maid Marion winna be my wife,
And I'll hae nae ither for my bride.
Will naething tempt her?—a weel-set man,
A gude doun-sittin', hoose and gear,
The plenishin' o' a laird and lan'?
Howk my grave, for it's my last year.”

He turned to the wa', the Laird o' Ryffe;
They brocht him syrups and denty fare,
Tastesome bites frae a skilly wife,
And he büde to eat, but he didna care.
His sheep stravaiged, his dykes fell in,
The kye got feckless, the mear gaed lame;
“Howk my grave!” said the Laird to ane;
“I'll sune get a lease o' my last lang hame.”

Cam' Doctor Patch to the Laird o' Ryffe,
Bled him, got a stiff dram, and gaed;
Cam' Lawyer Quill wi' a face like a knife,
Drew oot a will like tar for a taed.
Solemn-glowrin' cam' Minister Dreip,
For the deein' man a bit prayer pit up;
Says the Laird, “My grave is howkit deep:
We a' maun gang at the crack o' the whup.”

His cronies cam' to the Laird o' Ryffe,
 A last look like o' the corp to tak';
 Disjaskit he was for want o' a wife,
 A peetifu' sicht on the braid o' his back;
 A peetifu' sicht wi' his simples and drugs,
 Though Tam in the byre kissed Jenny at sicht;
 "Howk my grave!" says the Laird, happed wi' rugs;
 "I'm dootin' I'll no last owre the nicht."

Cam' Tibbie Shaw to the Laird o' Ryffe,
 She was a fiftieth kizzen and frien';
 She couthered the Laird juist as weel as a wife,
 Though the Laird but said, "She'll steik my een."
 "Houts and havers, the man!" says she;
 "Him and his Marion, a dolly daw!"
 "Howk my grave!" says the Laird to me;
 "I'll be broken-he'rted till I'm awa'."

He's an auld man noo, the Laird o' Ryffe,
 Herty and hale as in a' the lan';
 And as for Tibbie, his well-faured wife,
 She hauds the reins wi' a steady haun'.
 They're baith gey silver aboot the heid,
 But it's lang sin' I saw sic a happy pair;
 And that grave's no howkit yet for the deid—
 But Marion fashed the Laird's he'rt sair.

T. S. CAIRNCROSS.

bowk, dig.
sheuch, cover over.
stravaiged, wandered.
feckless, spiritless.
disjaskit, dejected.

simples, herbs.
couthered, comforted.
steik, close.
hale, healthy.
fashed, vexed.

THE DEATH CERTIFICATE.

EH, sirs, a day o' dule and mane!
Flichtered awa? Ye say he's gane?
Puir Scotland, noo that he's been ta'en,
Poets, tak' heed;
He was your king and stood alane—
And noo he's deid.

Gie me my specs. I'm blin' and auld,
And whyles I'm maist extrornar' cauld;
Oor days, like till a tale that's tauld,
Flee owre oor heid;
We seek like sheep the nerra fauld:
Man! Man! He's deid?

At thirty-seeven? It's no that lang
Sin' by he rade wi' rantin' sang,
Morn in his een. His horse-hoofs rang,
His cheeks were reid;
Eh! Vow! the pump is aff the fang
If Robin's deid.

Nae man like him could jibe a story,
Or daunt a sang wi' daff and glory;
Rab deid? He wasna auld or hoary—
Though nane daur plead.
Life's everywhere a battle gory
If Robin's deid.

Rax me my specs. I maun indite
 A bit certeeificate and write
 What Robin dee'd o', an' makin' white
 The black wi' speed;
 Rancour'll gie a nesty bite
 Noo Robin's deid.

Aye! Imphm! It's a wark but easy
 When folk dee shilpit, crazed and wheezy,
 To clap down some bit by-word greasy
 And saw't like seed;
 But Robin ranted whyles gey breezy
 Although he's deid.

I think that I micht wyce-like say
 That Robin dee'd—Ay! lack-a-day—
 He dee'd o'—fell rheumatics' sway
 Nae withered weed,
 He juist snuffed oot—no auld or grey—
 And there—he's deid.

But whyles the truth is clean absurd;
 I'll hae to get a lang-nebbt word,
 For malice maunna be incurred;
 We've muckle need
 To keep a calm sough when folk's stirred
 And Robin's deid.

Endocarditis! That'll dae them,
 The thochts we think we needna say them;
 The ghaists to come—let ithers lay them
 That thraw and read;
 Rab focht his foes but couldna slay them,
 And sae he's deid.

That justifies him. A's put down.
 I micht hae chairged for that a croon;
 But Jean'll need a murnin' gown,
 Sae there's the screed.
 Nae man will be sae missed a' roun
 Noo Robin's deid.

I carena what he dee'd o'—me :
 He was a Scot, and held in fee
 The life o' man; and majesty
 Sat on his heid.
 Rab's name staun's safe. He canna dee,
 Leevin' or deid.

T. S. CAIRNCROSS.

dule and mane, sad.
flichtered, fluttered.
aff the fang, not working.
daff, jest.

shilpit, pinched.
lang-nebbt, polysyllabic.
to keep a calm sougb,
 to say nothing.

SIR TAM.

PUIR TAM! He was a waefu' chiel,
 Rinnin' ram-stam wi' mony a glowr;
 At schule the maister gar'd him reel
 Till Tam got twa and twa made fower.
 Tam was camsteerie, jimp and crouse,
 Fechtin' wi' Robin Auld and Sam,
 That's him there in the Rolls-Royce douce;
 The King has made him noo Sir Tam.

Langsyne Tam had nae spare bawbees—
 We ryped his pooches and got nocht;
 He aye gaed baggit at the knees,
 Feth, there was wark then! Tam has wrocht.
 He's worth a million noo, I hear,
 And asks nae mair for breid and jam;
 He's socht by Dukes and Earls, I'll sweir,
 Noo the King's said, "Rise up, Sir Tam."

The maister's deid; puir Tam and me
 Are a' that's left frae that auld time.
 I never ettled I wad see
 Tam to sic dizzy hichts to climb.
 It's kittle walin' oot the great,
 And some folk maun sell tea and ham;
 I'll let my Birthday Honour wait,
 Seein' the King has picked oot Tam.

T. S. CAIRNCROSS.

ram-stam, reckless.
camsteerie, obstinate.
jimp, slender.
crouse, lively.
douce, sedate.

ryped, searched.
ettled, reckoned.
kittle, difficult.
walin', selecting.