

GEAN BLOSSOMS

Renderings in Scots from fifty ancient Chinese poems

by

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Ancient Chinese poems in Scots and English

Anonymous (very ancient)

MULBERRY ROAD

*The sun ryses in the South-Aest neuk o awthing
 ti shyne on the heich houss o the Shin,
 for thay hae a dochter cryit Rafu (bonnie lass).
 She made anither name for hirsell: ' Gauze Veil',
 an she feeds mulberries til the silkwurms.
 She finnds thaim bi the South waw o the toun.
 Wi green strings she maks the warp o hir basket.
 The shouther straps o hir basket she maks
 frae the bous o Katsura, an she rowes
 hir hair up the left syde hir heid-piece.*

*Hir earrings ir made o brow paerls.
 Hir peiticoat is o green pattern silk.
 Hir gown is the neibor o't in purpie,
 an whan men gaein by look on Rafu,
 thay dounset thair birns aye,
 for ti twurl thair mustaches.*

MULBERRY ROAD

*The sun comes up in the south-east of everything
 to shine on the high house of the Shin,
 where there is a daughter called Rafu
 who calls herself, Gauze Veil'.
 She feeds mulberries to silkworms.*

*She finds them at the south wall of the town.
With green strings she makes the warp of her basket.
The shoulder straps from the boughs of Katsura
and she ties her hair at the left of her head-piece.*

*Her ear-rings are fine pearls.
Her pettycoat is green-patterned silk
and her gown the neighbor in purple,
and when the men going by, see Rafu,
they set down their loads on the road
to twirl their mustaches.*

Anonymous (1st Century BC)

BAURLIE

*Green, green, ---
the cypress on the knowe.
siccar, siccar, ---
the bowder in the burn.
Man's lyfe leeved inouth this warld
is lyke the byde-ower o a brattlin traivlar.
A tass o wyne thegither wul mak us blyth,
an a pikkil freinship is nae smaw maitter.*

INTERLUDE

*Green, green, --
The cypress on the knowe.
Secure and steady,--
the boulder in the stream.
The life of Man in this world
is like the visit of a hurried traveler.
A cup of wine together makes us glad.
A little friendship is no small matter.*

Anonymous (Han Dynasty)

LYFE IS LANG

*The bricht gress breirds i the gairden
Wat wi dew afore this day warms up.
The rowthie Spring pours oot its bountie.
A kynd o glorie faws on aw the warld.
But the lanesum lass thinks wi dreid
on the Back End ti cum, an the tyme
o the wuthert flouers an gowd leafs fawin.*

*The mukkil wattir rins aye til the Aest.
Whan haes oniebody ever garred it
gae back til the Wast springheid?*

LIFE IS LONG

*The young grass springs in the garden
Wet with dew before the day warms up.
The Spring pours out all its bounty.
A kind of glory falls on all the world.
But the lonely lass thinks with dread
of the Back End to come, and the time
of withered flowers and falling leaves.*

*The great water runs always East.
When has anyone ever made it
run back to its Western sources?*

*Gin whan ye'r yung an bonnie,
ye dinna gresp the chaunce befaws ye,
in eild ye'l hae a waesum hert,
an nocht but dule ti mynd on.*

*If when you're young and fair
you fail to grasp your chances,
in age you will have a sad heart
and nought but sorrow to remember.*

THE-MORN WE DIE

*The years o lyfe disna rax til a hunder,
tho thay haud the dule o a thousan year.
Whan the days dwynes down
an the dreich nicht's lang,
tak you a skinklin lamp an stravaig ootby!*

*Gin ye wad be blyth ye maun dae it nou;
the'r nae affpit or an eftir-tyme.
The fuil that's sweir ti spend his gowd
kyths the daithless gowk o later ages,
for lippenin on immortalitie.*

TOMORROW WE DIE

*Man's years do not reach a hundred
Yet they hold the grief of a thousand.
When the days draw in
an the sad night's long,
take a lamp and wander out.*

*If you would be happy, do it now!
Do not wait for an after-lyfe.
The fool afraid to spend his gold
attracts the scorn of later ages
for trusting in immortality*

Liu Ch'u (Emperor Wu of Han 156-187)

BACK END WUND

*The back end wund blaws whyte clouds
athort the lift. The gress is broun turnin.
Leafs faws. Wyld geese flies South.
The lest flouers blooms: orchids
an chrysants wi thair wersh parfume.
An again Ah dream o yon bonnie lousum
face Ah never can forget.*

* * * * *

*Howt, Ah'l tak me a turn on the river!
The bairge breists the swaw an douks
doun wi the bringin whyte horses.
Thay play thair fluits an drums
an the rowers sings awa brawlie.
Nou Ah im blyth for a glisk,
or syne the auld dule comes back.*

AUTUMN WIND

*The autumn wind drives white clouds
across the sky. The grass turns brown.
Leaves fall and the geese fly south.
The last flowers bloom and the orchids
and chrysants with their bitter scent,
and again I dream of that lovely face
I never can forget.*

* * * * *

*I think I'll take a turn on the river!
The barge breasts the waves
and dips with the white horses.
They play their flutes and drums
and the rowers sing bravely.
Now I am happy for a moment
until the old sadness returns.*

*Ah wes yung, lyke, for a wee whyle,
An nou Ah im growein auld.*

*I was young for a little while
And now I am growing old.*

TYME

*Majestic frae the ferrest tyme,
the sun ryses an dounsets.
Tyme gaes by an men canna stell it.
The fower seasons serr thaim
tho men ir no aucht thaim.
The years fleits by lyke rinnin wattir,
an awthing weirs awa afore ma een*

TIME

*Majestic from distant times
the sun rises and goes down.
Time goes by and none can halt it.
The four seasons pass inexorably,
indifferent to us all.
The years flow away like water,
and everything dissolves before my eyes.*

Miu Hsi (186-245)

PORTER'S SANG

*Whan Ah wes leevin, Ah stravaiged in the streets o the Capital;
nou at Ah'm deid, here Ah'm left ti ligg i the fields ma lane.
The-mornin, oot drave Ah frae the Heich Haw.
The-forenicht, Ah ludged in Hell naith the Yallae Springs.
Whan the whyte sun gaed down i the Wastern Cleuch,
Ah hank't up ma chairiot an stawed ma fower horse.
Nou, evin the Michtie Makkar o aw things
coudna breathe back the lyfe til ma spauls.
Day in, day oot, ma maik an bouk wul dwyne ti nocht:
ma hair an teeth wul cannilie faw awa.
Forever an foraye it haes been sae wi men:
an nae man born can jouk this weird.*

PORTER'S SONG

*When I was living I ranged the streets of the Capital;
now I am dead, I am left to lie in the fields alone.
This morning, I drove out from the Great Hall.
This evening, I dwell in Hell beneath the Yellow Springs.
When the bright sun went down in the western gap
I tethered my chariot and stalled my four horses.
Now even the Mighty creator of all things
cannot bring back life to my limbs.
Day in, day out, by body will disappear:
my hair and teeth will gently fall away.
Forever, it has been this way with men:
and no man born can escape this fate.*

Anonymous (300-500)

NICHT TRYST

*Ma luivar wul suin be here.
He said he wad cum til the gairden yett,
but Ah dout ma mither is aye aboot!
In ma kist Ah can hear ma hert stoun
lik a swaird dirdin on a shield.*

NIGHT TRYST

*My man will soon be here.
He said he would come to the gate,
but my mother is still around!
I can hear my heart beat in my chest
Like a sword on a shield.*

THE GOWK CAWS

*The gowk caws frae the bamboo shaws.
Cherry blossoms hap the gait.
A lass walks anaith the ful muin,
harlin hir silk gown in the green gress.*

THE CUCKOO CALLS

*The cuckoo calls from the grove.
Cherry blossoms cover the way.
A girl walks by the full moon,
trailing her silk skirts in the grass.*

P'an Yueh (4th Century)

MA WYFE IS DEID

*The neist day Ah wauken wi a stert.
The Back End Wund blows.
The mornin is drowie, wi dreipin rones.
Aw throu the waukrif nicht
Ah dochtna forget in sleep.
Ah grein for the day wul whan
Ah'l be lown aneuch ti dird a pot
even on, lyke Chuang Tsu,
in murnin for his deid wyfe.*

MY WIFE IS DEAD

*The next day I waken with a start.
The Autumn wind now blows.
Morning is damp with dripping eaves.
All through the restless night
I cannot forget in sleep,
and hope the day will come
when I'm calm enough to beat a pot
as Chuang Tsu did, in endless
lament for his dead wife.*

Shen Yueh (441-513)

AE MAIR FAREWEILL

*Back in oor yung days whanever
we haed ti pairt we expekkit aye
ti meet ither again. The-day we ir
auld lyke an duin an we haena*

ONE MORE FARWEWELL

*In our youth whenever
we always expected
to meet again. Now
we are old and worn out*

*sae monie fareweills left in us.
Man, dinna say:
"Juist the ae stowp o wyne!"
Hou dae ye ken ye'l git the chance
ever ti waucht anither stirrup cup?
Ye say:
"At laest we can tryst in dreams."
Hou dae ye ken we wul faw
in wi ane anither on the road
in oor sleep? Gin we dinna,
the'l no be mukkil betterment.
Ah tell ye!*

*we haven't many goodbyes left.
So don't say:
"Just the one glass of wine!"
How do you know you'll get a chance
Ever to drink another stirrup cup?
You say:
"Maybe we'll meet in dreams."
How do you know we will fall
in with each other on the way
in our sleep? If we don't,
there will be no consolation.*

Anonymous (ca.600)

A SAIR FIKKIL

*Oor wee sister is sair vext!
Hou lang soud she haud on
afore gittin mairrit lyke?
She haes aften seen the wund
blaw the peach petals frae the trees.
Ai, but she haes never seen it
whuff thaim back on the brainches!*

A SORE PROBLEM

*Our little sister is worried about
how long she should wait
before she gets married.
she has often seen the wind
Blow the peach petals from the trees.
But she has never seen it
blow then back again on the boughs.*

Ch'ang Ch'u Ling (673-740)

YE GAED AWA

*Sen ye left, ma darlin,
Ah canna luik eftir masell.
Ah can dae naething ava,
but think o ye even on.
Ah dowe lyke the dwynin muin.*

YOU WENT AWAY

*Since you went, my darling,
I cannot look after myself.
I can do nothing at all,
but think constantly of you.
I fade like the dying moon.*

MEMORIES I THE GLOAMIN

*The gloamin haps the ceitie waw,
the craws flies hame ti rest,
an frae the brainches caw.*

MEMORIES AT DUSK

*The dusk winds round the city wall:
the crows are drawn to nest
and from the branches call.*

*A wumman sits hir lane an weaves
hir storie o the flouer-lit stream,
or lyke faint reik it dwynes, as she
mynds on thon lest wurd that dee'd
anaith the winnok ae forenicht langsyne.*

*She rests the disappyntit luim.
Inti the lanesum nicht she peers
an lik the rain, untentit faws hir tears.*

*A woman sits alone and weaves
her stoy of the flower-klit stream,
till like faint smoke it dies, as she
recalls the parting words that died
under the casement long ago.*

*She stays the disappointed loom.
Into the lonely night she peers and like
the rain, unheeded fall her tears*

Tu Fu (712-770)

A VEISITOR

*North an South o oor hut
ligg the Spring wattirs
an nocht but the pickmaws
cums ti veisit us.*

*For guests, the road here is never
soupit free frae petals.
Ti you, oor puir yett
opens the first tyme.*

*Dishes sae ferr frae the toun
want fantoush flavors,
an the wyne is juist the biddy
a hummil hame can gie.*

*Gin ye'l agree, Ah'l cry
ma auld neibor owre
frae ayont the pailin, ti cum
help us feinish it?*

FAREWEILL TI MA FREIN

*Here we sinder – you an me.
You gang aff hyne awa,
an aince mair the forestit bens
ir tuim, unfreinlie lyke.
Whit holiday wul see us
lauchin fou, thegither again?*

A VISITOR

*North and South of our shack
lie the Spring water
and nothing but the gulls
Come to visit us.*

*For visitors the path here
is not swept from petals.
To you our old gate
Will open the first time.*

*Out country fare here
wants fancy flavors
and the wyne the rough kind
a humble home offers*

*If you like, I'll invite
my old neighbor over
the fence to come and help
us drink it.*

GOODBY TO MY FRIEND

*Here we part – you and me.
You go off away in the distance
and once more these forested hills
are empty and unfriendly.
What meeting will see us again
drunk and laughing together?*

*The forenicht, yestrein, we dandert
 airm in airm i the muinlicht,
 singin sentimental sangs
 along bi the wattirsyde.
 Yeir honor ootlests thrie emperors.
 An Ah gae back til ma lanesum houss
 bi the river, dumb, freinless,
 feedin the murlin years.*

*Last night we strolled
 in the moonlight arm in arm,
 singing sentimental songs
 along the waterside.
 Your grace survives three emperors,
 and I return to my lonely house
 by the river, dumb and freindless,
 feeding the crumbling years.*

LANESUMNESS

*A gled hings abuin i the lift.
 Twa whyte maws floats on the stream.
 Tovin wi the wund, it is eith aneuch
 ti drap an grup the daft burds
 at drifts wi the current aye.
 Whaur the dew skinkils in the gress,
 the speider's wab tends its prey.
 The warld's naitur is geyan sib
 til the fell business o men.
 Ah staun ma lane in aw the Universe,
 wi ma ten thousan waes.*

LONELINESS

*A kite hovers above in the sky.
 Two white gulls float on the stream.
 soaring with the wind, it is easy
 to drop and grip the silly birds
 that drift below with the current.
 Where the dew sparkles in the grass,
 the spider's web attends it prey.
 The world's nature is very like
 the ruthless business of men.
 I stand alone in all the universe
 With my ten thousand sorrows.*

Yuen Chieh (ca.719-772)

CIVILIZATION

*Ti the south-east --- thrie thousan leigs ---
 The Yuan an Hsiang rins til a mukkil loch,
 an abuin the loch is heich hill glens
 Whaur fowk bydes whas herts is saikless.
 Blyth lyke bairns, thay breinge til the tree taps,
 an rin til the wattir ti kep bream an trouts.
 Thair pleisirs is sib ti the beiss an the burds;
 thay pit nae taigil on bodie or saul.
 Ferr hae Ah wannert throu the Nyne Lands;
 an whaurever Ah traivelt, sic mainners haed gaen.
 Dumfounert, Ah finnd masell staunin thinkin:
 oor Sancts an statesmen haes duin us smaw guid.*

CIVILIZATION

*Three thousand leagues to the south-east
The Yuan and Hsiang run into a great lake
And above the lakefolk dwell whose hearts are innocent.
Happy like children, they climb to the tree tops,
and run to the water to catch bream and trout.
Their pleasures are Like those of beasts and birds.
They put no check on body or mind.
Far have I wandered in the Nine Lands;
and wherever I travelled, such manners had gone:
puzzled, I find myself standing thinking:
what good have our Saints and statesmen done us?*

Ch'ien Chi (8th Century)

VEISIT TIL A WYCE AULD HERMIT

*Moss-happit pads atwein scarlet speingies---
Heich jade bens fill yeir rustic winnok boles.
Div Ah no envy ye, drunk aye wi flouers,
butterflies joukin an birlin in yeir dreams?*

VISIT TO A WISE HERMIT

*Mossy paths between scarlet peonies—
High green hills fill your widows.
Do I not envy you, drunk with flowers,
butterflies darting about in your dreams?*

Wang Chang Ling (8th Century)

DULE IN THE HAREM

*Wuthert flouers fills the courtyaird.
In the mukkil haw the fug creeps ower the fluir.
Awthing wes said on baith sydes langsyne.
The whuff o parfume hings aye on the air.*

SORROW IN THE HAREM

*Withert flowers are heaped in the courtyard.
In the great hall the moss creeps over the floor.
Everything was said on both sides lang ago,*

but the whiff of perfume still hangs in the air

Tsui Hao (8th Century)

BI THE CEITIE YETT

*A year past the-day,
bi this verra yett, yeir face
an the peach blossoms neibored
ither. Ah kenna whaur yeir
lousum face haes gaen.
Nou the'r juist the blossoms
fliein in the Spring wund.*

AT THE CITY GATE

*A year ago this day
at this very gate your face
and the peach blossoms were
together. I know not where
Your lovely face has gone.
Now there are only the blossoms
flying in the Spring wind.*

A WARLD APAIRT

*The Leddie Muin is ma luivar,
ma frein is the oceans fower.
The heivins haes ruift me ower,
the dawin's ma gowden door.
Ah wad raither follae the sie-maw,
or the aigil, tovin frae ken,
nor smour ma godheid thonder
i the stour o the whirl o men.*

A WORLD APART

*The lady moon is my lover,
my friends are the oceans fower.
The heavens have roofed me over
and the dawn is my golden door.
I would liefer follow the condor
or the seagull, soaring from ken,
than bury my godhead yonder
in the dust of the whirl of men.*

AMANG THE SPEINGIES

*We haed a bit pairtie lyke,
for ti hansil the Spring speingies:
Ah drank gless eftir gless or
Ah wes lauchin fou. Syne Ah thocht
shame, ti hear the flouers whusper:
“Whit ir we daein here, bloomin
for thir drukken auld slaiks?”*

AMONG THE PEONIES

*We had a party for drinks
and admire the peonies.
I drank cup after cup till
I was laughing full, and then
for shame I heard the flowers
whisper: “Why are we here
blooming for these old drunks?”*

Po Chü-I (772-846)

INFANT BAIRNS

*Ma nevoy, sax year auld, is cawed 'Tortoise';
Ma dochter o thrie: wee 'Simmer Goun'.
As ane begins ti speak an lauch,
areddies the tither recites poems an sangs.
The mornins thay play an hing aboot ma feet;
at nicht thay sleep, thair heids agin ma robe.
Hou, bairns, did ye kyth in this warld sae late,
cummin ti me juist whan ma years ir spent?
Yung things draws oor feelins til thaim;
an auld fowk eithlie gies thair herts.
The sweetest wyne at lest turns sour,
the ful muin i the end begins ti dwyne,
an sae wi men the bands o luiv an tenderness
can fankil til a birn o dule an wae.
Yit aw the warld is wapp't bi ties o luiv ---
Whitfor did Ah think Ah nicht byde free?*

CHILDREN

*My nephew, six years old is called, 'Tortoise';
my daughter of three: little 'Summer Gown'.
As one begins to speak and laugh,
the other recites poems and songs.
The morning they play and hang about my feet;
at night they sleep, their heads against my robe.*

*Why children did you enter this world so late,
 cumming to me just when my years are spent?
 The young draw our feelings to them;
 and old folk easily yield their hearts.
 But the seetest wine at last turns sour,
 the full moon begins to wane in the end,
 and so with man the bonds of love and tenderness
 can turn into a load of care and sorrow.
 Yet all the world is bound by ties o love ---
 How did I think I might stay free*

MA FREIN'S POEM

*Nae new poems his brush wul trace;
 even his guid name is deid.
 His auld poems is happ't in stour
 at the boddom o kists an presses.
 The ither day, sumbodie's liltin,
 an at aince Ah hears a kent verse—
 Afore Ah'd tyme ti kep the wurd,
 a sair stound haed jaggit ma hert.*

MY FRIEND'S POEM

*No new poems his brush will trace;
 even his good name is now dead.
 His old poems are covered in dust
 at the bottom of chests and cupboards.
 The other day somebody was singing,
 and once I knew a familiar verse.
 Before I had time to catch the words,
 a sudden pain stabbed my heart.*

NO WEILL

*Dowie an dowf --- shilpit an fauch, wi lang truibil:
 Wearie an dreich the days an nichts stodge in.
 The Simmer trees haes cled thairsells in shaidaes;
 the gress is droukit nou wi the Back End dew.
 The eggs i the shilfie's nest whan Ah taen til ma bed
 haes breirdit inti littil burds an flaen awa.
 The mauk that syne lay dernit in its hole
 haes hatcht intil a chirker hunkert on a tree.
 The fower seasons lamp on athout devaul
 an naething in this warld wul haud on
 for ti rest, even for ti byde a wee.
 But still an on, the seik man's hert
 stounds aye the same sen tyme began.*

ILLNESS

Sad and low --- feeble with long illness:

*wearied and dull, days and nights drag on.
The summer trees have clad themselves with shadows;
the grass is now drenched with autumn dew.
The eggs in the nest when I took to my bed
have become little birds and flown away.
The grub that then lay hidden in its hole
has hatched into a cricket sitting in a tree
The four seasons stride on without delay
and nothing in this world holds on
to rest, even for a little moment.
But forever the sick man's heart
aches just the same since time began.*

THE GRESS

*Hou braw an caller aye the gress returns!
Whan gowden days crynes in, the meidae burns;
but Back End suns nae dernit ruit haes slain,
the Spring wunds blaws, an syne the'r gress again.*

*Ae day sic wunds wul caw me frae the warld o men,
sae whan gress breirds baith blyth an fear Ah ken.*

THE GRASS

*How beautiful and fresh the grass returns!
When golden days decline, the meadow burns;
yet autumn suns no hidden root have slain,
the Spring winds blow, and there is grass again.*

*One day such winds will call me from the world of men,
so when grass blooms both joy and fear I know.*

THE HAT FRAE MA FREIN

*Langsyne ye gied til a whyte-haired chiel
the present o a braw blek hat.
The hat sits aye on ma heid;
but ye ir hyne awa til anither warld.
The thing is auld nou, but aye fit ti weir;
the man is gaen an wul be seen nae mair.
Ootby on the ben the muin leims the-nicht,
an the trees on yeir lair ir swayed---*

afore the snell back-end wund.

THE HAT FROM MY FRIEND

*Lang ago you gave a white-haired gentleman
a present of a fine black hat.
The hat sits yet on my head;
but you have gone to another warld.
The thing is old now, but still fit to wear;
my friend is gone and will be seen no more.
Out on the hill the moon shines down tonight,
and the trees on your grave are sweyed---
before the cold autumnal wind.*

Liu Chung-yuen (773-819)

SNAW ON THE WATTIR

*No ae burd is left on a thousan hills.
On ten thousan pads, the'r no a fuitmerk.
Yit, in a bamboo hat an strae jaiket, a fisherman
haes crakkit the ice an sterts ti bait his huik.*

SNOW ON THE RIVER

*Not one bird remains on a thousand hills.
On ten thousand paths, there's no footmark.
Yet in a bamboo hat and straw coat, a fisherman
has cracked the ice and makes to bait his hook.*

Tu Mu (803-852)

SOJERS IN FLICHT

*A haar haps the wattir;
müinlicht drouns in the dubs.
The-nicht oor boat is moored
on the Chin Huai Wattir,
forenent a yill houss howf.
The quyne thai hae peyed for ti sing
kens naething o oor disgrace---
that the kintrie is nou brukken.*

SOLDIERS IN FLIGHT

*Mist shrouds the water;
moonlight drouns in the mud.
Tonight our boat is moored
on the Chin Huai River
before an alehouse tavern.
The girl they have hired to sing
knows nought of our disgrace--
that the country is now broken.*

*Hir walin o sang is aw wrang:
'Flouers in the Auld Back Yaird'.*

*Her choice of song is ll wrong:
'Flowers in the old back yard'.*

Li Shang Yin (813-859)

HIR BEWTIE IS DERNIT

*Hir bewtie is dernit bi a milk-whyte screen.
The imperial ceitie is drowned i the Spring nicht.
Daftlyke she mairrit an important meinister,
wha'd raither tend the mornin seminar
nor prie hir silken chairms in hir scentit bed.*

HER BEAUTY IS HIDDEN

*Her beauty is hidden by a milk-white screen.
The Emperor's city is drowned in the Spring night.
Foolishly, she married an important minister,
who'd rather attend the morning seminar
than taste the silken charms of her scented bed.*

Ssü K'ung T'u

THE COLOR O LYFE

*Wad that we nicht haud on a wee
til the maikless wattirgaw o the warld,
the unco blue o the bounless sea,
the maivis' sang frae greener Springs langsyne,
the snaw-whyte skinkil in the breingin linn.
Thay sant awa an dwyne foraye throu lyfe,
or even the glisk o maimorie is gaen;
tint oot o sicht at the end for us aw,
binna for a whyle, the infant bairn.*

THE COLOR OF LIFE

*Would that we might for ever hold
the rainbow glories of the world,
the blue of the unfathomed sea,
the thrush's song from earlier greener Springs,*

*the snow white glitter in the falling torrent.
They disappear and fade away through life,
till even a trace of memory is gone;
lost from sight at the end for us all,
except for a spell, the infant child.*

Chang Chi (9th Century)

A LEAL WYFE

*Ai, ye ken weill Ah hae a guidman.
Whitfor than did ye gie me
thir twae braw lowin paerls?
Ah coud lat licht yeir luiv
an shaw thaim on ma reid gown,
but Ah belang a nobil faimlie,
ferr ben nou at the Court.
Ma man is a hie officer
in the Gaird at the Pailace.
Ah ken fyne that whit ye ettil
is saikless as the licht o Heivin,
but Ah swure aye ti be true
til ma man in lyfe an daith.
Sae Ah maun gie back yeir paerls
wi twae tears the neibors o thaim.
Hou did Ah never meet in wi ye
afore Ah wes richt mairrit?*

A LOYAL WIFE

*You know well I have a husband.
Why then did you give me
These two glowing pearls?
I could make public your love,
display them on my red gown,
but I belong a noble family,
well known at the Court.
My husband is an officer
in the Palace Guard.
I know well that your intention
is pure as the light of Heaven,
but I swore always to be true
To my man in lyfe and death.
So I must give you back your pearls
with two tears to match them.
How did I never meet you
before I was well married?*

Li P'in (9th Century)

GAUN HAME I THE WAR

*Furth o the hieland glens
the war nae mair wurd at aw.*

GOING HOME IN THE WAR

*Beyond the highland glens
there was no more news.*

*The Wunter's gaen by
an nou it's the Spring.
As Ah win nearer hame
Ah im hert seik an feirt
for ti speir at the traivlars
Ah meet in wi on the road.*

*The Winter's gone by
and now it's the Spring.
and as I come nearer home
I am heart sick and afraid
to question the travellers
I meet on the road.*

Mei Tao Ch'en (1002-1060)

YE MAUN STAP DRINKIN

*In ma yung days Ah drank a gey
fek o wyne. The'r naething
wrang mynd, wi takkin yeir gless
but nou Ah im auld an ma teeth
an hairs is geyan ill ti finnd.
Ah lyke aye a guid drink, but
Ah canna dae it lyke Ah uised til.
Nou, whan Ah drink, it fair upsets
ma stamik. The'r no mukkil
divert in it. The-day Ah gat fou
an coud haurlie haud up ma heid.
The chaumer birlt roun an roun.
Insteid o betterment, Ah fand onlie
seikness. This is shuirly no
the wey ti luik eftir ma health.
Mebbe Ah soud juist gie it up
awthegither, but Ah im feirt
fowk wad lauch at me? For aw,
ye say it wad be a guid idea!
The'r no mukkil pleisir,
Ah tell ye, in a sour stammik
an bad braith. Ah div ken that Ah
maun stap. Gin Ah dinna dae it,
Guid kens whit wul befaw me.*

YOU MUST STOP DRINKING

*In my youth I drank a large amount
of wine. There is nothing wrong,
of course, with taking your glass,
but now I'm old and my teeth
and hairs are hard to find.
I always like a good drink, but
I can't do it as I used to do.
Now, when I drink, it upsets
my stomach. There is little
pleasure in it. Today I got drunk
and could hardly hold up my head.
The room went round and round.
Instead of pleasure, I found only
sickness. This is surely not
the way to look after my health.
Perhaps I should just give it up
altogether, but I am afraid
folk would laugh at me? But yet
You say it would be a good idea!
There's not much fun,
I tell you, in a sour stomach
and bad breath. But I do know
I must stop. If I don't do it,
God knows what will befall me.*

NEIST DOOR

*Ma neibors on the richt
haes a grailyach at haes juist
stertit ti step oot, lyke.
Ma neibor on the left
haes a yung dochter
that is a maiden aye.
In the derk shaidae
ablo the yett, it is unco mirk
eftir the sun gaes down.
Mercie, whas heid is yon
keikin ower the waw?*

NEXT DOOR

*My neighbors on the right
have a callant who has just
started to step out.
My neighbor on the left
has a young daughter
Who is still but a maiden.
In the dark shadow
below the gate, it is dark
after the sun goes down.
Mercy whose head is that
peering over the wall?*

ON THE DAITH O A NEW BAIRN

*The flouers in bud on the trees
ir pure lik this deid littil bairn.
The Aist wund wul no lat thaim byde
It wul blaw thaim inti blossom,
an syne down intil the grund.
It is aw ane wi this saikless lyfe,
sae dear ti me for a wee whyle.
Whyle his mither is greitin tears o bluid,
hir breists ir aye fillin wi milk*

ON THE DEATH OF A NEW BABY

*The flowers in bud on the trees
are pure like this dead little baby.
The east wind will not let them last.
It will blow them into blossom,
and then down onto the ground.
It is all one with this innocent life,
so dear to me for a little time.
While his mother weeps tears of blood,
her breasts are yet filling with milk..*

Ou-yang Hsiu (1007-1072)

AUTUMN

*As Spring gies birth til a breirdin warld,
sae Autumn draks the nectar o the warld's maturitie.
Hou dowf the oor whan aw rype things maun pass;
but sweetness an foust growes frae ae shank,
an sweetness moulders intil foust foraye.
The trees maun founder in thair ain saison.
It is aw ane wi Man, whas birzin hert
haes kent the shipwrack o a thousan howps,
until ablo the birn o lyfe his benmaist saul
bous down forenent the snaws o tyme.
But ir they no due? Is Man a stane
he soud ootlest the mukkil cypresses?
The chirker gied the anelie aunsir til ma sang o daith.*

AUTUMN

*As Spring gives birth to a blossoming world,
so Autumn soaks the nectar of the world's maturity.
How sad the hour when all ripe things must pass;
but sweetness and decay grow from one stem,
and sweetness moulders always to decay.
The trees must fall down in their own season.
It is all one with Man, whose bursting heart
has known the shipwreck of a thousand hopes,
until below the burden of life, his inner soul
bows down before the snows of time.
But are they not due? Is Man a stone
he should outlast the giant cypresses?
The cricket gave the only answer to my song of death.*

PLOUM TREES IN THE SPRING

*In the south, the Spring cums aerlie
ti the gairdens wi dancin flouers.
A cannie souch beirs the soun
o naigs nickerin. The blue
green ploums ir big areddies
as beans. The sauch leafs ir lang
an boued lyke a lass's eebrous.
Monie butterflies birl in the
lang sunlight. In the forenicht,
the haar liggs lourd on the flouers.
The gress is fair droukit wi dew
Quynes in thair see-throu gouns
slounge sexy-lyke an lazy,
sweyin doucelie in thair hammocks.
Mertins nest an flie, twae bi twae
joukin gleg ablo the pentit aesins.*

PLUM TREES IN SPRING

*In the south, the Spring comes early
to the gardens with dancing flowers.
A gentle breeze bears the sound
of neighing horses. The blue
green plums are big as beans
already. The willow leaves are long
and curved like a lass's eyebrows.
Many butterflies twirl in the
long sunlight. In the evening,
the mist lies heavy on the flowers.
The grass is drenched with dew.
Lasses in their transparent gowns
lounge sexy-like and lazy
swaying gently on their hammocks.
Martins nest and fly, two by two
jinking below the painted eaves.*

Su Tung p'o (1036-1101)

MYNDIN MA FREIN

*Whit is oor lyfe in this warld?
A flaucht o gangrel geese
bydes a wee whyle on the snaw,
leaves the merks o thair claws
an flies awa, sum Aist sum Wast,*

REMEMBERING MY FRIEND

*What is life in this world?
A flight of migrating geese
stay a short while on the snow,
leave the marks of their feet
then take flight, some east some west,*

*an thare an end o't. Whit else ti say?
The auld monk is nae mair, an nou
his new heidstane stauns thare, proud.
On the brukken waw o his howf,
ye canna finnd the poems we wrate.
The'r naething ti shaw we war ever here.*

* * * *

*The wey wes lang. We war forfochen.
Ma hirplin mull raired his heid aff
the haill road hame.*

*and there's an end to it, no more to say.
The old monk is no more, and now
his new headstone stands proud.
On the broken wall of his den,
you cannot find the poems we wrote---
nothing to show we were ever here.*

* * * *

*The way was long. We were exhausted.
My limping mule roared in complaint
the whole road home.*

TIL A TRAIVLAR

*Lest year whan Ah linkit wi ye
the lenth o the Yang Chou Yett,
the snaw wes fliein lik the whyte sauch cotton.
This year, the Spring haes cum again
an the sauch cotton is lik the snaw,
but ye haena cum back ava.
Ma lane, afore the open winnok,
Ah hyst ma gless til the glisterin muin.
The wund, drowie wi the forenicht dew,
blaws throu the gauze curtains.
Aiblins, Chang-O, the muin goddess,
wul tak peitie on this singil swallae
an jyne us thegither wi the cord o licht
at raxes anaith the rones o yeir hame.*

TO A TRAVELLER

*Last year when I went with you
the length of the Yang Chou Gate
the snow was flying like white willow cotton.
This year, the Spring is back again
and the willow cotton is like the snow,
but you have not returned at all.
All alone, before the open window,
I raise my glass to the glittering moon.
The wind, damp with the evening dew,
gusts through the gauze curtains.
Perhaps, Chang-O, the moon goddess,
will take pity on this solitary swallow
and join us again with the cord of light
that reaches below the eaves of your home.*

Ch'en Tao (ca.1100)

THE BOWT O SILK

*The wund is snell, hir claes threidbare.
The wabstar lass blaws on hir fingirs.
Asyde the derk winnok, back an forrit
she thraws a spuill lik a nurl o ice.
“Wi aw hir pingil, the short wunter day,
she can haurlie weave a fuit o claith.
An ye expek me ti mak a ballant o this
for yeir silken quynes ti sing?”*

THE BOLT OF SILK

*The wind is bitter, her clothes threadbare.
The weaver lass blaws on her fingers.
Beside the dark window, to and fro
she throws a shuttle like a piece of ice.
“With all her toil, the short winter day,
she can hardly weave a foot of cloth.
and you expect me to make a ballad of this
for your silken girls to sing?”*

Lu Yu (1125-1209)

THE CADGER O SPELLS

*The auld caird sellin the spells bi the toun waw
wrytes oot spells ti bliss the silkwurms an the new corn.
Wi whit siller he gits he juist buys the wyne.
But he disna fash whan his legs gang shouglic,
for he haes aye a laddie for ti lean on.*

THE HAWKER OF SPELLS

*The old man selling spells by the town wall
writes spells to bless silkworms and the new corn.
With the money he gets he buys only wine.
But he never worries when his legs go wobbly.
He has always a boy there to lean on.*

THE HERD LOUN

*In the southlin clachan the herd laddie
grups the bullik's back wi his bare feet.
Throu the teir in his coat the river wund blaws;
throu his brukken bunnnet the hill rain pours.
Frae the lang dyke, he kyths ferr awa;
in the nairrae wynd, we faced him bedein.*

* * * *

*The loun is hame wi the bullik in its staw.
A derk reik birls oot the theikit ruif.*

THE SHEPHERD BOY

*In the south village the shepherd boy
Grips the bullock's back with his bare feet.
Through the tear in his coat, the river wind blows;
Through his torn bonnet the hill rain pours.
From the long dyke, he seemed far away;
In the lane we were suddenly face to face*

* * * * *

*The boy is now home with his bullock in stall,
And a dark smoke curls from the thatched roof.*

SHOUR AT JIANMEN GLEN

*The stour smirds in wi the wyne merks
on ma claes. Ah traivel on, beglaumert,
throu thir lands. Im Ah ti be a poet
aw ma days? Throu the smaw rain,
Ah ryde ma cuddie strecht on, intil
the shour in the Jianmen Glen*

SHOWER AT JIANMEN PASS

*The dust merges with the wine marks
on my clothes. I travel on enchanted,
through these lands. Am I to be a poet
all my days? Through the little rain
I ride my donkey straight on, into
the shower in the Jianmen Pass*

Hsin Ch'i-Chi (1140-1207)

FAIR DUIN

*In ma yung days Ah never
kent whit dule wes. Ah ettilt
for ti be a weill-kent poet.
Ah wantit ti git aheid lyke,
sae Ah made oot Ah wes dowie.
Nou Ah im auld, an hae kent
the wecht o ilka dule the ir,
Ah im content ti slounge aboot
an enjey the clear Back End.*

AN OLD STORY

*In my youth I never knew
what sorrow was. I intended
to be an important, famous poet.
I wanted to forge ahead,
so I pretended to be depressed.
Now I am old, and have known
the weight of every sorrow there is,
I am happy to loaf about easy
and enjoy the clear Autumn days.*

Chiang Chieh (13th Century)

THE WEY IT IS

*Ah mynd whan Ah wes a loun lyke,
lyin streikit oot listenin
til the rain fawin on the ruif*

*o a hure houss. The caunil licht
 leimed on silk an silky flesh.
 Later Ah heard the verra same soun
 on the cabin ruif o a smaw boat,
 showdin on the swaws o the Gret Wattir,
 ablo laich clouds, whaur the wyld geese
 yammert on the back end storm.
 Nou Ah hear it again, aince mair,
 blatterin on the monastery ruif.
 Ma heid is aw ti snaw turnt.
 Joy, hertskaud, luiv an pairtin
 ir aw nou lyke thay haed never been.
 Anerlie the rain bydes the same aye:
 haill wattir dingin down on the tyles,
 aw throu the waesum nicht o ma saul*

THE WAY IT IS

*I recall when I was quite young
 Lying stretcht out listening
 to the rain falling on the roof
 of a brothel. The candle light
 shone on silk an silky flesh.
 Later I heard that same sound
 on the cabin roof of a small boat,
 rocking on the waves of the Great Water,
 below low clouds, where the wild geese
 cried on the Autumn storm.
 Now I hear it again, once more
 pounding on the monastery roof.
 My hair is all turned into snow.
 Joy, heartbreak, love and parting
 are all now like they had never been.
 Only the rain stays always the same:
 whole water battering the tiles,
 all through the woeful night of my soul.*

Kao Chi (1336-1374)

THE AULD HERD

*Ither bulliks haes lang curlie horns.
 Ma beiss haes a lang bare tail.
 Ah tig alang ahint him,
 haudin it lik a whup.
 Whyles we stravaig
 frae the south ben brae
 til the Aistern skerrs.
 Whan he is wabbit or hungirie,
 Ah aye ken whit ti dae.*

THE OLD SHEPHERD

*Other bullocks have long curled horns.
 My beast has a long bare tail.
 I follow on behind him,
 holding it like a whip.
 Sometimes we wander
 from the south hill slope
 to the Eastern crags.
 When he is tired or hungry,
 I know well what to do.*

*At sundoun, ma bullik
 stodges slaelie hame
 an as he gaes alang
 Ah lilt him a wee sang.
 Whan he lies down,
 Ah lie down anaw.
 At nicht i the bern,
 Ah sleep aye asyde him,
 for ti keep oot the cauld.
 Ah im auld gittin, thir days,
 but Ah luik eftir ma bullik.
 Whit else ir the ti dae?
 Ah juist worrie that yae day
 thay wul cum an sell ma bullik
 for ti pey thair demned taxes.*

*At suset, my bullock
 trudges slowly home,
 and as he goes along
 I sing him a wee song.
 When he lies down
 I lie down as well.
 At night in the barn
 I sleep by his side,
 to keep out the cold.
 I am getting old now,
 but I look after my bullock.
 What else would I do?
 But I worry that one day
 they will come to sell him
 to pay their damned taxes.*

Yuen Mei (1716-1797)

WUNTER NICHT

*It is weirin on i the wunter nicht.
 Ah im that taen up wi ma buik,
 Ah forget ti gang til ma bed.
 The wyfe taks ma lamp an girns:
 "DIV EE KEN WHIT TYME IT IS?"*

WINTER NIGHT

*The time wears in the winter night.
 I am so taken up with my book.,
 I forget to go to bed.
 The wife takes my lamp and complains:
 "DO YOU KNOW WHAT TYME IT IS?"*

Chao-I (1727-1814)

ON POETIC GENIUSES

*Li Po, Tu Fu --- aye on awb'die's lips.
 Duin ti daith wi wauch an foustit raens.
 In ilka age an immortal genius is born,
 ti swan it owre us aw for cuddie's years.*

POETIC GENIUSES

*Li Po, Tu Fu --- still on everybody's lips.
 Done to death with trite and stale phrases.
 In every age an immortal genius is born,
 to swan over us for donkey's years.*

GLOSSARY

This glossary is intended to be no more than an aid to readers unfamiliar with the Scots language. The Scots spellings used are in accordance with the guidelines published by the Scots Language Society in 1985 for Scots orthography. In general, these spellings avoid many of the anomalies associated with English orthography and give useful guidance to the pronunciation of Scots words. The equivalent meaning given in English, represents the appropriate meaning in the text. Many of the Scots words covered have several other meanings, or synonyms, and these may be found in the Concise Scots Dictionary (Aberdeen University Press, 1985) or in the Scottish National Dictionary.

abuin, prep, above
ablo, prep, below
ae, a, one
aerlie, adv, early
aest, n, east
aff, adv, off
afore, adv, before
agin, prep, against
Ah, pron, I
ahint, prep, behind
Ai, interj, Oh
aiblins, adv, perhaps
ain, a, own
aince, adv, once
airm, n, arm
airt, n, art, direction
alang, prep, along
amang, prep, among
an, c, and
anaith, prep, beneath
anerlie, a, only
aneuch, a, enough
anither, a, another
areddies, adv, already
asyde, prep, beside
athout(en), prep, without
atwein, prep, between
auld, a, old
aunser, n, answer
ava, adv, at all
aw, a, all
awa, v, away
awbodie, n, everybody
awthegither, adv, altogether
awthing, n, everything

aye, adv, always
ayont, prep, beyond

back end, n, autumn
bairge, n, barge
baith, a, both
bedein, adv, suddenly
befaw v, befall
beir, v, bear
beiss, n, beast
ben, prep, within
bern, n, barn
bi, prep, by
bidy, n, plonk
birl, v, rotate
birn, n, burden
birze, v, press
blatter, v, rattle
blaw, v, blow
blek, a, black
blyth, a, happy
bluid, n, blood
boddom, n, bottom
bole, n, recess
bou, v, n, bow
bouk, n, bulk
bous, n, boughs
bowder, n, boulder
bowt, n, bolt
brainches, n, branches
braith, n, breath
brattil, v, haste
braw, a, fine
breird, v, sprout
breist, n, breast

bricht, a, bright
broun, a, brown
brukken, v, broken
buik, n, book
bullik, n bullock
byde, v, stay
byde-ower, n, sojourn
bydie-in, n, paramour

cadger, n, pedlar
caird, n, old man
caller, a, fresh
cam, v, came
canna, v, cannot
cannilie, adv, gently
cauld, a, cold
caw, v, call, drive
ceitie, n, city
chaumer, n, chamber
cheil, n, fellow
claes, n, clothes
claith, n, cloth
cleuch, n, glen
cryne, v, shrink
cuddie, n, donkey

dae, v, do
dander, v, stroll
derk, a, dark
dern, v, hide
devaul, v, yield
ding, v, strike
dinna, v, do not
dird, v, strike
disna, v, does not
div, v, do
dochter, n, daughter
dochtna, v, cannot
douce, a, soft
dounset, v, set down
dowe, v, decline
dowf, a, sad
dowie, a, dismal
drak, v, soak up
drap, v, n, drop
dreip, v, drip

droukit, a, drenched
droun, v, drown
drowie, a, foggy
drukken, a, drunken
dubs, n, mud
duin, v, done
dule, n, sorrow
dumfounert, a, astonished
dwyne, v, dwindle

easin, n, horizon
eebrou, n, eyebrow
eftir, prep, after
eild, n, old age
eithlie, adv, easily

faimlie, n, family
fankil, v, entangle
fantoush, a, flashy
fash, v, irritate
fauch, a, sickly-looking
faw, v, fall
fek, n, abundance
fell, a, ruthless
ferr, a, far
fingir, n, finger
feinish, v, finish
finnd, v, find
flie, v, fly
flicht, n, flight
flouer, n, flower
fluir, n, floor
follae, v, follow
foraye, adv, forever
forenent, prep, opposite
forrit, adv, forward
fou, a, full
foust, n, decay
frae, prep, from
freinship, n, friendship
fug, n, moss
fuit, n, foot
furth, prep, beyond

gae, v, go
gaen, v, gone

gairden, n, garden
gait, n, way
gang, v, go
gangril, n, vagrant
gar, v, compel
gat, v, got
gaun, v, go , going
geyan, adv, very
gie, v, give
gin, c, if
gled, n, kite
glisk, n, glance
gloamin, n, dusk
goun, n, gown
gowd, a, gold
gowk, n, fool
grailyach, n, cockerel
greit, v, weep
gresp, v, grasp
gress, n, grass
growe, v, grow
grund, n, ground
grup, v, grip
guid, adj, good

haar, n, sea mist
hae, v, have
haill, a, whole
hame, n, home
hank, v, hang
hap, n, cover
haud, v, hold
haw, n, hall
heid, n, head
heidstane, n, headstone
heivin, n, heaven
hert, n, heart
hertskaud, n, heartbreak
hie, a, high
hir, pron, her
hird, n, shepherd
hirpil, v, hobble
hirsell, pron, herself
hou, adv, how
houss, n, house
howf, n, den

howp, v, n, hope
Howt! interj, Never mind!
huik, n, hook
hunder, n, a, hundred
hunker, v, *squat*
hure, n, whore
hyne, adv, far away
hyst, v, raise

i, prep, in
ilka, a, each
im, v, am
inouth, prep, inside
ir, v, are
ither, a, other

jag, v, n, stab
jaiket, n, jacket
jouk, v, avoid
juist, a, just

keik, v, peer
ken, v, know
kep, v, catch
kintrie, n, country
knowe, n, hillock
kyth, v, appear

laich, a, low
lamp, v, stride
lanesum, a, lonely
lang, a, long
langsyne, adv, long ago
lauch, v, laugh
leddie, n, lady
lest, a, last
leig, n, league
leim, v, gleam
lift, n, sky
ligg, v, lie
loun, n, boy
lourd, a, heavy
lousum, a, lovable
lowe, n, flame
lown, a, calm
luim, n, loom

luiv, n, love
luivar, n, lover
lyfe, n, life
lyke, v, a, like

maik, n, shape
maikless, a, shapeless
mainners, n, manners
mair, a, more
mairrie, v, marry
maitter, v, matter
maivis, n, thrush
mak, v, make
mauk, n, grub
maun, v, must
meidae, n, meadow
meinister, n, minister
merk, n, mark
michtie, a, mighty
mirk, n, darkness
mirklyke, a, dark
monie, a, many
moulder, v, crumble
mukkil, a, big
mull, n, mule
mynd, v, remember

naig, n, horse
naebodie, n, nobody
naething, n, nothing
neibor, n, neighbor
neuk, n, corner
nevoy, n, nephew

nicker, v, neigh
nicht, n, night
nocht, n, nothing
nou, adv, now
nurl, n, fragment

o, prep, of
oor, n, hour
oorsells, pron, ourselves
oot, pron, out
ootby, prep, outside
ootcum, n, result

pad, n, path
paerl, n, pearl
pailace, n, palace
peitiocoat, n, petticoat
pey, v, pay
pikkil, n, small quantity
pikmaw, n, black-headed gull
pingil, v, drudge
pleisir, n, pleasure
ploum, n, plum
prie, v, taste
purpie, a, purple

quyne, n, lass

raen, v, rant
rair, v, roar
rax, v, reach
reid, a, red
reik, n, smoke
richt, a, n, right
rin, v, run
rones, n, gutters
rowe, v, roll
rowth, n, abundance
reid, a, red
ruif, n, roof
ruit, n, root

sae, adv, so
saikless, a, innocent
sanct, n, saint
sair, a, sore
sang, n, song
sant, v, disappear
sauch, n, willow
saul, n, soul
sax, a, six
seik, n, sick
serr, v, serve
shaidae, n, shadow
shaws, n, thicket
shilfie, n, chaffinch
shilpit, n, iil-thriven
shouglic, a, wobbly
shour, n, shower

ootlest, v, outlast

showd, v, swing
sib, a, related
sie-maw, n, sea-gull
simmer, n, summer
sinder, v, divide
skerr, n, precipice
skinkil, v, twinkle
slaelie, adv, slowly
slaik, v, drunkard
slounge, v, loiter
smaw, a, small
smaw, a, small
smird, v, smear
smoor, v, smother
snaw, n, snow
snell, a, cold
sojer, n, soldier
souch, n, sigh
soupil, a, supple
spauls, n, limbs
speider, n, spider
speingie, n, peony
speir, v, enquire
spuil, n, spool
stammik, n, stomach
stane, n, stone
staun, v, stand
staw, n, stall
stell, v, fix
stert, v, start
stodge, v, stump
stound, v, ache
stour, n, dust
stowp, n, tankard
strae, n, straw
stravaig, v, wander
streik, v, stretch
swaird, n, sword
swallae, n, swallow
swaw, n, swell
swey, a, sway
swure, v, swore
syne, adv, then

tak, v, take

tass, n, cup

shouther, n, shoulder

teir, v, tear
tend, v, await
thair, a, their
thegither, adv, together
theik, n, thatch
the'r, v, there is
thir, a, these
thraw, v, throw
the-morn, adv, tomorrow
toun, n, town
tove, v, soar
traivlar, n, traveler
truibil, n, trouble
tuim, a, empty
twa(e), a, .two
twurl, v, twirl

unco, a, strange

uise, v, use

verra, a, very

wab, n, web
wabbit, a, exhausted
wae, n, sorrow
waesum, a, sad
walin, n, choice
wap, v, wrap
wast, a, west
wat, a, wet
wattir, n, water
wattirgaw, n, rainbow
wauch, a, stale
waucht, v, swallow
waukrif, a, wakeful
waw, n, wall
wecht, n, weight
weill, adv, well
weir, v, wear
weird, n, fate
wersh, a, tasteless
whan, asv, when
whit, a, what
whuff, v, blow
wi, prep, with
winnok, n, window

wrang, a, wrong
wrate, v, wrote
wumman, n, woman
wul, v, will
wund, n, wind
wuthert, a, withert
wyce, a, wise
wynd, n, alley

yammer, v, chatter, lament
yaird, n, yard
yeir, a, your
yestrein, adv, yesterday
yett, n, gate
yird, n, earth
yung, a, young
yon, a, those