

SIB.

IN drooth an' weet, in heat an' cauld,
Here let me bide an' here grow auld,
An' when I dee, lat my remains
Be clapt by Scottish win's an' rains;
Nae fremit land in ony sea
Did ever draw a wish frae me.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

drooth, dry weather.

fremit, strange.

A NEW-YEAR WISH—1929.

THIS wussin'-time I wuss ye weel :
 May ilka storm claut lucky biel ;
 An' may ye never want for meal
 An' duds an' troggan ;
 An' may your streekit pursie feel
 Its fat sides boggin'.

Your mak or marrow's no' enoo,
 An' lippenin' 'ill never do ;
 Ye manna gloom your bonnie broo
 Gin we tak' talla,
 An' neist year pits the hems on you
 An' some braw falla.

But mair, faur mair may neist year see
 A hale braid country spy wi' glee,
 You an' the Muse ablow ae tree,
 Sae taen wi' ither,
 An' sangs, your true bairns, on the knee,
 O' their sweet Mither.

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

claut, strike.
duds, clothes.

troggan, wares.
lippenin', trusting.

THE GIPSY LASS.

THE road I traivel's no' for ye,
Sandy, Sandy;
The weird that's mine ye maunna dree,
Sandy dear, my lad :
Ye maunna link your life wi' shame,
Nor think tae tak intae your hame
A gipsy lass withoot a name,
Sandy, dear, my lad.

I never kent wha faithered me,
Sandy, Sandy;
For mither's gane wi' twa or three,
Sandy dear, my lad :
The gipsy he'rt maun ever range,
An' sae it's mebbe no' that strange
That I, like her, am fond o' change,
Sandy, dear, my lad.

I couldna thole a hoose o' stane,
Sandy, Sandy;
For me the brackens up the lane,
Sandy dear, my lad :
Your een sae bonny blue an' clear
Wad tine their cheery look, I fear,
Afore we had been wed a year,
Sandy, dear, my lad.