

PREEA

“PREEA! preea!” cried Kate,
In her sweet voice sae winnin’;
“Preea! preea!” she cried,
An’ the wee cauves cam’ rinnin’.

She had kilted her coats
When I saw her yestreen,
Her airms they were bare,
But she walked like a queen.

Her pails o’ new milk
She laid doun wi’ a clatter,
She ca’d the pump-haun’le
An’ thinn’d them wi’ watter.

Then she gaed to the yett
An’ looked oot ower the lea;
“Preea! preea!” she cried,
An’ the cauves cam’ to pree.

The sma’est o’ a’
Cam’ wi’ mony a swither;
The warld was gey strange,
An’ he moo’d for his mither.

But him she coax’d kindly,
An’ fed first o’ a’;
When the bauld anes bored forrit
She drave them awa’.

Then she fed a’ the lave,
Baith the big an’ the wee;
An’ smiled like a mither
Their cantrips to see.

When three heids at ance
Made a dive for the pail,
She'd flyte on the greedy
An' gar them turn tail.

Oh, I picture ye, Kate,
In a wee hoose wi' me,
Feedin' fine, hungry weans
Wi' that lauch in your e'e.

HOSPITALITY

THE sun had sunk ahint the ben ;
A gangrel hirpled doun the glen,
An' wow ! but he was wabbit.
His stoury bauchles told a tale
O' weary miles, he lookit pale
An' frichtit as a rabbit.

He chappit at the fermer's door ;
The steeve gudeman set up a roar,
An' wow ! but he was crabbit :
“ Nae bite nor beddin' ye'se get here !
An' set my ricks alowe, nae fear ! ”
Wi' that a stauff he grabbit.

The collie doug cam' snuffin' roun'
An' kent him for a cadger loon,
An' barked as was his habit.
The puir, auld gangrel turned awa',
An', hirplin' yet a mile or twa,
Wi' weariness maist sabbit.

Stravaigin' on, forfochen sair,
He saw a tent upon the muir
A tinkler did inhabit ;
Nae fleechin' vagrant fouk require :
He made him welcome at his fire,
An' he'rty wi' him gabbit.

He gi'ed the gangrel o' his best ;
To poacher's fare he yoked wi' zest,
Forgot that he was wabbit :
For touzy tinkler Clout-the-can
Was, de'il be in't, a Christian man,
Though whiles by polis nabbit.

The fermer *micht* be that indeed :
He muttered thanks for daily breid
When he wi' God confabbit ;
But he had never hunger kent,
Nor been wi' cauld, weet nichts acquaint,
Else conscience shair had stabbit.

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 my 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 pleasure 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 !