

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

THE auld cripple beggar cam jumpin', jumpin',
 Hech how the bodie was stumpin', stumpin',
 His wee wooden leggie was thumpin', thumpin'—

Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

An' aye he hirpled and hoastit, hoastit,
 Aye he stampit his fit, and he boastit,
 Ilka woman and maid he accostit,—

Saw ye e'er sic a queer auld man?

The auld wives cam hirplin' in scores frae the clachan,
 The young wives cam rinnin', a' gigglin' an' laughin',
 The bairnies cam toddlin', a' jinkin' an' daffin',

An' pookit the pocks o' the queer auld man.

Out cam the young widows a' blinkin' fu' meekly,
 Out cam the young lassies a' smirkin' fu' sweetly,
 Out cam the auld maidens a' bobbin' discreetly,

An' gat a slee smack frae the queer auld man.

Out cam the big blacksmith, a' smeekit and duddy,
 Out cam the fat butcher, a' greasy an' bluidy,

Out cam the auld cartwright, the wee drucken bodie,
 An' swore they would flaughter the queer auld man.
 Out cam the lang weaver, wi' his biggest shuttle,
 Out cam the short snab, wi' his sharp cutty whittle,
 Out cam the young herd, wi' a big tattie beetle,
 An' swore they would devel the queer auld man.

The beggar he coost aff his wee wooden peg,
 An' he shaw'd them a brawny an' sturdy leg,
 I wat but the carle was strappin' and gleg ;—
 Saw ye e'er sic a stieve auld man ?
 He thumpit the blacksmith hame to his wife ;
 He dumpit the butcher, wha ran for his life ;
 He chased the wee wright wi' the butcher's sharp knife ;—
 Saw ye e'er sic a brave auld man ?

He puff'd on the weaver, he ran to his loom ;
 He shankit the snab hame to cobble his shoon ;
 He skelpit the herd, on his bog-reed to croon,—
 Saw ye e'er sic a stuffy auld man ?
 The wives o' the toun then a' gather'd about him,
 An' loudly an' blithely the bairnies did shout him,
 They hooted the loons wha had threaten'd to clout him,—
 Kenn'd ye e'er sic a lucky auld man ?

BESSY'S WOOING.

O GUESS ye wha's gane a-beekin' an' booin',
 Guess ye wha's gane a-billin' an' cooin',
 Guess ye wha's gane a-coaxin' an' woin',
 To bonnie young Bessy, the flower o' the Glen.
 Auld Souter Rabby, wha dresses sae brawly ;
 Auld Barber Watty, sae smirky an' waly ;
 Auld Elder Johnnie, sae meek an' sae haly—
 Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

Fat Deacon Sandy the heigh Council nabby ;
 Wee Tailor Davie, sae glibby an' gabby ;
 Dominie Joseph, sae threadbare and shabby—
 Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.
 Big Mason Andrew, sae heavily fisted ;
 Jock Gude-for-naething, wha three times had listed ;
 Strang Miller Geordie, wi' meal a' bedusted—
 Hae a' gane a-wooin' to Bess o' the Glen.

Glee'd Cooper Cuddy, a' girded fu' tichtly,
 Red-nosed Sawyer Will, wi' his beak shining brichtly ;

The tree-leggit Pensioner, marching fu' lichtly—

Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the Glen.

'They're sighin' an' sabbin', they're vowin' and swearin' ;

'They're challengin', duellin', boxin', and tearin' ;

While Bess, pawky jaud, is aye smirkin' an' jeerin'—

There ne'er was a gillfirt like Bess o' the Glen.

But a young Highland drover cam here wi' some cattle ;

Gat fou, an' swore Gaelic—gat fierce, an' gae battle ;

An' a' the hail pack did he lustily rattle—

Hech ! was nae that fun to young Bess o' the Glen ?

His bauld manly bearin' caught Bessy's black eye ;

Her heart gae a stound, an' her breast gae a sigh ;

An' now the brave Drover's gi'en ower driving kye—

For troth ! he is Laird o' young Bess an' the Glen.

THE BIRDIE SURE TO SING IS AYE THE GORBEL
O' THE NEST. *

O DINNA look ye pridefu' doon on a' aneath your ken,
For he wha seems the furthest but, aft wins the farthest ben ;
And whiles the doubie o' the school tak's lead o' a' the rest,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

The cauld grey misty morn aft brings a sultry sunny day,
The tree whais buds are latest, is the langest to decay ;
The heart sair tried wi' sorrow aye endures the sternest test,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

The wee wee stern that glints in heaven may be a lowin' sun,
Tho' like a speck o' light scarce seen amid the welkin' dun ;
The humblest sodger on the field may win the warrior's crest,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

Then dinna be impatient wi' your bairnie when he's slow,
And dinna scorn the humble, tho' the warld deem them low ;
The hindmost and the feeblest aft become the first and best,
The birdie sure to sing is aye the gorbel o' the nest.

* Bird-nesting boys believe that the last hatched bird, or the " gorbel o' the nest," is sure to be a singer.

THE FELON'S ORPHAN.

A wee wean stands at a dark close-mouth,
 Wi' ashy cheek and watery ee,
 The rags waffin' round her wad wauken ruth
 In a mair stieve-breasted chield than me.
 Like a starving bird on the frozen lea,
 Her voice is mute, and her head hings law ;
 Like a shivering leaf whilk fa's frae the tree,
 Shrinkin' to dow 'mang the drifted snaw,
 Sae the wee thing cowers in the chilly blaw.

Ah ! waur than the bird in the wintry day
 Is this daughter o' weary want and sin,
 And e'en as at mid-day the gloamin' grey
 O'ershadows the hame that she huddles in,
 So crime's avengers wi' clamour an' din
 Sternly scowl on her hapless race ;
 Nae lawfu' bread can the wee thing win
 Wi' the brand o' shame on her shy wee face ;
 O God ! man has justice, but little grace.

Thou shak'st like a leaf, and sae shalt thou dow,
 Wi' thy feckless marrows, my sweet wee bairn,
Till thought sits lighter on man's dour brow,
 And a lowe o' love melts his heart o' airn ;
 And bright shall it glow when men shall learn
That it's better to heal than to wound the heart,
 That mercy is powerful as vengeance is stern ;
That kindness hath only the heavenly art,
Dark deadly crime to conquer and convert.

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

COME awa', bairnie,
 For your bawbee
 Rosy cheekit apples
 Ye shall hae three :
 A' sae fou' o' hinny,
 They drappit frae the tree ;
 Like your bonnie sel',
 A' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', bairnie,
 Dinna shake your head ;
 Ye mind me o' my ain bairn,
 Lang lang dead.
 Ah ! for lack o' nourishment
 He drappit frae the tree ;
 Like your bonny sel',
 A' the sweeter he was wee.

Oh ! auld frail folk
 Are like auld fruit trees,

They canna stand the gnarl
 O' the cauld winter breeze :
 But heaven tak's the fruit
 Tho' earth forsake the tree ;
 An' we mourn our fairy blossoms,
 A' the sweeter they were wee.

Then come awa', bairnie,
 For your bawbee
 Rosy cheekit apples
 Ye shall hae three :
 A' sae fou' o' hinny,
 They drappit frae the tree ;
 Like your bonny sel',
 A' the sweeter they are wee.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang ;
 Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Grannie's sang :
 Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,
 Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn
 To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn ;
 Better creepin' cannie, as fa'in' wi' a bang,
 Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch, an' ye'll nod to your mither,
 Watchin' ilka stap o' your wee donsy brither ;
 Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
 An' ye'll be a braw chiel yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee burdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,
 Folks are sure to tumble, when they climb ower hie ;
 They wha dinna walk right, are sure to come to wrang,
 Creep awa', my bairnie,—creep afore ye gang.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

NE'ER trow ye wealth is happy aye, or poverty aye wae ;
 Ne'er hope to find the brichtest flowers aye on the highest brae ;
 In humble hames are happy hearts, in dells are flow'rets fair ;
 Around the muirland lammie plays the balmy summer air,
 And He wha tends the lammie, keeps us a' aneath his ee,
 The balance aye is fairly poised atween the low and hie.

Out frae the low dark breast o' yirth, there springs celestial
 fire,
 Sae men should aye lout laigher down the hie'er they aspire ;
 The darkest cluds are fringed wi' gowd, sae when ye look aboon,
 And frae the deep blue lift ye see the bright stars keekin' down,
 Aye mind that light and darkness differ only to agree,
 That ae strang chain o' love is linkit round baith low and hie.

The genial voice o' Nature chants in harmony divine ;
 The glorious lights o' heaven glow wi' kindness as they shine ;
 The dark brown earth gi'es brightness to each little flower that
 blows,
 And a' creation's contrasts deepest unities disclose ;
 Sae think nae mair o' spite or spleen whatever your degree,
 But gi'e a gratefu' heart to Him wha rules baith low and hie.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

WEE stuffy, stumpy, dumpy laddie,
 Thou urchin-elfin, bare an' duddy,
 Thy plumpit kite, an' cheek sae ruddy
 Are fairly baggit,
 Although the breekums on thy bodie
 Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate,—sae black and curly,
 Thy twa bare feet,—sae stieve an' burly,
 The biting frost, though snell an' surly,
 An' sair to bide,
 Is scorned by thee, thou hardy wurlie,
 Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come wind, come weet,
 Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
 Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet,
 Right bauld an' sicker,
 An' ne'er was kenned to whinge or greet,
 But for thy bicker.

Thy grannie's paiks, thy maister's whippin',
 Could never mend thy gait o' kippin',
 I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
 A' after thee,
 An' thou aff like a young colt skippin',
 Far ower the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild noisy brattle,
 Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
 Stridin' ower horse, an' yerkin' cattle
 Wi' noisy glee;
 Nae jockey's whup, nor drover's wattle,
 Can frighten thee.

When showmen clad in wild beast skins,
 Roar, drum and fife, an' mak sic dins,
 Or Merry Andrew louns an' grins,
 While daft fools glower,
 Thou slips thy rung atween their shins,
 And yerks them ower.

When sodgers at the Links are shootin',
 Wi' ruffin' drums, an' trumpets toutin',
 Though sentries gi'e thee whiles a cloutin',
 An' whiles a kickin',
 Ae half-toom cartridge thou dost look on
 Worth a' the lickin'.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,
 Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
 Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,
 Ilk oily leary,
 Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudie,
 A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
 Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
 Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
 Ilk dusty batchy,
 Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
 A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimblin' thievin' gamblin' diddler,
 Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,
 Ilk haltin' hirplin' blindit fiddler,
 Ilk wee speech-crier,
 Ilk lazy ballant singin' idler,
 Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly-draiglin' dribblin' wight,
 Wha sleeps a' day, and drinks a' night,
 And staggers hame in braid daylight,
 Bleerit an' scaur,
 Thou dauds him up, a movin' fright,
 Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
 In teapat, bottle, stoup, or cappie,
 Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
 Wi' couthy care,
 Thou gaur'st the hidden treasure jaup hie,
 An' scent the air.

At e'en when weary warkmen house,
 Their sair forfoughen spunks to rouse,
 An' ower the sang-inspirin' bouse,
 Croon mony a ditty,
 Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
 Whiffin' thy cutty.

O, why should age, wi' cankered ee,
 Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee?
 We a' were callants ance like thee,
 An' happier then,
 Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
 We think us men.

THE WEE RAGGIT LASSIE.

WEE, genty, timid, bashfu' wean,
 Tott, totting through the street thy lane,
 Like sunny keeks through cluds o' rain
 Thy face sae fair,
 Peeps sweetly through thy clusterin' train
 O' raven hair.

Thy wee bit neck and bosom bare,
 Though tussled by the cauld raw air,
 Are pearly pure, and lily fair,
 As snaw flakes fa'in';
 An' thy wee cheeks glow like a pair
 O' roses blawin'.

Thy form is licht as fairy fay,
 Thy face is sweet as flowery May,
 Thine ee, like dawn o' infant day,
 Waukin the east,
 And chasing gloomy dool away
 Frae every breast.

Tho' sma' thy mak, an' scrimp thy cleedin',
 Tho' bleak thy hame, an' puir thy feedin',
 Tho' scant thy lair, an' laigh thy breedin',
 The time may be
 When thou'lt hae mony woers pleadin'
 For love frae thee.

Yet beauty's e'en a doubtfu' gift,
 Wi' mickle shew, but little thrift;
 Wi' it the rich may mak' a shift
 To lead the fashion,
 While humble Beauty's cast adrift
 On human passion.

O man! why wilt thou seek thy bane,
 An' gi'e thysel' an' ithers pain;
 Fair Virtue's flower, wherefore stain,
 An' leave to wither?
 I trow the heart gets little gain
 That breaks anither.

Alack! puir wean, thy fate I fear,
 Thy morning sky's e'en cauld and drear;
 Dark poortith hovers in the rear,
 Wi' bodin' scowl,
 An' how can sic as thou win clear
 O' faes sae foul.

Auld beldame Fortune, would I kenned her !
 I wadna wee thing let thee wander
 Wi' thy sma' limbs sae slim and slender,
 Thus niddered bare.
 An' thy wee feet, sae jimp an' tender,
 A' dinlin' sair.

Hail, Nature ! thou whais genial power
 Has gi'en her beauty for her dower,
 O tend wi' care this tender flower
 That sprung frae thee ;
 An' rear her safe in virtue's bower,
 Aneath thine ee.

AE GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

YE maunna be proud, although ye be great,
 The puirest bodie is still your brither ;
 The king may come in the cadger's gate ;
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
 Ae hour we bloom, ae hour we wither ;
 Let ilk help ither to climb the brae ;
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The highest amang us are unco wee,
 Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither ;
 Hoard na, man, what ye get sae free ;
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

Life is a weary journey alane,
 Blythe's the road when we wend wi' ither ;
 Mutual gi'ing is mutual gain ;
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

O WHAUR gat ye that manly bairn?

I ance had ane his marrow,

Wha was to me a heavenly stern,

Amid my nicht o' sorrow.

Nae ferlie that I lo'e your wean,

An' o' his sweets envy ye,

For my poor heart sae sad and lane,

Grows glad when I am nigh ye.

My boy was fair, my boy was brave,

Wi' yellow ringlets flowing;

But now he sleeps in yon cauld grave,

Sweet flow'rets o'er him growing.

When his dear father joined the blest,

I fain wad hae gane wi' him :

But that dear laddie at my breast,

I couldna gang an' lea' him.

My laddie grew, he better grew,

Nae marrow had he growin',

Till ae snell blast that on us blew,
 Set my sweet bud a dowin'.
 But aye as slowly dowed the rind,
 The core it grew the dearer,
 And aye as his frail body dwined,
 His mind it glinted clearer.

O bricht, bricht shone his sparklin' ee—
 His cheek the pillow pressin' ;
 He cast his last sad glance on me—
 ' Dear mother, tak my blessin'.'
 Then oh! the childless heart forgi'e,
 That canna but envy ye,
 O, that sweet bairn wha smiles on me,
 An' gaur's me linger by ye.

THE NEW COMER.

" WHA'S aught this wee wean
 That my minnie has now,
 To clasp to her bosom,
 An' press to her mou',
 While I, ance her dawtie,
 Am laid by the wa',
 Or set out a-courin'
 To try the stirk's sta'?"*

" That wean is your Billie,
 My ain son an' heir!
 Ye'll see your ain pictur'
 A wee wee-er there:
 Ye'll sleep wi' your faither,
 Your Billie is sma',
 An' noo ye are strong,
 Ye maun try the stirk's sta'."

* When the pet child is transferred from his mother's to his father's bosom, in consequence of a younger aspirant coming on the field, he is said to be sent to the *stirk's sta'*.

“ Though kind to me, faither,—
Nane kinder may be,—
Your bosom can ne'er
Be a mither's to me ;
Then dinna me tak'
Frae that bosie awa',
Nor ask your wee laddie
To try the stirk's sta'!”

“ Dear bairn ! 'tis a foretaste
O' a' ye'll find here—
We stap ower our elders,
As year follows year,
We're a' marching onward,
Our hame's far awa'—
Sae kiss your young Billie,
An' try the stirk's sta'.”

THE LADY FERN.

I BRING nae rose, or lily fair,
 To twine amang thy gowden hair,
 Nor fragrant flower, nor scented wreath,
 To mingle wi' thy balmy breath ;
 But frae the green banks o' the burn
 I bring thy mate the Lady Fern.

The Lady Fern, whase slender stalk
 Alane can peer thy genty mak,
 The Lady Fern, whase gracefu' air,
 Wi' thine alane can e'er compare,
 O whaur may Nature meekness learn ?
 Frae thee an' frae the Lady Fern.

The broom adorns, an' crowns the brae,
 The whin o'ertaps the rocklet grey ;
 The heath blooms brichtest on the hill,
 An' a' wad fain climb heigher still ;
 While in the shade thou lo'est to dern
 Beside thy mate the Lady Fern.

HEIGH! HO!

TELL me, Maiden, tell me truly,
 Hast thou lost thy heart or no?
 In the charming month of July
 Hearts will go a-wandering so;
 Is it so,
 Ay or no?
 Hearts will go, with a—heigh! ho!

Dew bespangles mead and mountain,
 Sunbeams kiss, and flow'rets blow;
 By the shady dell and fountain
 Lovers will a-wooing go;
 Is it so,
 Ay or no?
 Hearts will go, with a—heigh! ho!

Ope thine eyes, and spare thy roses,
 Thus outblushing Nature so;

Love is still, and ne'er discloses
What the July gloamings know ;
Is it so,
Ay or no ?
Hearts will go, with a—heigh ! ho !