

CHUCKIE.

SAW ye chuckie wi' her chickies,
Scraping for them dainty pickies,
Keeking here and keeking there,
Wi' a mother's anxious care,
For a pick to fill their gebbies,
Or a drap to weet their nebbies?
Heard ye weans cry "teuckie, teuckie!
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie?"

When her chickens a' are feather'd,
And the school weans round her gather'd,
Gi'en each the prettiest name,
That their guileless tongues can frame;
Chuckie then will bend her neck!
Scrape wi' pride, and boo and beck!
Cluckin' as they'er crying "teuckie!
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie!"

Chuckie wi' her wheetle-wheeties
Never grudged a pick o' meat is ;
High and low alike will stand
Throwing crumbs wi' kindly hand,
While about she'll jink and jouk,
Pride and pleasure in her look,
As they're crying " teuckie, teuckie
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie !"

But sic fortune disna favour
Aye the honest man's endeavour ;
Mony a ane, wi' thrawart lot,
Pines and dees, and is forgot ;
But, my bairn, if ye've the power,
Aye to lessen want be sure—
Fin' your pouch, cry " teuckie, teuckie,
Here's some moolins, chuckie, chuckie !"

William Miller