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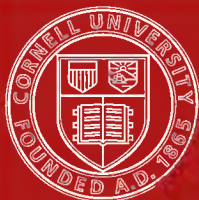
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TAYSIDE SONGS









Age yours  
Robert Ford  
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# TAYSIDE SONGS

And Other Verses

BY

ROBERT FORD

AUTHOR OF "THISTLEDOWN,"  
AND EDITOR OF "THE HARP OF PERTSHIRE," ETC.



ALEXANDER GARDNER

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*“My muse, though hamely in attire,  
May touch the heart.”*

--BURNS.

*Songs breathing of the glen and hill,  
And sung when all the night was still—  
Sung long ago, when other years  
Had brighter tasks and fewer tears:  
When youth was sweet, and to the eye  
Hope led her fairy visions by.  
Then song was sweet, and all around  
The homely speech of homely sound  
Fell, and we stood like one who hears  
The spirit-footsteps of the years  
Pass, with a music which he fain  
Would capture in his songs again.  
Alas! we change. Yet though the sky  
Seems duller to the inward eye;  
Though fainter rise those dreams that made  
A heaven of each woodland shade;  
Though Hope half-hides her brow and stands  
With less of treasure in her hands,  
Still in the heart, and scorning chains,  
The old delight of song remains.*

—ALEXANDER ANDERSON.





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# TAYSIDE SONGS.



## THE BANKS O' TAY.

THE laverock mounts the fleckit lift,  
The lammies dot the lea,  
An' beauty bursts in ilka nook,  
An' joy frae ilka tree ;  
Oh, come, my heart, then, come awa',  
In fancy we will stray  
An' view again the scenes that blend  
Along the banks o' Tay.

Fu' bonnie are the banks that hem  
The lordly river Clyde,

An' glints ye'll see along the Dee  
    There's no the like beside ;  
But wander east, or wander wast,  
    It bootsna whaur I may,  
There's nae sic perfect loveliness  
    As bounds my native Tay.

The name itsel' is e'en a spell  
    That gars the bluid rin warm,  
An' ilka scene brings to my een  
    That erst my life did charm,—  
The foamin' linns, the buddin' whins,  
    The lark abune the brae ;  
The noddin' trees, the clover leas,  
    The bosky banks o' Tay.

Oh, happy, happy, happy days  
    I spent on yonder side !  
They're sacred a' to memory,  
    An' in my heart will bide !

It still appears, through a' the years,  
Whaurever I may gae,  
When Nature smiles her dimple wiles  
Alang the banks o' Tay.

An' lingers 'mang yon heichts an' howes  
Aye mair than a' the lave—  
The banks an' braes about Stobha',  
Whaur countless beauties wave ;  
Whaur ever mair is felt than seen,  
An' seen than tongue can say ;  
An' frae the Linn an endless sang  
Floats ower the banks o' Tay.

To find an' fend I've wandered far  
Frae native bank an' burn,  
But Hope yet whispers in my briest  
That some day I'll return.  
I may, or no ; but when it comes  
I'll close life's fitfu' day.

May I be lain amang my ain  
Upon the banks o' Tay.

Oh ! I've a fancy—maybe odd,  
But yet it winna tyne—  
There's kindly banes amang yon mools  
Wad weary wantin' mine :  
An' that I cudna rest sae sweet  
Laid ony ither way,  
Than near the three, sae dear to me,  
That sleep beside the Tay.

Na, na ; there's no anither spot  
Sae dear unto my e'e ;  
Nae gaet I'd be sae fain to live,  
Nae gaet sae fain to dee ;  
An' here, within the giant toun,  
While strivin' nicht an' day,  
My heart is ever orpin' on  
The bonnie banks o' Tay.



## MY LOVE.

YOU'VE seen the summer mornin', lads,  
Come lauchin' ower the lea,  
An' lichtin' up the blabs o' dew  
In ilk wee gowan's e'e ;  
But would ye see a purer licht  
That gems the dewy green,  
Gang ower an' see the licht that lies  
In my love's een.

There's nae love like my love,  
Nae love ava ;  
There's nae love like my love,  
Near nor far awa'.

The fragrance o' the buddin' rose,  
That scents the summer air,

An' draws the bee frae muir an' lea,  
    Would maist defy compare ;  
Yet sweeter sweets than lade the gale,  
    Or bee frae blossom sips,  
Are mine at e'en in yonder glen,  
    Frae my love's lips.

The mavis sings a sang at e'en  
    Gars a' the woodlands ring,  
An' thrills a chord o' tender love  
    Through ilka living thing ;  
But rich an' rare as are the sangs  
    The woods an' glens rejoice,  
They're no sae tender, rich, an' sweet  
    As my love's voice.

An' though her een are aye sae bricht,  
    Her lips sae sweet to pree ;  
An' though her voice is ever tuned  
    To sweetest melodie :

A joy there's yet that's mair than a',  
An' lends to each a part—  
The boundless wealth o' love an' truth  
In my love's heart.

There's nae love like my love,  
Nae love ava ;  
There's nae love like my love,  
Near nor far awa'.

## THE COLLIN' O' THE HAY.

It was doun in yonder meadow,  
 An' weel I mind o't yet ;  
 There were happy hearts as ever  
 Were by luck thegither met.  
 When a dozen lads an' lasses,  
 A' as fresh as flowers o' May,  
 Made the labour licht wi' daffin'  
 At the collin' o' the hay.

Oh, the laughin', oh, the daffin',  
 A' the bonnie summer day ;  
 Oh, the fun, an' oh, the frolic,  
 At the collin' o' the hay.

There was Geordie, Wull, and Sandy,  
 There was Rob, an' Tam, an' Pate ;  
 There was Myzie, Jean, an' Mary,  
 An' Jemima, Nell, an' Kate.

An' aye we wroucht, an' sang an' wroucht,

Like bees on a clover brae,

An' ilka 'oor gaed merrillie

At the collin' o' the hay.

Oh, the singin', oh, the ringin'

O' the voices ower the brae ;

Oh, the fun, an' oh, the frolic,

At the collin' o' the hay.

An' some wad sleely coort betimes ;

Tho' maist were deil-ma-care,

An' aft we're rowed amang the wrack

Till every bane was sair ;

But aye the ither rig was redd,

An' the wark gaed on alway,

For the mair we reel'd the mair we span

At the collin' o' the hay.

Oh, the workin', oh, the winnin',

A' the bonnie summer day ;

Oh, the fun, an' oh, the frolic,

At the collin' o' the hay.

Do ye mind o't, Mary Watson ?

Do ye mind o't, Geordie Blair ?

Do ye mind o't, a' ye ithers,

Whaur ye're settled, here an' there ?

There's twenty years gane ower yer heads,

Ye'll no be a' sae gay,

But ye'll smile yet when ye mind upon

The collin' o' the hay.

Oh, the laughin', oh, the daffin',

A' the bonnie summer day ;

Oh, the fun, an' oh, the frolic,

At the collin' o' the hay.

The sun ne'er shines sae bonnie noo,

The flowers are no' sae fair,

There's nocht that gi'es the pleasure here

That a' thing gae doun there.

It's maybe no that times are changed,

Or these are waur than they,

But ither lads an' lasses noo

Are collin' o' the hay.

Oh, the laughin', oh, the daffin',

Oh, the joy o' life's young day !

Oh, the fun, an' oh, the frolic,

At the collin' o' the hay.

## OH, SING THAT SANG AGAIN, LASSIE !

OH, sing that sang again, lassie !  
 Sing ower that sang again ;  
 Its ilka note gaes to my heart,  
 Like draps o' summer rain.  
 It lifts me back to auld lang syne,  
 To days o' spotless glee ;  
 Oh, lassie, that's the dear auld sang  
 My mither sang to me !

Oh, sing that sang again, lassie !  
 An' dinna say me na ;  
 It brings a dear auld face to view,  
 A smile was bless'd o' a'.  
 I feel her breath upon my cheek,  
 I'm sittin' on her knee,  
 It's gloamin' in oor house at hame,  
 My mither sings to me !



Oh, sing that sang again, lassie !

'Twas a' my mither's store ;

Her seam upon her denty knee,

She sweetly croon'd it o'er ;

An' aft ayont the winter fire,

Nane else to hear or see,

She row'd me fondly in her lap,

And sang that sang to me !

Oh, sing that sang again, lassie !

Sing a' that sang again ;

Its ilka note is bliss the best,

Sweet, sweet's the auld refrain.

It glints a gladness roun' my heart,

It wraps my soul in glee ;

Oh, lassie, that's the dear auld sang

My mither sang to me !

## OUR AULD WIFE.

IN a' the Lowlands wide, an' the Hielands e'en beside,

Oh, ye ha'ena ance heard o', nor seen,

Sic a rare an' dear auld wife, as is our gude auld<sup>r</sup>wife,

An' I ferlie gin her marrow's ever been ;

She's dear unto the auld, the young fouk, an' the<sup>y</sup>auld,

An' she's mair unto us a' than is our life ;

We could barter wi' our health, we could sunder wi'  
our wealth,

But neither wi' our dear auld wife.

She's a dear auld wife, she's a fier auld wife,

She's a fine auld wife, she's a kin' auld wife,

A lightsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,

Free-gaun, hearty body, our auld wife.

At dancin's on the green, in the bonnie simmer's e'en,

She is there aye, wi' the speerit o' us a',

Gaily linkin' through the reels, an' shakin' o' her heels,  
Like a lassie on the laich o' twenty-twa ;  
If ye fain wad hae a joke, just try her wi' a poke,  
An' she'll cut yer gab as gleg as ony knife ;  
When there's shots o' wit agaun, there's no ane in a'  
the lan'

Can haud his ain wi' our auld wife.

She's a slee auld wife, she's a spree auld wife,  
She's a smart auld wife, she's a tart auld wife,  
A lightsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,  
Free-gaun, hearty body, our auld wife.

Whaur sickness dulls the ha' she daurna be awa',  
She's sae lucky ! sae skilly ! an' sae kind !  
There's no ane can row a sair wi' ae-half her canny care ;  
No, nor speak sic words o' comfort to the mind ;  
Doctor Dozem, he declares, she's trick'd him o' his fares ;  
An' our minister is leavin' us for Fife,  
For he says, "I canna see ony need ye hae for me,  
While ye hae sic a rare auld wife."

She's a rare auld wife, she's a fair auld wife,  
 She's a grave auld wife, she's a brave auld wife,  
 A lightsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,  
 Free-gaun, hearty body, our auld wife.

At comin' hame o' bairns, an' at marriages an' kirns,  
 She is head billie-dawkus aye, be sure ;  
 For the bairnies wadna live, an' the waddin's wadna  
 thrive,  
 An' she werena there the drappukie to pour—  
 Na ! she winna pree hersel', binna just the hansel-smell,  
 Nor will gi'e o't whaur it micht breed ony strife,  
 An' she kens what a' can stan', to a dribble ilka man—  
 Sic a skilly body's our auld wife.

She's a leal auld wife, she's a hale auld wife,  
 She's a grand auld wife, she's a bland auld wife,  
 A lightsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,  
 Free-gaun, hearty body, onr auld wife.

A treasure to the auld, a terror to the bauld,  
 An' the brag an' joy o' a' that wad do weel,

For leal o' heart is she, an' fu' o' furthy glee,  
As the miller's ain girkal's fu' o' meal ;  
Ye will read o' heroines that flourished langsyne,  
But would you meet their marrow in the life ?  
Come ower some orra day to our clachan on the Tay,  
And get a glisk o' our auld wife.  
She's a dear auld wife, she's a queer auld wife,  
She's a fine auld wife, she's a kin' auld wife,  
A lightsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,  
Free-gaun, hearty body, our auld wife.

## THE WEE NICKUM, LOVE.

THE wee nickum, Love, cam' jinkin' here  
 The nicht afore yestreen,  
 An' a wickeder, trickier rogue than he,  
 I ferlie, there never was seen.  
 He shot his wee dart in our minister's heart,  
 And set the auld bodie fu' fain—  
 Oh ! siccar an' sair in the minister's heart,  
 Through the een o' young Jenny M'Lean.

Young Jenny gaed doun to the low burn-side  
 To gather the claes frae the green,  
 In the rosy flush o' the wastlin' sun,  
 When she tickled the minister's een ;  
 An' he glower'd an' leuch, an' glower'd an' leuch,  
 An' hotter'd an' glower'd again,  
 An' ony micht see wi' the hauf o' an e'e .  
 That the bodie was foolishly fain.

Oh, he hied him hame to the Manse, bedeen,  
An' he pouter'd his auld grey pow,  
An' pu'd by the roots every lyart hair  
On chowk, chin, an' haffet did grow.  
An' he streikit an' struttit afore the gless,  
An' rubbit his hands wi' glee,  
An' rush'd to the road wi' a swagger, an' cried—  
“Nae doubt o't—she'll grapple at me!”

Belyve he was doun in the Widow M'Lean's,  
An', wow! sic a rippet was there!  
For Jenny was greetin' for Johnnie M'Bean,  
An' Johnnie for Jeanie M'Nair.  
An' the Widow M'Lean ga'e a sech an' a sab  
That burstit her apron-string,  
An' cried, if the minister socht na her hand,  
She'd be in her grave ere the spring.

Oh, the wee, wicked imp had been busy, I ween,  
Wi' his shafts gaun here an' there,

An' loud he micht lauch at his handiwork,  
Gin he meant to mix Love an' Despair.  
For the minister sulk'd, the widow she grat,  
An' Johnnie stood sookin' his thoom,  
An' Jenny sat teazin' her apron-string,  
Till the morn's sun lichtit the gloom.

Noo the gossips hae got the hale tale on their tongues,  
An' are clankin' it loud through the toun,  
An' some say the minister fainted, an' some  
That he crackit the widow's auld crown.  
But it's wrang to mak' licht o' sic workin's, I wat,  
Or to add e'en an inch to an ell,  
'Twas the wee nickum, Love, played the mischief a',  
An' I wish he bide far frae mysel'.

•

I ne'er gat a jag o' his dart but ance,  
An' I wish I may never again,  
For he's held siccan spite at the warld this while,  
That he rarely sends pleasure to ane ;



But across an' thro' ither his arrows he flings,  
Like the warp o' the nettercap's weave ;  
'Twere safer, in sooth, to live single for life,  
Than to risk on his mak'-believe.

A towmond the noo, ye may mind o' it yet,  
Hoo he trifled wi' Johnnie M'Gill,  
An' sent him a-courtin' o' Granny M'Cash,  
An' thence o' the wife o' the Mill.  
An' frae this ane to that—or wizen'd or ripe—  
Till the dowffest auld maid in the glen  
Took courage anew, an'—sorra behaud's !—  
Gaed settin' her cap at the men.

He's crabbit an' croose, but I'd redd him tak' tent,  
For in quarters he little may dree,  
There's a plot to get Mammon set up in his shoon,  
That may wauken the licht o' his e'e ;  
An' this, his last fling in our ain little glen,  
May lead to a general rise,

Wha tamper at fun wi' the clergy, I ween,  
But seldom wait lang on their prize.

E'en noo I hear murmurs. The Session has met,  
An' there's threatenin's o' clippin' his wings—  
O' catchin' an' tyin' a pan to his heel,  
An' ither extraordinar' things.  
I wish them success o't wi' a' my heart,  
But, faith me ! I'll meddle nor mell ;  
He's a wee wicked imp when he tak's the tig—  
I just howp he'll bide far frae mysel'.

WHAUR THE MAVIS AN' MERLE ARE  
SINGIN'.

It's dull in the toun gin the month o' June,  
 When the leaf cleids the naiket timmer,  
 An' the sun-birsled street, giein' pain to the feet,  
 Is a' that we ken o' the simmer.  
 An' it's then, oh then, that we sigh for the glen  
 Ever dear to our youth's upbringing',  
 Whaur the grass grows green, and the haw-bud is seen,  
 An' the mavis an' merle are singin'.

Oh, sweet are the whins, an' dear are the linns,  
 An' grand are the hills an' the valleys ;  
 An' the sicht o' a tree is life to the e'e,  
 That's inured to the city alleys ;  
 Sae we'll stay nae mair in this fetid air,  
 Though the labour-bells are ringin',  
 But we'll up an' awa' to the braes o' Stobha',  
 Whaur the mavis an' merle are singin'.

An' it's no at Stobha' alane we will ca',  
For the only joy worth the winnin';  
But our course will turn by the wee Mire burn,  
An' the loch an' the leys o' Dunsinnan,  
Or onywhere 'mid the bright simmer air,  
Whaur the sweet wildflowers are springin',  
An' the scent o' the birk in the hillsides lirk,  
An' the mavis an' merle are singin'.

Oh, sweet is the prime o' the simmer time,  
For it's then that every feature  
O' Nature's face is robed wi' grace  
For the joy o' the human creature.  
An' it's then, oh, then, that weary men,  
Life's cares ahint them flingin',  
Find bliss for a spell in the woodland dell,  
Whaur the mavis an' merle are singin'.

## THE CROON O' THE CAUSEY.

A LYRICAL LAY-SERMON.

'Twas a word o' my faither's, dear auld man !

And I lo'e it the mair for his sake,

When ony o's a' frae the house were gaun

A headway in the warld to make :

Wi' our hands in his fu' fondly clasp'd,

'Twas ever his partin' sang :—

“Keep aye by the Croon o' the Causey, lad,

Whaurever you chance to gang.”

'Twas a staunch advice, an' a leal advice,

An' never forgotten sall be,

I thocht o' it then, an' I sing o' it now,

As I oucht, wi' a furthy glee ;

An' to ane an' a' aroun' me here,

Re-echo the grand harangue :—

Keep aye by the Croon o' the Causey, lads,  
Whaurever you chance to gang.

Is your lot in the busier haunts o' men,  
Whaur quick-witted energy rules ;  
Or cast in the howe o' the muirlan' glen,  
Mony miles frae the kirks and schules ;  
That your hearts be hale till the day you dee,  
An' your consciences free o' a pang—  
Keep aye by the Croon o' the Causey, lads,  
Whaurever you chance to gang.

The high-gates o' Honesty, Honour, an' Truth,  
May often feel rouch an' look drear,  
While mony that waddle in side-lin' paths  
Will sup o' the wale o' good cheer.  
Still, heise up your hearts wi' the higher hope,  
An' rouch the road, or how lang,  
Keep aye by the Croon o' the Causey, lads,  
Whaurever you chance to gang.

Oh, it's no by his grip o' the warld's gear  
That a man is aye rich or puir :  
There's a wealth o' mind an' soul that's mair  
Than the price o' the Kohinoor ;  
An' it's mair to merit than gain success ;  
Sae while you can totter alang,  
Keep aye by the Croon o' the Causey, lads,  
Whaurever you chance to gang.

Then hurrah ! for the sturdy sons o' toil,  
That dare to be honest and true,  
An' hurrah ! for the heather o'er-grown soil,  
That nurtures sic gallants nae few ;  
An' my heart an' hand to each an' to a',  
That model their gait frae my sang,  
An' keep by the Croon o' the Causey aye,  
Whaurever they chance to gang !

## WEE COCKIELORUM.

I WILL sing a sang, gudewife,  
 An' ye will join the chorus ;  
 We'll gar the roof an' rafters ring  
 As gin there were a score o's.  
 Mak' sic a din the folks will think  
 We're dancin' Tullochgorum,  
 An' a' to please our lammie-loo—  
 Our Wee Cockielorum.

He's mammie's pet, an' daddie's doo,  
 An' a' the toun adore 'im ;  
 For, oh ! he's just a lammie-loo—  
 Our Wee Cockielorum.

But an' ben, an' oot an' in,  
 He flits just like a sun-glaff ;



An' fifty times in ilka 'oor

He'd gar a hooded nun laugh.

There never was his marrow born

Into the warld afore 'im ;

There ne'er will be his like again,

The Wee Cockielorum.

He's mammie's pet, an' daddie's doo, etc.

There's joy within the birken bush

When birdies bield thegither ;

An' a'e wee tot sits cheepin' 'tween

Its faither an' its mither.

There's joy within our house at e'en,

An' muckle variorum ;

An' aye the source o' a' the mirth

Is Wee Cockielorum.

He's mammie's pet, an' daddie's doo, etc.

I've been happy singin' sangs,

An' I've been happy dancin',

Blythe I've been on yonder green,  
 On saddled powny prancin' ;  
 But a' the pith o' sic-like bliss,  
 Though gather'd in a jorum,  
 Wad ne'er mak' up the sum o' that  
 O' Wee Cockielorum.

He's mammie's pet, an' daddie's doo, etc.

Ye're lauchin', wife ! I wat yer thocht  
 Is sib to what my ain is ;  
 An' by the glintin' o' yer e'e  
 I ken yer heart fu' fain is.  
 Blessin's on his sunny pow !  
 Bless the banes that bore him !  
 Bless the Power that made him ours—  
 The Wee Cockielorum !

He's mammie's pet, an' daddie's doo, etc.

Heaven's hand be ower the head  
 O' ilka bonnie bairnie !

Guide them fair that ha'e their care—

Grant them grace, an' spare na !

Is he born that lo'es na bairns,

In conscience I abhor 'im,

Yet, he wad mend, if he but kenn'd

Our Wee Cockielorum !

He's mammie's pet, an' daddie's doo,

An' a' the toun adore 'im ;

For, oh ! he's just a lammie-loo—

Our Wee Cockielorum.

## DUNSINNAN AGAIN!\*

THE day's raxin' oot, an' the nicht's creepin' in,  
 An' the sun's shinin' het in the heavens abune,  
 An' hankin' thae facts wi' the souch o' the win',  
 We ken that it's summer though far in the toun ;  
 That flow'rets are burstin' on hill, brae, an' bink,  
 That birds in the woodlan's are singin' again,  
 An', holidays comin', we'll e'en ha'e a blink  
 O' the woods an' the glades o' Dunsinnan again.

Yon woods an' yon glades ! they are dearer to me,  
 Than mony a spot that is grander by far ;  
 There's something about them mair sweet to my e'e  
 Than bides wi' Breadalbane, or vaunted Braemar.  
 Loch Katrine is bonnie, Loch Lomond is grand,  
 I've roam'd by the twasome again an' again ;

---

\* Dunsinane ; locally pronounced Dunsinnan.

But, laithless, wad gie them the back o' my hand  
For the woods an' the glades o' Dunsinnan again.

It's up through the Folly, an' yont by the Yett,  
An' ower through the cattle that browse on the lea,  
I'd gamphil again wi' a licht-fitted set,  
It delighted the Laird an' the Leddy to see.  
Gie Lunnon to those that ha'e pleasure in paint,  
An' street into street ever rinnin' again ;  
Gie me the green hills, wi' the wind in the bent,  
An' the woods an' the glades o' Dunsinnan again.

Ah ! there's nae spot on earth like the hame o' ane's  
youth,  
Whaur the first sparks o' love lap up into flame ;  
Whaur heart-strings were hankit, an' seal'd sae wi' truth,  
That, live we forever, they're hale an' the same.  
At sicht o' yon plantin', at thocht o' yon loch,  
I feel as though life were beginnin' again ;  
I'm linkin' a tottum the heicht o' yer houch,  
In the woods an' the glades o' Dunsinnan again.

As the caged eagle dreamily peers through his bars,  
An' langs for the mountains whaur erst he was free,  
I peer through the future, my een gleg as stars,  
An' lang for the moments I'll roam on yon lea.  
Wi' twa-three gude freends sure to welcome me there—  
A heart to be wi' them aye greenin' again ;  
Can human heart wonder, I lang to repair  
To the woods an' the glades o' Dunsinnan again ?  
  
That I lang to be free frae the city's mad roar,  
An' be doun through yon woods whaur the primroses  
grow ;  
Makin' glad wi' the scenes an' the cronies o' yore  
Till the rapture o' bliss sets ilk heart in a lowe.  
Ye a' ha'e your notions, I've mine, as you hear,  
Then ho ! for the blink that is comin' amain ;  
I'll bang up my bonnet, an' start wi' a cheer  
For the woods an' the glades o' Dunsinnan again.

## THE BRIAR ROSE.

THERE was a band of merry girls  
 Just newly passed along,  
 And by the tokens in their curls  
 My heart is moved to song.  
 For why ? each in her hair had set  
 The sweetest flower that grows ;  
 In all the land the fairest yet—  
 The wild briar rose.

You'll tell me of a richer plant,  
 Within your gardens fine,  
 With blossoms so luxuriant  
 No eye should notice mine.  
 'Tis by the aids of art, my friend,  
 Your flower so richly blows,  
 But God from heaven direct does send  
 The wild briar rose.

And once he sent just such a flower  
    To be my wedded wife ;  
And, though to bloom but for an hour,  
    'Twas yet to bless my life.  
What time the roses bud she came,  
    In sweetness and repose ;  
I called her then—she's still the same—  
    My sweet briar rose.

Oh, flower, so sweet to other eyes,  
    'Tis dearly sweet to mine ;  
For 'mid its petals soft there lies  
    A mystery divine.  
The power to call the face anew  
    That daily dearer grows  
Is mine in full but when I view  
    The wild briar rose.



## NEEVIE-NEEVIE-NICK-NACK.

O' a' the games we wont to play,  
 When laddies at the school,  
 There's ane that haunts me aft'ner noo  
 Than oucht o' ba' or bool.  
 It wammel'd to my mind yestreen,  
 An', ere the nicht was lang,  
 I gathered up the tangled thocht  
 An' wove it in a sang.

It's "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack,"\*  
 Whilk hand will ye tak'—  
 The richt ane or the wrang ?  
 I'll beguile ye gin I can."

---

\* A lottery rhyme used among boys while whirling the two closed fists around each other, one containing the prize, the other empty.

In "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack"

There's mair than meets the e'e ;

The faucht o' life in miniature

The philosophic see ;

An' as we warsle through the years,

We find's we wear alang,

It's "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack "

A' the gaets we gang.

We fa' in love, or gang to war,

Or seek the market fair,

I carena whilk, nor whan we do't,

Nor wha may gather there ;

Ain Sel' is sic a lawless loun,

Wi' sic a greedy e'e,

It's "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack "

Owre ilka land an' sea.

An' lift the burden yet again,

An' keek it closer through,

It hauds a further inference  
For me, my freends, an' you.  
Ilk life is sic a game wi' Fate,  
Experience maun tell's  
That "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack"  
We play e'en wi' oursel's.

Still, laddies, haud the game agaun,  
Or lose or win, my dears,  
'Tis practice o' the game o' life  
Ye'll need in comin' years,  
For owre the knowes 'tween youth an' age  
Ye'll find's ye wear alang,  
It's "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack"  
A' the gaets ye gang.

It's "Neevie-neeve-nick-nack,  
Whilk hand will ye tak' ;  
The richt ane or the wrang ?  
I'll beguile ye gin I can."

## THE BRAES ABUNE STOBHA'.

THE summer sun shines bonnilie on mountain, loch, an'  
lea,

An' life, an' love, an' beauty thrive whaur'er the e'e  
may fa' ;

Ilk livin' thing is happy like, an' heart-content but me,  
But I am wae wi' thinkin' o' the braes abune Stobha'.

We've bonnie braes around us here, I view them a' day  
lang,

An' aft an' sair I'm blamed because I fret for else  
ava ;

But, ah, oor feet still wander gaets oor hearts will  
hardly gang,

An' mine, I fear, has never quat the braes abune  
Stobha'.

'Twas yonder I was born an' bred, an' ilka whinny knowe  
Is hallow'd by some tale o' love that happen'd lang  
awa' ;

Yon roadside cot ayont the kirk held happy hearts, I  
trow—

An, oh, they'll aye be dear to me, the braes abune  
Stobha'.

Hech-wow ! but it's a thrawart fate that workin' bodies  
dree,

Sin' maistly a' to win their bread maun wander far  
awa' ;

The fam'ly nests get herried sune by dour Necessitie—

'Twas him, the loon, that twyned me frae the braes  
abune Stobha'.

Yet ower yon hills abune Dunblane, and by the banks  
o' Tay ;

An, oh, gin I could waft me there but for an 'oor or  
twa ;

I'd come again wi' pith anew to bide the hoped-for day,  
When I'll return nae mair to lea' the braes abune  
Stobha'.

They're bonnie in the mornin', they're bonnier at noon,  
An', oh, they're ever glorious just e'er the gloamin'  
fa' ;

The flow'rs that hae the sweetest scent, the birds the  
sweetest tune,  
Are those that bloom an' sing amang the braes abune  
Stobha'.

## BOUCHT WIT.

OH, I was daft, an' meikle waur,  
 A-weel-a-wat, a-weel-a-wat ;  
 Oh, I was daft, an' meikle waur,  
 When Bailie Blunt cam' here to woo.  
 To tell the truth sae witlessly,  
 And ne'er his wily drift to see,  
 My silly sel' I'll ne'er forgie  
 Sae lang's I wag the warld through.

He took me sleely by the hand,  
 The Bailie did, the Bailie did ;  
 He took me sleely by the hand,  
 Says, "Maggie, wha's yer lad ava ?"  
 Quoth I, my face wi' blushes het,  
 "Sin' faither's death fient ane as yet  
 Has ask'd me gin I'd be his pet,  
 Nor hinted I'd a mouth at a'."

He hirsell'd slowly to my side,  
     Did Bailie Blunt, did Bailie Blunt ;  
 He hirsell'd closely to my side,  
     Says, " Dautie, can ye wash an' shew ? "  
 " No, nane," says I, wi' doon-cast face ;  
 But, thinkin' yet to aid my case,  
 I added swith, wi' artless grace,  
     " Fu' weel my mither can, I trew."

He slipp'd his arm around my waist,  
     Bauld Bailie Blunt, bauld Bailie Blunt ;  
 He slipp'd his arm around my waist,  
     Says, " What's yer tocher, Miss Macraw ? "  
 " My faither's gear, sin' ye maun ken,  
 Is sae bequeathed by legal pen,  
 Gin mither doesna wed again,  
     The day she dees I get it a'."

He humm'd and haw'd, an' claw'd his lug,  
     The Bailie did, the Bailie did ;



He humm'd and haw'd, an' claw'd his lug,  
An' "Send yer mither ben," quoth he.  
I sent my mither ben bedeen  
(It's hard on earth to ken yer frien'),  
The twa were wed a week yestreen,  
An' I've been tell't to bark an' flee.

Oh, I was daft, an' waur than daft,  
A-weel-a-wat, a-weel-a-wat,  
Oh, I was daft, an' waur than daft,  
When Bailie Blunt cam' here to woo.  
To tell the truth sae witlessly,  
An' ne'er his oily drift to see ;  
My silly sel' I'll ne'er forgie  
Sae lang's I wag the warld through.

## BIDE A WEE AN' DINNA WEARIE.

OH, Willie was my only joe,  
 The a'e best lad in a' the Ferry,  
 And when he sang the echoes rang  
 Wi' witchin' music, rich an' merry ;  
 And aye he laid his loof in mine,  
 An' lookit fain, an' said fu' cheerie,  
 "They conquer fate wha work an' wait,  
 Sae bide a wee, an' dinna wearie ;  
 "Oh, tides will come, and tides will gang,  
 An' whiles the wind will wail fu' drearie,  
 But I'll be yours, an' ye'll be mine,  
 Sae bide a wee an' dinna wearie."

I watch'd his ship sail wi' the tide,  
 An', oh, my heart was sad that e'enin',  
 For lang an' late the raven sat  
 An' croak'd a note o' dolefu' meanin' ;

Yet Willie's words would come an' gang,  
An' whiles life wouldna feel sae drearie ;  
Or, gin it did, I sang or said,  
“ Oh, bide awee an' dinna wearie.  
For ships will come, an' ships will gang,  
An' pros'prous winds may waft my dearie,  
An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine—  
I'll bide awee, an' winna wearie.”

The years hae come, the years hae gane—  
It's aye the same sad, simple story—  
My laddie sleeps far in the deep,  
An' lanely noo is Nelly Norrie.  
Yet I've a hope that's dear to me—  
A hope that hands me wondrous cheerie—  
Sin' he'll no come, I'll gang to him—  
We'll meet abune, an' nae mair wearie.  
Oh, years will come, an' years will gang,  
An' ance an' aye I'll see my dearie ;  
They conquer fate wha work an' wait—  
I'll bide awee—I winna wearie.

## H A N ' S E L M O N D A Y .

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 weel by auld an' young  
 In ilka Scottish clachan,  
 Whaure'er is heard the haimart tongue  
 There's muckle mirth an' lauchin'  
 Aye on that day.

Some days afore't there's routh o' 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 be na 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 no' think licht o't.

“ If fouks 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 gude,  
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  
To Mirth that day.

Ere skraich o' dawn the steer begins,  
The chiolds set aff first-fittin' ;  
Frae hoose to hoose they glegly rin,  
The maddest caipers cuttin'.  
Some cots they enter by the door,  
An' ithers by the windock ;

Though down the lum they'd tum'lin' come—

Nane tak' amiss sic conduct

On Han'sel day.

'Tween aucht an' ten the chields drap in

Frae neebourin' glens an' farms,

Wi' whisky-pistols in their fabs,

An' lasses in their arms.

The toast gangs roun', "Here's luck to a'!"

Au's drunk wi' rousin' cheer ;

They hug the dames, an' shout "Hurrah !

We'll a' be happy here,

The lee-lang day !"

Frae hoose to hoose they flit in bings,

Whaure'er they licht they're treatit ;

The douce gudewife the bottle brings,

An' cries, "Gude 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 bleezin' 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,  
 A' joke an' sing, an' dance an' fling,  
 An' subscribe to 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 to swing the sowdy,



An' trips the taes o' Bauldy Strang,  
Wha belches wi' the howdy,  
Like daft, that day.

In Burnthewin's, behaud the steer,  
An' list the rousin' laughter !  
Auld beadle Geordie vows an' swears  
He'll kiss the grocer's dauchter ;  
An' wauchlin' frae the ingle-neuk,  
The weary, bleery sexton  
Mistak's the maid, an' hugs instead  
The breeks o' Andro' Dickson,  
Hung up to 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' liltis 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 loup maist for joy ?  
Enough to ken the day gangs by  
In spite o' counter-wishes,  
An' nocht is dune to force a maen,  
In't be na broken dishes,  
Sae rife neist day.

Gude grant us lang sic lo'esome days,  
When roun' the auld hearthstane  
Frien's meet wi' frien's, 'twere rash to say  
They e'er may meet again ;  
When cank'ry cares o' mortal life  
Are lichtlied ane an' a',

An' crazy eild forgets itsel',  
An' lauchs wi' lood guffaw,  
On sic a day.

THE BONNIE LASS O' CRAIGMA-  
KERRAN.

THERE'S muckle fyke in oor toun-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—

Nae less than winsome Kate M'Laren ;  
She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,

The bonnie lass o' Craigmakerran.

The bonnie lass, the braw lass,

The laughin', daffin' Kate M'Laren ;  
She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,

The bonnie lass o' Craigmakerran.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,

Her rosy cheeks they vie wi' ither ;  
Her canty 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' Craigmakerran.

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' Craigmakerran.

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 to speak her fairly.

The fum'lin' cuifs maun noo sing dool—

A sleeky chiel' frae yont Strathearn

Has fool'd them a', an' stown awa'

The bonnie lass o' Craigmakerran.

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' Craigmakerran.

Oor lasses a' are in a baize,

An' like to rive their duds wi' lauchin' ;

They gibe the lads that tint the prize,

An' threat' to gar them flee the clachan.

But Granny Bell she looks their looves,

An' says, "My lads, ne'er be despairin',

Ye'll a' get wives to glad yer lives

As braw's the lass o' Craigmakerran."

The bonnie lass, the braw lass ;

The lesson's plain, the lads may learn ;

She's wed the day, an' ower the Tay,

The bonnie lass o' Craigmakerran.

## A SUMMER SONG.

BLYTHE Summer has donn'd her braw kirtle o' green,

An' set the blude rose in her hair ;

An' we canna stey langer o' will in the toun,

Sae far frae the flower-scented air.

But we'll a', we'll a' to the wuds awa',

To the gorsy brae an' the birken shaw,

Whaur the hill-burn rows, an' the heather grows,

An' the bricht e'e o' heaven beams bonnie ower a'.

We ha'e toil'd an' swat in the dust an' the din

For a wearifu' year an' a day ;

Wi' barely a'e blink o' the life-giein' sun,

Or the sicht o' a heather-clad brae.

But we'll a', we'll a' to the wuds awa'

To the gorsy brae, an' the birken shaw,

Whaur the hill-burn rows, an' the heather grows,

An' the joys we ha'e tint, we'll mak' up for them a'.

There's no a white cloud in the welkin sae wide,  
Nor aucht but the sun in the blue,  
An' we're aff by the river, the rail, an' the road,  
The gladness o' Nature to sue.

O, we're a', we're a' to the wuds awa'  
To the gorsy brae, an' the birken shaw,  
Whaur the hill-burn rows, an' the heather grows,  
An' the bauld broun hills keep a guard ower a'.

An' oh, frae the charm o' ilk hill, howe, an' glen,  
The sang o' the bird an' the burn,  
Like the bees we'll come hame wi' sic sweets in our  
heart  
As will haud us fain till our return.

Then hurrah, hurrah ! for the wuds awa',  
An' the gorsy brae, an' the birken shaw,  
Whaur the hill-burn rows, an' the heather grows,  
An' the bricht e'e o' heaven beams bonnie ower a'.



## WHISTLE ON YER THOOM.

It was a way my mither had  
     When we wad gie her fash,  
 By speirin' this, an' wantin' that,  
     Or raisin' a stramash ;  
 She didna get in tirrorives,  
     An' ramp an' rage an' gloom,  
 But workin' aye, wad only say—  
     “Tuts ! whistle on yer thoom.”  
         “Whistle on yer thoom,” she'd say.  
         “Tuts ! whistle on yer thoom.”

An' I was aye sae daft, ye ken,  
     Sae fain to play the fool,  
 I pick'd up odd things glegger than  
     The lessons o' the school ;  
 Sae didna rest the nicht nor day,  
     Nor but nor ben the room,

Till I could turn the joke again,  
An' whistle on my thoom.  
Whistle on my thoom, hoch ay !  
An' whistle on my thoom.

An' aye frae that, whene'er it cam'  
We wanted onything  
My mither didna ha'e to gie,  
Or widna fash to bring.  
I stood ahint the lave a bit  
To wait the word o' doom,  
An' when it cam' I drew a breath  
An' whistled on my thoom.  
Whistled on my thoom, hoch ay !  
I whistled on my thoom.

But, fegs ! we learn things, nor ken  
The hauf o' what they mean,  
Nor hoo they'll maybe ser' oor turn  
When troubles intervene.

I've had eneuch to do, an' mair,  
    But Fate, the jaud, nicht fume ;  
Yet aye when she has skelp'd me warst,  
    I've whistled on my thoom.  
        Whistled on my thoom, hoch ay !  
        Just whistled on my thoom.

'Twas ance I woo'd a sonsy lass,  
    An' she was young an' fair ;  
An' gossip bure that, by an' by,  
    We'd mak' a happy pair.  
Yet when she left me in a tig,  
    An' married Bailie Hume,  
I didna seek the waterside,  
    But whistled on my thoom.  
        Whistled on my thoom, Whoo-whooh !  
        Just whistled on my thoom.

An' I ha'e suffer'd mair than that,  
    An' maybe so ha'e you ;

An' I ha'e had a sairer heart,

An' needna tell ye hoo.

An' maybe I'll ha'e mair to dree,

But lat me sink or soom,

I carena bye, sae lang as I

Can whistle on my thoom.

Whistle on my thoom, Whoo-whooh!

Can whistle on my thoom.

An' I will tell ye this, my lads,

Nor ferlie wha ye be,

'Twill be a blessed thing for you

As it has been for me,

If aye, when Fortune jooks ahint

An' scuds ye wi' her broom,

Ye'll jink the jaud, nor wheenge an' greet,

But whistle on yer thoom.

Whistle on yer thoom, Whoo-whooh!

Just whistle on yer thoom.

## A B U N E T H E L I N N .

ABUNE the Linn, a mile an' mair,  
 I wander'd wi' my jo, yestreen,  
 An' weel I trow, yon gleg-e'ed sun  
 A fairer sicht has never seen.  
 He linger'd lang atowre the hill,  
 As laith to dip an' tyne the view,  
 An' aye the sang-made echoes rang  
 Frae bank to brae, "They're lovers true ;  
 They're lovers true, they're lovers true ;"  
 Ilk' mavis sang "they're lovers true."

Among the gorse ayont Stobha',  
 Upo' the bank we sat us doun,  
 An' aye the sun keek'd ower the hill,  
 An' a' the birds sang a'e sweet tune  
 An' Robin tauld me ower again  
 The dear auld tale that's ever new,

In lovin' looks that said sae plain,  
    " My bonnie Jean, I lo'e but you ;  
    I lo'e but you, I lo'e but you ;  
    My bonnie Jean, I lo'e but you."

The sun was doun, the mune was up,  
    The birdies a' were sung asleep,  
An' still we linger'd by the Tay,  
    An' lent to each a heart to keep ;  
An' aye my dimpled cheeks were kiss'd,  
    An' aye were roused my een sae blue,  
An' aye my claikin' heart confess'd,  
    " My bonnie lad, I lo'e but you ;  
    I lo'e but you, I lo'e but you ;  
    My bonnie lad, I lo'e but you."

It's ower yon hill, an' doun yon dell,  
    An' by yon bonnie burnie's side,  
There stands the wee white theekit cot  
    That sune will bield a shepherd's bride.

An' ilka vow we made yestreen  
    Ilk day we live we'll still renew,  
Sae as at noon 'twill be at e'en,  
    An' a' may tell we're lovers true ;  
    We're lovers true, we're lovers true ;  
    In youth an' age, aye lovers true.

## A TRODDEN ROSE.

I WALK'D in the streets of the busy town in the noon  
of a summer day,  
And there lay in the path a foot-trodden rose that had  
newly been cast away ;  
And I mused as I went of the cast-off thing—still  
beautiful, though in decay.

Where it danced on the wings of the heavenly breeze,  
and smiled to the summer sun,  
Its opening beauty had caught the eye of some thought-  
less passing one,  
Who had carried it far from its native air, and left it  
here—alone !

In the warm first-flush of a gay delight he had kiss'd it  
and called it sweet,  
And had flaunted its charms in each passing eye, but  
fancy as beauty is fleet ;  
And, fading at length, it was toss'd aside, to be tramp'd  
in the mud of the street.



“ Ah, beauty’s not ever a blessing,” I sighed, “ as the  
fate of this rose may show ! ”

And the vision pass’d over my dreaming eyes of one in  
the long ago ;

A wingless angel we called her at school—for we verily  
thought her so.

Sweet Annie Lorraine ! And I see her now, with her  
sunny flaxen hair,

Her glad blue eyes, and her soft red cheeks, and her  
form so faultlessly fair ;

And her soft, kind hand, I can feel it again, like a  
breath of summer air.

Oh, Annie was fresh as the morning dew, and sweet as  
the budding flowers,

And her merry laugh made the woodlands glad as when  
birds sing in the bowers ;

Like a spirit of light from Heaven she seem’d, to  
gladden earth’s lonely hours.

And she wax'd from girl to maiden-prime, still brighten-  
ing with the years,  
The one glad light of an old man's life, and the pride of  
her young compeers,  
Till, fast in the flush of life's bloom, she fell, and her  
smiles were changed for tears.

Away, now, away from her village home she was borne  
by guilt-urged feet,  
And my fancy-filled tale of the trodden rose is her  
after-time story complete ;  
For, the toy of an hour, she was toss'd aside, and she  
sank to the filth of the street.

Oh, it's years, and years, and years ago, and we look'd  
for her long, and in vain ;  
Oh, it's years, and years, and years ago, and we never  
may see her again ;  
But as oft as I look on a foot-trodden rose 'twill remind  
me of Annie Lorraine.

## BELL O' BALATHIE.

BELL o' Balathie has blythe blue een,

Oh, Bell o' Balathie is fair to see ;

Bell o' Balathie cam' here yestreen,

An' Bell, oh, Bell has beglamour'd me.

We sat at the board an' sup'd an' sang,

A score o' braw lasses an' lads were we !

We danced in the barn, nor thocht it wrang—

We danced an' swat till the sun was hie.

An' aye as we danced, an' aye's we sang,

There never was mortal sae blythe an' free ;

I joked an' leuch till the rafters rang,

An' Bell was a' to my heart an' e'e.

Bell o' Balathie has blythe blue een,

Oh, Bell o' Balathie is fair to see ;

Bell o' Balathie cam' here yestreen,

An' Bell, oh, Bell has beglamour'd me.

Ance I thocht 'twas Bet o' Newbiggin'  
The wee nickum, Love, had marked for me ;  
Noo, a' at ance my heart's gane tiggin',  
An' Bell o' Balathie I'm sure 't maun be.

A' the day lang I've daidled aroun',  
Doun by the burn, an' up ower the lea,  
List'nin' the lav'rock's new-fangled tune,  
The burden o' whilk seems aye to be—

Bell o' Balathie has blythe blue een,  
Oh, Bell o' Balathie is fair to see ;  
Bell o' Balathie cam' here yestreen,  
An' Bell, oh, Bell has beglamour'd me.

## SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

JOHN TAMSON an' his leal gudewife  
 Lived lang thegither, free frae strife ;  
 A cosher an' a quieter pair  
 Ye wouldna met wi' onywhere.  
 But a'e rash act has ruin'd a warl',  
 An' little breeds a langsome quarrel ;  
 A'e little word unduly spoken  
 The peacefu' hame has aften broken ;  
 'Twas sae wi' them, as I've heard tell,  
 An' thus the rowdy-dow befel.

John was a roadman, steive an' strang,  
 An' plied his craft wi' merry bang ;  
 An' mendin' ways o' ither men,  
 He didna quite neglect his ain.  
 At kirk ilk Sabbath ye cud see him,  
 Wi' five an' sax o's family wi' him ;

An' speakin' o' his family, fain,  
Just brings me to my tale again :  
A'e day the minister cam' by  
Whaur John was workin' eydently,  
An' graspin' fain the roadman's han',  
He kindly speir'd hoo times were gaun ;  
If a' the bairns were weel at hame,  
An' if the wife was much the same.  
"The wife," quo' John, "is no sae richt ;  
She rack'd her side the tither nicht,  
While linkin' aff the tawtie pat——"  
"I'm sorry, John, to hear of that,"  
The minister abrupt broke in,  
An', strokin' his smooth-shaven chin,  
He said, "Such work to me appears  
Too much for one of Janet's years ;  
It needs must be no ord'nar' pot—  
How many children have you got ?"  
"Eh !—ah !—" quo' John, "stop till I see !"  
An' layin' doun his pick awee,  
He took a snuff to clear his brains,

Then slowly conn'd his finger-en's—  
“There's ane—there's twa—there's three—there's fowr,”  
An' aye he'd “hic,” an' girn, an' glower.  
He twice lost count, or seem'd to do,  
An' snuff'd again, an' conn'd anew.  
It seem'd he'd fail, sair as he fought,  
To solve the problem on the spot.  
At length an' lang, though, cam' a sign,  
An', lookin' up, he said, “We've nine!”

“A heavy charge,” the parson said,  
An' sigh'd, an' shook his reverend head.  
“'Twere sad, indeed, if man or wife  
Were laid aside in such a strife;  
I'll just look in as I go by,  
And see the wife and family.”

The parson straight his promise paid,  
An' kindly asked for Janet's side,  
An' gladly heard that sin' the daw  
The pain had maistly worn awa'.

The younkers play'd athort the floor,  
An' kickit up an unco stoure.  
The preacher smiled to see their glee,  
An' took the youngest on his knee,  
An', dautin' doun its touzie pow,  
Wish'd blessin's on its life enou.'  
" Ah, Mistress Thomson," then he said,  
Caressin' still the bairnie's head,  
" Your family's larger far than mine—  
Your husband tells me you have nine !"  
" Then he was wrang, the stupid fool !"  
Snapp'd Janet, risin' aff her stool ;  
" Sin' I'm their mither, I shud ken,  
An', sure eneuch, sir, we ha'e ten.  
But John's aye Jock, as I shud say't,  
Sae little's in his touzie pate ;  
I'm like to burst wi' very shame—  
I'se wad he learns when he comes hame,  
An' frae this nicht henceforth again,  
Whae'er may speir, he'll answer ten."  
What touzled Janet's temper sae



Ower John's mistak', nae tongue can say ;  
She ramp'd an' rav'd a' afternoon,  
An' dang the house maist upside down ;  
An', sure eneuch, when John cam' hame,  
Her een were red as coals a-flame,  
An', ere he crossed the inner door,  
Her tongue brak' ower him in a pour—  
“ Ye gude-for-naething gowk ! ” quo' she,  
“ To sae affront yersel' an' me,  
As tell the minister the day,  
When he cam' bye ye wast the way,  
That we had only bairns nine—  
What muckle de'il was in yer min' ? ”  
“ Nae de'il was in my mind ava,”  
Quo' John, “ an' why this sair misca' ?  
Tie up yer temper for an 'oor,  
Until we get the supper ower,  
An' what ye've got to say then say it,  
An' dinna skelloch like a pyot.”  
“ Nae supper here this nicht is spread  
Until we get the matter redd.

My bonnie bairns, ten in line,  
An' you to say we'd only nine !”  
“ An' richt eneuch, gudewife,” quo' John,  
“ That we've nae mair, I'll wager on.  
I stood the nicht an 'oor an' mair,  
An' summ'd them up wi' tentie care ;  
Ay ! twenty times, I'm sure, if ance,  
Sae little did I spare the pains,  
An' named ilk ane in its routine,  
An' ilka countin' cam' to nine.”  
“ Ye dare persist ? ” the wife replied,  
“ An' tell me still, an' by my side,  
That I ha'e only bairns nine—  
Gudeman ! gudeman ! ye've tint yer min' ! ”  
“ Attention here,” quo' John, “ an' see ;  
I'll show ye plain as plain can be ;  
My thooms an' fingers arena mine,  
Gudewife, if we ha'e mair than nine.”  
An' thus in lieu o' ink an' pens,  
He summ'd them up on his finger-en's :—  
“ Jemima's ane, the twins is twa,

Christina's three—I'll name them a'—  
An' Sandy's four, an' Geordie's five,  
An' Shoozie's six—as I'm alive—  
Robina's seven, an' Charlie's eicht,  
An' Benjie's nine—an' there they're straicht.  
It set ye weel to ca' me gowk,  
Or to mysel' or ither fowk,  
While a' the time the faut was thine,  
In thinkin' ye had mair than nine.  
Eh ! what ? ye still jalouse there's ten ?  
Look here ! I'll count them ower again :—  
Jemima's ane, the twins is twa,  
Christina's three—”

He named them a',  
An' sure enough, an' there an' then,  
The countin' cam' to nine again.  
But Janet wadna change her sang.  
“Gudeman,” quo' she, “there's something wrang ;  
Yer arithmetic's oot o' gear,  
For, put me on my oath, I'll swear  
That ilka mornin', 'neath my nose,

I fill a dozen bowls wi' brose ;  
 An' ilka time the breakfast's spread,  
 A dozen o' cuttie-spunes are laid ;  
 An' that there's but a'e bowl an' spune  
 To ilka mou' the table roun'—  
 Ye needna 'tuts,' nor curl yer broo,  
 Nor think nae fouk can count but you ;  
 I'll ne'er gie in ; if nine or ten,  
 My sang ! it's me that best shud ken ! ”  
 “ Look here ! ” cried John, wi' wild grimace,  
 An' cock'd his fingers in her face,  
 But ere another word he spak'  
 She lent his finger-nebs a whack,  
 An' there they at it, tongue for tongue,  
 The rafter loud the echoes rung,  
 Frae roof to floor, frae en' to en',  
 “ There's nine ! ”

“ There's ten ! ”

“ There's nine ! ”

“ There's ten ! ”

Sae rude the laicher passions are,

Frae words belyve they gaed to waur ;  
An' as the minister cam' past  
At nine o'clock, wi' fearfu' blast  
The door burst up, an' John flew oot,  
Lug-yerkit wi' a scourin' clout,  
Behind which pip'd in rapid train,  
"There's ten ! ye muckle gowk, there's ten !"

The parson thocht he'd best gang in,  
An' try an' lay the luckless din ;  
For, though the husband nursed his lugs  
In safe retreat frae droukit rugs,  
Hauf up a tree, or doun a well,  
The wife's tongue clankit like a bell ;  
But ere within the door he gat  
A besom whiskit by his hat,  
An' skelp'd the door wi' sidlin' beat,  
An' fell in flinders at his feet.  
A crackit croun may count a crime,  
The parson minded just in time,

An' farther socht, nor langer stood,  
But toddled hame as quiet's he could.

John Tamson lay thereout that nicht,  
Nor show'd his face till mornin' licht,  
An' twa'r three nights has done sin' syne,  
For daurin' to assert the "Nine ;"  
For, mony a day, 'tween man an' wife,  
It hatch'd up an occasional strife,  
An' to the neebours wives an' men  
John still said "Nine," an' Janet "Ten."

Their bauld dispute spread far an' near,  
An' frien'ly tongues did interfere ;  
The minister stap'd in a'e day  
In hope to settle't ance an' aye,  
But left mair vex'd than when he ca'd,  
For his decision baith forbade.  
The dominie stap'd in a'e nicht,  
An' thocht he'd quickly set it richt ;

But, though a man o' muckle lear,  
He quat the house in sad despair,  
For John brak' ower him like a sea  
As sune's he said the twins were three,  
An' ca'd him yon, an' this, an' that—  
An' ignorant, a perfect flat ;  
“Sic lear,” he cried, “ would shame a herd ! ”  
An' wouldna hear anither word.

'Twas settled, though, at length an' lang,  
An' John admitted he was wrang ;  
An' when 'twas dune, an' whaur, an' hoo,  
To Janet is the credit due.

“ My theory o' the bowls an' spunes,”  
Mused she, “ a' tricks o' lear confoun's ;  
Test an' try it as I like,  
It stands against him like a dyke ;  
It's a' that's wanted, an' the fact is,  
I'll just resolve it into practice.

John's wrang, an' kens it—mischief flee him !  
I'll threap an' thraw nae langer wi' him.  
But bide awee, the day's my ain,  
I'll starve him till he own there's ten ! ”  
An' lauchin' ower her fell device,  
She set about it in a trice.  
The mornin' meal she duly spread,  
Eleven bowls an' spunes she laid,  
Syne ilka bairn plantit doun  
Against a bowl an' ower a spune.  
Hersel' supplied, she waited John,  
Wha cam', an' asked the blessin' on ;  
This dune, he raised his hammer hand  
To catch his spune—he naething fand !  
An' lookin' doun, nae bowl was there,—  
Here Janet got a searching stare !  
His een ran round the table twice,  
His teeth they tichten'd like a vice ;  
Then, giein' a scowl would fricht a bear,  
He clutched his bonnet aff the chair,



An' ask'd nae questions, back or fore,  
But stalk'd indignant to the door.

At dinner-time, as trig an' clean,  
The same arrangement met his een ;  
He ask'd the blessin' as afore,  
An' fit demeanour duly bore,  
But this weel dune, he changed his air :  
His fingers stagger'd through his hair,  
He twitched his mouth, he thraw'd his broos,  
An' look'd as if he'd fire the house,  
Then clutched his bonnet as afore,  
An' slowly raise, an' faced the door.  
He turned ! He gazed in musin' mood !  
The steam rase aff the savoury food,  
An' held him in its airy hands  
As fast as though in iron bands.  
Oh, Hunger ! thou can'st tame the lion,  
An' now wi' John thy strength art tryin' !  
An' will you win, or will he go,

A narrow stretch o' time will show.  
He slither'd sidelin's on his chair,  
He beckon'd Janet wi' an air ;  
“ Gudewife,” quo' he, “ your wits are wild,  
But lat us here be reconciled,  
An' ne'er anither word again--  
I'm weel convinced uoo—*we have ten !*”

## THE SHOEMAKER'S SHOP.

YE'RE gauntin' my frien' ! Ye'll be noddin' the noo !  
 I'm drowzie as weel, sin' a' day at the pleugh ;  
 But lat us no lubberly doze by the fire—  
 It's no *rest* sae muckle as *change* we require ;  
 Oor yoke's sae unvaried, sae painfully plain,  
 We need the cobwabs shacken doun frae our brain,  
 Then, fling on your rauchan—it's there on the rope !  
 We'll stap oor wa's doun to the shoemaker's shop.

What do there, d'ye say ? An' ye've never been doun ?  
 My sall ! Ye'll hear ferlies untauld in the toun,  
 Ilk nicht the hale winter, be't foul or be't fair,  
 A' the wit an' the worth o' the parish are there—  
 The Free Kirk precentor, auld Dominie Dunn,  
 The farmer o' Beuchly, an's lang-headed son,  
 MacMortclaithe the beadle, an' Rhymer Dunlop,  
 An' mony forbye, in the shoemaker's shop.

The Dominie gets prapp'd on yon bench in the neuk,  
 His thooms in his oxters, he cracks like a beuk,  
 Nae question in hist'ry, but glibly he'll tell,  
 The head an' the tail o't, sin' Babylon fell,  
 O' systems 'yont systems, an' suns ayont suns,  
 He tells us, in language that glows as it runs—  
 Aince richt on his hobby, ye'd think he'd ne'er stop,  
 An' he deals muckle lear through the shoemaker's shop.

The farmer o' Beuchly, snuff-tankard in hand,  
 Discourses on Capital, Labour, an' Land,  
 Denounces Monopoly, an' Protective aid,  
 An' advocates staunch Universal Free-trade.  
 “ Fling the yetts o' a' markets wide open for aye,  
 An' lat a' buy the best at the cheapest they may ; ”  
 Oucht else, he mainteens, to *the few* lends a prop,  
 An' nae voice says na' in the shoemaker's shop.

The Free Kirk precentor sings blythely a sang,  
 An' livens a nicht that micht else seem fu' lang ;

An' Rhymer Dunlop, amid rounds o' applause,  
Recites his last screed in the Temperance cause,  
An', save us ! sic stories MacMortclaith does tell  
O' ghaists that come nichtly an' crack wi' himsel' ;  
The dominie may jeer, but the terror will cope,  
An' hairs stand on end in the shoemaker's shop

An' watch the auld souter, for troth ! it's a treat  
To see hoo he wriggles an' writhes on his seat ;  
Nae word does he speak, nor will lay down his shoe—  
He works like a hatter the hale e'enin' through—  
But to a' that's gaun on, an' is said in the place,  
He assents an' demurs wi' a twitch o' his face ;  
A mile fair in front, through a gude telescope,  
Ye could guess, frae his grins, a' that's said in the shop.

Some sneer at sic meetin's ? I ferlie they're fules !  
There's knowledge got there is untaught in the schules,  
An inklin' o' men—the unletter'd, sae odd !  
A clearer and grander conception o' God :

Through the beadle the first ; through the dominie the  
last,  
Through ilk' ane a something that needna be class'd ;  
But on wi' your rauchan, nor langer lat's stop,  
Ilk' gap may be filled in the shoemaker's shop.

## TWA PU'D FLOWERS.

I PU'D a flower in Enterkin,  
     A'e bonnie morn in June,  
 I set it gaily in my breist,  
     And bore it to the toun ;  
 I kiss'd its velvet lips at e'en,  
     And laid it saftly by,  
 But when the day cam' round again  
     Nae bonnie flower had I.  
 The licht o' life had left its e'e ;  
 Its sweet wee head hung dowiely.

A maiden, gentle, sweet, and young,  
     And glad as opening day,  
 Was woo'd and won amang the braes  
     That skirt our native Tay.

Unto the toun, a rosy bride,  
She cam' in Winter's train,  
And lang ere Autumn tinged the wolds  
They tell'd me she was gane ;  
“ Ah ! like my little flower,” I sighed—  
“ My violet, that droop'd, and died.”



## HURRAH FOR AULD SCOTLAND!

HURRAH for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Her heather-capt mountains sae hie ;

Her hills an' her dells,

Her lochs an' her fells,

Her rivers that row to the sea ;

Her burnies that dance in their glee,

An', lauchin', ower ilka linn fa' ;

Aff bannets ilk' ane,

An' wave the refrain—

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

The birth-grund o' freedom an' nicht,

Where Wallace of old,

An' Bruce ever bold,

Undauntedly strave for the richt ;

Where Bruce an' the brave Wallace wicht  
 Drave tyranny thowless awa' ;

Aff bannets again,

An' wave the refrain—

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Where Knox (ever blest be the name)

Smote wrong with the Word,

Mair fell than with sword,

An' lent her a heaven-lo'ed fame ;

An' lent her a heaven-lo'ed fame,

Weel kent ower the warld wide a' ;

Aff bannets ilk' ane,

An' wave the refrain—

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Dame Nature's ain darlin', I trew ;

Her lasses are fair,

An' mōdest an' rare,

Her sons are a' buirdly an' true ;  
Her sons are a' buirdly an' true,  
Her lasses a' bonnie an' braw ;  
    Aff bannets again,  
    An' wave the refrain—  
Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !  
    An' lang may she still bear the gree ;  
    As green be her dells,  
    Her muirs, an' her fells,  
Her sons aye as gallant an' free ;  
    An' meet they on land, or on sea,  
On bauld mountain-broo, or in ha',  
    Aff bannets ilk' ane,  
    An' wave the refrain—  
Hurrah for auld Scotland ! Hurrah !

## THE LOVER'S CREED.

O, THERE'S some say that kissin's a sinfu' thing,

But I think it's nae sin ava, ava,

For kissin' has wonn'd in the warld, I trow,

Sin' in't there was only but twa, but twa,

Sin' in't there was only but twa.

An' while there are hearts and lips to the fore,

An' a cosy bit nook at the back o' ilk' door,

An' lovers are fain as were lovers o' yore,

They'll kiss, an' they'll kiss, nor question hoo.

For the kiss o' love is a sinless thing,

The altar frae whilk the affections spring,

Whaur souls loup up upon flutterin' wing,

An' cuddle thegither 'tween mou' an' mou'.

O, if kissin' it were na a lawfu' thing,

The lawyers, they wadna alloo it, alloo it ;

An' surely if't were na a holy thing,

The ministers never wad do it, wad do it,

The ministers never wad do it.

The lawyers are safe as guides in the law,

The ministers sure frae the richt canna thraw,

But whether they do, or they dinna—what's a' ?

We'll kiss, an' we'll kiss, nor question hoo ;

For the kiss o' love is a holy thing, .

The altar frae whilk the affections spring,

Whaur souls loup up upon flutterin' wing,

An' cuddle thegither 'tween mou' an' mou'.

O, if kissin' it were na a modest thing,

There's nae honest lassie wad lat ane, wad lat ane ;

If kissin' it werena a plentifu' thing,

Nae puir bodie ever wad get ane, wad get ane,

Nae puir bodie ever wad get ane.

But thanks be aye to the gude and the wise,

It's e'en without siller, an' e'en without price,

An' sae lang's it's sae modest, sae cheap, an' sae nice,

We'll kiss, an' we'll kiss, nor question hoo ;

For the kiss o' love is a precious thing,  
The altar frae whilk the affections spring,  
Whaur souls loup up upon flutterin' wing,  
An' cuddle thegither 'tween mou' an' mou'.

## THE DEIL'S WOOIN'. \*

*(An Auld Wife's Story, Tauld in the Licht o' the Oilie  
Cruizie.)*

## I.

YE may laugh, an' may ca' me a silly auld wife

For believin' the tale tō be true,

But I tell you, gudeman, it's as sure as the Book

That the Deil courtit lang Ailie Dow.

For there's fouk to the fore yet that mind o' it weel,

An' there's token for a' but the blind,

For the mark o' his fit's on the Stannin' Stane yet,

Whaur he loup't on the wings o' the wind ;

Whaur he loup't on the murky wings o' the wind

That night when he bure her awa',

---

\* The bolder incidents of this ballad form the groundwork of a story which, thirty or forty years ago, held popular currency by the cottage firesides of central Perthshire—locality and minor details only are different.

As feckless an' frail as a new-born bairn,

Frae the bield o' her faither's ha'.

An' there's proof ony nicht at the Guildry-Seat,

When the storm-cloud rolls on hie ;

An' just watch ye there at the witchin' oor,

Syne say gin the story's a lee !

It's a lang, lang tale, an' an unco tale,

But I'll tell ye't as gleg as I can ;

It's a lang, lang tale, but a truthfu' tale,

An' ye'll hear it a', gudeman.

Then hirsle yer chair by the chimla cheek,

An' lunt yer pipe-reek up the lum ;

Or haud it weel aff frae my mou' an' my een,

For it gars aye my hoastin' come.

Lang Ailie Dow was the dauchter dear

O' the farmer o' Boglebrae,

An', oh, the fouk said, she was fond o' the lads,

As the flowers are fond o' the day ;



That she buskit her braw, an' gaddit about,  
To waddin', an' foy, an' fair,  
An' a' the gaets that e'er she gaed,  
'Twas aye for the lads that were there ;

An' that e'en in the kirk on the holy day,  
Whaur a' shud be humble an' calm,  
The glaikit thocht had mair o' her mind  
Than the burden o' sermon or psalm.

An' she blinkit at this ane, she glintit to that,  
While it everly cam' to pass,  
That sib nor frem't e'er lookit her airt,  
But drew to some neighbourin' lass.

Sae her heart grew grit, and her wrath grew het,  
An' envy steered her aflame,  
Till, maistly deleerit wi' spite, she grat,  
An' lichtlied the holy name.

An' aince in the hush o' the gloamin'-fa',  
As she stood by the Guildy Well,

She vowed, shud he come in the shape o' a man,  
She wad marry the Deevil himsel' !

Oh, little we reckon the wecht o' a word,  
Or the thocht that ne'er reaches the mou',  
But wae for us a', if e'er ta'en at oor ain,  
As that nicht was pur Ailie Dow !

She looted to drink frae the Guildy Well,  
When a shadow flit swith ower its tide,  
An' loupin' a-fit, to her fell surprise,  
A gallant stood mim at her side.

A feckfu'-like suitor, weel-settin', an' straucht  
As the rash in the vale below,  
Wi' the roguish e'e that aye tickles the wits  
O' the lass that wad kythe wi' a joe.

An' he smiled sae sweet, an' he spak' sae fair,  
Nae dreidour cam' near to her heart,  
An' he bodit ilk favour sae courteously,  
She couldna do ither than share't.

An' he roused her cheeks sae rosy-red,  
While he read in the licht o' her e'e  
That the flatterin' tale found favour sweet,  
An' his tongue gaed wantonlie.

Ere by the Gowk Knowe he had soucht her hand,  
An' the lassie was wondrous fain,  
An' ere at the March she had said he shud hae  
"Her flesh, an' her bluid, an' her bane!"

She kentna his pedigree—kith nor kin—  
But his face it was fair to scan,  
An' the first bode o' marriage is laden wi' luck,\*  
An' the lassie was gyte for a man.

On her finger he planted a gowden ring,  
On her hand a burnin' kiss,  
An' touchin' the ring, he said, wi' a sign—  
"Our love shall be endless as this.

---

\* There is yet in the unsophisticated female mind considerable credence in the old "fret" that good luck attends the *first* offer of marriage.

“ But pledge me again ower the runnin’ stream ! ”

An’ she streikit her hands oot fain,  
 An’ sware by an aith to be his till death,  
 Her flesh, an’ her bluid, an’ her bane.

## II.

Frae that fell nicht lang Ailie Dow  
 Was a sairly altered lass,  
 Nor waddin’ nor foy e’er saw her face,  
 An’ she swarf’d gin she look’d in a glass.

For the aince or twice that she daured to keek,  
 The marrow she never had seen—  
 An awsome face was ahent her ain,  
 That had rockin’, blude-red een.

An’ aften a voice spak’ lown in her lug,  
 In a tone that she kent again,  
 An’ urged her on to deeds o’ dule,  
 Till her hand she could scarce restrain.

For the menseless Deil—an' he's aye been sae,  
Sin' ever the warld could crawl—  
Enticed by the ready-gi'en pledge o' her hand,  
Noo strave to mak' sure o' her saul.

An' twice she'd a knife at her faither's neck,  
An' aince at her mither's breist,  
But the flickerin' gude in her heart yet raise  
Ower the ill, an' the guilt repressed

He trysted her down by the low burnside  
In the lull o' the gloamin' hour,  
An' ilka nicht they renew'd their vow,  
An' she fell aye the mair in his power.

An' he cam' to the town in the howe o' the night,  
An' he peered through the window pane,  
An' the mark o' his fit was seen in the yird  
In the mornin' when he was gane.

A cloven mark that was ower weel kent,\*

An' gae muckle reason for fear

That the lad that gae Ailie the gowden ring

Wad charge for the wearin' o't dear.

For the dogs wadna bark, but trimmlin' ran,

As for life, when he near'd the toun,

An' a' the pouter an' lead o' the place

Wadna ravel a hair o' his croun.

“Gae awa' ! gae awa' !” cried the douce gudeman,

A'e nicht as he glower'd through the pane ;

“Gae awa', fell Deil !” cried the douce gudewife,

“Nor meddle wha meddle wi' nane ;

“Awa' to your den, an' think ower the dule

Ye hae wrocht sin' the warld began,

An' dinna seek farrer to wreak yer revenge

On the puir sakeless childer o' man.”

\* It is a popular superstition that this august personage can change any part of himself but his feet—hence the appellative “Auld Cloutie,” and the saying, “He shows the cloven foot.”

“ She sleeps unco sound that I'm wantin' here,”

Quo' the Deil, in a tone that's accurst,

“ An' I'll carry her far ere she waukens wide,

Though I'll speir ye a question first.

“ Will ye worship me baith for yer dauchter's sake ?”

An' he glower'd at the twasome still.

“ Be gangin' yer gaets,” cried the man in a rage,

“ Or save's ! but yer heart I'll thrill !”

An' he glaum'd at the Bible to fling't in his face,\*

When the Deil he let out sic a roar,

That the soond o't dumfounder'd the man an' the wife,

An' the waff o't blew open the door.

An' in less than the time I'm takin' to tell't

He was through the house an' through,

An' doun the stair, an' oot at the door,

An' awa' wi' Ailie Dow.

---

\* A certain protection against the vengeance or seductive influence of the Common Enemy, it is alleged, is the mention of the Bible, or the name of either of the Persons in the Trinity.

“Come back, come back !” cried her father’s voice,  
“Come back, oh, my daughter dear !”  
But the wild, weird, fause, mockin’ lauch o’ the Deil  
Fell cauld on the listenin’ ear.

“Come back !” cried her mither, an’ rushed to the door,  
A-wringin’ her hands in despair,  
But nocht but the wappin’ o’ wings was heard  
On the murky midnight air.

An’ hauffins he flew, an’ hauffins he ran,  
Wi’ mony a pech an’ grane,  
Till high they raise in a bleeze o’ fire  
Frae the tap o’ the Stannin’ Stane.

An’ the lichtnin’ flashed frae pole to pole,  
An’ the thunder roll’d on hie,  
An’ ilka flash disclosed their course  
To the waukrife watchin’ e’e.

They swirl’d around, an’ three times round,  
Syne awa’ by Craigmakerran,



An' an awesome dreid, as ower't they gaed,  
Fell heavy on man an' bairn.

Then high they flew ower Camp's-Michael Kirk,  
An' the eldritch hags met there,  
Danced round a fire, an' raised a cheer  
That wauken'd the midnight air.

Anither flash! an' they next were seen  
High ower abune Campsie Linn,  
A-poised in air, an' the Deil lookin' down,  
As if gaun to drap Ailie in.

But he huddled her higher up in his airms,  
An' neist, in the nether heaven,  
The twasome were seen on the north o' the Tay,  
In the airt of the kirk o' Kinclaven.

An' the minister walk'd in the witchin' 'oor,  
When a wappin' o' wings drew near,  
An' the eerie wail o' a woman's voice  
Shot doon on his startled ear.

An' the lichtnin' flash'd, an' he saw a sicht  
 That his heart did sairly stoun',  
 An' raxin' the Bible alift, he cried,  
 In the strength o' the Powers abune—

“Be ye ghaist or goblin, witch or Deil,  
 Or oucht on the laich o' the mune ;  
 An' flee ye on aucht but the mission o' Gude,  
 By the Book in my hand, come down !”

The thunder rummel'd athort the lift,  
 An' joy seem'd blent wi' the roar,  
 As the Deil, wi' a frown, loot his victim doun  
 Like a bird at the minister's door.

An' a starn shot doun on the kirk bedeen,  
 An' the bell gae a merry jowe,  
 An' a howl gaed up frae the “gudeman's craft,”\*  
 An' a wail frae the Witches' Knowe.

---

\* “In many parishes of Scotland there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land, called *the gudeman's craft*, which was

“Oh, wha's may she be ?” said the minister's wife,  
When the lass on her lap was lain ;  
“She's mine !” whined a voice at the window sill,  
“Her flesh, an' her bluid, an' her bane.

“An' pledged to be mine by an aith o' her ain,  
An' an aith that was freely gi'en.”

“Then bide,” quo' the minister, reddin' the rook, †  
“An' ye'll get a' the aith mak's thine !”

He whittled her finger aff ower by the ring,  
An' he flang't at the Deil's red e'e ;  
“Her flesh, an' her bluid, an' her bane be thine,  
But her saul is na hers to gi'e !”

---

never ploughed or cultivated, but suffered to remain waste, like the TEMENOS of a pagan temple. Though it was not expressly avowed, no one doubted that the gudeman's croft was set apart for some evil being—in fact, that it was the portion of the Archfiend himself, whom our ancestors distinguished by a name which, while it was generally understood, could not, it was supposed, be offensive to the stern inhabitant of the regions of despair. This was so general a custom that the Church published an ordinance against it as an impious and blasphemous usage.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

† “*Reddin' the rook.*”—Detecting the fraud.

Withouten a word or a sign in return  
 The Deil on the hurricane flew,  
 But aye, as he crosses Kinclaven sin' syne,  
 They say, there's a scowl on his broo.

## III.

They need a lang spune that sup wi' the Deil,  
 An' there's sorrow e'en yet to tell,  
 Till the day o' her death lang Ailie Dow  
 Was never again hersel'.

She ran the rigs like a huntit hare—  
 Her e'en on the yird as she ran ;  
 An' she never could sleep in a lichtless room,  
 An' she swarf'd at the voice o' a man.

An' her deein' bed was a sicht, they said,  
 That would daunted the bauldest heart,  
 For a murky imp danced ower her feet  
 Till her saul frae her body wad pairt.

She cried on her mither to wauf it awa',

Wi' mony a writhe an' maen ;

But the louder she cried on human aid

The louder it leuch at her pain.

An' it grinn'd as it said—"Ye hae balked me lang,

But noo I may claim my ain,

As sune as yer saul tak's wing, I'll awa'

Wi' yer flesh, an' yer bluid, an' yer bane."

"Oh, granny, come, haud my een," she cried,

"That this sicht I mayna see,

He wadna lat me live as I oucht,

An' he winna lat me dee."

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" she cried at length,

An' that name was a prayer enou',

For the holy word struck the foe like a sword,

An' he vanish'd, an' nane kent hoo.

An' Ailie's heart was as fu' o' peace

As 'twas e'er in her childish glee,

An' she dee'd, they said, wi' a smile on her lips,  
An' a wonderfu' licht in her e'e.

Her mools lie laich in the auld kirkyard,  
Whaur the spirit gaed nane may say,  
But the licht that lay on her face as she dee'd  
Is a comfortin' thocht the day.

Na !—moss never grows on the Stannin' Stane,  
An' there's fouk that the reason could tell ;  
An' watch ony nicht at the witchin' 'oor,  
An' ye'll see an' hear for yoursel'.

Yet catch but a'e glance o' yon blazin' een  
As they rest on the Boglebrae,  
Or hear but a'e crunch o' his awesome teeth,  
An' ye'll rue't till yer deein' day.

But hoolie, gudeman, see the hands o' the clock !  
Rax the Books, an' let's aff to oor bed,  
It's the witchin' 'oor—an', I ferlie, e'en noo .  
There was something laucht on the lum-head !

## THE AULD MAID'S MOLIGRANT.

MY head's in a creel, an' my heart's in my shoon,  
     An' I'm gauntin' baith e'enin' an' mornin'  
 For och an' ochone, I'll be forty gin June,  
     Yet am single's the cot I was born in.  
 An' nae ferlie I'm fykesome, an' grummel, an' gaunt,  
     For o' love I've ne'er yet got an arlin';  
 An' to think that unkiss'd I may finish life's jaunt!—  
     Ochone! to be somebody's darlin'!

O, to lo'e ane that would lo'e me again!  
     O, for love's fee wi' its arlin'!  
 O, for a heart that would dunt wi' my ain!  
     O, to be somebody's darlin'!

My mither says, "Maggie, be thankfu', my doo,  
     Married life that ye ken na the care o't,"

But that's just what plagues me the nicht an' day  
through,

The warld's wecht that I bear na my share o't.

It's a fushionless life just to live for ane's sel',

An' do nae feckfu' service the warl' in ;

It's a wearifu' thocht in a garret to dwell—

An' no to be somebody's darlin' !

O, to lo'e ane that would lo'e me again !

O, to be usefu' the warl' in !

O, for a heart that wad dunt wi' my ain !

O, to be somebody's darlin' !

There's Mary Macfarlin an' Maggie Maclean,

In our schule-days we ran a' thegether,

Baith wed an' set up in gude hames o' their ain,

An' wi' six totties each cryin' "Mither."

O, it's aften I wish I was Maggie Maclean,

An' as aften was Mary Macfarlin,

Yet fu' blythe I could be, although nane o' the twain,

Gin I were but *somebody's* darlin'.



O, to lo'e ane that would lo'e me again,  
I envy ye, Mistress Macfarlin !  
O, for a heart that would dunt wi' my ain !  
O, to be somebody's darlin' !

Some dames they pretend that they care na for men,  
But, believe me, it's no human naitur ;  
The a'e sex nor ither is happy alane,  
But united mak' a'e happy craitur.  
A bachelor's life's like a three-leggit chair,  
It's productive o' naething but snarlin' ;  
But to dee an auld maid's even waur, I declare—  
Ochone ! to be somebody's darlin' !

O, to lo'e ane that would lo'e me again !  
Is there a wanter the warl' in ?  
O, for a heart that would dunt wi' my ain !  
O, to be somebody's darlin' !

## A' A'E 'OO.\*

A DAINTY dame is Granny Scot',  
 An' canny in her ways ;  
 Aye thinkin' twice for ance she speaks,  
 An' watchin' whaur she gaes.  
 Or ere she buys her tartan plaid,  
 She scans it thro' an' thro' ;  
 An' lookin' ower her specks anon,  
 "Is't a' a'e 'oo ?" she speirs,  
 "Is't a' a'e 'oo ?"

A canny mither, canny bairns,  
 I trow we're a' the same,  
 We dinna jee our caps a jot  
 For ony power ye'll name ;

---

\* *Anglice*—All one wool.

Bauld Knox, he fear'd na face o' man,  
Nor wad he beck or boo  
E'en to the Queen hersel', ye mind—  
We're a' a'e 'oo, we are,  
We're a' a'e 'oo.

A ready sense o' richt an' wrang  
Aye keeps our causey clear,  
We lo'e the truth, we hate the Deil,  
An's priests that interfere.  
What Jenny Geddes did o' yore  
We've thoosands yet wad do,  
For Jenny's but a sample-swath—  
We're a' a'e 'oo, we are,  
We're a' a'e 'oo.

Our heroes, fam'd o' flood an' field,  
Had but a greater share  
O' what we a' ha'e gowpens o'—  
The grit to do an' dare ;

We foucht an' won at Bannockburn,  
The same at Waterloo ;  
An' what we've dune, wad do again—  
We're a' a'e 'oo, we are,  
We're a' a'e 'oo.

Then dinna daud the thistle-tap,  
Or ye may jag yer thoom,  
But gently rax a freendly hand,  
We'll fill't wi' downy bloom ;  
We lo'e our freends, we skelp our foes,  
Nor fleech nor mak' ado ;  
We're either in or out wi' fouk—  
We're a' a'e 'oo, we are,  
We're a' a'e 'oo.

## DREAMING OF THEE.

I AM dreaming, ever dreaming,  
 All the night and all day,  
 Walk I forth where crowds are teeming,  
 Seek I scenes no others stray ;  
 In the mart, and on the moorland,  
 By the hearth, and by the sea,  
 I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
 Fondly dreaming, love, of thee.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
 And the view is still the same—  
 Sweet blue eyes with gladness beaming,  
 Cheeks and lips with love aflame.  
 Ask me why I smile so cheer'ly !  
 Why from care I seem so free !  
 I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
 Fondly dreaming, love, of thee.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
    Calling all thy charms to view ;  
In the bliss of fancy's scheming,  
    Living oft old hours anew ;  
Musing o'er the past and present,  
    Building high a bright to-be,  
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
    Fondly dreaming, love, of thee.

## DO'T AN' BE DUNE WI'T.

I'VE been ask'd for a sang, an' I winna withhald,  
 Tho' my voice ye cud frichten the weavers o' Scone  
 wi't,  
 They shudna be lauch'd at wha do as they're tauld ;  
 Ye've asked me to sing, sae I'll do't an' be dune wi't.  
 Do't an' be dune wi't,  
 Do't an' be dune wi't,  
 It may be unco bauch, but I'll do't an' be dune wi't.

There's ower mony fouk when they're ask'd for a sang  
 That will whimper an' wheedle an' daidle a mune  
 wi't ;  
 If ye canna sing weel, just dinna sing lang,  
 But show that ye're willin', an' do't an' be dune wi't,  
 Do't an' be dune wi't,  
 Do't an' be dune wi't,  
 Just sing as ye're giftit, an' do't an' be dune wi't.

An' noo, sin' I'm startit, an' gotten a text,

Dod ! I'll e'en spoil a horn, or by chance mak' a spune  
wi't ;

As wi' singin' a sang, so wi' mair things annex'd,

What yer hand finds to do, ye shud do't an' be dune  
wi't.

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Do't an' be dune wi't,

If yer heart says it's richt, then do't an' be dune wi't.

Ye ha'e something laid by in an auld stockin'-fit,

An' yer conscience keeps yaummerin' midnight an'  
noon wi't ;

There's pair fouk ye ken an' cud comfort wi' it,

An' ye're thinkin' o' doin't—then, do't an' be dune wi't.

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Ye've plenty without it ? then, do't an' be dune wi't.

Ye ha'e coorted a lass for a twalmonth an' mair,

An' ye've gi'en her a ring, an' she's walkin' the toun  
wi't ;



Ye think in yer heart ye wad mak' a gude pair,  
An' ye're meanin' to marry—then, do't an' be dune  
wi't.

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Bid us a' to the waddin', an' do't an' be dune wi't.

Ye sit at the bottle, an' drink till ye're fou,  
In yer time ha'e ye lost mony a hard-earned croun  
wi't,

An' ye're thinkin' o' turnin' teetotal the noo,

Then, think o't nae langer, but do't an' be dune wi't.

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Seek strength whaur there's plenty, an' do't an' be  
dune wi't.

Ye ha'e wroucht to Auld Nick a' the days o' yer life ?

An' ye see ye'll be losin' yer saul unco soon wi't ?

Then, hoolie ! yer hair may get scamm'd in the strife,

Just right-about-turn !—an' do't an' be dune wi't.

Do't an' be dune wi't,

Do't an' be dune wi't,

It's time ye were flittin'—so do't an' be dune wi't.

Noo I think I'll e'en draw my bit sang to a close,

Or ye'll say that I'm makin' just gey muckle soun'  
wi't :

I ferlie it's some like the Hielandman's hose—

Neither lang nor genteel—still it's there, an' I'm  
dune wi't—

There, an' I'm dune wi't—

There, an' I'm dune wi't—

Ye ask'd me to sing, an' I've sung, an' I'm dune wi't.



'Mang autumn's stookit barley we wander'd 'neath the  
mune,

Pale lay the licht on the stubbly knowe !

We settled by the burnie-side the waddin' wad be sune,

And mony lowin' kisses seal'd the vow,

The vow,

And mony lowin' kisses seal'd the vow.

The wintry winds are blawin', I'm sittin' cauld and  
lane,

A red-mou'd grave mars the new-fa'n snaw !

The simmer licht within my heart will never shine  
again—

'Tis winter aye sin' Mary gaed awa',

Awa',

'Tis winter aye sin' Mary gaed awa'.

## THE BONNIEST BAIRN IN A' THE WARL'.

THE bonniest bairn in a' the warl'  
 Has skin like the drifted snaw,  
 An' rosy wee cheeks sae soft an' sleek—  
 There never was ither sic twa ;  
 Its een are just bonnie wee wander'd stars,  
 Its leggies are plump like a farl,  
 An' ilk ane maun see't, an' a' maun declare't  
 The cleverest bairn,  
 The daintiest bairn,  
 The rosiest, cosiest, cantiest bairn,  
 The dearest, queerest,  
 Rarest, fairest,  
 Bonniest bairn in a' the warl'.

The bonniest bairn in a' the warl',  
 Ye ken whaur the ferlie lives ?

It's doun in yon howe ; it's ower on yon knowe ;  
 In the laps o' a thousand wives ;  
 It's up an' ayont in yon castle brent,  
 The heir o' the belted earl ;  
 It's sookin' its thoom in yon gipsy tent,  
 The cleverest bairn,  
 The daintiest bairn,  
 The rosiest, cosiest, cantiest bairn,  
 The dearest, queerest,  
 Rarest, fairest,  
 Bonniest bairn in a' the warl'.

The bonniest bairn in a' the warl',  
 It's oors, good Luckie, it's oors !  
 Oh, stampna yer fit, nor puke up yer lip—  
 An' it's yours, gude Luckie, it's yours !  
 For as ilka craw thinks its ain bird the best,  
 Sae is't wi' the dame an' the carle,  
 An' ilka ane's ain's abune a' the rest,

The cleverest bairn,

The daintiest bairn,

The rosiest, cosiest, cantiest bairn,

The dearest, queerest,

Rarest, fairest,

Bonniest bairn in a' the warl.'

## THE WUDS AN' BRAES AROUN' STOBHA'.

IN simmer's prime, when hill an' dale  
     Are clad in gown o' bonnie green ;  
 When sunny bowers are strewn wi' flowers,  
     In beauty meet to deck a queen,  
 'Tis bliss to lea' the roarin' toun,  
     Wi' a' its burden far awa',  
 An' spen' the days amang the braes—  
     The wuds an' braes aroun' Stobha'.

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



The Tay an' Isla, hand-in-hand,\*  
Gang screivin' by in wanton glee,  
An' ower the linn, wi' dancin' din,  
Pursue their journey to the sea.  
Oh ! sweet it is to wander there,  
At morn, or noon, or gloamin' fa' ;  
Nae vulgar care a thocht can share  
Amang the braes aroun' Stobha'.

'Tis health to mind an' body baith ;  
It bears a blessin' higher still ;  
For while the e'e delights to see  
The beauty o' ilk vale an' hill,  
The mind is borne in gratefu' thocht  
To Him abune wha framed them a' ;  
Whase lovin' e'e looks doun on thee  
Amang the braes aroun' Stobha'.

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

## COCKLOWRIE'S COURTSHIP.

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' to his auld sel' he croon'd an' auld sang,

An' trow'd he wad marry her, richtly or wrang,

“ For, heh ! 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 to the yetts, an' giglin' cried—

“ Gude luck t'ye laird at Dumfarlin' ! ”

They breeng'd him wi' bauchels, they chased him wi'  
cheers—

The lairdie was vogie, an' boo'd to 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 to gang wud—  
Oh ! what d'ye think ? oh ! what do you think ?  
Peg Tamson, Meg Manson, an' Leezie M'Fudd,  
Were deein' to be Cocklowrie's darlin' ;  
An' Peggie wi' sorrow was like to gang gyte,  
An' Meggie wi' envy did naething but flyte ;  
While Leezie made licht o't, yet threaten'd, for spite,  
To 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' !

## THE AULD BEECH TREE.

THE shades o' gloamin' saftly fa'  
 Ower mountain, 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,  
 As 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 to me ;  
 Sic blabs o' bliss I've pree'd aneath  
 The auld beech tree.

It bears the names o' youthy frien's

Inscribed upon its breast ;

The self-engraven epitaph

O' ane lang gane to rest ;

A rugged cross, scarce visible,

Incised by Annie Lee

The night we pledged our troth aneath

The auld beech tree.

We gambol'd here when toddlin' weans,

Sweet Annie Lee an' I ;

An' here we scooged the sunny shoo'rs

When younkers herdin' kye ;

'Twas here we trystit, lad an' lass,

An' bodit bliss to be ;

We taen oor last fareweel aneath

The auld beech tree.

Fu' aft' at dreamy gloamin'-tide

I like to slip unseen

Alang the plantin's whinny verge,  
Whaur merles sing blythe at e'en,  
An' lay me doun 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 bide the morn  
When I'll wi' Annie Lee  
Renew the bliss begun aneath  
The auld beech tree.

## THE CANDYMAN.

(A REMINISCENCE.)

LANGSYNE, when laddies at the schule,  
     An' herdin' kye on Mossy braes,  
 We'd mony cherish'd favourites,  
     We lichtly in our 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  
         To 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,  
     To 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 to 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,  
An' whiles a breengin' wi' the tawse ;  
He wiled oor little hands to reif,  
An' disregard maternal laws.  
Yet in oor simple, youthfu' hearts  
We thocht him a'thing gude an' gran' ;  
Put to the test—the deil a doot—  
We'd foucht to hain the candyman.  
The pawky, wily candyman,  
The cracky, chatty candyman ;  
His subtle airts trepann'd oor hearts,  
An' led's to lo'e the candyman.

But John has lang lain in the yird,  
His patrons noo are bearded men ;  
Instead o' peerie, bool, an' ba',  
They play wi' hammer, ploo', an' pen.  
Yet 'midst their earnest, manly strife,  
I wat they sometimes 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' worldly strife  
To mind us o' the candyman.

## GRANNIE'S WA'-GAUN.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns; wearin' awa';

Ere the sun's in the lift I'll be far frae ye a';  
 For the cauld han' o' Death's grippin' chill roun' my  
 heart,

An' redds me that surely, an' sune, we maun part.

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, an' a change ower me a';  
 I'm wearin' awa', bairns; wearin' awa'.

I'm wearin' awa'; but, oh, greet na' for me,

I've lived for this hour, an' I fear na' to dee;  
 Nay! I weary to gang; frae a' sin to resile,  
 An' bask in the bliss o' our 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', an' wait near the shore

To welcome the craft that sall ferry me o'er.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns ; leavin' the few,

To join wi' the mony—the gude an' the true ;

Leavin' a warl' o' sorrow an' sin,

To dwell aye whaur dule gets nae entrance in.

I'm wearin' awa' ; an' wha may gang neist ?

Aiblins the ane wha's a-thinkin' o't least ;

For Death comes, we ken, like a thief in the night,

Nor plucks *but* the ripe—nor wiles *aye* the richt.

He's wiled roun' me lang ; ane here, an' ane there ;

Some ripe an' ready—some scarcely, I fear ;

It's hraw to be ready, come whan may the ca'—

To hae peace in ane's bosom when wearin' awa'.

I'm wearin' awa', hairns ; I'll no be lang noo ;

An' angel o' licht comes cleavin' the blue,

To carry my saul to 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,  
To bask in His smile, and to sing at His feet ;  
To join in the myriad-voiced anthem for aye,  
An' dwell wi' Jehovah the braw nichtless day.

Saw ye that licht, bairns ? Heard ye that cheer ?  
Wha could ha' dreamt that 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' !

## MAIDIE'S SANG.

OH, for Friday nicht,  
 Friday, in the gloamin' ;  
 Oh, for Friday nicht,  
 Friday's lang o' comin' !

This was Maidie's sang,  
 Ca'in' hame the cattle,  
 Campsie braes amang—  
 Toyin' wi' a wattle.

Ilka Friday nicht  
 Duncan comes to see me ;  
 Ilka Friday nicht  
 Lang he taigles wi' me.

Duncan's lauch is sweet  
 As the lintie's twitter ;

Duncan's words are meet—

Than a sermon fitter.

Wat o' Bellamore

Braggs as loud as tongue can ;

Wat, wi' a' Strathmore,

Wadna equal Duncan.

Dominie Duff comes in,

Choppin' Greek an' Latin,

Strokin' o' his chin—

Oh, but he's upsettin'.

The minister an' a'

Fain wad hae my favour ;

Duncan's worth them a',

Wi' his sweet palaver.

Seven days there be

In a week, says Ida ;

There's only ane to me,

An' its name is Friday.

Oh, for Friday nicht,  
Friday in the gloamin' ;  
Oh, for Friday nicht,  
Friday's lang o' comin' !



MAGGIE *VERSUS* MAGGIE'S MITHER.

KEN ye Maggie wast the howe ?

Lauchin' Maggie, takin' Maggie !

Plumpie cheeks, aye in a lowe,

E'en sae bricht an' locks sae shaggy.

Maggie's a' yer heart could wish,

Fresh as bloom o' mountain heather,

Woosers she'd draw frae hill an' shaw

' An't werena' for her brawlin' mither.

But Maggie has an awfu' mither !

A skirlin', snarlin', quarrellin' mither ;

Feint a loun 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, or richt or wrang,  
 Maun redd the gate for Maggie's mither.

Fu' mony a spark she's fley'd awa'  
 Frae cantie Maggie, dainty Maggie,  
 Wha'd wauchl'd far thro' driftin' snaw,  
 An' stubble fields, sae saft an' claggy.  
 Tam Watt slipp'd ower on 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 fearfu' mither !  
 A thrawart, yatterin', blatterin' mither ;  
 Maggie's worth her wecht in gowd,  
 An' sune wad sell, but for her mither.

I'm ower the lugs in love, I trew,  
    Wi' lauchin' Maggie, takin' Maggie ;  
An' come what may, I'se no gie way  
    To auld wife's tongue, howe'er so braggy.  
Wi' Maggie's cantie, kind consent,  
    Fu' couthily we'll creep thegether,  
An' snap oor thooms at brags an' glooms,  
    An' lauch to scorn her barmy mither.  
    A fig for Maggie's toustie mither !  
    Her rowtin', flytin', yowtin' mither ;  
Nae lad shud lose a browsome lass,  
    Nor slicht her for a tinkler mither.

## K A T E O' C A I R N B E D D I E .

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 to 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 wadna' fancy sic a sowdy ?

Wi' shooters like a maister brewer,  
 An' shanks that eithly fill a stockin' ;

When first I met her yont the 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' arms to 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 lichter.

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

## WILLIE AND ROVER.

(A TERM-TIME INCIDENT.)

THE morn is Martinmas term day ;  
 Oor plooman lads are in a bustle ;  
 They faud an' bundle a' they hae,  
 An' through 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' abune the Brig o' Cally ;  
 An' Jock M'Nab to Cloverleas—  
 A mile or mair ayont Drumshally.

An' Tam, the grieve, wi's hoarded gear,  
He's gaun to Perth to start a dairy ;  
An' Wull, that ca's the hinmaist 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, nor i' the kitchen ;  
In byre nor barn, lafts, nor 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 might walk,  
Or brownie 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 laddie'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,  
Into the couch aside the collie.

An' what may bring the craitur' here  
To sech an' murn ?—Wad ye discover ?  
Wi' baited 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 doun the shaws,  
An’ lauch to see ye chase the craws ;  
Your lightsome bark nae mair may hear,  
Nor share your love, my doggie dear.  
An’ sic a lovin’ heart you hae,  
I’ll mind o’t to my deein’ day ;  
Ah ! Rover, tho’ nae mair we meet,  
An’ my puir face nae mair you’ll see’t,  
While I’ve a nose abune my mou’,  
I’ll ever kindly mind o’ you ;  
For, tho’ you’re but a dog, I’ll 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 to lea’ ye.

An orphan I, but sparely fed,  
Till fit to 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 it said a mither's love  
Is far a' ither friend's above,  
An' I ha'e wondered earnestly  
What like a mither's love may be,  
But canna think, whate'er its powers,  
It can be love mair warm 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 drave the graip doun thro' my tae,  
Oh, hoo it fester'd, rosed, an' heal'd ;  
My life ! I thocht it ne'er wad heal'd.  
It was, indeed, a fricht to see't,  
Until you took a dealin' wi't ;  
But aifter you began to clean,  
An' slaik it wi' your tongue at e'en,  
Ilk' day improved it, Rover dear,  
An' noo it's hale, or very near.

Puir doggie, cud you 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 you dinna' ken,  
For sure as six an' four are ten,  
Ye'd leave your master, toun, an' a',  
An' wi' the herdie rin awa' ;  
An' sune's the 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 to please *Him* aye  
In a' I do, an' a' I say,  
An unjust act I wadna' do ;  
No, Rover—no steal even you.

“ A last fareweel, 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 to guid or ill—  
Oh ! may he sune your worth discover,  
An' aye be kind to honest Rover ;  
An' shud mankind my faith aye shog,  
May I ne'er lack as true a dog."

## NE'ER-DO-WHEEL JOCK.

YE have heard o' the pliskies o' mony a loon—  
 O' poachers an' reivers in country an' toun ;  
 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 at Muthil, an' some say Dunkel' ;  
 Some mainteen 'twas Kilspindie, an' ithers Lynedock—  
 It's a mystery the cauf-grun' o' ne'er-do-weel Jock.

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

To tell his complexion wad baffled yer power ;  
 His face was ne'er washen excep' wi' a shower ;

He ne'er kent the lux'ry o' stockin' or sock,  
An' nae souter 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' foun' 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 shud I dwell on his youthfu' career?  
Jock's a man, an's been married for mony a year,  
An', 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 to the dram—  
If water were whisky he'd toom the mill dam;  
He fechts wi' the wind, too, whene'er he's hauf-cock—  
Oh, gude save's frae a tulzie wi' ne'er-do-weel Jock!



Like a modern Achilles he steers oot an' in,  
An' answers puir Kate wi' a grunt or a grin ;  
Tho' he gangs to the hill an' brings doun a muircock,  
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 speir him the cause, an' as sure's the toun clock  
He'll gie you some inklin's o' ne'er-do-weel Jock.

Mony splores I could tell o' this wonderfu' wicht,  
But the rogue's unco gleg, an' I'm a' in a fricht ;  
Sae, to hain my auld skin, feth, I'll pack up my troke—  
*Oh, gudeness preserve us ! here's ne'er-do-weel Jock !*

## WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

'Tis sweet to muse on langsyne days,

When life was free frae care ;

When cent. per cent. ne'er fash'd oor pows,

But a' was bricht an' fair ;

When noos o' war, frae near or far,

Ne'er caused us ony dule ;

But ilka day was like a play

When we were at the schule.

When we were at the schule, my frien'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,

My youthfu' cronies a',

Hoo blythe we spent ilk 'oor that went,

' Be't rain, sleet, frost, or snaw ?

The wuds rang wi' oor shout an' sang  
    When slidin' owre 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, haps, an' haws.  
Whae'er presumed to sneer at such  
    We chauk'd him doun a fool.  
We a' had lads an' lasses, too,  
    When we were at the schule !

Sic pawky tricks we aften played—  
    I lauch loud at them yet ;  
Ye mind, we burned the dom'nie's tawse,  
    An' stuck preens in his seat !  
An' sune's the dainty man sat doun  
    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 to see them rin ;  
Set Sandy Tamson's soo adrift,  
An' deem'd the sport nae sin.  
We staned the Keeper's muckle dogs,  
To hear them bark an' growl ;  
An' aye we focht an' gree'd 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 to the grun'.  
Whaure'er we met a gang'rel wean  
'Twas aye the gallant rule  
To haue oor dinner scone wi' such,  
When we were at the schule.

Tho' noo we're sunder'd far an' wide

“By mount, an' stream, an' sea,”

An' some lie in the auld kirkyaird

Whaur a' ere lang will be.

In dreamland we forgather yet,

An' barter ba' wi' bool,

An' lauch, an' play, an' sing the sangs

We sang when at the schule.

When we were at the schule, my frien's,

When we were at the schule ;

We lauch an' play, an' sing the sangs

We sang when at the schule.

## THE AULD MAINS DEN.

OH ! the Auld Mains Den, the Auld Mains Den,  
 It's dear to a' oor bairn-fouk, oor women, an' oor men,  
 For mony happy days, in mony happy ways,  
 We ha'e spent upon the braes o' the Auld Mains Den.

When dancin' tots in daidles oor mithers took us there,  
 To row us 'mang the gowans, an' breathe the caller air ;  
 To chase the bonnie butterflees atower the mossy fen,  
 An' gather cheeks o' roses in the Auld Mains Den.

Oh ! the Auld Mains Den, etc.

When rauchle, gamesome laddies, oor hearts alowe wi'  
 glee,  
 Ilk' gladsome summer gloamin', as ear' as factory-free,  
 We sallied forth a swelling crowd o' happy little men,  
 An' shook the lift wi' daffin' in the Auld Mains Den.

Oh ! the Auld Mains Den, etc.

There's no a wife in a' the toun—a mither, young or  
auld—

A widow, or a widower, but—lat the truth be tauld—  
Ha'e spent the dearest moments the human heart may  
ken,

By yon bonnie rowin' burn in the Auld Mains Den.

Oh ! the Auld Mains Den, etc.

We lo'e its sunnie banks an' braes, an' hoary castle wa's ;  
Its shady dell, an' sainted well, whaur sunbeam never  
fa's ;

An' while we ha'e the pith an' breath to wauchle but  
an' ben,

We'll sing the love we chérish for the Auld Mains Den.

Oh ! the Auld Mains Den, the Auld Mains Den,  
It's dear to a' oor bairn-fouk, oor women, an' oor men.  
For mony happy days, in mony happy ways,  
We ha'e spent upon the braes o' the Auld Mains Den.

## THE GLOAMIN' 'OOR.

WE sing o' what we lo'e the best,  
     The dearest things we ken ;  
 An' maist o' us ha'e something we  
     Wad neither sell nor len' ;  
 It's maybe gowd, or love o' lear  
     That haud maist in their pooer,  
 But aye my fau'tless charmer  
     Is the gloamin' 'oor.

My tittie lo'es the mornin' licht,  
     An' ca's it a'thing fair ;  
 An' Maggie says the mid-day sheen  
     Is sweet beyond compare ;  
 They ne'er ha'e had a lover, though,  
     An' kenna o' yon bower,  
 Whaur aft I meet my laddie  
     In the gloamin' 'oor.



I think the birds sing sweetest aye

A wee afore the mirk ;

An', weel I wat, the settin' sun

Just glorifies the birk,

An' flings a rosy glamour far

Athort the whinny moor,

As Robin comes to meet me

In the gloamin' 'oor.

Some things are bonnie o' themsel's,

But a' are fairer still

In consequence o' something else

The whilk they're buckled till,

The summer licht is fairer for

The beauty o' the flower—

It's love that lends the glamour

To the gloamin' 'oor.

## E Q U A L - A Q U A L .

WHA kent Tam Watson, kent a chiel'  
 The wale o' wags, frae head to heel.  
 The foremost aye in country splores,  
 Like stappin' lums, an' rackin' doors ;  
 A deil to fence, an' put the stane,  
 Wha, as a shot, had marrows nane.  
 But work—Oh ! dinna speak o' work,  
 For Tam was lazy as a Turk ;  
 Sae, when the laird, his faither, dee'd,  
 An' work he buist, or want, he hied  
 To Perth a'e mornin' ere the daw  
 An' listed in the Forty-twa.

'Tis twenty years sin' then, I wot,  
 An' hoo he sets the scarlet coat  
 I canna say, but yesternicht

I met a wicht  
Frae near Dundee,  
Quo' he to me,  
“ Ye kent Tam Watson o' the Mire,  
That's listed been for mony a year ? ”  
An' there an' then a tale he tauld—  
(Oh ! Tam ! ye're aye the Tam o' auld !)  
A tale he tauld o' Tam, I trew,  
Wi' your kind leave, I'll tell it noo.

Tam's regiment till lately lay—  
The spot precise I canna say,  
An' sin' it disna touch the story,  
Ower blank *locales* we needna worry.  
It held a spot on British soil  
Near by whaur lived Sir Aubrey Doyle,  
A real old English gentleman,  
Right fond of whip and dog and can,  
Wha swore he'd fell, or shoot with gun  
Whae'er wad trespass on his grun.'  
“ Yes, by the gods ! ” he'd proudly say,

“ Who dares my mandates disobey,  
And walks these woods with *mal prepense*,  
Shall suffer for his insolence.”

The winter days are dreich to dree,  
An' breed a fashious, cauld *ennui* ;  
Tam, gauntin', paced the barrack room,  
An' sigh'd for oucht would burst the gloom ;  
The games o' “ Nap ” an' “ Catch the Ten ”  
Had ceased enjoyment to len'.

He thocht upon the langsyne days  
When on his native snaw-clad braes  
He wander'd gaily wi' his gun ;  
An', greenin' for the matchless fun,  
He sallied frae the barrack gate,  
Resolved on sport, whate'er his fate.

Sir Aubrey's lands, a stane-cast aff,  
Appeared to Tam the best by half ;  
But wander up, or wander down,  
Nor bird nor beast could there be foun' ;

He beat the bushes, cried "Shoo! shoo!"

But saw nae hare, nor cushie doo ;

At length, oh, happy sight ! he spied

On fir-tree tap, just at his side,

A huddie-craw demurely sit.

As quick as thought,

*Bang !* gaed a shot,

Down drapp'd the craw dead at his fit.

He load again, prepared to go,

Sir Aubrey stood before him—"Ho !

Ho !" quoth he,

"You've killed, I see,"

An' wi' a craft that served him weel,

He scann'd Tam quick frae head to heel.

"These crows are pesty birds," he said,

"I'm glad you stretch'd that rascal dead ;"

And then, "Oh ! such a pretty gun,

Pray shew me it." As soon as done,

He started back like ane possess'd,

The muzzle placed at Watson's breast.

“Now, rascal,” cried Sir Aubrey Doyle,  
“You’re in my power, nor shall me foil ;  
There, lift that crow, nor dare desist,  
A mouthful bite from off its breast,  
And swallow—swallow, do ye hear ?  
Or I shall stretch thee like a deer.  
Come, blackguard ! stare not at me so,  
But, instantly, pick up the crow !”

Tam’s nature said—“The threat defy ;”  
But “shoot” was in Sir Aubrey’s eye ;  
“Oh ! sir,” quo’ Tam, “this ance forgive,  
An’ ne’er again, as lang’s I live,  
A’e fit upon your land I’ll set.”  
“Peace !” cried Sir Aubrey, “sham regret !  
What I demand I ne’er forego—  
This instant, sir, pick up the crow.  
Another word I shall not speak,  
The gun shall next obedience seek.”

Tam pled nae mair, nor disobeyed—  
Sir Aubrey Doyle look'd a' he said—  
    But bended low,  
    Pick'd up the crow,  
Took one fell bite, when—och!—och!—oh!  
He blanch'd—he gasp'd—he pulled his breath,  
He pitch'd his breakfast on the heath.  
Ye duggies! ilka belch he ga'e  
Ye'd thocht wad rent him to the tae.  
Sir Aubrey lauch'd wi' fiendish glee,  
While Tam writh'd in his agony.  
Came swaggering up, when fairly done,  
And proudly handing back the gun,  
    Said, "There, you rough,  
    Take that, and off,  
And ere you next a-poaching go,  
Mind where and when you ate the crow."

"Ha! ha!" cried Tam, "the chance was thine,  
But now, Sir Aubrey, faith, 'tis mine!"

And sharply bringing down the gun,  
    He held it close  
    Against his nose,  
And sware by a' aneath the sun,  
Lest there and then he'd meekly bow,  
Say grace, and finish off the crow,  
He'd blaw his harns to the wind ;  
"Come, come," cried Tam, "nor lag behind,  
What I demand I ne'er forego ;  
This instant, sir, pick up the crow."

Sir Aubrey stared in mute surprise—  
A devil danced in Watson's eyes—  
He dared not run, nor dare rebel,  
The soldier push'd his vantage well ;  
"Come, coward," he urged, "why be so loth ?  
What's sauce for one is sauce for both ;  
Another word I shall not speak,  
The gun shall next obedience seek !"



The noble's pride was sorely stung,  
But life is dear to old and young ;  
    So, bending low,  
    He raised the crow,  
Took one fell bite, when—och !—och !—oh !  
He blanch'd, he gasp'd, he pulled his breath,  
A second breakfast tinged the heath.

“Ha ! ha !” laugh'd Tam, wi' wicked leer,  
An' doffed his bonnet to the peer,  
“You daunted me, I've daunted you ;  
Gude day ! We're equal-aqual noo.”

Next morning ere the sun was high,  
Lieutenant-Colonel Bottleby  
Was called on by Sir Aubrey Doyle—  
His eyes a-glow, his wrath a-boil.  
The peer complained—the day before  
A vulgar member of the corps—  
A brawny, bearded, Scottish rogue—  
Or seem'd a Scotchman, from his brogue—

Had so insulted him, he came  
To ask he'd suffer for the same.  
The officer guess'd who was meant,  
And "orderly" for Watson sent.  
"Ahem!" quoth he, as Tam march'd in,  
As bold as brass, as straight's a pin,  
"This gentleman beside the door,  
Tom, think you, have you seen before?"  
"Indeed," quo' Tam, "I'm *sure* I ha'e;  
WE DINED THEGETHER YESTERDAY."

Was punished? No!—Tam met nae harm—  
He *has* got stripes—*but on his arm!*

## ALANG THE BONNIE BANKS O' TAY.

ALANG the bonnie banks o' Tay,  
 Come an' rove wi' me, Jessie ;  
 We'll spend the blythesome simmer day  
 'Mang joys that charm the e'e, lassie.  
 Far frae dinsome forge an' hammer,  
 The 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 to gloamin' grey,  
 An' a'thing's fair to see, lassie.

We'll wander doun by Campsie shaw—  
 Nae scene 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 to view, Jessie.

An' far's admirin' een can peer  
 Are sylvan scenes in gowden gear,  
 Seen but ance, for ever 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 day,

Secure frae critic's e'e, lassie.

Amang the braes o' buddin' heather

We'll lisp o' love to ane anither,

An' vow to 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 to see, lassie.

## OOR AULD G U D E M A N .

OOR dowie auld gudeman sat croichlin' in the neuk,  
 His chin upon his waukit luives, his elbucks on the Book,  
 He mused o' a' he'd seen an' dune sin' life's hard faucht  
     began,  
 An' ferlied he sae sune had grown a frail auld man.

'Twas but the ither day, belike, an' he was young an'  
     fier,  
 An' skelpit ower the braes a'maist as fleet as ony deer ;  
 It seemed but like a towmond sin' he soucht his wifie's  
     han',  
 Yet she had dee'd while he was still a hale auld man.

“ A' flesh is grass, indeed,” quoth he ; “ my lyart locks  
     are thin,  
 I stoiter like a bairn noo, when oot amang the win',  
 An' I canna bide the cauld ; but it's a' the Maker's plan,  
 That the warld's grip should slacken on a dune auld  
     man.

“It’s no sae very lang sin’ syne, the warld was a’ to me,  
 But heaven’s ways are just an’ wise, an’ what I lo’ed to  
 see :—

My wife—my bonnie bairnies—God took them frae my  
 scan,  
 Sin’ naething less wad twyne frae earth a dour auld man.

“ There’s unco little here to lo’e, an’ nocht ava to win,  
 For aye the surly blast maun blaw that scatters a’ we  
 bin’ ;

I didna think sae aye, but noo, I understan’,  
 For what were a’ the warld to a frail auld man ? ”

’Twas musin’ further thus, belyve, he fell into a drowe,  
 His grave is growin’ green wi’ grass—we hardly miss  
 him noo ;

It’s here the day, awa’ the morn—oor life is but a span—  
 ’Twill be wi’ a’ ere lang as ’twas wi’ oor auld man !

## MY HIELAND LASSIE.

I'VE been East, an' I've been West,  
     An' North an' South, an' antrin' bittie ;  
 Ha'e met the belles o' famed Marseilles,  
     An' danced wi' dames o' London City ;  
 But a' the gaets that I ha'e been—  
     Ower Gallic swaird, or British causey,  
 I never met the charmer yet  
     Wad match my bonnie Hieland lassie.  
         Hey, my bonnie Hieland lassie !  
         Ho, my bonnie Hieland lassie !  
         I never met a charmer yet  
         The marrow o' my Hieland lassie.

Sic wealth o' grace is in her face—  
     Ilk' feature viein' wi' the ither ;  
 Auld Nature's airt was sair bestirr'd  
     To bring sae mony charms thegither ;

Syne, oh, to hear her voice sae clear !  
 Yon burn that rowes by Killiechassie,  
 Ne'er lured sic notes frae feather'd throats  
 As greet me frae my Hieland lassie.

Hey, my bonnie Hieland lassie !  
 Ho, my bonnie Hieland lassie !  
 I never met a charmer yet  
 The marrow o' my Hieland lassie.

'Twas near whaur Tay an' Isla join  
 I first forgather'd wi' my dearie,  
 A'e bonnie day amang the hay,  
 An', oh, my wits gaed tapsalteerie.  
 But noo she's mine, my wife, my queen,  
 An' fortune may look sour or saucy,  
 I carena by, sae blest am I  
 In bieldin' wi' my Hieland lassie.

Hey, my bonnie Hieland lassie !  
 Ho, my bonnie Hieland lassie !  
 For wit an' worth ower a' the earth  
 There's nane to match my Hieland lassie.



## A LOCK OF HAIR.

WHAT is it you say, my sister dear ?

You've something you'll let me see ?

A thing you have kept in your breast for years,

And mooted to none but me ?

It must be a precious something, sure,

You hold with such miser care ;

It is ! It is ! To you and to me !—

A lock of our mother's hair !

And you cut it away the day she died,

And have kept it thus for her sake !

I love you, Jess, for that little act,

Though pain it does awake.

It tells a tale of love more pure

Than heart of man may know ;

With the counter test of a mother's worth,

And a daughter's lingering woe.

How oft in these lonely, weary years  
    You have sat with that braid in your hand,  
And sighed and wept till your heart was sore,  
    I well can understand.  
For, alas ! it is fairly sodden with tears ;  
    But, come !—there !—don't break down !  
See ! put it away in your breast again,  
    And cover it up with your gown.

Yes : put it away in your breast again,  
    And cherish it still for her sake ;  
And oft as the storms of life beat strong,  
    And your heart with sorrow would break ;  
When the care-wet burden of life is such  
    As your back can hardly bear,  
Take courage, and strength, and trusting love,  
    From a look at that lock of hair !

She suffered much, and she suffered long,  
    Nor ever was heard repine ;

Her life was a psalm of trust in God,  
    May such a life be thine.  
And so may thou love and be belov'd,  
    When laid in thy earthy lair ;  
A daughter of thine may as fondly horde  
    A lock of her mother's hair.

THE BACK O' MY HAND TO YE,  
KATE MACLEAN.

THE back o' my hand to ye, Kate Maclean,  
Ye may smirk as ye like, but ye'll smirk in vain;  
Ye jilted me ance, ye wad jilt me again,  
I ha'ena forgotten ye, Kate Maclean.

It's no 'cause ye lo'e me yer smilin' sae slee,  
An' askin' me ower to the hoose to my tea;  
Ye've pley'd wi' the Laird, ower his kiss in the train,  
An' ye're needin' a stalkin'-horse, Kate Maclean.

Ye ken that I lo'e ye, an' lo'e ye fu' weel,  
I tellt ye mysel', like a douce, honest chiel';  
An' aye ye'll be thinkin', to woo I'll be fain—  
The back o' my hand to ye, Kate Maclean.

It's no' a lad only, but lads ye wad ha'e,  
A' fechtin' about ye, like dogs amang strae;

Ye'd rather no' wed an' be tether'd to ane,  
Unless there was siller wi't, Kate Maclean.

Awa' wi' yer blandishments, Lucky MacFlirt !  
Ye gowpit ower heich, an' ye've fa'n in the dirt ;  
The Laird has but play'd ye a trick o' yer ain,  
An' hard ha'e ye wroucht for it, Kate Maclean.

Ye left Jamie Gentle to wheep on his thoom  
As sune's farmer Fuddle made love 'mang the broom ;  
Ye jilted me cruelly, an' leuch at my pain,  
The back o' my hand to ye, Kate Maclean.

Yer face is fu' honnie, ye're no' without brains,  
But wow for yer sowl, it's as wee as a hen's ;  
Wha seeks for yer heart, he will find ye ha'e nane—  
The back o' my hand to ye, Kate Maclean.

The back o' my hand to ye, Kate Maclean,  
Ye may smirk an' smirk, but ye'll smirk in vain ;  
Ye jilted me ance, an' ye leuch at my pain,  
I'll never forgi'e ye for't, Kate Maclean.

## VIVE LE DIABLE!

“There is no devil so bad as no devil.”

—RALPH ERSKINE.

LANG live the de'il,  
 The grim auld chiel',  
 An' hale be his heart,  
 An' sound be his heel :  
 Lang may he rant,  
 An' lang may he roar,  
 An' tirl the riggin's  
 'Tween shore an' shore ;  
 Fu' lang may he flee  
 On the storm-fraucht gale,  
 An' ravel the winds  
 Wi' the swirl o' his tail ;  
 An' weird be his scowl  
 'S he sits on the hill  
 An' watches the warsle  
 'Tween Gude an' Ill ;

For, weel-an'-I-wat,  
    'Twere waesome to see  
Him lame o' a leg,  
    Or blind o' an' e'e,  
For the gude auld warld  
    Wad gang heels-ower-head,  
An' a' wad gang wrang  
    Gin the de'il were dead.

Lang live the de'il,  
    I say here again,  
An' gi'e 'im his due,  
    Ye sons o' men.  
He's ill to do wi',  
    The mean auld rogue—  
There ne'er was whalpit  
    A crueler dog ;  
Yet, ill as he is,  
    'Twere e'en meikle waur  
Were there nae de'il ava,  
    Or some siccan scaur ;

The fear o' the de'il,  
    An' his brumstane pit,  
Sets mony ane trampin'  
    The heaven-ward gaet,  
An' hains you an' me,  
    My hen-baned frien',  
Frae stouthrife an' murder  
    In mid-day sheen ;  
Crime wad run riot  
    Beyont remede,  
An' few o's could live  
    Gin the de'il were dead.

Lang live the de'il,  
    I say ance mair,  
Though he's nae frien' o' mine,  
    An' I hate him sair,  
For this I ken,  
    He's best to *be*,  
Sin' the Pow'r that could crush 'im  
    Permits it sae.



Lang though yer spune be

Dinna' sup wi' 'im,

An' mair than's due

Nae fardin' gi'e 'im.

He's no yer frien'—

He's the frien' o' nane—

The gyte auld fule,

He's no' his ain ;

Still, loud may he rant,

An' lang may he roar,

An' wanken the world

O'er an' o'er ;

He's a "hangman's whup,"

As Burns weel said,

An' wae for the gude

Gin the de'il were dead.

An' wae for the grit,

An' wae for the sma',

But wae for the Preacher

Maist ava ;

Nae mair need he puff,  
    Nae mair shud he pant,  
Nae mair need he thump,  
    An' rave, an' rant,  
For his favourite theme,  
    The fricht-the-craw,  
He's waved sae lang  
    Ower the poopit wa',  
He'd lose ootricht,  
    An' wad mump an' maen  
When he fand his occu-  
    Pation gane ;  
A cat's a ferlie  
    Fu' o' vice,  
We scorn him, but  
    He herds our mice ;  
The deil's a dog,  
    An' the warld's dread,  
Yet, wha daurs wish  
    That the de'il were dead ?

## A BROKEN HEART,

*Verses Idealised from Finding a Dead Linnet Near by  
Where Lay a Torn Linnet's Nest.*

'Twas doun amang the whins on the muir yestreen  
I saw a wee bit lintie sittin' sad an' lane,  
His wee bit nest o' fog an' fur lay tatter'd on the green,  
An' aye's he e'ed the wreck, he sighed, "They're gane  
—a' gane!

"My bonnie wee bit bairnies, my wife kind an' true,  
I left them no' an' 'oor sin' syne, an' thocht nae ill  
wad fa';  
But life's a sad uncertaintie, we watna what's to brew,  
The greedy gled has been aroun' an' stown them a'  
awa'.

“ I sang a sang this mornin’, sae fu’ o’ furthy birr,  
My wifie keekit owre the nest an’ blink’d on me fu’  
fain ;  
Sae weel’s she kent ilk fervid note was bred o’ love o’  
her.  
But little, little did she trow I ne’er wad sing again.

“ Wi’ sang I won her for my bride, ’mid sang I bure her  
here,  
’Tween blads o’ sang we built our nest upo’ the gorsy  
lea ;  
Our life was a’e sweet melodie that’s endit, oh, sae drear,  
For love, nor sang, nor life again can e’er bring joy to  
me.

“ For what’s the worth o’ sang that hasna love for ilka  
note ?  
An’ whaur’s the joy o’ singin’ gin there’s nae lov’d  
listener by ?

I tried a stave a wee since, but the soun' stack in my  
throat.

An' I'll never draw a breath again, unless to sab an'  
sigh."

The e'enin' grew to gloamin', the gloamin' sank in nicht,

I trampit hamewith ower the muir, nor spak' to  
young or auld ;

As backward through the whins again I gaed gin  
mornin' licht

I fand my wee bit lintie birdie lyin' dead an' cauld.

## B O N N I E B E L L .

BIRDIE in the rowan bow'r,  
     Liltin', oh, sae cheerie ;  
 Whaur gat ye that bonnie sang,  
     Glads sae fain yer dearie ?  
 Cam' ye by the birks yestreen,  
     As the gloamin' fell ?  
 Saw ye sic a bliss was there ?  
     Heard ye bonnie Bell ?  
         Bonnie Bell ! bonnie Bell !  
         A' maun lo'e that hear her,  
     Bonnie Bell ! bonnie Bell !  
         Oh ! gin I were near her.

Wasna' yon a bonnie sang,  
     Set the linns a-dancin' ;  
 Kept the floories wauken late,  
     A' their life entrancin' ?

Wasna' yon a lo'esome lass ?

Birdie, truly tell !

Is na' she a very queen ?—

Saw ye bonnie Bell ?

Bonnie Bell ! bonnie Bell !

A' maun lo'e that see her,

Bonnie Bell ! bonnie Bell !

Oh ! gin I were wi' her.

Saftly fa's the gloamin'-tide,

Loud my heart gangs duntin' ;

Lowpin' lither ilka stap,

Nears me to the plantin'.

Birdies, ye may quat yer sangs,

Noucht to me they tell ;

Floorets, ye may cease to blaw,

Here comes Bonnie Bell.

Bonnie Bell ! bonnie Bell !

Cauld is life when frae her,

Bonnie Bell ! bonnie Bell !

Blest is life when wi' her.

## A GLOAMIN' REVERIE.

I STOOD an' saw the sun gang doun  
 Atower the Ochil hills yestreen,  
 An' sic a wealth o' gowden licht  
 In a' my life I ne'er ha'e seen.

I could ha'e stood an' gazed till yet,  
 My soul in rapture a' the while,  
 For ne'er did blink o' fairy bower  
 The sense o' bein' mair beguile.

But ah ! the glory wadna bide ;  
 Like a'thing here it faded sune,  
 An' darkness cam', an', like a ghaist,  
 Stalk'd owre the lift the pale-faced mune.

Ah me ! I sighed, 'tis aye the same  
 Wi' a'thing here the heart wad crave ;



The sunset glow maun yield to nicht,

As ilka step leads to a grave.

An' 'oor sin' syne an' a' was bricht,

My heart wi' joy was lippin fou' ;

Noo Nature's face is draped in nicht,

An' sadness mans me, through an' through.

The day we grasp a warm, fond hand,

An' look in twa sweet love-lit een ;

The morn the hand is cauld as earth,

An' shade fills a' whaur licht was seen.

Still life rows on, wi' wind an' tide,

An' nane daur lag, or he will lose ;

Time snips the flowers out o' our hands,

An' aye we chase that we may choose.

Our joys an' griefs alternate flow

Like waves athort the ceaseless sea,

At noon a hearse gangs ower the brae,

At e'en a waddin' company.

An' oh ! an' oh ! the hearse gangs slow,  
The waddin' coaches fast an' fleet ;  
The sorrow-laden moments lag,  
The joyfu' 'oors have nimble feet.

O' a' the flowers that bud an' bloom,  
The sweetest aye the shortest bide ;  
The dearest hearts we ken on earth  
Are laid ere lang 'neath some brae-side.

An' is it wise, or is it no',  
That thus it is, an' aye has been ?  
Ah, wise indeed ! though irksome now,  
An' hidden frae our earth-dimmed een.

A' beauty here that glads the e'e,  
Ilk joy that lights the gloom o' care,  
Comes doun frae Heaven to mind us o't,  
An' licht the path that leads up there.

God's pilot angels are they a',  
Sent frae His hand ower land an' sea,

To wile the hearts o' men frae earth  
Unto the grander realms on hie.

Then, happy thocht ! Yon sunset glow  
That filled yestreen the western sky,  
Was shown but, an' withdrawn frae Time  
To glad the better By-an'-by.

An' sweeter hope ! The parting smiles  
Our dear ones give us ere they die  
Will greet us in another day,  
An' beam through a' Eternitie.

Ah ! He is wise who sent us here,  
Life's joys are stinted by His care ;  
A blink—a taste—they're ta'en awa',  
Syne Heaven is dearer they are there.

## THE MINISTER'S MAID.

OH, there's fun in our clachan, the like o't was ne'er ;  
 There's strife in the parish would hanel a fair ;  
 Frae east o't to wast o't there's no' a young blade  
 But's fairly begeick 'bout the minister's maid.

An' o' a' the love-smitten nae twa are the same,  
 Ane wanders the plantin', ane hunkers at hame ;  
 Johnny Gibb's frae his meat, Jamie Watt's to his bed,  
 An' deein', puir chields, for the minister's maid.

Lang Archie M'Culloch has ta'en to the dram,  
 Wee Patie M'Kay speirs the depth o' the dam,  
 An' twa buirdly billies ha'e fouchen, an' bled,  
 Ower wha shud walk neist to the minister's maid.

Ye stap roun' by the Manse ony 'oor o' the day,  
 Ca' me lear gin ye see na' some lads by the way ;  
 Say, twa in the plantin', an' three in the shed,  
 A' waitin' a glisk o' the minister's maid.

Dod ! our kirk was ne'er filled in the manner before ;  
Gin bell-time ye'll scarce get yer nose in the door !  
'Tis but richt ; yet I doot, if for preachin' they gaed,  
The lads would look less at the minister's maid.

They sit an' they glower, till they're fair mesmerized  
An' motionless a', as are frogs fossilized !  
The preacher may wowf as he'd wauken the dead !  
But ne'er an e'e lifts aff his heart-hankin' maid.

An' the beadle's affected ; twa deacons are doun ;  
The lettergae sings, but nae heart's in his tune ;  
On Sabbath-was-aucht-days he fairly tint's head,  
An' startit the psalm wi'—" The minister's maid."

What the lassokie's like, 'od ! I canna weel tell ;  
I could see, but for gowd wouldna lippen mysel' ;  
A'e glint o' her e'e turns heart, heel, an' head ;  
Oh ! the gude save us a' frae the minister's maid !

## WEARY WAITIN'.

I'VE kiss'd my love at Lammas-tide,  
     An' met nae mair till May ;  
 An' had he sail'd the warld roun'  
     I'd tholed the langsome day ;  
 For aye the thocht o' comin' bliss  
     Wad fann'd my heart a-flame,  
 But, oh, its weary waitin'  
     The boat that ne'er comes hame ;  
         Waitin', waitin' ;  
 It's weary, weary waitin'  
     The boat that ne'er comes hame.

They say the ship maun lang be lost,  
     But that I canna trew ;  
 An' aye as sure's the tide comes in  
     Hope lifts my heart anew ;

An' lane I wander by the shore  
Like ane intil a dream,  
An' watch an' wait till cauld an' weet,  
An' aye come sabbin' hame.  
Waitin', waitin' ;  
It's weary, weary waitin'  
The boat that ne'er comes hame.

Oh, is my love in heaven abune,  
Or far athort the sea,  
I wish that I were ta'en to him,  
Or he were brocht to me.  
He's a' that binds my heart to earth,  
An' lang it's been the same,  
An' oh, I'm weary waitin'  
The boat that ne'er comes hame.  
Waitin', waitin' ;  
It's weary, weary waitin'  
The boat that ne'er comes hame.

## THE CANKERT BAIRN.

(A MITHER'S SANG.)

O, THIS is no' my ain bairn,  
 Bonnie tho' the mannie be ;  
 O, this is no' my ain Dod,  
 Nae sic fashious loun is he ;  
 It's sair I doot the fairy fouk,  
 That lodge ayont the castle wa',  
 Ha'e brocht to me their cankert brat,  
 An' stown my ain sweet pet awa'.

O, leese me on my ain Dod,  
 I wish they'd bring him back bedeen,  
 I'd gie the hauf o' a' my gear  
 To see his twa sweet lauchin' een ;  
 To watch him stumpin' ower the fluir,  
 Or dancin' on his daddie's knee ;  
 O, this is no' my ain bairn—  
 Pussie, did ye Doddie see ?



Wheetie-wheetie Dickie-bird,  
Ca' the fairies frae the cairn,  
An' bid them bring our ain Dod,  
An' tak' awa' this cankert bairn ;  
An' I'll gie Doddie kisses sweet  
On baith his cheeks, an' on his chin :  
An' Daddie he will kiss him, too,  
For here is Daddie comin' in !

Ha ! this is noo my ain bairn,  
There's his merry, lauchin' een ;  
Here's his dimpled, rosy cheeks,  
Baith sae chubby, fresh, an' clean.  
Daddie, Dod has been awa'  
Wi' the fairies 'neath the cairn ;  
I'd a greetin' laddie here,  
But here again's our ain bairn !

## W O M A N ' S   W A R K .

A MAN may work frae morn to mirk,  
 An' borrow antrins o' the mune,  
 An' late an' ear' his darg be sair,  
 But woman's wark is never dune.

For she maun wash, an' she maun sew,  
 An' she maun bake, an' she maun boil,  
 An' she maun busk the bairnies, too,  
 An' airt them through the day's turmoil.

An' Mary's doll maun ha'e a frock,  
 An' Davie's kite maun get a string,  
 An' Robin maun be held in troke,  
 An' Andy, he's a wee bit thing

That canna walk his lane, as yet,  
 An' roun' the doors maun get a ca' ;  
 An' aye there's pots an' pans to set,  
 An' meat to mak' for ane an' a'.

An' e'en when sleepy dogs at nicht  
Are laid to rest, wi' simple sang,  
There's mair to do by cawnle licht,  
An' aye the willin' hands are thrang.

It's but an' ben, an' here an' there,  
Or makin' this, or mendin' that ;  
Wi' noo a tidy for a chair,  
An' then a ribbon for a hat.

Here a stockin' needs a tae,  
There a clout maun hide a hole,  
An' aye there's mair an' mair to do,  
The latest 'oor the bell may toll.

Oh, man may work frae morn to mirk,  
An' borrow antrins o' the mune,  
An' late an' ear' his darg be sair,  
But woman's wark is never dune.

## HUNTIN' THE HARE AT STOBHA'.

'Twas at famed Stobha', on the banks o' the Tay,  
 Mony years sin' syne, as I've heard fouk say,  
 The farmers forgather'd, a score or ma'e,

To hunt the hare at Stobha'.

An' aff they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin',

Legs an' arms a-wallopin', wallopin',

Curs an' collies a-yellopin', yellopin',

Huntin' the hare at Stobha'.

There was Campsie first, on his auld grey mare,  
 An' Burnside neist, fu' close in his rear,  
 Tail-press'd by Knowehead, an' by Rab o' the Mire,

An' blythe-hearted Jock o' Harelaw.

An' aff they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin', etc. .

Newbiggin' was mountit, an' there as weel,  
 An' the Whitefields a'—a spur on ilk heel—

Wi' Hatton, Balwhummie, an' mair, that the de'il  
Couldna match at a whup an' a ca'.

An' aff they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin', etc.

An' they rank'd in a raw frae the Tay to the hill,  
An' they rade by Balwhummie, an' doun by Cargill,  
An' round by the Hatton, an' by Gallowhill,  
The Hillocks, Muirhead, an' Harelaw.

An' aye they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin', etc.

An' they rade frae morn, they rade till noon,  
An' eke frae then till the sun gaed doun,  
But the fient a sicht, or scent, or soun'

O' a hare e'er ane o' them saw.

An' aye they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin', etc.

Forfairn at length, at the close o' the day,  
They reisted their naigs by the Haw Burn brae,  
An' pledged in a bumper "The Chase!" when, "Hey!  
hey!

See the hare!" bellow'd Jock o' Harelaw.

An' aff they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin', etc.

Oh, some in the hedges stuck fast in the fash,  
 Some heels-ower-head in the burn gaed splash,  
 While mair than a dizzen a-breast, wi' a dash,  
 Struck ower the brae-head an' awa'.

An' hard at the tail gaed gallopin', gallopin', etc.

An' at Gladesfield yett they were fast on the prey,  
 Syne they tint it awee in the den, they say ;  
 But just for a moment—when, hip ! whoo ! hurrah !  
 They're yont by Parkhead in a raw.

An' nearer, an' nearer, are gallopin', gallopin',  
 etc.

But wae for the hunters, an' wae for their fare,  
 An' wow for the thocht that they hunted a hare ;  
 'Twas the factor's wee doggie—he'd follow'd the mare—  
 An' they huntit him hame to Stobha'.

An' that's hoo they a' gaed gallopin', gallopin',  
 Legs an' arms a-wallopin', wallopin',  
 Curs an' collies a-yellopin', yellopin',  
 Huntin' the hare at Stobha'.

## HAPPY LOVE.

It's braw to ha'e a routh o' love

For a' that's gude an' fair ;

For ilka pure inhabitant

O' ocean, earth, an' air.

But ower a' ither pleasures e'er

The human heart may ken,

Is lo'ein' o' a bonnie lad

That lo'es ye weel again.

A lass may lo'e a laddie leal,

An' mayna happy be ;

For love that's unreturned, we ken,

Is sairest misery.

But, oh, I ha'e a lucky love,

That hauds me ever fain ;

I lo'e a bonnie laddie weel

Wha lo'es me weel again.

His cheeks are like the roses red,  
An' bonnie is his broo ;  
His mind is richly stored wi' lair,  
His heart is warm an' true ;  
But muckle mair than for his wealth  
O' feature, heart, an' brain,  
I lo'e my bonnie lad because  
He lo'es me weel again.

Oh, hurry ower, ye simmer days,  
An' bring the glad New Year—  
The trysted day, shud a' gang weel,  
The minister comes here !  
An' in the face o' a' my kin  
I'll pledge wi' heart an' pen,  
To lo'e the bonnie laddie aye  
Wha lo'es me weel again.



## BITE ABOOT.

THE bairns but the hoose the noo,  
 Were skirlin' sae wi' glee ;  
 An' rampin' roun' at sic a rate,  
 That I gaed but to see ;  
 An' what, think ye, made a' the glee,  
 An' drew their young hearts oot ?  
 They had a stalk o' candy-rock,  
 An' ate it bite aboot.

'Twas Robin held it in his hand—  
 A stick as lang's himsel',  
 An' aye as ilka bite was ta'en,  
 There raise anither yell.  
 "Hillo !" cried I, "my dawtit dogs,  
 Ye're waur than wud, I doot."  
 'Twas Andy spak' "Oh, Da," he cried,  
 "We're gettin' bite aboot."

An' when it cam' to Davie's turn  
He leuch till like to fa' ;  
An' Mary took sae wee a bite  
'Twas ruled she should get twa.  
For Robin, aye impartially,  
Gar'd ilk ane follow suit,  
An', by an' by, e'en ask'd that I  
Might share their bite aboot.

Oh, bairns, but this is Socialism,  
An' ye're the Socialists true,  
Wi' ne'er a thocht o' selfishness,  
Nor wish to mak' ado.  
In Freedom's reel ye wanton weel,  
An' feast on Love's best fruit ;  
An' sae 'twill be, sae lang as ye  
Are pleased wi' bite aboot.

The warld's wealth will tempt ye yet,  
But, oh, may't never be,

That ye'll be blind to ither's wants

Though I'm no' here to see.

Baith late an' ear' 'twill be my prayer,

Sae lang's ye tread life's route,

Whate'er ye gain ye'll aye be fain

To share it bite aboot.

## THE LAVEROCK'S SANG.

*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

Sweetly the lav'rock sings,  
 Up frae the daisied lea,  
 Borne on blythesome wings.  
 Up, an' up, an' up,  
 Joyous, wild, an' free,  
 Higher, higher, higher,  
*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

He floods the air wi' sang,  
 Gladdening ear an' e'e,  
 Liftin' hearts alang.  
 Airtin' e'en frae earth,  
 He raises thochts on hie,  
 Ower the sun an' stars,  
*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

His soul is in his voice,  
Nor ken nor care has he,  
Nor thought but to rejoice.  
Mair o' heaven than earth  
Tells that matin glee ;  
Hear him chanting still !

*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

Oh, that I so could sing !  
Heart an' soul as free—  
A' on heaven-bent wing.  
Up, an' up, an' up,  
Hintin' bliss to be ;  
Higher, higher, higher,

*Cherrokie-okie-ee !*

## JEANIE'S SECRET.

UP the ghoulie glen at e'en

I gang aft to see my granny ;

Faither says, " ye shudna', Jean !"

Mither cries " the gait's uncanny !"

Brownies wander there, they say ;

Ghaists an' ghouls stravaig it steady ;

Ne'er a ghaist nor ghoull see I,

But Donald an' his tartan plaidie.

Hey ! the bonnie Hieland glen,

How ! the bonnie Hieland laddie ;

Fain am I when in the en'

O' Donald Gordon's tartan plaidie.

Granny brags to auld an' young

Sic a troke as I ha'e wi' her ;

Certies ! it wad tie her tongue

Kent she what brings Jean to see her ;

Weel I lo'e her—there we 'gree!—

Granny's e'en a worthy lady ;

Dearer tho' by far to me

Is Donald an' his tartan plaidie.

Hey ! the bonnie Hieland glen,

How ! the bonnie Hieland laddie ;

Muckle bliss is in the en'

O' Donald Gordon's tartan plaidie.

Blythe's the blink o' Donald's e'e,

Fresh his breath as mountain heather,

Sweet's his ilka word to me—

Gowden 'oors we spend thegither.

Fouks complain the glen's sae dreich ;

Bogle if they see their shadow ;

Lang nor lane it seems to me,

Wi' Donald an' his tartan plaidie.

Hey ! the bonnie Hieland glen,

How ! the bonnie Hieland laddie ;

Oh ! the bliss there's in the en'

O' Donald Gordon's tartan plaidie.

Rumour gangs that I'm bewitched,

Up the glen I dance wi' fairies :

“Mark,” they say, “hoo ear' she leaves,

See hoo late at e'en she tarries.”

Martinmas will sune be here,

Wi' the sanction o' my daddy,

Fairy king will shew him then

In Donald an' his tartan plaidie.

Hey ! the bonnie Hieland glen,

How ! the bonnie Hieland laddie ;

Oh ! gin I were in 'the en'

O' Donald Gordon's tartan plaidie.



## L O V E . \*

“WHAT is love ?” the lassie said,

“Tell me what it be ;

Is’t a something a’ may feel—

A something a’ may see ?

Is its hame upo’ the earth,

Or comes’t frae heaven above ?

Is’t a thing o’ soul, or sense—

Tell me, what is love ?”

Tell ye what is love, lassie ?

Love’s in ilka smile ;

In ilka kindly word an’ act

That carks an’ cares beguile.

It glints in ilka tear that’s shed

For a’ that wayward rove ;

---

\* Written in answer to the query, “What is Love?”

There's no' a thing we're thankfu' for  
But's born an' bred o' love.

Love's in ilka thing that breathes,  
Ilka thing that grows ;  
In ilka ray o' licht that fa's  
On yonder grassy knowes.  
It lends the tints to ilka bloom,  
In a' yon flow'ring grove ;  
Nor life nor growth there e'er could be,  
Nor beauty, but for love.

Love is a' that's gude, lassie,  
Love is a' that's sure ;  
Love is a' that's noble,  
Love is a' that's pure.  
Love is a' that's strong, lassie,  
Though gentle as the dove ;  
'Tis angel's meat—the life o' saints—  
The warld hangs on love.

Love broucht heaven doun to earth,

Love got man forgiven,

Love alane, or a' be dune,

Will lift the earth to heaven.

Tell ye what is love, lassie ?

Comes it frae above ?

Love is gudeness—gude is God—

Lassie—GOD IS LOVE.

## THE CURIN' O'T.

I CLAUGHT a cauld a month yestreen,  
 The hoo an' whaur I canna' tell ;  
 A maist by-ord'nar' dose, I ween,  
 I scarce could 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 !  
 Wow, man ! ye've gat a fearfu' cauld."

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

Then neist I met auld Deacon Yule ;  
 Says he, "Just ere you gang to bed,

Ye'll drink a cog o' treacle-gruel,  
An' bathe yer feet an' steam yer head."

Syne Granny Bell ; quo' she, " Atweel !  
There's naething cures our John sae snack  
As mustard, mix'd wi' linseed meal,  
Spread ower the briest an' roun' the back."

The elder vow'd cauld water clouts  
The best an' cheapest cure o' a' ;  
Swaith'd roun' the throat, he'd wad his boots,  
They'd lift the hoarseness 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's licht ye'll find at ease."

Wi' cures sae mony, a' sae sure,  
I kentna' whilk to choose ava ;  
An' after wilin' maist an' 'oor,  
What d'ye think ?—I took them a' !

An' sic a nicht I ne'er endured—

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

Some ran for doctors, some for drugs ;

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

I'm rallied noo ; tho', sooth to tell,

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

## I C A N N A S I N G .

I C A N N A sing o' my love sae fair,  
 For love, oh, love, I ha'e nane ;  
 I canna sing, for my heart is sair,  
 That my dear love is gane.

She cam' when the rosebush on the wa'  
 Was hingin' wi' buds that sune did blaw ;  
 An' love bloom'd too, an' a happier twa  
 Was never, oh, never again !

I canna sing o' my love sae sweet,  
 Sin' my love, my love is gane ;  
 I canna sing, au' I daurna greet,  
 Though my heart shud burst wi' pain.  
 I canna sing, an' I daurna greet,  
 But I can think, an' the thought is sweet ;  
 In heaven abune ance mair we will meet,  
 An' be fain, fain—oh, fain !

## CUPID IN THE TEMPLE.

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

I CANNA, winna cloak the fact,  
 Tho' sairly to my shame it's spoken ;  
 On Sabbath last—immodest act—  
 Wi' Cupid I'd a lively yokin'.  
 To kirk I gaed in high resolve  
 To weld my fancy wi' the sermon ;  
 Lat naething else my thoughts 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 couldna' 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, an' no' 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 looked,  
Determined on improved behaviour.  
But a' was faucht to nae avail,  
For loud as conscience liked to fau't me,

I couldna' help my sinfu' sel',  
 Wi' twa sic een aye glowerin' 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 book o' Moses.”  
 “ The *words* ? ” 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 befittin' ;  
 Ye smite the sodger in the ranks,  
 The merchant ower the ledger sittin'.

But hear me, lad—a victim flytes—  
 As ye regard yer reputation,  
 Employ the week as fancy dities,  
 But quat yer Sabbath desecration !

## BIGGIN' A NEST.

WE sat on the braeside, Jamie an' I,  
 An' the sun was wearin' doun,  
 Twa pairicks woo'd in the vale below,  
 In a sweet love-favour'd croon ;  
 An' they whiddled aboot, they niddled aboot,  
 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 doun an' the valley was loun  
 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' bashfu' care,  
 He cuddled me close to his breast ;  
 "Ay ! Jeanie," quo' he, "it's pairin' time,  
 What think ye o' biggin' a nest ?"

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

I'M SOMEBODY NOO.

THIS warld's a queery—its freits an' its fykes,  
 Its etiquette, fashion, an' likes an' dislikes ;  
 To be wealthy's a virtue, while puirtith's a vice—  
 Respec', 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 simple 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 ! hech ! I'm somebody noo !

Wi' gowd in my coffers—a muckle man noo !

When penniless Geordie I bobb'd at the loom,  
 Leal-heartit enou', tho' thè giral was toom ;  
 Lat me gang to the market, the kirk, or the fair,  
 Few neebors wad say, “Geordie Tamson, ye're there;”  
 But jow'd me about, 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 thankfu' to see ye." I'm somebody noo !  
 I'm somebody noo ! hech ! I'm somebody noo !  
 A gowden-regenerate gentleman noo !

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

In puirtith—hoo fickle !—they ca'd me a coof,  
 A cockle-brain'd bodie—puir warp, an' puir woof ;  
 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, an' has left me his clue ;

His death was my birth—I was naething till noo.

I'm somebody noo, though ! I'm somebody noo !

I've gowd in my pouch—I'm a *gentleman* noo !

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

(A LEAP-YEAR SANG).

OCH, I'm sure it's nae better than base,

An' a slur on our famed British freedom,  
That a lass shud be thought 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 to her passion.

Noo, lasses, the ba's at yer fit,

I redd you tak' courage an' kick it ;  
A dainty gude lad you may hit,

An' slip through the conjugal wicket.

Shud a lad ha'e an e'e to a dame,

He may bauldly gang forrit an' speir her ;  
But lat a puir lass do the same,

Ilk' neebor will lichtly an' jeer her.



The lads ha'e 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 in the yokin'.  
But noo they've the ba' at their fit,  
I redd them tak' courage an' kick it ;  
A dainty gude man they may hit,  
An' live wi'm as happy's a cricket.

The 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 for 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 they've the ba' at their fit,  
I houp they'll ha'e courage to kick it ;  
A dainty gude lad they may hit,  
An' jink through the conjugal wicket.

There are bachelor billies nae few,  
Wha need little coaxin' to fit them ;  
A sleekie, weel-penn'd *billet-doux*,  
Wi' love's burnin' ardour, wad smit them.  
A'e wordie's eneuch to 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' gude lad ye may hit,  
An' slip through the conjugal wicket.

## ON YON BURN BRAE.

OH, dinna press me mair, Willie ; dinna press me mair,  
 I canna, daurna ; no, Willie, seek some ither fair ;  
 Ye only rend my heart, an' remind me o' the day  
 When I pairtit wi' my laddie ower on yon burn brae.

It's rosy were his cheeks, an' oh, bonnie was his broo,  
 His voice was music sweet, an' his heart was leal an'  
     true ;  
 We lo'ed ilk ither weel—ah ! fonder nane e'er may,  
 An' we twined our hearts thegither ower on yon burn  
     brae.

Oh, he pressed me to his breist, an' we kissed a fond  
     adieu,  
 He said he'd sune return again wi' love an' gear enou' ;  
 He said he'd sune come back again, an' wed his bonnie  
     May,  
 An' we pairtit five lang years a-gane on yon burn brae.

An' he sailed the stormy seas in the gude ship *Mary*

*Jane* ;

But savin' o' a neebor's life, my laddie tint his ain ;

An' cauld, an' weet, an' lane he lies in bottom o' the

Tay,

An' I'll mourn him till they lay me doun on yon burn

brae.

Sae dinna press me mair, Willie ; dinna press me mair,

I canna, daurna ; no, Willie, seek some ither fair ;

Ye only rend my heart, an' remind me o' the day,

When I pairtit wi' my laddie ower on yon burn brae.

## A KISS AT THE FIT O' THE STAIR.

I'm toun-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 at my han' aye,

Mair valued 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 to tease us,

An' canker the bauldest an' best ;

An' nae doctor's drug will release us,

Or lichten the heart care-opprest.

But I ha'e a balm ever cheerie,

At thought o't awa' bickers 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 glunshes I sippit my coffee,

Syne stech'd out 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' courtin' a lassie at e'en,

Get swithly possesst o' the treasure—

Till then ye'll jalouse that I'm leein'.

It's the wale o' a' joys that I ken o',

It's 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.

## A HOLIDAY IDYL.

I'M in a musing mood to-night,

And full of fancies grave and gay,

And lolling o'er the winter fire

My thoughts are soaring far away ;

Far up amongst the Perthshire hills,

With singing birds and dancing rills.

And, oh ! how sweet, though but in thought,

To live those autumn days again ;

To walk the banks of infant Tay,

And with the same fair joyous twain ;

And feel the rich ecstatic glow

That filled my heart these months ago.

I sit upon the banks of Tay,

My feet into the limpid stream,

And watch the troutlets dive and dart

And wanton in the sun's bright gleam ;



And raise my eyes anon and see  
The sweetest smile on earth to me.

And now on high Ben Vrackie's brow  
    We stand, in admiration bound,  
And view, as from another sphere,  
    The verdant world that lies around ;  
A mighty panoramic scene  
Of hill, and dale, and loch between.

And now, in Killiecrankie Pass,  
    The Garry dancing by our side,  
Or marching slow in sullen gloom,  
    The rocks reflected in its tide,  
We walk enchanted, soul and sense,  
And feel the vast Omnipotence.

And now we pace Blair Athole fells,  
    And now are back in sweet Strathtay,  
And from the vale enraptured watch  
    The glories of the dying day ;

The golden gush, the eerie gloom  
That wraps the world as in a tomb.

By scenes sublime, as friends we love,  
Our hearts are lit with living fire,  
That dies nor wanes through longsome years,  
But lives as by magnetic wire,  
And leaps in flame—at times unsought—  
At every touch of native thought.

## SOOPLE-NECKIT SANDY.

(A KEY TO WORLDLY SUCCESS.)

OH! soople-neckit Sandy,

A routh o' wealth has he ;

A keek into his kist-neuk

Wad charm a miser's e'e.

Ken ye hoo he sprauchl'd up ?

Ne'er by doughty pooin' ;

Soople-neckit Sandy

Raised himsel' by booin'.

Be booin', freends, be booin',

Success an' ye'd be woin' ;

Grease the swivels o' yer necks,—

Be booin', aye booin'.

Sandy was a wabster ance—

Neighbours say a sair ane—

Ilka wab that brought him cash

Brought as sure a swearin'.

But wealth an' fame 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,—  
 Be booin', aye booin'.

Ye may ha'e brains a waly store,  
 An' muscles steeve as airn ;  
 But wi' these, an' only these,  
 It's teuch to speil life's cairn.  
 To 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 wooin' ;  
 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 nicht ha'e filled the 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 woin' ;  
Mind soople-neckit Sandy,  
An' hoo he raise by booin'.

Yet wha shud fawn his brither man ?  
An' wha shud fawnin' quest ?  
'Tis he wha best enacts his pairt .  
Deserves to tap the list.  
Then lat us still, tho' Fortune scowl,  
An' threat' our hopes wi' ruin,

Discharge ilk duty faithfully,  
But ne'er descend to booin'.  
Nae booin', freends, nae booin',  
Nae creengin', favour-suin';  
Gie honour true whaurever due,  
But ne'er descend to booin'.

## LASSIE WI' THE EEN SAE BONNIE.

LASSIE wi' the een sae bonnie,  
 Lips sae ripe an' cheeks 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 will come, my bonnie lassie,  
    Bodin' fair to win thy han',  
Proffer gowd to lure thee, lassie,  
    Buy thy love wi' miles o' lan' ;  
Love for love's the fairer niffer—  
    Routh o' love I freely gie ;  
Lassie wi' the een sae bonnie,  
    Come an' live in love wi' me.



“A MAN’S A MAN FOR A’ THAT.”

(THE WANTIN’ LASSIE’S VERSION.)

THAE men are e’en a fickle core,  
 Some gude, 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 loud an’ sair,  
 Misca’s men-fouk like a’ that,  
 An’ redds me aye to single stay,  
 An’ jink life’s cares, an’ a’ that.  
 For a’ that, an’ a’ that,  
 Her smooth advice an’ a’ that,  
 She nicht an’ main 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.

'Tis braw to win a weel-faur'd man,  
     Wi' titles, wealth, an' a' that ;  
 In coach an' four to 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 wish the Fates wad shaw that ;

I'm thretty-three, an' weary-wae

O' single life, an' a' that.

I'm a' that, an' a' that,

Yet trust to luck for a' that ;

An' carena' wha the lad may be,

If warld-like, an' a' that.

## I COULDNA' DO'T FOR LAUCHIN'.

OH ! weel I mind, when I was young—

A stumpie, toozie callan'—

Wi' ither weans, frae morn to e'en,

I row'd aboot the hallan.

Sae rare the smile forsook my mou',

'Twas vow'd I was a bauch ane ;

My blunt excuse for a'thing was—

I couldna' 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 couldna' 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, an' scratch'd my pow,  
He screeng'd me wi' a sauch-en';  
Yet aye I lap, an' leuch, an' cried—  
“I couldna' do't for lauchin'!”

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

I lo'ed the lass as leal's my life,  
But ne'er had pluck to say sae;  
An' weel she lo'ed me in return,  
Though whiles I thocht her saucie.  
A'e nicht we dander'd lang an' late,  
Till miles ayont the clachan;

But though fu' fain to speir her han',  
I couldna' do't for lauchin'!

That lauchin', sure, has cost me dear,  
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 to greet, but—strange as true—  
I couldna' do't for lauchin'!

O, its braw to ha'e a lichtsome heart,  
Though whiles ane could resent it ;  
It thowes the cau'drife ills o' life,  
An' mak's puir fouk contentit.  
Yet ony lass that's fond o' mirth,  
Mind bashfu' Kirsty Strachan,  
An' speak yer mind—I'd fain speak mine,  
But couldna' do't for lauchin'!

## OUR AIN INGLE-NOOK.

By the far Missouri river a lassie sits an' sings,  
 An' a plaid is ower her shooters, an' the fringe she  
 fondly wrings ;

An' there's tears into her een,

An' she seesna, nor is seen,

An' my heart gangs out to greet her, for this is what  
 she sings—

O, there's nae spot on earth like our ain ingle-nook,

The canty, cosie bield o' our ain ingle-nook ;

Lat's seek it whaur we will,

The search will fail us still,

For the only El Dorado is our ain ingle-nook.

An' they ferlie she shud weary in yonder sunny lan',

An' she ettles to be cheery, but, despite o' a' she can,

There's a something tak's her still

To the cot beside the rill,

An' the lauchin' kindly faces in her ain heather lan'.  
An' she dreams aye o' nichts by our ain ingle-nook—  
The couthy, kindly sights o' our ain ingle-nook ;  
    The rantin', rosy joys  
    O' love that never cloys,  
But aye held her heart sae happy in our ain ingle-nook.

Ah ! the lichts o' foreign finery may dazzle for a wee,  
But it's hame an' auld langsyne are aye the dearest to  
    the e'e ;  
    An' the bonnie gow'ny braes  
    That we row'd in youthfu' days,  
They ha'e charms we dinna ken afore we cross the  
    braidsome sea.

Then fu' dear is ilka orra o' our ain ingle-nook,  
An' sweetly-sad ilk sorrow o' our ain ingle-nook ;  
    Nae rose sae sweetly blaws,  
    Nae licht sae sweetly fa's  
As were those that bloom'd an' fell around our ain  
    ingle-nook.



Oh, come awa', my lassie, dear—come ower the cau'drife  
sea ;

I've heard your sang sae far awa', an' seen your tearfu'  
e'e,

There's a hame here a' your ain,

I will lilt to your refrain,

An' we'll sing the sang thegither till the dowie day we  
dee.

Na ; there's nae spot on earth like our ain ingle-nook,

The cantie, cosie bield o' our ain ingle-nook ;

Lat's seek it whaur we will,

The search will fail us still,

For the only El Dorado is our ain ingle-nook.

BARBER WILLIE'S BONNIE  
DAUCHTER.

THERE wons a lass in our toun-en'—

There's few sae fair, an' feint a fatter ;

She's cuist a glamour ower the 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 to the dad that's aucht her ;

There's lairds ye ken are fidgin' fain

To be possesst o' sic a dauchter.

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

Frae morn to 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 to 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 could brag  
The bauldest beards outower o' gravats,

Ha'e scarcely noo a tuft to 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—  
Our toun-en's scarce o' hearts an' birse  
Thro' barber Willie's bonnie dauchter.

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

## LOVE CONQUERS A'.

COME, wifie mine, an' dinna rack  
     Yer tender breistie mair ;  
 But shed yer gowden tresses back,  
     An' smile awa' yer care.  
 There's nane but ha'e mischance to dree,  
     The muckle or the sma' ;  
 Though sairly doun, we'll rally soon—  
     Love conquers a', Jeanie,  
     Love conquers a'.

Though pair o' purse we're rich o' heart,  
     An' love is wealth a store ;  
 It stirs us to a baulder pairt,  
     It charms us to the core.  
 There's few, I wat, sae sure o' fit,  
     But get an ant'rin' fa' ;

Then 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 ;

Ha'e ne'er a fear, nor yield to care—

Love conquers a', Jeanie,

Love conquers a'.

## THE BONNIE WEE LASSIE.

AIR—" *The Bonnie Wee Window.*"

THERE'S a cosy wee nook in the howe o' yon glen,

Wi' a cosy wee cot in the cosiest en' ;

But, oh, though the nook an' the cot are sae fair,

It's no' for the ane or the ither I care ;

But a bonnie wee lassie,

A cantie wee lassie,

A charmin' wee lassie that wons awa' there.

Her hair is as black as the raven's braid wing,

An' no' e'en the mavis sae sweetly does sing ;

Wi' cheeks sae like roses, a neck sae like snaw,

An' een—sure, nae fairy had ever sic twa.

She's a bonnie wee lassie,

A cantie wee lassie,

The bonniest wee lassie that ever ye saw.

Oh, I lo'e the wee lass, an' my a' I wad gie  
 To hear her sweet lips say she lo'es only me ;  
 But, noo, troth, to hint at her Yea, or her Nay,  
 Wad just blaw to the hills ony chance that I ha'e  
     O' this bonnie wee lassie,  
     This cantie wee lassie,  
 This charmin' wee lassie—I'll tell ye the way.

The miller gaed doun an' he soucht her yestreen ;  
 He said he'd been struck by the darts o' her een.  
 Did she marry anither than him, it was clear,  
 He wad dee o' vexation in less than a year ;  
     For her pawkie e'e-glances  
     Had pierced him like lances,  
 An' fairly begunk'd him—he ne'er felt sae queer.

Said the pawkie wee lass, while she blush'd, as wi'  
     shame,  
 "Ye're the fourth ane this week that has tauld me the  
     same,



An' I'm fairly bamboozled ; for plainly, ye see,

To wed ane or ither means death unto three ;

An' I'd rather no' marry,

But single still tarry,

Than neebors should hint I a murderer be."

Noo, the question wi' me is, whate'er shall I do ?

Though my mind's hauf made up, an' I'll e'en tell ye hoo,

Through the luck o' the lassie's respect for the three,

The chances are that the hale four will sune dee.

Syne the bonnie wee lassie,

The cantie wee lassie,

Nae consequence dreidin', may smile upon me.

Na ; there's nocht gained by haste, but in catchin' a flee,

So I'll bide my ain time, an' just keep a gleg e'e

That nae wheedlin' loun shall my prize bear awa',

For it's weel worth the watchin' an' waitin' an' a' ;

She's a bonnie wee lassie,

A cantie wee lassie,

The bonniest wee lassie that ever ye saw.

## THE MAID OF ISLA'S LAMENT.

DOWN the bonnie banks o' Isla,  
 In the baumy simmer's e'en,  
 Roun' the scaur, an' thro' the hazel,  
 Sorrow wanders bird-alane ;  
 'Bune the birr o' birdies singin',  
 Echoin' outower the vale ;  
 'Bune the warstle 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 gaet—  
 Hoo, oh ! hoo will I win hame ? ”

Jeanie's gane to meet her lover,  
 By the lanely trystin' tree ;  
 News is there has dung her crazy—  
 Donald's banish'd ower the sea.

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

“ Cruel fate ! oh, cruel father ! ”

Jeanie sechs, an' Jeanie sings,  
An' wanderin' she wats na' 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 gaet—  
Hoo, oh ! hoo will I win hame ? ”

As the sun sank 'yont the mountain,

Ere the birdies ceased to sing,  
Jeanie sank in Isla water—  
Jeanie's bosom ceased to wring.

Noo, along the banks o' Isla,  
Floatin' on the e'enin' gale,

As the sun dips down the Ochils,  
There is heard the eerie wail—

“ I'll be lost in Isla water,  
I'll be found in Isla stream ;  
My feet they winna' keep the gaet—  
Hoo, oh ! hoo will I win hame ? ”

## A CANTIE GUDEWIFE.

OH ! happy's the bird has a cantie wee mate,  
 An' a couthie wee nest in a den onygate ;  
 An' happy's the man, I wat—cosier nane—  
 Has a cantie gudewife an' a hoose o' his ain.  
 They mayna ha'e siller to haud them aye braw,  
 But fortune may try them wi' mony a thraw ;  
 They mayna rin scaithless o' hunger an' pain,  
 Yet love will mak' pleasure whaur siller could nane.

Then, hey ! for a wife an' a hoose o' our ain !  
 A cantie gudewife an' a hoose o' our ain !  
 Some lass I maun see if she'll buckle wi' me,  
 For, oh ! it's fu' wearisome livin' alane.

My cronies—ilk lad has look'd oot for himsel',  
 Noo Jock has his Jenny, an' Tam has his Bell ;  
 Wee Lowrie wi' Lizzie 's as happy's a king,  
 An' a' are as cantie as linties in spring.

I danced at their waddin's, I sang at them a',  
I thought they were fules flingin' freedom awa';  
But noo when I see them, sae couthie ilk ane,  
I sigh for a wife an' a hoose o' my ain.

Hech, hey! for a wife an' a hoose o' our ain!  
A cantie gudewife an' a hoose o' our ain!  
Some lass I maun see if she'll buckle wi' me,  
For, 'odsake! it's wearisome livin' alane.

Then whaur shall I wander!—lat's wonder a wee!  
An' wha wad I ha'e noo? an' wha wad ha'e me?  
Should I venture on Jenny, or Jeanie, or Kate,  
Or toss up a penny, an' bide by my fate?  
I'm sick-tired o' lodgin's, they're driech at the best,  
An' cauld as the bough to a feather-lined nest;  
Sae here-awa', there-awa', fashy or fain,  
I'll ha'e a gudewife an' a hoose o' my ain.

Hech! I'll ha'e a wife an' a hoose o' my ain!  
A cantie gudewife an' a hoose o' my ain!  
Some lassie I'll see if she'll buckle wi' me,  
For man was ne'er ettled to live a' alane.

'Mang a' the young lasses, an' widows, an' maids,  
O' a' heichts an' wechts, an' figures, an' shades,  
Sin' siller's nae favour, but hearts are the go,  
I'll surely meet some ane that winna' say No.  
For Jenny, or Jeanie, I fear I'm ower late,  
An' rumour says loodly the laird's after Kate ;  
But is there a lassie lo'es Robin Maclean ?  
He's wantin' a wife an' a hoose o' his ain !

Hech, hey ! for a wife an' a hoose o' our ain !  
A cantie gudewife an' a hoose o' our ain !  
The yird-howkin' mole is a jollier soul  
Than a bachelor lairdikie livin' alane.

## THE WEARY GILL-STOWP.

WE'VE sangs in praise o' usquebae,  
     An' sangs that sair lament ower't ;  
 E'en I mysel' ha'e spun a lay,  
     An' here mak' bauld to ventur't.  
 I brag nae fouth o' lofty phrase,  
     But tune my reed in full howp,  
 In truthfu' rhymes to 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.

Whae'er can say, wi' conscience clear,  
     The guff o't's gude ava, sirs ?  
 An' when we scan its black career,  
     It mak's us grue ower a', sirs.

It's brought the race to sair disgrace,  
 An' 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-beguilin', 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's 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',  
 Puirhouse-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 him fair what brought him there,  
An' hurl'd him frae the meal-shop ;  
Wi' fiendish laugh, he'll raise his staff,  
An' airt you to the gill-stowp.  
Oh, the weary gill-stowp,  
The bloatin', sottin' gill-stowp,  
The face-distortin', fortune-sportin',  
Beggarmakin' gill-stowp.

An' here a wee bit duddie loun  
Comes shiverin' frae an entry,  
Wi' hackit feet, unhappit croun,  
He becks to a' the gentry.  
Bespier him why *he* needs to beg,  
Why fate denies *his* sma' 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 ! Gude save his saul !

An' fire tak' every 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, nor farther seek

To crune the waes o' whisky ;

That venom ting'd wi' Hades' reek,  
That's play'd man sic a plisky ;  
But lat us strain wi' micht an' main  
To lend it yet 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.

## WE'RE A' JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

JOHN TAMSON was a dainty man  
 As ever stood in leather shoon,  
 He ruled his house wi' meikle mense,  
 He paid the hinmost farden doun.  
 Had he a foe, he skelp'd him weel ;  
 Had he a freend, he held him sae ;  
 His needfu' neebours claimed his aid  
 The foulest nicht, the thrangest day.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns,  
 Ane an' a',  
 Grit an' sma' ;  
 We're a' John Tamson's bairns,  
 As like our faither as can be.  
 An' ear' an' late 'twill be our aim,  
 To still uphaud the honour'd name,  
 An' send our ancient daddie's fame  
 Through a' his braw posteritie.

John Tamson was the foremost man  
That ever wonn'd in Britain's isle ;  
Wha wadna creenge to please the laird,  
Nor fawn the great to win their smile.  
To rich an' puir he paid respect  
Accordin' to their moral worth :  
An' when auld Scotland dreided skaith  
He drew his sword an' sallied forth.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Oh, John was steive an' John was strang,  
His soul was fou' o' furthy glee,  
He wroucht an' swat the lee day lang,  
An' spent the e'enin' joyouslie.  
But aye through a' the sturt an' mirth  
That ruled his life by nicht an' day,  
He kept the greater life in view,  
An' soucht for strength an' grace alway.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

TO DAVID KENNEDY,  
THE EMINENT SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

Written 1879.

OH, Kennedy ! thou lordly chiel',  
An' brag o' ilka Scotchman leal,  
Wha sings our native sangs sae weel—  
    The blythe, the gay—  
Before thee, birkie, lat me kneel,  
    An' say my say.

Thou's lent my life sic joy, I wot,  
I canna\_bide but tell thee o't.  
A sun withouten speck or spot  
    Thou's been to me ;  
My pleasure-page had been a blot  
    Withouten thee.

Sin' I, a bashfu' beardless loun,  
First heard thee in thy native toun  
Sing wi' sic birr o' "Bonnie Doon"  
    An' "Scots wha Hae,"  
Thy name has ever been a soun'  
    To conjure wi'.

An' ilka chance in ilka year,  
When fate preferred we should be near,  
Fu' vauntily I've sped to hear  
    Thee play thy part,  
An' noo wi' smile, an' noo wi' tear,  
    Approved thine art.

An' wha wi' heart o' else than stane,  
An' destitute o' yeukie-bane ;  
His lug as timmer as his cane,  
    But wad agree,  
For passion, sport, an' pathos, nane  
    Can vie wi' thee ?

We gain a deeper insight far  
 In sangs o' love, an' wit, an' war,  
 When Kennedy explodes the bar,  
     An' gay refrain,  
 Than ere we kenn'd afore, or daur  
     Expect again.

Had Robin Burns but lived to hear  
 Thee sing his sangs, sae blythe an' fier,  
 'Twould filled his sonsie heart wi' cheer—  
     Atweel ! atweel !!  
 He'd strained thee to his breast, I'se swear,  
     An' roused thee weel.

Like Robin's sel', thou's got a dower,  
 Ower human hearts a rauchle power ;  
 Thou lead'st us on, thro' sun, thro' shower,  
     We watna' where,  
 But lauch, an' sech, an' gaip, an' glower,  
     Hear, an' admire.



The Scottish muse is in thy debt,  
An' should mak' thee her laureate ;  
Her harp, in wreath o' thistles set,  
Place on thy broo,  
For nane her brows interpret  
Can hauf like you.

To hear thee sing o' " Bonnie Jean,"  
An' " Hame cam' our Gudeman at E'en,"  
" The German Lairdie," " Hazeldean,"  
An' mony mae,  
We'd crawl a mile thro' yird an' stane  
By nicht or day.

An' then, oh man ! the pawky stories,  
Ye mak' o' bits o' odds an' orras,  
An' wi' sic gusto lay before us  
In lawland prose,  
They'd gar the Whigs forget the Tories ;  
The herd his brose.

The Gude be wi' thee, Kennedy !  
An' a' thy brawsome family—  
In distant land, on roarin' sea,  
Or here, or there,  
For aft' again to meet wi' thee  
Shall be our prayer.

“THE QUEER FOUK I’ THE SHAWS.”

’Tis aften said, still aftener sung,  
 An’ aye brings loud applause—  
 In fact, agreed by auld an’ young—  
 There’s queer fouk i’ the Shaws ;  
 But no content wi’ hearsay mere,  
 I donn’d my Sunday braws,  
 An’, hat ajee, set aff to see  
 The queer fouk 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 couldna’ guess the cause—  
 Seem’d ouchtlans rare ; I lang’d to stare  
 The queer fouk i’ the Shaws.

I pèepit thro' the window panes,  
I keekit ben the doors ;  
But nae reward gat for my pains,  
Tho' fouk 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 fouk i' the Shaws."

He lent my hand a friendly squeeze,  
An' led me up a stair,  
A lookin'-glass held to my face,  
Quoth he, "What see you there ?"  
"Mysel'," quoth I, "an' naething else."  
He ga'e three loud "Ha ! ha's !"  
I saw the joke, but naething spoke—  
There's queer fouk i' the Shaws !

THE END.







