

# NURSERY SONGS.

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## WILLIE WINKIE.

Air by Rev. W. B.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,  
Up stairs and doon stairs in his nicht-gown,  
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,  
“Are the weans in their bed, for it’s now ten o’clock?”

“Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye coming ben?  
The cat’s singing grey thrums to the sleeping hen,  
The dog’s spelder’d on the floor, and disna gi’e a cheep,  
But here’s a waukrife laddie! that winna fa’ asleep.”

Onything but sleep, you rogue! glow’ring like the moon,  
Rattling in an airn jug wi’ an airn spoon,  
Rumblin’, tumblin’ round about, crawling like a cock,  
Skirling like a kenna-what, wauk’ning sleeping fock.

“Hey, Willie Winkie—the wean’s in a creel!  
Wambling aff a bodie’s knee like a very eel,  
Rugging at the cat’s lug, and raveling a’ her thrums—  
Hey, Willie Winkie—see, there he comes!”

Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,  
 A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,  
 That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee—  
 But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gi'es strength anaw to me.

*William Miller*

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### NURSERY SCARECROWS.

AIR—"Chevy Chase."

GAE wa' ye silly, senseless quean!  
 Nor frighten sae my wean  
 Wi' tales o' bogles, ghaists, and elves,  
 That he 'll no sleep his lane.  
 Come! say your prayers, my bonnie bairn,  
 And saftly slip to bed—  
 Your guardian angel's waiting there,  
 To shield your lovely head.  
 O never mind the foolish things  
 That clavering Jenny says—  
 They're just the idle silly tales,  
 The dreams o' darker days;  
 Our grannies, and our gran'dads too,  
 They might believe them a',  
 And keep themsel's in constant dread  
 O' things they never saw.

Lie still, lie still, my ain wee man !  
 Sic stories are na true,  
 There's naething in the dark can harm  
 My bonnie harmless doo ;  
 The WATCHFU' EE that never sleeps.  
 That never knows decay,  
 Will tent frae skaith my bonnie bairn,  
 By night as weel's by day.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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### THE SELFISH LADDIE.

AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

Fy ! on the selfish laddie  
 Who tak's but never gi'es,  
 Wha canna part wi' aught he gets,  
 But covets a' he sees.  
 He's just a little miser brat,  
 A greedy glow'ring elf,  
 Wha grabs at a' within his grasp,  
 And thinks on nought but self.

Though his bit pouch is cramm'd sae fu'  
 That it can haud nae mair ;  
 And little Mary pleads for some,  
 Yet no ae crumb he'll spare.

Nae bairn can e'er deserve to get.

Wha winna freely gi'e ;

But weel I lo'e the open heart—

The heart that's warm and free.

When Mary gets an apple,

It maun be cut in twa,

And aye, I'm sure, the biggest half

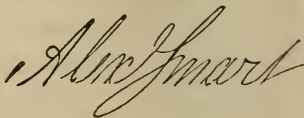
The wee thing gi'es awa'.

She shares her goodies round about

Sae kindly and sae free,

That nane can be mair blythe to get

Than Mary's glad to gi'e.




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#### THE NEW COMER.

“ WHA'S aught this wee wean

That my minnie has now,

To clasp to her bosom,

And press to her mou',

While I, ance her dawtie.

Am laid by the wa'.

Or set out a' couring  
To try the stirk's sta' ?\*

" That wean is your Billie,  
My ain son and helr !  
You'll see your ain picture  
A wee wee-er there :  
You'll sleep wi' your father,  
Your Billie is sma',  
And now that ye're strong,  
Ye maun try the stirk's sta'."

" Ye're kind to me, father,  
Nane kinder may be,  
But your bosom can ne'er  
Be a mither's to me ;  
O ! dinna me tak'  
Frae that bosy awa',  
Dinna ask your wee laddie  
To try the stirk's sta' !"

" Dear bairn ! 'tis a foretaste  
O' a' ye'll find here—  
We step o'er our elders,  
As year follows year,

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\* 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'*.

We're a' marching onward,  
 Our hame's far awa'—  
 Sae kiss your young Billie.  
 And try the stirk's sta'."

*James Ballantine*

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### THE FAMILY CONTRAST.

AIR—" *John o' Badenyon.*"

O SIRS! was e'er sic difference seen  
 As 'twixt wee Will and Tam?  
 The ane's a perfect ettercap,  
 The ither's just a lamb;  
 Will greets and girns the leelang day,  
 And carps at a' he gets—  
 Wi' ither bairns he winna play,  
 But sits alane and frets.  
 He flings his piece into the fire,  
 He yaumers at his brose,  
 And wae betide the luckless flee  
 That lights upon his nose!  
 He kicks the collie, cuffs the cat,  
 The hen and birds he stanes—  
 Na, little brat! he tak's a preen  
 And jags the very weans.

Wi' spite he tumbles aff his stool,  
 And there he sprawling lies,  
 And at his mother throws his gab,  
 Gin she but bid him rise.  
 Is there in a' the world beside  
 Sae wild a wight as he ?  
 Weel ! gin the creature grow a man,  
 I wonder what he'll be !

But Tammy's just as sweet a bairn  
 As ane could wish to see,  
 The smile aye plays around his lips,  
 While blythely blinks his ee ;  
 He never whimpers, greets, nor girns,  
 Even for a broken tae,  
 But rins and gets it buckled up,  
 Syne out again to play.

He claps the collie, dauts the cat,  
 Flings moolins to the doos,  
 To Bess and Bruekie rins for grass,  
 To cool their honest mou's ;  
 He's kind to ilka living thing,  
 He winna hurt a flee,  
 And, gin he meet a beggar bairn,  
 His piece he'll freely gi'e.

He tries to please wee crabbit Will,  
 When in his cankriest mood,  
 He gie's him a' his taps and bools,  
 And tells him to be good.

Sae good a wean as our wee Tam  
 It cheers the heart to see,—  
 O! gin his brither were like him,  
 How happy might we be!

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Roger*

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# GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE!

AIR—"Oh! no, we never mention her."

THE Moon has rowed her in a cloud,  
 Stravaging win's begin  
 To shuggle and daud the window-brods,  
 Like loons that would be in!  
 "Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,  
 Or craik in saughen tree!  
 We're thankfu' for a cozie hame"—  
 Sae gree, my bairnies, gree!



Tho' gurling blasts may dourly blaw,  
 A rousing fire will thow  
 A straggler's taes, and keep fu' cosh  
 My tousie taps-o'-tow.  
 O who would cool your kail, my bairns,  
 Or bake your bread like me,—  
 Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,  
 Sae gree, my bairnies, gree!  
 Oh, never fling the warmsome boon  
 O' bairnhood's love awa';  
 Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek!  
 Between me and the wa';  
 How ae kind arm was ower ye baith—  
 But, if ye disagree,  
 Think on the soft and kindly soun'  
 O' "Gree, my bairnies, Gree."

William Miller

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#### THE BONNIE MILK COW.

AIR—"The auld wife ayont the fire."

Moo, moo, proochy lady!  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!  
 Lowing i' the gloaming hour,  
 Comes my bonnie cow.

Buttercups an' clover green,  
 A' day lang, her feast ha'e been,  
 Then laden hame she comes at e'en—  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Bairnies for their porridge greet,  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!  
 And milk maun ha'e their mou's to weet,  
 Sweet and warm frae you.  
 Though ither kye gae dry an' yel',  
 Hawkie ne'er was kent to fail,  
 But aye she fills the reaming pail—  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Best o' butter, best o'cheese,  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!  
 That weel the nicest gab may please,  
 Yields my dainty cow.  
 When the gudewife stirs the tea,  
 Sweeter cream there canna be,—  
 Sic curds an' whey ye'll seldom see—  
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

*Alex Smart*

# ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

AIR—" *What's a' the steer, kimmer.*"

COME awa', my 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.

Come awa', my 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 ;  
 And we mourn our fairy blossoms, a' the sweeter they were  
 wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee  
 Rosy cheekit apples ye shall ha'e three.  
 A' sae fou' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree ;  
 Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

*James Ballentine*

## THE SLEEPY LADDIE.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken th' day, ye rogue ?  
 Your parritch is ready and cool in the cog,  
 Auld baudrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk  
 Would fain ha'e a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.

There's a wee birdie singing—get up, get up !  
 And listen, it says tak' a whup, tak' a whup !  
 But I'll kittle his bosie—a far better plan—  
 And pouther his pow wi' a watering can.

There's a house redd up like a palace, I'm sure,  
 That a pony might dance a jig on the floor ;  
 And father is coming, so wauken and meet,  
 And welcome him hame wi' your kisses sae sweet.

It's far i' the day now, and brawly ye ken,  
 Your father has scarcely a minute to spen' ;  
 But ae blink o' his wifie and bairn on her knee,  
 He says lightens his toil, tho' sair it may be.

So up to your parritch, and on wi' your claes ;  
 There's a fire that might warm the cauld Norlan braces ;  
 For a coggie weel fill'd and a clean fire-en'  
 Should mak' ye jump up, and gae skelping ben.

*William Miller*

## MOTHER'S PET.

AIR—" *The maid that tends the goats.*"

MOTHER'S bairnie, mother's dawtie,  
 Wee wee steering stumping tottie,  
 Bonnie dreamer,—guileless glee  
 Lights thy black and laughing e'e.  
 Frae thy rosy dimpled cheek—  
 Frae thy lips sae saft and sleek,  
 Aulder heads than mine might learn  
 Truths worth kenning, bonnie bairn.

Gabbing fairie ! fondly smiling !  
 A' a mother's cares beguiling ;  
 Peacefu' may thy fortune be,  
 Blythesome braird o' purity.  
 Ne'er may poortith cauld and eerie  
 Mak' thy heart o' kindness wearie ;  
 Nor misfortune, sharp and stern,  
 Blight thy bloom, my bonnie bairn.

Stourie, stoussie, gaudie brierie !  
 Dinging a' things tapsalteerie ;  
 Jumping at the sunny sheen,  
 Flickering on thy pawky een.

Frisking, lisping, fleeching fay,  
 Dinna tow't poor baudrons sae!  
 Frae her purring kindness learn  
 What ye awe me, bonnie bairn.

*John Crawford*

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### LEARN YOUR LESSON.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

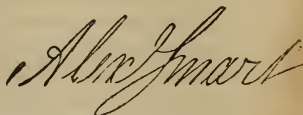
YE'LL no learn your lesson by greeting, my man,  
 Ye'll never come at it by greeting, my man,  
 No ae word can ye see, for the tear in your ee,  
 But just set your heart till't, for brawly ye ean.

If ye'll like your lesson, it's sure to like you,  
 The words then so glibly would jump to your mou',  
 Ilk ane to its place a' the ithers would chase,  
 Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

O who would be counted a dunse or a snool,  
 To gape like a gomeral, and greet like a fool,  
 Sae fear'd, like a coof, for the taws ower his loof,  
 And laugh'd at by a' the wee bairns in the school!

Ye'll greet till ye greet yoursel' stupid and blind,  
And then no a word in the morning ye'll mind ;

But cheer up your heart, and ye'll soon ha'e your part.  
For a' things come easy when bairns are inclin'd.




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### THE TRUANT.

AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

WEE Sandy in the corner  
Sits greeting on a stool,  
And sair the laddie rues  
Playing truant frae the school ;  
Then ye'll learn frae silly Sandy,  
Wha's gotten sic a fright,  
To do naething through the day  
That may gar ye greet at night.

He durstna venture hame now,  
Nor play, though e'er so fain,  
And ilka ane he met wi'  
He thought them sure to ken

And started at ilk whin bush,  
 Though it was braid daylight—  
 Sae do naething through the day  
 That may gar ye greet at night.

Wha winna be advised  
 Are sure to rue ere lang ;  
 And muckle pains it costs them  
 To do the thing that's wrang,  
 When they wi' half the fash o't  
 Might aye be in the right,  
 And do naething through the day  
 That would gar them greet at night.

What fools are wilfu' bairns  
 Who misbehave frae hame !  
 There's something in the breast aye  
 That tells them they're to blame ;  
 And then when comes the gloamin',  
 They're in a waefu' plight !—  
 Sae do naething through the day  
 That may gar ye greet at night.

*Alex. Smart*



## MY AIN KINDLY MINNIE.

AIR—"Over the water to Charlie."

"My ain kindly minnie, when ance I'm a man.

I'll big a wee housie, sae cosie,

And, O! I'll be kind, and be gude to you than,

For cuddling me now in your bosie.

Dry up your saut tears that sae thickly now fa',

What for are ye greetin' sae sairly?

Tho' my daddie lie deep in the sea, far awa'!

Has he no left ye me his ain Charlie?"

"Oh, bless ye, my darling, ance mair I'm mysel',

Your sweet rosy lips they reprove me:

How sinfu' it is on my sorrows to dwell,

When thy dad lives in thee still to love me.

I will live on to love ye, my bonnie wee man!

Oh! yet we'll be happy and cosie,

And when heaven sees fitting to close my short span,

Then I'll lay my auld head on your bosie."

*Robt. L. Malong*

## THE FATHER'S KNEE.

AIR—" *Buy broom besoms.*"

O! HAPPY is the mother o' ilk little pet,  
 Who has a happy father by the ingle set.  
 Wi' ae wee tottum sleeping 'neath its mother's ee,  
 Anither tottum creeping up its father's knee.  
     Aye rocking, rocking, aye rocking ree,  
     Puing at his stocking, climbing up his knee.

Although our wee bit bigging there be few who ken,  
 Beneath our theekit rigging, bien's the but and ben.  
 Although about the creepy bairnies canna gree,  
 They cuddle, when they're sleepy, on their father's knee.  
     They're aye wink, winking, wi' the sleepy ee,  
     Or aye jink, jinking, round their father's knee.

Although the sun o' summer scarce glints through the boal,  
 O! kindly is the glimmer o' our candle coal.  
 And bright the rays o' glory stream frae heaven hie,  
 When gude grandsire hoary bends his aged knee;  
     Baith the parents kneeling by their totts sae wee—  
     Holy is the feeling offered on the knee.

I wonder gin in palace, or in lordly ha',  
 Their hearts are a' as happy as in our cot sae sma'—

Gin the Royal Mother can her lassies see,  
 Cuddling their wee brother on their father's knee,  
 What to her kind bosie are her kingdoms three,  
 Unless her totts are cosie on their father's knee !

*James Ballentine*

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### CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,  
 Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Granny'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 creeping cannie, than fa'ing wi' a bang,  
 Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, and ye'll laugh, and ye'll nod to your mother,  
 Watching ilka step o' your wee dousy brother ;  
 Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,  
 And ye'll be a braw chield yet,—creep afore ye gang.

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

*James Ballentine*

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# DINNA FEAR THE DOCTOR.

AIR—"Gin a body meet a body."

O DINNA fear the doctor,

He comes to mak' ye weel,

To nurse ye like a tender flower,

And your wee head to heal;

He'll bring the bloom back to your cheek,

The blythe blink to your ee,

An't werena for the doctor,

My bonnie bairn might dee.

O who would fear the doctor!

His pouthers, pills, and a';

Ye just a wee bit swither gi'e,

And then the taste's awa'!

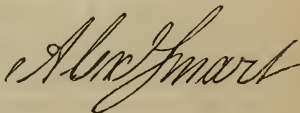
He'll mak' ye sleep as sound's a tap,

And rise as light's a flee,—

An't werena for the doctor,

My bonnie bairn might dee.

A kind man is the doctor,  
 As mony poor folk ken;  
 He spares nae toil by day or night  
 To ease them o' their pain;  
 And O he lo'es the bairnies weel!  
 And tak's them on his knee,—  
 An't werena for the doctor,  
 My bonnie bairn might dee.




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### THE WONDERFU' WEAN

“AIR—“ *The Campbells are coming.*”

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,  
 It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a  
 His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his ee,  
 When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.  
 For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:—  
 How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?  
 What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain.  
 He's a perfect divert—he's a wonderfu' wean.

Or who was the first bodie's father? and wha  
 Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?  
 And who made the first bird that sang on a tree?  
 And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?—  
 But after I've told him as weel as I ken,  
 Again he begins wi' his who? and his when?  
 And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—  
 He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk who ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,  
 Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;  
 How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,  
 Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug shugging afore him;  
 Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,  
 And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.  
 'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain;—  
 He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,  
 To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;  
 Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,  
 The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,  
 Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, ho  
 march'd ben,  
 Like ower mony mae o' our great-little men,  
 That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,  
 He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,  
 That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose ;  
 And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his ee,  
 Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.  
 Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,  
 And gloom through her fingers, like hills through a shower,  
 When bodies ha'e got ae bit bairn o' their ain,  
 How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

*William Miller*

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### BAIRNIES, COME HAME.

AIR—" *Logie o' Buchan.* "

THE sun's awa' down to his bed in the sea,  
 And the stars will be out on their watch in a wee :  
 The beasts ha'e gane hame in their coverts to rest,  
 And ilka wee bird's cuddled down in its nest ;  
 The kye are a' sta'd, and there's no a wee lamb  
 But has cower'd itsel' down by the side o' its dam ;  
 The rose and the gowan are closing their leaves,  
 And the swallow's last twitter is hush'd in the eaves ;  
 And it's time that gude weans were a' doing the same,—  
 Come hame to your downy dreams ! bairnies, come hame !

Come hame! frae your howfs, down amang the green corn,  
 Where the lee rigg is lown, and be up in the morn;  
 Be up in the morn! when the sun's glinting thro'  
 Wi' his beams 'mang the blossoms to lick up the dew:  
 Frae your bonnie green dens on the sides o' the wood,  
 Where the blaeberry blooms, and the wild roses bud,  
 And warms for your play-ground the gowany braes,  
 By the burn where your mammies are tending their claes:  
 Aye! be up in the morn to your sportive wee game—  
 But now that the gloamin' fa's, bairnies, come hame.

Come hame! for the bat is abroad in his hour,  
 And the howlet is heard frae the auld hoary tower—  
 Come hame! and your fathers will daut ilka brow,  
 A mother's warm welcome is waiting for you.  
 Ah! aft, when lang years ha'e pass'd over your prime,  
 Your changed hearts will turn to this innocent time,  
 And the sunshiny past, wi' its love-lighted gleams,  
 Will rise on your waking thoughts—smile in your dreams;  
 Then your hearts will fill fu', as ye breathe the loved name  
 Of her whose sort smilt nae mair welcomes ye hame.

*Robt. L. Malone*



## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ase,  
 Glowering in the fire wi' his wee round face ;  
 Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there ?  
 Ha ! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.

His wee chubby face, and his touzie curly pow,  
 Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe ;  
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,  
 Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon !  
 He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun !  
 Worlds whomling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare,—  
 See how he louns ! as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?  
 He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men ;  
 A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—  
 There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld :  
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld ;  
 His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care  
 Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air !

He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!  
 But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by Night;  
 Mulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,  
 Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air.

*James Ballentine*

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### THE WATCH DOG.

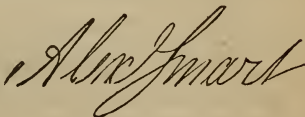
AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

Bow-wow-wow! it's the muckle watch dog,  
 I ken by his honest bark;  
 Bow-wow-wow! says the muckle watch dog,  
 When he hears a foot in the dark.  
 No a breath can stir but he's up wi' a wirr!  
 And a big bow-wow gie's he,  
 And wi' tail on end, he'll the house defend,  
 Mair siccar than lock or key.

When we sleep sound, he takes his round,  
 A sentry ower us a',  
 Through the lang dark night till braid daylight,  
 He fleys the thieves awa'.

But through the hale day wi' the bairns he'll play,  
 And daff about in the sun;  
 On his back astride they may safely ride,  
 For weel does he lo'e their fun.

Wi' a cogie fu' to his gratefu' mou',  
 How he wags his trusty tail!  
 And weel does he like a bane to pike,  
 Or a lick o' the lithey kail.  
 By a' he's kenn'd as a faithfu' friend,  
 Nae flattering tongue has he,  
 And we a' may learn frae the muckle watch dog  
 Baith faithfu' and fond to be.




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### THE BASHFU' BAIRN.

AIR—"Saw ye my father?"

THE bashfu' wee laddie! what makes him sae shy?  
 And what is't that gars him think shame?  
 Or how does it come that the blatest outbye  
 Are often the bauldest at hame?

A stranger might think he was sulky or doure ;  
 For scarcely a word will he speak,  
 But hangs down his head, like a wee modest flower,  
 To hide the warm blush on his cheek.

'Mang rin-ther'-out laddies he's counted a snool :  
 He cares na for bools nor for ba's ;  
 But yet he's a match for the best at the school—  
 He ne'er gets a tip o' the taws.  
 And aye when he plays wi' the bairns in the house,  
 The cock o' the roost he maun be ;  
 He's bauld as a bantam, and craws there sae crouse,  
 Nae bairn can be brisker than he.

There's mair in his head, or I'm sairly mista'en,  
 Than ye'll find in some auld-farrant men ;  
 Sae lang are his lugs, and sae gleg are his een,  
 He notices mair than ye ken.  
 Sometimes he'll sit still like a howlet sae grave,—  
 His thoughts then can naebody tell ;  
 And sometimes he wanders awa' frae the lave,  
 And speaks, like a gowk, to himsel'!

Be kind to the laddie that's bashfu' and shy !  
 He'll be a braw fellow belyve ;  
 Ye'll drive him dementit if harshness ye try—  
 Ye'll lead him, but never can drive.

Some think him half-witted, and some think him wise,  
 And some think him naething ava;  
 But tent him wi' love, if ye'll take my advice,  
 And he'll yet be the flower o' them a'.

*Alex. Smart*

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# A MOTHER'S CARES AND TOILS.

AIR—"Willie was a wanton wag."

WAUKRIFE wee thing, O! I'm wearie  
 Warsling wi' you late and ear',  
 Turning a' things tapsalteerie,  
 Tearing mutches, towzling hair,  
 Stumping wi' your restless feetie,  
 Ettling, like the lave, to gang;  
 Frae the laughter to the greetie,  
 Changing still the hale day lang.

Now wi' whisker'd baudrons playing,  
 By the ingle beeking snug,  
 Now its wee bit leggie laying  
 O'er the sleeping collie dog;

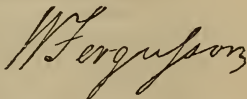
Thumping now its patient minnie,  
 Scalding syne its bonnie sel',  
 Then wi' kisses, sweet as hinnie,  
 Saying mair than tongue can tell.

O ! its wearie, wearie winkers,  
 Close they'll no for a' my skill,  
 Wide they'll glower, thae blue bit blinkers,  
 Though the sun's ayont the hill.  
 Little they for seasons caring,  
 Morning, gloamin', night, or noon,  
 Lang's they dow, they'll aye keep staring,  
 Heeding neither sun nor moon.

E'en when sound we think him sleeping  
 In his cozie cradle-bed,  
 If we be na silence keeping,  
 Swith ! he's gleg as ony gled.  
 If the hens but gi'e a cackle,  
 If the cock but gi'e a crow,  
 If the wind the window shake, he'll  
 Skirl like wild aboon them a'.

Who a mother's toils may number ?  
 Who a mother's cares may feel ?  
 Let her bairnie wake or slumber,  
 Be it sick or be it weel !

O! her heart had need be tender,  
 And her love had need be strang,  
 Else the lade she bears would bend her  
 Soon the drearie mools amang.




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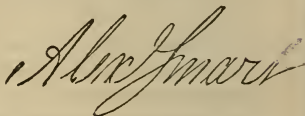
### ERRAND RINNING MARY.

AIR—" *O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet  
 An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,  
 And O she's proud the praise to get  
 When hame she trips as light's a fairy.  
 In ae wee hand the change she grips,  
 And what she's sent for in the other;  
 Then like a lintie in she skips,  
 Sae happy aye to please her mother.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,  
 But a' the road as she gaes trotting,  
 Croons to 'hersel' what she's to say,  
 For fear a word should be forgotten;  
 And then, as clear as A B C,  
 The message tells without a blunder,  
 And like the little eident bee,  
 She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,  
 For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye ;  
 The best reward the lassie wins  
 Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.  
 If bairns would a' example tak',  
 And never on their errands tarry,  
 What happy hames they aye would mak',  
 Like our wee errand-rinning Mary.




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### THE SILENT CHILD.

AIR—" *Handel's Dead March.*"

- " WHAT ails brother Johnny, he'll no look at me,  
 But lies looking up wi' a half steekit ee ?  
 Oh ! cauld is his hand, and his face pale and wee—  
 What ails brother Johnny, he'll no speak to me ?"
- " Alack, my wee lammie ! your brother's asleep,  
 He looksna, he speaksna—yet, dear, dinna weep ;  
 Ye'll break mother's heart gin ye gaze on him sac ;  
 He's dreaming—he's gazing—on friends far away !"



“ Oh, whō can he see like the friends that are here ?  
 And where can he find hearts that lo’e him sae dear ?  
 Just wauken him, mother ! his brother co see,  
 I’ll gi’e him the black frock my father ga’e me.”

“ Your black frock, my bairn, ah ! your brother is dead !  
 That symbol o’ death sends a stound through my head.  
 I made mysel’ trow he wad wauken ance mair ;  
 But now he’s in Heaven—he’s waiting us there.”

*James Ballentine*

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### THE BIRD’S NEST.

AIR—“ *John Anderson, my jo.*”

O who would harry the wee bird’s nest,  
 That sings so sweet and clear,  
 And bigs for its young a cozy biel’,  
 In the spring-time o’ the year ;  
 That feeds its gapin’ gurlins a’,  
 And haps them frae the rain ?  
 O who would harry the wee bird’s nest,  
 And gi’e its bosom pain ?

I wouldna harry the lintie's nest,

That whistles on the spray ;

I wouldna rob the lav'rock,

That sings at break of day ;

I wouldna rob the shilfa,

That chants so sweet at e'en ;

Nor plunder wee wee Jenny Wren

Within her bower o' green.

For birdies are like bairnies,

That dance upon the lea ;

They winna sing in cages

So sweet's in bush or tree.

They're just like bonnie bairnies,

That mithers lo'e sae weel—

And cruel, cruel is the heart

That would their treasures steal.

*Alex Smart*

## THE WIDOW TO HER BAIRNS.

AIR—" *The Miller of Dee.*"

Now, bairnies, mind your mother's words,

For kind to you she's been,

And mony a waukrife night she's had

To keep ye tosh an' clean—

And mony a shift she's ta'en to mak'

Her sonsie stouries braw ;

For through her lanely widowhood

Her back's been at the wa'.

But ye'll yet cheer the widow's hearth,

And dry her watery een,

And when ye've bairnies o' your ain,

Ye'll mind what ye ha'e been.

The bitter sneer o' witless pride,

In sorrow ye maun thole,

Sae lang as poortith on our hearth

Cours ower a cauldrie coal ;

But when ye've brought your heads aboon

Your dour, your early lot,

And rowing grit wi' happiness,

Your cares ye've a' forgot ;

Then cozie mak' the widow's hearth,

And dry her tearfu' een,

And when ye've plenty o' your ain,

Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

What's fortune but a passing gleam  
 Of pleasure, toil, and care ;  
 The stantie heart, o' worldly gear,  
 Gets aft the better share ;  
 But gi'e ye aye wi' willing heart  
 What mercy sends to cure  
 The tronbles o' the lowly cot,  
 The sorrows o' the poor.  
 Then warm the widow's lanely hearth,  
 And dry her tearfu' een,  
 And when your cup o' pleasure's fu',  
 Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

*John Crawford*

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OUR AIN FIRE-END.

AIR—"Kelvin Grove."

WHEN the frost is on the grun',  
 Keep your ain fire-end,  
 For the warmth o' summer's sun  
 Has our ain fire-end ;

When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,  
 Or snaw ye could be smoor'd in,  
 The best flower in the garden  
 Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa !

Round our ain fire-end,  
 He mak's rabbits on the wa',  
 At our ain fire-end.

Then the fun as they are mumping,  
 When, to touch them ye gae stumping,  
 They're set on your tap a' jumping,  
 At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep

At our ain fire-end,  
 When ye on your whistle wheep,  
 Round our ain fire-end ;  
 Now, the dog maun get a saddle,  
 Then a cart's made o' the ladle,  
 To please ye as ye daidle  
 Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,

At our ain fire-end,  
 Taking childhood's dreamless nan,  
 At our ain fire-end ;  
 Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,  
 An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,

And a' that's gude I wish ye,  
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink  
O' our ain fire-end,  
Fu' monie a time ye'll think  
On our ain fire-end ;  
On a' your gamesome ploys,  
On your whistle and your toys,  
And ye'll think ye hear the noise  
O' our ain fire-end.

*William Miller*

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GIE AS YE WAD TAK'.

AIR—" *Auld Langsyne.*"

My bairnies dear, when ye gang out,  
Wi' ither bairns to play,  
Tak' tent o' every thing ye do,  
O' every word ye say ;  
Frae tricky wee mischievous loons  
Keep back, my dears, keep back ;  
And aye to a' such usage gi'e  
As ye would like to tak'.

To thraw the mouth, or ca' ill names,

Is surely very bad ;

Then, a' such doings still avoid,

They'd mak' your mother sad.

To shield the feckless frae the strong

Be neither slow nor slack ;

And aye to a' such usage gi'e

As ye would like to tak'.

Ne'er beat the poor dumb harmless tribe,

Wi' either whip or stick ;

The mildest beast, if harshly used,

May gi'e a bite or kick.

On Silly Sam, or crooked Tam,

The heartless joke ne'er crack ;

But aye to a' such usage gi'e

As ye would like to tak'.

A kindly look, a soothing word,

To ilka creature gi'e ;

We're a' ONE MAKER'S handywork,

Whatever our degree.

We're a' the children o' His care,

Nae matter white or black ;

Then still to a' such usage gi'e

As ye would like to tak'.

*Alex. Rodger*

## THE IDLER.

AIR—" *The Miller o' Dee.*"

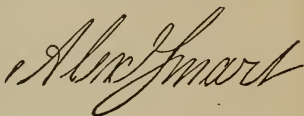
GAE awa' to your task, and be eident, my man,  
 And dinna sit dozing there ;  
 But learn to be busy, and do what ye can,  
 For ye neither are sickly nor sair.  
 It's laziness ails ye, the sluggard's disease,  
 Who never has will for his wark,  
 Though it cures a' the tantrums that idle folk tease,  
 And makes them as blythe as the lark.

O shame on the sloven, the lubberly loon !  
 He kensna the ills he maun dree,  
 Like a dog in the kennel he flings himself down,  
 And the poor beggar's brother is he.  
 So up to your task now, and then to your play,  
 And fright the auld tyrant awa' ;  
 For sloth's the worst master that laddie's can ha'e,  
 If ance in his clutches they fa' :

He cleeds them in rags, and he hungers them too,  
 For nane o' his subjects can thrive ;  
 They're aye 'mang the foremost when mischief's to do,  
 But they're naething but drones in the hive.  
 O dear, what a picture ! Would I be his slave ?  
 It weel may make industry sweet,  
 And teach idle laddies to strive like the lave,  
 Who win baith their claes and their meat.



Your father and mother ha'e toiled for ye sair,  
 And keepit ye eozie and clean ;  
 But think how ye'll do, when ye ha'e them nae mair,  
 And maun fight through the world your lane !  
 Then rouse like a hero, wi' might and wi' main,  
 For time never stops on his way ;  
 The present hour's a' we can weel ca' our ain,  
 And nane can be sure o' a day.




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### THE HERD LADDIE.

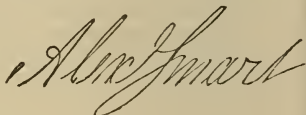
AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

It's a lang time yet till the kye gae hame,  
 It's a weary time yet till the kye gae hame ;  
 Till the lang shadows fa' in the sun's yellow flame,  
 And the birds sing gude night, as the kye gae hame.

Sair langs the herd laddie for gloamin's sweet fa',  
 But slow moves the sun to the hills far awa' ;  
 In the shade o' the broom-bush how fain would he lie,  
 But there's nae rest for him when he's herding the kye.

They'll no be content wi' the grass on the lea,  
 For do what he will to the corn aye they'll be;—  
 The weary wee herd laddie to pity there is nane,  
 Sae tired and sae hungry wi' herding his lane.

When the bee's in its byke, and the bird in its nest,  
 And the kye in the byre, that's the hour he lo'es best;  
 Wi' a fu' cog o' brose he sleeps like a stane,—  
 But it scarce seems a blink till he's wauken'd again.




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O LEESE ME ON THEE, BONNIE BAIRN.

AIR—"Kind Robin lo'es me."

O LEESE me on thee, bonnie bairn!  
 Sae sweet, sae wise, sae apt to learn,  
 And true as loadstone to the airn,  
 Thou dearly, dearly, lo'es me.  
 Thou'rt just thy daddy's wee-er sel',  
 Fresh—blooming as the heather bell;  
 While blythe as lammie on the fell,  
 Thy frisking shows thou lo'es me.

Thy comely brow, thy ee's deep blue,  
 Thy cheek of health's clear rosy hue;  
 And O! thy little laughing mou',

A' tell me how thou lo'es me.  
 Reclining softly on this breast,  
 O how thou mak'st my bosom blest,  
 To see thee smiling, mid thy rest,  
 And ken how much thou lo'es me.

Wi' mother's ee I fondly trace  
 In thee thy daddy's form and face,  
 Possess'd of every manly grace,  
 And mair—a heart that lo'es me.  
 Lang be thou spared, sweet bud, to be  
 A blessing to thy dad and me;  
 While some fond mate shall sing to thee,  
 "Dear laddie, how thou lo'es me."

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rogers*

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# COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

AIR—"John Anderson, my jo."

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,  
 Ilk morning scraping orra things thegither for his wife—  
 His coat o' glowing ruddy brown, and wavelet wi' gold—  
 A crimson crown upon his head, well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,

For, like a man o' mettle, he—siclike meets face to face ;  
He gi'es the loons a lethering, a crackit croon to claw—  
There is nae gaun about the bush wi' Cockie-leerie-la !

His step is firm and evenly, his look both sage and grave—  
His bearing bold, as if he said, " I'll never be a slave ;"  
And, tho' he hauds his head fu' high, he glinteth to the grun,  
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glow'ring at the sun :

And whiles I've thocht had he a hand wharwi' to grip a stickie,

A pair o' specks across his neb, and round his neck a dickie,  
That weans wad laughing haud their sides, and cry—" Pre-serve us a' !

Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawblood, douce Cockie-leerie-la !"

So learn frae him to think nae shame to work for what ye need,

For he that gapes till he be fed, may gape till he be dead ;  
And if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,  
That they who winna work in heat, maun hunger in the frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack, and honest pride will fill

Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-aff frien's will bring grist to your mill ;

And if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a  
 flaw,  
 Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes to—Cockie-  
 leerie-la!

*William Miller*

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### HOGMANAY.

AIR—" *The Young May Moon.*"

Come, bairns a', to your Hogmanay,  
 The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day;  
 The cauld wind blaws, and the snaw down fa's,  
 But merrily, merrily dance away.

There's Johnny Frost wi' his auld white pow,  
 Would fain be in to the chimla lowe;  
 But if he should come, he'll flee up the lum  
 In a bleeze that his frozen beard will thow!

He's stoppit the burnie's todling din,  
 Hung frosty tangles outowre the linn;  
 The flowers are a' dead, and the wee birds fled.  
 But they'll a' be back when the spring comes in.

There's mony a ane gane sin' the last New-year,  
 But let us be happy as lang's we're here;  
 We've aye been fed, and cozily clad,  
 And kindness will sweeten our canty cheer.

We'll no sleep a wink till the year come in,  
 'Till the clock chap twal, and the fun begin;  
 And then wi' a cheer to the new-born year,  
 How the streets will ring wi' the roaring din!

A blythe new year we wish ye a',  
 And mony returns to bless ye a';  
 And may ilk ane ye see aye cantier be—  
 While round the ingle we kiss yo a'.

So bairns come a' to your Hogmanay,  
 The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day;  
 Though the cauld wind blaws, and the snaw down fa's,  
 Yet merrily, merrily dance away.

*Alex Smart*

## WILLIE'S AWA'.

AIR—" *Nannie's awa'.*"

LIKE wee birdies couring when frosty winds blaw,  
 The bairns a' look dowie, for Willie's awa'!  
 The brae o' the burnie looks wither'd and bare,  
 Though it bloom'd aye sae bonnie when Willie was there.

His fond heart at parting was ower fu' to speak,  
 He tried aye to smile, though the tear wet his cheek;  
 And when wee Mary waukened—her Willie awa'—  
 She grat as her young heart would burst in twa.

Now Jamie maun gae to the school a' his lane,  
 And lang sair for Willie to come back again;  
 The burn that sang sweetly to them at their play,  
 Looks sullen and drumly, and Jamie looks wae.

The auld thorny tree, where he carv'd his ain name,  
 Was a' clad wi' blossoms when Willie left hame;  
 Now Jamie gaes haunting the dowie haw-tree,  
 And thinking on Willie brings tears to his ee.

Its leaves a' will wither when autumn winds blaw,  
 But wi' spring it will blossom as white as the snaw;  
 Then linties will sing in its branches o' green,  
 And a' join to welcome our Willie again.

And O we'll be happy when Willie comes back,  
 And round our ain ingle sae kindly we'll crack;  
 He'll tell o' the ferlies and folks that he saw,  
 And hear a' that happen'd since he gaed awa'.

*Alex Smart*

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### THE BUDS NOW OPEN TO THE BREEZE.

THE buds now open to the breeze,  
 The birds begin to sing,  
 The gowan's keeking thro' the sward,  
 To hear the voice o' spring.  
 Fu' blythe the maukin mumps the sward,  
 Wi' pleasure in its ee,  
 Or pu's the budding heather bell,  
 A type, my wean, o' thee.  
 Unnumber'd webs o' fairy weft,  
 Wi' pearlie dew-drops weet,  
 Are spread ower sprouting furze and fern.  
 To bathe my bairnie's feet.



Then dinna dicht, my drousie tot,  
 The silken fringe awa',  
 That shades the bonniest ee o' blue  
 That ere fond mother saw!  
 Twa hours an' mair the gouldie's lilt  
 I've heard sae shrill an' sweet;  
 And mony a thistle tap has fa'n  
 Beneath the sangster's feet.  
 Then, rise, ye roguie!—dinna think  
 That minnie means ye harm,  
 Saft kisses for your smiles she'll gi'e,  
 My sweet! wee, sleepy bairn.  
  
 Down by the burnie's brierie banks,  
 Where water-lilies blaw,  
 Nae mair is seen the dazzling sheen  
 Of sheets o' frost and snaw;  
 But flowers and bowers, wi' balmy showers,  
 Are budding in the breeze;  
 Nae mournfu' wail o' dowie bird  
 Is heard amang the trees.  
 Then rise, my wee, wee winsome wean!  
 This lesson ye maun learn,  
 That spring-time winna bide for thee,  
 Nor me, my bonnie bairn.

*John Crawford*

## SPRING.

THE Spring comes linking and jinking through the woods,  
 Opening wi' gentle hand the bonnie green and yellow buds—  
 There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,  
 And the gowan wi' his red croon peeping thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattling and brattling snell an' keen,  
 Dauding and blauding, though red set the sun at een ;  
 In bonnet and wee loof the weans kep and look for mair,  
 Dancing thro'ther wi' the white pearls shining in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,  
 Daffing and laughing far a-doon the leafy lanes,  
 Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,  
 Sweetly singing wi' the flower branch waving in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring !  
 Bricht cluds and green buds, and sangs that the birdiessing ;  
 Flower-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en ;  
 Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shining a' in green—

Bairnies, bring treasure and pleasure mair to me,  
 Stealing and speiling up to fondle on my knee !—  
 In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh and  
 fair,

That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.

*William Miller*

# BE A COMFORT TO YOUR MOTHER.

AIR—" *O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

COME here, my laddie, come awa'!

And try your first new breebies on ye;

Weel, weel I like to see you braw,

My ain wee soncy smiling Johnnie!

Strip aff, strip aff! your bairnish claes,

And be a laddie like your brother,

And gin you're blest wi' health and days,

Ye'll be a pleasure to your mother.

Now rin and look ye in the glass!

And see how braw you're now, and bonnie:

Wha e'er wad think a change o' claes

Could mak' sic change on my wee Johnnie?

You're just your daddy's picture now!

As like as ae bean's like anither!

And gin ye do like him, I trow,

Ye'll be an honour to your mither.

But upward as ye grow apace,

By truth and right keep ever steady;

And gin life's storms ye whiles maun face,

Aye meet them firmly like your daddy.

If steep and rugged be your way,  
 Ne'er look behind nor stand and swither !  
 But set a stout heart to the brae,  
 And be a comfort to your mither.

*Alex Roger*

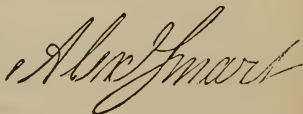
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### PACE EGGS.

THE morn brings Pace, bairns !  
 And happy will ye be,  
 Wi' a' your bonnie dyed eggs,  
 And ilka ane has three,  
 Wi' colours like the rainbow,  
 And ne'er a crack nor flaw,  
 Ye may row them up and row them down,  
 Or toss them like a ba'.

There's some o' them are rosy red,  
 And some o' them are green,  
 And some are o' the bonnie blue  
 That blinks in Mary's een ;  
 And some o' them like purple bells,  
 And others like the bloom  
 O' the bonnie gowden tassels  
 That blossom on the broom.

Ye'll toss them up the foggy banks,  
 And row them down the brae,  
 Where burnies sing to sweet wee flowers,  
 And milk-white lammies play ;  
 And when they burst their tinted shells,  
 And a' in fragments flee,  
 The crumbs will feed the bonnie bird  
 That sings upon the tree.




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MAY MORNING.

AIR—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

HURRAH ! for the morning, the merry May morning !—

Come, rouse up my laddie ! the summer's begun,  
 The cock has been crawling an hour sin' the dawning,

And gowans and buttercups glint in the sun.

Frae clover fields springing the skylark is singing,

And straining his throat wi' a sweet hymn o' joy ;  
 The burnie rins glancing, and sings as it's dancing,

" Come, try me a race, now, my bonnie wee boy."

While Johnnie lies winking, the sun will be drinkin,  
 The dew frae the primrose and bonnie blue bell,  
 Like fresh roses blowing his cheeks will be glowing,  
 This morning, when washed in the dews o' the dell.  
 Awa' wi' your gaunting ! the linties are chaunting,  
 The bees are abroad in the sweet scented air ;  
 They tell by their humming the roses are coming,  
 To busk a gay garland for Johnnie to wear.

In wide circles wheeling the swallow comes speiling,  
 Sweet bird o' the summer frae far ower the sea ;  
 The lammies are jumping, and frisking, and romping,  
 And dancing as blythe as the bairns on the lea.  
 Then up, my wee laddie, and come wi' your daddy,  
 He'll lead ye to banks where the sweetest flowers blaw ;  
 By the burnie down rowin', we'll pu' the May gowan,  
 A necklace for Mary as white as the snaw

*Alex Smart*

## THE SUNNY SUMMER MONTHS.

“AIR—“*Jock o' Hazeldean.*”

THE sultry, sunny summer months

Are come wi' joy and glee,  
And furzy fell, and rashy dell,  
Are fill'd wi' melody ;  
The roving rae, frae break o' day,  
Now roams frae break to burn,  
Then who would think, my bairnies dear,  
That we were made to mourn ?

The butterflee has flung awa'

The shell that bound it fast,  
And screen'd it frae the chilling breeze—  
The winter's bitter blast ;  
How like some moths o' mortal mould,  
It flutters round its urn !—  
But dinna think, my bairnies dear,  
That we were made to mourn.

The lav'rock high in middle air,

Is chirling loud and clear,  
He early leaves his lowly lair,  
The cottar's toil to cheer ;  
Unvex'd by care he sings the joys  
That in his breastie burn,—  
Then who would say, my bairnies dear,  
That we were made to mourn ?

The song of nature's happiness  
 Is heard o'er meadows green,  
 And opening to the fresh'ning breeze  
 The blawart's bell is seen;  
 The fragrance o' some Eastern clime  
 Is frae our plantin's borne,—  
 Then who can think, my bairnies, dear,  
 That we were made to mourn?

The kye in languid listlessness  
 Now seek the caller brook,  
 The streamlet's speckled finny tribe  
 Now shun the barbed hook;  
 O who would grasp a gilded lure,  
 And nature's riches spurn?  
 We camna here, my bairnies dear,  
 For goud and gear to mourn.

The lambkins o'er the daisied dell,  
 In gambols wild and free,  
 Enjoy the sweets, the halesome sweets,  
 O' blissfu' liberty;  
 The fetters o' the prison-fauld  
 The fleecy wanderers spurn,—  
 Oh! never think, my bairnies dear,  
 That we were made to mourn.

*John Crawford*



## LADY SUMMER.

AIR—" *Blythe, blythe, and merry are we.*"

BIRDIE, birdie, weet your whistle !

Sing a sang to please the wean ;  
Let it be o' Lady Summer

Walking wi' her gallant train !  
Sing him how her gauzy mantle !  
Forest green trails ower the lea,  
Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't  
Wi' the field flowers to the knee !

How her foot 's wi' daisies buskit,  
Kirtle o' the primrose hue,  
And her ee sae like my laddie's,  
Glancing, laughing, loving blue !  
How we meet on hill and valley,  
Children sweet as fairest flowers,  
Buds and blossoms o' affection,  
Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie !  
Sing it ower and ower again ;  
Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,  
Like a shower o' summer rain.

“Hoot, toot, toot!” the birdie’s saying,  
 “Who can shear the rigg that’s shorn?  
 Ye’ve sung prawlie simmer’s ferlies,  
 I’ll toot on anither horn.”

*William Miller*

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# PETTING AT FOOD.

AIR—“*The Laird o’ Cockpen.*”

If ye’ll no tak’ your breakfast, just let it alane!  
 The porridge can wait till ye’re hungry again;  
 Though saucy e’en now, ye’ll be glad o’ them soon—  
 Sae tak’ ye the pet now and lay down your spoon!

Ye’ll weary for them ere they weary for you,  
 And when they grow cool they’ll no blister your mou’;  
 A twa three hours’ fast might be gude for ye a’,  
 And help aye to drive the ill humours awa’.

Yon fat little doggie that waddles alang!  
 Sae pamper’d and peching he scarcely can gang!  
 At daintiest dishes he turns up his nose,  
 But scrimp him a wee, he’ll be blythe o’ his brose.

There's nane kens the gude o' a thing till it 's gane—  
 Yon barefitted laddie, ye met wi' yestreen,  
 Had he such a cogie he'd no let it cool—  
 Na! just let them stand till ye come frae the school.

The best cure for bairnies when nice wi' their meat,  
 Is the fresh air o' morning and naething to eat;  
 Sae tak' your ain time, like the cattle out-bye—  
 Just eat when you're hungry and drink when you're dr.

*Alex Smart*

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#### THE ABSENT FATHER.

“ O! MOTHER, what tak's my dear father awa',  
 When moor and when mountain are heapit wi' snaw—  
 When thick swirling drift dauds the dead sapless earth,  
 And a' thing is drear, save our ain cozie hearth?”

“ The young hill-side lammies wou'd die wi' the cauld,  
 Wer't no for your father, who leads them a fauld;  
 His voice is well kenn'd by ilk poor mother ewe—  
 He's saving their lives while he's toiling for you.”

“ Gin e'er I'm man muckle, and poor father spared,  
 I'll mak' ye a leddy, and father a laird ;  
 I'll brave the dour winter on mountain and lea,  
 And toil for ye baith, who hae toil'd sae for me.”

“ Come, lay your wee head on your ain minnie's knee !  
 And gaze in her face, wi' your ain father's ee !  
 The night settles down—O ! I wish he were here—  
 Hush ! is na that Collie's wouff ?—maybe they're near !”

The door gets a dirl, and flees back to the wa',—  
 'Tis he ! frae his bonnet he dauds aff the snaw—

“ I'm here ! my sweet son, and my bonnie wee dame !  
 Down Collie ! Be thankfu' we're a' now at hame.”

*James Ballentine*

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## YOUR DADDY'S FAR AT SEA.

AIR—“ *My love's in Germanie.*”

Your daddy's far at sea, bonnie bairn ! bonnie bairn !  
 Your daddy's far at sea, bonny bairn !

Your daddy's far at sea ! winning gold for you and me,  
 And how happy yet we'll be ! bonny bairn, bonnie bairn !  
 And how happy yet we'll be, bonnie bairn !

Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn ;

Your daddy's leal and true, to your minnie and to you,  
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn !

Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn ;

We'll pray for daddy's weal, that distress he ne'er may  
feel,

While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn !

Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn,

Should hurricanes arise, lashing seas up to the skies,  
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn !

'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn ;

'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, may he brave its wildest  
wrath,

While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn !

And on wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,  
And on wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn ;

On wings of mercy borne, may he soon and safe return,  
To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn, bonnie  
bairn,

To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn !

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Roger*

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### THE WASHING.

AIR—" *Willie was a wanton Wag.*"

BAULD wee birkie, what's the matter,

That ye're raising sic a din ?

Weel ye ken it's caller water

Gi'es yé sic a bonnie skin ;

Cease your spurring, tak' your washing.

Syne ye'll get your milk and bread ;

Gin ye dinna quit your splashing,

I may douk ye ower the head.

Now it's ower, my bonnie dearie,

There's a skin like driven snaw,

Lively, louping, plump wee peerie,

See how soon I'll busk you braw ;

Let me kame your pretty pow now,  
 Let me shed your shining hair—  
 To your gambles! romp and row now,  
 Whisk and whid round daddy's chair

Now, ye funny frisking fairy!  
 See how snod ye're now and sleek!  
 Water mak's you brisk and airy,  
 Lights your ee and dyes your cheek;  
 O there's nought like being cleanly!  
 Cleanliness is mair than wealth,  
 Let us cleed however meanly—  
 Cleanliness gi'es joy and health.

*Alex<sup>r</sup> Rodger*

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### HAPPY HARVEST.

AIR—"Of a' the airts the win' can blaw."

AGAIN has happy harvest come  
 To cheer ilk cottage hearth,  
 To sweeten lowly labour's toils  
 Wi' happiness and mirth;

For lightsome hearts are ower the lawn.  
 And' plenty ower the lea,  
 Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The garden's tint its gaudy garb.  
 The glebe its robe o' green,  
 For summer's sun the glade and glen  
 Another shade has gi'en ; ,  
 But love nae season kens but ane,  
 Then come, my bairns, wi' me,  
 And welcome merry harvest in  
 Wi' a' its mirth and glee.

The lily's lost its loveliness,  
 The thistle sheds its down,  
 The tulip's tint its summer brows,  
 The buttercup its crown ;  
 But fairer flowers are in the bowers  
 O' love and charity,  
 Sae welcome merry harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The nut and slae, ower bank and brae,  
 In rip'ning clusters hing,  
 And happy hearts, wi' harmless glee,  
 Now gar the welkin ring ;



The reapers reap, the gleaners glean,  
 A cantie sight to see,  
 Then welcome merry harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The wren has left her cosie cot,  
 Aboon yon siller spring,  
 And haps in eerie laneliness,  
 A waesome wearied thing;  
 But Nature feeds wi' open hand  
 Ilk birdie on the tree,  
 Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me,

The squirrel springs frae tree to tree;  
 The eident ant has gaen  
 To sip the balmy sweets o' thrift,  
 And share the joys o' hame;  
 And ye shall share a mother's care,  
 And a' she has to gi'e—  
 Sae welcome merry harvest in,  
 My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

*John Crawford*

## HAIRST.

AIR—"Coming through the rye."

THO' weel I lo'e the budding spring,

I'll no misca' John Frost,

Nor will I roose the summer days

At gowden autumn's cost;

For a' the seasons in their turn

Some wished-for pleasures bring,

And hand in hand they jink about,

Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,

When winter nights were lang,

"I weary for the summer woods,

The lintie's tittering sang;

But when the woods grew gay and green,

And birds sang sweet and clear,

It then was, "When will hairst-time come,

The gloaming o' the year?

Oh! hairst time's like a lipping cup

That's gi'en wi' furthy glee!

The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,

Red apples bend the tree;

The genty air, sae ladylike!

Has on a scented gown,

And wi' an airy string she leads

The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',  
 The apples taste your mou',  
 And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase  
 The thistle-down wi' you;  
 I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,  
 The red hip frae the brier—  
 For wealth hangs in each tangled nook  
 In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet Hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest  
 Within my bairnie's breast—  
 Oh! may his trusting heart ne'er trow  
 That whiles ye sing in jest;  
 Some coming joys are dancing aye  
 Before his langing een,—  
 He sees the flower that isna blawn,  
 And birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin'!  
 The gowden grain afore,  
 And apples drap into his lap,  
 Or row in at the door!  
 Come hairst-time then unto my bairn!  
 Drest in your gayest gear,  
 Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool  
 The gloaming o' the year!

William Miller

## GANG TO YOUR BEDS.

AIR—" *Miller o' Dee.*"

HA'E done wi' your daffing, and gae to your beds,  
 It's time ye were a' sleeping sound—  
 Nae thought o' the morn, or the school in your heads,  
 Till morning and school-time come round !  
 I'll wager a plack ye'll be changing your sang,  
 Nae laughing or merriment then !  
 It 's ower bright a blink this, and canna last lang,  
 And it 's sure to be followed by rain !

Ye merry wee madcaps! when ance ye begin,  
 Ilk ane might be tied wi' a strae.  
 Whisht! whisht! or ye'll wauken my bairn wi' your din,  
 For aye ower the score ye maun gae.  
 Ye waukrife wee totums! ye've laughed now your fill,  
 Sae try wha will first be asleep,  
 And think on poor bairns who would gladly lie still,  
 If to your cozie bed they could creep !

When father comes hame now, ye'll get a surprise!  
 Ye'll soon hear his fit on the stair—  
 Ye're sweer to lie down, and ye're sweerer to rise,  
 And ye'll no fa' asleep when ye're there.

But bairns aye at night should slip canny to bed,  
 And think as they're closing their een,  
 That nane can be sure, when they lay down their head,  
 If they'll rise i' the morning again.

*Alex Smart*

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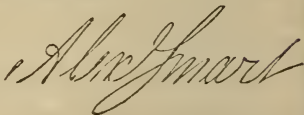
#### KINDNESS TO SERVANTS.

Now what was yon ye said to May,  
 Sae pettishly yestreen?  
 Ay! weel may ye think shame to tell  
 How saucy ye ha'e been.  
 There's naething spoils a bonnie face  
 Like sulks, in auld or young,—  
 And what can set a lassie waur  
 Than an ill-bred, saucy tongue?

It's ill your part to jeer at May,  
 To you she's aye been kind  
 And aft she's sung ye ower asleep,  
 Lang, lang, ere ye can mind.

She mak's the meat, she works the wark,  
 She cleans when ye but soil,  
 And what would helpless bairnies be  
 Without the hands that toil?

The kindly look, the gentle word,  
 Mak' friends o' a' ye see,  
 And gi'e a charm to ilka face,  
 That nothing else can gi'e.  
 It's weel for bairns, wha ha'e a friend  
 That watches them wi' care,  
 For when in fault they'll learn frae him  
 To do the like nae mair.




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### THE WINTER'S COME AT LAST.

AIR—"John Anderson, my jo."

A BURNING sun nae langer flames aboon the greenwood  
 shaw,  
 For cauldrie winter's keeking down through clouds o' sleet  
 and snaw;  
 And the chirping o' the robin gars thy mother's heart be wae  
 For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The cuckoo lang has ta'en his flight for warmer climes than  
ours,

The nipping blasts ha'e reft us o' our sweetly scented flowers;  
I'm glad to see my totties weel, but O my heart is wae  
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The swallow's sought a shelter in some sunny southern nook,  
For weel it likes to skim aboon the sparkling siller brook;  
Aye when it leaves our hills behind, my heart is ever wae  
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The corncaik now is never heard amang the rip'ning corn!  
The lintie limps sae listlessly beneath the leafless thorn,  
That its chirping and its chirming gar thy mother's heart  
be wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bat has made a cosie bield in you auld castle wa',  
To dream through lang and eerie nights, if dream it can ava;  
And the snell and crisping cranreuch gars thy mother's  
heart be wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bee, the bumming bee, nae mair is heard wi' cheery  
din,

Like summer breezes murmuring outowre the foaming linn;  
The window's spraing'd wi' icy stars, sae weel may we be  
wae

For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The butterflee nae mair is seen amang the woodland bowers ;  
 Auld baudrons, purring pawkily, ayont the ingle cowers.  
 I like to see ilk creature weel, and, oh ! my heart is wae  
 For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

We fret at what we ne'er can win, and yaumer at our lot,  
 And fractious fock would fractious be, tho' half the world  
 they got ;

But let us aye contented be, as weel, my bairns, we may,  
 When we think upon the sailor, and the shepherd on the  
 brae.

*John Crawford*

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JOHN FROST.

AIR—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost !  
 Wi' your crisping and pouthering gear, John Frost,  
     For hedge, tower, and tree,  
     As far as I see,  
 Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost  
 You're very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost !  
 Altho' ye ha'e wrought in the dark, John Frost,  
     For ilka fit-stap,  
     Frae the door to the slap,  
 Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.



There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,  
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost ;

For the weans, wi' cauld taes,  
Crying "shoon, stockings, claes,"

Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost !

Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost ;

For a cloit o' a fa'  
Gars them hirple awa',

Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye ha'e fine goings on in the north, John Frost !

Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost !

Tho' their kirk's on the fire,  
They may kirk till they tire,

Yet their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost ?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,

By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost ;

And your blae frosty nose  
Nae beauty wad lose,

Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

*William Miller*

## THE BLIND BEGGAR-MAN.

AIR—" *Johnnie Macgill.*"

THERE's auld Johnnie Gowdie, the blind beggar-man  
 Haste, rin! like gude bairns, bring him in by the han';  
 Tak' care o' the burn, bid him set his staff steeve!  
 Swith! grip his coat-tails, or tak' haud o' his sleeve.

Poor John! was ance glegger than ony ane here,  
 But has wander'd in darkness for mony a lang year;  
 Yet his mind lives in sunshine, although he is blin'—  
 Though it 's darkness without, a' is brightness within.

"Come awa', my auld friend! tak' the pock aff your back,  
 Draw your breath, tak' your mouthfu', then gi'e us your  
 crack;

I ha'e just been discoursing the bairnies e'en now,  
 How they ought to befriend helpless bodies like you."

To the feckless and friendless, my bairns, aye be kind,  
 Be feet to the lame, and be eyes to the blind;  
 'Twas to share wi' the needfu' our blessings were gi'en,  
 And the friend o' the poor never wanted a frien'!

HE who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn,  
 Will bless those who take from life's pathway a thorn,  
 And the "cup of cold water" that kindness bestows,  
 On the heart back in rivers of gladness o'erflows.

Oh, tent you the lear' frae your mother ye learn  
 For the seed springs in manhood that's sawn in the bairn,  
 And, mind, it will cheer you through life's little span!  
 The blessing that fa's frae the blind beggar-man!

*Robt. L. Malone*

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CHUCKIE.

Saw ye chuckie wi' her chickies,  
 Scraping for them dainty pickies,  
 Keeking here and keeking there,  
 Wi' a mother's anxious care,  
 For a pick to fill their gebbies,  
 Or a drap to weet their nebbies?  
 Heard ye weans cry "teuckie, teuckie!"  
 Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie?"

When her chickens a' are feather'd,  
 And the school weans round her gather'd,  
 Gi'en each the prettiest name,  
 That their guileless tongues can frame;  
 Chuckie then will bend her neck!  
 Scrape wi' pride, and boo and beck!  
 Cluckin' as they'er crying "teuckie!"  
 Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie!"

Chuckie wi' her wheetle-wheeties  
 Never grudged a pick o' meat is ;  
 High and low alike will stand  
 Throwing crumbs wi' kindly hand,  
 While about she'll jink and jouk,  
 Pride and pleasure in her look,  
 As they're crying " teuckie, teuckie  
 Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie ! "

But sic fortune disna favour  
 Aye the honest man's endeavour ;  
 Mony a ane, wi' thrawart lot,  
 Pines and dees, and is forgot ;  
 But, my bairn, if ye've the power,  
 Aye to lessen want be sure—  
 Fin' your pouch, cry " teuckie, teuckie,  
 Here's some moolins, chuckie, chuckie ! "

*William Miller*

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#### THE ORPHAN WANDERER.

" O HELP the poor orphan ! who, friendless, alone,  
 In the darkness of night o'er the plain wanders on,  
 While the drift rushes fleet, and the tempest howls drear,  
 And the pelting snow melts as it meets the warm tear."

" Press onward ! a light breaks from yon cottage door—  
 There lives a lone widow, as kind as she's poor ;  
 Go ! let your sad plaint meet her merciful ear,  
 She'll kiss from your cold cheek that heart-bursting tear

" I'm fatherless ! motherless ! weary, and worn  
 Dejected, forsaken, sad, sad, and forlorn !  
 A voice mid the storm bade me bend my steps here—  
 O help the poor orphan ! O lend him a tear !"

" That voice was from Heaven—God hath answer'd my  
 prayer !—  
 My dead boy's blue eyes and his bright sunny hair !  
 Thou com'st, my sweet orphan, my lone heart to cheer !  
 Thou hast met with a home and a foud mother here !"

*James Ballantine*

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THE A, B, C.

Air—" *Clean pease strae.*"

If ye'd be daddie's bonnie bairn, and mammie's only pet,  
 Your A B brod and lesson time ye maunna ance forget ;  
 Gin ye would be a clever man, and usefu' i' your day,  
 It's now your time to learn at e'en the A, B, C.

To win our laddie meat and claes has aye been a' our care ;  
 To get you made a scholar neist, we'll toil baith late and ear' ;  
 And gin we need, and ha'e our health, we'll join the night  
 to day,

Sae tak' your brod and learn at e'en the A, B, C.

Wha kens but ye may get a school, and syne ye'll win our  
 bread ?

Wha kens but in a pu'pit yet, we'll see you wag your head ?  
 Our minister and dominie were laddies i' their day,  
 And had like you to learn at e'en the A, B, C.

Now come and read your lesson ower, till ance your supper  
 cool—

O what would monie a laddie gi'e to ha'e a father's school ?—  
 To be a mother's only care, as ye are ilka day,  
 Should mak' ye like to learn at e'en the A, B, C !

*Alexander*

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### YE MAUN GANG TO THE SCHOOL.

AIR—" *As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire.*"

YE maun gang to the school again' summer, my bairn,  
 It's no near sae ill as ye're thinking to learn ;  
 For learning's a' worldly riches aboon—  
 It's easy to carry, and never gaes done.

Ye'll read o' the land, and ye'll read o' the sea !  
 O' the high and the low, o' the bound and the free !  
 And maybe a tear will the wee bookie stain,  
 When ye read o' the widow and fatherless wean !

And when 'tis a story of storms on the sea,  
 Where sailors are lost, who have bairnies like thee,  
 And your heart, growing grit for the fatherless wean,  
 Gars the tearies hap, hap o'er your cheekies like rain ;

I'll then think on the dew that comes frae aboon,  
 Like draps frae the stars or the silvery moon,  
 To freshen the flowers :—but the tears frae your ee  
 For the woes of another, are dearer to me.

So ye'll gae to the school again' summer, my bairn—  
 Ye're sae gleg o' the uptak' ye soon will learn ;—  
 And I'm sure ere the dark nights o' winter keek ben,  
 Ye'll can read William Wallace frae en' to en' !

*William Miller*

## A MOTHER'S JOYS.

AIR—" *The boatie rows.*"

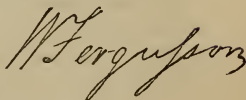
I've gear enough ! I've gear enough !  
 I've bonnie bairnies three ;  
 Their welfare is a mine o' wealth,  
 Their love a crown to me.  
 The joys, the dear delights they bring,  
 I'm sure I wadna tyne  
 Though a' the good in Christendie  
 Were made the morrow mine !

Let others flaunt in fashion's ring !  
 Seek rank and high degree ;  
 I wish them joy, wi' a' my heart—  
 They're no envied by me.  
 I wadna gi'e thae lo'esome looks !  
 The heaven o' thae smiles !  
 To bear the proudest name—to be  
 The Queen o' Britain's isles !

My sons are like their father dear,  
 And a' the neighbours tell  
 That my wee blue-ee'd dochter's just  
 The picture o' mysel' !  
 O ! blessing's on my darlings a',  
 'Bout me they're aye sae fain,  
 My heart rins ower wi' happiness  
 To think they're a' my ain !



At e'ening, morning, ilka hour,  
 I ve ae unchanging prayer,  
 That heaven would my bairnies bless,  
 My hope, my joy, my care.  
 I've gear enough ! I've gear enough !  
 I've bonnie bairnies three ;  
 A mine o' wealth their welfare is,  
 Their love a crown to me.




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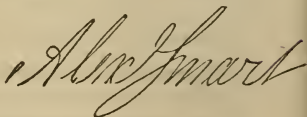
### WEE NANNY.

AIR—" *Ower the muir amang the heather.*"

WEE Nanny weel deserves a sang,  
 So weel she tends her little brither ;  
 For aye when mother's working thrang,  
 Awa' they tot wi' ane anither ;  
 His face she washes, kaims his hair,  
 Syne, wi' a piece weel spread wi' butter,  
 She links him lightly down the stair,  
 And lifts him cannie ower the gutter.  
 Where bees bum ower the flowery green,  
 Wi' buttercups and gowans glancing,  
 There may tne happy totts be seen,  
 Like lammies in the meadow dancing ;

Then wi' their laps weel filled wi' flowers,  
 And glowing cheeks as red as roses,  
 They toddle hame, and play for hours  
 At busking necklaces and posies.

You never need tell Nanny twice,  
 To do your bidding aye she's ready ;  
 And hearkens sae to gude advice,  
 Nae doubt, if spared she'll be a ledly !  
 When ither bairns fa' out and fight,  
 She reds the quarrel aye sae cannie,  
 Wee Nanny soon mak's a' things right,  
 And a' the bairns are friends wi' Nanny.




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### MY DRAGON.

AIR—" *Logie o' Buchan.*"

THE hip's on the brier, and the haw's on the thorn,  
 The primrose is wither'd, and yellow the corn ;  
 The shearers will be soon on Capilrig brae,  
 Sae I'll aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day.

The wind it comes snelly, and scatters the leaves,  
 John Frost on the windows a fairy web weaves;  
 The robin is singing, and black is the slae,  
 Sae I'll aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day!

I've bought me a string that will reach to the moon,  
 I wish I could rise wi't the white clouds aboon,  
 And see the wee stars as they glitter and play!—  
 Let me aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day!

*George Donald.*

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UNCLE JAMIE.

AIR—" *Ewie wi' the crookit horn.*"

WEEL the bairns may mak' their mane,  
 Uncle Jamie's dead and gane!  
 Though his hairs were thin and grey,  
 Few like him could frisk and play.  
 Fresh and warm his kindly heart  
 Wi' the younkers aye took part;  
 And the merry sangs he sung  
 Charm'd the hearts o' auld and young.

Uncle Jamie had a mill,  
 And a mousie it intil,  
 Wi' a little bell to ring,  
 And a jumping jack to fling;

And a drummer, rud-de-dud,  
 On a little drum to thud,  
 And a mounted bold dragoon,  
 Riding a' the lave aboon.

When the mousie drave the mill,  
 Wi' the bairns the house would fill ;  
 Such a clatter then began !  
 Faster aye the mousie ran !  
 Clinkum, clankum ! rad-de-dad !  
 Flang the jumping jack like mad !  
 Gallop went the bold dragoon,  
 As he'd gallop ower the moon !

Some, wha maybe think they're wise,  
 Uncle's frolics may despise ;  
 Let them look as grave's they may,  
 He was wiser far than they.  
 Thousands a' the warld would gi'e  
 Could they be as blythe as he.  
 Weel the bairns may mak' their mane,  
 Uncle Jamie's dead an' gane !

*Alex Smart*

## CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO ! cur-rook-i-ty-do !

Wi' your neck o' the goud and your wings o' the blue ;

Pretty poll, like a body, can speak, it is true,

But you're just my ain pet ! my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

My father's awa' wi' his dog and his gun,

The moorfowl to shoot on the hills o' Kilmun,

My brothers to fish in the burns o' the Rue,

But I'm blither at hame wi' cur-rook-i-ty-doo.

I'll feed ye wi' barley ! I'll feed ye wi' pease !

I'll big ye a nest wi' the leaves o' the trees ;

I'll mak' ye a docket, sae white to the view,

If ye'll no flee awa', my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

There's the hen wi' her teuckies thrang scraping their meat,

Wi' her cluckety-cluck, and their wee wheetle-wheet !

And bauld leerielaw would leave naething to you,

Sae pick frae my hand, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

They bought me a pyet—they gi'ed me a craw,

I keepit them weel, yet they baith flew awa' ;

Was that no unkindly ?—the thought gars me grue—

But ye'll no be sae fause, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

Ye blink wi' your ee like a star in the sky,—  
 Here's water to wash ye, or drink if you're dry ;  
 For I see by your breastie your crappie is fu'—  
 Now, croodle a sang, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

When I grow up a man, wi' a house o' my ain,  
 Ye needna be fear'd that I'll leave ye alane ;  
 But maybe ye'll die, or tak' on wi' the new,  
 Yet I'll never forget my cur-rook-i-ty doo!

*George Donald.*

---

O THIS IS NO MY AIN BAIRN.

AIR—" *This is no my ain house.*"

O THIS is no my ain bairn,  
 I ken by the greetie o't!  
 They've changed it for some fairy elf  
 Aye kicking wi' the feetie o't!  
 A randy, roaring, cankert thing,  
 That nought will do but fret and fling,  
 And gar the very rigging ring  
 Wi' raging at the meatie o't!

This canna be my ain bairn,  
 That was so gude and bonnie O!  
 Wi' dimpled cheek and merry een,  
 And pawky tricks sae mony O!

That danced upon her daddy's knee,  
 Just like a birdie bound to flee,  
 And aye had kisses sweet to gi'e  
 A' round about to ony O!

O yes, it is my ain bairn!  
 She's coming to hersel' again!  
 Now blessings on my ain bairn,  
 She's just my bonnie Bell again!  
 Her merry een, her rosy mou',  
 Ance mair wi' balmy kisses fu'—  
 I kent the bonnie bairn would rue,  
 And soon would be hersel' again.

*Alex Smart*

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### CHEETIE PUSSIE.

AIR—"Saw ye my Peggy?"

CHEETIE! cheetie pussie! slipping thro' the housie,  
 Watching frightened mousie—making little din;  
 Or by fireside curring, sang contented purring,  
 Come awa' to Mirren, wi' your velvet skin!

Bonny baudrons! grip it! straik it weel and clap it!

See the milk, it's lappit, ilka drap yestreen!

Hear to hungry cheetie! mewling for her meatie,

Pussie, what a pity ye should want a friend!

Throw the cat a piecie, like a kindly lassie

Ne'er be proud and saucy, hard and thrawn like Jean;

Doggie wants a share o't, if ye've ony mair o't,

Just a wee bit spare o't, and you're mother's queen!

Cheetie! cheetie pussie! watching frightened mousie,—

Slipping thro' the housie wi' your glancing een

Or by fireside curring, sang contented purring,

Come awa' to Mirren, tell her where you've been!

*George Donald.*

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### THE DREAMING CHILD.

“ Be still, my dear darling, why start ye in sleep?

Ye dream and ye murmur! ye sob and ye weep;

What dread ye, what fear ye? oh, hush ye your fears—

Still starting, still moaning—still, still shedding tears!

“ Be still, my dear darling, oh stay your alarm!

Your brave-hearted father will guard you from harm;

With bare arm he toils by that red furnace glare,

His child, and his wife, and his home all his care.



“ But hark ! what a crash—hush, my darling, be still  
 Those screams mid dark night bode some terrible ill—  
 Your father is there—death and danger are there !”  
 She bears forth her child, and she flies fleet as air.

A slow measured tread beats the smoke-blackened way,  
 On which a pale torch sheds a dim sickly ray ;  
 The dreaming child’s father stalks sad and forlorn—  
 His dead neighbour home to a widow is borne.

The mother her baby clasps close to her breast,  
 “ Thank heaven He is safe—my dear child safely rest,  
 While I fly to the aid of this daughter of sorrow,  
 God help me ! I may be a widow to-morrow !”

*James Bullentine*

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#### A MOTHER’S SONG.

AIR—“ *O rest thee, my darling.*”

O come now, my darling, and lie on my breast,  
 For that’s the soft pillow my baby loves best ;  
 Peace rests on thine eyelids, as sweetly they close,  
 And thoughts of to-morrow ne’er break thy repose.

What dreams in thy slumber, dear infant, are thine?  
 Thy sweet lips are smiling when prest thus to mine!  
 All lovely and guileless thou sleepest in joy,  
 And Heaven watches over my beautiful boy.

O would thus that ever my darling might smile,  
 And still be a baby, my griefs to beguile!  
 But hope whispers sweetly, ne'er broken shall be  
 The tie that unites my sweet baby and me.

*Alex. Smart*

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#### YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

“COME, callans, quit sic cruel sport; for shame, for shame,  
 gi'e ower!

That poor half-witted creature ye've been fighting wi' this  
 hour;

What pleasure ha'e ye sceing him thus lay his bosom bare?  
 Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

“The wild flower seeks the shady dell, and shuns the moun-  
 tain's brow,

Dark mists may gather ower the hills, while sunshine  
 glints below;

And, oh ! the canker-worm oft feeds on cheek o' beauty  
fair,—

Ye maunna skaith the feckless ! they're God's peculiar  
care.

“ The sma'est things in nature are feckless as they're sma',  
They tak' up unco little space—there's room enough for a' ;  
And this poor witless wanderer, I'm sure ye'd miss him sair—  
Ye maunna scaith the feckless ! they're God's peculiar care.

“ There's some o' ye may likely ha'e, at hame, a brother  
dear,

Whose wee bit helpless, mournfu' greet ye canna thole to  
hear ;

And is there ane amang ye but your best wi' him would  
share ?—

Ye maunna scaith the feckless ! they're God's peculiar  
care.”

The callans' een were glist wi' tears, they gazed on ane  
anither,

They felt what they ne'er felt before, “ the feckless was  
their brither ! ”

They set him on a sunny seat, and strok'd his gowden hair—  
The bairnies felt the feckless was God's peculiar care.

*James Ballantine*

## THE SCARLET ROSE-BUSH.

AIR—" *There grows a bonnie brier bush.*"

COME see my scarlet rose-bush

My father gied to me,

That's growing in our window-sill

Sae fresh an' bonnilie ;

I wadna gi'e my rose-bush

For a' the flowers I see,

Nor for a pouchfu' o' red goud,

Sae dear it is to me.

I set it in the best o' mould

Ta'en frae the moudie's hill,

And cover'd a' the yird wi' moss

I gather'd on the hill ;

I saw the blue bell blooming,

And the gowan wat wi' dew,

But my heart was on my rose-bush set,

I left them where they grew.

I water't ilka morning,

Wi' meikle pride and care,

And no a wither'd leaf I leave

Upon its branches fair ;

Twa sprouts are rising frae the root,

And four are on the stem,

Three rosebuds and six roses blawn ;

'Tis just a perfect gem !

Come, see my bonnie blooming bush  
 My father gied to me,  
 Wi' roses to the very top,  
 And branches like a tree ;  
 It grows upon our window-sill,  
 I watch it tentilie ;  
 O ! I wadna gi'e my dear rose-bush  
 For a' the flowers I see.

*George Donald.*

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#### THE WAY-SIDE FLOWER.

THERE'S a moral, my child,  
 In the way-side flower ;  
 There's an emblem of life  
 In its short-liv'd hour ;  
 It smiles in the sunshine,  
 And weeps in the shower ;  
 And the footstep falls  
 On the way-side flower ;

Now see, my dear child,  
 In the way-side flower,  
 The joys and the sorrows  
 Of life's passing hour ;

The footstep of time  
 Hastens on in its power ;  
 And soon we must fall  
 Like the way-side flower !

Yet know, my dear child,  
 That the way-side flower  
 Will revive in its season,  
 And bloom its brief hour ;  
 That again we shall blossom,  
 In beauty and power,  
 Where the foot never falls  
 On the way-side flower !

*Alexander*

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#### THE WILD BEE.

CANNIE wee body wha rises sae early,  
 And fa's to thy work in the morning sae merrily,  
 Brushing thy boots on the fog at thy door,  
 And washing thy face in the cup o' a flower ;  
 Welcoming blithely the sun in the east,  
 Then skimming awa' to the green mountain's breast ;  
 Or crooning sae cantie thy sweet summer sang,  
 While roaming the meadows the sunny day lang.

Thou mightest teach wit to the wisest o' men,  
 Nature has gi'en thee sic gifts o' her ain ;  
 Thou needest nae Almanac, bonnie wild bee,  
 For few hae sic skill o' the weather as thee.  
 Aye carefu' and cunning, right weel thou canst tell  
 If the sun's gaun to blink on the red heather bell,  
 And thou canst look out frae thy ain cozie door,  
 And laugh at the butterfly drown'd in the shower.

Hast thou ony bairnies wha claim a' thy care,  
 That thou must e'en toil tho' thy banes may be sair ?  
 Do they hing round thy wee legs sae weary and lame,  
 A' seeking for guid things when father comes hame ?  
 Nae doubt thou'lt be happy to see them sae fain,  
 For a kind father aye maun be proud o' his ain ;  
 And their mother will tell how they've wearied a' day,  
 And a' that has happened since thou gaed'st away.

When night darkens down o'er the hill and the glen,  
 How snugly thou sleep'st in thy warm foggy den ;  
 Nae master to please, and nae lesson to learn,  
 And no driv'n about like a poor body's bairn.  
 O ! happy would I be could I but like thee  
 Keep dancing a' day on the flowers o' the lea ;  
 Sae lightsome and lively o' heart and o' wing,  
 And naething to do but sip honey and sing.

*William Gardner*

## JOHNNY ON HIS SHELTY.

AIR—" *The ewie wi' the crooked horn.*"

SAW ye Johnny on his shelty,  
Riding, brattling, helty skelty,  
In his tartan trews and kilty—

Was there ever sic a wean ?  
Only eight years auld come Lammas,  
Yet he's bigger than our Tammas,  
If he's spared he winna shame us,  
Else I'm unco sair mista'en.

Brattling thro' the blooming heather,  
By the side o' tenty father,  
Ne'er a bridle nor a tether—

Hauding steevly by the main :  
Did ye only see our Johnny  
Sitting on his Hieland pony !  
Him ! he wadna beck to ony,—  
E'en the Duke is no sae vain.

Sic a beast frae Moss o' Balloch  
Ne'er was seen in a' Glen-Falloch,  
No like Duncan's shilly shalloch !  
Naething left but skin and bane.



Scarce the size o' faithfu' Keeper—  
 Ower the dykes as gude a leaper—  
 'Toozie skin, and tail a sweeper;  
 Sic a pair I'm sure there's nane!

*George Donald.*

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MY DOGGIE.

AIR—"A' body's like to get married but me."

YE may crack o' your rabbits and sing o' your doos,  
 O' gooldies and linties gae brag, if ye choose,  
 O' your bonnie pet lambs, if ye like, ye may blaw,  
 But my wee toozie doggie's worth mair than them a'.

Twa hard-hearted laddies last Martinmas cam'  
 To drown the poor thing in the auld miller's dam,  
 I gied them a penny, and ran wi't awa',  
 For I thought it was sinfu' sic harshness to shaw.

When I gang to the school, or am sent on an errand,  
 It's aff like a hare, it has grown sae auld-farrand—  
 Then waits till I come, sae I'm laithfu' to thraw  
 My wee toozie doggie, or send it awa'.

Fu' brawly it kens ilka word that I speak,  
 And winna forget what I say for a week ;  
 My bonnet it carries, or gi'es me a paw—  
 Sic a doggie as Rover I never yet saw !

Sae wise and sae gaucy, the sight o't 's a feast !  
 For it's liker a body in sense, than a beast ;  
 Wi' a breast like the drift, and a back like the craw—  
 A doggie like Rover there's nane ever saw !

*George Donald.*

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### THE SPRING TIME O' LIFE.

AIR—" *O wat ye wha I met yestreen ?* "

THE summer comes wi' rosy wreaths,  
 And spreads the mead wi' fragrant flowers,  
 While furthy autumn plenty breathes,  
 And blessings in abundance showers.  
 E'en winter, wi' its frost and snaw,  
 Brings meikle still the heart to cheer,  
 But there's a season worth them a',  
 And that's the spring-time o' the year.

In spring the farmer ploughs the field  
 That yet will wave wi' yellow corn,  
 In spring the birdie bigs its bield  
 In foggy bank or budding thorn ;  
 The burn and brae, the hill and dell,  
 A song o' hope are heard to sing,  
 And summer, autumn, winter, tell,  
 Wi' joy or grief, the work o' spring.

Now, youth's the spring-time o' your life,  
 When seed is sown wi' care and toil,  
 And hopes are high, and fears are rife,  
 Lest weeds should rise the braird to spoil.  
 I've sown the seed, my bairnies dear,  
 By precept and example baith,  
 And may the HAND that guides us here  
 Preserve it frae the spoiler's skaith !

But soon the time may come when you  
 Shall miss a mother's tender care,  
 A sinfu' world to wander through,  
 Wi' a' its stormy strife to share ;  
 Then mind my words whare'er ye gang,  
 Let fortune smile or thrawart be,  
 Ne'er let the tempter lead ye wrang—  
 If sae ye live, ye'll happy dee.

*George Donald.*

## A MOTHER'S WELCOME.

AIR—" *Maid of Isla.*"

WELCOME, welcome, little stranger !

Stranger never more to be,

To our world of sin and danger—

'Tis thy mother welcomes thee.

Oh, wi' bliss my breast is swelling !

Tears of joy are on my cheek,

In their own heart-language telling

What my tongue can never speak.

All my fondest hopes are crowned :

Thus I clasp them all in thee !

And a world of fears are drowned

In this moment's ecstasy.

Oh, that voice ! did sound fall ever

Half so sweet on woman's ear ?

Music charms—but music never

Thrill'd me like the notes I hear.

Not so welcome is the summer

To the winter-housed bee,

As thy presence, sweet new-comer,

Is this blessed hour to me.

Not so welcome is the morning

To the ship-wrecked mariner,

'Though his native hills adorning,

Peril past, and succour near.

Welcome, welcome, bonnie wee-thing,  
 After all my fond alarm ;  
 Oh, the bless ! to feel thee breathing  
 In my bosom, free from harm.  
 Not for all the world's treasure,  
 Doubled, would I thee resign—  
 Give one half the nameless pleasure,  
 Thus to know thee, feel thee mine !

*W. Ferguson*

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# A MOTHER'S FAREWELL

AIR—" *Caledonia*."

I'M wearing aff this weary warl.  
 Of trouble, toil, and tears,  
 But thro' the dusk of death the dawn  
 Of happiness appears ;  
 And, oh ! wi' a' I lo'ed sae weel  
 It's sair for me to part,  
 The bairnie at my breast who clung,  
 The treasure o' my heart ;

Who fondly toddled round my knee,  
 When could misfortune's blast  
 In eerie sough gaed thro' my breast,  
 And laid my bosom waste.  
 I'm wae to leave the friends I lo'e,  
 In tearfu' grief forfairn,—  
 Oh who can tell a mother's thoughts  
 When parting wi' her bairn!

The tender twig, by nursing care,  
 Will grow a stately tree,  
 But who will turn the withering blast  
 O' warldly scorn frae thee?  
 The stranger's hand may crush my flower,  
 May scaith its earthly peace;  
 But we shall meet to love for aye,  
 Where toil and troubles cease.

Ae kiss, a last fond kiss, my bairn,  
 And then, oh then we part!  
 Ae kiss, my ain, my only bairn!  
 Ere breaks my widowed heart.  
 I'm laith to leave ilk lovesome thing  
 Thro' life I've ca'd mine ain;  
 Oh who can read a mother's heart  
 When parting wi' her wean!

*John Crawford*

## MY LAVEROCK.

AIR—"Scotland's Hills for me."

COME sing a sang, my bonnie bird,  
 Come sing a canty sang !  
 It cheers my heart to hear thy notes,  
 Ere to the school I gang ;  
 Where gowans white and butter cups  
 Besprinkle a' the lea,  
 Frae thre I've cut a dewy turf,  
 To make a bed for thee.

'Tis true I like my lintie weel,  
 Wi' wing o' green and grey,  
 And weel I like my sparrow pet,  
 That " filip " seems to say ;  
 But better far I lo'e my lark  
 Wi' glad an' glancing ee,  
 Whose early morning melody  
 Frae slumber wakens me.

I found thee when a nestling young,  
 And tended thee wi' care ;  
 And weel thou hast repaid my toil  
 Wi' music rich and rare ;  
 I see thee cock thy tappit pow !  
 Thy fluttering wings I see ;  
 And now thou hast begun to sing  
 A warbling sang to me !

But yet I better like to hear  
 Thy kindred birdies sing,  
 At morn or noon in cloudless lift,  
 Their sang on soaring wing.  
 Yet thou'rt contented wi' thy lot,  
 And kensna to be free,  
 Though whiles I wish I hadna ta'en  
 Thy liberty frae thee.

Sing on, my lav'rock, sing awa' !  
 Thy loud and lively lays  
 Remind me o' the verdant fields,  
 And flowery sunny braes,  
 When spring and summer threw their charms  
 On bank and bower and tree,  
 Then sing awa', my bonny bird !  
 A canty sang to me !

*George Donald.*

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MY BAIRNIES, YOU'RE A' THE WIDE WORLD  
 TO ME !

THE flower's on the thorn, and the saft tassell'd bloom  
 Is hanging like gowd on the bonnie green broom,  
 While fluttering awa' o'er the heath and the lea,  
 And kissing their sweets, is the young butterfly !



The lark's in the lift, and the lintie its sang  
 Is lilting sae lightsome the wild woods amang ;  
 While, dancing wi' gladness frae blossom to flower,  
 Is seen the blythe bumbee by bank, brae, and bower.

Then gi'e me my rod ! and my line, and my creel !  
 And gi'e me my hooks father buskit sae weel ;  
 For skailed is the school, sae I'll aff to the burn,  
 And winna be lang till wi' trouts I return !

Your brither's awa' wi' his rod and his creel—  
 Your brither's awa' wi' his line and his reel—  
 And a red speckled trout to his sister he'll bring,  
 Wi' a bab o' white gowans to mind ye o' spring.

And ye shall be bonnie, and ye shall be braw !  
 For you're just my ain bairn when your brither's awa' ;  
 You're just my ain pet wi' your bright glancin' ee,  
 My bairnies, you're a' the wide warld to me !

*George Donald.*