

AN AULD SKIP.

WHEN snaw lies on Demyit,
 And black ice fills the loch,
 Dour winter I'll defy it
 While I can bend a hough;
 Though my auld banes
 Start aches and pains,
 I'll tak twa stanes
 And aff I'll jink
 To join the rink—

When snaw lies on Demyit,
 And black ice fills the loch.

When granite stanes slip snoring
 Alang the soopit ice,
 And a' the lads are roaring
 As gif they werna wice;
 In a' the birl,
 The steer, the skirl,
 My he'rt plays dirl
 To ken I've still
 The auld sure skill—

When granite stanes slip snoring
 Alang the soopit ice.

When my last stane gangs linking
 As true as true can be,
 And through the lave drives clinking
 To settle on the tee,

Lord ! I can tell
 Frae yon wild yell
 That I've done well ;
 Doot there is none
 Oor side has won—

When my last stane drives clinking
 To settle on the tee !

When nicht draws ower Demyit,
 And darkness ends the game,
 Guid faith ! I'll no' deny it,
 I'm thankfu' to creep hame ;
 A he'rtsome hald
 When nichts are cauld,
 And folk get auld,
 Is aye the best
 For peace and rest—

When nicht draws ower Demyit,
 And darkness ends the game !

HAMISH HENDRY.

hough, leg.
jink, go nimbly.
birl, spin.
soopit, swept.

dirl, vibrates.
lave, remainder.
hald, house.