

HAME-SPUN LAYS & LYRICS:

BEING

POEMS, SONGS, AND INCIDENTAL RHYMES

IN THE

Scottish Dialect.

BY

R O B E R T F O R D.

"I AM NAE POET, IN A SENSE,
BUT JUST A RHYMER, LIKE BY CHANCE,
AND HAE TO LEARNIN' NAE PRETENCE,
YET WHAT THE MATTER?
WHENE'ER MY MUSE DOES ON ME GLANCE,
I JINGLE AT HER."

BURNS.

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TO THE READER.

THOUGH prefaces are seldom read, and still seldomer appreciated, there are few books sent out into the world *minus* some introductory oration—apologetic, recommendatory, or other—and that this little venture may not differ from the majority of its brethren, in one particular at least, I crave the reader's indulgence for the perpetration of a few sentences.

In collecting these poetic bantlings from the fugitive corners of weekly newspapers and literary periodicals, &c., in which they originally appeared, and presenting them to the public in their present form, I do so, not so much from a conceit in their poetic value, as in the assurance that they will be welcomed by a large circle of sincere friends and admirers, who have advised and heartily encouraged me in the little project.

To the name of poet—a being inspired—I lay no claim, and have none: should feel it rather a desecration of the title to hear it applied to me. Each and every piece in the volume has been written at the instigation of passing fancies, and in the intervals of daily toil.

I might have been more profitably employed, you say? No matter; I have experienced pleasure untellable in “stringing” these “blethers up in rhyme.” Should my readers feel a tithe of it, I shall not have rhymed in vain.

THE AUTHOR.



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Game-Spun Taps and Lyrics.





R E A D I N G S .

G R A N N I E ' S W A ' - G A U N .

I'M wearin' awa', bairns, wearin' awa',
Ere the sun's in the lift I'll be far frae ye a';
Noo the cauld han' o' Death grips chill roun' my heart,
An' redds me fu' surely, an' sune we maun pairt.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, e'en's ye may see,
There's a rime on my broo, an' a haze on my e'e;
There's a grip on my breath, and a cheenge owre me a'—
I'm wearin' awa', bairns, wearin' awa'.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns—greetna' for me,
I've lived for this oor, and I fearna' tae dee;
Nay! I weary tae gang; frae a' sin tae resile,
An' bask in the bliss o' a Saviour's sweet smile.

In yon braw land abune, bairns, your faither is there,
An' wee sister Effie that left us sae ear';
They ken I am comin', and wait near the shore
Tae welcome the craft that sall ferry me o'er.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, leavin' the few,
 Tae join wi' the mony—the guid an' the true;
 Leavin' a warl' o' sorrow an' sin,
 Tae dwell aye whaur dule getsna' entrance in.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns; wha may be neist?
 Aiblins the ane wha's a-thinkin' o't least;
 For Death comes, we ken, like a thief in the nicht,
 Nor plucks *but* the ripe—nor wiles *but* the richt.

He's wiled roun' me lang, bairns; ane here, ane there;
 Some ripe an' ready—some scarcely, I fear;
 It's braw tae be ready, bairns, come whaun may the ca',
 Tae ha'e peace in your bosom when wearin' awa'.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, I'll no be lang noo,
 An angel o' licht comes cleavin' the blue,
 To carry my saul tae the Maister on hie,
 Wha'll greet me, I ken, wi' a smile in his e'e.

What bliss 'twill be there, bairns, the Saviour to meet,
 Tae bask in His smile, and tae sing at His feet;
 To join in the myriad-voiced anthem for aye,
 An' live wi' Jehovah the braw nichtless day.

Saw ye that licht, bairns? heard ye that cheer?
 Wha could ha' dreamt, bairns, heaven is so near?
 There—there's your faither see; grand, bairns, grand—
 See whaur wee Effie comes wavin' her hand!

I'm gaun, bairns—gaun, bairns—kiss me again,
 Say you will follow me every ane;
 That you'll join me abune, whaur Death downa' ca',
 Whaur loves are unshatter'd—nae wearin' awa'!"

HAN'SEL MONDAY.

THAT gala day—in a' the year
 The blythest an' the brichtest ;
 For rantin' ploy an' heartsome cheer
 The bauldest an' the tichtest—
 Is honour'd leal by auld and young
 In ilka Scottish clachan,
 Whaure'er is heard the Doric tongue
 There's muckle mirth an' lauchin'
 Aye on that day.

Some days afore't there's stoury din
 Wi' scrubbin' an' preparin';
 Guidwives an' maids pap oot an' in
 Like whitterets roun' a cairn.
 Ye'll barely get inower a door,
 An't besna' on the Sunday,
 Sae bauld's the bustle an' uproar
 Ahead o' Han'sel Monday—
 That lo'esome day !

Wi' willin' han's ilk' hoose is cleaned,
 Its ilka hole an' corner,
 Till tidy as a new-made preen,
 An' fit for friend or foreigner.
 O' a' the dainties o' this life
 I wat ye weel there's plenty—
 There's usquebae an' kebbucks rife,
 An' currant loaves fu' dainty
 For treat that day.

His Reverence notes the steerie-fyke,
 An's nettled at the sicht o't ;
 On Sunday snarls like a tyke,
 An' bids them ne'er think licht o't.
 "If fouk daur waste their means on trash
 Whilk yields nae satisfaction,"
 He cries, "'twill breed them muckle fash
 An' sorrow ower the action
 Some future day !"

The leal divine means muckle guid,
 But, weel-a-wat, it's needless,
 His hearers maist are in a mood
 That's restless, gay, an' heedless ;
 An' Han'sel Monday when it comes
 Is held in royal splendour,
 Tho' common-sense sud tak' the strums,
 Dull care maun quick surrender
 Tae mirth that day.

Ere skraich o' dawn the steer begins,
 The chields set aff first-fittin' ;
 Frae hoose tae hoose they glegly rin,
 Mad caipers aften cuttin'.
 Some cots they enter by the door,
 An' ithers by the windock ;
 Whiles doon the lum they tum'lin' come—
 Nane tak's amiss sic conduct
 On Han'sel day.

'Tween aucht an' ten the chields drap in
 Frae neebourin' glens an' fairms,
 Wi' whisky pistols in their fabs,
 An' lasses in their airms.

The toast gangs roun', "Here's luck tae a'!"
 An's drunk wi' rousin' cheer;
 They hug the dames an' shout "Hurrah!
 We'll a' be happy here
 The lee-lang day!"

Frae hoose tae hoose fouk flit in bings,
 Whaure'er they licht they're treatit;
 The douce guidwife the bottle brings,
 An' cries, "Guid friends, be seatit."
 Syne ilka ane maun pree the bun,
 The Gouda, an' the shorty,
 An' kiss the dochter, just for fun,
 Although she's five an' forty
 That very day.

Belyve the fun grows fast an' loose
 Roun' ilka bleizin' ingle;
 There's nocht but joy in ilka house—
 The married fouk, the single,
 Are gay alike, an' bent on sport,
 The auldest an' the frailest,
 They joke an' sing, an' dance an' fling—
 A' subscribe tae the gay list
 On Han'sel day.

In Jamie's hoose ayont the green
 The pipes are gaily skirlin',
 An' lads an' lasses, wives an' men
 Gae loupin', hoochin', whirlin'.
 Wee tailor Tammy—ell-wand lang—
 Aspires tae swing the sowdy,
 An' trips the tae o' Bauldy Strang,
 Wha belches wi' the howdy
 Like daft that day.

In Burnthewin's behaud the steer,
 An' list the rousin' lauchter !
 Auld beadle Geordie vows an' swears
 He'll kiss the grocer's dauchter ;
 An' wauchlin' frae the ingle-neuk,
 The beery bleery sexton
 Mistak's the maid, an' hugs instead
 The breeks o' Aundro' Dickson
 Hung up tae dry.

Auld bed-rid Jenny lies an' lauchs,
 An' maist forgets her sorrows,
 She hears sae mony merry sangs
 An' wrinkle-frichtin' stories ;
 An' Gutchter Tammas fits the fluir
 In wantin jingo-ringle,
 Wi' great-grandbairns aucht or ten,
 An' sings ayont the ingle
 Fu' fain that day.

But wha can tell o' ilka scene,
 O' ilka prank an' ploy ;
 Wha are kiss'd, an' wha are miss'd,
 An' wha houp maist for joy ?
 Enough tae ken the day gangs by
 In spite o' counter-wishes,
 An' nocht is dune tae force a maen,
 In't besna' broken dishes
 Sae rife neist day.

Guid grant us lang sic lo'esome days,
 When roun' the auld hearthstane
 Frien's meet wi' frien's—'twere rash tae say
 They e'er may meet again ;

When cankry cares o' daily life
 Are lichtlied ane an' a' ;
 When crazy eild forgets itsel',
 An' lauchs wi' lood guffaw
 On sic a day.

THE CADGER AND HIS CUDDY.

THAXTY year syne or sae, when oor simple forefaithers
 Gae credence tae black-airt an' mony sic blethers,
 Three dandie young blades quat Auld Reekie toon
 On a pleasure excursion, *via* Stirling and Doune,
 Dunblane an' Dumfarlin', Kinross an' Lochleven,
 Historical Falkland, an' rustic Buckhaven ;
 The trio were reckless—scarce oot o' their teens—
 They ne'er thocht o' suitin' their ends to their means.
 At a snug country inn (I mention nae names),
 At least thretty miles frae the revellers' hames,
 They drank muckle deeper than first they intended,
 An' gat sair in debt some time ere they ken't o't.
 When, belyve, they discovered their luckless condition,
 They showed muckle sorrow an' moody contrition ;
 Ane sigh'd, " I'll wreat hame," but the lave widna' hear o't,
 They'd devise a far manlier way to get clear o't.
 While they sat cogitatin', o'erwhelm'd in study,
 A cadger drew up tae the door wi' his cuddy ;
 " Noo," quo' Dick—an' the glegest by far o' the three—
 " Here's a chance—let's adopt it, 'twill flourish, you'll see ;
 As sune as that cadger gets safe under roof,
 An' engross'd ower a stoup o' Glentilt under proof,
 Slip cannily oot and unharness the beastie,

Fling the harness on me—do't tidy, but hastie,
 Syne awa' wi' the brute as gleg's he can canter,
 An' sell 'im aff-loof tae the first cuddy-wanter ;
 Haste back wi' the siller, and square aff the lawin'—
 I'll puzzle the cadger the best way I can."

The trick was sae novel, 'twas deftly performed,
 An' Dick left tae symbol a cuddy transformed.

By-an'-bye the douce cadger appeared, whip in hand,
 A face like the moon, an' exceedingly bland ;
 But, sirse ! hoo he stared, hoo he gaip'd, when afore 'im
 A man filled the trams, instead of auld Jorum ;
 He glower'd, and he shook till his knees rapp'd thegether,
 His e'en grew like beads, and his hair stood like heather ;
 At length he gasp'd oot, " Oh, g—gude preserve me !
 What meaneth a' this, sir ? eh ? what do I see ?"
 " Alas !" answer'd Dick, " hae you drank sae much toddy,
 That ye kenna' e'en me—yer ain trusty cuddy ?
 Auld Jorum, wha's sair'd ye sae lang an' sae true,
 Wha ne'er said ye no, be ye sober or fou,
 But wauchill'd an' trauchill'd thro' dub and thro' mire,
 Aye eident tae please ye, tho' douffy wi' tire ?"
 " My cuddy ? auld Jorum ? Sic nonsense ! gae wa' !
 Ye're as spruce a young callan' as ever I saw."
 " Thank goodness !" cried Dick, gi'en himsel' a survey ;
 " My faither's relentit ! Oh, thrice happy day !
 Relentit at last, an' kindly restored me
 Tae my natural shape, tho' lang he's abhorr'd me."
 " Y—*your faither*, my man ?" " Ay, my faither," said Dick—
 " 'Twas e'en 'he that sair'd me this ill-deedie trick ;
 A man o' the warld—a swick-and-trick dealer—
 His heart's prayer was everly siller ! siller ! siller !
 He studied black-airt, and the de'il's ither books,

Necromancy an' witchcraft, their hooks and their crooks,
 An' 'cause I widna' marry a lass o' his choosin'—
 An heiress reputed, worth twa or three thousan'—
 I incurred his displeasure, an' sad, sad, but true,
 He made me a cuddy, and sell'd me tae you."

"*My life!*" quo' the cadger, "this really dings a'
 That e'er I heard tell o', or ever I saw!
 Och, och, sic a faither! but here, my guid lad,
 Aff, aff wi' the graith, and gae hame tae yer dad,
 An' henceforth be wary whatever ye dae,
 Ne'er conter his notion, propose what he may;
 Be as docile a son as you've lang been a cuddy,
 An' you'll no cross your faither, nor nae ither body.
 Gude kens! I've been foolish, a victim tae drams,
 I've nae siller by me tae fill yer auld trams.
 My cuddy's awa'! I may ne'er get anither—
 Come o't what will, lad, gae hame to your faither,
 An' marry the lass—e'en marry her mither—
 But nae mair cast oot wi' yer camsteerie faither."

Auld Jorum gat coupit, the lawin' was paid,
 An' the lads sune a' hame at their ain fireside;
 Fu' cruse did they craw ower the practical joke,
 An' gaily rehearsed it tae freends an' frem't fouk,
 Yet nae time was tint ere the cadger, douce body,
 Was weel reimbursed for the loss o' his cuddy;
 And wow, he was vogie—I wish ye had seen him—
 He culdna' felt mair hød a lairdship been gien him;
 Though aften he sigh'd, and said, wi' a swither,
 "I houp the guid lad'll keep pack wi' his faither."

Was his wish realised? I scarcely can tell—
 Attend tae the sequel, an' judge for yoursel'.

Ae day the neist week, betoggit wi' care,
 Oor hero set aff tae a wee country fair,
 In hope tae fa' in wi' a beast that wid suit him,
 An' reachin' the stance gaed gowkin' about him ;
 This cud' was ower big, the neist rather wee,
 That, useless auld, or 'twould dune to a tee.
 At length his e'en laucht on a weel-favour'd figure,
 The rale heicht and weicht, wi' promise o' vigour ;
 He scann'd its proportions—the length and the bree'th o't,
 An' lastly, stap'd roun' tae examine the teeth o't.
 His glance met the cuddy's—they started thegither ;
 Recognition was mutual—the ane kent the ither ;
 'Twas Jorum, auld Jorum—he wriggled and boo'd,
 As if fain to speak and explain if he could.
 The cadger stood mauchless, dumfoonder'd, amazed ;
 Wi' hands high uplifted he piteously gazed,
 At length blurted out, in accents unsteady—
 “ *Wow, man ! hey you pleyed wi' yer faither already ?* ”

THE AULD KIRKYARD.

TIS sweet tae stroll an' pensive muse
 Adoon yon bosky den,
 An' lie an' list' the roarin' linn
 That waukens a' the glen ;
 But sweeter still an' dearer far
 Tae me's yon gow'ny sward,
 An' thochts that wrap my bosom
 In the auld kirkyard.

When labour lays his tackle by
 An' herds gang liltin' hame,
 An merles lood their e'enin' psalm
 Frae tall tree-taps proclaim,
 Oh ! then, I lo'e tae wander,
 My thochts by a' unshared,
 An' muse the mellow gloamin'
 In the auld kirkyard.

'Tis but a rude neglected howm—
 A craft o' ravell'd stanes,
 Thick interspersed wi' nameless knolls—
 The crypts o' moulderin' banes ;
 But sacred memories draw me till't—
 Fond thochts o' those interr'd,
 The friends I lo'ed in life wha sleep
 In the auld kirkyard.

There lie the loves o' early youth,
 The mates o' schuleboy days,
 The tested freends o' manhood's prime
 Lang ta'en frae earthly gaze.
 Nae mair we'll hear their ringin' laugh,
 Or race them ower the sward ;
 They sleep the dreamless, breathless sleep
 In the auld kirkyard.

Fu' aft I wonder tae mysel'
 If they can think o' me ;
 If they can hear my throbbin' heart,
 Or see my tearfu' e'e ;
 If they be conscious still, though dead,
 An' hoo wi' them it's fared—
 Sic fancies droll the mind conjures
 In the auld kirkyard.

I ken ilk' stane in a' the craft ;
 I read them ower an' ower ;
 An', aft's I read, the sma' still voice
 That mak's the bauldest cower
 Keeps whisperin', whisperin' in my briest,
 Be waukrife ! be prepared !
 For sune at langest a' maun lie
 In the auld kirkyard.

Ye rioters in the clachan inn !
 I hear your witless roar,
 But alien passions fire our souls
 As wide as shore frae shore.
 Oh ! wid ye come an' muse wi' me
 Your times were better wair'd ;
 Ye'd read the books o' life an' death
 In the auld kirkyard !

There're lessons in the auld kirkyard
 We a' sud read an' learn—
 The sermons bold on ilka stane
 That preach tae man an' bairn.
 We see the young an' sinless ta'en,
 An' wonder we are spared ;
 We meet oor Maker face tae face
 In the auld kirkyard.

NE'ER-DO - WHEEL JOCK.

YOU ha'e heard o' the pliskies o' mony a loon—
 O' poachers an' reivers in country an' toon ;
 But I'll wad ye a bodle—an' bettin's nae joke—
 You ne'er met a worthy like ne'er-do-weel Jock.

Whaur Jock saw daylight first nane livin' can tell ;
 Some say 'twas in Muthil, and some say Dunkel' ;
 Some mintein 'twas Kilspindie, an' ithers Lynedock—
 It's a mystery the cauf-grun' o' ne'er-do-weel Jock.

He cam' tae oor clachan a wee raggit callan',
 Tae herd the auld doddie o' Kirsty M'Millan ;
 He swore like a trooper—cud snuff and cud smoke—
 An ill-fashioned warrach was ne'er-do-weel Jock.

Tae tell his complexion wid baffle yer power ;
 His face was ne'er washed excep' wi' a shower ;
 He ne'er kent the lux'ry o' stockin' or sock,
 An' nae sootar e'er misfittit ne'er-do-weel Jock.

An', wow ! sic a herd surely never was born—
 Doddie fed as she will'd 'mang the neeps or the corn ;
 While miles east or wast, on the tap o' an oak,
 At a nest o' young spurdies sat ne'er-do-weel Jock.

Kirsty's eggs gae'd amissin', her cat tint the tail,
 Strange things were aft' fun' i' the pat 'mang the kail ;
 The hens a' gat crippled an' sae did the cock,
 An' the cause o' the de'ilry was ne'er-do-weel Jock.

But why sud I dwell on his youthfu' career?
 Jock's a man, an's been married this mony a year,
 But, tho' wives aften polish the ways o' rude fouk,
 There's nae reformation on ne'er-do-weel Jock.

His pipe's seldom cauld, an' he's tied tae the dram —
 If water were whisky he'd toom a mill dam;
 He fechts wi' the wind, tae, whene'er he's hauf-cock—
 Oh, guid save's frae a tulzie wi' ne'er-do-weel Jock!

Like a modern Achilles he steers oot an' in,
 An' answers pair Kate wi' a grunt an' a grin;
 Tho' he gangs tae the hill an' brings doon a muir-cock,
 The keepers ne'er cavil wi' ne'er-do-weel Jock.

If ye're oot for a daunder an' meet wi' a chield
 Wha's neive's in a sling an's noddle's a' peel'd,
 Just spier him the cause, an' as sure's the toon clock
 He'll gie you some inklins o' ne'er-do-weel Jock.

Mony splores I cud tell 'bout this wonderfu' wicht,
 But the rogue's on my trail, an' I'm a' in a fricht;
 Sae, tae hain my auld skin, freends, I'll pack up my troke—
Oh, guidness preserve us! here's ne'er-do-weel Jock!

THE KIRKYARD GHAIST.

 SWANK buirdly neebour was bauld reiver Tam,
 Sair averse tae hard wark aye, but fond o' a dram.
 Fond, did I say? 'twas the rogue's daily care;
 Gie Tam meat and drink juist—he cared for nae mair.
 His puir trauchell'd wifie an' wee raggit wean
 Micht fend or micht famish—he caredna' a preen;
 Ilk' saxpence he haunel'd, by fair means or foul,
 Was unco sune meltit an' snug 'neath his cowl.
 Sometimes as it happen'd the hauf o't was waur'd
 On Jock, his fell cronie—anither rouch card.
 They lived hand an' glove, an' mony a pliskie
 Thae twa rogues committed, an' aye tae get whisky—
 Vile whisky—wae's me! soul-ruinin' potation,
 Destroyer o' reason, an' curse o' oor nation!
 For means to procure it what dangers fouk dree!
 An' suner than want it they'll steal, starve, an' dee.

As I said, Tam an' Jock were twa idle rogues,
 Wi' nae care in life but guid drams an' big cougs;
 Tho' hoo to procure these aft' puzzled their brains,
 An' sent them ascourin' the hills and the plains.
 A'e dark stormy nicht, mony years noo sin' syne,
 The twa met by contract a plot to define.
 Quo' Tam, looking wary, "Jock, hear me a wee—
 I've a ploy i' my head that'll suit's tae a tee;
 I ken o' a barn, a mile ower the hicht,
 Whaur a sack o' guid meal can be liftit the nicht;
 An' I'se dae the trick, lad, fu' snug ere I sleep,
 If ye'll but agree tae get hauds o' a sheep."

"A' richt," whisper'd Jock, "I'll blythely dae that ;
 Yet the nicht is sae mirk, man, 'twould puzzle a cat
 Tae discern the slaps i' the hedges, or ken
 A fat frae a lean sheep, a sheep frae a stane." -
 "You haverin' gomeril," quo' Tam, in a flurry,
 "The darker the nicht, the less risk o' a hurry."
 "Very weel," mutter'd Jock, "e'en let us fa' to—
 The suner begun, the suner we're through—
 But here, sud ye be first through, as likely ye will,
 Whaur'er sall we meet—i' the auld quarry hole?"
 "Na, na, Jock, no there, some place nearer hand—
 O'd the auld kirkyard, man, what think ye?" "Juist grand !
 On the nor'-wast side, 'mang the thick o' the tombs,
 The first there juist lie till the ither ane comes.
 It's the quietest an' safest place a' round about,
 Fient ane'll seek's there, Tam, we need ha'e nae doot ;
 An' gin baith dae their job in a tradesman-like style,
 We'll no want for bannock an' mutton this while."
 Sae aff the twa punkit like dog-huntit deer,
 An' hoo they succeeded attend an' ye'll hear.

'Boot the time that I speak o' there lived in our toon
 A wee cripple tailor ca'd Pate Whiteybroon ;
 An' that very nicht, in Patie's ben hoose,
 A wheen chields sat smokin', an' crackin' the noos ;
 They spak' o' the storm then ragin' sae fiery,
 O' the wind an' the rain, an' the darkness sae eerie ;
 And, belyve, they discussed the existence o' witches,
 Ghaists, brounies, an' a' supernatural wretches ;
 Some vow'd they had seen them as veve as daylight,
 While ithers sat listenin' and creengin' wi' fricht.
 "I'm mair than astonish'd," quo' the tailor, "tae hear
 A lot o' big men-fouk sae feckless as ye are ;
 Awa' wi' yer havers 'boot ghaists, fays, an' kelpies—

I'd face a' sic gentry atween this an' the ill place."
 Quo' young Sandy Armstrong, a blythe, burly sailor—
 "It strikes me ye're crawin' unco croose the noo, tailor ;
 An' sin' ye're sae bouncy, we'll test ye, de'il's in it,
 I'll wager a croon-piece, an' stake it this minute,
 Ye'll no gang across tae the auld kirkyard,
 An' stey there a'e oor withoot gettin' scared."
 "An' it werena' I'm sae dwab on the legs," quo' the tailor,
 "I'm hang'd but I'd just tak' ye up, Maister Sailor."
 "Mak' that nae excuse, then," quo' Sandy, fu' ready,
 "I'll carry ye ower on my back, snug an' steady,
 Lay ye doon 'mang the tombs—there leave ye an oor ;
 Ca' back, and return you to your ain kitchen floor."
 The tailor consentit, sae Sandy boo'd doon,
 Hitch'd him high on his back, *minus* coat, hat, and shoon,
 Syne oot at the door like a shot frae a gun,
 An' held the gait straucht tae the auld buryin'-grun'.

Ere this time bauld Tam had the meal in his keep,
 An' was lyin' 'mang the tombs waitin' Jock wi' the sheep ;
 By-and-bye he cud hear faint pechin' an' groanin',
 An', belyve, noticed something steer up the dark loanin'.
 Tam felt certain sure it was Jock wi' a wether—
 (Need I tell you ?) 'twas Sandy wi' the tailor on's shoother ;
 Still forward an' forward he press'd, tired an' draigly,
 Ne'er speakin' a sentence, but listenin' fu' glegly.
 Clam ower the stane dyke, the yett bein' steekit,
 An' cam' tae whaur Tam an' his booty lay streekit.
 Tam, still makin' sure it was Jock wi' the mutton,
 Sprang up on his feet like a cat at a rottan,
 An' enquired fidgin' fain, "*Is he fat, think ye, Jock ?*"
 My certie ! wee Pate ne'er gat sic a shock.
 "Fat or lean, de'il," quo' Sandy, dismountin' the tailor,
 "He's yours ; but, by jingo ! ye'se no get the sailor."

An' aff Sandy spankit ower hedges an' ditches,
 Pursued, as he thought, by ghaists, de'ils, an' witches ;
 But though he ootstrippit the wind o' the storm,
 The wee cripple tailor was hame lang afore 'im.

Thenceforth, when they spak' aboot ghaists tae the tailor,
 He scartit his pow, an' wink'd ower tae the sailor.

THE CURIN' O'T.

§ CLAUCHT a cauld a month yestreen—
 The hoo an' whaur I canna' tell ;
 A maist by-ord'nar' dose, I ween—
 I scarce cud speak, or hear, or smell.

When sayin' man, I spak' o' *mad*,
 An' hoastit as I'd ne'er devauld ;
 The neebours said, " Hech ! but ye're bad !
 Ow, man ! ye've gat a fearfu' cauld."

An' nane but had a cure tae gie.
 Quo' Geordie Gill, " I tell ye what !
 A better cure there cudna' be
 Than twa'r three gless o' Johnny Maut."

Then neist I met auld Deacon Yule ;
 Says he, " Just ere you gang tae bed,
 Ye'll drink a cog o' treacle-grewl,
 An' baithe yer feet an' steam yer head."

Syne Granny Bell ; quo' she, " Atweel !

There's naething cures oor John sae snack
As mustard, mix'd wi' linseed meal,
Spread ower the briest an' roun' the back."

The landlord vow'd cauld water cloots

The best an' cheapest cure o' a' ;
Swaith'd roun' the throat, he'd wad his boots,
They'd lift the herseness clean awa'.

Our neebour's wife ; quo' she, " I vote

Ye sup a slag o' bawcon grease,
An' tie yer stockin' roun' yer throat—
Ere mornin' licht ye'll find at ease."

Wi' cures sae mony, a' sae sure,

I kentna' whilk tae choose ava ;
An' aifter wilin' maist an oor,
What d'ye think ?—I tock them a' !

An' sic a night I ne'er endured—

I row'd, I roar'd, I pech'd an' swat ;
The sap fell tricklin' frae my beard ;
I steam'd like ony brewer's vat.

Some ran for doctors, some for drugs ;

Ane brocht the parson, holy man !
But Jock—the gowk !—maist tint his lugs—
He for the water-engine ran !

I've rallied noo ; tho', sooth tae tell,

I maistly gat my timmer coat ;
The cauld was vexsome o' itsel',
But wae's me on the curin' o't !

A POWERFU' PRAYER.

THERE'S fouk nae few wha bauldly dare
 Tae doot the guid an' power o' prayer ;
 I winna' say they're richt or wrang,
 Nor plague you wi' a lood harangue,
 But, will ye gie's your lugs awee,
 I'll tell hoo sturdy Jock M'Phee,
 Wha seldom prayed, aince prayed sincere,
 An' swith gat answer tae his prayer.

Jock was as sonsy douce a chield
 As e'er was met by road or field,
 Aye frank an' ready wi' his mull,
 An' blythe tae tak' or gie a gill ;
 Yet, tho' on friendship wi' the barrel,
 Was never kent tae breed a quarrel,
 But plied his tongue wi' slicht an' micht
 Tae sowther brawls an' haud a' richt ;
 An', sic a gift o' gab had Jock,
 He rarely fail'd wi' fashious fouk.

It happen'd aince upon a day—
 The whaur an' when I needna' say—
 Jock trampit ower sax mile o' bent
 Tae meet his laird an' pay his rent.
 At place o' meet (a village inn,
 As shelter frae the frosty win')
 He landit first, an' feelin' tired,
 Resolved tae sit an' wait the laird ;
 Sae ca'd a gill tae weet his mou',
 An' wear the time as best he dow.

While sittin' coshly preein' his drappy,
 In stapt four billies, haufins happy,
 An' spak' wi' Jock sae frank an' free,
 He ca'd a roun' o' barley bree,
 Drew oot his purse an' pey'd the bill—
 A purse o' gowd an' siller full.
 They shook his hand an' ca'd him brither,
 Took aff their drams an' wink'd tae ither ;
 Nae doot they thocht they'd met a cuif
 They'd easily coax tae creesh their luif—
 The least they daur'd expec' or think
 He'd pay for a' they'd like tae drink.
 But glegest rogues are aft' mista'en,
 An' Jock was slee as they were fain ;
 They spak' o' drams wi' wild grimaces,
 An' clatter'd wi' their empty glasses,
 But aye Jock pree'd an' pree'd his ain,
 An' ne'er said, " Chaps, ye'll taste again ?"
 Incited wi' a scorchin' drooth,
 An' fient a drap tae weet their mooth,
 An' no a'e bawbee in their purse,
 They vow'd they'd drink by slicht or force ;
 Sae ilka drouth sprang tae the floor
 (Ane set his back against the door),
 An' tauld Jock 'less he'd stan' a pot
 They'd thrash his hide upon the spot—
 E'en cleave his scaup in wi' a chair
 Unless he'd quickly ca' some mair ;
 " Drink ! drink !" they cried, " ye needna' glower,
 Ye'll ca' mair drink, or fecht us four !"

" Weel, weel," quo' Jock, " if fecht I *maun*,
 Then fecht I *will* here whaur I stan' ;
 Sae strip ye, an', while ye prepare,

I'll crook my limbs an' say a prayer,
 For sic stramash I ne'er begin
 Ere seekin' mercy for the sin."

Wi' solemn grace Jock doff'd his plaid,
 Sunk on his knees, an' thus he prayed:—
 "Gude Lord, I unco seldom pray,
 Tho' no for want o' need Ye'll say ;
 I've been a wanworth a' my life,
 A lo'er o' lawless bluidy strife ;
 I've wroucht the death o' mony a man—
 For brag, ye ken, I ne'er cud stan' ;
 Mair widows ha'e been made by me
 Than I cud thole tae name or see.
 You ken 'twas but this very morn
 I fell'd three men by yonder thorn ;
 Their bodies lie beneath the river,
 An' may be seen or heard o' never.
 I crave Yer mercy for the deed,
 An' pray my soul frae sin be free'd ;
 Their wives an' bairns mak' them Yer care,
 Ne'er let them lack a waly share.
 An' noo, if't be Thy haly will,
 Look doon on those I'm gaun tae kill—
 I'm laith tae kill them, truth tae say,
 But death they seek, an' death they'll ha'e.
 O may they dee wi' little pain,
 An' a' be fit for whaur they're gaun ;
 Their wives an' bairns I pray Ye bless them,
 The luckless sires—I'll noo dismiss them !"

Here Jock fu' sleely keekit roun',
 An', ha ! ha ! ha ! the nest was floun.
 He heard them flounderin' on the floor,

While ram-stam makin' for the door,
 An' sat him doon an' lauch'd his fill,
 An' pledged them in the dregs o's gill.

Fu' mony years on ilka han'
 The tale's gane lauchin' ower the lan',
 An' nane that hear it but declare
 That Jock's was e'en A POWERFU' PRAYER.

F I D D L E R T A M.

COME, pipe yer reed, my rustic muse,
 You're dowf at best, an' dour to rouse;
 But, troth, I'll bide nae sham—
 You e'en maun lilt as weel's ye dow
 The fame o' ane you've sung ere now,
 Nane else than Fiddler Tam;
 A chield as gleg's an elshin point—
 A wit, I daur tae ca'm.
 When joke an' pun gang jinkin' roun',
 Tell's wha can cope wi' Tam?
 His wit's wild, his heart's mild,
 His brain's a waly store
 O' hearsays an' queer says,
 That gar the bluntest roar.

I widna' swap an oor at e'en—
 An oor wi' Tam, my pawkie frien',
 For cooks wi' some I ken;
 For months, indeed, wi' swaggerin' blades,

Wi' jimp as muckle i' their heads

As ony ord'nar' hen.

Na, na ! gie me a man o' mind,

I carena' what his lot ;

I prize the mind abune the man,

The man abune the coat.

'Tis mind, sirs, ye'll find, sirs,

That mak's a man o' worth ;

'Tis haivers, 'tis claivers,

Tae think it's noble birth.

That Tam's a genius—nane says nay—

He'll dance or play an auld strathspey

Wi' ony brither Scot ;

An' set him doon an' glibly mix

In history, poetry, politics,

Or ony crack ye'll vote.

He's slater, doctor, hatter, clerk—

He'll mak' or men' a shoe ;

Auld wives declare wi' solemn air

That Tam can preach or ploo.

I dootna', nor cudna',

For little comes him wrang,

Tho' here, sirs, 'tis clear, sirs,

A crook comes i' my sang.

There's naething faultless 'neath the sun—

In sea, or air, or i' the grun',

An' Tam, e'en Tam, has ane ;

I'm laith to say't—he lo'es the drink.

But gie the mutchkin stowp a clink,

Ye'll set his birse on en',

And quick as thocht he's at your hip—

De'il tak' the first that tire ;

An' I'se be band he'll no' get Tam—
 He'll never budge his chair
 Frae Monday tae Sunday,
 An' e'en a week tae that,
 But joke still, an' smoke still,
 An' tipple at the maut.

Oh! had I mystic power a fouth—
 The power tae kill that cursed drooth
 Nae sap on earth can slocken,
 Ye'd sune see Tam in rank an' micht
 A gaucey, buirdly, mensefu' wicht
 As ere set fit in stockin'.
 For Nature has been kind tae Tam,
 She's lent him wit an' grace;
 A routhy, fine, weel-balanced min',
 An' eke a weel-faur'd face.
 E'en wi' his faut, his love o' maut,
 We lo'e the carlie weel;
 By auld an' young 'tis aye the sang—
 Faith, Tam's nae ord'nar' chiel'!

THE TWA-FALD RETURN.

 N auld Caledonia—to wit, in the Mearns—
 Lived douce Wattie Dron an' his wife, Peggie Maise,
 As droll an auld couple in life an' appearance
 As ane lucks to meet in the feck o' his days.

They dwalt in a cot amaist tint amang brackens,
 Awa' in a nook frae the lave o' their kind,
 'Mang birds, bees, an' floo'ers, an' sturdy auld aikens,
 Whaur Nature speaks love tae the lovely inclined.

The buik o' their walth was a wee cottar mailen,
 A coo an' a grumphie an' sax midden hens,
 Some tables an' chairs, an' pats tae mak' kail in—
 Just requisite trok'ry tae plenish twa ends.

Their duds were a' happin's o' Peggie's ain spinnin',
 Weel woven by Wattie, an' made 'tween them twa;
 They caredna' for fashion an' kirk neebors grinnin',
 An' few lived sae bien an' sae happy witha'.

Nae bairns ere gat they tae fash or tae cheer them;
 Tho' Peggie aft' sech'd, an' declared wi' a smile
 She lo'ed the wee totties, an' liket tae hear them—
 Their prattle sae cheerie, sae sakeless o' guile.

An', wow! they were simple—o' guile a' unconscious,
 Whate'er they were tauld they received as the truth;
 Some said they were greedy or warldly anxious—
 But, troth, that's a faut o' whilk maist o's ha'e fouth.

Tae chapel ilk' Sunday they toddled fu' trigly,
 An' joined in the worship wi' spirits sincere;
 Respect for the priest in their hearts buikit bigly—
 'Neath the scowl o' his e'e they trimmel'd wi' fear.

His sma'est injunction they follow'd minutely,
 Than merit his censure they'd pairt wi' their head;
 Wi' catholic zeal they worshipp'd *him* stootly—
 For awe for the priest was the stang o' their creed.

A'e Sunday his worship, like's claith, fond o' siller,
 Exhortit his hearers in eloquent phrase
 Tae gi'e o' their substance, an' gi'e wi' a will a';
 The buik o' their gi'en's wid favour their case.

An' syne, as a crafty an' takin' inducement,
 He bade them ne'er doot it, whate'er they micht gie
 Tae the guid o' the kirk and religious disbursement
 Wid return to them twa-fald—aiklins three.

Douce Wattie an' Peggie gaed hame cogitatin',
 An' musin', an' thinkin' on what they sud dae;
 In a' their life-lang they ne'er got sic a ratin',
 But dootless deserved it—the priest hintit sae.

'Twas ilka ane's duty to gie, and gie freely—
 That sacred injunction they durstna' decry;
 "An' blythely we'd dae sae," quo' Peggie; "but really
 O' siller we're scanty, an' canna' comply."

Nae mair for the nonce they continued the subject,
 But neist afternune, as they sat at their tea,
 Quo' Wattie, "Dear Peggie, I'd venture a project,
 An' hear your opinion." Quo' Peggie, "E'en sae!"

“ Aweel, lass, this mornin’, while muckin’ the byre oot,
 The priest’s exhortations took hauds o’ my head,
 An’ threat’ for the maument tae ding me deleerit,
 Sae prick’d was my conscience wi’ a’ that he said.

I felt that as Christians we’ve fail’d maist completely,
 An’ cried, ‘ Had I siller I’d aff wi’t e’en noo !’
 My mou’ wisna’ shut ere a voice whisper’d meekly,
 ‘ Awa’ wi’ yer coo, Wattie ; pairt wi’ yer coo !’

The gausie auld beast shot her nose ower the crevise,
 An’ moo’d her consent—it seem’d sae at least—
 An’ whiskit her tail sae impatient—Gude save us !—
 She maist brak’ her band tae be aff tae the priest.

Noo what think you, Peggie, o’ pairtin’ wi’ hornie ?”
 “ Lat’s e’en dae sae, Wattie, even do’t noo !
 Ye mind o’ the promise ?—a twa-fald return, eh ?
 Awa’ for the coo, Wattie—aff wi’ the coo !”

Awa’ Wattie hied wi’ the coo in a halter,
 Nor faudit a houch till the priest met his e’e.
 “ Your Rev’rence,” quo’ Wattie, his heart like tae kelter,
 “ Accept o’ oor crummie frae Peggie an’ me.

We gi’er tae the kirk in the name o’ high heaven—
 The only gift worthy wi’ ha’e an’ can spare.”
 “ ’Tis weel,” quo’ the priest ; “ Oh ! ’tis unco relievin’—
 Sic charity sure weel repays a’ my prayer.

Ye’ll gang yer wa’s hame, Wattie, hame tae yer Peggie,
 My blessin’ gang wi’ ye, an’ bide wi’ ye baith ;
 Be prayerfu’ an’ humble, an’ dootna’, I beg ye,
 A twa-fald return ye sall get in guid faith.”

Wattie did as requestit—the priest led his crummock
 Awa' doon the meadow, a distance untauld ;
 An', lauchin' in's sleeve at the saftness o' some fouk,
 He tether'd his new coo alang wi' the auld.

An' tied tae a'e tether the twa mumpit fairly,
 Tho' hornie grew restless the mair she gat fou' ;
 When gloamin' cam' doon she tint patience entirely,
 An' tuggit an' tuggit till the tether she drew.

A kind couthie hame isna' aft disrespectit
 By beast or by body—nay ! bless ye, fouk, nay ;
 An' leal-heartit Hornie her fitsteps directit
 At aince tae the cottage she left the same day.

An' tied as they were the twa gae'd thegither,
 Ower hedges an' ditches they boundit like deer,
 Ower woodland an' moorland, nor slackit the tether
 Till Wattie an' Peggie the rowtin might hear ;

For hornie, elated ower stampede sae fleetin',
 Gae'd rowtin' alang like a sot in the blues ;
 Her tail i' the air an' her hide a' a-reekin'
 Wi' draggin' her cronie, wha strave tae brak' loose.

“Hush, Peggie,” quo' Wattie, “an' listen that rowtin' !”
 “It's hornie,” quo' Peggie, “her very ain roar ;”
 Sae up bang'd the twa, gae'd ower the bed stoitin',
 An' met face tae face the twa kye at the door.

Wattie bang'd up his airms an' glower'd like a warlock,
 Syne, turnin' tae Peggie, fell clyte on her neck,
 An', greetin' wi' gladness, cried, “Oh ! this is rare luck—
 A twa-fald return, lassie, marvellous quick.”

They hoos'd the twa crummies an' tendit them coshly—
 Twa daintier milkers ne'er puiket a horn—
 An' Wattie an' Peggie lived lang, an' spak' gashly
 O' their gift tae the kirk an' its twa-fald return.

THE WRANG SOO BY THE LUG.

THE Reverend John ("What's in a name?"),
 A lamb thereoot, a tyke at hame,
 Gangs snuivin', snarlin' oot an' in,
 An' fechtin' wi' the fitfu' win',
 Unless ilk' maggot, wish, an' vote
 Is swith accomplish'd ilka jot.
 Such are his follies an' caprices,
 Unchristian love an' cleric vices—
 Sud ane daur disobey his will,
 He'll plot an' scheme wi' a' his skill,
 An' ser' them up an unco dish
 That daur tae act athwart his wish.

A cook has John—a buxom dame—
 Wham love-wrapt swains aft oxt'er hame,
 An' sport an' toozle in the garden,
 A' cleric mandates disregardin'.
 John views the heretics wi' pain,
 An' stamps an' threats, but threats in vain;
 For love—that keen, attractive force,
 Be't in the briest o' man or horse—
 Nae threat or dread or wood erection

Will dam it frae its soul-affection ;
 An' tho' his Reverence threatens poother,
 Ilk' e'enin' brings some lad about her.
 But hark ! the nicht afore yestreen
 John set a trap, alane, unseen.
 Forneist the gap the coorters creep,
 A pit he delved, baith wide and deep,
 The whilk he filled rim-fou o' water,
 An' faced wi' furze an' yirdy matter,
 Sine raik'd it ower, an' straik'd it ower,
 An' left it wi' a crafty glower,
 Assured the luckless dook would prove
 A maist effectual cure for love.

Sae sair he took the plot tae head,
 A' nicht he toss'd upon his bed,
 An' dream'd o' droonin' men an' women—
 He saw them plunge, he heard them screamin'—
 An' grin'd in's sleep wi' fiendish glee,
 An' clapp'd his luives, and lauch'd " Tee-hee !"

As mornin' licht shed ower the plain,
 He peer'd oot throu' the window pane,
 An' saw, wi' muckle satisfaction,
 His wily trap had been in action.
 Unwash'd, undress'd, in jovial mien,
 He spankit rampant ower the green ;
 The first keek doon the hole he took,
 A lifeless carcass met his look,
 He stagger'd back, alarm'd, amazed ;
 He look'd again, or rather gazed ;
 It wasna' Shears, the taylour loon,
 Nor Last, the cobbler yont the toon ;
 'Twas neither Tam nor Will Galbraith,

Nor Jamie Tangs, the 'prentice smith :
 No ; nane o' a' the five, I voo,
But e'en his ain big grumphia soo !
 The wilfu' brute had burst her pen,
 An' thus had met a tragic en'.

Noo here's a moral, pat an' clear,
 An' worthy thocht o' priest or peer—
Ne'er try tae trap the lads that woo,
Or aiblins ye may catch yer soo ;
 Ye'll find it best, and nae mistakin',
 Tae spare the lads an' save yer bacon ;
 For, ten tae ane, tho' pits are dug,
 Ye'll catch THE WRANG SOO BY THE LUG !

SANDY AND JOHNNY.

(A TWA-HANDIT CRACK.)

Sandy.

“**G**UID e'enin', Johnny ! Hoo's a' wi' ye ?
 Come faud yer houchs—see, there's a chair ;
 'Odsake, man, I'm fain tae see ye—
 We haena' met this month an' mair.

There's my mull, see, tak' a sneeshin',
 An' dinna spare't—there's plenty o't ;
 That's it ! gie yer nose a creeshin'—
 Yer welcome sud ye snuff a groat.”

Johnny.

“Hech, man! ye keep the grand snuff, Sandy—
 Forgi’e me tho’ I tak’ a dose;
 The trash that I hae’s no’ worth candy—
 It simply fyles a body’s nose.

Last week I snuff’t a pund an’ mair o’t,
 An’ fient o’t ever gart me sneeze—
 Tae tell the truth, I widna’ carry’t,
 An’t werena’ just tae fricht the flees.”

Sandy.

“Ha! ha! yer aye the auld thing, Johnny—
 A pawkie rogie, fond o’ snuff;
 But tho’ ye’re neither braw nor bonnie,
 I trust your heart’s the proper stuff.

Rab Burns says the heart’s the pairt aye
 That tells us if we’re richt or wrang;
 But tell me, are ye hale an’ hearty?
 An’ hoo’s the wife an’ a’ the thrang?”

Johnny.

“The wife and weans? I’m wae to tell ye
 There’s some o’ them just *rather* weel—
 A wife’s nae joke that threats to fell ye,
 An’ ramps an’ raves aye like a de’il.

She’s roar’d me deaf, an’ dung me doitit—
 I wonder whiles if e’er she’ll men’;

She'll brak' my heart yet—I've nae doot o't—
Oh, for a wife like some I ken !”

Sandy.

“ A guid wife's mair than riches, Johnny—
That's a truth nane daur deny ;
Just see—tho' aince as puir as ony,
Wha's mair snug than Bess an' I ?

We crap' thegether scant o' siller,
But frugal care has kept us bein ;
Bess, forsooth, cud wed the miller,
But love decry'd an' made her mine.”

Johnny.

“ Ye wed for love, lad—that was noble—
A feckfu' heart tae twin yer ain ;
I wed siller—noo I've trouble—
Noo I've discord ; ye ha'e nane.

I wed a lass for filthy lucre—
A gowk wi' neither hands nor harns ;
I'm langsyne sorry e'er I took her—
I'd slicht her yet but for the bairns.”

Sandy.

“ Sae as ye brew sae shall ye drink, John ;
The proverb's auld an' unco true ;
Yet, for your sake, I'm wae to think, John,
Sic strife exists 'tween Kate an' you.

But try an' mak' the best you can o't,
 E'en let her clash—ne'er fash yer thoom ;
 Yer folly string up in a sonnet,
 An' ithers warn frae sic a doom."

Johnny.

" I'm no alane in sic a pickle
 (Tho' little comfort's in the thocht);
 I noo agree wi' Dom'nie Nicoll—
 ' Love can ne'er be sell't an' bocht.'

Awa' wi' siller *minus* pleasure—
 A fig for hearts that gowd can buy ;
 Fools wed for gear, an' rue't at leasure ;
 But I'm awa'—Guid-bye."

Sandy.

" Guid-bye."

ROBIN AFFLECK AND THE PHRENOLOGIST.*

THERE'S few fouk amang's—auld or young, I suspect—
 But wha maun hae heard tell o' Robin Affleck,
 A rustic that lived in the days o' langsyne,
 An' kent less o' physics than stickin' o' swine—

* A few years ago the proprietors of the *People's Friend* offered a prize for the best rhymed version of Robin Affleck's interview with the Phrenologist (a selection from "The Disruption.") The foregoing was my effort, which was spoken of by the adjudicators as one of the most successful.

A hamit-made haggis, the truth lat be said,
 The best o' wha's brag was an unco big head ;
 A queer shapit nugget a' roun', up an' doon,
 Unco laich i' the broo, unco heich i' the croon—
 The marvel o' seers ; and Robin was vain
 Ower haein' a head wi' a cast o' its ain.
 Ae day he gat moin o' a winderfu' dame,
 Wi' a winderfu' Frenchified queer-fangl'd name ;
 'Twas said she cud tell wi' a glint o' her e'e
 The contents o' a head, be't big or be't wee !
 "Here's a chance," chuckled Rab, "no tae fling at the craws,"
 An' buskit himsel' in his guid Sunday braws,
 Put some cash in his pooch, an' fu' vauntily sped
 Tae hear the contents o' his winderfu' head.
 At the lady's ha' door he was beck'd to come ben,
 Shown intae a room at the farawa' en'—
 A braw plenished room—e'en like a Lord Mayor's—
 Grand tables an' sofas, an' stuff-bottom'd chairs.
 He ne'er saw sic pictures as hung on the wa' ;
 On the chimla were ferlies the like he ne'er saw ;
 On the sideboards an' table were braw stucco busts
 O' philosophers, poets, an' famed pugilists,
 Murderers, burglars, Caffirs, an' Queens,
 Martyrs an' monkeys, atheists an' Deans ;
 But fient a head o' them, or he cudna' scan it,
 Wid much mair than hauf fill his muckle blue bannet.

The Phrenologist enter'd, her clerk follow'd suite ;
 Robin bang'd tae his feet—bow'd, and scrypt wi' his buit ;
 Gie a hauf-smother'd cough as they snibit the door,
 Syne slither'd him doon on his seat as before.
 "I suppose," quoth the lady, "you wish my comments,
 Or a chart of your phrenological developments ?"
 Robin scartit his pow, an' look'd unco demure,

First up to the ceilin', syne doon to the fluir ;
 At length blurted oot, " What's that ye were sayin' ?
 Ye think me a Chartist ? ye're sairly mista'en—
 I'm a cowshis, respectable, hard-workin' man,
 An' my story's but short, mem, ye'se get it aff lan' :
 I've brocht a big lump o' a head here tae see
 If ye'll tell me what's in't at a reasonable fee."
 The Phrenologist bow'd, then uncover'd his head,
 Examin'd it closely a' roun', an' then said,
 Thro' an ill-subdued smile, " I perceive, my good gent.,
 You're of a rather sanguine-fibrous temperament."
 Then directed her amanuensis to score
 In his book, " Sanguine, *five* ; and fibrous, *four*."
 " Noo, haud there," quo' Robin, " I've a'e temper, I ken,
 But who, tell me who, can I chance tae ha'e nine ?
 Five tempers o' a'e kind, an' four o' anither ?
 The dame's surely glaiket, or gyte a'thegether !
 Had I been a cat wi' nine lives, then, atweel,
 I micht been possesst o' nine tempers as weel !"
 " You misapprehend," quoth the lady ; " just so—
 'Tis temperament I speak of—not temper—no, no !"
 " I'll be hang'd," mutter'd Robin, " in a lang hempen tether,
 But there's six o' the a'e thing an' sax o' the ither !"

" Your reflecting organs are much less developed, I see,
 Than those of the knowing and observing," quoth she.
 " O—organs !" quo' Robin, " eh ? was't organs ye said ?
 D'ye seriously tell's, mem, I've organs i' my head ?—
 Rale hurdy-gurdies, wi' handle complete—
 The self-same as thae that we see on the street ?"
 " No ; organs in phrenology, sir, aren't the same
 As the musical instruments known by that name."
 " Oh, I see, mem ! I see ! maybe what ye micht ca'
 Raither whussels or trumpets—no' organs ava."

The Phrenologist smiled, and resumed, quite as cool—
 “In the basilar region you’re remarkably full.”
 “A—ashiler!” smirk’d Robin; “fegs! that’s something guid,
 At least I ken weel that it’s aye understuid
 What’s ca’d ashiler in masonwark’s the finest o’ a’,
 An’s aye carefully kept tae the front o’ the wa’.”
 “Dear me!” quoth the lady, “then you don’t comprehend
 What I mean by the basilar region, my friend?
 ’Tis a technical term for a part of the brain,
 And the seat of the animal passions in men.”
 “A—ANIMALS!” cried Robin, an’ bang’d up his han’;
 “D’ye tell’s tae my teeth, noo, an’ here whaur I stan’,
 That I’ve beas’ in my head? O’d, I’ve surely mista’en ye,
 As I’ve aft done already; but tell me what mean ye?”

The lady ne’er fash’d, but resumed her survey
 O’ his pow, and quoth she, “Now, sir, I should say
 You’ve amativeness large, which clearly does show
 You are fond o’ the ‘fair sex’—excessively so.”
 “Ha! you’re aff your eggs there, lass,” quo’ Robin,
 “’thoot doot,
 For unless Jeannie Broon—whaum ye ken noucht aboot—
 I carena’ a chew o’ tobacco for a’
 The bonnie young lassies that ever I saw.”
 “You joke,” quoth the lady; “the organ is large,
 And I challenge dispute—I am just in my charge.
 Thomas, mark seventeen; I think that should do.”
 “Seventeen!” echoed Robin, an’ look’d blank an’ blue;
 “As leif say at aince, mem, and croon the effront’ry,
 That I gamphil wi’ a’ the young dames i’ the country.”
 “Tut, tut, tut!” gasp’d the lady; “such misapprehension!
 ’Tis the relative size of the organ I mention.”
 “Mair organs!” quo’ Robin; “big this time or sma’?
 Oh, ay!—the new-fangl’d kind—weel, ca’ awa’!”

“ Well, again, you’ve destructiveness large, I must say.”

“ An’ what’s meant by that, lass,” quo’ Robin, “ I pray ?”

“ A spirit resentful, with a strong disposition,”

Responded the lady, “ to crush opposition ;

E’en something of cruelty might arise from it, too,

Unless counterweigh’d by benevolence.” “ Hoo ! hoo !

I’ve lots o’ benevolence,” quo’ Robin, “ that’s sure ;

But cruelty was never yet laid at my door.

Sometimes, I admit, I’m gie anxious to try

On my hand bluidin’ horses an’ cleavin’ doon kye,

An’ butcherin’ swine ; but cruelty, I swear,

Ne’er lodg’d in my bosom ; but tell me what mair ?”

“ With destructiveness large,” quoth the lady, “ and then,

Very smally develop’d love of life, I see plain,

You should be very apt in a fit o’ despair

To commit suicide—yes !—or worse, I declare !”

“ Me ! me !” skirl’d Robin, gien’ his shooters a shug ;

“ I wadna’ commit suicide—no, on a doug ;

Na, na ; Guid forbid, lass ! ye’re wrang there, I voo,

That’s far frae my natur’ ; but whaur are ye noo ?”

“ Combativeness large ; Thomas, put down eighteen.”

“ Combat—— eh ?” quo’ Robin, “ an’ what does that mean ?”

“ Combativeness, sir, means courage inciting—

A quality that men need to fit them for fighting.”

“ I was just thinkin’ sae,” answer’d Robin, fu’ croose,

“ Tho’ guid fechtin’ depends muckle mair, I jaloose,

On the weicht o’ the neives, an’ a rug an’ a tug,

Than the heicht o’ the banes at the back o’ the lug.

Were a body a tuip it micht alter the case—

They fecht a’ wi’ the head, an’ strike aye i’ the face ;

We men-fouk in fechtin’ stick mair by the shangie,

The hug, an’ the hop, an’ the pure collie-shangie.

Noo, I think, lass, ye needna' mind spaein' ony mair,
 The sack's unco sib tae the sample, I fear ;
 Besides, ye've tauld's mair than I weel understan',
 Just say what's yer fee, an' I'll pay't an' be gaun.
 A SHILLIN', d'ye say, mem ? that's yer hale fee
 For spaein' a' the head ? but then, d'ye see,
 In my case ye ha'ena' spae'd mair than the hauf,
 Sae I'll pay ye accordin'—ye needna' laugh !
 There's a saxpence the noo, an' sud e'er I ca' doon
 For yer noshins regardin' the lave o' my croon,
 Anither bit saxpence 'll clear scores atween's ;
 Meanwhile, I'll be stappin'—GUID-BYE WI'YE, FRIEN'S !"

WILLIE AND ROVER.

(An Incident of the Term Time.)

THE morn is Martinmas term day :
 Oor plooman lads are in a bustle ;
 They faud an' bundle a' they hae,
 An' thro' the bothy dance an' whustle.

At twal' the morn they'll a' be free—
 A minute mair they winna' tarry—
 But gaily wi' their towmond's fee
 Will hurry aff by coach an' ferry.

An' Sandy's gaun to Barleybraes—
 Awa' aboon the Brig o' Cally ;
 An' Jock M'Nab to Cloverleas—
 A mile or sae ayont Drumshally.

An' Tam, the grievie, wi's hoarded gear,
 He's gaun to Perth to start a dairy ;
 An' Wull, that ca's the hindmaist pair,
 He's gaun awa' near Castlecary.

An' a' their hearts are high wi' hope,
 O' future weal they feel sae certain,
 That, as their kists they pack an' rope,
 Nae sigh they heave at thocht o' pairtin'.

But whaur, oh, whaur is herdie Will ?
 We haena' seen him sin' the gloamin',
 I hope the laddie's met nae ill ;
 It's rare, atweel, that he gangs roamin'.

He's no' in a' the bothy beds,
 About the doors, or i' the kitchen,
 In byres, or barns, lafts, or sheds,
 Nor at the clachan errand-fetchin'.

Fu' dark's the nicht, an' wild the wind,
 Gars doors unsneckit clank an rattle,
 An' bangs thro' boles wi' sic a din,
 As frichts the horse an' ourie cattle.

A nicht, indeed, a ghaist nicht walk,
 Or brounies venture frae the plantin' ;
 On ane sic like, I've heard them talk,
 The fairies liftit Archie Panton.

But hark !—that's Willie's voice I hear,
 An' mercy me ! the loonie's greetin' ;
 Whaur can he be ?—It soun's like near,
 Wi' anxious thocht I'm fairly sweatin'.

Anon he sechs, anon he maens ;
 As I'm in life I'm puzzled wholly ;
 Yet, no, he's here, for a' oor pains,
 Intae the couch aside the collie.

An' what may bring the creatur' here
 Tae sech an' murn ?—Wid ye discover ?
 Wi' bated breath come canny near,
 An' hear his plaint as tauld to Rover :—

“ Oh ! Rover, Rover, wae's my heart !
 The morn, my doggie, we maun pairt,
 An' I may never see you mair,
 Nor hug you thus, an' daut yer hair,
 Or scamper wi' ye doon the shaws,
 An' lauch tae see ye chase the craws ;
 Your lichtsome bark nae mair may hear,
 Or share your love, my doggie dear.
 An' sic a lovin' heart you hae,
 I'll mind o't till my deein' day ;
 Ay ! Rover, tho' nae mair we meet,
 An' my puir face nae mair you see't,
 While I've a nose abune my mou',
 I'll ever kindly mind o' you ;
 For tho' you're but a dog, they say
 You've mair sense than some men-fouk hae ;
 You hae at least—I'll aye assert—
 Than mony men, a truer heart ;
 A towmond lang I've herdit wi' ye,
 An' oh ! my dog, I'm laith tae lea' ye.

An orphan I, but sparely fed,
 Till fit tae gang an' earn my bread,
 A mither's love I never kent,

Or faither's wi' a mither's blent—
 Nor love for aucht ayont a coggie,
 Until I met wi' you, my doggie ;
 I've heard fouk say a mither's love
 Was far a' ither friends' above,
 An' I ha'e wondered earnestly
 What like a mither's love cud be,
 But canna' think, whate'er its powers,
 It can be love mair true than yours ;
 A truer friend ne'er lap a dyke
 Than I've in you, my trusty tyke,
 For ilka mornin' sure at four
 You meet me at the bothy door,
 An' a' day lang, wi' kye or cart,
 We're seldom mony yards apart ;
 An' when I'm happy ye are fain,
 An' when I'm sad, ye share my pain.
 I'll ne'er forget yon luckless day
 I draive the graip doon thro' my tae—
 Oh ! hoo it's fester'd, rosed, an' beal'd !
 My life ! I thocht it ne'er wid heal'd.
 It was, indeed, a fricht tae see't,
 Until you took a dealin' wi't ;
 But aifter you began tae clean
 An' slaik it wi' yer tongue at e'en,
 Ilk day improved it, Rover dear,
 An' noo it's hale, or very near.

Puir doggie, cud ye only ken
 Oor friendship's drawn sae near an en',
 I hae nae doot, tho' dog you be,
 You'd sab an' greet as sair as me ;
 An' yet it's weel ye dinna' ken,
 For sure as six an' four mak' ten,

Ye'd leave your maister, toon, an' a',
 An' wi' the herdie rin awa' ;
 An' sune's oor maister miss'd his collie,
 He'd ca' me rogue, an' say I stole ye ;
 An' tho' I'm but a 'puirhouse brat'—
 As maister's bairns jeerin' ca't—
 An' tho' I canna' read or write,
 Or say my prayers in words polite,
 I ken there is a God on hie,
 Wha keeps on earth a waukrife e'e,
 An' feels as griev'd ower ony ill
 That's done by 'brats' like herdie Will,
 As e'er he does by aucht unclean
 Performed by bairn o' king or queen ;
 Wha hears as gleg the earnest prayer
 That rises frae a bothy floor,
 A garret neuk, or couch o' straw,
 As those that rise frae gilded ha' ;
 An' I'm sae fain tae please *Him* aye
 In a' I do an' a' I say—
 An unjust act I cudna' do—
 No, Rover, no steal even you.

A last farewell, my towsie frien',
 Nae mair you'll share my brose at e'en,
 Nae mair assist me wi' the beas',
 Or aiblins see my bruikit face ;
 But come wha may my shoon to fill—
 Be he inclined tae guid or ill—
 Oh ! may he sune yer worth discover,
 An' aye be kind tae honest Rover ;
 An' sud mankind my faith aye shog,
 May I ne'er want as true a dog."

THE AULD BEECH TREE.

THE shades o' gloamin' saftly fa'
 Ower meadow, loch, an' fell ;
 The reivin' craws flee claickin' hame,
 The birds sing in the dell ;
 The weary herd, wi' hopefu' heart,
 Gangs hirplin' ower the lea,
 An' lown I lie, an' muse aneath
 The auld beech tree.

The mossy, buirdly auld beech tree,
 A favourite haunt o' yore ;
 A cosy bield in herdin' days,
 The scene o' mony a splore ;
 Ilk' stump an' runt aroun' its base
 Is doubly dear tae me ;
 Sic blabs o' bliss I've pree'd aneath
 The auld beech tree.

It bears the names o' youthy freends
 Inscribed upon its breast ;
 The self-engraven epitaph
 O' ane lang gane tae rest ;
 A rugged cross, scarce visible,
 Incised by Annie Lee
 The nicht we pledged our troth aneath
 The auld beech tree.

We gambol'd here when toddlin' weans,
 Sweet Annie Lee an' I ;

THE AULD BEECH TREE.

An' here we scoog'd the sunny shoo'rs
When younkers herdin' kye ;
'Twas here we trystit, lad an' lass,
An' bodit bliss tae be ;
We taen oor last farewell aneath
The auld beech tree.

Fu' aft at pensive gloamin'-tide
I like tae slip unseen
Along the plantin's whinny verge,
Whaur merles sing blythe at e'en,
An' lay me doon an' muse alane
On bonnie Annie Lee,
An' blissfu' blinks we spent aneath
The auld beech tree.

As gloamin' haps me like a plaid,
An' musin' here I lie,
In fancy Annie's angel face
Smiles on me from on high,
An' lends me strength to hail the morn
When I'll wi' Annie Lee
Renew the bliss begun aneath
The auld beech tree.

THE TWA DOGS.*

(A very Modern Version.)

'T WAS in that pairt o' Glasca' toon
 Whilk bears the name o' Anderston,
 Upon a'e bleak November day,
 When bobbies' nebs were cauld an' blae,
 Twa dogs sair troubled in the mind
 Forgaithered in a quiet back wynd.

The first I'll name they ca'd him "Pincher,"
 O' little use but clean a trencher ;
 His shape, his size, his hirplin' bound,
 Show'd he was neither bull nor hound,
 But e'en a silly mixtie-maxtie
 O' breeds 'boot fifty-five or saxty.

The ither was a butcher's collie—
 A shaggy, toustie, buirdly billie ;
 A dog o' faultless face an' feegur,
 An' bore the dautin' name o' "Teegur."

The twa forgaither'd mere by chance,
 An' as they met baith look'd askance.
 Wee Pincher wid hae slipp'd awa',
 But Teegur gae 'm a freendly paw,

* In November 1876 a proclamation was issued by request of the Town Council and Magistrates of Glasgow, intimating that all dogs found at large, unless muzzled and bearing a collar with the owner's name and address printed thereon, would be regarded as ownerless, and unceremoniously receive the last penalty of the law. Those who then resided in Glasgow will not soon forget the scenes created by the lasooing process, and the many hundreds of dogs that were made public examples of.

An' sittin' doon upon his tail,
 Quoth he, "Zounds ! but you're lookin' pale !
 Is oucht wrang wi' your fouk at hame ?
 Or are you pain'd about the wame ?
 Whate'er's your trouble lat me kenn'd,
 An' trust me, Pincher, I'm a friend."

Pincher.

"Oh, honest Teegur, I'm undone—
 My race o' life is a' but run ;
 I'm chased wi' bobbies nicht an' day,
 An' kenna' what tae think or say ;
 My thriftless maister's on the beer,
 An's drucken a' his gowd an' gear—
 No left wi' hauf a'e single dollar
 Tae buy his fated tyke a collar.
 Wid he but sacrifice a'e guzzle,
 An' purchase me a thrupp'ny muzzle,
 I'd chase my tail wi' very joy,
 An' frisk in ilka canine ploy.
 Ye ken the regulations noo—
 We daurna' even gape oor mou',
 Nor trot the streets in braid daylight,
 Unless oor jaws are hankit ticht,
 An' roond oor neck a collar's set,
 As proof that we're a worthy pet."

Teegur.

"Ah ! brother Pincher, weel I ken
 The rules you speak o', ilka ane.
 Tae hear them mention'd gars me growl,
 An' cuts me to the very sowl :

They're maist unchristian, maist unjust,
 An' must be worried in the dust.
 They cry 'boot Turkish hordes an' horrors—
 The inconsistent human roarers !—
 Ca' raids on Servians a shame,
 An' lauch at raids on dogs at hame ;
 Here, by my tail, I gravely swear
 I'll gie some Magistrate a scare,
 Will gar them stop this barb'rous wark,
 An' grant puir doggies leave tae bark.
 If they wid clear oot hydrophobie,
 Gae lat them chain ilk' heelan' bobbie ;
 They're a' sic frichts, as I sud faut them,
 Oor fangs rin foam wi' lookin' at them.
 The neist time ane comes by oor door,
 I'll gie 'm a snap will gar him roar."

Pincher.

" Kind Teegur, friend, I wish ye luck !
 My certie ! ye ha'e noble pluck ;
 Yet weel ye may, ye butchers' tykes,
 Ha'e privileges denied the likes
 O' me ; for laws were e'en a puzzle
 Whilk gar'd a sheep-dog wear a muzzle.
 But hark ! My lugs ! what's that I hear ?
 A bobb'y's whistle lood an' clear ;
 They're on my track, as sure's a florin
 I'll be in sausage ere the morn."

Aff bang'd the twa like wind an' hail,
 Three bobbies clutchin' at ilk' tail ;
 But whether cook'd or in their skins,
 They've ne'er been seen or heard o' since.

“THE QUEER FOWK I' THE SHAWS.”

'TIS aften said, still aftener sung,
 An' aye brings lood applause—
 In fact, agreed by auld an' young—
 There's queer fowk i' the Shaws ;
 But no content wi' hearsay mere,
 I donn'd my Sunday braws,
 An', hat ajee, set aff tae see
 The queer fowk i' the Shaws.

By dint o' 'bus an' pennies four
 I reach'd the famed *locale*,
 In ilka face I cuist a glower,
 Be't female or be't male ;
 But feint a face or form I met—
 I cudna' guess the cause—
 Seem'd ouchtlans rare, I lang'd to stare
 The queer fowk i' the Shaws.

I peepit thro' the window panes,
 I keekit ben the doors ;
 But nae reward gat for my pains,
 Tho' fowk were gaun in scores.
 At length I met a sage-like carle—
 A chap that wields the tawse—
 Quoth I, “Siree, I fain would see
 The queer folk i' the Shaws.”

He lent my hand a friendly squeeze,
Syne led me up a stair,
A lookin'-glass held tae my face,
Quo' he, "What see you there?"
"Mysel'," quo' I, "an' feint hae't else."
He gae three lood "Ha! ha's!"
I saw the joke, but naething spoke—
There's queer fowk i' the Shaws!





LYRICAL PIECES.

LASSIE WI' THE EEN SAE BONNIE.

(Music by R. R. STEVENSON.)

LASSIE wi' the een sae bonnie,
Cheeks sae ripe an' lips sae braw,
Gait sae free an' smile sae sunny,
Hair o' jet an' breist o' snaw,
Could'st thou ken hoo dear I lo'e thee,
For thy love hoo sair I pine ;
Lassie wi' the een sae bonnie,
Could'st thou see this heart o' mine !

List'nin' o' the lintie singin',
Fancy says thy voice I hear ;
Ilka flow'r aroun' me springin'
Shows thy bonnie een sae clear ;
Thinkin' o' thee late an' early,
Weary nicht an' langsome day ;
Lassie wi' the een sae bonnie,
Mak' me glad or leave me wae.

Wooers may come, my bonnie lassie,
 Bodin' fair tae win thy han',
 Proffer gowd tae lure thee, lassie,
 Buy thy love wi' miles o' lan' ;
 Love for love's the rarest dowry—
 Routh o' love I freely gie ;
 Lassie wi' the een sae bonnie,
 Come an' live in love wi' me.

B I G G I N ' A N E S T .

WE sat on the braeside, Jamie an' I,
 An' the sun was wearin' doon,
 Twa pairicks woo'd in the vale below,
 In a sweet love-favour'd croon ;
 An' they whiddled about, they niddled about,
 They chirm'd, they kiss'd, an' caress'd—
 "Oh ! Jamie," quo' I, "it's pairin' time,
 I'se warrant they're biggin' a nest."

The sun was doon an' the valley was lown
 Ere ane o's neist open'd a mou',
 An' Jamie began wi' a "hic" an' a stan',
 Like ony wha's heart's ower fou ;
 An' hirsellin' near wi' a bashfu' care,
 He fondled me ticht tae his breist—
 "Ay ! Jeannie," quo' he, "it's pairin' time,
 What think ye o' biggin' a nest ?"

I didna' say no, an' cudna' say ay,
 For my heart crap up in my mou',
 But the feckfu' grip, an' the heart-hove sigh,
 Gae token o' sanction enou' ;
 An' I'll tell ye a plot, tho' ye mauna' speak o't—
 For Jamie says quietness is best—
 Ye'll a' get a dance gin Whitsuntide,
 We're busily biggin' a nest.

LITTLE MARY MAY.

(A Wee Sang on a Wee Subject.)

OH! my bonnie Mary,
 Winsome little fairy,
 Ever licht an' airy,
 Singin' a' the day ;
 Lauchin' aye sae sweetly,
 Actin' sae discreetly,
 Winnin' hearts completely,
 Witchin' Mary May.

Cheekies red as roses,
 Lippies sweet as poses,
 Ilka charm discloses
 Quite a lurin' fay ;
 Eenie ever glancin',
 Leggies ever dancin',
 Life an' love enhancin'—
 Bonnie Mary May.

Hoo I lo'e thee, Mary !
 Witchin' little fairy,
 A palace were a prairie
 Wantin' sic a stay ;
 Sic gladness floats about thee,
 Princes widna' flout thee,
 Life were cauld without thee,
 Little Mary May.

ALANG THE BONNIE BANKS O' TAY.

ALANG the bonnie banks o' Tay,
 Come an' rove wi' me, Jessie ;
 An' spend the blythesome simmer day
 'Mang joys that charm the e'e, lassie.
 Far frae dinsome forge an' hammer,
 Frae city's feverish dust an' clamour,
 Whaur fortune-hunters rive an' yammer,
 Come, oh, come wi' me, Jessie !
 Alang the bonnie banks o' Tay
 The birdies sing on ilka spray
 Frae rosy morn tae gloamin' grey,
 An' a'thing's fair tae see, lassie.

We'll wander doon by Campsie shaw—
 Few scenes sae fair I trew, Jessie ;
 There routh o' simmer roses blaw
 As sweet's thy hinny mou', lassie ;
 Ower the linn the stream gangs dancin',
 Eddyin', foamin', roarin', prancin',

Hurlin', swirlin', bickerin', glancin',
 Rich an' rare tae view, Jessie.
 An' far's admirin' e'en can peer
 Are sylvan scenes in gowden gear,
 Seen but ance for aye are dear—
 I see—I see them noo, lassie.

Alang the bonnie banks o' Tay,
 Come, oh ! come wi' me, Jessie ;
 We'll woo the langsome simmer days,
 Secure frae critic's e'e, lassie.
 On Stobha' braes o' buddin' heather
 We'll lisp fond love tae ane anither,
 An' vow tae link oor lives thegither
 Till death tak' you or me, Jessie !
 Alang the bonnie banks o' Tay
 Fu' blythesome aye's the simmer day,
 Whaur birdies sing on ilka spray,
 An' a'thing's fair tae see, lassie.

OH ! LASSES, TAK' TENT ERE YE MARRY.

(Music by A. STEWART.)

OH ! lasses, tak' tent ere ye marry,
 For fear ye ha'e reason tae rue ;
 Appearances aften miscarry,
 An' lads look their best when they woo.
 They ca' ye their duck an' their dearie,
 They daub ye their pet an' their doo ;
 But, lasses, tak' tent ere ye marry,
 An' care ere it's ower late tae rue.

OH ! LASSES, TAK' TENT ERE YE MARRY.

When I was a glaiket young lassie,
 I lean'd tae the lads wi' maist spunk ;
 Tae the douce canny chaps I was saucie,
 An' gar'd them recoil in a funk.
 I gat a man rash an' camsteerie—
 His folly has warp'd me a clue ;
 Oh ! lasses, tak' tent ere ye marry,
 For fear ye find reason tae rue.

My cousin Kate married a deacon—
 A perfect wee saunt tae behaud ;
 A' will'd her guid luck o' wee breekum,
 An' Kate was fu' prood o' her lad ;
 But the deacon gaed aff wi' the dowry,
 An' left Katie doon i' the mou' ;
 Oh ! lasses, tak' tent ere ye marry,
 For fear ye ha'e reason tae rue.

Thae loup-the-dyke chields are a riddle,
 Nae less are the sleekit an slee ;
 While coortin' they a' seem the fiddle,
 But wait them—oh, wait them awee ;
 They'll coort ye an' ca' ye their fairy,
 They'll wed ye an' vex ye, I trew ;
 Oh ! lasses, tak' tent ere ye marry,
 For fear ye ha'e reason tae rue.

I widna' for siller disheart ye,
 Or redd ye frae takin' a man ;
 If *sure* o' a guid ane, my certie !
 Get buckled as gleg as ye can.
 But appearances aften miscarry,
 An' a' look their best when they woo ;
 Sae, lasses, tak' tent ere ye marry,
 For fear ye ha'e reason tae rue.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

(The Wantin' Lassie's Version.)

THAE men are e'en a fickle core—
 Some guid, some ill, an' a' that,
 Some rich or puir, or sweet or sour,
 An' some a patch o' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their moods an' modes an' a' that,
 Tho' rich or puir, or sweet or sour,
 A man's a *man* for a' that.

My mither paiters lood an' sair—
 Misca's men-fouk like a' that,
 An' redds me aye tae single stey,
 An' jink life's cares an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Her smooth advice an' a' that,
 She nicht an' mane misca's the men,
 Yet took my dad for a' that.

Auld aunty Peg she shak's her head,
 An' sechs an' pechs an' a' that,
 An' says, My dear, o' men run clear—
 They're *this* an' *that* an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Her sentiment an' a' that,
 Tho' widow'd twice she's ventur'd thrice,
 An' wed three coofs for a' that.

MEET ME IN THE GLOAMIN', MARY.

'Tis braw tae win a weel-faur'd man,
 Wi' titles, wealth, an' a' that ;
 In coach an' four tae raise a stour—
 Wear satins, silks, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Sic dignities an' a' that ;
 Afore I claw an auld maid's pow,
 I'll wed the tangs for a' that.

Oh ! gin there's e'en a jo for me,
 I fain the Fates wid shaw that ;
 I'm thretty-three, an' weary-wae
 O' single life an' a' that.
 I'm a' that, an' a' that,
 Yet trust tae luck for a' that ;
 An' carena' wha the lad may be,
 If warld-like an' a' that.

MEET ME IN THE GLOAMIN', MARY.

MEET me in the gloamin', Mary,
 'Mang the birks aneath the brae,
 Whaur the Tummel joins the Garry.
 Listen what the wavelets say :—
 " Far ower bosky hill an' dale,
 We've trystit ithar lang an' leal,
 Noo we're met an' cantie feel,
 We'll cuddle in the gloamin'."

Meet me in the gloamin', Mary,
 'Mang the birks aneath the brae,
 Whaur the Tummel joins the Garry.

Hearken what I lang tae say :—
 " Oh ! Mary love, my dearest joy,
 My gladsome lassie, kind an' coy,
 Sic love as oors can never cloy,
 Sae speak oor nuptial gloamin'."

Meet me in the gloamin', Mary,
 'Mang the birks aneath the brae,
 Whaur the Tummel joins the Garry.

Tell me what I trow you'll say :—
 " Oh ! Davie, fondest heart o' a',
 Your love my life, your will my law ;
 Tae link oor lives I'm at your ca'—
 Ay ! ony bonnie gloamin'."

Meet me in the gloamin', Mary,
 'Mang the birks aneath the brae,
 Lispin' there oor love-fraucht story.

Hearken what the birdies say :—
 " Love 'tis swells the birdie's note,
 Renders bien the cottar's lot,
 Mak's a palace o' a cot,
 An' lichtens a' life's gloamin'."

THE WUDS AN' BRAES AROUN' STOBHA'.

I N simmer days, when hill an' dale
 Are clad in gown o' bonnie green,
 When sunny bowers are strewn wi' flowers,
 In beauty meet tae deck a queen,
 I lang tae lea' the busy toon,
 Wi' a' its wealth an' lasses braw,
 An' spen' the days among the braes—
 The wuds an' braes aroun' Stobha'.

The wuds an' braes aroun' Stobha',
 Sae passin' fair, they charm the e'e ;
 The burnies wimple doon the dells,
 An' music bursts frae ilka tree.
 The lav'rock charmed ascends the lift,
 An' chants the glories o' the shaw,
 Whaur lammies play the lee-lang day
 Among the braes aroun' Stobha'.

The Tay an' Isla hand in hand*
 Gang dancin' by in wanton glee,
 An' ower the linn, wi' dashin' din,
 Pursue their journey tae the sea ;
 'Tis sweet tae wander there alane,
 At early morn or gloamin' fa' ;
 Nae worldly care a thocht can share
 Among the braes aroun' Stobha'.

* The Tay and Isla mingle their waters about a mile above Stobhall.

THE BONNIE LASS O' CRAIGMACAIRN.

(Music by J. FORD.)


HERE'S muckle fyke in oor toon-en'—
 The gossips' tongues are gaun like treadles ;
 Oor bearded youths—some nine or ten—
 They hang their heads like broken heddles.
 An' weel they may, they've tint a prize—
 A fairer far than Kate M'Laren ;
 She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.
 The bonnie lass, the braw lass,
 A fairer far than Kate M'Laren ;
 She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,
 Her rosy cheeks they vie wi' ither ;
 Her cantie smile does care beguile—
 A kinder lass ne'er lo'ed a mither ;
 But noo she's quat her mammie's lap,
 An' left oor callan's a' despairin' ;
 She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.
 The bonnie lass, the braw lass,
 Has left oor callan's a' despairin' ;
 She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.

Young Donal' woo'd her for her cash,
 Young Sandy chased her late an' early,
 An' mony a lad ga'e thowless fash
 Wha lack'd the grace tae speak her fairly.
 The fum'lin' cuifs maun noo sing dool—
 A' sleeky chiel' frae yont Strathearn
 Has fool'd them a', and stown awa'
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.
 The bonnie lass, the braw lass,
 Has drawn a match frae yont Strathearn ;
 She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.

Oor lasses a' are in a baize,
 An' like tae rive their duds wi' lauchin' ;
 They gibe the lads that tint the prize,
 An' threat' tae gar them flee the clachan.
 Auld granny Bell she looks their looves,
 An' says, " My lads, ne'er be despairin',
 Ye'll a' get wives tae glad yer lives
 As braw's the lass o' Craigmacairn.
 The bonnie lass, the braw lass,
 Has left oor callan's a' despairin' ;
 She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,
 The bonnie lass o' Craigmacairn.

A KISS AT THE FIT O' THE STAIR.

(Music by R. W. STEVENS.)

S'M toon-bred, an' kenna' the pleasure
 O' love in a lown mossy glen,
 Whaur birdies sing sweet ayont measure,
 An' floo'rs scent the zephyrs at e'en ;
 Yet pleasures I ha'e fair as ony—
 Ay ! richer than gowpens o' gear,
 An' the wale o' them a' is my Nannie,
 An a kiss at the fit o' the stair.
 Oh ! a kiss at the fit o' the stair
 Is the wale o' a' bliss, I declare ;
 I'll sing while I dow the lassie I lo'e,
 An' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.

In life's faucht there's muckle tae tease us,
 An' canker the bauldest an' best ;
 An' nae doctor's drug will release us,
 Or lichten the heart care-opprest.
 For me I've a balm ever cheerie,
 At thocht o't awa' flees a' care—
 It's the heart-heisin' smile o' my dearie,
 An' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.
 Oh ! a kiss at the fit o' the stair,
 Hoo it smooths ower the wrinkles o' care !
 I'll sing while I dow the lassie I lo'e,
 An' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.

Yestreen I cam' hame frae the trauchle,
 My brain in a fever wi' fyke,
 Fell clyte in a chair like a bauchle,
 An' growl'd at a' roun' like a tyke ;
 In the glumshes I sippit my coffee,
 Sine stech'd oot the gate for the air,
 Saw Nan', an' gat cured in a jiffie,
 Wi' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.
 Oh ! a kiss at the fit o' the stair,
 Nae pheesic wi' it can compare ;
 I'll sing while I dow the lassie I lo'e,
 An' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.

Ye callants wha kenna' the pleasure
 O' coortin' a lassie at e'en,
 Get swithly possesst o' the treasure—
 Till then ye'll jalouse me as leein'.
 It's the wale o' a' joys that I ken o'—
 Far richer than gowpens o' gear ;
 Come e'enin', come bliss—for come Nannie,
 An' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.
 Oh ! a kiss at the fit o' the stair,
 It's cosy, it's rosy, an' rare ;
 I'll sing while I dow the lassie I lo'e,
 An' a kiss at the fit o' the stair.

BONNIE BALGAY.

BONNIE Balgay ! Oh, bonnie Balgay !
 Fu' sweet are thy groves in the mornin' ;
 The breath o' thy bowers scent-laden wi' flowers,
 Thy heichs an' thy howes a' adornin'.
 Wi' the first gliff o' licht i' the dawnin's o' May,
 'Tis halesome tae wander in bonnie Balgay.

Bonnie Balgay ! Oh, bonnie Balgay !
 Fu' sweet are thy groves at meridian ;
 Thy birdies a' wingin', sae blythely a' singin'—
 Thou mind'st ane o' fair sinless Eden.
 'Mid the sun's lucid licht at the noon o' the day,
 'Tis cheerie tae wander in bonnie Balgay.

Bonnie Balgay ! Oh, bonnie Balgay !
 Fu' sweet are thy groves in the gloamin' ;
 When mavisies sing till the woodlands a' ring,
 An' linties mak' love in ilk loanin'.
 When the settin' sun's glory engowdens the Tay,
 'Tis rapture tae wander in bonnie Balgay.

Bonnie Balgay ! Oh, bonnie Balgay !
 Thou'rt dear tae the hearts o' fowk ever ;
 Thy fair sunny knowes, thy green shady howes,
 Wi' nae spot on earth will they niffer.
 Be't mornin' or e'enin', or noon o' the day,
 'Tis blissfu' tae wander in bonnie Balgay.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

'TIS sweet tae muse on langsyne days,
 When life was free frae care ;
 When cent. per cent. ne'er fash'd oor pows,
 But a' seem'd bricht an' fair ;
 When noos o' war an' trade disputes
 Ne'er caused us ony dule ;
 Oh ! werena' these the gowden days
 When we were at the schule ?

Chorus—When we were at the schule, my freen's,
 When we were at the schule ;
 Oh ! werena' these the gowden days
 When we were at the schule ?

Can I forget, can you forget,
 Dear youthfu' cronies a',
 Sae blythe we spent life's early day,
 Be't rain, sleet, frost, or snaw ?
 The wuds rang wi' oor gleesome din
 When slidin' ower the pool,
 An' playin' the games we went to play
 When we were at the schule.

We'd pooches aye like brokers' shops,
 Wi' buttons, bools, an' ba's,
 Auld broken-bladet knives an' trumps,
 An' peeries, haups, an' haws.
 Whae'er presumed tae sneer at such
 We chauk'd him doon a fool.
 We a' had lads an' lasses, tae,
 When we were at the schule !

Sic pawky tricks we aften played—
 I lauch lood at them yet—
 You mind, we burned the dom'nie's tawse,
 An' stuck preens in his seat!
 An' sune's the dainty man sat doon
 He bang'd up wi' a yowl,
 Thraw'd his face, an' stamp'd his feet,
 An' vow'd he'd toom the schule.

We snaw-ba'd unco passers by,
 An' leuch tae see them rin;
 Set Sandy Tamson's soo adrift,
 An' deem'd sic sport nae sin.
 We staned the keeper's muckle dogs,
 Tae hear them bark an' growl;
 An' aye we focht an' 'greed again,
 When we were at the schule,

But we had lovin' hearts witha',
 Tho' fond o' rantin' fun—
 We never robb'd the wee birds' nests,
 Nor staned them tae the grun'.
 Whaure'er we met a gang'rel wean
 'Twas aye the gallant rule
 Tae haue oor dinner scone wi' sic,
 When we were at the schule.

Tho' noo we're sunder'd far an' wide
 "By mount, an' stream, an' sea,"
 An' some lie i' the auld kirkyaird
 Aneath the willow tree,
 In dreamland we forgather yet,
 An' barter ba' wi' bool,
 An' lauch, an' play, an' sing the sangs
 We sang when at the schule.

OOR JOHN'S A STAUNCH GUID TEMPLAR NOO.

FANG years I led a dowie life—
 A puir heart-broken, trauchled sinner—
 I cursed the day that made me wife,
 I lang'd tae dee—an' little wonner ;
 For oor guidman was then a sot—
 A weirdless drucken wag, I trew ;
 But, Guid be praised ! we've alter'd days—
 Oor John's a staunch Guid Templar noo.

He wrocht a'e day, he drank the neist,
 An' faucht wi' towsie worthless bein's ;
 Cam' rowin' hame like ony beast,
 Abused his wife, an' bann'd his weans.
 But when wee Annie dwined an' dee'd,
 Her last word pierc'd his stane heart throo,
 An' aye sin' syne he's leal an' kin'—
 Oor John's a staunch Guid Templar noo.

Fu' couthie noo is oor fire en' ;
 We're meat an' claith-like, ane an' a' ;
 The very cat ye widna' ken,
 Sae plump an' fat, she's like a ba'.
 An' blythe the bairnies loup an' lauch,
 Richt vauntie o' their duddies new ;
 I'm prood mysel', and fain to tell
 Oor John's a staunch Guid Templar noo.

He's unco chang'd in a' his ways,
 An' oh ! sae crackie, frank, an' free ;

Ilk' nicht at e'en he sings an' plays,
 An' cuddles wi' oor bairnies three.
 Tho' he sud live a hunner year,
 He vows he'll aye stan' firm an' true ;
 Rejoice wi' me, my bairnies three—
 Your dad's a staunch Guid Templar noo.

Whaure'er he meets a luckless chiel'
 That's buckled tae the whisky gill,
 He cleeks him by the buttonhole,
 An' redds him quietly o' the ill.
 Deed, at the Lodge this very nicht
 He's bookit for a sang, I voo ;
 I'll bid him sing this very spring—
 " Oor John's a staunch Guid Templar noo !"

J E A N N I E B R O O N .

THERE'S mony a bonnie lass, I trew,
 Aye cantie, trig, an' clean,
 Wi' rosy cheeks an' temptin' mou',
 An' love-inspirin' e'en ;
 But feint a lassie e'er I met,
 In country cot or toon,
 For sterlin' worth cud thole compare
 Wi' gentle Jeannie Broon.

Thae gowks wha sigh for Grecian style,
 An' artfu' polish'd mien,
 Wíd think it hardly worth the while
 Tae waste a glint on Jean ;

But rustic shells hap pearls rare,
 Tho' clad in russet gown—
 A guileless heart beats i' the breist—
 O' modest Jeannie Broon.

Young Jeannie is her faither's pride,
 Her mither's fondest joy,
 An' ettles aye, whate'er betide,
 Tae breed them nae annoy.
 Wi' eydent care she cloots their duds,
 E'en when they're sleepin' soun';
 A lovin', feckfu', thrifty queen
 Is cantie Jeannie Broon.

She wons doon by yon burnie side
 That wimples through the glen,
 An' aft at balmy gloamin' tide
 We meet whaur nane may ken;
 An' wander 'mang the scented groves
 In fond an' sweet commune;
 The gloamin' oors flit fast awa'
 When spent wi' Jeannie Broon.

Yestreen, when pairtin' at the yett,
 She whisper'd she'd be mine,
 An' cuist a glint I'll ne'er forget—
 I've seen it aye sin' syne.
 A fig care I for dames wi' gear,
 I ken a rarer boon—
 A lovin' heart's worth gow'd an' mair,
 An' that's wi' Jeannie Broon.

I CUDNA' DO'T FOR LAUCHIN'.

OH! weel I mind, when I was young—
 A stumpie, toozie callan—
 Wi' ither weans, frae morn tae e'en,
 I row'd about the hallan.
 Sae rare the smile forsook my mou',
 Fouks vow'd I was a bauch ane ;
 My blunt excuse for a'thing was—
 I cudna' do't for lauchin'.

Chorus (laughs)—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Oh ! wasna' I a bauch ane.

(Laughs)—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 I cudna' do't for lauchin' !

I'll ne'er forget, when at the schule,
 Wi' shauchlin' dom'nie Nouchty ;
 The pawky rogue, quo' he, a'e day—
 "Jock, spell me Auchtermuchty ?"
 An' 'cause I leuch, and scratch'd my pow,
 He screeng'd me wi' a sauchin' ;
 An' aye I lap, an' leuch, an' cried—
 "I cudna' do't for lauchin' !"

Belyve I grew a sonsie chiel'—
 Few likè me far or near, sirs ;
 An' aye I leuch, an' aye grew fat—
 Deed, unco fat and sweer, sirs.
 Clean ower the lugs in love I fell,
 Wi' witchin' Kirsty Strachan ;
 But though at will tae pree her mou—
 I cudna' do't for lauchin' !

I lo'ed the lass as leal's my life,
 Yet ne'er had pluck tae say sae ;
 An' weel she lo'ed me in return—
 Though whiles I thocht her saucie.
 A'e nicht we wander'd lang an' late,
 Sax miles ayont the clachan ;
 But though richt fain tae speer her han'—
 I cudna' do't for lauchin' !

That lauchin', sure, has cost me cash—
 Through it I tint my Kirsty—
 Wha waited lang, till, in despair,
 She married Pate M'Luskie.
 The day I heard the dolefu' news,
 I rax'd an' rave my rauchan ;
 I tried tae greet—but, strange as true—
 I cudna' do't for lauchin' !

Oh ! it's braw tae hae a lightsome heart,
 Though whiles ane cud resent it ;
 It thowes the cau'drife ills o' life,
 An' mak's puir fouk contentit.
 Then ony lass that's fond o' mirth,
 Mind bashfu' Kirsty Strachan,
 An' speak yer mind—I'd fain speak mine—
 But cudna' do't for lauchin' !

Chorus (laughs)—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Guid sooth, but I'm a bauch ane.

(Laughs)—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

I cudna' do't for lauchin' !

NOO, LASSES, THE BA'S AT YER FIT.

(A Leap-Year Song.)

O'D, I'm sure it's unkindly an' base,
 An' a slur on oor famed British freedom,
 That a lass sud be thocht a disgrace
 Wha tauld a young lad that she lo'ed him.
 Can oucht be unseemly that's true ?
 Ay ! truth maun succumb to the fashion ;
 Then welcome, leap-year, for wi' you
 A lass may gie vent tae her passion.
 Noo, lasses, the ba's at yer fit,
 I pray you tak' courage an' kick it ;
 A dainty guid lad you may hit,
 An' slip through the conjugal wicket.

Sud a lad hae an e'e tae a dame,
 He may bauldly gae forrit an' speir her ;
 But lat a puir lass dae the same,
 Ilk' neebor will lightly an' jeer her.
 The lads have their pick an' their wyle,
 The lasses maun sit till they're spoken ;
 'Tis e'en but a blink in a while,
 They daur tak' a share i' the yokin'.
 But noo ye've the ba' at yer fit,
 I pray ye tak' courage an' kick it ;
 A dainty guid man ye may hit,
 An' live wi'm as happy's a cricket.

Oh! men are puir judges, I voo—
 It's the dross o' the fair that get marriet;
 The cantie, the kind, an' the true,
 Are aftenest left i' the garret:
 There's Peggie, an' Leezie, an' Kate;
 There's Kirsty, wi' cash in her coffer;
 An' hunders as trig an' sedate—
 A' maids, for the want o' an offer.
 But noo ye've the ba' at yer fit,
 I pray you tak' courage an' kick it;
 A dainty guid lad ye may hit,
 An' slip through the conjugal wicket.

There are bachelor billies nae few,
 Wha need little coaxin' tae flit them;
 A sleekie, weel-penn'd *billet-doux*,
 Wi' love's burnin' ardour, wid smit them.
 A'e wurdie's eneuch tae the wise—
 Wha ken a sly hint, let them tak' it;
 Hech, hey! in a fortnicht, or less,
 Fair hands may be cloutin' my jacket.
 Noo, lasses, the ba's at yer fit,
 I pray you tak' courage an' kick it;
 A bashfu' guid lad ye may hit,
 An' slip through the conjugal wicket.

KATE O' CAIRNBEDDIE.

BONNIE Kate o' Cairnbeddie,
 Sonsie Kate o' Cairnbeddie ;
 Auchteen stane, an' sax feet ane—
 I trow she is a gaucy leddy.

But aye she vows she'll ne'er be mine,
 An' jeers my heicht wi' lauch an' jargon ;
 I'd risk my neck tae win the quean,
 For, losh keep's a', fouk, sic a bargain !

Oh ! bonnie Kate o' Cairnbeddie,
 Sonsie Kate o' Cairnbeddie ;
 Auchteen stane, an' sax feet ane—
 Wha widna' fancy sic a sowdy ?

Twa shooters like a maister brewer,
 An' shanks that eithly fill a stockin' ;
 When first I met her ower yon muir,
 She stowe my heart as clean's a docken.

Oh ! bonnie Kate o' Cairnbeddie,
 Sonsie Kate o' Cairnbeddie ;
 Auchteen stane, an' sax feet ane—
 A horse nicht shelter in her shadow.

Her charms ye'd see tho' bleart an' blin',
 Her voice ye'd hear tho' deaf's a horner ;
 Whae'er gets Kate will doubly win,
 For, troth, she'll fill a muckle corner !

Oh ! bonnie Kate o' Cairnbeddie,
 Sonsie Kate o' Cairnbeddie ;
 Auchteen stane, an' sax feet ane—
 Ye ne'er saw sic a donsie leddy.

My heart's alowe, my brain's afire—
 This very nicht I'd rin an' coort her,
 Were I but saxteen inches higher,
 Or she but saxteen inches shorter.

Oh ! bonnie Kate o' Cairnbeddie,
 Sonsie Kate o' Cairnbeddie ;
 Wi' length o' airms tae clasp her charms,
 I'd fau'd her in my tartan plaidie.

Gae fickle Nature, change yer plan,
 An' mak' me langer, stranger, tichter ;
 Swith render me a buirdly man,
 Or Kate some aucht or ten stane lighter.

Oh ! bonnie Kate o' Cairnbeddie,
 Sonsie Kate o' Cairnbeddie ;
 Auchteen stane, an' sax feet ane—
 While she's a wanter, Robin's ready !

THE BONNIE LASS THAT SMILED TO ME.

YESTREEN, as I cam' liltin' hame,
 Asklent the muir ayont the lea,
 I met a dame I fain wid name,
 An' paukily she smiled tae me.
 She blink'd, she blush'd, an' smiled tae me ;
 I smiled again, I winna' lee ;
 For, oh ! she's neat, she's fair, she's sweet—
 The bonnie lass that smiled tae me.

Her lips are temptin', rosy-ripe,
 The lowe o' love blinks in her e'e ;
 She's fau'tless fair—she's something mair—
 The bonnie lass that smiled tae me.
 She blink'd, she blush'd, an' smiled tae me ;
 I smiled again, I canna' lee ;
 For, oh ! she's neat, she's fair, she's sweet—
 The bonnie lass that smiled tae me.

I lo'e her leal—I've lo'ed her lang—
 An' aften vow'd tae speak her free ;
 But sune's we met—a plague on't yet—
 Her presence fairly daunted me.
 She blink'd, she blush'd, an' smiled tae me ;
 I smiled again, an' blush'd ajee ;
 For, oh ! she's neat, she's fair, she's sweet—
 The bonnie lass that smiled tae me.

Were I infest o' a' Strathmore,
 Wi' gowd in coffers three-times-three,
 I'd waive my a'—ye ken for wha ?
 The bonnie lass that smiled tae me.
 She blink'd, she blush'd, an' smiled tae me,
 Wi' love-fraucht glints maist drave me fee ;
 For, oh ! she's neat, she's fair, she's sweet—
 The bonnie lass that smiled tae me.

THE SOO'S DEAD.

Air—"Carle, noo the King's come."

HO! billies, hear! I've blythesome noos,
 Nae winner tho' I gab sae croose,
 The wale o' luck's befa'n oor hoose,
 An' joy complete—the soo's dead !
Chorus—The sumphie, grumphie soo's dead ;
 The sneakin', squeakin' soo's dead ;
 Fareweel tae brose an' barley bread ;
 Nae hardship noo—the soo's dead !

An' vow, but he's a sonsie chiel',
 As ere was plottit in a skeil,
 Just bawcon tae the very heel ;
 We'll a' get fat—the soo's dead !

Chorus—The sumphie, grumphie soo's dead, &c.

I loath'd his look when i' the crue,
 Death mak's him mair my equal noo ;
 I'd hug his corpse without a grue !
 Oh ! I'm humble sin' the soo's dead !

Chorus—The sumphie, grumphie soo's dead, &c.

I blew the bladder a' my nicht,
 Rax'd it oot, an' blew't up ticht,
 Till noo its just a ferly sicht—
 Oh ! I'm *windy* sin' the soo's dead !

Chorus—The sumphie, grumphie soo's dead, &c.

Just ye ca' in some day ere lang—
 Some time my mither's no ower thrang—
 Ye'se get a puddin', or a whang
 O' bawcon, sin' the soo's dead !

Chorus—The sumphie, grumphie soo's dead, &c.

But hark ! I hear the fry-pan skirl—
 Sic music gars my heart-strings tirl ;
 Oh ! isna' this a lo'esome warl' ?
 Especially sin' the soo's dead !

Chorus—The sumphie, grumphie soo's dead ;
 The sneakin', squeakin' soo's dead ;
 The thocht o't threats tae turn my head,
 An' ding me gyte—the soo's dead !

NOTE.—The idea embodied in the foregoing verses was suggested to the author on hearing a bright-eyed youngster of twelve summers descanting to his companions on the recent decease of one of these interesting quadrupeds, and referring exultingly to an immediate future of peace and plenty.

THE AULD FOUK AT HAME.

OME sing o' war's alarms,
 An' some o' lassies braw,
 Some sing o' gow'ny banks an' braes,
 Or bonnie birken shaw.

I'll likewise croon a sang,
 Tho' maist unkent tae fame,
 The burden o' my lay shall be—
 The auld fouk at hame.

Chorus—The auld fouk at hame,
 The auld folk at hame,
 Whaure'er we flit we'll ne'er forget
 The auld fouk at hame.

In days when we were young,
 Ere we cud run or creep,
 We cost them mony an anxious thocht,
 An' mony a hale nicht's sleep.
 Nae pains or cares they grudg'd—
 Tac hear us lisp their name
 Gae mair delight than riches tae
 The auld fouk at hame.

Oh ! sic blythe nights we've spent
 Wi' oor faither an' oor mither,
 A' seatit roun' the bleizin' hearth
 In cauldri' wintry weather,
 Hearin' some fairy tale,
 Or playin' some cheerie game ;
 Sic lightsome years we spent when near
 The auld fouk at hame.

Noo when they're auld an' frail,
 An' we are young an' strang,
 Lat's prove us worthy o' their love—
 We mayna' hae them lang.
 The son that shuns a parent's want
 Has neither pride nor shame ;
 Oor hinmost bite we'll pairt it wi'
 The auld fouk at hame.

THE CANDYMAN.

(A REMINISCENCE.)

LANGSYNE, when laddies at the schule,
 An' herdin' kye on Mossy braes,
 We'd mony cherish'd fav'rites then,
 We lichtly noo in riper days ;
 But losh, there's ane I'll ne'er forget,
 For crafty wit he led the van ;
 I think I see the carlie yet—
 Auld cripple John, the candyman,
 The pawky, wily candyman,
 The cracky, chatty candyman ;
 We'd run a mile thro' slap an stile
 Tae barter wi' the candyman.

Ilk' week, as sure as Friday cam',
 We kep' a gleg look-oot for John ;
 An' fidgin' fain, we claw'd oor pows,
 Tae see his ferlie-troke a' shown.

For mair than candy John cud brag—

He'd peeries, bools, an' trumps on han',
An' ilka fairlie younkens lo'e

Had cripple John, the candyman.

The pawky, wily candyman,
The cracky, chatty candyman ;
He'd puff an' blaw, an' crack for a',
The crafty, cripple candyman.

He tauld us rantin' tales o' yore,

O' Tammy Gibb an's wilfu' soo ;
An' aye he haul'd his trok'ry ower,
An' kep' the temptin' wares tae view.

Auld rags we raik'd frae ilka airt—

Whiles *made them* on a novel plan—
An' eke'd oor bannet for a trump,

Or peerie frae the candyman.

The pawky, wily candyman,
The shabby, gabby candyman ;
He'd taen oor sark, had it been dark,
The menseless, greedy candyman.

John's moral aften wroucht us grief,

And mony a breengin' wi' the tawse ;
He wil'd oor little hands to thieve,
An' disregaird maternal laws.

Yet in oor simple, youthfu' hearts

We thocht him a'thing guid an' gran' ;
Put to the test—I'll gie my aith—

We'd foucht tae hain the candyman.

The pawky, wily candyman,
The cracky, chatty candyman ;
His subtile airts trepann'd oor hearts,
An' led's tae lo'e the candyman.

But John langsyne is in the yird,
 His patrons noo are bearded men ;
 An' 'stead o' peerie, bool, an' ba',
 They play wi' hammer, ploo', an' pen.
 An' 'midst their earnest, manly strife,
 Nae doot they aften youthward scan,
 An' muse ower laddie pranks an' ploys—
 E'en cripple John, the candyman.
 The pawky, wily candyman,
 The crafty, gabby candyman ;
 There's much in life an' warldly strife
 Suggestive o' the candyman.

AMANG THE STOOKS AT E'EN.


 U' lo'esome are the fields o' spring,
 When lammies dot the lea,
 An' blythesome are the simmer wuds
 Atune wi' bird an' bee ;
 But aye gie me the gowden hairst—
 O' seasons a' the queen—
 An' let me stroll an' muse at will
 Amang the stooks at e'en.

A'e bonnie hairst in langsyne years,
 When life an' love were young,
 Twa lowin' hearts were wel'd in ane—
 A ferlie yet unsung.
 Oh ! speirna' hoo I lo'e the hairst—
 'Twas then I woo'd my Jean ;
 In yonder haugh we seal'd oor choice
 Amang the stooks at e'en.

Twascorè lang years hae sped sin' then,
 An' Jean sleeps i' the sod ;
 In yonder yairdie near the Tay
 She waits the will o' God.
 I'm weary-wae sin' left alane—
 Nae wife nor earthly frien' ;
 But aye my wizen'd heart grows young
 Amang the stooks at e'en.

I wander thro' the trystin' style,
 I saunter ower the brae,
 An' linger lang about the haugh,
 Whaur Jeannie lo'ed tae stray.
 In fancy aye she meets me there,
 An' speaks me there, I ween ;
 There's bliss for me nane else can pree
 Amang the stooks at e'en.

THE WEARY GILL-STOWP.

WE'VE sangs in praise o' usquebae,
 An' sangs that sair lament ower't—
 E'en I mysel' hae spun a lay,
 An' here mak' bauld tae ventur't.
 I brag nae fouth o' lofty phrase,
 But tune my reed in full howp,
 In truthfu' rhymes tae paint its crimes,
 An' ridicule the gill-stowp.
 Oh ! the weary gill-stowp,
 The smeeky, reeky gill-stowp,
 The sin-besottit, venom-clottit,
 Mischief-makin' gill-stowp.

Oh ! wha can say, wi' conscience clear,
 The guff o't's guid ava, sirs ?
 An' when we scan its black career,
 It mak's us grue ower a', sirs.
 It's brocht oor race tae sair disgrace,
 Tae mony a glaikit ill-coup.
 May ill befa' its greedy maw,
 The mense-deleerin' gill-stowp !
 Oh ! the weary gill-stowp,
 The fause, delusive gill-stowp,
 The wit-beguillin', fame-defilin',
 Harum-scarum gill-stowp.

An agent o' the gruesome grave,
 Asylum, jail, an' puirhouse ;
 O' ilka vice the ready slave—
 It's ilka airt a sure ruse.
 Ilk' victim's health gets mony a skelp,
 His fortune mony a fell knowp ;
 In's nose an' een the stamp is seen—
 “ A victim o' the gill-stowp.”
 Oh ! the weary gill-stowp,
 The wae-inflictin' gill-stowp,
 The squalor-brewin', victim-stewin',
 Puirhoose-packin' gill-stowp.

You see yon mud-be-draigl'd wicht
 That hunkers in the syvers ;
 His bloated face an' orra sicht,
 His duds a clat o' shivers.
 Gae spier 'im douce what broucht 'im there,
 An' hurl'd 'im frae the meal-shop ;
 Wi' fiendish laugh he'll raise his staff,
 An' airt you tae the gill-stowp.

Oh, the weary gill-stowp,
 The bloatin', sottin' gill-stowp,
 The face-distortin', fortune-sportin',
 Beggar-makin' gill-stowp.

An' here a weary duddie loon
 Comes shiverin' frae an entry,
 Wi' hackit feet, unhappit croon,
 He becks tae a' the gentry.
 Gae spier him why *he* needs tae beg,
 Why fate denies *his* small sowp ?
 In yonder howf his parents baith
 Sit bannin' ower a gill-stowp.

Oh, the weary gill-stowp,
 The puirtith-makin' gill-stowp,
 The love-dissuadin', bairn-degradin',
 Hame-despoilin' gill-stowp.

A crowd ! a crowd ! What ferlie's there ?
 Come, let us rush and know it ;
 A gallows dangles in the air,
 An' why that wretch below it ?
 A patricide ! Unhappy wicht !
 Sad victim o' the yill-shop ;
 He dowly says just ere he dies—

“ Alas ! alas ! the gill-stowp ! ”

Oh, the weary gill-stowp,
 The snarlin', quarrellin' gill-stowp,
 The body-manglin', victim-stranglin',
 Soul-devourin' gill-stowp.

But, ho ! my muse, nae farther seek
 Tae crune the waes o' whisky ;
 That venom ting'd wi' Hades' reek,
 That's play'd man sic a plisky ;

But lat us strive wi' micht an' main
 Tae lend it sic a fell coup,
 Wi' kick an' clour destroy its power,
 An' extirpate the gill-stowp.
 Oh, the weary gill-stowp,
 The fashious, nauseous gill-stowp,
 The life-besmearin', conscience-searin',
 Hades-crammin' gill-stowp.

A HAMELY LILT FOR NEW YEAR TIMES.

Sud ony wish tae croon this lilt,
 An' kenna' o' a tune till't,
 For faut o' better, I've nae doot
 "Nae luck about the hoose" may suit.

 IN' it's yer will I pipe my horn,
 I sanna' say ye na,
 But chant a spring tae suit the time,
 An' gie't wi' heartsome blaw.
 We're met thegether, auld an' young,
 Tae hae some rantin' cheer,
 Tae joke an' sing, an' dance an' fling,
 An' hail the infant year.

Chorus—Then soond the chorus lood an' lang,
 Baith muckle fouk an' sma' ;
 Be this the burden o' oor sang--
 A guid New Year tae a' !

Tho' norlan' winds blaw wild thereoot,
 An' snell's the driftin' snaw,
 We're cosy here aroun' the fire,
 An' cantie, ane an' a'.
 A fig for cankrif warldly cares,
 They downa' enter here,
 Nor stint oor glee, whilk bounds sae free,
 This a'e nicht o' the year.

Awa', ye ghouls wha deem't a crime
 For fouks tae dance an' sing ;
 The heart when licht is aft'nest richt—
 There 're times for ilka thing ;
 An' noo's the time for rantin' ploy,
 For heartsome mirth an' cheer ;
 We'll dance an' sing till rafters ring
 This a'e nicht o' the year.

The past is gane, an' gane for aye,
 We sanna mourn ower that ;
 The future bricht's afore us yet—
 We'll mak' the maist o' it.
 An' in yon warl' ayont the cluds,
 Whaur nocht oor joy can steer,
 We'll aiblins meet an' spen' fu' sweet
 A blythesome, endless year.

THE DYING EXILE.

A WA' in foreign forest glade,
 Fu' far frae friendly sympathy,
 A Scottish exile dying lay,
 Wi' ne'er a hand tae close his e'e,
 Wi' ne'er a luif tae smooth his broo,
 Or voice o' love tae spier his pain;
 An' aye he sech'd, an' aye he sang—
 " Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Tho' hame, ochone ! I'll never be ;
 A mither's love wid lift my pain,
 A sister's smile wid comfort gie.

Oh, happy were the years o' youth,
 I baskit in a mither's smile,
 An' gambol'd fain wi' sister Jane
 Around the hearth an' garden stile.
 My Scottish hame ! my cottage hearth !
 My native hills ! my natal plain !
 Were't but tae see ye a' an' dee,
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Tho' hame, ochone ! I'll never be ;
 Death widna' look sae gruesome like
 Were native scenes around o' me.

In search o' wealth I wander'd far,
 An' sair a mither's heart I rave ;
 I thocht tae gather gowd a store—
 I've found instead a forest grave.

But though I grieve ower luck's reverse,
 A keener feelin' prompts my maen ;
 It rives my heart tae dee like this—
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Tho' hame, ochone ! I'll never be,
 At hame, amang my kindly ain,
 'Twere less a struggle there tae dee.

The sands o' life are maistly run,
 My breathin's growin' faint an' fast,
 A dimness fa's athwart my e'en,
 My mind is swirlin' through the past.
 I see my far-aff cottage hame,
 My mither dear, my sister fain ;
 For their sweet sakes, an' their's alane,
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Oh, an' I were hame again !
 Tho' hame, ochone ! I'll never be ;
 'Tis sair enoo' frae hame tae live,
 But sairer far frae hame tae dee.

SOOPLE-NECKIT SANDY.

(A Key to Worldly Success.)

QH! soople-neckit Sandy,
 A routh o' walth has he ;
 A keek intae his kist-neuk
 Wid glad a miser's ee.

Ken ye hoo he sprauchl'd up?
 Ne'er by doughty pooin' ;
 Wee soople-neckit Sandy
 Raised himsel' by booin'.
 Be booin', freends, be booin',
 Success an' ye'd be 'ooin' ;
 Grease the swivels o' yer necks,
 Be booin', aye booin'.

Sandy was a wabster aince—
 Neighbours say a sair ane—
 Ilka wab that brocht him cash
 Brocht as sure a swearin'.
 But wealth an' f ame are rarely made
 By weavin' wabs o' 'ooin',
 An' Sandy had a higher gift—
 The subtle airt o' booin'.
 Be booin', freends, be booin',
 Whaure'er ye get yer pow in ;
 Grease the swivels o' yer necks,
 Gae booin', aye booin'.

Ye may hae brains a waly store,
 An' muscles steeve as airn ;
 But wi' these, an' only these,
 It's teuch tae speil the cairn.
 Tae gain yer merit frae the prood,
 Gae fawn them like a grew'n—
 Whaur honest manly effort fails,
 Success is sure thro' booin'.
 Be booin', freends, be booin',
 Success an' ye'd be 'ooin' ;
 Creengin' here an' wheedlin' there,
 An' booin', aye booin'.

There's buirdly Jamie Johnstone,
 O' hearts the very wale ;
 Hands fu' deft, an' brain fu' clear,
 But neck as stiff's a nail.
 He micht hae filled a provost's chair
 As fu's the ane he's noo in ;
 A wabster aince, a wabster aye,
 An' a' thro' lack o' booin'.
 Be booin', freends, be booin',
 Success an' ye'd be 'ooin' ;
 Mind soople-neckit Sandy,
 An' hoo he raise by booin'.

Yet wha sud fawn his brither man ?
 An' wha sud fawnin' quest ?
 'Tis he wha best enacts his pairt
 Deserves tae tap the list.
 Then lat us still, tho' fortin' scowl,
 An' threat' oor hopes wi' ruin,
 Discharge a' duties faithfully,
 But ne'er descend tae booin'.
 Nae booin', freends, nae booin',
 Nae creengin', favour-suin' ;
 Gie honour true whaurever due,
 But ne'er descend tae booin'.

LOVE CONQUERS A'.

COME, wifie mine, an' dinna rack
 Yer bonnie breistie mair ;
 But shed yer raven tresses back,
 An' smile awa' yer care.
 There's nane but hae mischance tae dree,
 The muckle or the sma' ;
 Tho' sairly doon, we'll rally soon—
 Love conquers a', Jeanie,
 Love conquers a'.

If puir o' purse we're rich o' heart,
 An' love is wealth a store ;
 It stirs us tae a baulder pairt,
 It charms us tae the core.
 There's unco few sae sure o' fit,
 But get an ant'rin' fa' ;
 Sae dinna fret, we'll rally yet—
 Love conquers a', Jeanie,
 Love conquers a'.

There, wifie mine, bedicht yer een,
 An' gie's yer wonted smile,
 I trow it lichtens a' my bein',
 An' strengthens me the while.
 Oor sun's ahent a clud the noo,
 But sune will shine fu' braw ;
 Ne'er hae a fear, nor boo tae care—
 Love conquers a', Jeanie,
 Love conquers a'.

MAGGIE *VERSUS* MAGGIE'S MITHER.

KEN ye Maggie wast the howe—
 Lauchin' Maggie, takin' Maggie ?
 Plumpie cheeks aye in a lowe,
 Een sae bricht an' locks sae shaggy.
 Maggie's a' yer heart cud wish,
 Fresh as bloom o' mountain heather,
 Wooers she'd draw frae hill an' shaw
 An't werena' for her brawlin' mither.
 Oh ! Maggie has an awfu' mither—
 A skirlin', snarlin', quarrellin' mither ;
 Feint a loon for miles aroun'
 But bides a daur o' Maggie's mither.

For ever skelpin' oot an' in—
 Yowtin' Jenny, flytin' Jenny !
 Reddin' thrums wi' a' her kin,
 An' barkin' ower the hinmost penny.
 Her tongue ne'er fauds, be't ear' or late—
 I kenna' hoo it hings thegether ;
 Mony a randy hae I met,
 But ne'er a scauld like Maggie's mither.
 Oh ! Maggie has a fearfu' mither—
 A yelpin', yowtin', skelpin' mither ;
 Auld an' young, be't richt or wrang,
 Maun boo the knee tae Maggie's mither.

Fu' mony a spark she's fley'd awa'
 Frae cantie Maggie, dainty Maggie,
 Wha'd wauch'd far thro' driftin' snaw,
 An' stubble fields fu' saft an' claggy.

Tam Watt slipp'd ower last Hallowe'en—
 Dark an' stormy was the weather ;
 Tammy's pow's been bald sin' syne—
 'Tis mou'd he met wi' Maggie's mither.
 Oh ! Maggie has a towstie mither,
 A thrawart, yatterin', blatterin' mither ;
 Maggie's worth her wecht in gowd—
 'Tis vexin' she has sic a mither.

I'm ower the lugs in love, I trew,
 Wi' lauchin' Maggie, takin' Maggie ;
 An' come what may, I'll ne'er gie way
 Tae auld wife's tongue, howe'er sae braggy.
 Wi' Maggie's cantie, kind consent,
 Fu' couthily we'll creep thegether,
 An' snap oor thooms at brags an' glooms,
 An' lauch tae scorn her barmy mither.
 A fig for Maggie's toustie mither,
 Her rowtin', flytin', yowtin' mither ;
 What lad sud lose a brawsome lass,
 Or slicht her for a tinkler mither ?

I'M SOMEBODY NOO.

THIS world's a queery—its freits an' its fykes,
 Its etiquette, fashion, its likes an' dislikes ;
 Tae be walthy's a virtue, while puirtith's a vice—
 Respeck, name, an' honour depend on life's dice.

In me ye've a proof o't—I lately was puir—
 The gentle ne'er saw me, the semple look'd sour ;
 But my auld gutcher's dead, an' has left me his clue—
 An *obstacle* then, I'm an *ornament* noo.
 I'm somebody noo ! heh ! I'm somebody noo !
 Wi' gowd in my coffers—a muckle man noo !

When penniless Geordie I bobb'd at the loom,
 Leal-heartit enoo', tho' the giral was toom ;
 Lat me gang tae the market, the kirk, or the fair,
 Few neebors wid say, “Geordie Tamson, ye're there ;”
 But jow'd me aboot or held them awa',
 As I were a gumptionless naething ava ;
 But sin' I'm a lairdie, it's “How d'ye do ?
 I'm thankful tae see ye.” I'm somebody noo !
 I'm somebody noo ! heh ! I'm somebody noo !
 A gowden-regenerate gentleman noo !

O ! gowd mak's the man, sirs, an' brings him respect,
 Be he Pagan or Christian, white man or bleck.
 When a wabster I languish'd a towmond an' mair,
 Nane bodit me sympathy, bite, sup, or gear ;
 But noo sud I catch a bit gliff o' the cauld,
 I'm speir'd for an' pettit by young fouk an' auld.
 The minister fondly on Sabbath will sue
 My speedy revival. I'm somebody noo !
 I'm somebody noo ! heh ! I'm somebody noo !
 Wi' gowd in my coffers, I've routh o' freends noo !

In puirtith—hoo fickle !—they ca'd me a cuif,
 A cockle-brain'd bodie, puir warp, an' puir wuif ;
 But noo I'm fu' mensefu', intelligent—hear !—
 They made me a Schule Board Director last year ;

A week syne an elder—a prap o' the Kirk—
 Hoo siller throws sunshine on blackest o' mirk !
 My auld gutcher's dead, and has left me his clue ;
 His death was my birth—I was naething till noo.
 I'm somebody noo ! hech ! I'm somebody noo !
 I've gowd in my pouch—I'm a *gentleman* noo !

KIRSTY, THE MAID O' THE GLEN.

Air—"Last May a Braw Wooer."

 M far kent as Kirsty, the Maid o' the Glen—
 The neebors a' heckle an' jeer me ;
 For tho' I've had wooers at least nine or ten,
 The feint a chiel' noo e'er comes near me tae speir me.
 Sirs ! chiel's noo-a-days seem tae fear me.

It's no my ill-looks that can fricht them awa'—
 I'm neither ill-faur'd, prood, nor dorty ;
 An' as for my age, it needs be nae flaw—
 I'm yet on the fair side o' forty, my certie !
 There's lots get wed lang ayont forty.

My first love was Donal'—a brisk lad, I trew ;
 What's mair, he belang'd oor ain clachan ;
 But a' 'cause I grudg'd him a pree o' my mou',
 He gaed aff an' wed towsie Meg Strachan—ye're lauchin' !
 But he rues noo he married Meg Strachan.

My neist lad was Tam, oor laird's second son,
 An' rumour said Tam was a broker ; *
 Sae my auld mither vow'd, as sure as a gun,
 She wid flauchter his scaup wi' the poker—the poker—
 She wid flauchter Tam's scaup wi' the poker.

Syne neist cam' wee Wattie, sae sleekit an' slee—
 A Sunday schule teacher fu' trusty ;
 But sune's he fan' oot that my tocher was wee
 He made nae mair love to puir Kirsty—puir Kirsty,
 But turned up his nose at puir Kirsty.

O' a' my love ploys the last was the warst—
 Twa' chiel's cam' a coortin' at aince, sirs,
 An' faucht on the green for whilk sud hae Kirst ;
 'Twas the last sicht I gat o' the fencers, d'ye ken, sirs ;
 But I've heard since they faucht on pretence, sirs.

Noo, ony douce chap wha wants a guid wife,
 An' speirs me fair, certes ! I'll tak' him ;
 An' prove me the joy an' the licht o' his life—
 A kind, thrifty wifie I'll mak' him—aye mak' him—
 A kind, thrifty wifie I'll mak' him.

* A male flirt.

AULD TAM BROON.*

 HA' hasna' heard o' auld Tam Broon,
 Or seen him wi' his horse an' cart?
 For mony miles the country roon'
 You'll meet wi' few his years sae smart.
 You'll ken him weel whaur'er you see 'im,
 He's ever gowkin' up an' doon;
 A sunbrunt suit an' snootit cap
 Is aye the dress o' auld Tam Broon.

Chorus—He's liket east, he's liket wast,
 By ilka' body i' the toon;
 There's no a laddie roun' about
 That widna' fecht for auld Tam Broon.

Noo, ilka week Tam gangs tae Perth,
 Aye aince or twice, an' sometimes mair,
 For guids tae ony ane that's scarce,
 An' brings them richt, ye needna' fear.
 Man, just tae see him comin' hame,
 His cartie packet roun' an' roun'
 Sae tidily, you'd lat me say—
 A dainty man is auld Tam Broon.

Chorus—He's liket east, he's liket wast, &c.

Yet dinna' think Tam's void o' fau'ts—
 Lat's see the man without a few—

* Since these verses were penned, the worthy and somewhat eccentric personage to whom they refer has been called over to join the ranks of the mighty majority. The author has pleasure in stating that "Tammass" expressed himself as fully pleased with the caricature, saying, in his own peculiarly impressive manner, "It is true, every word of it."—*Requiescat in pace.*

His warst ane is a love o' maut,
 An' ilka Friday Tam gets fou.
 Then hear him crackin' tae himsel',
 Whiles on his cartie sleepin' soun',
 Or souchin' ower some auld strathspey—
 A lightsome man is auld Tam Broon.

Chorus—He's liket east, he's liket wast, &c.

An' Tam can play the fiddle weel.
 In winter, when forenichts ate lang,
 Wi' young fouk met tae get a reel,
 His kitchen's aften unco thrang.
 When supper's ower, an' things set back,
 The lasses hand the fiddle doon.
 He ne'er says no, but fa's tae wark—
 A jolly man is auld Tam Broon.

Chorus—He's liket east, he's liket wast, &c.

But Tam, douce man ! he's failin' sair,
 An' thinks himsel' he's gey far thro' ;
 His auld pow's gettin' unco bare,
 An' wrinkles deep are in his broo.
 Yet lang may Tam the fiddle play,
 An' drive his cartie up an' doon,
 An' ne'er hae care, but ilka day
 Bring health an' wealth tae auld Tam Broon !

Chorus—We'd miss him east, we'd miss him wast,
 In ilka corner o' the toon ;
 Deed, ilka body i' the place
 Wid mourn a freen' in auld Tam Broon.

SONG AND TOAST—"ST MARTINS VOLUNTEERS."

ANITHER sang before we gang,
 An' gaily let us sing ;
 Anither toast—so please mine host—
 An' gar the welkin ring.
 The theme lat be nae monody,
 But ower the cup that cheers
 Lat's raise the strain, lat's toast again—
 St Martins Volunteers !

Nae brawer lads in kilts an' plaids
 Brush dew frae heather bells ;
 Those brawny arms that work our farms
 Can shield oor native dells.
 Wi' limbs o' steel, an' hearts that feel,
 An' souls that know no fears,
 Their foes they'll hack, nor show their back—
 St Martins Volunteers !

When on review, how few ! how few !
 Present such warlike mien !
 M'Donald's men you'll eithly ken,
 Sae buirdly, blythe, an' clean.
 Oor ladies fair their worth declare—
 We read it in their cheers—
 That sweet *eclât*, "Hip, hip, hurrah !"
 St Martins Volunteers !

Then drink again, an' wave the strain—
 M'Donald's kilted corps !

Lang may they lo'e their Colonel true,
 An' wear their fame o' yore !
 An' sud oor Queen e'er sue for screen
 In course o' comin' years,
 The first tae flee an' guard her be—
 St Martins Volunteers !

COCKLOWRIE'S COORTSHIP.

(Music by R. W. STEVENS.)

THE laird o' Cocklowrie a-coortin' has gane—
 Oh ! what d'ye think ? oh ! what d'ye think ?
 The silly auld bodie a-coortin' has gane
 O' Lucky M'Gill o' Dumfarlin' !
 He mountit his naig, an' he bobbit alang,
 An' tae his auld sel' he croon'd an auld sang,
 An' trow'd he wid marry her richtly or wrang,
 " For, hech ! she's a weel-tocher'd darlin' ! "

Oor gilpie young lasses were fairly owerjoy'd—
 Oh ! what d'ye think ? oh ! what d'ye think ?
 They ran tae the yetts, an' gigglin' cried—
 " Guid luck t'ye laird at Dumfarlin' ! "
 They breeng'd him wi' bauchels, they chased him wi' cheers—
 The lairdie was vogie, an' boo'd tae their jeers,
 E'en reistit his naigie, an' thankit the dears,
 An' loodly they leuch at the warl'in'.

Oor auld maiden kimmers were like tae gang wud—

Oh ! what d'ye think ! oh ! what d'ye think ?

Peg Tamson, Meg Manson, an' Leezie M'Fudd,

Were deein' tae be Cocklowrie's darlin' ;

An' Peggie wi' sorrow was like tae gang gyte,

An' Meggie wi' envy did naething but flyte ;

While Leezie made licht o't, yet threaten'd for spite

Tae marry auld Sandy M'Farlin'.

Puir silly Cocklowrie cud hardly dune waur—

Oh ! what d'ye think ? oh ! what d'ye think ?

They splairg'd his bit duddies a' ower wi' coal tar,

An' row'd him 'mang downs at Dumfarlin' !

An' hame he cam' knowtin', his neb at his knee,

His heart at his mou', an' a tear in his e'e ;

A cock tho' weel feather'd, nae craw cud he gie—

Noo the hens cackle lood ower the warl'in' !

M A G G I E M O D E S T Y .

(Inscribed to Miss M— A—.)

A MAIDEN'S charms I gaily sing—
 E'en sud she blush her fame to hear ;
 Imperson'd grace her form and face—
 Nae rarer jewel far or near.
 Gang whaur she will, she bears the bell—
 The fairest lass—the snoddest aye ;

In cot or ha'—ower Scotland a'—
 Nae lass like Maggie Modesty.
 Bonnie Maggie Modesty !
 The fairest lass, the snoddest aye ;
 In cot or ha' ower Scotland a',
 Nae lass like Maggie Modesty !

Ye've lasses seen o' grander mien,
 An' hung wi' prouder jewels far—
 Cud brag o' race an' fau'tless face,
 An' wage dispute at bench or bar ;
 But whaur's the lass o' moral worth,
 In langsome, broadsome Christendie,
 Wi' heart sae chaste, sae queenly graced,
 Cud match wi' Maggie Modesty ?
 Bonnie Maggie Modesty !
 Her marrow's no in Christendie !
 For moral worth, ower a' the earth,
 There's nane like Maggie Modesty !

Her bonnie face a throne nicht grace—
 Her waist is taper, neat, an' sma' ;
 But tints an' forms are fadin' charms—
 O' these I dinna' sing ava'.
 I like fu' weel her comely biel',
 I lo'e her bonnie face tae see,
 But sing her fadeless, peerless worth,
 An' rouse her matchless modesty.
 Bonnie Maggie Modesty !
 I lo'e her bonnie face tae see ;
 The sweetest flow'r the warld ower
 Is bonnie Maggie Modesty !

THE MAID O' ISLA'S LAMENT.

DOON the bonnie banks o' Isla,
 In the baumy simmer's e'en,
 Ower the scaur an' thro' the hazel,
 Sorrow wanders a'-alane ;
 'Bune the berr o' birdies singin',
 Echoin' ootower the vale ;
 'Bune the gurgle o' the river,
 Rises aft the eerie wail—
 “ I'll be lost in Isla water,*
 I'll be found in Isla stream ;
 My feet they winna' keep the gait—
 Hoo, oh ! hoo will I win hame ?”

Jeanie's been tae meet her lover
 By the lanely trystin' tree ;
 News was there has dung her crazy—
 Donald's banish'd ower the sea.
 Cruel fate ! oh, cruel faither !
 Jeanie sechs, an' Jeanie sings,
 An' wanderin' she kensna' whither,
 Wild an' weird the burden rings—
 “ I'll be lost in Isla water,
 I'll be found in Isla stream ;
 My feet they winna' keep the gait—
 Hoo, oh ! hoo will I win hame ?”

* This refrain, with one verbal alteration, is the only fragment extant of a very old Scottish ballad.

As the sun sank 'yont the mountain,
 As the birdies ceased tae sing,
 Jeanie sank in Isla water—
 Jeanie's bosom ceased tae wring.
 Still alang the banks o' Isla,
 Floatin' on the e'enin' gale,
 As the sun dips 'yont the mountain,
 Aye there's heard the eerie wail—
 " I'll be lost in Isla water,
 I'll be found in Isla stream ;
 My feet they winna' keep the gait—
 Hoo, oh ! hoo will I win hame ?"

THE RETURN OF THE WHALERS.

Chorus—The Whaler lads are hame again ;
 They've a' come safely hame again ;
 Thro' mony dangers, ower the main—
 Aince mair they're safe at hame again.

AN' leal guidwives ha'e lock'd the door,
 An' run hauf-frantic tae the shore—
 Wi' lauchin' bairnies three an' four—
 Tae welcome daddie hame again.
 An' Jock will get a brow new cap,
 An' Jean a " Dolly Varden " hat,
 An' baby sweeties in its lap,
 Sin' daddie has come hame again.

Chorus—The Whaler lads are hame again, &c.

An' mithers' hearts will swell wi' pride
 Tae ha'e their laddies by their side ;
 They'll tell them hoo they fondly pray'd
 The Guid nicht bring them hame again.

An' faithers fain, wi' snaw-white locks—
 Tho' boo'd an' frail wi' palsy shocks—
 Will aff an' tell the neebor fouks—

“ Oor sons are safely hame again.”

Chorus—The Whaler lads are hame again, &c.

Yon sprightly lass that 'tends the loom—
 Sae blythe, seesna' her shuttle toom—
 She sings—“ Lat weavin' sink or soom,
 I carena', Jamie's hame again !”

Yon urchin, skelpin' thro' the streets—
 His hands an' pouches fu' o' sweets—
 He, lauchin', tells ilk' chum he meets—

“ My brither Sandy's hame again !”

Chorus—The Whaler lads are hame again, &c.

Lang may oor gallant sailors a'
 Steer ower the seas an' far awa' ;
 May nae mischanter them befa'—
 Aft' may they see their hame again :

For wha can tell a mither's care,
 Or lovin' wife's thochts can share,
 When ane they lo'e maist dear is—Where ?—

Nae heart-ease till he's hame again.

Chorus—The Whaler lads are hame again ;
 They've a' got safely hame again ;
 An' mony hearts this nicht are fain
 The Whaler lads are hame again.





MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES.

CUPID IN THE TEMPLE.

“O, love, love, love !
Love is like a dizziness ;
It winna’ let a puir body
Gang about his business.”

—Hogg.

Ɔ CANNA’, winna’ cloak the fact—
Tho’ sairly tae my shame it’s spoken—
On Sunday gane—immodest act—
Wi’ Cupid I’d a lively yokin’.
Tae kirk I gaed in high resolve
Tae weld my fancy wi’ the sermon ;
Lat naething else my thochts involve,
Nor hear, nor see but Doctor Hermon.

But Dauvit’s hymn was jimply read,
When bang a dart gaed thro’ my waistcoat—
A lass afore me turned her head,
Her charmin’ face I gat a glisk o’t ;

It set my being a' alowe,
 An' a' day lang that face seem'd bent on's ;
 Lat Doctor Hermon rant's he dow,
 I cudna' catch a single sentence.

His ilka lang-drawn metaphor
 Seem'd but word-etchin's o' her features,
 An' in the pulpit, smitsome fair,
 I saw *her* face instead the preacher's ;
 When praises well'd frae every heart,
 I heard but a'e sweet voice afore me ;
 An' when we kneel'd, as when we sate,
 Her roguish een were beamin' o'er me.

By conscience thrice I felt rebuk'd,
 An' thrice I made renew'd endeavour ;
 Towards the preacher firmly look'd,
 Determined on improved behaviour ;
 But a' was faucht tae nae avail,
 For lood as conscience liked tae fau't me,
 I cudna' help my sinfu' sel',
 Wi' twa sic een aye lookin' at me.

As hame I hied the birdies sang—
 “A bonnie lassie ! bonnie lassie !”
 I saw her cheeks the briers amang,
 I saw her in the very causey.
 When mither speir'd me for the text,
 Quo' I, “'Twas in the books o' Moses.”
 “The *wirds* ?” quo' she. I answer'd next—
 “Oh !—sky-blue een an' cheeks o' roses !”

Ah ! roguie Love, ye're fou o' pranks,
 Nor wait for time an' place befitin' ;
 Ye smit the sodger in the ranks,
 The merchant ower the ledger sittin'.
 But hear me, lad—a victim flytes—
 As ye regaird yer reputation,
 Employ the week as fancy dites,
 But cease yer Sabbath desecration !

A SUMMER MORNING WALK.

FU' sweetly smiles the summer morn,
 As through the stifling town I hie,
 To smell the birks and buddin' thorn,
 And list the lark's song in the sky.

Wee shilpit bairnies fill the doorsteps,
 An' peer oot through the window panes—
 Wee tots, that never pu'd the cowslips,
 Or breath'd the air of flow'ry lanes.

They kenna' o' the Summer's glory
 In this man-hive o' dust an' din ;
 They ne'er see mountain, glen, or corrie,
 Babblin' burn, or bloomin' whin.

Nae marvel they are pale an' weary—
 Pale an' weary, sad an' dull ;
 'Tis wonder mair tae see some cheerie—
 O' rosy health an' vigour full.

Oh ! fain I'd tak' the wee things wi' me,
 An' lat them hear the birdies sing ;
 An' lat them paidle in the streamie—
 Lie on its banks an' gow'nies string.

For toon-life sure is sad an' dowie,
 An' pales the rose in mony a cheek ;
 Ah ! withers mony a fragrant flow'rie—
 The sturdy plants aft renders weak.

But vanish, gloomy moralisin',
 For, lo ! I'm yont the city bounds ;
 An' here are studies mair enticin'—
 Far brichter scenes an' blyther sounds :

Here soars the lav'rock frae the meadow,
 The dew-draps sparklin' on his breast ;
 Here burnies dance through sun an' shadow—
 By bank an' brae—in beauty drest.

In ilka bush are birdies singin'—
 Singin' blythely, lood, an' sweet ;
 At ilka point God's beauties springin'—
 Abune my head, aneath my feet.

The birkens breathe a mellow odour,
 The hawthorns shed a fragrance rare ;
 God's jewels spark in ilka corner,
 An' Nature's music loads the air.

Sing on, sing on, ye bonnie birdies,
 An' dance in tune, ye babblin' streams ;
 Till neist we meet ye'll licht my labours,
 An' joy me nichtly in my dreams.

Oh! blythesome aye's the rosy summer—
 Its birds, an' flow'rs, an' sparklin' rills ;
 An' cheerie aye's the buddin' timmer—
 It mends oor faith, an' hope instils.

AN APPEAL TO THE SEX.

"The fashion now so prevalent of ornamenting ladies' hats and bonnets with small birds has given such an impetus to the activity of the bird-catchers, both here and in France, as to cause well-grounded fears for the annihilation of our favourite little songsters."—*Daily News*.

TO gentle queans, wham poets praise
 In sonnets, poems, an' amorous lays,
 As beings possesst o' ilka grace
 An' virtuous feelin',
 A humble bard, in hamert phrase,
 Comes here appealin'.

I love the sex—the young, the auld,
 The fat, the lean, the blate, the bauld ;
 I lo'e them weel, lat truth be tauld,
 The winsome dauties,
 An' feel't nae pleasure tae unfauld
 Their bits o' fauties.

Na, na, forsooth ! sae hear my prayer,
 Ye gentie dames wha busk sae fair,
 Laith, laith am I tae breed you care
 Wi' tongue or fingers ;
 But, oh ! in tender pity spare
 Oor feather'd singers.

AN APPEAL TO THE SEX.

Gae busk yer bannets, caps, an' hats,
Wi' thoweless vermin—moles or rats—
I grant you e'en the tails o' cats,
 If sae ye'll wear them ;
But linties, robins, wee tomtits—
 Oh ! spare them ! spare them !

Gae pluck the wings frae corbie-craw—
His glossy brisket, tail, an' a' ;
Tak' turkey-Jock, his thrapple thraw,
 In tatters tear him !
But, lasses, hae ye hearts ava' ?
 The birdies—spare them !

They mak' me wild ! they mak' me wae !
The sights I see ilk' sinfu' day—
Wee gauzy wings an' gebbies grey
 The windows pang ;
E'en tiny corpses stuff'd wi' strae
 Lie shoolfu' thrang.

Fell shame on fashion's barb'rous art—
On those sae base, devoid o' heart,
Wha fail tae act a nobler part,
 This vaunted age,
Than puff Miss Prude—birds are requir't
 For decorage.

Rouse, rouse, ye lasses, kind an' fair,
Auld Scotia's pride, auld Scotia's care ;
Ilk' fashion spurn that deigns tae dare
 Sic heartless tricks—
Arts that wid shame the time, I swear,
 O' lawless Picts.

An' ilka chiel', dress'd in his best,
 Wi' snaw-white breeks and red-plush vest;
 Ilk' lassie, blinkin' ower her nose,
 An' blushin' like a new-blawn rose.
 Frae Mavisbank tae Quarrymill,
 Wi' fouk the road was swarmin' full—
 A' fidgin' fain the toon tae gain,
 An' see the feein' Market.

Thro' time we reach'd the lang'd-for Cross—
 Sic pushin' an' sic drivin';
 In a' my life I never saw
 Sic ruggin' an' sic rivin'.
 Frae whisky shop tae sweetie stall
 We dragg'd the lasses, short an' tall,
 An' cramm'd the sweeties in their laps;
 They leuch, an' ca'd us dainty chaps,
 Tho' a' the time were keekin' roun'
 Tae see gin ithers cud be foun'
 Kind enough their pooch tae stuff
 At Little Dunnin' Market.

An' there were lads an' lasses there
 Wha blink'd tae ane anither, man;
 Their ilka word an' action tauld
 They meant tae creep thegither, man.
 An', oh! it was a treat tae see
 Hoo timid some chiel's were tae fee;
 Their lasses, tae, were unco feart
 They nicht get maisters far apairt,
 While ithers didna' care a strae—
 They'd new joes ilka month or sae—
 An' stuck tae them wha'd maist tae spen'
 At Little Dunnin' Market.

The streets were lined on ilka side
 Wi' stalls an' fancy wares, man ;
 Wi' sweeties, gingerbread, an' rock,
 An' Carse o' Gowrie pears, man ;
 While ballad-singers, by the score,
 On ilka han' did rant an' roar ;
 An' fiddlers played sae bauld an' sweet,
 We lost command o' hands an' feet,
 And lap like de'ils upo' the stanes ;
 The lasses cried we'd brak' oor banes,
 But, fient-ma'-care, we danced the mair
 At Little Dunnin' Market.

Grey gloamin' cam' juist in a blink—
 The fouk did hamewith steer, man ;
 Wi' tipplin' at the whisky gill
 My brain grew licht an' queer, man :
 I thocht nae chiel' sae dink's mysel',
 An' lasses nane sae fair as Nell ;
 An' wi' her head clasp'd in my airm,
 I shielded her frae every hairm ;
 Gin ony chiel' had daur'd tae set
 A'e finger-neb on Nell, my pet,
 I'd shown them fun—as sure's a gun—
 At Little Dunnin' Market.

Quoth I tae Will, “ Noo, lat's be gaun—
 The nicht is wearin' late, man ;”
 Quo' Will, “ We'll ha'e anither gill,
 An' syne we'll tak' the gate, man.”
 Weel, sune's we gat oor thrapples wet,
 We took the road wi' Nell an' Bet ;
 An' when we reach'd the Hauf-way Hoose,
 Some billies there were crawin' croose ;

But sune's they gat a glisk o' Will,
 They took their heels ower Campsie Hill,
 An' just in time, for Will was prime,
 When comin' frae the Market.

Noo, when we a' gat waddled hame,
 An' whither ear' or late, man,
 I canna' thole tae tell you—hear!
 The truth is—I'm ower blate, man.
 'Twas teuch an' sair tae pairt wi' Nell,
 For ower my heart she cuist a spell:
 Her witchin' een o' bonnic blue,
 Her dimpled cheeks an' honey mou';
 I see her noo, as veeve as then—
 The sonsie, couthie, bonnie hen—
 If I'm in life, she'll be a wife
 Neist Little Dunnin' Market.

TO A DISSIPATED YOUTH.

“Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.”
 —*Shakspeare.*

PUIR doiterin', dozen'd fellow-mortal,
 Steerin' straucht tae hell's grim portal,
 Stand, oh! stand an' think.
 Did God, wha gave ye life an' heath,
 Design that ye sud squander wealth,
 E'en pawn yer soul for drink?
 Or think ye it is manfu'-like
 Tae rant, an' drink, an' swear—
 Tae row an' sprauchil i' the yird,
 Yer hands an' face besmear?

It's beastly, or leastly
 It ill becomes a man ;
 Then oh ! sir, forego, sir,
 Reform while yet you can.

I scarcely trow it's viciousness
 Sae much as truly want o' sense,
 Or lack o' soond advice,
 That lats ye live as ye hae dune—
 Yer name's a crack the country roun',
 Ye've lair'd sae deep in vice.
 I grieve tae think that ane sae young—
 That ane sae faur'd as you—
 Sud e'er sae far demean himsel'
 As mix wi' sic a crew
 As boozers an' broozers—
 The scum o' human kind ;
 Detestit an' hiss't at
 By a' the weel-inclined.

Sud ye hae nae regaird for sel',
 Respect yer faither, lyart an' leal,
 Yer sister an' yer brither ;
 An' oh !—my heart bleeds when I say't—
 For pity's sake, ere't be too late,
 Hae mercy on yer mither.
 A mither's love's a holy flame
 That lowe's within her breist,
 An', harshly used, sune flickers oot,
 An' lays her, wi' the blest.
 Then oh ! sir, bestow, sir,
 A thocht on what I've said ;
 Yer young yet, yer strong yet,
 There's time tae mak' remede.

BY DUNSINNAN LOCH.

" Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid."

— *Byron.*

SAUNTER roun' Dunsinnan Loch,
Thro' wuds an' meadows green,
'Mang cherish'd scenes o' early youth,
The sunniest days I've seen.
Wee birdies lilt in ilka bush,
Wild flow'rs breathe fragrance sweet,
An' darling memories crowd my breist,
In this fond, fair retreat.

Aneath a sturdy spreadin' elm,
That screens the birslin' sun,
I squat me' doon amang the girse
Tae wear the aifternune ;
An' as I ee the snaw-white swans
Glide ower the siller deep,
An' muse o' frien's an' days lang tint,
I hauffins drowse asleep.

My mind flits back the mist o' years
Tae lo'esome days o' yore ;
I see my youthful cronies a',
I hear the gladsome core.
Adoon the wuds we bickerin' scud
Wi' gleesome lauch an' skirl ;
The echoes ring the woods amang
An' gar my heartstrings tirl.

Ah ! yonder's rantin' Davie Dunn,
An' pawky Andrew Bell ;
An' yonder's lauchin', loupin' Rab—
My former happy sel' ;
An' cherry-cheekit Nelly Broom,
An' kindly Willie Bain,
Whaum reiver Death has stown awa',
An' ne'er will gie's again.

I feel the rich ecstatic thrill
I felt when bairns we play'd
Aroun' this sunny sylvan scene,
An' scamper'd thro' the glade :
That thrill that youth alane can feel,
An' haunts oor aifter days ;
Sae dear, mak's fav'rite scenes o' youth,
Nae fate can them erase.

Dunsinnan Loch ! Dunsinnan Loch !
Wi' thy sweet islets three,
Tho' ne'er admired by bard inspired,
Thou'lt aye hae charms for me.
I feel a joy while musin' here
That gowd could never buy ;
An' aye when gloamin' dims the wold,
I leave thee wi' a sigh.

OH, WASTRIFE DEATH !

At Kippenross, Dunblane, on the 2d January, of diphtheria, David, aged 8 years ; and on the 14th, James, aged 4 years ; and on the 17th, Patrick, aged 1 year and 2 months. Also, at 334 Nuneaton Street, Glasgow, at the residence of her uncle, Margaret, aged 10 years—beloved children of William Christie, gardener, Kippenross, Dunblane.—*Vide People's Journal*, 10th February 1877.

OH, wastrife Death ! restrain thy han',
 An' dinna' strike sae fell an' sair ;
 See hoo the parents' tears are fa'in'—
 Sic tender feelin's spare—oh, spare !

Doon crush'd wi' sic a wechty grief,
 The heart-gashed mourners prostrate lie ;
 What heart but bleeds for their relief ?
 What breist but echoes sigh for sigh ?

A'e gentle girl—three rosy boys—
 Their love, their life, their heart, their a' ;
 Their future hopes—their present joys—
 A' laid aneath the Jan'war' snaw.

Four buddin' roses, fragrant fair,
 Struck doon by Death's untimely frost ;
 Yet, tho' they bloom on earth nae mair,
 The death-proof kernels arena' lost :

Na ! courage, parents—dry your tears,
 They bloom in rarer, fairer bowers,
 Whaur God himsel', thro' deathless years,
 Will garden your unfading flowers !

FOR SCOTLAND'S SAKE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

As an humble expression of the Author's appreciation of his worth as a man and his spirit as a Scotchman.

FAIR fa' you, Blackie, true-blue Scot,
 Dauntless, fearless, slicht-me-not ;
 You've wrought me pleasure—mair, I wot—
 I here avow't—
 Than if ye'd heap'd my tattie pot
 Wi' guinea gowd.

Hech, man ! I like your sturdy view—
 Nae traikin' roun' the bus' wi' you ;
 Aince at your heart, its at your mou'
 Wi' lichtnin' speed,
 An' sham ye toozle thro' an' thro'—
 Beyond remede.

Auld Scotia weel may pech an' grane,
 An' crunsh her teeth in direst pain,
 Sin' National pluck sae laich does wane
 Amang her bairns ;
 A' classes treat wi' cauld disdain
 Her best concerns.

I trow I'm aft provokit sair
 At toon and country, kirk an' fair :
 We hear fouk gloss, wi' tentie care,
 Their mither tongue ;
 My knuckles yeuk tae lend their ear
 A ringin' spung.

Gin we be Scotch—sae lat us be—
 We've cause tae cock oor crests fu' hie ;
 Tae cry—" Here's tae us, three-times-three !
 We fear nae foe ;"
 A people virtuous, bauld, an' free—
 Wha daur say no ?

In days o' yore—thae pawmy days
 When Bruce an' Wallace fell'd their faes—
 Nae pupish, soulless, Cockney ways
 Men's bosoms fired ;
 Tae be a Scot was highest praise
 A Scot desired.

But minds ha'e droop'd sae weak o' late—
 Sae tied tae Lunnon etiquette ;
 Lat Albert Edward shave his pate
 At break o' day,
 Sax thousand pows will share like fate
 Ere gloamin' grey.

I dinna' over-rax a flee—
 Maist fouk can mind as veeve as me—
 A Princess own'd a cank'rous knee
 That limp'd her gang ;
 Oor lasses swith frae Tweed tae Dee
 Were limpin' thrang.

We're sae gaen ower to imitation,
 We slicht oor ain for nae occasion,
 An' grab at ilka new sensation
 Frae 'yont the Tweed ;
 Unless there's sudden reformation,
 I fear an' dreed

Oor dear auld mither tongue maun dee,
 Oor auld Scotch sangs sae bauld an' slee,
 They'll be forgot—Ochon ! ochrie !—
 Ilk' wurd an' line ;
 Say, shall we cauldly stand ajee,
 An' let them dwine ?

I'll no decry ilk' foreign ware—
 Ilk' foreign noshin, sang, or air—
 But trow oor ain can weel compare
 Wi' oucht ye'll mention,
 An' sure deserves a muckle share
 O' *Scotch* attention.

What sangs can mak' us grave an' gay
 Like "Auld Lang Syne," an' "Scots wha hae,"
 "Ye banks an' braes," an' "Duncan Gray,"
 An' sic-like ithers ?
 Ower a' sangs that sud live for aye—
 The Scotch, my brithers !

Then tune auld Scotia's stock an' horn,
 An' show we're prood we're Scottish born ;
 Revere oor ain, respect the foreign,
 Be aye oor creed ;
 Examine hame ere gaun explorin'
 Ower Tyne or Tweed.

BARBER WILLIE'S BONNIE DAUGHTER.

THERE wons a lass in oor toon en'—
 We've few sae fair an' feint a fatter—
 She's cuist a glamour ower oor men,
 An' set the gossips' tongues a-clatter.
 Gang east or wast, or north or south,
 At ony keyhole list the lauchter,
 In ilka hame the crack's the same—
 It's barber Willie's bonnie dauchter.

A rosy lassie, five feet lang,
 Clean-fittit, neatly built, an' sturdy,
 Can dance a fling an' lilt a sang,
 Shampoo a pow an' shave a beardie;
 An' sic a gift o' trappin' hearts—
 A fortune tae the dad that's aucht her;
 There's few I ken but fidges fain
 Tae be possesst o' sic a dauchter.

Wi' witchin' grace she saips the chin
 O' auld an' young, o' rich an' semple,
 An' shaves sae glegly oot an' in,
 She ne'er was kent tae jag a pimple.
 An' nane she shaves but looks his love,
 An' fain wid tae his bosom claucht her;
 But envy lowers among the woers
 O' barber Willie's bonnie dauchter.

Frae morn tae nicht it's crop an' shave,
 Shampoo, dress, an' strap, an' lather:

Some customers but ill behave,
 Wi' love their brains are sae thro'-ither ;
 Young blades wi' feint a root tae scrape,
 Three times a day beseek the favour
 O' ha'ein' their gabs besmear'd wi' suds
 By Willie's witchin', wily shaver.

An' buirdly men wha late cud brag
 The bauldest beards ootower o' gravats,
 Hae scarcely noo a tuft tae wag
 But twa'r-three hairs about the haffits ;
 It's saip them here, an' scrape them there—
 The case is really 'yont a' lauchter—
 Oor toon-en's scarce o' hearts an' beards
 Thro' barber Willie's bonnie daughter.

Oh ! that some chiel' wid trap her heart,
 Or win her hand wi' slee palaver—
 Wid rin her aff wi' coach or cart,
 An' rid us o' the wily shaver.
 Or could it reach the Fiscal's lug,
 He'd aiblins chairge her wi' manslauchter,
 An' hain oor men—heart, beard, an' brain—
 Frae barber Willie's bonnie daughter.

A HERRIE'T NEST.

"They'll sing you yet a cantie sang,
Then, oh ! in pity lat them be !"

—*Tannahill*

FRIEND Jack an' I walk'd out at morn
To feast on Nature's charms,
Thro' field, an' fell, an' bosky dell,
By yonder distant farms.

The flow'ry meads lay baith'd in dew,
A fragrance filled the air ;
The mountain rills sang madrigals,
The birds sang everywhere.

That all was joy the groves among
We'd mutually confess't,
When presently we came where lay
A herrie't lintie's nest.

Five downy younglings sadly torn
Lay black'ning on the mead ;
The parent pair, wi' dowy stare,
Sat cowering overhead.

No sound of grief escaped their breasts,
But silent, sad they sate,
Nor seem'd to hear or see us near—
Their sorrow weigh'd so great.

I cursed the ruthless hand could thus
 Such guileless joys molest ;
 In careless tone quoth Jack, " Let's on—
 'Tis but a herrie't nest !"

" A herrie't nest, forsooth !" I sighed,
 My heart with grief oppress't ;
 What mournfu' echoes cling around
 These words—' A herrie't nest !"

" Yon pale-faced mother sighs abed,
 No joy illumes her breast ;
 Her baby gone—her heartstrings torn—
 She mourns a herrie't nest !"

" An aged pair—we knew them both—
 Long years since gane to rest ;
 Their sons were slain ; they pined ; they're gane—
 'Twas but a herrie't nest !"

" If folks do grieve, e'en so the birds—
 They've hearts as fine as we ;
 No parents e'er display more care
 Towards their progeny.

" Yea, could we know the pangs acute
 That rend these tiny breasts,
 No human hand would e'er extend
 To herry birdies' nests."

" Enough !" cried Jack, an' clasp'd my hand,
 " Ye probe my inmost breast ;
 From this hour hence, per hands an' pence,
 I'll guard ilk' birdie's nest."

THE CAUPLE-STOWP O' ABERNYTE.

"The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte
Mak's mony a merry man."

—*Old Rhyme.*

IN bygane days, when stills were rife—
Lang, lang ere F. M'Kenzie days—
There sat an Inn amang the whins,
Weel nor'ward on auld Rossie braes;
Whaur Bawky ser'd sic reamin' swats,
An' usquabae aye sae perfite,
The drooths cam' miles, led by its wiles—
The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

Nae ill e'er cam' it cudna' cure—
Sae trow'd its converts, ane an' a';
Their proffer'd pill for ilka ill
Was—"Fill the stowp, an' ca' awa'!"
An' lots fell sick e'en for the cure
(Gin that's a lee, gie me the wyte);
'Twas honour'd fain, there's nae unsayin'—
The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

Fu' fain men grasp'd it foamin' fou',
An' gaily sent it steerin' roun',
While Bawky pech'd at ilka fraucht,
An' leer'd as ilka law'n' cam' doon.

His health they pledg'd wi' lood guffaw,
 An' roused him on his sonsy kyte ;
 But looder far they roused the jar—
 The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

Wi' waucht on waucht, tradition tells,
 They maist gat twa sheets i' the wind,
 An' feats o' strength were tried at length,
 An' some wid neither haud nor bind ;
 But tae the green wid ramp an' reel,
 An' box, an' rive, an' roar, an' flyte ;
 Tho' nane cud coup sae gleg's the stowp—
 The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

Oh ! sic a mystic power it own'd—
 A talisman for ilka care ;
 Tho' crush'd wi' grief, it lent relief—
 Twa mou'fu's o't, or little mair ;
 An' chiel's ne'er kent tae dance or sing,
 Or crook their neives in vogue tae fight,
 Wid risk the three, when led tae pree
 The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

Its fame was lood ower muir an' fell—
 A score o' miles in ilka airt ;
 An' some wha cudna' reach't on fit,
 Were driven till't whiles in a cart.
 The auld, the young, the rich, the puir—
 The rustic hind, the belted knight—
 Hae sung its praise on distant braes—
 The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

But time mair than the whinstane tries,
 An' Bawky's Inn has quit the scene ;

The mystic stowp sell't at the roup,
 For guineas sax or seventeen :
 An' noo, in Romish antic hall,
 Oucht day ye'll see a ferlie sight—
 A timmer bicker cased in gowd—
 The Cauple-stowp o' Abernyte.

“Wow! sic a change on Rossie braes
 Sin' Bawky's Inn was in its prime!”
 Sae sechs an aged passer by,
 While musin' o' the aulden time ;
 An' wi' his staff upo' the sand—
 See!—“ICHABOD,” he airts tae write ;
 Syne at the well regales himsel',
 An' sighs—“Fareweel tae Abernyte.”

But loungin' here amang the knowes,
 An' listenin' o' the tales o' yare ;
 The routs o' riotous mirth an' shame—
 I joy tae think they're kent nae mair.
 But halcyon quiet, an' douce content,
 An' a' that's lo'ed by tastes polite,
 Is *only* known, is *only* strewn,
 Ootower the braes o' Abernyte.

R A B B I E B U R N S .

(Written on the 116th Anniversary of the Poet's Birth.)

AINCE mair an honour'd day is here—
 A day tae Scotchmen ever dear—
 An' wile o' billies arena' sweer
 Tae grasp the noggin,
 An' drink its health wi' rousin' cheer—
 It ga'e us Robin.

Blythe Rabbie Burns ! true, as he said,
 He was a rantin', rovin' blade ;
 The pride o' ilka man an' maid
 Ower Scotland lang ;
 Fu' mony a lo'esome poem he made,
 An' sweet wee sang.

He tauld the thochts o' dogs an' men,
 Tae stane an' lime gae language plain ;
 The cottar's cosy but an' ben
 Saw an' admired ;
 Fell Death himsel' he seem'd tae ken—
 Oor bard inspired.

“ Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon ”—
 He lent thae wirds a lo'esome soun' ;
 Rab had a heart forbye a croon,
 An' baith were braw ;
 His love liltis gar the heart-strings stoun'
 O' great an' sma'.

Oh! wha can read his "Mary dear"—
 Withoot a sympathetic tear?
 An' wha can nerveless sit an' hear
 Bauld "Scots wha hae?"
 Sic strains a coward's heart wad cheer
 Tae face the fae.

An' syne tae hear the pawky story
 O' "Willie's wife," the fulsome sorra,
 Or follow "Tam" a' in his glory,
 Ream-fu' o' liquor,
 We hotch, an' pech, an' lauch, an' roar aye,
 An' screech, an' nicher.

Sae gleg's the pen o' Poet Burns,
 He gars fouk lauch an' greet by turns;
 We lauch wi' him, an' when he murns
 We murn wi' 'im;
 E'en noo I feel his influence stirrin's—
 E'en noo I see 'im.

He eggs me on tae drive my quill aye,
 An' prog ilk' sneerin' sensor billie,
 Wha brand him loon, an' strive tae sully
 His deathless fame.
 Oh! critics, learn tae shun the folly
 O' sic a game!

Ilk' Scotchman worthy o' the name,
 Ootower the sea or snug at hame,
 In cot or ha'—a' ranks the same—
 His temper turns
 'Gainst ilka wicht wad blight the fame
 O' Rabbie Burns.

An' lang may Scotland lo'e her bard,
 His mem'ry gie its due reward,
 For while the daisy decks the sward,
 An' heads have harns,
 The matchless sangs will still be heard
 O' Rabbie Burns.

O O R P I C - N I C .

THE rarest treat in modern days
 Was oor Pic-nic ;
 Weel worthy o' a poet's praise
 Is oor Pic-nic.

Sic heartsome, gleesome, roarin' fun,
 Is seldom seen aneath the sun—
 Some hearts were tint, as sure's a gun,
 At oor Pic-nic.

Far frae the clash o' forge an' loom
 Was oor Pic-nic ;
 Low doon amang the gowden broom
 Was oor Pic-nic.
 Aneath the leafy, spreadin' trees,
 That fan the balmy simmer breeze,
 We sang, an' mumpit bread an' cheese,
 At oor Pic-nic.

Oh ! sic a routh o' lasses fair
 At oor Pic-nic,

Wi' rosy cheeks an' wavy hair,
 At oor Pic-nic ;
 An' lithsome, blythesome, dauntless chiel's,
 As ever trip't thro' foursome-reels,
 Snap't their thooms, an' shook their heels,
 At oor Pic-nic.

The pipers blew wi' micht an' main
 At oor Pic-nic,
 Till wuds an' rocks sent back the strain,
 At oor Pic-nic.
 Ilk' lad gat buckled wi' a lass,
 An' trip't fu' lichtly ower the grass—
 Just haltin' whiles tae pree the *Bass*—
 At oor Pic-nic.

Whiles we pencil'd *billet-doux*
 At oor Pic-nic ;
 But there was muckle preein' o' mou's
 At oor Pic-nic :
 Young Sandy kiss'd them ane an' a',
 An' Harry smoorich'd mair than twa,
 Tho' feint a smack gat Rab ava'
 At oor Pic-nic.

Some lasses gat their bannets squeez'd
 At oor Pic-nic ;
 But ane an' a' were highly pleased
 Wi' oor Pic-nic.
 The lasses smirk'd an' smiled wi' glee,
 The lads were blythe as blythe cud be,
 An' a' wish'd they micht live tae see
 Oor neist Pic-nic.

POSTSCRIPT.

Rumour noo is whisperin' rife,
 Sin' oor Pic-nic ;
 A pawky billie wiled a wife
 At oor Pic-nic :
 That nicht his Rev'rence mak's them ane,
 We'll haud the Pic-nic ower again ;
 Sud e'er they luck a laddie wean,
 We'll ca'm " PIC-NIC."

I N M E M O R I A M .

(W— C—.)

AULD dainty Willie's dead an' gane,
 An' sair's the thocht tae mony ane ;
 'Mang a' the lives fell death has taen
 For towmonds back,
 Ower nane we mak' sae muckle maen
 As him—alack !

He was sae blythe, baith oot an' in ;
 Sae frank an' free wi' kith an' kin ;
 Sae stern—aye reprovin' sin—
 A treat tae see ;
 His staunch advice saved muckle din
 An' lawyers' fee.

To auld an' young throughoot the toon
 His voice was aye a welcome soun' ;
 He'd crack for a', frae sage tae loon—
 Whate'er their bent ;
 An' mair aneath his siller croon
 Than mony kent.

He kent auld Scotia's history weel—
 Ilk' castle grey an' bluidy fiel' ;
 O' Bruce, the rantin', dauntless chiel',
 He spak' wi' pride ;
 An' prood o' Scotia's bard, atweel,
 Was he that's dead.

But Willie's ta'en frae earthly care,
 An' we maun hear his crack nae mair ;
 His body lies whaur gow'nies fair
 Bloom ower his head ;
 But frien's an' neebours miss him sair
 Noo sin' he's dead.

Nae mair ayont the fire he'll sit,
 An' cheer us wi' his pawky wit ;
 Nae mair we'll hear his weel-kent fit
 Upo' the stair ;
 He's gane whaur may we a'e day flit
 His joys tae share.

WEE WILLIE LAIRD.

 AS e'er there a loonie like wee Willie Laird,
 Sae pawky, sae bauld, an' sae free ?
 Noo chasin' the butterflees thro' the kailyaird,
 Noo speilin' the auld beech tree ;
 Noo whitin' a boortree tae mak' him a whup
 Tae wallop the horse an' the kye ;
 Noo ben i' awmry sailin' his ship
 Intae the big skeil 'mang the whey ;

Noo playin' wild pranks on Jenny the cat,
 Tyin' auld sugar pocks tae her tail ;
 Noo flingin' his ba' at gran'father's hat,
 Till it hobbles an' fa's aff the nail ;
 Noo makin' a sling wi' a bit auld leather,
 Tae tak' when he gangs tae the muir ;
 Noo biggin' the stools on the tap o' ilk ither,
 Till they fa' wi' a crash on the fluir.

Noo oot o' the house he maun rin for his life,
 For the reshill has rous'd the auld man,
 Wha clutches his staff, an' tells the guidwife—
 " That sorra nae langer I'll stan' !"
 Feint hair does he care for gran'father's rage,
 But spansk like a roe ower the green ;
 An' ere the auld man's thro' the slap i' the hedge,
 Hilt or hair o' the loon's to be seen.

An oor hasna' gane, an' the squall's a' forgot,
 For see ! 'neath the auld beech tree,

There auld Willie sits wi' his freend Johnnie Scott,
 An' wee Willie plays at his knee.
 Oh ! aft may he play there, an' skip ower the lawn,
 An' lang may thae twa lives be spared ;
 For Willie's fu' fond o' the denty auld man,
 An' he's fond, tae, o' wee Willie Laird.

THE HERD LADDIE.

YOU see yon wee bit laddie
 That herds the farmer's kye,
 Hooever rouch the weather be,
 He aye maun bide ootbye.
 He hasna' ane tae hear his maen—
 No ane on a' the earth—
 The wee bit orphan laddie
 Frae oot the toon o' Perth.

He's ne'er a shoe upon a fit,
 His cleadin's unco bare ;
 He's crouchin' up against a tree—
 The puir thing's greetin' sair.
 The rain has wet him to the skin,
 But hame he daurna' gang ;
 Tho' it sud rain frae morn tae e'en,
 He's oot the lee day lang.

His kye are unco ill tae herd—
 You see the pasture's bare—

A minnit they'll no stey at peace,
 But wander here an' there.
 He's trauchill'd an' run after them
 Thro' corn an' barley weet,
 Till on the whins an' chuckie stanes
 He's scartit a' his feet.

Fu' fain he'd be tae rin awa',
 Kent he but whaur tae rin ;
 But, ah ! nae mither dis he hae,
 Nor freend tae tak' him in.
 Sae thinks he'll better dree the scaith,
 Tho' sair the hill scuds blaw ;
 As weel tae trauchle whaur he is,
 As starve when he's awa'.

A NICHT IN WILLIE'S BARN.

WHILE ithers sing o' maidens fair,
 O' bosky glens an' mountains bare,
 I'll croon wi' canty, tenty care
 A nicht in Willie's barn.

Tho' mony's the lo'esome nicht I've kent
 In hamely cot an' ha' fu' brent,
 The blythest mauments e'er I spent
 Were spent in Willie's barn.

'Tis but a rustic country bield,
 That scarce the nor'lan' wind can shield;
 But ah! fu' mony a heartsome chield
 Thinks kindly o' that barn.

When Han'sel Monday times come roun',
 An' mirth flees brankless thro' the toon,
 Gin e'en a rantin', gleesome soun'
 Is heard in Willie's barn.

An' gin yer fain tae feast yer e'en,
 Just stap yer wa's inbye, my frien',
 They'll mak' ye welcome, clown or queen,
 That nicht in Willie's barn.

Blythe fiddler Tammas there you'll meet,
 An's neebor Will, fu' frank an' fleet,
 An' scores in mirth frae head tae feet,
 That nicht in Willie's barn.

An' sud you luck tae hae a drouth,
 Ne'er lang ye'll thole a geiz'nin' mooth,
 O' wale o' sap there's aye a routh
 That nicht in Willie's barn.

Last Han'sel Monday nicht, I trew,
 When snaw lay deep on heicht an' howe,
 An' mony ane was fain tae stow
 His carcasse in a barn:

We met, as wont—a blythesome core
 As ever claid a barn floor—
 In vogue tae haud oor annual splore
 In dainty Willie's barn.

An' sic a routh o' frien's were there,
 Sic strappin' chiel's an' lasses fair—
 Auld fouk nae few, wi' lyart hair—
 That nicht in Willie's barn.

Kind Willie an' his leal guidwife—
 Revered by a'—were lythe wi' life ;
 They kent nae care, but joy nicht thrive
 A' nicht inside the barn.

An' weel their tenty care was pey'd—
 Gay mirth rang oot on ilka side ;
 Ilk' ane was frank an' fain's a bride
 A' nicht in Willie's barn.

Blythe fiddler Tammas play'd his best,
 An' sae did Will wi' hearty zest ;
 An' lasses sang withoot bein' prest
 That nicht in Willie's barn.

Wi' dance an' sang the nicht flew bye,
 An' grey daylight gar'd maist o's sigh ;
 We'd then tae say " Fareweel ! " and hie
 Far, far frae Willie's barn.

But, by my sooth ! gin a' bide hale,
 We'll meet in Mossy neist Auld Yule,
 An' spen' again—withooten fail--
 A nicht in Willie's barn.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

 WAS simmer, an' ilk' twig was green ;
 The birds sang sweet on bush an' tree ;
 The lav'rock sang his e'enin' hymn
 Far up amang the cluds sae hie ;

The mavis socht the tapmost bough,
 An' piped his wild notes lood an' lang ;
 The babblin' burnie danced wi' glee,
 Enraptured wi' the birdies' sang.

Wi' tentie step I ventured near,
 Fu' feart I micht be seen or heard,
 An', list'nin' tae God's rural choir,
 I laid me on the gown'y sward ;

Sweet spot tae spend a leisure oor,
 Far frae the turmoil o' the toon ;
 Frae scenes o' wild debauch an' shame ;
 Frae foundry's clash an' factory's soun'.

I lay there till the rosy sun
 Seem'd restin' on the western hills ;
 Syne for the toon left wi' a sigh
 The trees, the fields, the birds, an' rills.

THE WEARY PILGRIM.

HIS eyes were dim, and not with years,
 His cheeks were pale and wan ;
 His stooping gait and palsied step
 Bespoke a wretched man.
 Anon he leaned against the wall,
 And heaved a deep-drawn sigh ;
 His locks lay matted on his brow,
 A tear stood in his eye.

I saw him in the pale moonlight,
 And cautiously drew near ;
 I smoothed his brow, and breathed a text
 Of Scripture in his ear.
 He wrung my hand, and faltering said,
 While leaning on his staff—
*“ Look (hic) here ! I've fourpence (hic) 'a'penny left ;
 I'll t- (hic) oss ye for a half !”*

LITTLE JOE.

A FLOWERET nipt ere fully blown,
 A rosebud pure as virgin snow ;
 A life the world had never known,
 But dear to us—sweet little Joe !

Our first-born he—a hopeful boy—
 Most fain to learn an' quick to know ;

WEE ANNIE'S PRAYER.

But death hath reft us of our joy—
 'Neath yonder turf lies little Joe.

At times we scarce can think him dead—
 In dreams we see his face aglow,
 An' fondly pat his silv'ry head,
 But when we wake—no little Joe!

Ah, no! he's far from earthly care—
 No more he'll cheer us here below;
 But voices whisper in the air—
 "In h. . . you'll meet with little Joe."

Tho' much we mourn, we'll ne'er repine;
 Whate'er God's will, 'tis best, we know;
 For He is cruel but to be kind—
 In heaven we'll meet our little Joe.

WEE ANNIE'S PRAYER.

THOU lovin' Father, far abune,
 Wha lo'es the bairnies fair,
 I pray Thee, kindly boo Thee doon,
 An' hear wee Annie's prayer.

Thou kens fu' weel this little heart—
 Ay' better than mysel';
 This little life—'twas Thou wha gae't—
 Oh! may I guide it well!

An' dinna' leave me a' alane—
 A silly tot like me—

But tak' my little hand in Thine,
 An' lead me close by Thee.

Aye airt me clear o' sinfu' ways,
 An' never lat me fa' ;
 Atune my heart to sing Thy praise,
 An' bless my actions a'.

Tae auld an' young aye mak' me kin',
 An' a' less bien that be ;
 A humble speerit aye be mine—
 A hand aye gleg to be seen.

May a' my bloom an' fruit o' life
 Be to Thy honour shed—
 Bairn, lassie, maiden, wife—
 Till laid in Death's cauld bed.

An' when Thou sendst tae ca' me hame
 Tae Thy celestial bowers,
 Oh ! may Thou wave me to a claim
 Amang Thy favour'd flowers !

S O N N E T,

On being Presented with a Flower from Highland Mary's Grave.

THANKS, thanks, friend, for the tender joy—
 A flower from Highland Mary's grave ;
 It speaks of love without alloy,
 Of love that death could not destroy—

The rarest virtue of the brave ;
 It wakens up a world of thought,
 It tunes the heart to song and love—
 And who's the heart it would not move ?
 So sad a tale it prompts, I wot ;
 A noble heart bowed down with grief,
 A soul that scorned to be a slave ;
 A joy of joys distracting brief,
 There's poetry in every leaf—
 A flower from Highland Mary's grave !

M I T H E R.*

WHILE ithers sing o' hills an' glens,
 An' lads an' lasses braw,
 I sing o' love o' you, Mither—
 The dearest theme o' a'.
 Nae heart sae leal an' kind, Mither ;
 Nae love sae tried an' true ;
 There's nane I trust like you, Mither,
 For nane can love like you.

A man may lo'e his brither man
 As leal as e'er he may ;
 But lat him sance offend his pride,
 He spurns him frae that day.
 Hoo different far a Mither's love :
 'Tis like the spotless rose—

* Since these verses were prepared for the press, we have seen the cold turf laid over all that was mortal of that dear Mother—

“So good, so peaceable, so blest—
 Angels alone can speak the rest.”

The mair it's crush'd an' trampled on,
The sweeter perfume flows.

You've lo'ed me lang an' leal, Mither,
Wi' love I'll ne'er repay
Were I tae sit an' sing your praise
Till e'en o' life's last day.
Thro' dule an' care, an' late an' ear',
You've watch'd wi' anxious e'e;
An' Heaven but kens hoo fond, Mither,
You've pray'd an' pled for me.

I ken your anxious mind, Mither,
An' laith wid be, I trew,
Tae act a pairt in oucht on earth
That might gie pain tae you.
For, oh! 'twould brak' your heart, I ken,
Tae think me as unkind;
In a' I say, in a' I dae,
You're tapmost in my mind.

Yon simple prayer ye taught my lips
To lisp beside your knee,
Befloods my heart at bedtime yet,
Though far frae hame an' thee.
An' aye's I steek my e'en tae sleep,
I hear yon fervent prayer
You wont tae lisp abune my breist,
When asleep you thocht I were.

Ye're wearin' doon life's brae, Mither—
Forsooth! ye're unco frail,
Thae furrows on yer broo, alas!
They tell a dowie tale;

A few short years maun pairt us noo—
 The thocht o't's unco sair ;
 But may we meet abune, Mither,
 An' ne'er be pairtit mair.

You've dune your duty here, Mither,
 As mair than me can tell ;
 You've taught yer bairns the road tae gang,
 By gaun that gait yersel'.
 A legacy ye'll leave us a'—
 A life-example odd—
 Warm love tae a' the brethren,
 An' faith in Heaven's God.

SONNET—ACROSTIC.

I KNEW thee when the rose of health
S at blooming on thy face ;
A winsome, gladsome lass thou wert,
B oth fair of mien and kind of heart—
E ve own'd no purer grace :
L ightly laugh'd thou with the glad,
L owly bent thou with the sad,
A nd strove bow'd hearts to raise.

P eace to thy soul, in Christ thy wealth !

W hen round the throne, in choral grand,
E ach ransom'd soul shall sing,
L oud, rich, and sweet thy voice will chime—
S o as on earth thou swell'd the hymn—
H osanna to our **King** !