

## THE SPARROW'S ADDRESS

TO THE FARMER'S CLUB ON ITS DECISION TO  
DESTROY THE SPARROWS.

YE fermers, sonsie and sae sleeket  
Whae gang like lairds, sae weel ye're breeket,  
Noo that yer corn's in and theeket  
    'Gainst rain and bird,  
Forbye what's in your barn steeket,  
    Jist hear my word.

I'm bit a puir despiséd sprug  
That's ranket wi' the rat and slug;  
I canna kittle up yer lug  
    Wi' deevin' screed  
Like Sir Canary, jimp and smug,  
    Ye're pleased tae feed.

On Sunday tae the kirk ye gang,  
Tae hear the minister's harangue,  
And yiblins ye may see't amang  
    The holy prent  
That o' ilk sparrow that ye dang  
    The Lord taks tent.

Or ye may read: "The land's the Lord's,  
And a' the fulness it affords";  
Bit nithing that ye read accords  
    Wi' yer misdeeds;  
Hoo grudge ye, then, oot o' yer hoards,  
    My paltry needs?

When glow'rin' owre the hedge, elate  
 Tae see the wheat-braird rawed sae nate,  
 Did ye no herk at heaven's gate  
     The laverock plead  
 Tae Him whae made birds sma' and great,  
     Tae send oor need?

D'ye think it's *you* that grows the grain?  
 Gin a' the effort were yer ain,  
 There's still the wind and sun and rain  
     The Lord does gie,  
 And by thae things, I here maintain,  
     He pays oor fee.

Tae bre'k oor eggs is bad eneugh,  
 Tae shoot, or trap's wi' sticky stuff,  
 Is rather waur; but, in yer huff,  
     Tae turn yer dairts  
 Upon oor wee bit ba's o' fluff—  
     Hell blast yer hairts!

The Lord forgie me for sic speech,  
 For I sood raither Him beseech  
 That He His hand wad far ootreach  
     Tae snatch ye back  
 Frae that same hell ye're a' and each  
     Set on the track.

Ye pray, I wat, wi' bended heid :  
 " Gie us this day our daily breid " ;  
 And still ye grudge, wi' callous greed,  
     The sparrow's bite :  
 Think ye the Lord bit sees the need  
     O' your great kyte?

'Twad be as hard, it seems tae me,  
 For you tae threid " the Needle's E'e "  
 As ony camel, big or wee;  
 And gin ye get  
 Anowre tae Heaven when ye dee,  
 Ye'll reyve the yett.

Sae if, because the sparrows took  
 Sae muckle grain oot o' yer stook,  
 Ye dwined and dee'd o' little bouk,  
 Jist think, ye sinners,  
 Yer early flicht tae Heaven's nook  
 Wad leave ye winners.

ANDREW DODDS.

*sonsie*, thriving.  
*sleekit*, plausible.  
*steeket*, stocked.  
*braird*, sprouted.

*buff*, tiff.  
*kyte*, belly.  
*reyve*, tear asunder.

## THE CITY.

[A shepherd's boy who had visited a city, on being asked what it was like, said, "Raws and raws o' hooses, and never a sheep to be seen.]"

RAWS and raws o' hooses, and never a sheep to be  
seen,  
Streets and streets o' clatter, and never a field o'  
green;  
Croods and croods o' crazy, hurryin' weemin and  
men; ,  
Lots and lots o' faces, bit never a yin that ye ken.

Never a mavis liltin', never a lark in the sky;  
Never a shepherd's cothouse wi' a windin' road  
gaun by;  
Never a wild floo'er keekin' up till ye as ye pass,  
Never the sicht o' a hamelike plooman's laddie or  
lass.

Raws and raws o' hooses, and never a sheep to be  
seen;  
Streets and streets o' clatter, and never a field o'  
green;  
Callant, ye hae the trith o't: the true frae the fause  
ye ken:  
Never gang back till it, laddie—it's jist the deevil's  
ain den.

## THE LAND IS THE LORD'S :

## OR, THE LIE O' THE LAND.

YAE day as I gaed oot tae catch  
A rabbit for a pie,  
A keeper cam and took my name,  
And my address forby.

And then I had tae gang tae coort,  
And stand afore the judge;  
And when the charge was read tae me,  
I up and answered, " Fudge !"

" The land," says I, " it is the Lord's,  
The rabbits and the hares,  
Ye'll see it in the Book," says I :  
" It is," says he, " Lord Stair's."

Sae thirty days I got for that,  
In a cell as dark as mirk;  
And when they let me oot, says they,  
" Noo, gaun and jine the kirk."

Weel, Cranston kirk I gaed and jined,  
Determined tae be guid;  
Bit it looked as some perversity  
Still hankered in my bluid.

Yae day the minister read oot  
A bit atween twae prayers:  
“The land it is the Lord’s,” says he—  
“It is,” says I, “Lord Stair’s.”

For that they put me oot the kirk,  
As I’d committed sin;  
And for the other way about,  
The jile they put me in.

ANDREW DODDS.