

AN APRIL WEAN.

APRIL rowed a wee bit laddie in her green, green
plaid :

“ Come and see the bonny ferlies in the warld !” she
said ;

“ There are crocuses and lillies,
Gowden spinks and daffodillies
(Weel prepared for sunny showers
Wi’ umbrellas in their flowers),
Puddock stools and fairy rings,
And sae mony ither things !”

“ But I doot your bonny warld is geyan weet and
cauld ;

A’ the folk that gang about it are sae dour and auld :

They’ve nae thocht o’ lilt or daffin’,
Heartsome ploys, or idle daffin’ ;
They think naething is sae bonny
As the glint o’ gowden money,
An’ they never bend their knees
But to gaither in bawbees !”

“ Hech ! Ye’ll see a mighty differ, lad, when we gang
doun,

For the stiffest folk are souple when I come to toun !

When I send their bonnets spinnin’,
Ye suld see the auld anes rinnin’,
Lauchin’, stottin’, fa’in’, skirlin’,
Pechin’, blawin’, wheezin’, birlin’,
Till wi’ lauchin’ I am sair,
And can puff an’ blaw nae mair !”

“Dod! But that’s a ploy a laddie wad be fain to see!
Are there folks doonbye to hap an’ feed a bairn like
me?”

“There’s a faither and a mither
And a kindly aulder brither;
And they’ll cradle ye sae sweetly
Ye’ll forget the skies completely;
And I’ll come ilk year to see
Hoo your folks and you agree.”

TAMAR FAED.

ferlies, wonders.
bawbees, halfpennies.
pechin', panting.

hap, clothe.
ilk, each.

A WINTRY SANG.

A BIRD sat chitterin' on a tree

When the year was dune and auld;
And he cheepit to me sae peetiously,
"Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!

I wadna girn at the bitter sleet

Nor the blast that blaws sae bauld;
Tho' the grund be weet, I can aye get meat—
Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!

But the grund is gript wi' an icy hand,

Ma wings I weel may fauld,
For there's nocht to be fand in an airn land—
Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!

Hunger has gien ma pride a bit shake;

Sae noo that ma tale is tauld,
Can ye spare me a peck for auld sake's sake?
Eh, but it's cauld—cauld!"

TAMAR FAED.

chitterin', shivering.

peck, a small quantity.

THE INCOMER.

My mither had gane wast the toun,
 I'd naebody to guide me,
 Whan Love cam' chappin' at the door,
 And cried to win aside me;
 I vowed that I wad draw the sneck,
 For Love was aye a traitor—
 But first I'd maybe tak' a keek
 An' see the wee bit craiter.

But when I saw the bonny bairn,
 Sae winsome-like and cheerie,
 I clasped him wi' a longin' airm
 An' ca'ed him my ain dearie.
 Noo, whiles I lauch, and whiles I greet,
 An' wistna what's the maitter—
 But weel I wot it canna be
 That bonny, wee bit craiter !

TAMAR FAED.

sneck, fasten the latch of the door.

THE SPAEWIFE.

COME, lay by your cutty, ye auld gipsy wife!

Here's siller to bring second-sicht to your e'e;
They say ye foretell a' the chances o' life—
Noo, read what the future is spinnin' for me!

Success in adventure! I wot ye're richt there,
The sword in ma scabbard is easy to draw.
And gowd for the liftin'! Ye promise sae fair,
I doot there's a sting i' the tail o' it a'.

Does the road I maun tread rin awa to the west,
Whaur the saut waves are swept by the sea-farin'
gull?

Dinna—dinna say nay! Ye may keep a' the rest
Gin ye'll let me win hame to the red rocks o' Mull!

TAMAR FAED.

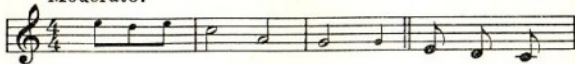
cutty, a short clay pipe.

HAME'S HAME.

Words by
TAMAR FAED.

Music by
ROBERT M^cLEOD.

Moderato.



1. I've trai-velled
2. Hame to the
3. My heart is



faur, — I've trai-velled wide, — Sin' last I
hills, — that gai-ther round, — A wee auld
greet - in' in my breast; — I can - na



saw the Bor - der side Wi' a' its
far - rant mar - ket town That cud - dles
bide, I can - na rest Till I win



sil - ler burns; But noo that
doun a - sleep; Hame to the
hame a - gain; A for - eign

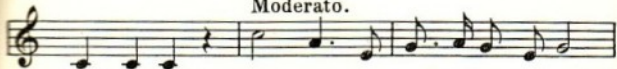


Time — puts forth his hand — To speed my
stream — that sweetly rins — By bon-ny
lānd, — a for-eign sea — Are nocht but



last few grains of sand It's hame my
 glens an' leaf - y linns An' owre the
 sights an' shows to me, But Scot - land

Moderato.



heart re - turns. } Fain, fain, but eh, my heart is fain,
 craigs sae steep. }
 is my ain. }



Fain, fain, wad I be back a - gain, —



For the winds o' mem - 'ry steal



Frae the airt I lo'e sae weel And



hame's hame. —