

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' aboot 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!

THE HAUFLIN

THE ploomen hae lowsed, an' the day's darg is ower,
An' hame comes the hauflin as hungry as fower ;
Weel wabbit is he, but he's young an' he's cheery
An', ance he has suppit, forgets that he's weary.
The yett swings ahint him, he's oot again roamin',
An' walks doon the glen in the quate o' the gloamin'.

His haun's in his pooches, he aimlessly dauners
Alang whaur the wee burnie windin'ly wan'ers,
Whaur the rowan-trees grow, an' the brackens are few,
An' the white tails o' rabbits hap smert frae his view ;
There the lilt o' a sang pits an end tae his ram'les—
Wha's this but a young lassie getherin' bram'les?

A stranger bit lassie, new oot frae the toun,
That's easy jaloused by the cut o' her gown,
A frien' o' auld Kirsty's doun-by at the brig,
An' faith, but she's bonnie an' buskit fu' trig !
The hauflin stauns glowerin' like some muckle stirk,
An' minds that last Sawbath she sat in the kirk.

The lassie sings blythly, she kensna he's near,
Then sudden she sees him an' skellochs in fear.
The hauflin is blate, but, tae quate her alarm,
He tells her he's servin' up-by at the farm,
An' speirs gin he'll help her, she doesna say " Aye,"
But she doesna say " Na," an' he kens that she's shy.

Sae blyth tae the task the braw callan he yokes,
An' the lassie tak's he'rt an' lauchs fine at his jokes,
He pu's doun the branches ower heich for her haun',
An' her basket is fu' ere the daylight has gone.
Then he wishes her basket was big as a cart ;
It is then the bit lass on a thorn gets a scart.

Then tae look for a wound that is hauf mak-believe,
He tak's her wee loof in his great muckle neive ;
They staun' close thegither, nae thorn's tae be seen,
But he still hauds her haun', an' he keeks in her een,
An' a queer stoun gaes through him he ne'er felt
afore,
An' a tenderness creeps tae his very he'rt's core.

There's a hush in the glen, whaur the dusk draws a
screen,
There's a staur in the sky, there are staur's in her een.
Then she raises her mou', an' he kens what is bliss,
When his lips meet wi' hers in his first lover's kiss ;
An' the hauffin's a laddie nae mair—he's a man.
Oh ! it's aye been the same since the warld began.

ROUPIT

A HUNNER years we wrocht the Mains,
Masel', ma faither, an' his faither ;
Reuch lan' tae wark an' fu' o' stanes,
The grazin' nocht but muirlan' heather.
But weel I lo'ed the bonnie braes,
The burn that doun the hill-side loupit,
An' there I thocht tae end ma days,
But that's a' by wi' noo—I'm roupit.

Ma faither couldna mak things pey,
Ma mither's tocher brocht him roun' ;
Wi' me things aye gaed doun the wey.
In gey deep watter, soom or droun,
I've warstled lang tae keep abune,
Till here, in this black hole, I'm coupit,
Ma rent ahint, ma credit dune ;
It's hard tae thole the thocht—I'm roupit.

Stock, plenishin' an' a' maun gang ;
The law's a puir man's only armour,
An' it decrees that, richt or wrang,
A laird gets justice like a farmer.
Sae, gin ye pey yer rent, a's weel :
But gin ye canna, doun ye're coupit ;
Against that law there's nae appeal,
Ma guid name's gaen for guid—I'm roupit.

They've sell't the hey, they've sell't the grain,
The kye, the sheep frae aff the hill ;
Ma very collie doug they've ta'en
Tae serve a stranger maister's will ;

Ma auld mare Maggie, ance sae guid,
A better ne'er ower hurdle loupit—
Like pairtin' wi' yer flesh an' bluid
It is tae see yer ain beasts roupit.

I had a wife; she's deid, thank God!
Hoo could she be a puirhouse lodger?
I had ae son, a big braw lad;
He's gane an' a', he was a sodger.
Sune may I tae be happ't in clay,
That's what for mony a day I've houpit;
What can a thowless body dae
That's frien'less, auld, an' dune, an' roupit?