

MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES.

A RHYME OF REPARATION.

THE following was a formula of acknowledgment made at the doors of churches, in former times, as a reparation for scandal :—

First I ca'd her honest woman—
 'Twas true, indeed ;
 Niest I ca'd her [jade] and thief—
 Fause tongue, ye lee'd !

Variation in case of a man—

First I ca'd him honest man—
 'Twas true, indeed ;
 Syne I ca'd him *thief's face*—
 Fause tongue, ye lee'd !

The words were otherwise varied, according to the nature of the slander. My informant conversed with aged people who had witnessed this strange act of penance at a country church not more than a century ago.

SATIRICAL RHYME UPON MILLERS AND PRIESTS.

When heather-bells grow cockle-shells,
 The miller and the priest will forget themsels.

That is, their own interests ; intimating that, till some natural impossibility shall take place, the miller will not neglect to exact his multure, nor the priest his tithes. Perhaps it might have been well for the author of the distich to bear in mind a national proverb, 'It's ill shooting at craws and clergy.'

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF PROPERTY.

The grandsire buys, the father bigs,
 The son sells, and the grandson thigs.

That is, begs. *To thig* is not precisely synonymous with 'to beg,' but rather signifies what is expressed in English by the phrase *genteel begging*.

A JACOBITE RHYME.

TUNE—*The Birks of Abergeldy.*

Some say the deil's dead, the deil's dead, the deil's dead ;
 Some say the deil's dead, and buried in Kirkcaldy !
 Some say he's risen again, he's risen again, he's risen again ;
 Some say he's risen again, and danced the Highland laddie !

‘Sir Walter Scott, when the exciting news burst upon Europe that Bonaparte had miraculously escaped from Elba, and was marching on Paris in great force, began a letter to a friend with this snatch of song.’—*Tait's Magazine.*

WALLACE.

Wallace wight, upon a night,
 Coost in a stack o' bere,
 And ere the morn, at fair daylight,
 He drackit draff his mear.

Leyden, in the notes to the *Complaynt of Scotland*, speaks of rhyming distichs on Wallace, some serious, and some ludicrous. He cites the above as a specimen, with a different reading of the last line—

‘’Twas a' draff to his mare.’

The following lines are said to have been often repeated by Wallace to his followers for their encouragement:—

‘Dico tibi verum, libertas optima rerum,
 Nunquam servili sub nexu vivito, fili.’

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

Of Sir James Douglas, the good knight whom King Robert intrusted with the carrying of his heart to Jerusalem—who is reckoned to have been in battles and encounters against the English fifty-seven times, against the Saracens and other infidels thirteen times, always victorious—Hume, the historian of the family, quotes the judgment of his own times, in the form of ‘an old verse, rude indeed, yet such as beareth witness of his true magnanimity and invincible mind in either fortune, good or bad—

Good Sir James Douglas,
 Who wise, wight, and worthy was,
 Was never over glad for no winning,
 Nor yet over sad for no tining :

Good fortune and evil chance
He weighed both in one balance.'

CARDINAL BEATON.

A rhyme long localised at St Andrews seems to bear reference to the tragical end of this historical personage—

Marry, maidens, marry, maidens !
Marry, maidens, now ;
For sticket is your cardinal,
And sauted like a sow !

The meaning is obvious enough, though it is difficult to conceive of a man of such high ecclesiastical and political rank, even in that age, that he should have been justly liable to one-fourth of the obloquy heaped upon him by popular report, of which our history on this point seems to be little better than a transcript. It is a fact that the body of the cardinal was preserved in salt by the conspirators, during the time they held out the castle against the government forces.

SONG OF AN OLD WOMAN AT HER WHEEL.

My wheelie goes round,
My wheelie goes sound,
And my wheelie she casts the band ;
It's no the wheelie that has the wyte,*
It's my uncanny † hand.

ANTI-JACOBITE RHYMES.

Saw ye Eppie Marly, honey,
The woman that sells the barley, honey ?
She's lost her pocket and a' her money,
Wi' following Jacobite Charlie, honey.

Eppie Marly's turned sae fine,
She'll no gang out to herd the swine,
But lies in her bed till eight or nine,
And winna come down the stairs to dine.

The king o' France he ran a race,
Out owre the hills o' Styria ;
His auldest son did follow him,
Upon a good gray mearie-a.

* Blame.

† Awkward.

And they rade east, and they rade west,
 And they rade far and nearie-a ;
 Until they came to Sherra-muir,
 Then they dang them tapseltearie-a !

The cat has kittled in Charlie's wig,
 The cat has kittled in Charlie's wig !
 There's ane o' them living, and twa o' them dead ;
 The cat has kittled in Charlie's wig !

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell ;
 Seven mile's stanning yet, and evermair will.

HIPS AND HAWS.

Hips and haws are very good meat,
 But bread and butter is better to eat.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MILK.

Sweet milk, sour milk,
 Thick milk, thin ;
 Blased milk, bladded milk,
 Milk new come in ;
 Milk milket aff milk,
 Milk in a pigg,*
 New-calved kye's milk,
 Sour kirnie whig.

RHYME ON THE LAIRD OF PITTARRO.

'The Earl of Southesk—better known in Mearnsire as Sir James Carnegie of Pittarro—was an expert swordsman, and vulgar fame attributed his skill in this and other sciences to the gift of supernatural power. In the tradition of Mearnsire, he is said to have studied the *black art* at Padua, a place once famed for its seminaries of magic. The devil himself was the instructor, and he annually claimed, as the reward of his tuition, the person of a pupil at dismissing the class. To give all a fair chance of escape, he ranged them up in a line within the school, when, on a given signal, all rushed to the door—he who was last in getting out being the devoted victim. On one of these occasions, Sir James Carnegie was the last ; but having invoked the devil

* Pipkin.

to take his shadow instead of himself, *it* being the object last behind, the devil was caught by the *ruse*, and was content to seize the shadow instead of the substance. It was afterwards remarked that Sir James never had a shadow, and that he usually walked in the shade to hide this defect. Sir James is also remembered as a griping oppressor of the poor, which gave rise to the following lines, and occasion to his enemies secretly to injure his property:—

The Laird of Pittarro, his heart was sae narrow,
 He wadna let the kaes* pike his corn stack;
 But by there came knaves, and pikit up thraives,
 And what said the Laird of Pittarro to that!'

Note to Lamont's Diary, sub. 1660.

THE AULD MAN'S KYE.

There was an auld man stood on a stane,
 Awa' i' the craft, his leefu' lane,
 And cried on his bonny sleek kye to come hame.
 'Kitty my mailly, and Kitty her mother,
 Kitty my doo, and Kitty Billswither,
 Ranglety, Spanglety, Crook, and Cowdry!'
 And these were the names o' the auld man's kye.†

SINGULAR GRACE.

God bless King William and Queen Mary,
 Lord Strathmore and the Earl o' Airly,
 The Laird o' Banff and Little Charlie.

It is said that at a meeting in Stirling Castle of some of the principal leaders of the Jacobite faction, an awkward dispute arose, when dinner was on the table, as to who should say grace. The person who sat at the head of the table pitched upon his next neighbour, who, in his turn, deputed the honour to him who sat next again; and so on, till every one present declined the office. In this dilemma the Earl of Airly arose, and signified to the company that he was sure that his footman was competent for the task. The man was accordingly called, and ordered to ask a blessing, when, as if to confound all party-spirit in their breasts, he produced this poetical and most liberal benediction, which was highly applauded by all present.

* The rooks.

† M'Taggart's Gallovidian Encyclopædia.

Another account represents the man as pronouncing a prose benediction—‘ Bless these benefits, and a’ them who are to eat them: keep them frae choking, worrying, or over-eating themselves: and whatever their hearts covet, let their hands trail to them!’

CHRISTMAS AND EASTER.

When Yule comes, dule comes,
Cauld feet and legs;
When Pasche comes, grace comes,
Butter, milk, and eggs.

ON THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

This is siller Saturday,
The morn’s the resting-day;
Monanday up and till’t again,
And Tyesday push away.

—A favourite rhyme amongst the wives of the working-men in the west.

They that wash on Monanday,
Hae a’ the week to dry;
They that wash on Tyesday,
Are no far by.

They that wash on Wednesday,
Are no sair to mean;*
They that wash on Thursday,
May get their claes clean.

They that wash on Friday,
Hae gay meikle need;
They that wash on Saturday,
Are dirty daws indeed.

CHARACTERS AT CROSSFORD, LANARKSHIRE.

Some sixty or seventy years ago, Crossford was a little quiet place; but it had its *characters*. The following seems to have been an attempt to give the characteristic answer of each of the villagers, on one of them making a trite remark:—

‘ It’s a trying time,’ quo’ Wee Willie;
‘ It’ll turn better,’ quo’ Meg;

* Are well enough off.

‘Treggs is’t,’ quo’ Geordie Carwell ;
 ‘Swat-a-day, aye,’ quo’ Nelly Paton ;
 ‘Put it i’ your pouch,’ quo’ Michael ;
 ‘We can fenn,’ quo’ Tammas Clarkson ;
 ‘Troutha,’ quo’ Betty ;
 ‘Go to your grandfather,’ quo’ Davie Carwell ;
 ‘See, nae,’ quo’ the smith ;
 ‘There it is,’ quo’ Peggy Miller ;
 ‘Loash-on-a-me,’ quo’ Tam Stewart ;
 ‘We’ll hae a smack,’ quo’ Jamie Hamilton ;
 ‘That’s a truth,’ quo’ Betty Proutree ;
 ‘It canna keep back the ice,’ quo’ Wull Tamson ;
 ‘Ha-ha-hae,’ quo’ Rack ;
 ‘We’ll change our breeks,’ quo’ Crutchie Robin ;
 ‘Can ye take parritch ?’ quo’ Wull Watson ;
 ‘Kinshens, aye,’ quo’ the Laird ;
 ‘Fineless, fineless,’ quo’ Aunty Matty ;
 ‘Chap away,’ quo’ Watty.

THE COVENANTER’S GRACE.

Some hae meat that canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it ;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 For which the Lord be thankit !

When Burns dined with the Earl of Selkirk, at St Mary’s Isle, he repeated these lines, which have been generally considered as his own. In reality, he must have only given them from memory, for a correspondent remembers their being popular in the south-western province of Scotland before the days of Burns. They were always called the Covenanter’s Grace.

COUNTING OF YARN.

Prior to the use of the *yarn winnle blades*, women counted the thread produced on their spinning-wheels by winding it between their left hand and elbow, saying, as the process went on—

But the crib, and ben the crib,
 And down the crib raw ;
 Thou’s ane, and thou’s nane,
 And thou’s ane a’ out.
 Thou’s twa, and thou’s nane,
 And thou’s twa a’ out, &c. (*On to a score.*)

ST BARCHAN'S DAY.

Barchan's bright,
The shortest day, and the langest night.

This is a saying at Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, probably the original seat of this saint, who, however, has a fame limited to Scotland only, as we do not find him in several approved catalogues. His day is still celebrated at Kilbarchan by a fair, held on the 1st of December, old style (13th December, new style). This rustic festival is alluded to in the Laird of Beltrees' poem on the life and death of the famous piper of Kilbarchan, Habbie Simpson—

Sae kindly to his neighbours niest,
At Beltane and *St Barchan's feast*,
He blew and then held up his breist,
As he were wead;
But now we needna him arreist,
For now he's deid!

It must be remarked that the above rhyme on Barchan's day is probably a copy of an English one given by Ray, with respect to Barnabas's day (June 11), to which the term bright is certainly much more appropriate—

'Barnaby Bright,
The langest day, and the shortest night.'

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION ANSWERED.

I met a man wha speer'd at me,
'Grow there berries in the sea?'
I answered him by speering again,
'Is there skate on Clochnaben?'

Clochnaben, as stated before, is a hill in Aberdeenshire. There is an English version of this piece of rustic wit—

A man in the wilderness asked me,
'How many strawberries grow in the sea?'
I answered him, as I thought good,
'As many red herrings as grow in the wood.'

TAUNT FOR SILLY BOASTERS.

Poor haiverel Will, and lang-skinned Jock,
They think themselves twa clever folk;
They wad fecht a clocking-hen and birds,
They wad kill a man, an gi'e them swords.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MALT LIQUOR.

There's first guid ale, and syne guid ale,
 And second ale, and some,
 Hink-skink, and ploughman's drink,
 And scour-the-gate, and trim.

DESCRIPTION OF AN EXECUTION IN EDINBURGH.

The boys of our northern capital had a rhyme upon this subject, which describes every particular, even to the streets embraced by the sad procession, with emphatic brevity—

Up the Lawnmarket,
 Down the West Bow ;
 Up the lang ladder,
 Down the little tow.

REBUS ON FOUR GENERATIONS.

Rise, daughter, and go to your daughter,
 For your daughter's daughter has had a daughter.

—' In our abridged and septuagesimal ages, it is very rare, and deserves a distich, to behold the fourth generation. *Mater ait natæ, dic natæ filia,* &c.—*Browne's Vulgar Errors.*

LANARKSHIRE RHYME ON MARRIAGE.

Set a lass on Tintock tap,
 Gin she ha'e the penny siller,
 The wind will blaw a man till her ;
 But gin she want the penny siller,
 There'll ne'er a ane be evened till her !

LANARKSHIRE RHYME ON ILL-GOT WEALTH.

Gair-gathered siller
 Will no haud thegither ;
 The heir will be careless,
 His wife mibly waur ;
 Their weans will be fearless,
 And fa' in the glaur.

PREPARATIONS FOR TRAVELLING.

There's muckle ado when muirland folk ride—
 Boots, and spurs, and a' to provide !

—A Peeblesshire proverbial expression, used jocularly when

any of the family is bustling about, making preparations for leaving home.

RHYME ON ST ANDREWS FAIR.

That at auld St Andrews fair,
 A' the souters maun be there—
 A' the souters, and souters' seed,
 And a' them that birse the thread ;
 Souters out o' Mar,
 Souters twice as far,
 Souters out o' Gorty,
 Souters five-and-forty,
 Souters out o' Peterhead,
 Wi' deil a tooth in a' their head,
 Riving at the auld bend leather, &c.

BOOK INSCRIPTIONS.

Boys at school, who have no great aptitude for arithmetic, thus express their feelings on the subject—

Multiplication is a vexation,
 Division is as bad ;
 The Rule of Three it vexes me,
 And Fractions put me mad.

It is customary for youngsters at school to scribble their names under the boards of their books, in the following fashion :—

James Paterson, his book :
 And if it happen for to tine,*
 This writ will show that it is mine.

The editor has seen this couplet on an old Bible, in a handwriting of the early part of the seventeenth century. Another favourite book inscription is—

[Andrew Thomson] is my name,
 Scotland is my nation ;
 [Dunfermline] is my dwelling-place,
 A pleasant habitation.

A third, of very awful import, is here given as copied from the blank page of a manuscript book of accounts, which belonged to Hew Love, portioner of John's Hill, Renfrewshire, between 1661 and 1665—

* Be lost.

‘ This beuk is mine, and if ye steal it away,
Remember at the Latter Day,
When our Lord sall come and say,
Whare is the beuk ye staw away ?’

The following inscription appears on a book of receipts which belonged to the lady of Sir David Threipland of Fingask, a noted partisan of the Stuart family :—

‘ This book is mine, if ye woldd know,
And letters two I will you show :
The first is K, ane letter bright,
The other S in all men’s sight :
If ye can joyn them cunninly,
To know my name ye may then try ;
But if ye chance to spell amiss,
Looke down be loe, and ther it is.

Kattrin Smyth.

Begowne the first of June,
1692.’

Lady Threipland was the only child of Smith of Burnhill, near Perth. Her reception of ‘ James VIII.’ at Fingask Castle, on his way from Peterhead, where he had landed, to Perth, January 7, 1716, is remembered in many snatches of old songs still popular in the Carse of Gowrie : such as—

‘ When our guid king came to the Carse,
To see Sir David’s lady,
There was a cod dressed up wi’ sauce,
Took a hunder pounds to make it ready.’

A FORFARSHIRE EXECRATION.

Deil ride to Turin on ye,
For a lade o’ slates !

This may have originated in the circumstance of the church of St Vigean’s, Arbroath, having been covered with slates, which the poor people thereabouts are said to have been compelled by their spiritual superiors to bring upon their backs from the distant quarry of Turin, near Forfar.

CONSOLATION.

As I gaed owre by Glenap,
I met wi’ an aged woman ;
She bade me cheer up my heart,
For the best o’ my days were coming !

Glenap is an out-of-the-world vale amidst the wilds form-
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ing the confines of Ayrshire and Wigtonshire. Mr Lockhart says that the apothegm was a favourite with Burns.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco and tobacco reek,
When I am weel, they make me sick;
Tobacco and tobacco reek,
They make me weel when I am sick.

FORTUNE.

Fortune will be fortune still,
Let the weather blaw as it will;
For the laddie has his leave, and the lassie has her ring,
And there's mony a merry heart 'neath a mourning string.

ON THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

This is the tree that never grew,
This is the bird that never flew;
This is the bell that never rang,
And this the fish that never swam.

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON'S TITLES.

Duke Hamilton and Brandon,
Earl Chatelerauld and Arran,
The Laird o' Peneil,
The Guidman o' Draffan.

—This is popular in Clydesdale. The gradation downwards is amusing, but is not unexampled in popular ideas as to our ancient nobility, for the Duke of Gordon was said to have for his title 'Guidman o' the Bog' (that is, the house of Bog-an-Gight); and the Earl of Morton was in like manner called 'Guidman o' Aberdour.' Draffan is Craignethan Castle, at one time the property of the Bastard of Arran, celebrated in Scottish history.

JOHNIE ARMSTRONG'S FEE.

A terrier tyke, and a rusty key,
Were Johnie Armstrong's Jeddart fee.

There is a story that a convicted moss-trooper of this name, being promised his pardon on condition of disclosing the best safeguards to a house against his own fraternity, gave the above information as his 'fee;' namely, that a small but vigilant dog within the house, and rusty locks, were the greatest impediments to the housebreaker.

A DRUNKEN RANT.

Bum a leery bum,
 Bum a leery bum,
 The maut's aboon the meal the night,
 Wi' some, and wi' some.

A SATIRE ON MATRIMONY.

Put your hand in the creel,
 And draw an adder or an eel.

My daughter's my daughter as lang's she's in life,
 But my son's but my son till he gets a wife.

I never choose to lead,
 But follow in the throng ;
 And when I never sing at all,
 I never sing wrong.

ENIGMAS.

I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
 And my love she gave me light ;
 I'll give any man a pint o' wine,
 That'll read my riddle right.

—Solution: I sat in a chair made of my mistress's bones,
 drank out of her skull, and was lighted by a candle made
 of the substance of her body.

There stands a tree at our house-end,
 It's a' clad owre wi' leather bend ;
 It'll fecht a bull, it'll fecht a bear,
 It'll fecht a thousand men o' weir (war).

—Death.

There was a man o' Adam's race,
 He had a certain dwalling-place ;
 It was neither in heeven, earth, nor hell—
 Tell me where this man did dwell !

—Jonah in the whale's belly.

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
 Pease porridge in a caup, nine days old :
 Tell me that in four letters.

—T, H, A, T.

There was a man made a thing,
 And he that made it did it bring ;
 But he 'twas made for did not know
 Whether 'twas a thing or no.

—A coffin.

Down in yon ha' I heard a cock crow,
A dead man seeking a drink.

—(?)

Mouthed like the mill-door, luggit like the cat;
Though ye guessed a' day, ye'd no guess that!

—A large broth-pot of the old construction.

Mouth o' horn, and beard o' leather;
Ye'll no guess that though ye were hanged in a tether.

—A cock.

Bonny Kitty Brannie, she stands at the wa',
Gi'e her little, gi'e her muckle; she licks up a';
Gi'e her stanes, she'll eat them—but water, she'll dee;
Come tell this bonny riddleum to me.

—The fire.

Hair without, and hair within,
A' hair, and nae skin.

—A hair-rope.

Down i' yon meadow
There sails a boat,
And in that boat
The king's son sat.

I'm aye telling ye,
And ye're never kenning,
Hoo they ca' the king's son,
In yon boat sailing.

—A particular emphasis on the word '*hoo*' denotes to the discerning that the name of the king's son is *Hoo*, or *Hugh*.

As I lookit owre my window at ten o'clock at night,
I saw the dead carrying the living.

—A ship sailing.

As I gaed owre Bottle-brig,
Bottle-brig brak;
Though ye guess a' day,
Ye winna guess that.

—The ice. In Lanarkshire alone would this enigma have its full effect, the words *Bottle-brig* being liable to be confounded with *Bothwell-Bridge*, there popularly called *Boddle Brig*.

As I gaed to Falkland to a feast,
I met wi' an ugly beast—
Ten tails, a hunder nails,
And no a fit but ane.

—A ship.

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
 I saw a blazing comet pour down hail,
 I saw a cloud wrapt with ivy round,
 I saw an oak creeping on the ground,
 I saw a pismire swallow up a whale,
 I saw the sea brimful of ale,
 I saw a Venice glass fifteen feet deep,
 I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
 I saw wet eyes all of a flaming fire,
 I saw a horse bigger than the moon and higher,
 I saw the sun even at midnight—
 I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

The solution of this enigma is obtained by putting a stop after peacock, and transferring all the commas at the ends of the lines to the middle of the next lines ensuing.

A beautiful lady in a garden was laid,
 Her beauty was fair as the sun,
 In one hour of her life she became a man's wife,
 And she died before she was born.

—Eve.

A priest, and a friar, and a silly auld man,
 Gaed to a pear-tree, where three pears hang.
 Ilka ane took a pear—how many hang then?

—Two, the three persons being in reality one.

As I came o'er the tap o' Tripatraine,
 I met a drove o' Highland swine,
 Some o' em black, and some o' em brawnet,
 Some o' em yellow tappit;
 Sic a drove o' Highland swine
 Never came o'er the tap o' Tripatraine.

—A swarm of bees.

Lang man legless,
 Gaed to the door staffless;
 Goodwife, take up your deuks and hens,
 For dogs and cats I carena.

—A worm.

Wee man o' leather
 Gaed through the heather,
 Through a rock, through a reel,
 Through an auld spinning-wheel;
 Through a sheep-shank bane;
 Sic a man was never seen.

—A beetle.

The brown bull o' Baverton
 Gaed owre the hill o' Haverton,
 And dashed its head atween twa stanes,
 And brought white milk hame.

—Corn sent to the mill and ground.

A ha'penny here, and a ha'penny there,
 Fourpence ha'penny and a ha'penny mair ;
 A ha'penny wat, and a ha'penny dry,
 Fourpence ha'penny and a ha'penny forby ;
 How much is that ?

—A shilling.

The robbers came to our house,
 When we were a' in :
 The house lap out at the windows,
 And we were a' ta'en.

—Fish caught in a net.

There was a prophet on this earth,
 His age no man could tell ;
 He was at his greatest height,
 Before ere Adam fell.
 His wives are very numerous,
 Yet he maintaineth none ;
 And at the day of reckoning
 He bids them all begone.
 He wears his boots when he should sleep,
 His spurs are ever new ;
 There's no a shoemaker on a' the earth,
 Can fit him for a shoe.

—A cock.

Ha ! master above a master,
 Rise from your fortune—
 Step to your shintilews—
 The gray cat o' grapus
 Is up the steps o' fundus
 Wi' montapus on her tail—
 If there come na help out o' founto-clear,
 We're gane, and a' that's here.

Explanation—Master of the whole house, rise from your bed ; step to your breeches ; the gray cat is up the stair with fire on her tail : if there comes not help out of the well, we are gone, and all that are here.

HIGHLAND EXECRATION ON THE COMMONWEALTH.

The following doggrel is extracted from a manuscript usually styled 'Constable's Cantus,' in the Advocates' Library :—

Te coven welt, tat gramagh ting,
 Gar brek hem's word, gar de hem's king,
 Gar peye hem's sesse, or tak hem's (geers),
 Vel no dee 'at, del cove de leers ;
 Vel bid a file amang te crowes,
 Vel scor te sword, and wiske te bowes ;
 And fen her nen sal se te *re*,
 Te del may car fa gromaghee.

A more intelligible version follows :—

The Commonwealth, that *gramagh* thing,
 Gar break him's word, gar die him's king,
 Gar pay him's cess, or tak' him's gears,
 We'll no do that, de'il cow the lecars ;
 We'll bide a while amang the crows,
 We'll scour the sword, and wisk the bows,
 And when her nainsell see the *Rie*,
 The de'il may care for *Gramaghee*!

The *Rie* is the king : *Gramaghee* seems to have been a Highland epithet for Cromwell, to whom it was not inappropriate, as the word signifies one who holds fast, as a vice or pair of forceps.

END OF POPULAR RHYMES OF SCOTLAND.