

KATIE'S ANSWER.

My moth-er's aye glow-rin' ower me, Though
 she did the same be-fore me; I can-na get leave To
 look at my love, Or else she'd be like to de-
 vour me. Right fain wad I tak' your of-fer, Sweet
 sir, but I'll tyne my tocher; Then, San-dy, ye'll fret, And
 wyte your puir Kate, Whene'er ye keek in your toom cof-fer.

My mother's aye glowrin' ower me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look at my love,
 Or else she'd be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak' your offer,
Sweet sir, but I'll tyne my tocher ;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your puir Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of silver, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweir
 To twine wi' his gear ;
And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag weel o' your land,
 And, there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.¹