

JESS O' THE MAINS.

THERE'S nae place like the auld fairm, the auld fairm
toon;

There's aye that i' the thocht o't that gi'es ma he'rt
a stoon;

For I can smell the peat-reek that's risin' frae the
fire,

I can hear the warm milk pirlin' in the cogies i' the
byre—

'N' I wish——

I wish I was there.

Jock, he's polishin' his buits, aside the bothy door,
An' Alick's early for his bed, I hear the deevil snore;
Jock, he's got a tryst on—aye, that's whit's i' the
win',

But there's ae lass, a lanely lass, the nicht, when wark
is dune—

'N' I wish——

I wish I was there.

I could jouk roon the fairm, fine, to whar I ken
she'll be;

I'd never let her hear me come, I'd creep sae cannily;
I'd pit ma haun's ticht ower her een, 'or ever she
could blink;

I hear her sayin', "Wha's that?" an' me sayin' "Wha
d'ye think?"—

'N' I wish——

I wish I was there.

An when I took ma haun's awa' to link ma airm in
 hers,
 Mine wud be haudin' firmer wi' anither wee bit birss,
 An' maybe as we took the road I'd whip it roon' her
 waist,
 An' draw her warm cheek closer, an'—O fine I min'
 the taste—
 'N' I wish——
 I wish I was there.

There's nae place like the auld fairm, the auld fairm
 toon;
 Ye ken noo the thocht o't that gie's ma he'rt a stoon,
 It's a kin' o' sweet vexation, I shouldna maybe tell,
 But aye I seem to see her, an' she's sittin' by hersel'—
 'N' I wish——
 I wish I was there.

R. J. MACLENNAN.

cogies, milk pails. *jouk*, dodge. *birss*, squeeze.

R. S. V. P.

MAGGIE MACDONNELL was a braw young lass,
 Aye, a braw, braw lass was she,
 An' a prood, prood lass when the meenister asked
 her

Would she sing at the kirk soiree?

She was busy at her knittin' when the Postie brocht
 the caird,

"O, it's fine I ken whit's on't," quoth he;

"But thae Latin letters bate me, an' I can mak'
 naething o't:

Whit's the meanin' o' R. S. V. P.?"

Says Maggie, "Stop yer speirin', an' just mind yer
 ain affairs;

An' please ye leave ye mine to me."

An' awa' gaed the Postie, with a grumph an' wi' a
 growl:

Wis there ever sic a tirroravee?

Maggie Macdonnell was a sad young lass,

Aye, a sad, sad lass was she,

An' a wan'ert kin' o' lass when the meenister asked
 her

Wud she sing at the kirk soiree?

She read through the postcaird frae the opening to
the close,

An' syne a heavy sigh gied she,
Till the beads o' perspiration they were rinnin' doon
her nose

Through the riddle o' R. S. V. P.

Says Maggie to her mither, "A'm fair bothered if
I ken

Whit the message that they bring can be."

Says her mither, "He's a bachelor : he maybe sends
his love!"

An' she lauched wi' a high "He! He!"

Maggie Macdonnell was a fine young lass,

Aye, a fine, fine lass was she,

An' the wye that the meenister an' her cairret on
Wis the talk at the kirk soiree.

'Twas him that saw her hame, an', when staunin' at
the gate,

In the shadow o' the auld yew tree,

He gripped her roon the waist, an' he kissed her wi'
a wull,

And Maggie she——R. S. V. P.

She glanced at him sae cooly that he fairly lost his
he'rt;

'Twas a sicht richt guid to see.

"A'm ower young to mairry," was the sang that
Meg had sung.

Said the lad to himsel', "Maybe!"

Maggie Macdonnell is no Macdonnell noo;
She's the wife o' the gleg Wee Free:
For she readily consented when the meenister he
asked her
On the nicht o' the kirk soiree.
The invites to the waddin' they were oot or verra
lang,
An' the Postie he said, "Weel A'm d——!
If they hivna had the impidence to send ane to the
Laird,
An' pit on it R. S. V. P."

R. J. MACLENNAN.