

A WHIFF O' THE DORIC

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By
GEORGE P. DUNBAR
(*"Stronoywood"*)
Author of *"A Whiff o' Canty Res"*



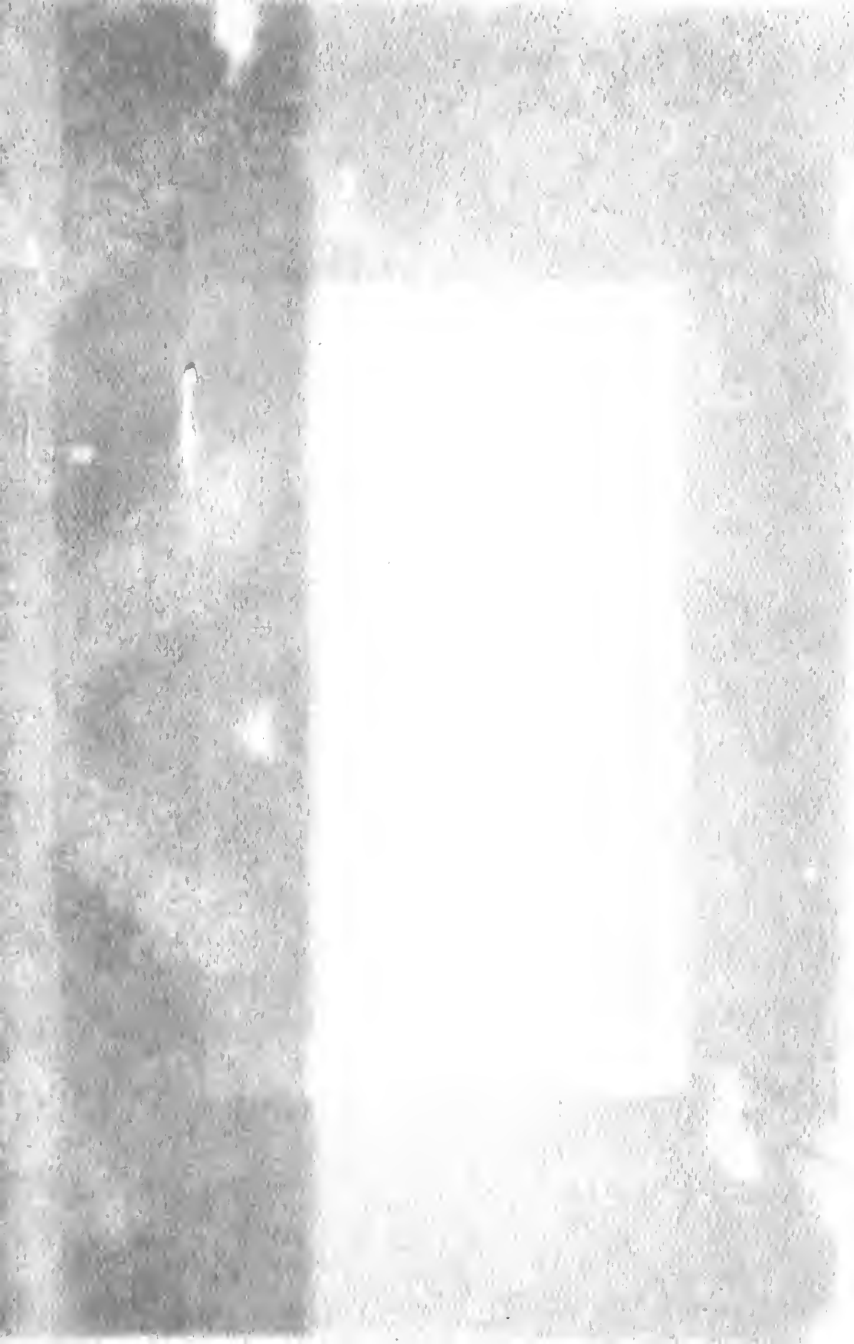
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[A WHIFF O' THE DORIC.

A Whiff o' the Doric

BY
GEORGE P. DUNBAR
(“STONEWOOD”)

Author of “A Guff o' Peat Reek”



ABERDEEN: D. WYLLIE & SON
247 UNION STREET

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“ To a’ the hamely, couthie fowk
Wha lo’e their mither tongue.”

NOTE.

SOME of these verses appeared originally in the "People's Journal," and are included by kind permission of the Proprietors. A number of them appeared in the "Aberdeen Daily Journal" and "Evening Express," and several appear for the first time.

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FOREWORD.

TO the poems of Mr. Dunbar no introduction is necessary in this part of the country. "Stoneywood" is a familiar *nom de plume* in several newspapers, and a previous volume of verse, "A Guff o' Peat Reek," in no wise belied its title, for the edition vanished swiftly and easily, like a wisp of peat smoke. Copies are now unobtainable, and a like good fortune should attend the present collection. The Doric to-day, one is reluctantly compelled to fear, is in a condition far from robust. Vernacular writing in the strict and traditional dialect has tended to lose flexibility, and to present itself as something in our world but not of it, as an anachronism, as a curiosity; and its effect is not to revivify the Scots tongue. But verse in the easy current speech of the people, verse such as Mr. Dunbar writes happily, brightly, and with facility, finds at once its ready audience. It does not seek after words and phrases that have fallen into disuse, nor does it hanker after any flourish or ornament which is not in keeping with its own fresh and natural simplicity. To the country people the faithful pictures drawn in the poems which follow will be a welcome and striking reflection of a style of life that is fast disappearing, while the songs — Mr. Dunbar's especial strength — are frequently melodious with that quiet, almost plaintive melody which goes straight to the heart to cheer and refresh it. Principally because "Stoneywood" has looked at his world and knows his nation and because he shuns all the devious paths which lead away from the true, unaffected, human spirit of the Doric, these poems fulfil those high hopes which inspire so many writers as they murmur their valedictory, "Go, little book."

A. K.

Aberdeen.

A WHIFF O' THE DORIC.

*A sough o' the caller moorland,
A breath o' the hills o' hame,
The sang o' a wimplin' burnie,
Leal he'rts a' lo'e the same.*

*The guff o' a murlin' peat fire,
The lilt o' the lav'rock sweet,
An' a whiff o' the dear aul' doric
Mak' my happiness complete.*

A Whiff o' the Doric.

THE FLEGGIN' O' DROUTHY TAM.

THE nicht wis dark, an' Tam wis fou, an' on his
hamewith wye,

An' aft he gied a muckle rift, an' fyles a muckle sigh;
He'd been faur wine wis rosy reid, an' stoups o' barley
bree

Hed gart him crack his thooms at care, an' lauch wi'
rantin' glee.

"Anither stoup!" wis a' the cry; "come, jist anither
yet!"

Noo Tam wid raither rowe than rin, an' scarce could haud
a fit.

He waunnert ower the breemy brae, an' steytert doon the
howe,

An' nearhan' cam' tae tine himsel' faur boggy rashes growe.

He crossed the briggie ower the burn upon his han's an'
knees;

It teen a fyle, for aft he stopped tae gie himsel' a reeze.

"Ye're deein' fine noo, Tam," said he. "Hoot! canny
man, tak' care,

Or, haith, ye'll get the weetest sark ye've hed sin' Aikey
Fair."

A weety mist cam' trailin' by, an' queeled' him wi'
its breath.

Tam shuddered like a nakit bairn, an' thocht it wis a
wraith.

The sang wis frozen in his mou', the hair steid on his heid,
 An' caul' an' stiff in ilky vein wis ilky drap o' bleed;
 His gashelt teeth were dirlin' like the clappers o' a mull,
 An' weet aneth his bonnet ran the sweat upon his skull.

A shape raise fae the lang, weet girss—twa glowerin',
 fiery een
 Set Tam's knees wabblin' like a deuk fin howd'rin' ower
 the green;
 His dwebble legs boo't like a rash, ower on his wime he
 fell,
 An' bored his nose amo' the yird, an' nearhan' smored
 himsel'.
 " Oh, Lord! " he groaned, " Oh, Lord, or deil, fatever
 ye may be,
 I pray ye gie me mercy, sirs—haud aff yer han's fae me."

" I hinna been a kirk-gyaun chiel, bit noo I'm gyaun tae
 men',
 An' ilky Sunday i' the kirk ye'll see me steppin' ben;
 I'll throw nae mair at pitch an' toss; I'll burn my pack o'
 cairts,
 An' cast nae mair a winnin' e'e upon the queen o' hairts.
 Oh, Lord, I've been a wicket deil, but gin ye'll lat me aff,
 I'll be as hairmless efterhin as ony sookin' cauf."

" I'll never lip the drink again—at least," said wily Tam,
 " Unless an' antrin neeper war tae offer me a dram."
 The shape here gied an angry grumph; Tam gied a
 backward dird;
 " Weel, weel," he roared, " I winna hae't—noo, nae
 anither wird;

There's nocht'll weet my thrapple noo, bit water a' my
days;

Oh, dear—Oh, deil—kind, cantie deil"—an' Tam begood
tae fraize.

" Oh, awfu' Presence," blubbert Tam, " jist gie's anither
chance,

I'll never kiss a quine again, nor hooch anither dance;

I'll lock the chaumer door at nine, an' bed mysel' gin ten,

An' at the gweed byeuk ilky nicht a hale roon 'oor I'll
spen' ;

An', oh, dear deil, or fat ye be, I've naething mair tae say,

An' gin ye binna gyaun tae spare, be swuppert than, an'
slay."

Noo, like a lickit littlan, Tam lay sabbin' a' his nicht,

An' closer cam' the creepin' mist, an' darker grew the nicht;

Tam aft hed sawn his royt wild aits, an' noo he hed tae
reap,

Bit lang afore the mornin' he wis snorin' soun' asleep;

An' there amo' the weety girss he spent nicht's mirkest oors,

An' kent nae o' the eerie spell o' midnicht's witchin' poers.

The shape that lang hed steid ower Tam gaed lowin'
throwe the dark,

An' fin the mornin' cam' the dyow sat weet on Tam's fite
sark;

He ca'd the yird oot o' his een, an' clawed his raivelt heid,

An' leuch tae fin' himsel' alive instead o' lyin' deid.

*But, oh, frail mortals, ha'e a care, lest, fin ye're geylies
fou,*

Like Tam, ye grovel laich, an' pray for mercy fae a coo.

ST. ANDREW'S NICHT.

WHEN bauld St. Andrew's nicht cam' roon
 A core foregethered i' the toon
 Tae hae a rant or lilt a tune,
 An' teem a jovial jorum.

They suppit kail an' gweed kail brose,
 Whilk needs nae praise in rhyme or prose,
 Till faces low't like reidest rose,
 Or kaim o' cockalorum.

Comes cock-a-leekie—gweedly fairin',
 An' haddies sweet, an' caller herrin',
 There was eneuch for a', an' sparin',
 As fest as thrapples store 'em.

The swuppert baad that mony a morn
 Had laucht the racin' win' tae scorn,
 In maamy bree noo did adorn
 Ilk platter, thick as stoorum.

Syne cam' the haggis, het an' reekin',
 Its spicy guff ilk nose was seekin',
 An' nae a tongue had room for speakin'
 Till nippies swack did score 'em.

The rossen breist o' some fat nowt
 That aft 'mang juicy girss did rowt,
 The deil a ane o' them wad flout,
 But scowft what was afore 'em.

Noo sheep's heid roon the table creeps,
Alang wi' birsled tatties, neeps,
An' whang o' ither stuff in heaps;
Some winnert whaur they'd store 'em.

Wi' feesant here, an' peertricks there,
Stoot mealie puddens an' tae spare,
Ye wad 'a' thocht some had nae ser',
Sae he'rty they did lower 'em.

Neist rich plum duff an' aipple tairt,
An' "trumlin' tam" sae sweetly ser't
Gart ilka chiel pray tae be spare't
Tae form the happy quorum.

Some noo made wye their teeth tae pyke,
Some crackit nitts an' jist sic like,
While tongues were bizzin' like a byke,
Wi' naething noo tae bore 'em.

Wi' sang an' news the 'oors sped by,
While pleasure beamed in ilka eye,
An' care gaed wannerin' wi' a sigh
Ayont aul' Cairngorum.

A deoch-an-dorris, nane may doot,
Was quaff't afore they daunert oot,
Whaur shone the meen's sharp-nibbit snoot;
Some swore they saw a score o' 'em.

An' so wi' sang an' he'rtsome cheer,
Wi' auld acquaintance aye sae dear,
They heild St. Andrew's nicht, this 'ear,
As ither did afore 'em.

THE LOUPIN' TROOT.

IT loupit in the mornin', an' it loupit on till nicht,
 An' its glintin', silv'ry wymie was a bonnie, bonnie
 sicht;

It micht hae been a fairy, or a kelpie, or a sprite,
 As it loupit in the sunlicht makin' rings o' sheer delight.

The bairnies steid an' watched it wi' their fingers in their
 mou's,

An' when they were ahin the skweel 'twas aye their ae
 excuse;

They tholed their pandies, smilin', but, as sune's they a'
 wan oot,

They were fleein' tae the briggie an' the bonnie, loupin'
 troot.

The domin' daunert doon ae day; ae blink he got o't richt,
 Neist meenit he was fleein' like a sklint o' livin' licht,
 Syne doon again cam' spangin', an' pechin' as he ran,
 An' bucklin' ticht thegither a' his soople fishin' wan'.

He tried "mairch broons" an' "hare lugs," an' twined
 an' birred his reel,

He clean forgot the littlins, an' their lessons, an' the skweel;
 For 'oors he tried a' wily airts—an' muckle was his fame—
 But had, at last, tae leave the trootie loupin' aye the same.

The muckle smith neist heard o't, an' he flang his hemmer
 doon,

An' tauld the canty cobbler, an' they quickly hied them
 roon;

The mullert left his rinnin' wheel tae binner at its will,
An' aff he gaed, amo' the lave, tae try his cunnin' skill.

They temptit it wi' dyowie worms, wi' waumlin' heids an'
tails;

Wi' clippin's o' a puddick, an' wi' lang-horned sliv'ry
snails;

Wi' spiders, mochs, an' bummers, ay, an' a' kin-kine o'
flees;

Wi' shuet, fat, an' girsels, an' wi' neuks o' birselt cheese.

Some tried it at the dawnin' when the dewdraps gemmed
the green,

An' ithers tried it, sleekit-like, at hush o' gloamin' e'en;
But it mattered nae a docken, an' they micht 'a' hained
their wark

For aye the trootie loupit on fae morn tae deepest dark.

The parson thocht tae try his han'; the trootie loupit heich,
'Twas richt aneth his nose, an' gart him blinter an' cry,
" Feich ! "

He spent the hale week at it; an' on Sunday fowk declared
That " caul' kail het again " was jist the truth o' hoo
they fared.

The Laird cam' doon the water, flingin' mony a bonnie line,
That lichtit on ilk ripple, saft as westlin' win' sae fine,
He lured it up, he lured it doon, he tried in sun an' shooer,
But deil a ane o's airts could get the trootie in his pooer.

But ae day cam' a tinker loon wi' sun-brunt, barkit cheeks,
A towsy heid, a lauchin' e'e, an' nae doup at his breek,
He steid an' glowert a fylie, syne he thrummelt in his pooch,
An' doon ahin the hingin' saugh did quate an' canny slooch.

He ca'd amo' the soughin' seggs an' dockens, till, at last,
A sappy "hairy granda" on his boo't preen was stuck
fast,

An' on his wyme, upon the saugh, he lay tae drap his
line—

Nae varnished silk, but jist a twa-three yairds o' merchan'
twine.

He waited till the trootie loupit bonnie, richt aneth,
His tongue stuck i' the reef o's mou', an' fleyt tae blaw
his breath,

He drapped the hairy wormie wi' a canny, knacky heave—
An' in a blink the loupin' troot was grippit in his nieve.

The wurd flew roon; the bairnies grat; the domin' clawed
his croon;

The smith an' cobbler swore an' aith, the thievin' tink tae
dnoon;

The loon, richt wily, met the Laird, wha niffert wi' a groat,
An' that same nicht the loupin' troot gaed loupin' doon his
throat.

ADDRESS TO THE AUL' BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.

HALL, eence again, aul' hoary Brig!
Aye stannin' siccar, douce, an' trig,
An' feint a favour dae ye prig
 Fae een or neen;
An' spite o' dolefu' prophet's rhyme,
An' spite o' weather, tide, an' time,
Ye haud thegither, steen an' lime,
 Yet far fae deen.

The rivin' win's o' blusterin' Mairch
Hae left nae scrat on your braw airch,
An' soor-mou'd critics vain may search
 For shak' or trummle;
An' mithers' sons on mear's ae foal
May daur ye wi' their wecht tae thole;
As well micht try some howkin' mole
 Tae gaur ye tumble.

Ye steid ere yet I saw the licht,
An' when I've gane fae human sicht
Ye'll still be stannin', snod and ticht,
 Lang years tae come;
An' roon the aul', grey, foggy wa's
Shall generations come tae pause,
Where eence prood fashion, prinked wi' braws,
 Ate Pleasure's crum'.

Noo where are they o' bygane years,
Wha leuch at Fate wi' tentless sneers,

An', young an' swack, kent nocht o' fears,
 Or thocht o' death?
 In mony a green kirkyaird they lie—
 Where a' frail mortals ha'e tae hie—
 'Neath kindly sod. Gane fae the eye
 An' memory baith.

An' this frail race wha rule oor day,
 An' mak' life hell for hell's poor pay,
 Maun meet their fate in life's decay,
 While ye live on,
 Wi' pride an' honour a' your ain,
 A cherished link in time's lang chain,
 A note in music's sweet refrain
 That hallows Don.

Oh! may thy aul' grey lichen'd steens
 Be stannin' aye when my poor beens
 Are ground tae dust; an' years atween's
 Lang hunners lie;
 An' fae some nyeuk—gin nyeuk there be
 For graceless rhymsters sic as me—
 An antrin teet I'd like tae gie
 Where Don rins by.

An' at the glint o' smilin' meen,
 When ripples spark wi' silv'ry sheen,
 An' lang-gane spirits tread the green
 Wi' loup an' jig;
 Oh! may my spirit ha'e the pooer
 Tae dwell for ae sweet, fleein' 'oor,
 In fondest memory's raptured lure
 Wi' thee, aul' brig.

THE ROUPIN' O' KIRSTY'S COO.

THE haudin' wis sma',
 Jist an acre or twa,
 Faur a' kin' o' weyds maistly grew;
 So tae pey the laird's fee,
 There wis naething wid dee,
 Bit the roupin' o' Kirsty's coo.

She hed grutten for weeks,
 Till her aul' wrinkled cheeks
 Were furred wi' her een's sad dew;
 An' the thocht an' the care
 That hed fitened her hair,
 Wis the he'rtbrak o' roupin' her coo.

She hed beddin' an' cleddin,
 For kirsnin' or weddin',
 The saftest o' linen an' 'oo';
 Ilk een wis a treasure,
 Bit faur wis the pleasure,
 Fin pairtin' wi' Betty, her coo.

There wis seyers an' cogs
 That nicht ging tae the dogs,
 She'd ha'e nae mair eese for them noo;
 There wis queelers an' churns,
 Baith in sinn'ries an' kurns,
 At the roupin' o' Kirsty's coo.

Fowk cam' fae a' airts,
 In their gigs an' their cairts,
 Some dubbit, an' some skeyrin' new;
 An' wi' dizzens on fit,
 Aul' an' young, an' half-wit,
 Tae the roupin' o' Kirsty's coo.

The souter cam' roun'
 Wi' the vricht an' his loon,
 An' the smith wi' the swett on his broo;
 An' the dominie cam',
 In the houp o' a dram,
 Tae the roupin' o' Kirsty's coo.

Loons gaithert in boorichs
 Like din-raisin' spoorichs,
 Or played " tickie-tak' " in the stue;
 An' aul' wives an' ithers,
 Fae quines tae gran'mithers,
 Were there tae wish luck t' the coo.

An aul' gipsy wife
 Hed the haul o' her life,
 Tellin' chiels o' the deems they wid woo;
 An' she leuch in her throat
 As she pooch't ilky goat,
 At the roupin' o' Kirsty's coo.

They badd upon ither,
 Be't neeper or brither,
 An' aye the bode swalled as it grew;
 For the auctioneer chiel
 Wis a rale wily de'il,
 At the roupin' o' Kirsty's coo.

A cowper fae Clatt,
Fa hubbert an' spat,
Swore tae hae her by a' that wis blue;
But the smith in a rage
Dang him throve the funn hedge—
Fin he rase they hed roupit the coo.

Fin the hammer cam' doon,
Kirsty's he'rt gied a stoun,
She wis shakin' an' fite roun' the mou';
An' she gied a wae glower,
Syne a sich, an' fell ower,
At the fit o' her peer roupit coo.

Hoot, na! she wis livin',
Tho' worn deen wi' grievin',
But seen kittl't up fin 'twas thro';
An' neist mornin' early
Dumfoonert her sairly,
Tae hear the hame lowe o' her coo.

She flew tae the byre,
Wi' her aul' he'rt on fire,
An' Betty—sweet sicht—met her view—
Fae her neepers a caird—
“ We ha'e sattled the laird,
An' we wish ye lang life wi' yer coo.”

THE NAITRAL.

THEY ca'd him daft an' gypit, an' some even ca'd him
 feel;
 He couldna fathom "man's chief end," nor spell a wurd
 at skweel;
 He couldna coont a dizzen richt; his writin' aye gaed gyte;
 But there wasna ane could bleck him whistlin' like a
 yalla-yite.

He kent the lythest neukie where the spinkies first would
 blaw,
 An' lo'ed their bonnie faces keekin' oot ahin the snaw.
 He heard the maveie yokin' to the tunin' o' his pipes,
 An' leuch to hear the blackie whistlin' where the burnie
 sypes.

He kent the hidie-holie where the "thoomie" hod her nest;
 An' guddlin' for a broon troot he was far afore the rest.
 He saw the robin biggin', and the corbies thiggin' sticks,
 An' 'oors would watch them fleein' by as black's the ace
 o' picks.

An' yet they ca'd him gypit kin', some even ca'd him saft,
 But little recked they o' his dreams in chaumer or in laft,
 Where oft, in visions bright, he saw great dazzling scenes
 unfold—
 The ruddy beams of wakening dawn, the sunset's gleaming
 gold.

There's a wealth o' lear an' learnin' that the skweels an'
college gie,

But they canna cove the knowledge gleaned frae wood an'
gowan'd lea.

They canna bleck the liltin' o' the lav'rock in the lift,
Nor the glintin' o' the sunlight when the black clouds yoke
to-rift.

So their lear ne'er bothered Willie, wha was happiest him
leen,

Wi' the fite clouds rowin' ower him, an' the heather
sproutin' green,

An' he'd spend the day a-rantin' wi' some tyke far owre
the moor,

Carin' nae a single docken whether sun, or win', or shoo'r.

But there cam' the dreary winter, when the drift lay deep
owre a',

An' the cottar bairnie tint its wye, an' waunnert hine awa';
They ca'd the hills, an' woods, an' howes for mony a
weary mile,

An' didna miss a burnie, nor a briggie, nor a stile.

When the daylight creepit latchie up the caul', grey
eastern sky,

They heard the bairnie greetin', greetin' wi' a waefu' cry;
An' lyin' lythe ahin a buss, frae winter's bitin' blast,
They fand the waunnert bairn in Willie's oxters—safe at last.

He had tirmed himsel' o' grauvit, an' o' kwite an' jacket
baith,

To hap the bairn an' rowe him roon frae winter's deadly
skaith.

Wi' joyfu' he'rts they fand him, syne howkit in the snaw,
An' socht to waken Willie—but Willie was awa'!

Wi' a wee saft tender smilie lyin' roon his pairted mou',
As gin he'd seen a vision fair an' happy to his view.
He had ta'en the lonesome wye his leen to that last hame
o' dreams,
Where the sweet reward was waitin', an the sunlicht ever
gleams.

* * * * *

There's a big, bricht starn at nicht-time twinkles, twinkles
up abeen,
Till it seems to licht the moorland wi' a bonnie, silv'ry
sheen;
An' it seems to me as gin the soul o' Willie comes again
To the happy scenes o' childhood, to the moorland an'
the glen.

To hear the curlew wailin' as the gloamin' saftly fa's;
To hear the win' gang soughin' where the bluebell sweetly
blaws;
To see the hame he fondly lo'ed; the haunts he kent sae
weel,
His restless spirit wanders frae the dear Land o' the Leal.

A RANTIN' HALLOWE'EN.

This tale is true as truth itsel'
An' gin it binna I'll ne'er tell
. . . Anither.

A UL' Luckie Grunzie yokit it,
An' a' the gossips trockit it,
O' ne'er a wird they dockit it,
But gied it wecht, I ween;
Nane socht the reet or rise o' it,
But aye they swalled the size o' it,
An' tauld a dizzen wyes o' it,
That nicht o' Hallowe'en.

They tauld it roon the smiddy fire,
An' clakkin' tongues gaed wintin' tire
In lordly ha', in cot or byre,
An' some spak' o't them leen.
'Twis said—but haud your thoom on't noo—
The laird got rantin', reemin' fou,
Wi' some daft, halliracket crew,
That nicht o' Hallowe'en.

Owre stoups o' gweed Glendronach bree
They tryst a nicht o' warlock glee,
Far yont the midnight's mirkest e'e,
Wi' a' the 'oors atween.

An' loupin' quines frae Lunnon Toon,
 Hauf-nakit, deck't in skimpy goon,
 Bewitched wi' lowin' een ilk loon,
 That hallach Hallowe'en.

They scaucht like cocks at waukriffe morn,
 An' lowed like nowt wi' routin' horn,
 An' ilka deevlish prank e'er born
 Was tried ere they were deen.
 They brunt them nits that loup an' dird;
 They pu'd kail-castocks frae the yird;
 An' hamely lugs heard ootlin wurd,
 That rantin' Hallowe'en.

An' ae braw hizzie staw a cloo
 O' gweed 'oo' wirsit, brightly blue,
 But ere 'twas twined she ta'en the grue,
 An' dwamle lay her leen;
 About the rucks they faddomed thrice,
 An' fleggit snugly-beddit mice,
 An' frichtened squeals but added spice
 Tae that wild Hallowe'en.

Furth, owre the muir, they rantit neist,
 An' kwite an' kirtle aff they cuist,
 Tae loup like kelpies owre a feast,
 The like wis never seen.
 In jinga-ring they flang their legs,
 The wild deuks, squatterin' frae the seggs,
 Gaed flichterin' yont the uplan' craigs,
 That nicht o' Hallowe'en.

Neist in the kirkyard, aul' an' grey,
They hooched an' danced in wild deray,
An' dang owre heidsteens i' the clay,
 An' leuch when a' wis deen.
An' ere they tint the dwinin' meen,
They hied them hame owre bog an' steen,
Wi' clorty claes an' dubbit sheen,
 Tae eyn their Hallowe'en.

There ilka haiveless, godless wicht,
In hellcat revels spent the nicht,
Till mornin' cam' wi' laggard licht,
 Tae, tim'rous, view the scene.
An' Luckie Grunzie dauredna tell
The hauf o' what that nicht befell,
But vowed 'twas mair like bleezin' hell
 Than nicht o' Hallowe'en.

□ □ □

THE CANTIE AUL' CARLE.

I MET an aul' carle where the Carron rins clear,
 Near the aul' ruined kirk wi' its memories dear;
 His tongue, like a bell, clattered on for an 'oor,
 As we sheltered a while fae a saft simmer shooer,
 This cantie aul', vauntie aul' carle.

He kent a' the country for miles roon an' roon,
 He kent ilka neuk in Steenhive's bonnie toon;
 He was crammed tae the noddle wi' aul'-farrant lore,
 An' gaun by his looks he was ower the three score,
 This cantie aul', rantie aul' carle.

He tauld aboot rabbits, an' futtrats, an' hares,
 The makin' o' girns, an' the settin' o' snares;
 He'd poached an' he'd sniggered wi' gun an' wi' rod,
 An' kent whaur the dyowie worm lurked i' the sod,
 This cantie aul', scanty aul' carle.

He'd wrocht ilka trap, whether timmer or steel,
 An' kent them, he swore, fae the tae t' the heel,
 An' rottans he'd teen by the dizzen an' score,
 An' a' ither craitters in hunners galore,
 This cantie aul', dauntless aul' carle.

He kent ilka roadie, an' wallie, an' burn;
 At antrin odd jobs could his skeely han's turn;
 Whatever was wantit this carle was your frien',
 An' only nott speirin' tae ha'e the wark deen,
 This cantie aul', willin' aul' carle.

A cantie aul' carle in a black glancin' kwite,
A wee thochtie boo't, an' his beard unco fite,
But keen was his spirit, an' bricht was his e'e,
As he steid on the briggie an' laagit tae me,
 This vauntie aul', cantie aul' carle.

□ □ □

THE KITCHIE DEEM.

'TWIS Mairtimiss the deem cam' hame,
 An' ere the back o' Eil
 There wisna een about the toon
 But swore she wis the deil ;
 She turned the hale place heelster-heid,
 An' nearly dreev's a' gyte ;
 Fatever happened oot or in
 The deem got aye the wyte.

The kye gaed eill at antrin times,
 An' widna gie a drap ;
 The rats played skaivie i' the laft,
 An' left nae seed for crap ;
 The butter connacht i' the churn ;
 The soo dee't jist for spite ;
 An' so, withoot a wurd o' doot,
 The deem got a' the wyte.

The rucks taen fire on Hogmanay,
 Jist as the 'ear gaed oot,
 An' brunt fu' herty for an 'oor,
 An' brunt the barn tae boot.
 The shalt ran aff, an' brook a shaft,
 An' garr't the maister clyte,
 An' eence again, tho' miles awa',
 The deem got a' the wyte.

An' syne the mear cuist aff her foal,
An' dwin'd for mony a day ;
The maister's hair—eence bonnie black—
Wis strakit noo wi' grey ;
The wife hed tint her rosy cheeks,
An' lookit wan an' fite,
An' tho' they didna say a wird,
The deem got a' the wyte.

The orra billie brook an' airm
Wi' tumlin' doon the wall ;
The " knock " set aff ae Sunday nicht,
An' rung withoot deval ;
The kittlin suppit a' the ream ;
The dog begood tae bite ;
An' tho' she, greetin', " cut her breath,"
The deem got a' the wyte.

The littlins widna sup their brose ;
The hens forgot tae lay ;
The muckle plooman tint his watch
Amo' the barley strae ;
A futtrat wirry't half the deuks ;
The cheese hed taen the mite ;
Wi' waggin' tongues an' noddin' heids,
The deem got a' the wyte.

An', yet, she wis a sonsie deem,
Wi' glintin', gowden hair ;
An' chiels cam' coortin' ower the rigs,
An' fussed lang an' sair.

They chirpit roon about the toon
Like love-lorn yalla-yite,
An' when the maister couldna sleep
The deem got a' the wyte.

He tauld her, syne, tae pack her kist,
An' tak' the road at morn;
So at the wauk'nin' glint o' day
She left them a' wi' scorn.
An' noo, gin ferlies chance tae fa',
They girn, an' greet, an' flyte,
An' tho' the deemie's hine awa'
She still gets a' the wyte.

□ □ □

AUL' EIL.

THE meen was sheenin' bricht an' clear
When gweed Aul' Eil cam' in this 'ear,
Sae aff I set wi' cronies dear
Tae feast an' gallivantin'.

We met wi' ither lightsome chiels,
Blythe, rantin', roarin', herty deils,
Wi' fun aye ettlin' tae the heels,
An' crouse as ony bantin'.

Snug seatit roon the festive boord,
Tae whilk ilk appetite was lured,
He wad hae been a feckless cooard
Wha wad been found a-wantin'.

The sweet an' sappy sowens first
We snappit jist tae slock a thirst,
An' some wad teen mair gin they durst,
But, haith, it set them pantin'.

A wheen o' lads an' quines amang's
Noo gaw's a routh o' bonnie sangs,
Ye ne'er heard tell o' sic ring-dangs
As on the 'oors gaed slantin'.

An' syne wi' caunles bleezin' bricht,
The Aul' Eil log cam' intae sicht,
Wi' pipers skirlin' a' their micht,
There ne'er was heild sic rantin'.

A cup o' richt weel-maskit tay,
 Afore the cairds we'd yoke tae play,
 Jist pat's a' in the wye tae hae
 Nae thocht o' sleep or gantin'.

Wi' whist an' " totum " time about
 We gart the happy nicht spin oot,
 An' aye we swore without a doot
 Till mornin' we'd nae dauntin'.

But some " sma' 'oors ayont the twal' "
 Even pleasures sweet began tae pall,
 An' tho' rale sweer tae brak the thrall,
 The morn wad sune be sklantin'.

Wi' " Aul' Lang Syne " oor han's we jined,
 An' pledged oorsel's for 'ears tae mind
 The nicht we spent sae leal an' kind
 At Aul' Eil's gallivantin'.

□ □ □

THE BARN DANCE.

THE laft wis snoddit but an' ben, an' swypit furth the
door,

An' a' the cupples buskit bricht wi' paper chines galore ;
A dizzen muckle lantrins, syne, were hung about the wa's,
An' evergreens an' paper flooers swang fae the jeists in raws.
Aweyt, it a' wis up-tae-dick fae riggin'-heid tae flear ;
A neukie for the band tae sit, bit a' the lave wis clear,
An' fin the nicht itsel' cam' roon—without a leein' wurd—
They gart the biggin' howder, sirse, wi' mony a hooch an'
dird.

There wis a clippin' o' a meen gaun creepin' throwe the
lift,

Eneuch tae lat the lasses see tae loup the peels sae swift,
An' some cam' there wi' twa-three chiels, an' some wi'
neen ava,

An' chiels cam' there without a deem, an' antrin eens brocht
twa ;

Some daunert throwe the muckle widd, an' some cam' ower
the burn,

An' ae lang chiel cam' doon the hill, wi' mony a twine
an' turn ;

An' there they met sae cantilie tae spen' the jovial oors,
Wi' chaffin' an' wi' daffin' ey tae music's lichtsome poers.

The fiddlers twined the fiddle-pins, an' rostit the bows,
An', syne, begood tae play a mairch, " The Herdin' o'
the Yowes " ;

An' seen the flear wis steerin' fu' o' lads an' lasses fair,

Fa turned an' hooch't an' cleekit, sirse, without a thoct
o' care;

Wi' furlin' time, an' kissin' time, sae herty they heild on,
For neen were slack tae tak' a "smack," tho' some got
but a "scone";

An' tiggin' lasses witchin' leuch wi' glintin', trystin' een,
An' twined an' turned wi' soople fit like fairies on the green.

They brocht the reekin' toddy roon in muckle milkin' pails,
An' tongues were slackit efterhin', an' gaed like thrashin'
flails;

Some hed ae gless, an' some hed twa; an' some gaed throwe
the bows,

An' focht or kissed tae tak' the e'e faur love's sweet lichtie
lowes.

So lichtly flew the rantin' 'oors wi' Pleasure at the prow,
An' ilky een pangt fu', wi' Fun ey tittin' at the tow;
Syne sleepy heids an' lightsome herts gaed hame wi'
mornin' licht;

An' memory added tae her store a happy, blythsome nicht.

THE SPAEWIFE.

I KEN an' aul' carlin'
That bides in a howe,
Where heather an' breem
Bloom the hale simmer throwe;
Her biggin's weel thackit
Wi' divots an' girss;
An' her tongue wad clip cloots
Gin ye pit up her birse.

She swears like a darger,
An' smokes like a lum,
She snuffs—an', they say,
Tak's a moofu' o' rum;
She wears an aul' mutch,
An' an aul' wincy goon,
Wi' gey gashelt sheen
Whilk she skushles aroon.

She's skeely wi' herbs,
An' can brew ye a dram
That gars your lugs crack
While your thrapple ye cram;
Her eyntmints an' saws
(Made o' puddicks an' taeds)
Are gweed for maist a'
That keeps fowk i' their beds.

She'll spae ye a fortin,
Wi' tay-cup or cairds,

As peer as a tinker's,
Or fat as a laird's;
She'll bless ye or curse ye,
Whate'er be her teen,
An' care-na a docken
For cat nor for queen.

Bit she's couthie an' kindly
Gin sorrows betide,
An' warm lowes her hert
At her ain ingleside,
Where the peat's murlin' licht,
When she's sittin' her leen,
Aften glints on the tears
That aye droon her aul' een.

□ □ □

THE DEID ROBIN.

WHAT fell mishanter here's befa'en
My russet-breistit cronie,
Wha happit blythly roon my fit,
An' wheepled aye sae bonnie?

What luckless turn o' fortune's wheel
In death has laid thee streekit,
An' left me here tae dwine my leen,
In grief an' sorrow theekit?

Thy wee bit dwebble, spinnle shanks
Will ne'er again come happin';
Nor at the peen, in winter's caul',
Thy perky nib come tappin'.

Thy gleg an' glintin', bricht, black e'e
Aft teetit yont the pailin',
Gin I, perchance, micht, wi' the spade,
Fa' eidently a-dellin'.

Fu' mony a sappy, waumblin' worm
Fae oot the yird thou'st howkit,
An' in a blink 'twas in thy wime,
An', Robin, thou ne'er kowkit.

Thy heich, sweet, wheeplin', flutin' sang
Soun't clear at peep o' mornin',
As tho' tae chide my heedless sloth,
'Mid wakenin' day's adornin'.

An' ere the nicht had cled the earth
In robes o' mirkest sadness,
Thou liltit at the gloamin' 'oor
Thy dear, sweet notes o' gladness.

On yon wild rose I saw thee last,
Thy breistie bricht an' shinin';
Nae reider were the ripenin' hips
That roon thee were a-twinin'.

I'll lay thee 'neath the wild rose tree—
My hert is sair wi' sobbin'—
An' tenderly I'll hap thee o'er—
Oh, fare-thee-well, poor Robin!

□ □ □

FAIR FA' THE MORN.

JANUARY 25.

FAIR fa' the lucky natal morn,
The morn, dear Robin, thou wert born,
'Mid Januar' win's whase blust'rin' horn
Blew hansel braw.

O sweet-voiced singer, dear's thy name
In ilka Scottish hert an' hame,
An' years but mark thy greater fame
Tho' ye're awa'.

O hert sae tender, kind an' leal,
That e'en could pitying sorrow feel
For yon black-avised, glow'rin' deil
An' moosie sma'.

Thou fondest lover, couthie frien',
O wad that I thy face had seen,
An' spent a rantin', glorious e'en
Within thy wa'.

O lover o' the flowerin' lea,
The soarin' lark sae blythe an' free;
My hert is a' I hae tae gie—
Ye hae it a'.

TO A WHIN BLOOM.

IN EARLY JANUARY.

HAIL! gowden herald o' the spring,
 Ere yet the lav'rock tak's the wing
 Wi' upward lift, tae heavenward sing,
 Ye bravely bloom;
 A glint o' gladness bricht tae bring
 'Mid winter's gloom.

When blust'rin' storms wi' piercin' shower
 Hae chilled the hert o' bud an' flower,
 In some lythe neuk ye find a bower—
 Fell-dyke or steen;
 An' gin the sun but gie a glower,
 Thy gowd is seen.

Ye seek nae cultured halls o' fame,
 The bare hillside tae thee is hame,
 Where, like a livin', loupin' flame,
 Thy blossoms blaw;
 Weel-lo'ed—weel-kent by sight an' name
 Tae ane an' a'.

The moorlands drear ye fringe fu' brow
 Ere yet they tine their driftit snaw;
 Thy hertsome bloomie heich ower a',
 I lo'e tae see.
 An' couthie inspiration draw
 Frae thy bricht e'e.

Oh! would that mankind were like thee,
Content, whate'er their station be,
Tae haud their heids sae proudly heigh
 Abeen the earth,
An' wi' a cheerfu', kindly e'e,
 Show forth their worth.

Oh, hail thee! herald o' the spring,
Thy gladsome message fondly bring,
That eager, joyfu' herts may sing
 Wi' thy dear kin,
An' warmest welcomes o'er thee fling—
 Thou bonnie whin!

□ □ □

THE HAIRST MEEN.

A H, frien', ye're glowerin' eence again
 On mony a stookit rig an' plain,
 Fae Johnnie Groats, an' far as Spain,
 Ower hill an' howe,
 An' mony an e'e will greet fu' fain
 Thy bonnie lowe.

Thy weel-kent face, roun', gowden clear,
 Brings routh o' winnin' nichts tae cheer
 The hairstin' herts that lo'e ye dear,
 An' toast ye weel,
 As throwe amo' the cloods ye steer,
 An' nimmle speel.

It's dootless but an aul' wife's fret
 That ye hae magic poo'rs—an' yet,
 Queer unco cantrips, e'er ye set,
 Ye're said tae play,
 An' mony a ploy ye've haud'n het
 Till skreek o' day.

The greetin', girin', waukrife wean
 Has aft been kent tae cheenge her teen
 Fin ye cam' teetin' throwe the peen,
 An' gart her lauch
 Tae see the fairies' dancin' sheen
 On yon weet haugh.

Fu' mony a lass, wi' lovin' smile,
Has saftly blessed thy lurin' wile,
An' tempit wi' bewitchin' guile
 Some lad thro' you,
Tae keep a tryst ower mony a mile
 Tae kiss her mou'.

Fu' mony a rantin', drouthy wicht
Has reezed thy frien'ly, guidin' licht,
Fin styt'rin' hame, ye gied him sicht,
 Tae weyd the gutters,
An' eased his mind o' bokey's fricht
 An' sic-like scutters.

Foo aft, as cantie Omar says,
Hae ye glowert doon on mankind's ways,
An' shed thy bonnie, glintin' rays
 On darksome deeds,
An' wi' thy kelpie's flegs or fays
 Teen up their heids?

Foo aft the lispin', toddlin' bairn
Ye've watched tae manhood grow fu' stern,
An' tyauve wi' swettin' broo tae earn
 Life's daily breid,
Till caul' at last aneith a cairn
 They laid his heid?

Ah! gowden, glintin', glorious meen,
Gang saftly ower yon sacred green,
Where generations sleep serene
 Wha kent thy face,
An' generations yet unseen
 May find a place.

THE HAUNTED SMIDDY.

IN Aiberdeen's douce, canny toon—
 Where sense an' wit sit ticht an' soun',
 An' learnin' spreads its priceless boon
 In skweel an' college—
 But lately things hae come the roon
 Ayont a' knowledge.

The New 'Ear bells hed scarce deen chappin'
 When speerits, grim, begood their rappin',
 As roon the darksome smiddy flappin'
 Fae fleer tae thack;
 The caul' steen wa's groaned wi' their clappin',
 Jist like tae crack.

Syne up abeen the smiddy bare
 The beds gaed loupin' i' the air,
 An' tables reeled an' jiggid fu' rare
 Ower a' the fleer,
 Till cheirs an' stules, an' maybe mair,
 Jined i' the steer.

On ilka wa' sic rants o' knockin',
 Wi' fleers like drunken tinkers rockin',
 An' antrin bumps gied nerves a shockin'
 They'd mind for lang,
 An' banish sceptic thochts o' mockin'
 Or ribald sang.

The law, wi' grave, portentous broo,
Cam' steppin' in tae interview
The ghaists; or, aiblins, seek a clue—
 But weel a wat—
Sic pranks they saw nae farrer thro'
 Than ony bat.

Wise fowk fae a' the airts appeared,
An' spiered an' glowered, an' glowered an' spiered,
But fent o' a' the logic reared
 Could riddle weel,
Tho' witches, fairies, ghaists were feared,
 An' e'en the deil.

The boggarts wild wha haunt the moors,
Or ride the nicht on sleety shoo'rs,
An' wile at midnight's eerie 'oors
 Benighted fowk,
Perchance tae practise devilish lures
 In smiddies howk.

An' there, when honest toilers rest,
They rant in leather aprons dress't,
An' clang the studdy hemmers fest
 On ilka wa',
An' lauch as at a merry jest
 Gin hairm befa'.

The kelpies that, oor aul' fowk tell's,
Frequent the streams o' lonely dells,
An' ring the woods wi' frichtsomen yells
 In deid o' nicht,
May teen a thocht tae try their spells
 On this puir wicht.

But gweed or ill there's neen can say
The cause o' a' this sair deray,
Tho' theories grave an' theories gay
 We dinna lack;
Some jeer an' lauch, while ithers pray
 At airts sae black.

An' ilka professorial pow
Is waggin' ower the why? an' how?
O sic weird cantrips; an' they vow
 They're fairly bleckit,
While canons, kirks, an' press, I trow,
 Are mystery-glaiket.

□ □ □

THE HYOWIN' O' THE NEEPS.

WE hyowt the neeps in sunny June,
A bonnie lass an' I,
An' blythe an' lichtsme were we baith
As toilsome days gaed by.
For aft the lass wad lilt a sang,
While witchin' glanced her e'e;
I'd never wish a sweeter lass
Than hyowt the neeps wi' me.

She teen the foremost dreel at morn,
Tae follow I was fain;
An' keen was I tae scan her wark,
An' watch for miss or blain,
For ilka blain she chanced tae mak',
A kiss she had tae gie;
An' scores the lassie willin' paid,
That hyowt the neeps wi' me.

We hyowt the neeps fae morn till eve,
The bonnie lass an' I,
Fae yokin' time tae lowsins' time,
Wi' laverocks liltin' high.
An', oh! but we were canty baith,
Oor herts were liltin' tee,
An' noo the lassie's trystit aye
Tae hyow the neeps wi' me.

THE COORTIN' O' BLYTHE BETTY HAWS.

THERE was lauchin' an' claikin'
 At washin' an' bakin',
 An' tongues gaed like wag-at-the-wa's;
 An' the reet an' the rise o't,
 The wyes o't, an' size o't—
 The coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

She'd a craftie weel happit,
 A moggin weel stappit
 Wi' siller in muckles an' sma's;
 The thocht o't was tempin',
 An' mony cam' limpin',
 A-coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

She had lads that were fifty,
 An' lads that were thrifty,
 An' lads wi' fyow bawbees or braws;
 Frae the laird tap the souter,
 Oh! ilka daft footer
 Was coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

At mornin' they wheepled,
 An' evenin' they tweetled,
 Or routit like nowt i' their sta's;
 An' they focht roun' her biggin',
 Like cats on the riggin',
 While coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

They got fou ower the heid o't;
At nicht—i' the deid o't—
They'd sing themsel's hairse as the craws,
Till the tykes, roun' an' roun',
Would a' join in the tune,
At the coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

Some swore by her dimples,
Where beauty's stream wimples,
An' some by the airts the win' blaws;
Tae her een an' her mou'
Ithers vowed tae be true,
At the coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

Frae the Spring tae November,
An' richt thro' December,
When Winter's caul' mantle doon fa's,
They were sweerin' like tinkers,
They'd dee for her winkers,
When coortin' o' blythe Betty Haws.

But at Aul' Eil, I'm reckon',
They got a begeckin',
For Betty teen ill o' the thraws;
She was auchty; her blessin'
She left them—a' guessin'
Whilk ane nicht hae wed Betty Haws.

THE AUL' DROVER.

WEEL kent far an' wide,
 Roun' the hale countryside,
 A pawky aul' carle an' a drouthy wis he;
 Wi' his aul' clcotit kwite,
 An' his dog, black an' fite,
 Hirplin' canny alang wi' ae lug ower its e'e.

Aft croonin' a sang
 As he skushelt alang
 In his bauchelt aul' sheen, geylies heely-ma-lee,
 Wi' a stirk or a soo,
 Twa-three sheep or a coo,
 Soo Jimmie wis blythe as a bird on a tree.

He cursed lood an' lang
 Gin his kye waunert wrang,
 An' a rung wi' his staff his aul' tyke he wad gie;
 For whatever gaed geyt
 The peer tyke got the wyte,
 An' tho' rarely tae blame, faith, he aye got the bree.

There wisna an inn
 Hed a totum tae spin
 Bit Jimmie wad gie't a bit furl—ay, an' win;
 Wad coup ower a noggin,
 Syne doon the road joggin'
 He'd lilt like a mavie when springtime comes in.

The bairns kent him weel,
An' wad trot at his heel,
An' for thanks a gweed sweerin' they'd get frank an' free ;
But the fent a ane cared,
For they couldna be scared
When they saw the bit glint o' his kindly aul' e'e.

Peer Jimmie's awa',
Wi' his aul' tyke an' a',
An' the road that they traivelt's baith lonely an' lang ;
But there's nae the least doot,
Gin the truth wad creep oot,
That he fittit it croonin' his cheery aul' sang.

□ □ □

THERE NEVER WAS SIC A
MINEER.

THERE never was sic a mineer, a mineer,
 There never was sic a mineer,
 Sin' the day that the cadger
 Got fou for a wadger,
 There never was sic a mineer.

An' fent a ane kent hoo it yokit, it yokit,
 But swith, ere a body could speir,
 There was greetin' an' groanin',
 An' sobbin' an' moanin'—
 Meg raised sic a hallach mineer.

Her een in her heid were a-rowin', a-rowin',
 Her heels dirlin' fest on the floor,
 An' her han's clawin' roon
 In her tousled heid's croon—
 There never was sic a mineer.

They flew for an' aul' wife sae skeely, sae skeely,
 Wha dosed her wi' wauchts wersh an' queer,
 But o' odds there was neen
 When her pheesic was deen,
 For Meg aye held on her mineer.

They rowed her in plaisters an' poultice, an' poultice,
 As thick as the spurtle wad steer,
 An' her feet got a sweelin'
 Tae gie her bleid queelin'—
 There never was sic a mineer.

They brocht in the smith an' the souter, the souter,
But nocht could they baith dee but sweer;
An' some ane was plannin'
Tae rowe her in flannin
When Meg eyn't their norsin' career.

She grabbit a besom sae hefty, sae hefty,
An' dreeve them a' furth wi' their gear,
Syne their plaisters an' messes
She flang in their faces—
There never was sic a daft steer.

Syne she lockit her doorie, her doorie,
An' deil a ane daured tae gang near,
Tho' she skirled a' her micht
Till the deid o' the nicht—
There never was sic a galeer.

An' ne'er a ane e'er kent what ailed her, what ailed her,
An' neen hed the smeddum tae spier;
But fae that day till now
They'd be willin' tae vow
There never was sic a mineer.

THE SCUTTER O' LIFE.

LIFE was naething but a scutter
 Frae the day that he was born,
 For fent a protick e'er he tried
 But brocht him fash an' scorn.
 At skweel he'd ne'er a marra
 When it cam' tae bein' blate;
 For 'twas naething but a scutter,
 Whether pen, or beuk, or sklatae.

'Twas a scutter in the mornin'
 When his mither gart him rise;
 'Twas a scutter richt throu a' the day,
 Wi' grumblin' sighs an' sighs;
 'Twas a scutter, syne, tae turr himsel'
 When beddin' time cam' roun';
 An' a scutter waur than ony
 Dichtin's face or kaimin's croon.

When skweelin' days were deen at last,
 A lingle lang he grew;
 An' 'twas a scutter stannin' straucht,
 A scutter, syne, tae boo.
 He half-thocht eence o' listin',
 But he thocht an' thocht in vain,
 Till the scutterin' an' thinkin'
 Gart his peer heid furl again.

'Twas a scutter tae gang coortin',
Tho' he tholed it weel aneuch,
For his deemie lookit 'witchin'
When she teen his e'e an' leuch;
But he britchened ower the weddin',
'Twas the weel-warst soss ava,
An' the scutter o't near gart him—
When the parson speired—say "Na."

'Twas a scutter, syne, the nursin',
For his fingers were a' thooms;
An' greetin' geets he couldna bide,
They gied him aye the glooms.
Wi' bibbs an' cloots an' hippens—tchach!
'Twas scutter, scutter on,
Frae skreek o' licht tae throwe the nicht,
Wi' peace an' quaetness gone.

So life wis jist a scutter,
An', as far as he could see,
'Twad be a botch an' bucker
When his time cam' roun' tae dee;
An' though ower here 'twas ill aneuch,
He winner't lang an' sair,
Gin the scutter michtna, efter a',
Be ten-faul' waur ower there.

AT THE FIT O' BENNACHIE.

WHERE the sun strikes in the mornin' at the fit o'
 Bennachie,
 An' a caller burnie tinkles fae the hill,
 There's a thackit hoosie stannin' wad delight your hert
 tae see,
 An' for years in memory wad be wi' ye still.

It's but a hamely but-an'-ben, wi' roses roun' the door,
 An' a placie biggit tee tae haud the coo;
 Wi' a rare aul' gairden fu' o' scentit favourites by the
 score—
 Oh! the guff o't twines about my hert eynoo.

There's flags upon the kitchie floor, an' peats upon the fire,
 An' the blue reek brings the water tae your een;
 Gars the kettle, singin' cheery on the seety crook, inspire
 Thochts o' tea an' scones wi' butter thick atween.

Ye help tae fesh the hummlie hame when milkin' time
 comes roon—
 She's baiky't hine awa' ahin the knowe—
 An' when the het milk's foamin' ower the cogue an' rinnin'
 doon,
 It a kin' o' pits your hert up in a lowe.

The wark b'han', ye daunner throwe the plantin' up the hill,
 Tae flap amo' the heather for a smoke;
 Where the muckle bee is bummin' on the evenin' air sae still,
 Busy rypin' ilka sprig tae ful' his pyoke.

The sun dips bonnie ower the howe, we fain wad langer bide,
But, by an' by, the gweedwife gie's a ca';
The gweedman leads, ye follow neist, wi' bricht een by
your side,
In the plantin' some ane gets a kiss or twa.

Ye dauchle in the gloamin' o' the dusky simmer's nicht,
An' ye maybe think the aul' man disna see,
Till ye sit inbye the ingle wi' its cosy, loupin' licht,
Syne ye glimpse the wee bit twinkle in his e'e.

Here gaithert roon the birslin' fire o' bleezin' rosit reets,
The hin'most drowsy 'oor sune weers awa';
An' throwe your sleep there drifts the yoam o' murlin'
reistit peats,
Wi' a breath o' honeysuckle sweet ower a'.

There's routh o' grander hooses, and there's dootless fowk
mair braw,
Bit I'm dootin' sair gin ony ane could see
The marra o' that thackit hoose sae couthie, kind, an' a',
Biggit lythe in at the fit o' Bennachie.

AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN OF ROSES.

THERE'S an old-world garden of roses,
Whose fragrance fills the air,
And the beauty and peace of the whole wide world
Seem gathered together there.
The song of the mavis swelling,
The hum of the droning bee,
Come borne on the breath of sweetness,
Laden with joy to me.

In this old-world garden of roses,
With its old-world fragrant flowers,
All mossy and grey the sundial stands,
Counting the sunny hours.
When the years slip into the shadows,
With their memories grave or gay,
This old-world garden of roses
Will dwell in my heart for aye.

LILTS AND LYRICS.

Lilts and Lyrics.

A P R I L .

SWEET Nature awakens, 'tis springtime again,
An' earth's bosom welcomes the soft, plashin' rain;
Frae winter's caul' grip she, rejoicing, is free,
An' daily is buskin' to meet summer's e'e.

Now April weeps gently, yet smiles through her tears,
As longing for summer, still winter she fears;
The sun blink's sae bonnie on woodland an' lea,
An' wiles back to beauty ilk green budding tree.

The soft, whisp'ring win's o'er the wak'ning earth blaw,
An' melt, on the hillsides, the lang-lyin' snaw;
The troots are a' loupin' in ilka broon burn,
Where cowslips bloom bonnie the banks to adorn.

Come forth frae thy slumbers, thou sweet-droning bee!
A welcome awaits thee on ilk flowery lea,
An' sweet music swelling where'er thou shalt turn,
An' hope gently chiding the heart that would mourn.

Oh! welcome, sweet April, thy soft, sypin' rain,
An' welcome thy sunshine on hillside an' plain;
Oh! lang may thy soughin' win's couthily blaw
To wile oor sad thoughts frae the winter awa'.

THE LASS WI' THE AUL' SILKEN GOON.

THERE cam' a sweet lass doon the loanin'
 As gloamin' was weerin' awa',
 She hadna a plack nor a farthin',
 O' siller she had nane ava;
 Bare-leggit an' barfit she trampit
 Fu' mony a mile roon an' roon,
 But nane that I kent could e'er marra
 The lass wi' the aul' silken goon.

She sang me the sangs o' the hamelan',
 The lowe o' dear hame in her e'e;
 The sangs o' the wide rollin' moorlan',
 The hills an' the blue shoudin' sea;
 Her smile was like bricht gleamin' sunlight,
 Her hair wavin' bonnie an' broon,
 An' ne'er had I seen ane sae witchin's
 The lass wi' the aul' silken goon.

“ Sweet lass, will ye be my ain dearie? ”
 I wooed an' I priggit fu' sair;
 “ I'll shield ye fae caul' an' fae hunger,
 An' braid wi' bricht gowd thy dear hair;
 I'll busk ye sae braw an' sae bonnie,
 An' mak' ye the toast o' the toon,”
 But aye, wi' a smile, she wad murmur—
 “ I'd raither my aul' silken goon.”

“ O, dinna ye tempt me sae sairly,
Ye ken it wad ne'er dee ava,
For ne'er could ye mak' me a lady
Tho' buskit in cleddin' sae braw;
I'm nocht but a peer wand'rin' gangrel,
Whase hert mayna feel love's sweet stoun' ”;
An' sair was my hert wi' her sobbin'—
The lass wi' the aul' silken goon.

I faulded her close as I whispered,
“ Dear lass, gin ye'll nae bide wi' me,
Where Love calls I surely maun follow,
So I'll hae tae wander wi' thee.”
Her een like the stars were a-shinin',
An' witchin' her voice's sweet tune,
O! gled is my hert noo I've wedded
The lass wi' the aul' silken goon.

A ROAMER'S SANG.

*I'M peer i' the pooch as a tinker,
 An' sair hauden doon for my sins,
 But I'm rich when I roam ower the moorlands,
 An' gether the gowd o' the whins.*

*I carena a doit nor a docken
 For a' the world's galshichs an' gear,
 Gin I hae the win' blawin' caller,
 There's naething I'd niffer sae dear.*

*Oh! gie me the glint o' the gowan,
 The lilt o' a birdie's sweet sang;
 Oh! gie me the plash o' a burnie
 That wimples sae blythly alang.*

*An' gie me, when gloamin' is fa'in',
 The lass wi' the lowe in her een,
 The lips that nae honey can marra,
 An' cheeks wi' the rose's reid sheen.*

*Then deep in my hert will contentment
 Bide canty an' couthie wi' me,
 An' riches will dower me—nae maitter
 Tho' peer i' the pooch I may be.*

SPRING O' THE 'EAR.

THERE'S green on the saugh,
An' there's gowd on the whin,
An' sweet sings the burnie
That louns ower the linn,
O, blythe is the tune o' the lad on the lea,
An' blythe is the sang o' the springtime tae me.

The lav'rock lilts sweet,
An' the teuchat cries sair,
An' the lad wi' the harras
Now whistles eence mair,
The win's soughin' saft, an' the sawin' time's here,
O, blythe gang the days in the spring o' the 'ear.

The gowan glints fair
In the e'e o' the morn,
While dews wi' bricht jewels
Her sweet cup adorn,
The lamb's bleatin' music now fondly we hear,
As blythly they dance in the spring o' the 'ear.

There's green on the saugh,
An' there's gowd on the whin,
There's joy tae ilk hert
In the saft soughin' win',
O, blythe is the waukin' fae winter sae drear,
O, blythe gang the days in the spring o' the 'ear.

THE LASS THAT MILKS THE COO.

THERE is a lass, a winsome lass,
 A lass I dearly lo'e,
 She bakes the bannocks, breid, an' scones,
 An' milks the hummlie coo;
 She milks the coo, an' lilt a sang
 That's stow'n my hert awa';
 I fain wad hae her for my ain,
 The sweetest lass o' a'.

She waukens wi' the mornin' sun,
 As blythsome as the lark,
 An' bonnie, bonnie lowe her een,
 Like glintin' starns at dark;
 An' oh! my hert is lowin' tee
 While haudin' at the ploo,
 An' longin', longin' for the lass
 That blythly milks the coo.

I've roamed ayont the shoudin' sea
 For mony a weary mile,
 An' ne'er a lass that e'er I met
 Could wile me wi' a smile;
 But noo, alack, I fain would tak'
 A waucht o' love's sweet brew,
 Sin' I hae seen the winsome lass,
 The lass that milks the coo.

*There's dootless ither lasses sweet
Wad kindly smile on me,
But I hae looks tae spare for neen,
Whate'er their looks might be ;
There's een for me, she's queen for me,
Sae bonnie, leal, an' true ;
I widna niffer with the King
The lass that milks the coo.*

□ □ □

DREEPIN' AN' DRAGGLED AN' A'.

THE tinkler wife was a waefu' sicht,
 Dreepin' an' draggled an' a', an' a',
 As she crap thro' the toon in the tail o' the licht,
 An' the mirk was yokin' tae ja', tae ja'.

Dreepin' an' draggled an' a', an' a',
 Dreepin' an' draggled an' a',
 But "Hey for the days when I was a lass,"
 The days that are far awa', awa'.

Doon by the bucht o' the lambs an' yowes
 She sat in the lythe o' the wa', the wa',
 An' crooned tae her cutty amang the breem cowes,
 Dreepin' an' draggled an' a', an' a'.

The stars cam' blinkin' heich i' the lift,
 An' the meen cam' peepin' an' a', an' a',
 An' the nicht win's soughed as they spak' o' the drift,
 But the auld wife spak' nae ava, ava.

The day dawn cam' wi' a cauldriife e'e,
 An' the wife lay happit wi' snaw, wi' snaw,
 But dreepin' an' draggled nae care noo had she,
 For her soul had driftit awa', awa'.

Dreepin' an' draggled an' a', an' a',
 Dreepin' an' draggled an' a',
 She'll sigh nae mair for the days o' a lass
 Noo her days are deen an' awa', awa'.

Dreepin' an' draggled an' a', an' a',
 Dreepin' an' draggled an' a'.

THE BONNIE STIBBLE LEA.

OWER the bonnie stibble lea,
Where the waddin' win's blaw free,
There I'd wander, lass, wi' thee,
Sae canty in the gloamin' ;
Gowden stooks on ilka han',
In their ripened glory stan',
Far as wanderin' e'e may scan,
Or wanderin' feet gang roamin'.

When the smilin' harvest meen
Floods the rigs wi' silvery sheen,
Fain I'd see your ain sweet leen
Come linkin' doon the loanin' ;
Fain wad I be your ain jo,
Gin ye'd whisper sweet an' low
Ye'll be mine thro' weal or woe
Till life's lang, ling'rin' gloamin'.

Sae, bonnie lassie, ower the burn,
Dinna sit an' sich an' mourn,
Gie your saucy smiles a turn,
An' gang wi' me a-roamin' ;
Ower the bonnie stibble lea,
Where the waddin' win's blaw free,
There I'd wander, lass, wi' thee,
Sae canty in the gloamin'.

A SANG O' THE HEATHER HILLS.

O, SING me a sang o' the heather hills,
 An' the lonely curlew's cry;
 O, sing me a sang o' the heather hills,
 Wi' the white clouds sailin' by;
 An' I'll breathe the scent o' the heather wild,
 An' list tae the blue-bells' chime,
 As the rustlin' win' blaws doon the glen,
 I' the sweet-voiced simmer time.

O, sing me a sang o' the heather hills,
 Where the purple blossoms blaw,
 An' the sang o' the bee soun's drowsy sweet
 Fae morn till the evenin's fa';
 An' my hert kens sweet contentment,
 Nae ither place can gie,
 For my thochts loup aye tae the heather,
 An' the heather hills I see.

Then sing me a sang o' the heather hills—
 The hills I lo'e sae dear;
 O, sing me the sang that the lav'rock sings
 I' the mornin' lift sae clear;
 An' the tune o' the burnie tumlin'
 I' the sunlicht's glintin' gleam,
 I can hear them a' when, far awa',
 O' my heather hills I dream.

FAIR FA'S THE GLOAMIN'.

*F*AIR fa's the gloamin',
Where I've been a-roamin'
Amang yon green knowes,
When the gowan steeks its e'e;
The mavis is singin',
His love-notes are ringin',
A-charming the hearts
O' my Peggy an' me.

The sun sank sae cosy
'Mang clouds reid an' rosy,
An' saftly the win' soughed
In ilk birken tree;
As nicht cam' a-creepin',
The stars cam' a-peepin',
Tae licht up the way
O' my Peggy an' me.

O, gie me the gloamin',
The sweet-scented gloamin',
When Nature sae drowsy
In sleep steeks her e'e;
Then cares are forgotten,
An' sweet peace begotten,
As hamewith we wander,
My Peggy an' me.

THE HOWES O' BUCKSBURN.

SWEET lilt the burnie doon the howes,
 When gloamin' saftly fa's,
 An' saft ower a' the whinny knowes
 The whisperin' west win' blaws;
 Where cushats croon their drowsy tune,
 An' sweet the mavis sings,
 An' mony a flooer at evenin' 'oor
 Its incense heavenward flings.

Oh! here sweet Nature finds a home
 Sae peaceful an' sae fair,
 An' here I aften love tae roam
 Sae free frae strife an' care.
 Where gowden leaves in autumn fa',
 An' aye the burnie rowes;
 'Mid simmer's heat or winter's snaw
 I dearly lo'e the Howes.

Oh! fair's the gowden simmer day
 Amang its winding braes,
 While laverocks pour, abeen, their lay
 O' joyous heaven-sent praise;
 The woodlands ring, as wild birds sing,
 Wi' mony an echoing strain,
 An' hill an' dale in that dear vale
 Take up the glad refrain.

*Here Nature's fairest tints are spread,
Sae rich, sae full an' free,
An' beauty here is surely wed
Tae ilka flooer an' tree.
Oh! ither lands are ne'er the same,
Nor can such thoughts arouse,
An' tho' I wander far frae hame
My hert is in the Howes.*



O, COME WI' ME A-ROVIN'.

O, COME wi' me a-rovin'
 A-doon the fernie den,
 O, come wi' me a-rovin'
 When gloamin's ower the glen;
 The mavis noo is pipin',
 The burnie lauchin' sweet,
 An' a' the noddin', sleepin' flooers
 Lie bonnie roon oor feet.

O, come wi' me a-rovin'
 Tae see the meen arise,
 An' licht her bonnie silv'ry lowe
 Ower a' the dark'nin' skies;
 Tae see the birk a-gleamin',
 Tae hear the soughin' win',
 An' list the liltin' waters
 As they tumble ower the linn.

O, come wi' me a-rovin'
 A-doon the fairy dell,
 An' keek thegither cannily
 Deep in the wishin'-well;
 Hands fondly jined we'll dip, lass,
 Syne as the clear draps fa'
 Lat ilka hert sae fondly wish
 The dearest wish o' a'.

*My wish will be o' thee, lass,
Tae hae ye for my ain,
An' gin ye'll wish for me, lass,
We'll never mair be twain ;
O, breathe thy wish sae softly,
As sweetly fa'in' dew,
My hert will ken ilk whisper
Ere it leaves thy bonnie mou'.*

□ □ □

THE AUL' GEAN TREE.

*N*OO chilly win's are blawin' keen,
 While winter hauds his ain,
 An' spreads his robe o' snawy white
 On meadow, hill, an' plain;
 But by the ingle corner
 We sit sae cosily,
 Where a sonsie log is bleezin',
 Fae the aul' gean tree.

It grew doon by the kailyaird,
 When I wis but a loon,
 An' amang its muckle branches
 Aft I spielt an' tummelt doon;
 An' the geans were aye far sweeter
 Than I've tasted fae sin-syne,
 An' the memories o' its blossoms
 Roon our aul' herts twine.

It stood the blasts o' winter
 Fae lang ere I wis born,
 But like a bride in springtime
 Wi' blossoms wad adorn;
 An' there the Boldie biggit,
 An' aft the Robin tee,
 For a' the birds were trystit
 In the aul' gean tree.

*But noo, alas! it's vanished
Fae the corner o' the yaird,
An' its form is torn asunder,
An' the anes wha lo'ed hae shared;
Sae when the win's are skirlin'
We sit an' feast oor e'e,
An' toast oor taes sae cosy
At the aul' gean tree.*

□ □ □

O, KEN YE THE LASSIE I LO'E?

O, KEN ye the Howe o' the Gadie?
 O, ken ye the lassie I lo'e?
 She's fair as the dawnin o' mornin',
 A rosebud her sweet, smilin' mou';
 A rosebud wi' fragrance unfoldin',
 A' drookit wi' sweet caller dew;
 O, ken ye the lassie I'm meanin',
 The ae winsome lassie I lo'e?

O, ken ye the lassie I'm meanin' ?
 The lass wi' the white silken goon,
 The lass wi' the een aye sae witchin',
 The twa een o' bricht bonnie broon?
 I canna get sleepit for dreamin'
 The hale lanesome nicht, thro' and thro',
 O' dreamin', an' wakin', an' longin'
 For ae winsome lassie I lo'e.

O, what wad I gie tae be kennin'
 Gin ever she's thinkin' o' me?
 O, what wad I gie tae be kennin'
 Gin ever I'll tak' her sweet e'e?
 O, what wad I gie tae be kennin'
 The wye her dear hert I nicht woo?
 I'd gie the hale warld—ah! sae willin'—
 For jist ae sweet kiss o' her mou'.

ROSES.

OH, I'd fill the world wi' roses
 If I only had my way,
 Wi' roses new an' roses auld
 Tae charm us day by day.

The red, red rose for passion,
 The white for purity,
 An' the yellow, nae langer forsaken,
 An emblem o' joy wad be.

An' roses pink we'd gather
 Tae gie ilk blushin' bride,
 Wi' the white moss-rose for innocence
 That blushes canna hide.

In ilka field a garden,
 In ilka neuk a bower,
 At ilka turn an auld sun-dial
 Tae mark ilk fletin' hour.

Sweet rose leaves for oor pillows
 Tae rest oor drowsy heads,
 An' heaps an' heaps o' roses
 Wad be oor fragrant beds.

Then Peace wad reign o'er a' the earth,
 An' wars wad cease tae be,
 An' Love wad fill ilk gladsome hert—
 If things were left tae me.

Oh, I'd fill the world wi' roses,
 Wi' roses bright an' gay,
 Sweet fragrant roses everywhere
 If I only had my way.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' COTHAL.

BRIGHT shines the sun on Cothal Braes
 When autumn tints are glowin',
 There sad remembrance fondly strays
 Tae dream where Don is flowin'.
 Oh, fondest hopes, oh, cherished dreams,
 Sweet heritage of sorrow,
 I would that I could sleep the night
 An' never see the morrow.

Oh, I had eence a lad an' a',
 An', oh! but I was cheery,
 But they hae ta'en him far awa'
 An' left me sad an' weary;
 They laid him doon tae sleep aleen,
 Far frae his ain dear valley,
 That eence was fu' o' joy tae me,
 Noo turned tae melancholy.

I canna bide the birken woods
 Where aft we gaed a-roamin';
 I ne'er gang near the dippin' well
 Where we met in the gloamin';
 The lonely nicht I twine an' toss,
 An' greet an' long for mornin',
 Yet sad am I tae see the sun
 The rosy clouds adornin'.

*Oh, sair's my hert on Cothal's knowes
When autumn leaves are glowin',
An' wae's my hert in Cothal's howes
Where Don is sweetly flowin';
For aye I sigh, an' aye I sigh,
An' by its waters sorrow;
Oh, fain wad I lie doon an' dee,
An' wistna for the morrow.*

□ □ □

THE LILTIN' LASS.

*A LASSIE cam' liltin', cam' liltin' tae me,
 An' bricht was the glint o' her bonnie blue e'e;
 An' aye as she sang she was lookin' fu' slee
 As a bird in the sweet o' the mornin'.*

*She lilit sae sweet that my hert gied a thraw,
 An' aye as she lilit it flew richt awa',
 An', a' in a blink, deep in love I did fa'
 Wi' the lass that was sweet as the mornin'.*

*O, gin I were giftit wi' siller an' gear,
 O, gin I were giftit wi' learnin' an' lear,
 I'd niffer them lichtly, withoot a saut tear,
 For the lass liltin' sweet in the mornin'.*

*The lassie cam' liltin', cam' liltin' tae me,
 An' bricht was the glint o' her bonnie blue e'e;
 An', O, but my life, noo, sae blythly I'd gie
 For the sweet liltin' lass o' the mornin'.*

BY URIE WATER.

TIBBIE connacht a' her coaties,
Blaudit a' her goon,
Tiggin' by the Urie Water
Wi' a neighbour loon;
Aye she grat, an' aye she sabbit,
Aye she sighed—" Ah, me!
What can I say when my minny
Casts her een on me? "

Ower the steppin'-stanes sae lightly
Lap her silken shoon,
Till she'd slipped, an' in the Urie
Dabbled a' her goon;
On the banks the gowden gowans
Steekit ilka e'e,
While she lay amang them sabbin'—
Wae o' hert was she.

Jockie vowed he lo'ed her fondly—
Peer, daft, lovin' loon;
Swore he'd wed her—ah! sae willin'—
In her dreepin' goon;
Tibbie sixed an' sighed fu' sairly—
" Ah! what will I dee
When my ain dear, lucky daddy
Casts his e'e on me? "

*Jockie faul't her in his bozie,
In her drabbled goon;
Kissed her ower and ower sae fondly—
Peer, daft, lovin' loon;
Thro' her tears the smiles were glintin'—
Rosy-reid was she—
Hame they wandered thro' the heather,
Love in ilka e'e.*

□ □ □

O, CAUL' BLAWS THE WIN'.

O, CAUL' blaws the win' fae the snaw hills o' Dee,
O' caul' blaws the win' on my true love an' me,
But warm lowes the hert that has love a' its ain;
It fears nae the blast o' caul' winter again.

O, we fear nae the blast o' caul' winter again,
The wild driftin' snaw, nor the dour, drivin' rain;
Wi' love's tender flame lowin' sweet in ilk vein,
We fear nae the blast o' caul' winter again.

O, wild roars the storm thro' the glen far away,
An' dark lowers the clouds at the wakenin' o' day,
But like the dear laverock that liltis o'er the plain,
We fear nae the blast o' caul' winter again.

O, caul' win's o' winter may roar an' may blaw,
An' wild be the nicht wi' its deep, driftin' snaw;
But warm lowe oor herts, we hae love a' oor ain,
An' fear nae the blast o' caul' winter again.

THE WEE BIT LASS.

O, HEARD ye o' the wee bit lass
 That cam' to oor bit toon,
 Wi' ne'er a shee to hap her feet,
 An' ne'er a dud nor goon?
 She cam' when cock's begood to craw—
 The 'oor had chappit three—
 The dearest, sweetest wee bit lass
 That ever e'e did see.

Her wee bit face is lik the blink
 O' simmer ower the lea,
 An' O, but bonnie, when she lauchs,
 The glintin' o' her e'e.
 Her wee bit nose ye scarce can see,
 But sweet her wee bit mou',
 I fain wad kiss her, ower and ower,
 The hale lang day richt thro'.

Her wee bit taes are saft as silk;
 Her wee bit steekit nieves
 Are grippit ticht, as gin she hauds
 A fortune in their lieves.
 Her faither sits an' claws his pow,
 An' O, but prood is he,
 To hae the wee bit, sweet wee lass
 To lo'e sae cantilie.

*O, blessin's on the wee bit lass
That cam' to oor bit toon,
Wi' ne'er a shee to hap her feet,
An' ne'er a dud nor goon;
But aye we'll cled her snug an' warm,
Her faither dear an' me,
An' lo'e oor bonnie, sweet wee lass
Until we baith shall dee.*



IN THE HOWE O' GEERIE.

DOON the bonnie burnie-side,
 Where the violets shyly hide,
 Aft I roam at eventide,
 An' there I meet my dearie;
 Roon oor heids the bonnie breem
 Waves jist like a gowden stream,
 Makin' life a joyous dream
 Sae that we ne'er may weary.

When the mavis' lovin' note
 Rings fae some sweet, leafy grot,
 Thochts an' cares are a' forgot
 An' herts beat licht an' cheery;
 Where the myrrh-bush scents the breeze
 'Neath yon bonnie birken trees,
 Sweet the happy hour that flees
 When I am wi' my dearie.

Ne'er a silken goon has she,
 Gowd an' jewels ne'er will be
 Half sae rare as her bricht e'e
 In a' the Howe o' Geerie;
 Where the Gadie's loupin' tide
 Weds wi' Urie's waters wide,
 There at evenin' I wad bide,
 An' wander wi' my dearie.

THE GOWD O' THE LAVEROCK BRAES.

THERE'S glintin' gowd on the Laverock Braes,
 Where the breem blooms o'er the lea;
 There's liltin' birds on the birken sprays,
 But wae is my hert tae me;
 An' fair tho' the gowans blythly blaw
 Tae the wile o' the lintie's sang,
 I'm fain tae greet when the morn I meet,
 An' the nichts sae dowie lang.

There's glintin' gowd on the Laverock Braes,
 As aye there eest tae be,
 An' liltin' birds on the glintin' sprays,
 That sang tae my love an' me.
 An' bricht tho' the sun may shine at e'en,
 An' saft tho' the breezes blaw,
 I gang nae mair noo my hert is sair,
 An' my love far, far awa'.

There's glintin' gowd on the Laverock Braes,
 An' oh! that my love could see
 The bloom o' the breem's sweet gowden sprays
 Nae mair I'd dowie be.
 But wae's me, wae's me, wae am I,
 An' wae fa' the nichts an' days,
 Tho' the birdies lilt in the birken howes,
 An' there's gowd on the Laverock Braes.

*An' oh! for the gowd o' the Laverock Braes,
An' oh! for the lintie's sang,
An' oh! for the gowd o' the Laverock Braes,
An' the lad that bides sae lang.
An' wae for the hert o' a dowie maid,
Thro' the lang, lang dowie days;
Oh! wae for the lass that's left her leen,
Wi' the gowd on the Laverock Braes.*

□ □ □

A WEE BIT DRAPPIE, O.

WHEN wintry win's, sae caul' an' keen,
Blaw ower oor biggins dreary, O,
We'll roon the ingle sit at e'en,
An' lilt fu' blythe an' cheery, O.

An' aye we'll tak' a drappie, O,
A wee bit canty drappie, O,
We'll lauch an' crack oor thoombs at care,
An' tak' oor wee bit drappie, O.

Gin dour misfortune thraw her mou'
An' at oor door come tirlin', O,
We'll quaff what Fate may chance tae brew,
An' oor ain wye gang dirlin', O.

So gin oor life be short or lang,
An' whether sad or happy, O,
Let's aye jist lilt a cheery sang,
An' drink a wee bit drappy, O.

□ □ □

WHEN GLOAMIN' CREEPS DOON.

WHEN the gloamin' creeps cannily doon ower the lea
 I haud awa' blythly my Jennie tae see,
 We meet i' the lythe o' the aul' thackit barns,
 Wi' the licht o' the meen, or the glint o' the starns;
 I feast on her mou' an' the lowe o' her een,
 Weel kennin' her marra was never yet seen,
 Wi' her smiles an' her wiles witchin' bonnie tae see,
 There's ne'er sic anither sae winsome tae me.

She's guileless as ever the lambs i' the Spring,
 Wi' a voice liltin' sweet as the lark on the wing,
 An' aft as I meet her I'm priggin' fu' sair
 Tae haud me fae bidin' my leen ony mair;
 But aye she says, "Weyt ye till mither says 'Ay,'
 Syne I'll gang wi' ye, laddie, withoot sich or sigh,
 Sae jist cannily try her your Jenny tae gie,
 For until she says 'Ay,' ye can never get me."

Her faither, the cankert aul' carle, says "Na,"
 Gin I hint aboot takin' his dawtie awa',
 But I carena a plack nor a farthin', nor baith,
 I maun hae her ere lang, be he never sae laith;
 Tho' her mither aft sabs 'tween a smile an' a tear,
 An' vows for her Jenny I never maun spier,
 Sae I couthily say gin sweet Jenny she'd gie
 That oor ain dear aul' Granny some day she may be.

THE LASSIE OWER THE LEA.

A LASSIE cam' liltin' yestreen ower the lea,
 I got a bit blink o' her bonnie, bricht e'e,
 But she cuist up her heid fin she lookit at me,
 An' O, but I lo'ed her sae dearly.

She cuist up her heid, ay, an' wi' muckle scorn,
 For I was but lowly an' peerly born;
 An' a croon or a coronet she nicht adorn—
 E'en tho' she be ne'er lo'ed sae dearly.

Her goon it was silken, an' gowd was her hair,
 An' the lowe o' her cheeks the reid rose nicht compare;
 An' I priggitt sae wistfu' a kiss she nicht spare
 Tae een that aye lo'ed her sae dearly.

She tossed her bricht heid, an' she thrawed her sweet mou',
 An' gied me a glower that nigh stabbit me thro';
 "My kisses are nae for sic beggars as you
 E'en tho' they may lo'e me sae dearly."

I grippit her fest, an' I grippit her ticht,
 An' swore I wad kiss her the hale simmer nicht,
 An' tho' peer i' the pooch as a wild tinkler wicht,
 Ere mornin' she'd lo'e me richt dearly.

She twined her about wi' her face in a lowe,
 Her een like the burnie that lilt doon the howe,
 An' her hert like a birdie was fluff'rin', I trow,
 As her cheek tae my ain cam' sae nearly.

*She whispered, "Gin ye'll tak' yer han's aff o' me,
My han' ye shall hae, lad, sae willin' an' free,"
Syne she gied me a skelp brocht the tear tae my e'e,
An' the teeth in my heid dirled queerly.*

*I glowered at the lassie, sae sairly dismayed,
For little I kent o' the wyes o' a maid;
But she leuch as she ran ower the heather an' said—
"That's tae mak' ye jist lo'e me mair dearly."*

*The deil's i' the lass, or the deil's i' mysel',
An' heid or heels eemist I scarce yet can tell,
But she's tethered my heit wi' her ain witchin' spell,
An', O, but I lo'e her sae dearly.*

IN SOME WEE THACKIT HOOSE.

THE corn is wavin' bonnie, O,
An' apples on the tree,
There's mony a bonnie lass, O,
But nae a ane for me;
An' I could lo'e a sweet lass,
Tho' peer's a wee bit moose;
An' canty we'd be aye, O,
In some wee thackit hoose.

There's roddens glintin' reidly, O,
On mony a gowden tree;
There's mony a smilin' lass, O,
But nae ane smiles tae me.
An' I could lo'e a sweet lass,
An' be sae kind an' crouse,
When bidin' wi' my ain lass
In some wee thackit hoose.

There's roses sweetly bloomin', O,
Wi' fragrance dear tae me;
An' mony a lass as sweet, O,
Aft charms my rovin' e'e;
An' I could lo'e a dear lass,
Sae modest, fair, an' douce,
An' aye be canty bidin', O,
In some wee thackit hoose.

THE LAN' O' LOGIE, O.

*I*N a' the lan' o' Logie, O,
 The dearest spot tae me
 Is where the Urie sings sae sweet
 Her sang tae Bennachie;
 There Gadie brings her liltin' stream,
 An' swells the murm'ring strain,
 That fills yon ne'er-forgotten vale
 Wi' memory's sweet refrain.

In a' the lan' o' Logie, O,
 The fairest time tae me
 Is when the heather sweetly blaws
 Far yont tae Bennachie;
 The drowsy hummin' o' the bees,
 The lowin' o' the kye,
 I long tae hear them a' again,
 Where Gadie's liltin' bye.

In' a' the lan' o' Logie, O,
 The only hame for me
 Is where yon thackit hoosie sits
 In sicht o' Bennachie;
 The roses twinin' roon the door
 Are twined about my hert,
 An' scent the daffin' breeze that blaws
 Sae sweet fae ilka airt.

O, bonnie lan' o' Logie, O,
 O, fairest lan' o' Logie, O,
 My hinmost thocht will surely be
 O' thee, my bonnie Logie, O.



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