

## 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 !