

THERE'S AYE A SOMETHING.

BELCANNY is foggin', wi' siller laid by,
 Wi' byres fu' o' feeders an' pedigree kye,
 Wi' horse in fine fettle for ploo or for harrow,
 An' a' the teels needit fae binder to barrow;
 The fire hoose an' steadin' sneck harled an' hale,
 Wi' boortree for lythe an' a gean at the gale;
 A hillside o' bracken for beddin' the stots;
 In hairst for the thackin' a gushet o' sprots;
 The snod dykit feedle lies fair to the sun,
 An' anither Nineteen's little mair nor begun;
 He's lucky, Belcanny, his boolie rowes weel,
 But aye there's a something—*the wife is genteel!*

Her fowk thocht a fairmer an unco come doon,
 For a queyn that was teachin' an' raised i' the toon,
 But though, like the lave, her ambitions were big,
 She couldna say "Na" till a laad wi' a gig;
 An' soon they were baith sittin' cushioned an' saft,
 An' passin' the peppermints up i' the laft.
 An', faith, she was thrang wi' her chuckens an'
 cheese,

Her eggs an' her butter, an' skepfu's o' bees;
 An', better still, Hogmanay hardly was by
 Or the howdie was in, and she'd hippens to dry;
 But aye there is something, a mote on the meen,
 She's great upon mainners—*an' Sandy has neen!*

He's roch an' oonshaven till Sunday comes roon,
 A drap at his nose, an' his pints hingin' doon;
 His weskit is skirpit wi' dribbles o' kail,
 He drinks fae his saucer, an' rifts owre his ale;
 An' when he comes in fae the midden or moss,
 Her new-washen kitchie's as dubby's the closs.
 She has her piano to dirl an' thump,
 But gie him for music a spring on the trump;
 She's thankfu' for muckle, her doonsittin's fine,
 The hoose an' the plenishin' just till her min';
 But aye there's a something, the stob to the rose,
 In spite o' a' tellin'—*he blaws on his brose!*

To haud them oonhappy would hardly be fair,
 To ca' them ill-marrowed would anger them sair;
 There's lots o' waur boddies, she'll freely alloo,
 He's he'rty an' kindly, baith sober an' foo;
 He grudges her naething, be't sweeties or claes,
 An' has for her hizzyskip clappin' an' praise.
 She's busy the but as a hen amon' corn
 Gin noses need dichtin' or breekies are torn,
 An' ben when the littlins need happin' or help,
 To kiss or to cuddle, to scaul or to skelp:
 They're like her in looks as a podfu' o' piz,
 But, dam't, there's aye something—*their mainners
 are his!*

CHARLES MURRAY.

foggin', well to do.
fettle, condition.
sneck barled, rough cast.
lythe, shelter.
sprots, odd branches for
 firewood.
lave, remainder.

bowdie, mid-wife.
bippens, a baby's hip-
 napkin.
skirpit, bespattered.
stob, thorn.
bizzyskip, housewifery.
piz, peas.

GIN I WAS GOD.

GIN I was God, sittin' up there abeen,
 Wearit nae doot noo a' my darg was deen,
 Deaved wi' the harps an' hymns oonendin' ringin',
 Tired o' the flockin' angels hairse wi' singin',
 To some clood-edge I'd daunder furth, an', feth,
 Look ower an' watch hoo things were gyaun aneth.
 Syne, gin I saw hoo men I'd made mysel'
 Had startit in to pooshan, sheet, an' fell,
 To reive an' rape, an' fairly mak' a hell
 O' my braw birlin' Earth—a hale week's wark—
 I'd cast my coat again, rowe up my sark,
 An', or they'd time to lench a second ark,
 Tak' back my word an' sen' anither spate,
 Droon oot the hale hypothec, dicht the sklatae,
 Own my mistak', an', aince I'd cleared the brod,
 Start a'thing owre again, gin I was God.

CHARLES MURRAY.

darg, work.*sark*, shirt.