

DANDIE.

COME in ahint, ye wan'erin' tyke!
 Did ever body see yer like?
 Wha learnt ye a' thae poacher habits?
 Come in ahint, ne'er heed the rabbits!
 Noo bide there, or I'll warm yer lug!
 My certie! ca' yersel' a doug?
 Noo ower the dyke an' through the park:
 Let's see if ye can dae some wark.
 'Way wide there, fetch them tae the fank!
 'Way wide there, 'yont the burn's bank!
 Get roon' about them! Watch the gap!
 Hey, Dandie, haud them frae the slap!
 Ye've got them noo, that's no sae bad:
 Noo bring them in, guid lad! guid lad!
 Noo tak' them canny ower the knowe—
 Hey, Dandie, kep that mawkit yowe!
 The tither ane, hey, lowse yer grip!
 The yowe, ye foumart, no' the tip!
 Ay, that's the ane, guid doug! guid doug!
 Noo haud her canny, dinna teug!
 She's mawkit bad; ay, shair's I'm born
 We'll hae tae dip a when the morn.
 Noo haud yer wheesht, ye yelpin' randie,
 An' dinna fricht them, daft doug Dandie!
 He's ower the dyke—the de'il be in't!
 Ye wan'erin' tyke, come in ahint!

W. D. COCKER.

fank, sheep-pen.
slap, opening in fence.

mawkit, infested with maggots.
foumart, polecat.

BALLAD OF THE DELUGE.

THE LORD took a staw at mankind,
 A righteous an' natural scunner;
 They were neither to haud nor to bind,
 They were frichtit nae mair wi' His thun'er:
 They had broken ilk edic' an' law,
 They had pitten His saints to the sword,
 They had worshipped fause idols o' stane;
 "I will thole it nae mair," saith the Lord.

"I am weary wi' flytin' at folk;
 I will dicht them clean oot frae My sicht:
 But Noah, douce man, I will spare,
 For he ettles, puir chiel, to dae richt."
 So He cried unto Noah ae day,
 When naeboddy else was aboot;
 Sayin', "Harken, My servant, to Me,
 An' these, My commands, cairry oot:

"A great, muckle boat ye maun build,
 An ark that can float heich an' dry,
 Wi' room in't for a' yer ain folk
 An' a hantle o' cattle forby.
 Then tak' ye the fowls o' the air,
 Even unto big bubbly-jocks;
 An' tak' ye the beasts o' the field,
 Whittrocks, an' fougarts, an' brocks.

"Wale ye twa guid anes o' each;
 See that nae cratur rebels;
 Dinna ye fash aboot fish;
 They can look efter theirsels.

Herd them a' safely aboard,

An' ance the Blue Peter's unfurled,
I'll send doun a forty-day flood,
An' de'il tak' the rest o' the world!"

Sae Noah wrocht hard at the job,

An' searched to the earth's farthest borders,
An' gethered the beasts an' the birds,
An' tell't them to staun' by for orders.
An' his sons, Ham an' Japheth an' Shem,
Were thrang a' this time at the wark.
They had fell'd a when trees in the wood,
An' biggit a great, muckle ark.

This wasna dune juist on the quate,

An' neebours would whiles gether roun';
Then Noah would drap them a hint
Like, "The weather is gaun to break doun."
But the neebours wi' evil were blin',
An' little jaloused what was wrang,
Sayin', "That'll be guid for the neeps,"
Or "The weather's been droughty ower lang."

Then Noah wi' a' his ain folk,

An' the beasts an' the birds, got aboard;
An' they steekit the door o' the ark,
An' they lippeden theirsels to the Lord.
Then doun cam' a lashin' o' rain,
Like the wattest wat day in Lochaber;
The hailstones like plunkers cam' stot,
An' the fields turned to glaur, an' syne glabber.

An' the burns a' came doun in a spate,
 An' the rivers ran clean ower the haughs,
 An' the brigs were a' soopit awa',
 An' what had been dubs becam' lochs.
 Then the folk were sair pitten aboot,
 An' they cried, as the weather got waur,
 "Oh! Lord, we ken fine we hae sinn'd,
 But a joke can be cairried ower faur!"

Then they chapp'd at the ark's muckle door,
 To speer gin douce Noah had room;
 But Noah ne'er heedit their cries,
 He said: "This'll learn ye to soom."
 An' the river roar'd loudly an' deep;
 An' the miller was droon't in the mill;
 An' the watter spread ower a' the land,
 An' the shepherd was droon't on the hill.

But Noah an' a' his ain folk,
 Kep' safe frae the fate o' ill men,
 Till the ark, when the flood had gi'en ower,
 Cam' dunt on the tap o' a ben.
 An' the watters row'd back to the seas;
 An' the seas settled doun an' were calm.
 An' Noah replenished the earth—
 But they're sayin' he took a guid dram!

W. D. COCKER.

whittrocks, weasels.
foumarts, polecats.
brocks, badgers.
steekit, shut.

plunkers, large marbles.
glaur, mud.
glabber, watery mud.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANANIAS.

SOME sinners in the Bible story
Get muckle praise, an' gang to glory,
While ithers, for some wee bit fau't,
Are turned like stookies into sau't.
I'm wae for yon chiel Ananias,
Wha gat his paiks for bein' pious.
There's mony a saint wi' truth made freer,
Yet wasna brandit as a leear.
Inspired by zeal an' true devotion,
Puir Ananias took the notion
To sell his croft, an' ilka stirk,
An' gie the siller to the kirk.
"It's mair than we can weel afford,
But, faith!" says he, "we'll please the Lord.
An' as the kirk o' funds is short,
They micht mak' me a deacon for't."

The gude-wife lat him say his say :
A wilfu' man maun hae his way.
As for hersel' she wasna fidgin'
To sell her sark for her religion.
But when the roup was ower, 'tis true,
Her canny husband took the rue.
On Sawbath morn, wi' waefu' e'e,
He said, "Gosh, that's a lot to gie.
The hale jing-bang! I'm in a swither—
We're gyte to gie them't a' thegither!
We'll keep a wee thing to oorsels.
Come on, Sapphira, there's the bells!"

Sae, aff to kirk they took the gate,
 Whaur Peter, staun'in' at the plate,
 Castin' a glower in their direction,
 Jaloused they'd brocht a guid collection.

"The Sustentation Fund," thinks Pate,
 "Needs a bit heeze at ony rate."

But syne the saint's neb sniffed the win',
 He smelt the foosty smell o' sin.

As Ananias, faur frae blate,
 Plunked doon his offerin' in the plate,
 The auld apostle speired, fu' wae,
 "Is that the best that ye can dae?"

Dumfounert, Ananias stood,
 Dashed by the saint's ingratitude,
 Then answered, heedless o' decorum,
 "That's a' ye'll get, auld cockalorum!
 It's ilka boddle I can gie."

Saint Peter answered, "That's a lee!
 The Lord hae mercy on yer heid!"—
 An' doon drapt Ananias deid.

The young men dragged him oot the gate,
 Saint Peter still stood at the plate.
 Doon in the darkness o' a dunny
 They ryped the corp's pooch for his money.
 O, Peter, man, it ance befell
 Ye tell't a gey big whid yersel',
 That garred the very cocks to craw,
 Had ye nae mind o' this ava?

The tragedy was no' complete—
 In cam' Sapphira, trig an' neat;
 Smilin' she gaed to grace her pew,
 Nor kent she was a weedow noo.
 Saint Peter's question garred her loup—
 "Did ye mak' muckle oot the roup?"
 O, she was young an' she was bonnie!
 Yet tell't a lee as guid as ony:
 To free himsel' frae ony bias,
 Pate sent her efter Ananias.

W. D. COCKER.

paiks, punishment.

roup, auction.

gyte, mad.

beeze, lift up.

speired, asked.

boddle, small copper coin.

ryped, ransacked.

wbid, lie.

A PLOOMAN'S LAMENT.

I'm fee'd tae a fermer in Fife,
 I'se warrant we pairt at the term;
 I was ne'er sae hard-wrocht in ma life:
 It's mair like a jile than a ferm.
 The bothy is waur than a sty:
 The caff bed wi' loupers is rife;
 Ye're no' as weel hoosed as the kye
 When fee'd tae a fermer in Fife.

I'm fee'd tae a fermer in Fife,
 A Renfrewshire lad kens the differ;
 It's, oh, for a sicht o' the Gryffe
 Or a blink o' the Braes o' Gleniffer!
 There, wark wi' the daylight is dune,
 An' at e'en there's some plesure in life;
 But ye toil by the licht o' the mune
 When fee'd tae a fermer in Fife.

I'm fee'd tae a fermer in Fife,
 But that's no' the warst o' ma tale:
 He's gotten a jaud o' a wife,
 That grudges ye saut tae yer kail.
 Gey scrimp is the fare at ilk meal,
 An' she flytes wi' a tongue like a knife;
 Oh, ploomen, tak' arles frae the de'il—
 But haud clear o' the fermers o' Fife!

W. D. COCKER.

loupers, fleas.
jaud, jade.

arles, money paid a servant
 on engagement.

THE KIBBOCK.

THERE stood a kibbock in a press,
A cheese, by mice an' men forgotten,
An atmosphere o' foostiness
Garred ony neb jalouse 'twas rotten;
An' on its crust at sicna rate
Sma' life beguid to germinate.

The mawks an' mites that hotched there rife
Amang theirsels gey aft debated
About the origin o' life,
An' when an' why they were created.
"This cheese has stood for aye," said yin,
"An still shall staun till time is dune."

"Wha made us?—juist the Laws o' Natur'."
Anither mite, wi' holy zeal,
Cried, "Haud yer wheesht!—a great Creator
Has planned oor bonnie cheese sae weel.
Hoo can yer sceptic he'rt deny Him
Wha pit us here to glorify Him?"

"Hoots!" cried the first. "Ye've tint yer gumption!
We mites control an' rule this cheese;
Yer great Creator's an assumption;
Faith's juist a bowsterin' up o' lees.
I haud this truth—but dinna brag o't—
There's naething higher than a maggot."

Wi' that the collieshangie stertit,
 To Faith some lippeden, some to Reason,
 An' mites, wi' dogmas fair pervertit,
 Thocht heresies were waur than treason.
 Britherly love was syne forgotten;
 An' aye the kibbock gat mair rotten.

Their warld a' tapsalteerie turned,
 Its wee inhabitants at strife
 About a thing they've ne'er yet learned :
 The meaning an' the end o' life—
 Men, in their various degrees,
 Are gey like maggots in a cheese.

Nevertheless, aspire, aspire !
 Aye speir for knowledge, dinna rest ;
 A spunk o' the celestial fire
 Lowes bravely in ilk human breast.
 Queer gates to Truth may whiles be trod,
 But ilka yin draws nearer God.

W. D. COCKER.

kibbock, cheese.

neb, nose.

tint, lost.

gumption, common sense.

collieshangie, squabble.

tapsalteerie, topsy-turvey.

speir, ask.

spunk, spark.

GIN LOVE SHOULD DWINE.

Words by
W. D. COCKER.

Music by
JAMES ADAM.

Andante.

1



1. Gin love should
2. Oh we may



dwine a - tween us twa Some dow - ie
swear by a' that's richt, Does love tak'



day when we are auld: Gin love tak'
thocht o' word or vow? Sae while the



wing an' flee a - wa' An' lea' us
fire's still blaez-in' bricht Haud baith haunds



chitt-'rin' in the cauld. Nae feck-less
warm-ly tae the lowe; An' while the



greet - in' could re - ca' The tru - ant
cup still hauds the wine See that nae

tae oor hert's tume fauld Gin love should
pre-cious drap ye skail; Drain it that

rall.

dwine a - tween us twa, Some dow - ie
ye may keep in min' This dream, my

1 *D.S.*

day when we are auld.
love, should a' else fail.

2nd Tune.

p

3. For dreams they melt a - wa' like snaw, Oor

lives wad be a tale that's tauld, Gin

rall. e dim.

love should dwine a - tween us twa, Some

2

dow - ie day when we are auld.