

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 without 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.

An' tho' I lo'e ye weel the noo,
 Sandy, Sandy;
 I doobt I'd gie ye cause tae rue,
 Sandy dear, my lad:
 Sae gang your ways. They'll ne'er be mine,
 For you an' me that kissed maun twine.
 (*But, oh, I'm wae my lad tae tine,*
 Sandy, dear, my lad.)

HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK.

weird, fate.
dree, undergo.

thole, suffer.
tine, lose.

KEEPIT IN.

O, FIENT a bit o' lear ha'e I,
 It beats me hoo X equals Y,
 An' nine times nine hoo'er I try
 I canna mind ava, sir.
 But I ken whaur the yorline biggs,
 An' peewits lay atween the rigs,
 An' whaur the brock his burrow digs,
 An' moudiewarps an' a', sir.

A squirrel nests in Jerrat's Wood,
 An' on the dam an early brood
 O' waterhennies has begood
 Amang the reeds tae steer, sir.
 But I maun bide inside an' say
 My Latin verbs an' trash like thae—
 O, dinna keep me in the day,
 Indeed, I'm feelin' queer, sir.

The keeper doon at Lowrie Mill
 Is huntin' tods on Rossie Hill,
 Were I ootside I'd no' feel ill,
 I ha'e na muckle doobt, sir.
 My heid is bizzin' like a bee,
 My een are het, I canna see,
 Ye waste yer time an' tawse on me!
 O, *please*, can I get oot, sir?

HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK.

fient, devil.
yorline, yellow-hammer.
biggs, builds.
peewits, lapwings.

brock, badger.
moudiewarps, moles.
tods, foxes.

FAUSE FRIEND.

YE'RE dooble-jinted, soople-sawled,
 An' slithery as an eel;
 There's nane can lippen tae your word,
 Ye twa-faced deil.

But wait, ma birkie cheat-the-wud,
 Ye'll no' aye jouk the lawin;
 There's ane will mak ye keep your pact
 Some punctual dawin.

Ye've riped the pirlie mony's the time
 Withooten ony skaith;
*There's ane will tak your measure yet
 As sure as Daith.*

HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK.

lippen, trust.*birkie*, lively lad.*cheat-the-wud*, deserves to be
 hanged.*jouk the lawin*, escape the law.*ripped*, robbed.*pirlie*, money box.*skaith*, injury.

SAE LANG HAS SORROW.

SAE lang has Sorrow tenanted
 The hoose o' Life wi' me,
 An' saut-like seasoned ilka meal
 Wi' sharpened ecstasie,
 That gin she cam' tae say Fareweel,
 An' Joy hersel' cam' ben,
 I doobt I wadna welcome her,
 The bonny smilin' quean.

And at the lanely hinder end
 Gin I sud tak' the road
 Tae regions yont the yett o' Daith,
 A sorrowless abode,
 I doobt I wadna feel at hame
 Sans sorrow an' sans sin,
 But fleein' frae the wersh-like place
 I'd tirl *anither* pin.

HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK.

yett, gate.
wersh-like, sorry-looking.

tirl anither pin, try something
 else.

GRANNY.

I'm deif, an' canna hear
 The birdies sing;
 But fine I ken the unquait
 Lilt o' Spring,
 For Rab, my grandson, shaves
 Noo ilka nicht,
 An' daunders, careless-like,
 Oot o' my sicht.
 Awa' up Whinny Brae
 An' Roods links he,
 An' comes na hame till ten
 Wi' lichtit e'e:
 But wha the lassie is
 He ne'er lats dab!
 O, fine I ken your state,
 My fykey Rab!
 Weel, weel, it bude tae come
 I' the green o' the leaf—
 An auld tale Granny hears
 Altho' she's deif!

HELEN B. CRUICKSHANK.

daunders, saunters.*fykey*, fussy.