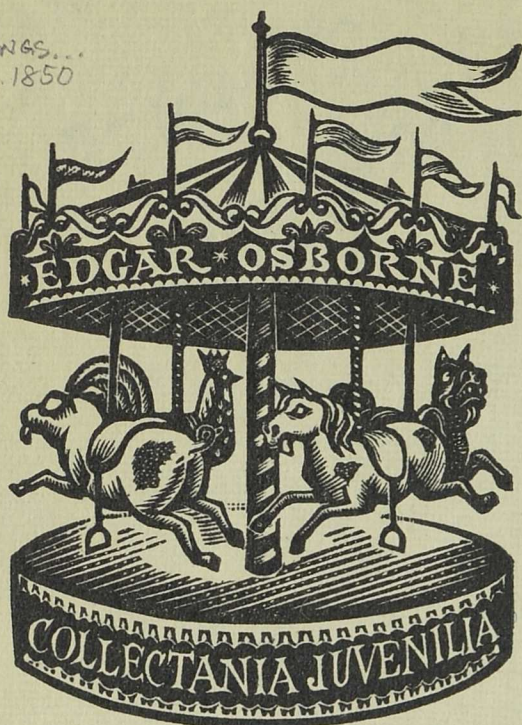


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SONGS...
ca. 1850



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I, 79

John W. L. Campbell

NURSERY SONGS.



John. H. L. C.

John M^o L Campbell

SONGS

FOR THE

NURSERY.

It is in filling a child's mind as in packing a trunk—we must take care what we lay in below, not only to secure for that a safe place, but to prevent it from damaging what is to come afterwards.—*Quarterly Review*.

ELEVENTH THOUSAND.

GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON,

BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY.

OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH.

LONGMAN & CO., HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO., AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL,

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LITTLE & BROWN, BOSTON, AMERICA.

7th Dec

STONOR

TURNER

It is in truth a child's game as in fiction's time - a child's game as in
water in below, but only to know for that it is a game, but to know it is
the thing what it is doing otherwise - (Cassidy's words)

THOMAS THOMAS

GLASGOW:—DAVID ROBERTSON

ROBERTSON & CO. LTD.

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ALLIANCE BROS., BOSTON, AMERICA

NOTICE FROM THE PUBLISHER.

THE contributors to this little work are too numerous to speak for themselves, and have devolved the duty on the Publisher. It were a work of supererogation to speak of the difficulty of writing songs for the Nursery. To invest with poetical imagery and expression, subjects interesting in the Nursery, is admitted to be a species of composition which requires peculiar talent. The writers of these Nursery lyrics have endeavoured to accomplish this task, and to make the pieces instructive, as well as amusing.

It has been said, that it is the pedagogue with his primer, who forms the national character, and this is so far true; but unless the basis on which the moral and intellectual character is to be formed, has been carefully prepared before the transfer is made from the nursery to the public seminary, the labours of the teacher will be arduous and uncertain. Few impressions made in early life are ever entirely effaced from the memory, or cease to mingle with the affections of the heart—no moral stain contracted during this period is ever completely removed during after life. How important then it is that these impressions, should be associated with a love of the pure and the beautiful, to elevate, direct, console, and cheer through the perplexing paths of life!

The following Lyrics inculcate kindness in the treatment of children, as being more likely to promote their improvement, than the too frequent use of the rod. Parents should be, as far as circumstances will permit, the constant associates and playmates of their children in their innocent amusements. Instead of this, how often do we see those who ought to recollect what impression gentleness made on themselves during early years, speak to their children in a spirit and manner calculated rather to repel than attract; as if in the field of nature, the prickly stem which suckles and supports the opening bud, were to employ its thorny armour in lacerating the leaves of the flower which it fosters and is armed to protect!

To those who object to the use of our national dialect in the nursery, as being the language of the vulgar and uneducated, we would reply in the words of Lord Jeffrey: "The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar: but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and

with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon.” The late Robert Hall, of Bristol, one of the most elegant and vigorous writers of the present century, says—“The Scottish language has a fine Doric sound. When spoken by a woman, it is incomparably the most romantic and melodious language to which I ever listened.”

The following eloquent defence of our national language, and appeal to patriotism, taste, and feeling, is extracted from an unpublished essay by the amiable and accomplished William Motherwell: “What peculiarity in the language of South Britain gives it a preference over our own, I am yet to learn. What magic charm lies in the sound of that language, and gives it a pathos, majesty, loftiness, tenderness, and sweetness unknown to ours, I am so dull that I can neither perceive nor comprehend. Do not Scottish Song and Scottish Melody wear the victor’s garland? A language calculated to express all the most ardent, subtle, and gentle emotions and feelings, is equally fitted to give utterance to those which are of a less ethereal nature, or are suitable for the business and pursuits of ordinary life. Think ye there was aught base, groveling, and mean, in that language which rolled the cheer of determined valour and dauntless patriotism along the plain of Falkirk? Think ye there was aught of a like description in that mighty voice which thundered ‘Liberty or Death’ on the field of Bannockburn? Love of our country is inseparably connected with the preservation of its language; and when the latter is discarded and disused, the former must inevitably decline, and ultimately die, within us. And the reason of this is obvious; because every legend of heroic magnanimity—every exploit which haloed by its lustre the name of our ancestors and which were calculated to animate their posterities to laudable imitation—must be forgotten or overlooked, when the speech which records them hath ceased to be, or is consigned to unmerited neglect. That nameless charm of sound, and simplicity of expression, to which the ear and mind were habituated, are irretrievably gone. All those associations of the imagination, and feelings of the heart, of which sound may be termed the chord or the stem from which they branch out and propagate, are lost. And amidst this wreck would also be found the thrilling interest they derived from lofty ideas of ancestral glory and national renown, as well as the gentle and pleasing recollections of our youth.”

LORD JEFFREY'S OPINION
OF
"SONGS FOR THE NURSERY."

CRAIGCROOK, *May*, 1844.

SIR,

In returning you my thanks for your pretty little book of Nursery Songs, I cannot resist expressing the great pleasure and surprise which I experienced, on finding so much original genius in a work ushered in under a title, and in a form so unpretending.

There are some merely childish pieces, no doubt—some that are rather vulgar—and several that are too long, and dwell too much on commonplaces; but there are more touches of genuine pathos, more felicities of idiomatic expression, more happy poetical images, and, above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections, in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with, in anything like the same compass, since the days of Burns.

Though I have a due sense of the merits of our Doric dialect, I cannot help thinking that some of your authors have a little caricatured it, and aspired to being more purely Doric than the Dorians themselves. I doubt, at least, whether the language in which some of these are composed, be now a spoken language among any class of the community, or will appear natural and easy throughout, even to those who perfectly understand it.

But I have no right, and certainly no inclination, to find fault with a gift for which I feel myself so much obliged, and from which I have derived so much gratification; and therefore, wishing, and predicting, much success to your publication, and to your authors' large increase of fame,

I remain,

SIR,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

F. JEFFREY

To Mr. DAVID ROBERTSON,
Bookseller to Her Majesty, Glasgow.

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NURSERY SONGS.

NURSERY SONGS.

WILLIE WINKIE.

AIR—" *Jim along Josey.*"

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Rins through the town,

Up stairs an' doon stairs

In his nicht-gown,

Tirlin' 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 comin' ben?

The cat's singin' grey thrums

To the sleepin' hen,

The dog's speldert on the floor,

And disna gi'e a cheep,

But here's a waukrife laddie!

That winna fa' asleep."

Anything but sleep, you rogue!

Glow'rin' like the moon!

Rattlin' in an airn jug

Wi' an-airn spoon,

Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about,

Crawin' like a cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna-what,

Wauk'nin' sleepin' fock.

"Hey, Willie Winkie,

The wean's in a creel!

Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee

Like a verra eel,

Ruggin' at the cat's lug,

And ravelin' a' her thrums—

Hey, Willie Winkie—

See, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither

That has a stoorie wean,

A wee stumpie stousie,

Wha canna rin his lane,

That has a battle aye wi' sleep

Afore he'll close an e'e—

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips

Gi'es strength anew to me.

NURSERY SCARECROWS.

AIR—"Chevy Chase."

WAE worth that silly, senseless quean!
 Wha frightens sae my wean
 Wi' tales o' bogles, ghaists, and elves,
 Till 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 claverin Jenny says—
 They're just the dregs o' ignorance,
 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' E'E that never sleeps,
 That never knows decay,
 Will tent frae skaith my bonnie bairn,
 By night as weel's by day.

THE SELFISH LADDIE.

AIR—"When the kye come hame."

FY! on the selfish laddie
 Wha 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,
 An' thinks on nought but self.

Tho' 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 niggard bairn deserves 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 halved in twa;
 An' 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.

THE NEW COMER.

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

"That wean is your Billie,
 My ain son an' heir!
 You'll see your ain picture
 A wee wee-er there;
 You'll sleep wi' your father,
 Your Billie is sma',
 An' now ye are strang,
 Ye maun try the stirk's sta'."

"The winter is snell, father,
 Sae, too, are ye,
 Your bosom will ne'er
 Be a mither's to me;
 Frae sunny green sward
 Ta'en to cauld winter's snaw,
 Ye'll ne'er ask your laddie
 To try the stirk's sta'."

"Troth, bairn, 'tis a foretaste
 O' a' ye'll find here—
 We step o'er our elders,
 As year follows year,
 We're a' marchin' onward,
 Our hame's far awa'—
 Sae kiss your young Billie,
 An' try the stirk's sta'."

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

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 mither 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 e'e;

He never whimpers, greets, nor girns,

Even for a broken tae,

But rins and gets it buckled quick,

Syne out again to play.

He claps the collie, dauts the cat,

Flings moolins to the doos,

To Bess and Bruckie fetches grass,

To cool their honest mou's;

He's kind to ilka living thing,

He winna hurt a flee,

And, gin he meets a beggar bairn,

His piece he'll freely gi'e.

He tries to sooth wee crabbit Will,

When in his cankriest mood,

He gi'es him a' his taps and bools,

And tells him to be good.

Sae good a wean as little Tam

It cheers the heart to see,—

O! gin his brither were like him,

How happy might we be!



GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE !

AIR—" Oh ! no, we never mention her."

THE Moon has rowed her in a cloud,
 Stravagin' win's begin
 To shuggle and daud the window-
 brods,
 Like loons that wad be in !

" Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
 Or craik in saughen tree !
 We're thankfu' for a cosie hame"—
 Sae gree, my bairnies, gree !

Tho' gurlin' blasts may dourly blaw,
 A rousin' fire will thow
 A straggler's taes, an' keep fu' cosh
 My tousie taps-o'-tow.
 O wha wad cule 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.
 Atween me an' the wa';—
 How aekind arm was owre ye baith—
 But, if ye disagree,
 Think on the kindly southerin' soun'
 O' "Gree, my bairnies, Gree."

THE BONNIE MILK COW.

AIR—" *The auld wife ayont the fire.*"

Moo, moo, proochy lady!
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!
 Lowin' i' the gloamin' hour,
 Comes my bonnie cow.
 Buttercups an' clover green,
 A' day lang, her feast ha'e been,
 Syne she comes laden hame at e'en—
 Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Bairnies for their porridge greet,
 Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!
 An' 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 reamin' 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!

MOTHER'S PET.

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

MITHER's bairnie, mither's dawtie,
 Wee wee steerin' stumpin' tottie,
 Bonnie dreamer,—sinless glee
 Lichts thy black an' laughin' e'e.
 Frae thy rosy dimpled cheek—
 Frae thy lips sae soft an' sleek,
 Aulder heads than thine might learn
 Truths worth kennin', bonnie bairn.

Gabbin' ghaistie! fondly smilin'!
 A' a mither's cares beguillin';
 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,
 Dingin' a' things tapsalteerie;
 Jumpin' at the sunny sheen,
 Flickerin' in thy pawkie e'en.
 Friskin', lispin', fleechin' fay,
 Dinna tow't puir baudrons sae;
 Frae her purrin' kindness, learn
 What ye awe me, bonnie bairn.

LEARN YOUR LESSON.

AIR—" *The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

YE'LL no learn your lesson by greet-
 in', my man,
 Ye'll never come at it by greetin',
 my man,
 No ae word ye can see,
 For the tear in your e'e,
 So just set your heart till't,
 for brawly ye can.

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 wha would be counted a dunce or
 a snool,
 To gape like a gomeral, an' greet
 like a fool,
 Sae fear'd, like a coof,
 For the taws ower his loof,
 An' laugh'd at by a' the wee bairns
 in the schule!

Ye'll greet till ye greet yoursel' stu-
 pid an' blind,
 An' then no a word in the mornin'
 ye'll mind;
 But cheer up your heart,
 An' ye'll soon ha'e your part,
 For a' thing comes easy when bairns
 are inclin'd.

THE TRUANT.

AIR—" *When the kye come hame.*"

WEE Sandy in the corner
 Sits greetin' on a stool,
 And sair the laddie rues
 Playing truant frae the schule;
 So ye'll learn frae silly Sandy,
 He'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,
 An' ilka ane he met wi'
 He thocht them sure to ken;

And started at ilk whin buss,
 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;
 An' 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
 Wha 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.

A SON'S AFFECTION.

AIR—"Over the water to Charlie."

"My ain kindly minnie,
 When ance I'm a man,
 I'll bigg a wee housie,
 Sae cosie,
 And, O! I'll be kind,
 And be gude to ye than,
 For cuddlin' 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 lies deep
 In the sea, far awa'!
 Has he no left ye me,
 His ain Charlie?"

"Oh, bless ye, my darlin'!
 Ance mair I'm mysel',
 Thae sweet rosy lips
 They reprove me:
 How sinfu' it is
 On our sorrows to dwell,
 When thy dad smiles 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 fittin'
 To close my short span,
 Then I'll lay my auld head on
 Your bosie."

THE FATHER'S KNEE.

AIR—" *Buy broom besoms.*"

O! HAPPY is the mither
 O' ilk little pet,
 Wha has a happy father
 By the ingle set.
 Wi' ae wee tottum sleepin'
 'Neath its mither's e'e,
 Anither tottum creepin'
 Up its father's knee.
 Aye rockin', rockin',
 Aye rockin' ree,
 Puin' at his stockin',
 Climbin' up his knee.

Although our wee bit biggin'
 There be few wha ken,
 Aneath our theekit riggin',
 Bien's the but an' ben.
 Although about the creepy
 Bairnies canna gree,
 They cuddle, when they're sleepy,
 On their father's knee.
 They're aye wink winkin',
 Wi' the sleepy e'e,
 Or aye jink, jinkin'
 Roun' their father's knee.

Although the sun o' simmer
 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 ferlie, gin in palace,
 Or in lordly ha',
 Their hearts are a' as hale as
 In our cot sae sma'—
 Gin the Royal Mither
 Can her lassies see,
 Cuddlin' their wee brither
 On their father's knee,
 What to her kind bosie
 Are her kingdoms three,
 Unless her totts are cosie
 On their father's knee!



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 owre young to learn
 To tot up an' down yet,
 My bonnie wee bairn ;
 Better creepin' cannie,
 Than fa'in' wi' a bang,
 Duntin' a' your wee brow,—
 Creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch,
 An' ye'll nod to your mither,
 Watchin' ilka step
 O' your wee dousy brither ;
 Rest ye on the floor
 Till your wee limbs grow strang,
 An' ye'll be a brow chield yet,—
 Creep afore ye gang.

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

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 brings the bloom back to your
 cheek,
 The blythe blink to your e'e,—
 An't werena for the doctor,
 My bonnie bairn might dee.

O wha would fear the doctor !
 His pouthers, pills, an' 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,
 An' tak's them on his knee,—
 An't werena for the doctor,
 My bonnie bairn might dee.

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 mornin' till night shuts his e'e,
 When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father an' 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 win' blaw? an' whar frae comes the rain?
 He's a perfect divert—he's a wonderfu' wean.

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

And folk wha ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
 Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's bread;—
 How he'll be a rich man, an' 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,
 An' 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 bye-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 marcht thro' the house, he marcht but, he marcht ben,
 Sae like 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;
 An' the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e,
 Mak's him every day dearer an' dearer to me.
 Though fortune be saucy, an' dorty, an' dour,
 An' glooms thro' her fingers, like hills thro' a show'r,
 When bodies ha'e got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
 He can cheer up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

BAIRNIES, COME HAME.

AIR—"Logie o' Buchan."

THE sun's awa' down to his bed in the sea,
 An' the stars will be out on their watch in a wee;
 The beasts ha'e gane hame in their coverts to rest,
 An' ilka wee bird's cuddled down in its nest;

The kye are a' sta'd, an' there's no a wee lamb
But has cow'r'd itsel' down by the side o' its dam;
The rose an' the gowan are closing their leaves,
An' the swallow's last twitter is hush'd in the eaves;
An' its time that gude weans were a' doin' the same,—
Come hame to your downy dreams! bairnies, come hame!

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

Come hame, for the bat is abroad in his hour,
An' the howlet is heard frae the auld hoary tower—
Come hame, an' your fathers will daut ilka broo,
A mither'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
O' her wha's saft smile nae mair welcomes ye hame.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn,
 Wha' sits pokin' in the ase,
 Glow'rin' in the fire
 Wi' his wee round face ;
 Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe,
 What sees he there ?
 Ha ! the young dreamer's
 Biggin' castles in the air.

His wee chubby face,
 An' his touzie curly pow
 Are laughin' an' noddin'
 To the dancin' lowe ;
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks,
 An' singe his sunny hair,
 Glow'rin' at the imp
 Wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles
 Towerin' to the moon !
 He sees little sodgers
 Pu'in' them a' down !
 Warlds whomling up an' down,
 Bleezin' wi' a flare,—
 See how he loup's !
 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
 Biggin' 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
 Wad let the wean alane
 Wi' his castles in the air !

He'll glower at the fire !
 An' he'll keek at the light !
 But mony sparkling stars
 Are swallowed up by Night
 Aulder een than his
 Are glamour'd by a glare,
 Hearts are broken, heads are turned,
 Wi' castles in the air.



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 fit i' the dark.

No a breath can stir
 But he's up wi' a wirr !
 And a big bow-wow gi'es 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 owre 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,
 An' daff about i' 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!
 An' weel does he like
 A bane to pyke,
 Or a lick o' the lithey kail.
 By a' he's kenn'd
 As a faithfu' friend,
 Nae flatterin' tongue has he,
 And we a' may learn
 Frae the muckle watch dog
 Baith faithfu' an' fond to be.

THE BASHFU' BAIRN.

AIR—"Saw ye my father?"

THE bashfu' wee laddie! what makes him sae shy?
 An' what is't that gars him think shame?
 Or how does it come that the blatest outbye
 Is 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 schule,

An' ne'er gets a tip o' the taws.

An' aye when he plays wi' the bairns in the house,

The cock o' the roost he maun be;

As bauld as a bantam, he craws aye sae crouse,

Nae bairn could 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, an' sae gleg are his een,

He notices mair than ye ken.

Sometimes he'll sit still like a howlet sae grave,—

His thoughts there can naebody tell;

An' sometimes he wanders awa' frae the lave,

An' speaks, like a gowk, to himsel'!

Be kind to the laddie that's bashfu' an' shy—

He'll be a brow 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,

An' some think him naething ava;

But tent him wi' love, if ye'll take my advice,

An' he'll yet be the flower o' them a'.

A MOTHER'S CARES AND TOILS.

AIR—"Willie was a wanton wag."

WAUKRIFE weething, O! I'm wearie

Warslin' wi' you late an' ear',

Turnin' a' things tapsalteerie,

Tearin' mutches, towzlin' hair,

Stumpin' wi' your wee bit feetie,

Ettlin', like the lave, to gang;

Frae the laughter till the greetie,

Changin' still the hale day lang.

Now wi' whisker'd baudrons playin',

By the ingle beekin' snug,

Now its wee bit leggie layin'

O'er the sleepin' collie dog;

Thumpin' now its patient minnie,

Scauldin' syne its bonnie sel',

Then wi' kisses, sweet as hinnie,

Sayin' 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 carin',

Mornin', gloamin,' night, or noon,

Lang's they dow, they'll aye keep
starin',

Heedin' neither sun nor moon.

E'en when sound we think him sleepin'

In his cozie cradle-bed,

If we be na silence keepin',

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 winnock shake, he'll

Skirl like wild aboon them a'.

Wha a mother's toils may number—

Wha 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 wad bend her

Soon the drearie mools amang.

THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER.

AIR—"O'er the muir among the heather."

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet

An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,

An' 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,

An' what she's sent for in the ither;

Then like a lintie in she skips,

Sae happy aye to please her mither.

And then, as clear as A B C,

The message tells without a blunder,

And like a little eident bee,

She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,

For what ye gi'eshe'll never tease ye;

The best reward the lassie wins

Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.

If bairns would a' example tak',

An' never on their errands tarry,

What happy hames they aye would
mak',

Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary!

She never stops wi' bairns to play,

But a' the road as she gaes trottin',

Croons to hersel' what she's to say,

For fear a word should be forgotten;

THE SILENT CHILD.

AIR—"Handel's Dead March."

"WHAT ails brither Johnny, he'll no look at me,

But lies lookin' up wi' a half steekit e'e?

Oh! could is his hand, an' his face pale an' wee—

What ails brither Johnny, he'll no speak to me?"

"Alack, my wee lammie, your brither's asleep,

He looks na, he speaks na—yet, dear, dinna weep;

Ye'll break mither's heart gin ye gaze on him sae;

He's dreaming—he's gazing—on friends far away!"

“ Oh, wha can he see like the friends that are here,
 An’ where can he find hearts that lo’e him sae dear ?
 Just wauken him, mithers, his brither to see,
 I’ll gi’e him the black frock my father ga’e me.”

“ Your black frock, my bairn, ah ! your brither 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.”

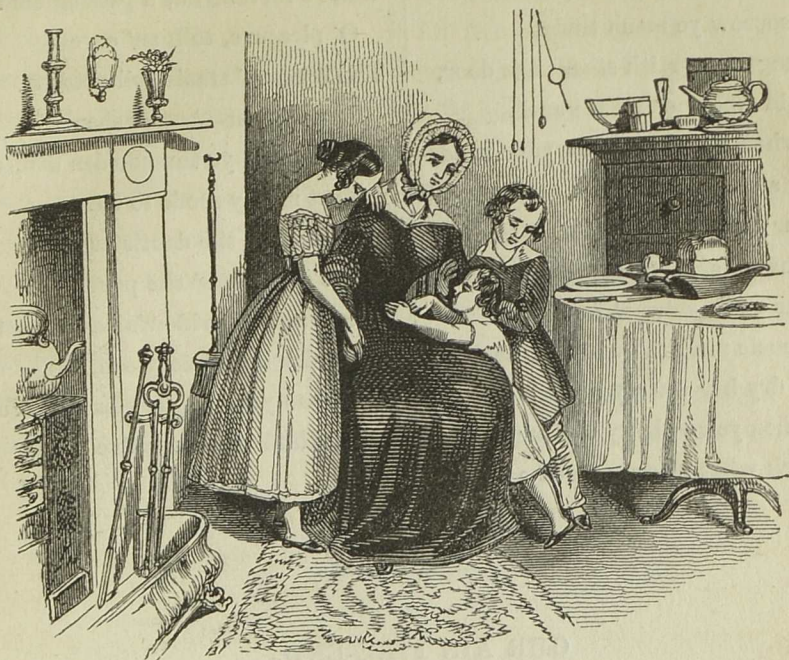
THE BIRD’S NEST.

AIR—“ *John Anderson, my jo.*”

O WHA would harry the wee bird’s
 nest,
 That sings so sweet and clear,
 That bigs for its young a cozy biel’,
 In the spring-time o’ the year ;
 That feeds its gapin’ gorlins a’,
 And haps them frae the rain—
 O wha would harry the wee bird’s nest,
 Or 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 yet would I wee Jenny Wren,
 Within her bower o’ green.
 For birdies are like bairnies,
 That dance upon the lea ;
 And they winna sing in cages
 So sweet’s in bush or tree.
 They’re just like bonnie bairnies,
 That mithers lo’e sae weel—
 An’ cruel, cruel is the heart
 That would their treasures steal.



THE WIDOW TO HER BAIRNS.

AIR—"The Miller of Dee."

Noo, bairnies, min' your mither's
words,

For kin' to you she's been,
An' mony a waukrife nicht she's had
To keep ye tosh an' clean—
An' 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 warm the widow's
hearth,
An' dry her watery een,
An' when ye've bairnies o' your ain,
Ye'll think o' what ye've been.

The feckless pity o' the proud
 In sorrow ye maun thole,
 Sae lang as poortith steeks the door,
 To blaw her cauldrie coal;
 But when ye've brought your heads
 aboon
 Your dour an' fickle lot,
 An' rowin' grit wi' happiness,
 Your cares ye've a' forgot;
 Then cozie mak' the widow's hearth,
 An' dry her watery een,
 An' when ye've plenty o' your ain,
 Think what ye ance ha'e been.

What's fortune but a passing clud
 O' pleasure, toil, an' care—
 The hard an' stanie soil gets aft
 The greater—better share.
 But treasure ye the gowden drops
 That mercy sends to cure,
 Unheeded by the dautit proud,
 The sorrows o' the poor.
 Then warm the widow's lanely hearth,
 An' dry her watery een,
 An' when your cup o' pleasure's fu',
 Oh, think o' what ye've been.

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 an' father are sic twa!
 Roun' our ain fire-end,
 He mak's rabbits on the wa',
 At our ain fire-end.
 Then the fun! as they are mumpin',
 When, to touch them ye gae stumpin',
 They're set on your tap a' jumpin',
 At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep,
 At our ain fire-end,
 When ye on your whussill wheep,
 Roun' 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
 Roun' our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,
 At our ain fire-end,
 Takin' childhood's dreamless nap,
 At our ain fire-end;

Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,
 An' frae broo to chin I bless ye,
 An' 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 whussill an' your toys,
 An ye'll think ye hear the noise
 O' our ain fire-end.

GI'E 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;
 An' aye to a' such usage gi'e
 As ye wad like to tak'.

To thra' the mouth, or ca' ill names,
 Is surely very bad;
 Then, a' such doings still avoid,
 They'd mak' your mither sad.
 To shield the feckless frae the strong
 Be neither slow nor slack;
 An' aye to a' such usage gi'e
 As ye wad 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 wad 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 wad like to tak'.

THE IDLER.

AIR—" *The Miller o' Dee.*"

GAE awa' to your task,
An' be eident, my man,
An' dinna sit dozin' there ;
But learn to be busy,
An' do what ye can,
For ye neither are sickly nor sair.
It's laziness ails ye,
The sluggard's disease,
Wha never has will for his wark ;
But it cures a' the tantrums
That idle folk tease,
An' 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 brither is he.
So up to your task now,
An' then to your play,
An' fright the auld tyrant awa' ;
For sloth's the worst master
That laddies can ha'e,
If ance in his clutches they fa' :

He cleeds them in rags,
 An' 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,
 Wha win baith their claes an' their
 meat.

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

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,
 An' the birds sing gude night,
 As the kye gae hame.

Sair langs the herd laddie
 For sweet gloamin's 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 herdin' 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' herdin' his lane.

When the bee's in its byke,
 An' the bird in its nest,
 An' 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.

THY DADDY'S SEL'.

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 e'e's deep blue,
 Thy cheek of health's most lovely 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 e'e 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."



COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

AIR—"John Anderson, my jo."

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,
ILK morning scrapin' orra things thegither for his wife—
HIS coat o' glowin' 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 letherin', a crackit croon to claw—
There is nae gaun about the buss wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly, his look both grave and sage—
To bear his rich and stately tail should have a pretty page;
And, tho' he hauds his head fu' hie, he glinteth to the grun,
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glow'rin' at the sun:

And whyles I've thocht had he a haun wharwi' to grip a stickie,
A pair o' specks across his neb, an' roun his neck a dickie,
That weans wad laughin' haud their sides, an' cry—"Preserve 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;
An' if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,
That they wha winna work in heat will hunger in the frost.

An' 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;
An' 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!

HOGMANAY.

AIR—" *The Young May Moon.*"

COME, bairns a', to your Hogmanay,
 The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day ;
 The cauld wind blows,
 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 would
 thow !

He's stoppit the burnie's todlin' din,
 Hung frosty tangles outowre the linn ;
 The flowers are a' dead,
 An' 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
 roarin' din !

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

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

WILLIE'S AWA'.

AIR—"Nannie's awa'."

LIKE wee birdies courin'
 When frosty winds blaw,
 The bairns a' look dowie,
 For Willie's awa'!
 The brae o' the burnie
 Looks wither'd an' bare,
 Though it bloom'd aye sae bonny
 When Willie was there.

His fond heart at partin'
 Was owre fu' to speak,
 He tried aye to smile,
 Though the tear wet his cheek;
 An' when wee Mary waukened—
 Her Willie awa'—
 She grat as her young heart
 Would burst in twa.

Now Jamie maun gae
 To the schule a' his lane,
 An' lang sair for Willie
 To come back again;
 The burn that sang sweetly
 To them at their play,
 Looks sullen and drumly,
 An' 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 hauntin'
 The dow'd thorny tree,
 An' thinkin' on Willie
 Brings tears to his e'e.

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,
 An' a' join to welcome
 Our Willie again.

An' O we'll be happy
 When Willie comes back,
 An' round our ain ingle
 Sae kindly we'll crack;
 He'll tell o' the ferlies
 An' folks that he saw,
 An' hear a' that happen'd
 Since he gaed awa'.

THE BUDS NOW OPEN TO THE BREEZE.

THE buds now open to the breeze,
 The birds begin to sing,
 The gowan keeks frae 'neath the clod,
 To hear the voice o' spring.
 Fu' blythe the maukin mumps the
 sward,
 Wi' pleasure in its ee,
 Or pu's the buddin' heather bell,
 A type, my wean, o' thee.
 Unnumber'd webs o' fairy waft,
 Wi' pearlie dew-draps weet,
 Are spread owre sproutin' furze and
 fern,
 To bathe my bairnie's feet.

Then dinna dicht, my drowsie tot,
 The silken fringe awa',
 That shades the bonniest ee o' blue
 That ere fond mither saw.
 Twa hours an' mair the gouldie's lilt
 I've heard sae shrill an' sweet;

An' mony a thistle tap has fa'n
 Aneath the sangster's feet.
 Then, rise, ye rougie—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,
 Whar water-lilies blaw,
 Nae mair is seen the shilpin' sheen
 O' sheets o' frost an' snaw;
 But flowers an' bowers, wi' balmy
 showers,
 Are buddin' i' 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 lentryne winna bide for thee,
 Nor me, my bonnie bairn.

SPRING.

THE Spring comes linkin' an' jinkin' through the wuds,
Saftenin' an' openin' bonnie green and yellow buds—
There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,
And the gowan wi' his red croon peepin' thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattlin' an' brattlin' snell an' keen,
Daudin' and blaudin', though red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet an' wee loof the weans kep and look for mair,
Dancin' thro'ther wi' the white pearls shinin' in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,
Daffin' and laughin' far a-doon the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans an' buttercups buskin' the thorny wands,
Sweetly singin' wi' the flower-branch wavin' in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny spring,—
Bright cluds an' green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing,—
Flower-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en,—
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shinin' a' in green.

Bairnies bring treasure an' pleasure mair to me—
Stealin' an' speilin' up to fondle on my knee;
In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh an' fair,
That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.



BE A COMFORT TO YOUR MITHER.

AIR—"O'er the muir among 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 brither,
 And gin you're blest wi' health and
 dais,
 Ye'll be a pleasure to your mither.

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' dress
 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 as you shoot and 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 braise,
 And be a comfort to your mither.

PACE EGGS.

THE morn brings Pace, bairns !
 An' happy will ye be,
 Wi' a' your bonnie dyed eggs,
 An' ilka ane has three,
 Wi' colours like the rainbow,
 And ne'er a crack nor flaw,
 Ye may row them up an' row them
 down,
 Or toss them like a ba'.
 There's some o' them are rosy red,
 An' some o' them are green,
 An' some are o' the bonnie blue
 That blinks in Mary's een ;

An' some o' them like purple bells,
 An' ithers like the bloom
 O' the bonnie gowden tassels
 That blossom on the broom.
 Ye'll toss them up the foggy banks,
 An' row them down the braes,
 Whar burnies sing, an' sweet flowers
 spring,
 An' the milk-white lammie plays,
 An' when they burst their tinted shells,
 An' a' in fragments flee,
 The crumbs will feed the bonnie bird
 That sings upon the tree.

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 crawin' an hour sin' the dawnin',

An' gowans an' buttercups glint in the sun.

Frae clover fields springin' the skylark is singin'.

An' strainin' his throat wi' a sweet hymn o' joy;

The burnie rins glancin', an' singin' an' dancin',

Cryin', "Try me a race, now, my bonnie wee boy."

While Johnnie lies winkin', the sun will be drinkin'

The dew frae the primrose an' bonnie blue bell,

Like fresh roses blowin', his cheeks will be glowin',

This mornin', when washed in the dews o' the dell.

Awa' wi' your gauntin'—the linties are chauntin',

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 wheelin' the swallow comes speilin'—

Sweet bird o' the summer frae far owre the sea;

The lammies are jumpin', and friskin', an' rompin',

An' dancin' as blythe as the bairns on the lea.

Then up, my wee laddie, an' 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.

THE SUNNY SUMMER MONTHS.

AIR—" *Jock o' Hazeldean.*"

THE sultry, sunny simmer months
 Are come wi' joy an' glee,
 An' furzy fell, and rashy dell,
 Are fill'd wi' melody ;
 The rovin' rae, frae break o' day,
 Now roams frae brake to burn,
 Then wha wad 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 chillin'
 breeze—
 The winter's bitter blast ;
 How like some moths o' mortalmould,
 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 chirlin' 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 wha wad say, my bairnies dear,
 That we were made to mourn ?

The sang o' nature's happiness
 Is heard owre meadows green,
 An' openin' to the fresh'nin' breeze
 The blawart's bell is seen ;
 The fragrance o' some Eastern clime
 Is frae our plantin's borne,—
 Then wha 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 citizens
 Now shun the barbed hook ;
 O wha wad grasp a gilded lure,
 An' nature's riches spurn ?
 We canna here, my bairnies dear,
 For goud an' gear to mourn.

The lambkins owre the daisied dell,
 In gambols wild an' free,
 Enjoy the sweets, the halesome
 sweets,
 O' blissfu' liberty;

The fetters o' the prison-fault
 The fleecy wanderers spurn,—
 Oh! never think, my bairnies dear,
 That we were made to mourn.

LADY SUMMER.

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

BIRDIE, birdie, weet your whistle,
 Sing a sang to please the wean;
 Aften ye've seen Lady Simmer
 Walkin' wi' her gallant train.
 Sing him how her gaucy mantle,
 Forest green, trails owre the lea,
 Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't
 Wi' the field flowers to the knee.

How her fit's wi' daisies buskit,
 Kirtle o' the primrose hue,
 How her ee is like my laddie's,
 Glancin', laughin', lovin' blue.

Up the brae or down the valley,
 Where we meet wi' wandering
 flowers,
 Buds and blossoms o' affection,
 Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!
 Sing it owre and owre again;
 Gar the notes fa' pitter patterin',
 Like a shower o' simmer rain.
 "Hoot, toot, toot!" the birdie's saying,
 "Wha can shear the rig that's shorn?
 Ye've sung brawlie simmer's ferlies,
 I'll tout on anither horn."

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 an' lay down your spoon !

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

Yon fat little doggie that waddles alang,
Sae pamper'd an' pechin' 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 cule—
Na ! just let them stan' till ye come frae the schule.

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



THE ABSENT FATHER.

“O! MOTHER, what tak’s
 My dear father awa’,
 When moor an’ when mountain
 Are heapit wi’ snaw—
 When thick swirlin’ drift
 Dauds the dead sapless earth,
 An’ a’ thing is drear,
 Save our ain cozie hearth?”

“The young hill-side lammies
 Wad dee wi’ the cauld,
 Wer’t no for your father,
 Wha leads them a fauld;
 His voice is weel kenn’d
 By ilk puir mother ewe—
 He’s savin’ their lives
 While he’s toilin’ for you.”

“Gin e’er I’m man muckle,
 An’ poor father spared,
 I’ll mak’ ye a leddy,
 An’ father a laird;
 I’ll brave the dour winter
 On mountain an’ lea,
 An’ toil for ye baith,
 Wha ha’e toil’d sae for me.”

“Come, lay your wee head
 On your ain minnie’s knee,
 An’ 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?—
 Aiblins they’re near.”

The door gets a dirl,
 An’ flees back to the wa’,—
 ’Tis he—frae his bonnet
 He wauffs aff the snaw—
 “I’m here! my sweet son,
 An’ my bonnie wee dame!
 Down Collie! Be thankfu’
 We’re a’ now at hame.”

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,
 Bonnie 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.

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 'tis caller water
 Gi'es ye sic a bonnie skin;
 Cease your spurring, tak' your wash-
 ing,

Syne ye'll get your milk and bread;
 Gin ye dinna quat your splashing,
 I may douk ye owre the head.

Now it's owre, 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 gambols—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.

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 an' mirth;
 For lichtsome hearts are owre the
 lawn,
 An' plenty owre the lea,
 Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,
 My bonny bairns, wi' me.

The garden's tint its gairiness,
 The glebe its gaudy green,
 For simmer's sun the glade an' glen
 Anither shade has gi'en;
 But love nae season kens but ane,
 Sae come, my bairns, wi' me,
 An' 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 simmer brows,
 The buttercup its crown ;
 But fairer flowers are in the bowers
 O' love an' charity,
 Sae welcome merry harvest in,
 My bonny bairns, wi' me.

The nut an' slae, owre bank an' brae,
 In rip'nin' clusters hing,
 An' happy hearts, wi' harmless jest,
 Now gar the welkin ring ;
 The reapers reap, the gleaners glean,
 A cantie sicht to see,
 Then welcome merry harvest in,
 My bonny bairns, wi' me.

The wren has left its couthie cot,
 Out-owre yon siller spring,
 An' limps in loveless loneliness,
 A waesome, wearied thing ;
 But nature feeds wi' open han'
 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 ;
 An' ye shall share a mither's care,
 An' a' she has to gi'e—
 Sae welcome merry harvest in,
 My bonny bairns, wi' me.

HAIRST.

AIR—" *Coming through the rye.*"

Tho' weel I lo'e the buddin' spring,
 I'll no misca' John Frost,
 Nor will I roose the simmer days
 At gowden autumn's cost ;

For a' the seasons in their turn
 Some wished-for pleasures bring,
 An' han' in han' 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 simmer woods,
 The lintie's titterin' sang;"
 But when the woods grew gay and
 green,

And birds sang sweet and clear,
 It then was, "When will hairst-time
 come,
 The gloamin' o' the year?"

Oh! hairst-time 's like a lippin' 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,
 An' wi' an airy string she leads
 The thistle-seed balloon.

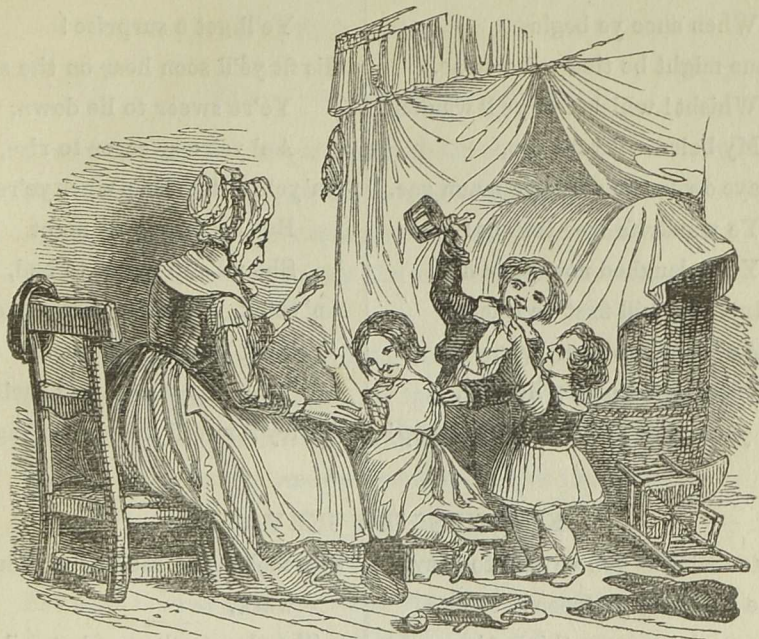
The yellow corn will porridge mak',
 The apples taste your mou',
 An' owre the stibble rigs I'll chase
 The thistle-down wi' you;

I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
 The red hip frae the brier—
 For wealth hangs in each tangled
 nook
 I' the gloamin' o' the year.

Sweet Hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest
 Within my bairnie's breast—
 Oh! may his trustin' heart ne'er
 trow

That whiles ye sing in jest;
 Some comin' joys are dancin' aye
 Afore his langin' een,—
 He sees the flower that isna blawn,
 An' birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rig is aye ahin',
 The gowden grain afore,
 An' 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 an' winnowin' win's to cool
 The gloamin' o' the year.



GANG TO YOUR BEDS.

AIR—"Miller o' Dee."

HA'E done wi' your daffin',
 An' gae to your beds,
 It's time ye were a' sleepin' sound—
 Nae thought o' the morn,
 Or the schule in your heads,
 Till mornin' an' schule time come
 round!

I'll wager a plack
 Ye'll be changin' your sang,
 Nae laughin' or merriment then!
 It's owre bright a blink this,
 An' canna last lang,
 An' 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 owre the score ye maun gae.
 Ye waukrife wee totums!
 Ye've laughed now your fill,
 Sae try wha will first be asleep,
 An' think on poor bairns
 Wha would gladly lie still,
 If to your cozie bed they could creep!

When father comes hame now,
 Ye'll get a surprise!
 His fit ye'll soon hear on the stair—
 Ye're sweer to lie down,
 An' ye're sweerer to rise,
 An' ye'll no fa' asleep when ye're there.
 But bairns aye at night
 Should slip canny to bed,
 An' think, as they're closin' their een,
 That nane can be sure,
 When they lay down their head,
 If they'll rise i' the mornin' again.

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 flist at May,
 To you she's aye been kind;
 And aft she's sung ye owre 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,
 An' gi'e a charm to ilka face,
 That naething else can gi'e.
 It's weel for bairns, wha ha'e a friend
 Wha watches them wi' care,
 And when in fault they learn frae him
 To do the like nae mair.

THE WINTER'S COME AT LAST.

AIR—" *John Anderson, my jo.*"

A BURNIN' sun nae langer beams aboon the greenwood shaw,
For cauldrie winter's keekin' ben thro' cluds o' sleet an' snaw;
An' the chirpin' o' the robin gars thy mither's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, an' the shepherd on the brae.

The cuckoo lang has ta'en his flight for warmer climes than ours,
The nippin' 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, an' the shepherd on the brae.

The swallow's sought a shelter in some sunny southern nook,
For weel it likes to kelter owre the sparklin' siller brook;
An' whan it lea's our hills behin', my heart is ever wae
For the sailor on the sea, an' the shepherd on the brae.

The corncraik now is never heard amang the rip'nin' corn;
The lintie limps sae listlessly aneath the leafless thorn,
That its chirpin' an' its chirmin' gar thy mither's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, an' the shepherd on the brae.

The bat has made a cosie bield in yon auld castle wa',
To dream thro' lang an' eerie nichts o' sights it never saw;
An' the snell an' crispin' cranreuch gars thy mither's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, an' the shepherd on the brae.

The bee, the bummin' bee, nae mair, is heard wi' cheery din,
 Like simmer's breezes murmurin' outowre the foamin' linn;
 The winnock's spraing'd wi' icy starns, sae weel may we be wae
 For the sailor on the sea, an' the shepherd on the brae.

The butterfleenae mair is seen among the woodlan' bowers;
 Auld baudrons, purrin' pawkily, ayont the ingle cowers.
 I like to see ilk creature weel, and, oh! my heart is wae
 For the sailor on the sea, an' the shepherd on the brae.

We yirm 'bout what we'll never win, an' yaumer owre our lot,
 An' fractious fock wad fractious be, tho' hauf the warl' they got;
 But let us aye contented be, as weel, my bairns, we may,
 When we think upon the sailor, an' the shepherd on the brae.

JOHN FROST.

AIR—" *The Campbells are coming.*"

You've come early to see us this year,
 John Frost,
 Wi' your crispin' an' pouterin' gear,
 John Frost;
 For hedge, tower, an' 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,
An' 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.

An' 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 goin's-on in the north,
John Frost,
Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth,
John Frost;
Tho' their kirn's on the fire,
They may kirn 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;
An' your blae frosty nose
Nae beauty wad lose,
Kent ye mair baith o' boilin' an
stovin',
John Frost.

THE BLIND BEGGAR-MAN.

AIR—"Johnny 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 gleger than ony ane here,
But has wander'd in darkness for mony a lang year ;
Yet his mind lives in sunshine, for a' he's sae blind—
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 discoursin' the bairnies e'en now,
How they ought to befrien' helpless bodies like you.”

To the feckless and friendless, my bairns, aye be kind,
Be feet to the lame, an' be eyes to the blind ;
'Twas to share wi' the needfu' our blessings were gi'en,
An' the friend o' the poor ne'er himsel' wanted frien'.

He who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn,
Will bless those who take from life's pathway a thorn,
An' 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 mither 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.



CHUCKIE.

SAW ye chuckie wi' her chickies,
 Scrabin' for them dainty pickies,
 Keekin' here and keekin' there,
 Wi' a mither'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,
 An' the schule weans round her ga-
 ther'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're cryin' "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
 Throwin' crumbs wi' kindly hand,
 While about she'll jink an' jouk,
 Pride an' pleasure in her look,
 As they're cryin' "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 pow'r,
 Aye to lessen want be sure—
 Fin' your pouch, cry "teuckie,
 teuckie,
 Here's some moolins, chuckie,
 chuckie."

THE ORPHAN WANDERER.

"O HELP the poor orphan, who, friendless, alone,
 Amid the dark 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 fond mother here.”

THE A, B, C.

AIR—“ *Clean pease strae.*”

If ye’d be daddie’s bonnie bairn,
 An’ mammie’s only pet,
 Your A B brod an’ lesson time
 Ye maunna ance forget ;
 Gin ye wad be a clever man,
 An’ usefu’ i’ your day,
 It’s now your time to learn at e’en
 The A, B, C.

To win our laddie meat an’ claes
 Has aye been a’ our care ;
 To get you made a scholar neist,
 We’ll toil baith late an’ ear’ ;
 An’ gin we need, an’ ha’e our health,
 We’ll join the nicht to day,
 Sae tak’ your brod an’ learn at e’en
 The A, B, C.

Wha kens but ye may get a schule,
 An’ syne ye’ll win our bread ?
 Wha kens but in a pu’pit yet
 We’ll see you wag your head ?
 Our minister an’ dominie
 Were laddies i’ their day,
 And had like you to learn at e’en
 The A, B, C.

Now come an’ read your lesson owre,
 Till ance your supper cule—
 O what wad monie a laddie gi’e
 To ha’e a faither’s schule ?—
 To be a mither’s only care,
 As ye are ilka day,
 Should mak’ ye like to learn at e’en
 The A, B, C !

YE MAUN GANG TO THE SCHULE.

AIR—“ *As Jenny sat down wi’ her wheel by the fire.*”

YE maun gang to the schule again’ summer, my bairn,
It’s no near sae ill as ye’re thinking to learn;
An’ it’s even a’ warldly riches abune,
For it’s easy to carry, an’ never gaes dune.

Ye’ll read o’ the land, an’ ye’ll read o’ the sea,
O’ the high an’ the low, o’ the bound and the free;
An’ maybe a tear will the wee bookie stain,
When ye read o’ the widow an’ faitherless wean!

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

I’ll then think on the dew that comes frae abune,
Like draps frae the stars or the silvery mune,
To freshen the flowers:—but the tears frae your ee
For the woes o’ anither, are dearer to me.

So ye’ll gae to the schule 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 come on,
Ye’ll can read William Wallace or Gilpin John.

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

AIR—" *The boatie rows.*"

I've gear eneuch, I've gear eneuch,
 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 goud 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-e'ed dochter's just
 The picture o' mysel'.
 O! blessin's on my darlin's a',
 'Bout me they're aye sae fain,
 My heart rins o'er wi' happiness
 To think them a' my ain.

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

WEE NANNY.

AIR—" *Owre the muir among the heather.*"

Wee Nanny weel deserves a sang,
 So weel she tends her little brither;
 For aye when mother's workin'
 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,
 An' lifts him cannie owre the gutter.

Whare bees bum owre the flowery
 green,
 Wi' buttercups an' gowans glancin',
 There may the happy totts be seen,
 Like lammies in the meadow dancin';
 Then wi' their laps weel filled wi'
 flowers,
 An' glowin' cheeks as red as roses,
 Come toddlin' hame, then play for
 hours
 At buskin' necklaces an' posies.

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

MY DRAGON.

Air—"Logie o' Buchan."

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

The win' it comes snelly,
 An' scatters the leaves,
 John Frost on the windows
 A fairy wab weaves;

The robin is singin',
 An' blae is the slae,
 Sae I'll aff to the hills
 Wi' my dragon the day.

I coft me a string
 That will reach to the mune,
 I wish I could rise wi't
 The white cluds abune,
 An' see the wee stars
 As they glitter an' play!—
 Let me aff to the hills
 Wi' my dragon the day!



UNCLE JAMIE.

AIR—" *Ewie wi' the crookit horn.*"

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

Uncle Jamie had a mill,
 An' a wee mouse it intill,
 Wi' a little bell to ring,
 An' a supple-jack to fling;
 An' a drummer, rud-de-dud,
 On a little drum to thud,
 An' a mountit bold dragoon,
 Ridin' 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 supple-jack like mad!
 Gallop went the bold dragoon,
 As he would gallop owre the moon!

Some, wha aiblins 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 feel as blythe as he.
 Weel the bairns may mak' their mane,
 Uncle Jamie's dead an' gane!

CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO.

AIR—"Laird o' Cockpen."

CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO, cur-rook-i-ty-doo,
 Wi' your neck o' the goud an' 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 an' his gun,
 The moorfowl to shoot on the hills o' Kilmun,
 My brithers 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 dooket, 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 scrapin' their meat,
 Wi' her cluckety-cluck, an' their wee wheetle-wheet;
 An' bauld leeriellaw, wad lea' naething to you,
 Sae pick frae my han', my cur-rook-i-ty-doo.

They bought me a pyet—they gi'ed me a crow,
 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 lea' ye alane;
 But maybe ye'll dee, or tak' on wi' the new,
 Yet I'll never forget my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

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 kickin' wi' the feetie o't!

A randy, roarin', cankert thing,
 That nought will do but flist an' fling,
 An' gar the very riggin' ring,
 Wi' ragin' at the meatie o't!

This canna be my ain bairn,

That was so gude and bonnie O!

Wi' dimpl'd cheek an' merry een,

An' pawky tricks sae mony O!

That danced upon her daddy's knee,

Just like a birdie boun' to flee,

An' aye had kisses sweet to gi'e

A' round about to ony O!

O yes, it is my ain bairn!

She's comin' to hersel' again!

Now blessin's 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,

An' soon would be hersel' again.

CHEETIE PUSSIE.

AIR—"Saw ye my Peggy?"

CHEETIE! cheetie pussie!

Slippin' thro' the housie,

Watchin' frightened mousie—

Makin' little din;

Or by fireside currin',

Sang contented purrin',

Come awa' to Mirren,

Wi' your velvet skin!

Bonny baudrons! grup it!

Straik it weel an' clap it!

See the milk, it's lappit,

Ilka drap yestreen;

Hear to hungry cheetie!

Mewlin' for its meatie,

Pussie, what a pity

Ye shou'd want a frien'!

Throw the cat a piecie,

Like a kindly lassie,

Ne'er be proud and saucy,

Hard an' thrawn like Jean;

Doggie wants a share o't,

If ye've ony mair o't,

Just a wee bit spare o't,

An' you're mither's queen!

Cheetie! cheetie pussie!
Watchin' frightened mousie,—
Slippin' thro' the housie
Wi' your glancin' een;

Or by fireside currin',
Sang contented purrin',
Come awa' to Mirren,
Tell her whare you've been!

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!"

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.



YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

“ COME, callants, quit sic cruel sport ; for shame, for shame, gi’e owre !

That puir half-witted creature ye’ve been fightin’ wi’ this hour ;

What pleasure ha’e ye seeing him thus lay his bosom bare,—

Ye maunna scaith the feckless—they’re God’s peculiar care.

“ The wild flower seeks the shady dell, an’ shuns the mountain’s brow,

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

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

Ye maunna scaith 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’;
 An’ this puir 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,
 Whase wee bit helpless, mournfu’ greet ye canna thole to hear;
 An’ is there ane amang ye but your best wi’ him wad share?—
 Ye maunna scaith the feckless—they’re God’s peculiar care.”

The callants’ 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, an’ strok’d his gowden hair,—
 The bairnies felt the feckless was God’s peculiar care.

THE SCARLET ROSE-BUSS.

AIR—“ *There grows a bonnie brier bush.*”

COME see my scarlet rose-buss
 My father gied to me,
 That’s growin’ in our window-sill
 Sae fresh an’ bonnilie;
 I wadna gi’e my rose-buss
 For a’ the flow’rs I see,
 Nor for my pouches fill’d wi’ goud,
 Sae sweet it is to me.

I set it in the best o’ mould
 Frae aff the moudie’s hill,
 An’ cover’d a’ the yird wi’ moss
 I gather’d on the hill;
 I saw the blue bell bloomin’,
 An’ the gowan wat wi’ dew,
 But my heart was on my rose-buss set,
 I left them where they grew.

I water't ilka mornin'
Wi' meikle pride an' care,
An' no a wither'd leaf I leave
Upon its branches fair;
Twa sprouts are risin' frae the root,
An' four are on the stem,
Three rose-buds and sax roses blawn;
'Tis just a perfect gem!

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

THE WILD BEE.

CANNIE wee body wha risest sae early,
And fa'st to thy wark 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 simmer 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,
An' 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 mither 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 puir body's bairn.
 O! happy wad 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.

JOHNNY ON HIS SHELTY.

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

SAW ye Johnny on his shelty,
 Ridin', brattlin', helty skelty,
 In his tartan trews an' kilty—
 Was there ever sic a wean?
 Only aught years auld come Lammas,
 Yet he's bigger than our Tammas,
 If he's spared he winna shame us,
 Else I'm meikle sair mista'en.

Brattlin' thro' the bloomin' heather,
 By the side o' tenty father,
 Ne'er a bridle nor a tether—
 Haudin' steevelly by the main:
 Did ye only see our Johnny
 Sittin' on his Hiellan' pony!
 Him! he wadna beek 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 an' bane.

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

MY DOGGIE.

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

YE may crack o' your rabbits an' 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 puir thing in the auld miller's dam,
 I gi'ed them a penny, an' ran wi't awa',
 For I thought it was sinfu' sic harshness to shaw.

Whan I gang to the schule, 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,
 An' winna forget what I say for a week ;
 My bonnet it carries, or gi'es me a paw—
 Like Rover there's no sic a doggie ava.

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, an' a back like the crow—
 A tyke like my Rover there's pane ever saw.

THE SPRING TIME O' LIFE.

AIR—" *O wat ye wha I met yestreen?*"

THE simmer comes wi' rosy wreaths,
 An' dances on 'mang fragrant
 flowers,
 While furthy autumn plenty breathes,
 An' blessings in abundance showers.
 E'en winter, wi' its frost an' snaw,
 Brings meikle still the mind to cheer,
 But there's a season worth them a',
 An' 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 buddin' thorn;
 The burn an' brae, the hill an' dell,
 A sang o' hope are heard to sing,
 An' simmer, autumn, winter, tell,
 Wi' joy or grief, the wark o' spring.

Now, youth's the spring-time o' your
 life,

Whan seed is sown wi' meikle toil,
 An' hopes are high, an' fears are rife,
 Lest weeds should rise the braird
 to spoil.

I've sown the seed, my bairnies dear,
 By precept and example baith,
 An' may the HAN' that guides us here
 Preserve it frae the spoiler's skaith!

But soon the time will come when you
 May lose a mither's tender care,
 A sinfu' world to wander through,
 Wi' a' its stormy strife to share;
 Then min' 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.

SCENES AND PIECES

SUITED TO THE NURSERY.

A NOISY NURSERY.

PARTIES REPRESENTED.

A group of romping children—Servant Mysie using severe measures to repress the boisterous merriment—Children appeal from the tyranny to old Granny.—Mysie might chant her notes to the strain of “Low down in the broom”—Granny to “Gin a body meet a body”—The children to “Highland Laddie”—and Granny take up the same strain.

MYSIE.

“WHISHT! whisht! ye restless, noisy
things!

Ye deave me wi' your din;
I canna hear your granny's voice,
As round the house ye rin.
Gae wa' and learn your lessons a',
Or ye may soon ha'e cause
To sing yoursel's anither sang,
If ance I streek the taws!

The house like ony bedlam rings,
When ye come frae the schule;
The auldest too 's the warst of a',
Rampagin' like a fule.
The neebours—they'll be chappin'
through—
They canna thole your noise!
For whar's the house in a' the land
Like ours for daft-like ploys?

"It's better wearin' shoon than
sheets,"

Ye'll hear your granny say,
For weel ken ye she tak's your part,
Be as mislear'd's ye may.

And syne ye rant about the house,
Or roar upon the stair!
It's aye the way ilk rainy day,
Till my poor head grows sair."

GRANNY.

"O, LET the bairnies play themsel's!

I like to hear their din;

I like to see ilk merry face,

As they tot out an' in.

When young hearts dance in happy
breasts,

They canna lang be still;—

Sae let the wee things rant awa'—

It mak's me young mysel'.

"Ye wouldna ha'e them, dull an'
douce,

To sit like you an' me,

Like howlets in a corner a',

Whilk bairnies canna be.

An auld head set on shouthers
young!

The like was never seen;

For bairnies will be bairnies aye,

As they ha'e ever been.

"Their mornin' sun shines warm an'
sweet,

The flowers are blooming fair,

A wee bird sings in ilka breast,

That kens nae dool nor care.

So let the birdies sing their fill,

An' let the blossoms blaw,

For bairnies round their granny's
hearth

Are the sweetest flowers of a'.

"They mind me, like a happy dream,

O' days that ance were mine;

They mind me aye o' voices sweet

That I ha'e heard langsyne:

I see blythe faces I ha'e seen,

My mother's hame I see;—

Auld folk, ye ken, grow bairns
again,

An' sae it fares wi' me."

CHILDREN'S APPEAL.

“ GRANNIE, Mysie's ta'en my ba',
 Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
 An' flung my Hollan's bools awa'—
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie ;
 The bonnie ba' ye made to me,
 The bools I bought wi' yon bawbee,
 She's gart them o'er the window flee—
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie.

“ Mysie winna let me play,
 Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
 Girnin' a' the lee lang day—
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie ;
 Mary sits upon the stair,
 Sabbin' wi' a heart fu' sair,—
 An' ither bairns sae happy there,—
 An' a' for flytin' Mysie.”

GRANNY.

“ O THAT Mysie's tongue would tire !
 Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
 Never dune wi' spittin' fire—
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie ;
 Ragin' aye the bairns amang,
 Be they right or be they wrang,
 Endless is the weary clang
 O' cankert, flytin' Mysie.

“ Peace an' love a' frightit flee,
 Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie ;
 Hame can never happy be
 For cankert, flytin' Mysie ;
 Seldom blinks a sunny hour,
 Mysie's tongue, so sharp an' dour,
 Turns a' the bairnies' tempers sour—
 Fy on flytin' Mysie !

“ Up the stair an' down the stair,
 Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
 Rings her tongue for ever mair—
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie ;
 Aye the latest sound at night,
 Aye the first wi' mornin' light,
 Waukenin' bairnies in a fright—
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie.

“ Muckle ye've to answer for,
 Flytin' Mysie, flytin' Mysie,
 Drivin' kindness frae the door,
 Cankert, flytin' Mysie ;
 Maids an' mithers aye should mind,
 'As bends the twig the tree's inclined,'
 Rear them kindly, they'll grow kind—
 But dinna flyte like Mysie !”

THE AULD BEGGAR-MAN.

A PARABLE.

“WHA totters sae wearily up to the stile,
Wi’ back sairly bent, and forfoughten wi’ toil,
Wi’ age-wrinkled face, and the tear in his ee—
I wonder wha this weary body can be.”

“I’ll hound out our towser,” quo’ wee Johnnie Graem,
“Whase barking and biting will chase frae our hame
The sair-ragged gangrel;” sae aff like the win’
Ran Johnnie to loose the big dog frae the chain.

“Stop, stop,” quoth his father, and mildly replied,
While Johnnie sair frightened crap close to his side;
“Gae down bye and meet him, and gi’e him your han’—
Speak kindly, an’ welcome the auld beggar-man.”

Wee Johnnie stood switherin’, baith angry and fear’d—
What a pity that bairns should be cross and mislear’d—
Till up cam’ the wanderer, wha craved this small boon—
A cup of cold water, and leave to sit down.

“Come in to the ingle and rest you a while,”
Quoth Johnnie Graem’s father; and then wi’ a smile,
Wi’ a heart fu’ o’ kindness he reached out his han’,
And heartily welcom’d the auld beggar-man.

Nae frown on his father's face wee Johnnie sees,
While he cracks wi' the auld beggar-man at his ease ;
And he wonders what charm conjured up the sweet smile
Which played round the mouth of his mother the while.

He wondered to hear the tired stranger narrate,
How the sun of his life had been dimmed by the hate
And the fell disobedience of his only son,
Whose ill deeds had brought his grey hairs to the grun'.

How his auld wife had wept when her ne'er-do-weel bairn,
Wi' feelings like snaw, cauld, and heart hard as airn,
Had driven them out on a pitiless warl',
Where rich folk ha'e nae ruth, and puirer folk snarl.

How she wept, broken-hearted, in hunger she pined,
How her last breath had pass'd 'mid the cauld winter's wind.
Johnnie glower'd when he saw how the het, het tears ran
O'er the cheeks and the chin o' the auld beggar-man.

He look'd at the auld man, and syne at his father,
And he saw pity's tear dew the cheeks o' his mother ;
And the wee heart o' Johnnie was sair rack'd wi' pain,
An' he grat till the auld beggar-man was lang gane.

O Pity ! thy form like an angel's is bright,
Thou Cherub commissioned from realms of pure light.
May Pity and Charity, linked with Love,
Dwell on earth as they dwell with our FATHER above.

JOHN HOWARD.

A BIOGRAPHY.

COME hither, while I tell a tale about a man of fame,
Known for his great philanthropy—John Howard was his name.
With wealth to meet his wishes, he through many lands did roam,
Till chance made him a captive when returning towards home.

When pining in captivity, he thought upon the pains
Of those unhappy sufferers who are bound in prison chains;
To lessen all the horrors of the captive's direful lot,
He feared nor pain nor danger, while a remedy he sought.

He travelled south, he travelled north, he entered many a cell,
Where gaunt disease and agony in prison darkness dwell.
He toil'd with ceaseless energy—his meek heart oped the gates
Of jails and lazarettos, as full many a book narrates.

He had little of the culture which is bought in classic schools,—
His teacher was fair Mercy, and he practised all her rules;
His eloquence sprung from the heart, inspired by virtue's flame,
And his manners thence acquired a grace which consecrates his name.

War's bloody banner flaunting, by a despot's hand unfurled,
May gain the conqueror laurels from a subjugated world,
But the blazon of his high emprise—the trumpet-blast of fame—
Which proclaims the victor's glory, are but trophies of his shame.

For despair, and want, and suffering, follow howling in his train,
And so loud the victor's pœan, just so loud the shriek of pain;
But the glory of John Howard—the benevolent, the mild—
Was, that misery fled before him, and where'er he went hope smiled.

And did his labours end in vain?—what followed? you inquire,
I'll tell you all his history. Sit closer round the fire.
He sent a full and true report to Britain's Parliament,
Of all the woes he witnessed in jails, where'er he went.

And patiently they listen'd to the horrible array
Of scenes in noisome dungeons, hid from the eye of day;
And speedily they seconded the good man's virtuous scheme;
'Till they whom law had tortured wept with joy at Howard's name.

And from land to land he travelled, for his mission knew no bound,
For he sought to lessen suffering, wherever it was found;
Till, when ministering to the fever-struck in Tartary afar,
He died, and found a resting-place in the empire of the Czar.

And many a costly cenotaph was raised to honour him,—
But his high fame needs no monument, and never can grow dim;
For as long as men revere the good, his virtues shall endure,
And his name is deeply graven in the memories of the pure.

THE CANDLEMAS KING.

“I’m sure this is Candlemas, mither, ye ken,
Then haste ye an’ bring me my sabbath-day claes,
Rab Russel, an’ Tam o’ the Hazel-tree glen,
Are baith out o’ sight o’ the Patterton braes!
My task I ha’e learn’d, an’ my face I ha’e wash’d,
An’ I counted yestreen ilka hour that did ring,—
Wi’ suppin’ my parritch I canna be fash’d,—
O, I wish I were sure I’d be Candlemas king!

“Nae less than a shillin’ I’ve gather’d mysel’,
My father has promis’d anither to gi’e,
While Johnny Macfarlane, wha never can spell,
Has only a groat, if he tells na a lie.”
Puir robin is happin’ along the roadside,
An’ he crumbles his piece to the chitterin’ wee thing,
While aft to himsel’ he is sayin’ wi’ pride,
“How happy I’ll be when I’m Candlemas king!”

The schule he comes near wi’ a heart blithe an’ bauld,
An’ as supple’s an eel in the Rookin linn burn;
There’s ice on the dubs, but he minds nae the cauld,
Tho’ blae as a blawort his rosy cheeks turn.
O! what are the best o’ enjoyments that come
To gild an’ to gladden our autumn or spring?
Experience still whispers this truth as the sum—
“’Tis the fanciful bliss of a Candlemas king!”

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfain?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!
The sister who sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthiely deal wi' the mitherless bairn!
Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:—
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

BROTHERS QUARRELLING.

PARTIES.

Davie and Sandy, each blaming the other as being the aggressor—Both appeal to their Father, who gives them advice, and recites his feelings on the occasion of a Brother's Death.—Davie and Sandy may try to sing their complaints to "John Anderson," if they cannot find better—The Father, in his Advice, to "Logie o' Buchan"—And in Brother's Death, "On a bank of flowers."

DAVIE.

"FATHER, settle Sandy!
 He's makin' mou's at me,
 He's aye plague, plaguin',
 An' winna let me be;
 And syne he looks so simple-like,
 Whene'er he thinks he's seen,
 But just as soon's you're out o' sight
 He's makin' mou's again.

"Father, settle Sandy!
 He's cryin' names to me,
 He's aye tig, tigg'in',
 An' winna let me be;
 But O sae sly, he hauds his tongue,
 Whene'er he kens ye're near,
 An' says't again below his breath,
 That nane but me can hear."

SANDY.

"Father, settle Davie!
 It's him that winna gree,
 He's aye flist, flistin',
 An' lays the blame on me;

I daurna speak, I daurna look,
 I daurna move a limb,
 For if I gi'e a wee bit laugh,
 He says I laugh at him."

FATHER.

“ O LEARN to be loving,
 And kindly agree,
 At home all as happy
 As brothers should be,
 Ere distance may part you,
 Or death may divide,
 And leave you to sigh o'er
 A lonely fireside.

“ The sweet look of kindness,
 The peace-speaking tongue,
 So pleasant and lovely
 In old or in young,

Will win the affections
 Of all that you see,
 And make you still dearer
 To mother and me.

“ But O ! if divided
 By distance or death,
 How sore would it grieve you
 Till life's latest breath,
 That anger or discord
 Should ever have been,
 Or aught but affection
 Two brothers between.”

A BROTHER'S DEATH.

“ I HAD a brother dear who died
 In childhood's opening bloom,
 And many a sad and tender thought
 Springs from his early tomb ;
 And still the sad remembrance
 comes,
 With all its former woe,
 Although my little brother died
 Full thirty years ago !

“ It comes with all the tenderness
 Of childhood's gentle hours,
 When hand in hand we roved along
 To cull gay summer flowers ;
 Or wandered through the old church-
 yard,
 Beneath the smiling sky,
 And played among the lowly graves
 Where he was soon to lie !

“ I see him yet with locks of gold,
And eyes of heavenly blue,
With pale, pale brow, though ruddy
cheeks—

Twin roses bathed in dew ;
And when he pined in sore disease,
I thought my heart would break,
I could have laid me down and died
Most gladly for his sake.

“ And well do I remember still,
Beneath the starry sky,
In childish fancy I have traced
His bright abode on high ;
I knew his spirit was in heaven,
And from some lovely star
I thought his gentle eye looked down
And saw me from afar !

“ In solitude, at evening hour,
I’ve found it sad and sweet,
To muse among the dear old scenes
Trode by his little feet ;
And many an old frequented spot,
Where we were wont to play,
Was hallowed by remembrance
still
In manhood’s riper day.

“ A bank there was with wild flowers
gay,
And whins all blooming round,
Where once upon a summer day
A small bird’s nest we found,
I haunted so that sacred spot,
And paced it o’er and o’er,
My well worn footprints on the grass
For many a day it bore.

“ And I have gazed upon his grave,
While tears have dimm’d my eye,
To think that one so young and fair
In that low bed should lie ;
Unconscious now of all our woe,
Of all our love and care,
Or bright gleam of the summer sun
That shone so sweetly there.

“ And I have lingered on the spot,
When years had rolled away,
And seen his little grave upturned
To mix with kindred clay.
Cold dust alone remained of all
Our former joy and pride,
And they who loved and mourned for
him,
Now slumber by his side.”

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, the joy 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 bliss! to feel thee breathing
 In my bosom, free from harm.
 Not for all a world's treasure,
 Doubled, would I thee resign—
 Give one half the nameless pleasure
 Thus to know thee, feel thee mine

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"Caledonia."

Im' wearin' aff this weary warld
 Of trouble, toil, and tears,
 But thro' the dusk of death the dawn
 Of happiness appears;

An', oh! wi' a' I lo'ed sae weel
 It's sair for me to part,
 The bairnie at my breast wha clung,
 The treasure o' my heart.

Wha fondly toddled roun' my knee,
When could misfortune's blast
In eerie sough gaed thro' my breast,
An' laid my bosom waste.
I'm wae to lea' the friends I lo'e,
In tearfu' grief forfairn,—
Oh wha can tell a mother's thochts
When partin' wi' her bairn!

The tender twig, by nursing care,
Will grow a stately tree,
But wha will turn the witherin'
blast
O' warldly scorn frae thee?

The stranger's han' may crush my
flower,
May scaith its earthly peace;
But we shall meet to love for aye,
Whare toil and troubles cease.

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

THE SELF-WILL'D BOY.

Leaves home and becomes a cabin boy—his parents die of grief—he is shipwrecked—his Lament and Prayer—is rescued—reaches home—and, finding his father and mother dead, sinks into despondency. Better to recite than attempt to sing the Narrative—the Lament will suit either the air of “O why left I my hame?” or “Auld Robin Gray.”

NARRATIVE.

COME listen now, ye children dear !

Who live at home in gladness,
And from the lips of love, oh hear !

A simple tale of sadness ;
And when you're men and women
grown,

You'll prize the truths I tell you ;
Nor mourn o'er loving parents gone,
When tears can nought avail you.

Poor Willie ! was a thoughtless boy,
Though kind and honest-hearted,
His loving parents' hope and joy,
Ere from his home he parted ;
But restless thoughts on him laid
hold,

A wild and wayward notion
That he would be a sailor bold,
And rove upon the ocean.

O Willie was a lightsome boy !

With cheeks like opening roses,
And eyes that sparkled bright with
joy,

Like stars when evening closes ;
As fleet of foot as any roe
That bounds o'er heathy mountain,
And fresh as wilding flowers that grow
Beside the gushing fountain.

But he forsook his happy home,
All friendly counsel scorning,
Far on the dangerous sea to roam,
And left his parents mourning.
And when the nights grew long and
dark,

With winds in wild commotion,
They lay and thought upon the bark
With Willie on the ocean !

They thought on many a hidden snare,
 The darkness and the dangers,
 The hardships sailor boys must bear
 'Mong rude unfeeling strangers;
 But still they hoped and prayed that
 HE

Who stays the tempest's roaring,
 Would shield him on the raging sea,
 Their Willie home restoring.

O they had hoped to see the day!
 Would fill their hearts with gladness,
 When he would prove their age's stay
 In sickness or in sadness;
 And then, within the narrow bed,
 Released from mortal cumber,
 That he would lay each weary head
 In yon churchyard to slumber.

But sickness bowed the father down—
 No tidings came to cheer him—
 And ere the winter wild had flown,
 They to his grave did bear him:
 And sad and sore his mother pined—
 Oh! how could Willie grieve her,
 And break a heart so true and kind,—
 But death did soon relieve her.

And you will weep the song to hear
 That tells his sad disaster,
 And how he mourned his parents dear,
 With tears that followed faster
 Than summer rain, which bathes the
 bloom
 Of flowers all parched and fading;
 But, ah! no tears revive the tomb,
 Nor heal the heart's upbraiding!

THE LAMENT.

"O WHAT could urge me on to tempt the restless deep?
 And wring my parents' hearts, till I forced them both to weep?
 Why quit their peaceful bield for the wild tempestuous sea,
 A castaway to pine in a strange countrie?

"A stubborn wilful boy—no warning would I take,
 Although I saw their hearts a-bursting for my sake;
 Entreaties, prayers, and tears, were lost alike on me,
 Ah! how I feel them now in this strange countrie?

“ O where’s the wimpling burn?—the bonnie sunny brae,
Where the minnows used to sport—the lammies frisk and play?
Nae wimpling burn is here—nae sunny brae I see
But a’ is bleak and drear in this strange countrie.

“ The sea ran mountains high, our ship was dashed to wreck,
While every living thing was swept from off the deck,
And now a barren rock is all that’s left for me,
To perish here unseen in this strange countrie.

“ Our noble captain sank with all his crew so brave,
And every gallant heart now sleeps beneath the wave;
While I am left alone in hopeless misery,
A harder lot to mourn in this strange countrie.

“ O THOU ! WHOSE WORD SUPREME can bid the winds be still!
Or make the billows heave, obedient to thy will,
Thine erring child forgive !—O succour send thou me !
Their broken hearts to heal in my ain countrie.”

A vessel hove in sight—the sea boy reached his home,
No more to plough the deep nor from his friends to roam !
He saw his mother’s face !—no mother then was she,
Her purer part had fled to a Pure Countrie !

Her heart for him had broke, his sire’s had broken too,
The sea boy now was left his erring ways to rue,
A gloom came o’er his soul—a blighted bud was he,
Ah ! never more to bloom in his ain countrie !

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

AIR—" *What's a' the steer, kimmer ?*"

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.

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.

THE SLEEPY LADDIE.

AIR—" *The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

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 pouter 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 braes;
For a coggie weel fill'd and a clean fire-en'
Should mak' ye jump up, and gae skelping ben.

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 !

MY LAVEROCK.

AIR—" *Scotland's Hills for me.*"

Come sing a sang, my bonny 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 there 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!

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

AIR—"The Boys of Kilkenny."

THE flower 's on the thorn,

And the saft tassell'd bloom

Is hanging like gowd

On the bonny 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 bumblee

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 bonny,
 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!

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

AIR—"John Anderson, my jo."

LET precept and example
 Aye hand in hand be seen,
 For gude advice is plenty,
 And unco easy gi'en;
 And bairnies in the uptak'
 Ye ken are seldom slow,
 So aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e,
 A gude example show.

They're gleg at imitation,
 As ilka ane may ken:
 The lassies a' would women be—
 The laddies would be men;
 So lead them kindly by the hand
 The road that they should go,
 And aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e,
 A gude example show.

And should you promise aught to
 them,
 Aye keep your promise true,
 For truth a precious lesson is
 That they maun learn frae you;
 And ne'er reprove a naughty word
 Wi' hasty word or blow,
 But aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e,
 A gude example show.

And so to home-born truth and love
 Ye'll win ilk bonnie bairn,
 For as they hear the old cock crow,
 The young are sure to learn:
 They'll spurn at mean hypocrisy,
 Wi' honest pride they'll glow,
 And bless the parents' watchfu' care.
 Wha gude example show.

BONNIE SPRING.

AIR—"Logie o' Buchan."

O COME, bonnie Spring ! we hae a' wearied sair
To see thy blythe face laughing o'er us ance mair—
To taste thy warm breath, souching soft o'er the leas,
And hear thy sweet voice frae the young budding trees.

O come, bonnie Spring ! in the morning's grey dawn,
When there's mist on the mountain, and dew on the lawn—
When high, 'neath the white clouds the loud lav'rocks sing
Their first hymns o' gladness to thee, bonnie Spring !

Ye'll brighten the een that are dowie and auld :
Ye'll lighten the heart that is cheerless and cauld :
For cauld maun the heart be, and cloudy the ee,
That canna feel rapture at meeting wi' thee.

The bairns will rin out o'er the sunny green knowes,
And plait flowery bands for their young happy brows ;
And, hand joined in hand, they'll dance round in a ring,
And welcome thee in wi' a sang, bonnie Spring !

O come, bonnie Spring ! in thy ain artless pride,
A' shining in gowd, like a monarch's young bride :
Bring music and gladness attending thy train,
And crown thy fair locks wi' green garlands again.

We'll see thy red robes streaming bright o'er the sky—
Thy feet, decked wi' daisies, sae light dancing by ;
And we'll get a warm waff o' thy saft flowery wing,
And hail thee fair Queen o' the year, bonnie Spring !

“I PLUCK'D THE BERRY,” &c.

I PLUCK'D the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me :
I saw them in their curious nests close couched, and slyly peer,
With their wild eyes like glittering beads, to note if harm were near :
I passed them by, and blessed them all ; I felt that it was good
To leave unharmed God's creatures small, whose home is in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing ;
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing :
He will not fly ; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.
Sing on, sing on, blythe bird ! and fill my heart with summer gladness .
It has been aching many a day with measures full of sadness.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

Written to an ancient Nursery Melody.

O WHAUR gat ye that manly bairn,
I ance had ane his marrow,
Who shone out like a heavenly starn,
Amid my nicht o' sorrow.
Nae ferlie that I lo'e your wean,
An' o' his sweets envy ye,
For my poor heart, sae sad and lane,
Grows glad when I am nigh ye.

My boy was fair, my boy was brave,
Wi' yellow ringlets flowing ;
But now he sleeps in yon cauld grave,
Sweet flowerets frae him growing.
When his dear father joined the bless'd,
I fain wad hae gane wi' him ;
But that sweet child clung to my breast,
I couldna gang an' lea' him.

My boy he grew, he better grew,
Nae marrow had he growin',
Till ae snell blast that owre us blew,
Set my sweet bud a dwin'.

But aye as dowed the outward rind,
The core it grew the dearer,
And aye as his frail body dwined,
His mind it shone the clearer.

O bright, bright shone his sparklin ee—
His cheek the pillow pressing ;
He cast his last sad glance on me—
“ Sweet mother, hae my blessing.”
Then oh, the childless heart forgie,
That canna but envy ye ;
For still that ee seems fixed on me,
While thus I linger by ye.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY,

OR

EXPLANATION OF SCOTTISH TERMS AND PHRASES

INTRODUCED IN THE PRECEDING SONGS.

With an attempt to give the most approved pronunciation of these, according to the principles established by Walker in his "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary."

There are a few vowel sounds peculiar to the Scottish language, in common with most other languages, which are not introduced into Walker. The diphthongs *ui* and *oo*, as well as the vowel *u* in a syllable which has *e* final, have the sound of the Greek *υ*, or the French *u*, such as heard in *abune*, *blume*, *brue*, or in French, *jeu*, *peur*, *vue*.

The long sound of the diphthong *ae* and the vowel *a* with an *e* final, as heard in *ae*, *blae*, *brae*, *gae*, &c., is an approach to the short sound of *e*.

The sound of the diphthong *ei* or *ey* has the sound of the Greek diphthong *ει*, as heard in *stey*, *either*, *gey*, *fley*.

The letters *ch* have the well known guttural power corresponding to the Greek *χ*, as heard in *aneuch*, *bricht*, *aucht*, *dochter*; the consonant power guttural was used in the Anglo-Saxon, in the Old English, and is in the present German, Dutch, and Arabic.

A.

Fàte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—
tùbe, túb búll—òil—pòund.

A', â, *adj.* All, every one

Abee, â-beè', *adv.* Let abee; let
alone

Aboon, } â bun', *prep.* Above.

Abune, } *u* peculiar

Ae, *a*, as yea, *adj.* One; once. *a*
peculiar

Aff, âff, *adv.* Off

Afore, â-fòr', *prep.* Before

Aft, âft, *adv.* Oft

Aften, âft'ên, *adv.* Often

Ahint, }
Ahin, } â-hînt', *prep.* Behind

Aiblins, â'-blîns, *adv.* Perhaps,
may be

Ain, ân, *adj.* Own. "My ain"—
my own

Air, âr, *adj.* Early

Fâte, fâr, fáll, fât—mê, mêt—pline, pin—

Airn, ârn, s. Iron

Alane, â-lan', *adj.* Alone. *a* peculiar

Alang, â-lâng', *prep.* Along

Amaist, â-màst', *adv.* Almost

Amang, â-mâng', *prep.* Among

An', ân, *conj.* If; and

Ance, âns, *adv.* Once

Ane, an, as yîn, *adj.* One. *a* peculiar

Aneath, â-nêêth', *prep.* Beneath

Aneuch, â-nêûch', *adv.* Enough.
ch guttural

Anither, â-nîth'-êr, *adj.* Another

An't, ânt, *conj.* If it were not

Ase, âs, s. Ashes

Atween, â-twêên', *prep.* Between

Aucht, âcht, s. Owns, belongs to,
ch guttural

Aught, âcht, *v. s.* Ought; any
thing; eight. *ch* guttural

Auld, âld, *adj.* Old

Auld-farrant, âld'-fâr'-ânt, *adj.*

Wise beyond years; shrewd

Aunty, ân-tê, s. Aunt

Ava, âv-â', *adv.* At all

Awa', â-wâ', *adv.* Away

Awe, â, *v.* Owe

Ayont, â-yònt', *prep.* Beyond

B.

Ba', bâ, s. Ball played with hand
or foot

Bab, bâb, s. Bunch.

Bairn, bârn, s. Child

Bairnish, bâr'-nîsh, *adj.* Child-like

Bairnies, bâr'-nês, s. Children

Baith, bâth, *adj.* Both

Bane, bane, s. Bone. *a* peculiar

Barefit, bâr'-fît, *adj.* Bare-footed

Baudrons, bâ'-drûns, s. A cat

Bauld, bâld, *adj.* Bold

Bawbee, bâ'-bêê, s. Halfpenny

Beek, bêek, *v.* To bask

Beild, bêeld, s. House; shelter

Beil', bêèl, s. Contraction of bield

Belive, }
Belyve, } bê-lyv', *adv.* Shortly

Ben, bèn—bûnt, *adv.* The inner
apartment. "But and ben"—
kitchen and parlour

Bien, bêèn, *adj.* Snug; well housed;
comfortable; wealthy

Big, bîg, *v.* To build

Biggin, bîg'-în, s. A house or
building

Bike, } bîk, s. Nest of wild bees;

Byke, } a collection

Binna, bîn'-nâ, *adv.* Be not

nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—tùbe, túb, búll—òil—pòùnd.

Birdie, búr'-dê, *s.* Diminutive of bird

Birkie, bír'-kê, *s.* A pert youngster

Bit, bít, *s.* Portion of any thing ; small ; "bit and brat," means food and clothing ; diminutive of any thing which it qualifies, as "bit house," "bit ground"—small house, spot of ground

Blae, bla, *adj.* Livid ; blueish, the colour of the skin when bruised. *a* peculiar

Blaeberry, bla'-bêr-ê, *s.* The Bilberry. *a* peculiar

Blaely, bla'-ly, *adv.* Coldly. *a* peculiar

Blate, blat, *adj.* Bashful. *a* peculiar

Blaud, blâd, *v.* To strike with anything flat

Blaw, blâ, *v.* To boast ; to blow

Blawort, blâ'-wòrt, *s.* The bluebell

Blawn, blân, *v.* Blown

Blinkers, blínk'-êrs, *s.* Eyes

Blithe, } Blith, *adj.* Glad, happy,
Blythe, } joyous

Blume, blum, *v.* To bloom. *a* peculiar

Bluther, bluth'-êr, *v.* To weep ; to besmear. *a* peculiar

Boal. Ból, *s.* A recess in the wall
Bogle, bóg'l, *s.* A scarecrow ; an imaginary evil spirit

Bogle-boo, bóg'l-bòò, *s.* Bugaboo

Bonnie, bò'-nê, *adj.* Beautiful, pleasing

Boo, bòò, *v.* To bend

Bools, bòòls, *s.* Marbles

Bookie, bòòk'-ê, *s.* Diminutive of book

Bow-wow, bòù'/wòù, *s.* The watchdog's challenge

Bozy, } bò'-sê, *s.* Bosom
Bosie, }

Brae, bra, *s.* Slope of a hill. *a* peculiar

Braid, brâd, *adj.* Broad

Brat, brât, *s.* A tricky child

Brattlin', brât'-lîn, *v.* Fitful gusts of storm

Braw, brâ, *adj.* Finely dressed

Brawly, } brâ'-lê, *adv.* Very well
Brawlie, }

Breeks, brêèks, *s.* Breeches

Breekies, brêèk'-ês, *s.* Diminutive of breeches

Bricht, brîcht, *adj.* Bright. *ch* guttural

Brierie, brê'êr-î, *adj.* Covered with briars ; sharp-tempered

Brig, brîg, *s.* Bridge

Fâte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—

Brither, brith'-êr, *s.* Brother
 Brod, brôd, *s.* Board. A B brod.
 Board on which the alphabet is
 pasted
 Broo, brôô, *s.* Brow, forehead;
 summit
 Broo, } bru, *s.* Broth; liquid of
 Brue, { broth or soup. *u* peculiar
 Brose, brôse, *s.* Food made by
 pouring boiling water on oat or
 pease-meal
 Bruckle, brûk'l, *adj.* Brittle
 Bruckie, brûk'-ê, *s.* Name given
 to a cow with spotted forehead
 Buckle, bûk'l, *v.* To tie
 Buffy, bûf'-ê, *adj.* Chubby; fat
 Bum, bûm, *v.* To hum as the bee
 Bumbee, bûm'-bê, *s.* The larger
 species of the wild, or field bee.
 Burn, bûrn, *s.* Streamlet with
 channely bed
 Burnie, bûr'nê, *s.* Small stream,
 diminutive of burn
 Busk, bûsk'-it, *v.* To dress
 Basket, bûsk'-it, *v.* Dressed
 Buss, bûss, *s.* Bush
 But, bût, *adv.* Outer apartment,
 kitchen. "But and ben"—kit-
 chen and parlour
 Bye, *adv.* Down-bye, dôôn-by',

referring to the situation opposite
 of up. Some place well known
 Bye-ordinar, by-ôr'-dîn-âr, *adj.*
 Extraordinary
 Byre, bir, *s.* Cow-house
 C.
 Ca', kâ, *v.* To drive
 Ca', kâ, *v.* To call
 Calshes, kâl'-shêš, *s.* A boy's
 dress made of one piece
 Callants, kâlânts, *s.* Boys
 Caller, kâl'-êr, *adj.* Fresh, healthy
 Cam', kâm, *v.* Came
 Cankert, kân'-kêrt, *adj.* Ill-na-
 tured.
 Canna, kân'-nâ, *v.* Cannot
 Candlemas, kând'l'-mâs, *s.* The
 second day of February. A gra-
 tuity of money is made to the
 teacher by the scholars in some
 places on that day—those who
 give the most are called the King
 and Queen
 Canny, } kân'-nê, *adj.* Cautious,
 Cannie, } skilful, prudent
 Canty, kân'-tê, *adj.* Cheerful,
 merry
 Capilrig-brae, Kâ-pîl'-rîg, *s.* Hill in
 the vicinity of Paisley
 Caresna, kârs'-nâ, *v.* Cares not.

nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—tùbe, túb, búll—òil—pòund.

Cauld, kàld, *adj.* Cold
 Cauldrife, kàld'-ríf, *adj.* Uncon-
 cerned; chilly
 Chap, tsháp, *v.* To strike
 Cheep, tshèép, *v.* To chirp
 Cheetie, tshèét'-ê, *s.* The cat
 Chiel, tshèèl, *s.* Lad
 Chilfa, }
 Shilfa, } shíl'-fà, *s.* Chaffinch
 Chimla, tshím'-là, *s.* Fire-place
 Chirlin, tshîr'-lîn, *v.* Shrill whistl-
 ing
 Chirm, tshîrm, *v.* To mourn like
 a bird
 Christendie, krís'-tên-dèé, *s.* Chris-
 tendom.
 Chuckie, tshúk'-ê, *s.* Barn door
 fowl; domestic hen
 Claes, klas, *s.* Clothes. *a* pecu-
 liar
 Claith, klath, *s.* Cloth. *a* pecliar
 Claver, kláv'-êr, *v.* To talk fool-
 ishly
 Cleed, kléèd, *v.* To clothe
 Cluck, klùk, *s.* The call of the
 hen to her young brood
 Clinkum Clankum, klînk'-ùm
 klànk'-ùm. Sound of a bell
 Cluds, klùds, *s.* Clouds
 Cloit, klyt, *s.* A fall backwards

Cockie-leerie-la, kòk'-i-lèé'-rè-là', *s.*
 Syllables supposed to be uttered
 by the cock when crowing
 Coft, kòft, *v.* Purchased
 Cog, kòg, *s.* Wooden dish
 Cogie, kòg'-ê, *s.* Dimiutive of cog
 Collie, }
 Colly, } kòl'-ê, *s.* A shepherd's dog
 Coof, kuf, *s.* A dunce. *oo* and *u*
 peculiar
 Corneraik, kòrn'-kràk, *s.* The land-
 rail
 Cosh, kòsh, *adj.* Snug; or, friendly
 Cosie, } kò'-sê, *adj.* Well shelter-
 Cozie, } ed; warm
 Couldna, kòòd'-nà, *v.* Could not
 Coup, kòùp, *v.* To upset, to turn
 over
 Courin, kòòr'-în, *v.* Trembling;
 shrinking; crouching
 Couthy, } kòòth'-ê, *adj.* Kindly,
 Couthie, } loving
 Crabbit, kràb'-ît, *adj.* Cross-tem-
 pered
 Crack, kràk, *v.* To converse, to
 talk
 Crackit, kràk'-ît, *v.* Broken, rent
 Craik, kràk, *v.* To scream; to croak
 Cranreuch, kràn'-rùch', *s.* Hoar-
 frost. *ch* guttural

Fâte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—

Crap, krâp, *v.* Crept
 Crap, krâp, *s.* Stomach of a fowl
 Craw, krâ, *v.* To crow like the
 cock; to boast
 Craw, krâ, *s.* Crow
 Creel, krêel, *s.* Basket. "To be
 in a creel"—a phrase signifying
 restlessness
 Creepy, krêê'-pê, *s.* Three-footed
 stool
 Croodle, krôô'-d'l, *v.* A low mono-
 tonous song; the amorous note
 of the wood pigeon
 Croon, krôôn, *s.* Crown; summit;
 the highest part of the head
 Croon, } *krun, v.* To hum over a
 Crune, } song. *u* peculiar
 Crouse, krôôs, *adj.* Bold; self-
 confident
 Cuddle, kûd'-l, *v.* To fondle in the
 bosom
 Cule, kul, *adj.* Cool. *u* peculiar
 Cur-rook-i-ty-doo! kûr'-ôôk'-î-tê-
 dôô', *interj.* Syllables supposed to
 be articulated in the notes of the
 pigeon

D.

Daff, dâf, *v.* To make fun
 Daffin', dâf'-în, *s.* Merriment

Daft, dâft, *adj.* Mad; full of mer-
 riment
 Daidle dâ'-d'l, *v.* To walk care-
 lessly
 Dang, dâng, *v.* Knocked over;
 mastered
 Davie, dâ'-vê, *s.* David, proper name
 Daud, dâd, *v. s.* A blow; a large
 portion of anything
 Daur, dâr, *v.* Dare
 Daurna, dâr'-nâ, *v.* Dare not
 Daut, }
 Dawt, } dâât, *v.* To pet, to fondle
 Dawin, dâ'-în, *s.* Dawning
 Deave, dêêv, *v.* To deafen
 Dementit, } dê-mên'-tît, *adj.* In-
 Demented, } sane
 Dee, dêê, *v.* To die
 Dicht, dîcht, *v.* To make clean, to
 rub, to dry. *ch* guttural
 Dickie, dîk'-ê, *s.* Imitation shirt-
 breast and collar
 Din, dîn, *s.* Noise
 Dingin', dîng'-în, *v.* Driving
 Dinna, dîn'-nâ, *v.* Do not
 Dirl, dîrl, *s.* A slight vibratory
 stroke, motion, or sound
 Disna, dîs'-nâ, *v.* Does not
 Dochter, dôch'-têr, *s.* Daughter.
 ch guttural

nỏ, mỏve, nỏr, nỏt—tủe, tủb, bủll—ỏil—pỏủnd.

Doggy, } dỏg'-'ẻ, s. Diminutive
Doggie, } of dog

Doin, 'du'-'ỉn, v. Doing. *u* peculiar

Doited, dỏy'-'ẻd, *adj.* Stupid, insane

Dominie, dỏ'-'mủn'-'ẻ, s. School-master

Doo, dỏỏ, s. Pigeon

Dooket, dỏỏ'-'kẻt, s. Pigeon-house;
contraction of dove-cot

Dook, } dỏỏk, v. To bathe
Douk, }

Dool, dul, s. Sorrow, *u* peculiar

Doon, dỏỏn, *prep.* Down

Dorty, dỏr'-'ẻ, *adj.* Pettish

Douce, dỏỏs, *adj.* Sober, mild, unobtrusive

Dousy, dỏỏ'-'ẻ, *adj.* Quiet

Dour, dỏỏr, *adj.* Stubborn

Dow, dỏỏ, v. s. Able

Dowie, dỏỏ'-'ẻ, *adj.* Dull, melancholy, drooping

Dowed, dỏỏ'-'ẻd, *adj.* Decayed, faded, withered

Draigled, drỏ'-'gl'-'ẻd, v. Bemired

Dragon, drỏ'-'gỏn, s. Paper kite

Drap, drỏp, s. Drop

Drappit, drỏp'-'ỉt, v. Dropped

Dree, drẻẻ, v. To Endure

Droukit, drỏỏ'-'kẻt, v. Drenched, thoroughly wet

Drouth, drỏỏth, s. Drought; thirst

Drumly, drủm'-'ẻ, *adj.* Muddy

Dub, dủb, s. A small pond; a gutter

Dud, dủd, s. A rag

Duddy, dủd'-'ẻ, *adj.* Ragged

Duntin', dủn'-'ỉn, v. Striking against; thumping.

Durstna, dủrst'-'nỏ, v. Dared not

Dwin'd, *adj.* Decayed; faded

E.

Ear, ỏr, *adj.* Early

Ee,ẻẻ, s. The eye

Een,ẻẻn, s. Eyes

E'en,ẻẻn, *s adv.* Even

Eident, ẻi'-'dẻnt, *adj.* Diligent.
ẻi peculiar

Eneuch,ẻ-nẻủch', s. Enough. *ch*
guttural

Ettlin',ẻt'-'ỉn, v. Aiming, striving, attempting

Ettercap,ẻt'-'ẻr-'kỏp, s. A vicious-tempered person

F

Fa', fỏ, v. Fall

Fa'n, fỏn, v. Fallen

Fain, fỏn, *adv.* Wishful

Faither, fỏ'-'thẻr, s. Father

Far aff, fỏr-'ỏff', *adv.* Far-off

Fåte, får, fäll, fât—mè, mêt—pine, pîn—

Fash, fâsh, *s.* Trouble, annoyance
 Fashionous, fâsh'-ûs, *adj.* Trouble-
 Fauld, fâld, *v.* To fold [some
 Fauld, fâld, *s.* Fold, enclosure for
 Fause, fâs, *adj.* False [sheep
 Faut, fât, *s.* Fault
 Fecht, fêcht, *v.* To fight, to strive.

ch guttural

Feckless, fêk'-lês, *adj.* Helpless.
 weak in intellect

Feetie, fêè'-tê, *s.* Diminutive of feet
 Fend, fênd, *v.* To tempt; to sup-
 port one's self

Ferlie, fêr'-lê, *s.* A wonder

Fin', fîn, *v.* To find

Fire-en' fir'-ên, *s.* Hearth

Fit, fît, *s.* Foot

Fit-stap, fît-stâp', *s.* Footstep

Fleckit, flêk'-ît, *adj.* Spotted

Fleech, flêêtsh, *v.* To flatter, to coax

Flees, flêès, *s.* Flies

Fley, flei, *v.* To scare. *ei* peculiar

Flicht, flîcht, *s.* Flight. *ch* guttural

Flist, flîst, *v.* To quarrel

Flit, flît, *v.* To remove

Flyte, flît, *v.* To scold

Fluff, flûf, *s.* A flash

Fock, fòk, *s.* Folk

Fog, fòg, *s.* Moss

Forbye, fòr-by', *prep.* Besides

Forfoughten, fôr'-fòch'-tên, *v.*

Tired out. *ch* guttural

Forgie, Fòrgèè, *v.* Forgive

Frae, fra, *p ep.* From. *a* peculiar.

Frail, frâl, *s.* Infirm

Frichtit, frîcht'-ît, *adj.* Affrighted
ch guttural

Frock, fròk, *s.* A child's dress

Fu, fòò, *adj.* Full

Fuff, fûf, *v. s.* To emit smoke in
 gusts; slight fit of passion

Fule, ful, *s.* Fool. *u* peculiar

Furthy, fûrth'-ê, *adj.* Free, open-
 handed; frank

Fykie, fei'-kê, *adj.* Excessively par-
 ticular. *ei* peculiar

Fyle, fil, *v.* To soil

G.

Gab, gâb, *s.* Mouth, idle talk

Gae, ga, *v.* To go; gave. *a* pe-
 culiar

Gaet, gat, *s.* Road; manner. *a*
 peculiar

Gae-wa, ga-wâ', *v.* Go away. *a*
 peculiar

Gaed, gad, *v.* Went. *a* peculiar

Gairy, gâ'-rê, *adj.* Shewy

Gane, gan, *v.* Gone. *a* peculiar

Gang, gâng, *v.* To go

nò, mỏe, nỏr, nỏt—tủe, tủb, bủll—ỏil—pỏủnd.

Gangrel, gắng'-rẻl, *s.* A wandering beggar

Gar, gắr, *v.* To compel

Gate, gat, *s.* Road, manner. *a* peculiar.

Gaudie, gắ'dẻ, *adj.* Showily attired; ostentatious

Gaun, gắn, *v.* Going

Gaun about the buss, gắn'-ắ-bỏỏt/-the-bủs. Evading by circumlocution

Gaunt, gắnt, *v.* To yawn.

Gear, gẻẻr, *s.* Attire; property; wealth

Gebbie, } gẻẻb'-ẻ', *s.* Stomach of a
Gebby, } a fowl

Gey, gẻi, *adv.* Degree of comparison, as, "Gey hard"—rather hard; "Gẻy Bẻẻn"—very comfortable. *ei* peculiar

Genty, jẻn'-ẻ, *adj.* Handsome, lady-like

Gie, gẻẻ, *v.* To give

Gien, gẻẻn, *v.* Given

Gie oure, gẻẻ' ỏửr, *v.* To leave off; to cease

Gin, gắn, *conj.* If

Girdle, gắr-d'ỉ, *s.* Flat circular iron plate for firing cakes

Girn, gắrn, *v.* To grin; to cry peevishly

Glaikit, glắk'-ít, *adj.* Thoughtless

Gled, glẻd, *s.* The kite

Gleg, glẻg, *adj.* Smart; sharp

Glen-Falloch, glẻn-fắl' ỏch, *s.* Glen or strath at the head of Loch-lomond. *ch* guttural

Glib, glẻb, *adj.* Sharp-witted

Glint, glẻnt, *s.* Gleam, glimpse

Glist, glẻst, *s.* Shining

Gloaming, glỏ'-mỏn, *s.* Evening

Glower, glỏửr, *v.* To stare

Gnarl, 'nắrl, *v.* Shaking; piercing

Gomeral, gỏm'-ẻẻll, *s.* A dunce

Gooldie, }
Gouldie, } gỏỏỉ'-ẻẻ, *s.* Goldfinch

Gorlin, gỏr'-ỉn, *s.* An unfledged bird

Goud, }
Gowd, } gỏủd, *s.* Gold, money

Gowan, gỏủ'-ắn, *s.* The field daisy

Gowk, gỏủk, *s.* The cuckoo; a fool

Gowpen, gỏủ'pẻn, *s.* As much as the two hands will hold, spread open and joined together in the form of a basin

Granny, }
Grannie, } grắ'ẻẻ, *s.* Grandmother

Fåte, får, fäll, fåt—mè, mêt—pine, pîn—

Grat, gråt, *v.* Wept
 Gree, grèè, *v.* Agree, be friends
 Greet, grèèt, *v.* To weep
 Greetie, grèè' tẽ, *s.* Children's weeping, diminutive of greet
 Grippit, gríp'-it, *v.* Grippèd
 Grit, grît, *adj.* Large in circumference
 Grue, gru, *v.* To be squeamish; to shrink; to loathe. *u* peculiar
 Grun', grũn, *s.* Ground
 Grup, grũp. To grip
 Gude, gud, *s.* The Supreme Being. *u* peculiar
 Guid, gud, *adj.* Good. *u* peculiar
 Guidwife, gud'-wife, *s.* Mistress. *u* peculiar
 Gurlin, gũr'-lĩn, *adj.* Growling

H.

Ha', hã, *s.* Hall
 Hae, ha, *v.* To have. *a* peculiar
 Haffit, hãf'-it, *s.* Side of the head, the temple
 Haile, hãl, *adj.* Whole
 Hailsome, } hãl'-sũm, *adj.* Whole.
 Halesome, } some
 Hain, hãn, *v.* To economise
 Hairst, hãrst, *s.* Harvest
 Hame, ham, *s.* Home. *a* peculiar

Hamely, ham'-ly, *adj.* Domestic, homey. *a* peculiar
 Hap, hãp, *v.* To cover; to jump
 Happit, hãp'-it, *v.* Covered
 Happity, hã'-pẽ-ty', *adj.* Lame, limping
 Hasna, hãs'-nã, *v.* Has not
 Haud, hãd, *v.* To hold
 Hauf, hãf, *s.* Half
 Haun, hãn, *s.* Hand
 Hawkie, hã'-kẽ, *s.* Name given to a brown cow, whose face or forehead is white
 Heapit, hẽèp'-it, *v.* Piled up, covered, heaped
 Heardna, hãrd'-nã, *v.* Heard not
 Heltie skeltie hẽl'-tẽ skẽl'-tẽ, *adv.* Helter skelter; quick and merrily
 Herd, hẽrd, *s.* One who has the charge of cattle
 Hersel', hẽr-sẽl', *pron.* Herself
 Het, hẽt, *adj.* Hot
 Hie, hẽè, *adj.* High
 Hielan', hẽè'-lãn, *adj.* Highland
 Hing, hĩng, *v.* Hang
 Hinnie, hĩn'-nẽ, *s.* Honey
 Hinnie-beam, hĩn'-nẽ, *a.* Sweet look
 Himsel', hĩm-sẽl', *pron.* Himself.
 Hint, hĩnt, *prep.* Behind
 Hirple, hĩr'-p'l, *v.* To halt

nỗ, move, nờ, nột—tube, tub, bull—oil—pound.

Hissie, } hĩz'-zẻ, s. Housewife;
Hizzie, } huzzie

Hogmanay, hòg'-mả-nả, s. Last
day of the year

Hoot, hỏỏt, *interj.* Pah! no

Hoot toot! hỏỏt tỏỏt, *interj.* No!
no, no; you are, as it were, go-
ing too far

Hotch, hỏtsh, *v.* To shake, to
move clumsily

Housie, hỏỏ'-sẻ, s. Diminutive of
house

Howe, hỏủ, s. Hollow; holm

Howff, } hỏỏf, s. Favourite place;
Houff, } haunt

Howlet, hỏỏ'-lẻt, s. The owl

Hum, hủm, s. Doubt, sham,
pretext. "Hums and haas"—
doubts and difficulties

I.

I', i, *prep.* In

Ilk, iłk, *adj. pron.* Each

Ilka, iłk'-ả, *adj. pron.* Each one

Ingle, ińg'-l, s. A fire

Intill, iń-till', *prep.* Into

I'se, iz, (as eyes), *pron. v.* I shall

Isna, is'-nả, *v. and adv.* Is not

Ither, ith'-ẻr, *pron.* Other

Itsel' it-sẻl', *pron.* Itself

J.

Jagg, jảg, *v.* To puncture

Jamie, jam'ẻ, s. James. a peculiar

Jaup, } jảp, *v.* To bespatter with
Jawp, } fluid

Jennie, jẻn'-ẻ, s. Janet

Jing-o-ring, jỉng'-ỏ-rỉng, s. Girls'
game, where the parties engaged
join hands and form a circle, then
move round in rapid motion, re-
peating some lines — occasion-
ally inverting the movement,
and then squatting down: the
last in getting down is subjected
to a petty disgrace.

Jink, jỉnk, *v.* To elude

Jinkin, jỉnk'-ỉn, *v.* Eluding

Jouk, jỏỏk, *v.* To stoop

K.

Kail, kảl, s. Colewort

Kail, kảl, s. Broth

Kail-yard, kảl'-yảrd, s. Kitchen
garden

Kame, kảm, s. Comb. a peculiar

Keek, kẻẻk, s. A stolen glance

Fâte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—

Kelter, kêl'-têr, *v.* To undulate ;
to move up and down

Kensna, kên's'-nâ, *v.* Knows not

Kenna-what, kên'-â-whât', *s.* Know
not what ; undescrivable

Kep, kêp, *v.* To intercept

Kin, kîn, *adj.* Kind ; kindred

Kirn, kîrn, *v.* To churn

Knowe, nôû, (as now), *s.* A small
hill ; hillock

Kye, kî, *s.* Kine

Kyte, kît, *s.* Stomach paunch

Kythe, kîth, *v.* To come out, to
show

Kythesome, kîth'-sôm, *adj.* Open-
faced

L.

Laddie, lâd'-dê, *s.* A boy

Laid, } lâd, *s.* Load, Burden
Lade, }

Laigh, lâch, *adj.* Low. *ch* guttural

Lair'd, lâ'-r'd, *v.* Stuck in the mire

Laird, lâ'rd, *s.* A proprietor of land

Laithfu', lâth'-fû, *adj.* Unwilling ;
bashful

Lammie, lâm'-ê, *s.* Little lamb,
fond term while addressing little
children

Lane, lan, *adj.* Alone.—“Lee lane.”

All alone. *a* peculiar

Lanely, lan'-ly, *adj.* Lonely. *a*
peculiar

Lang lâng, *adj.* Long

Langin', lâng'-în', *v.* Longing

Langsyne, lâng'-sîn, *adj.* Long
since

Lassie, lâs'-sê, *s.* Young girl

Lave, lav, *s.* Remainder, others.
a peculiar

Lavrock, lâv'-ròk, *s.* Lark

Lea, lêê, *s.* Fallow land

Lea, lêê, *v.* To leave

Leal, lêêl, *adj.* True

Lear, lâr, *s.* Learning, education

Leddy, lêd'-ê, *s.* Lady

Lee, lêê, *adj.* Shelter. “Lee-side
of the dyke”—side not exposed to
the storm

Lee-lane, lêê'-lan', *adj.* All alone

Lee-lang, lêê'-lâng', *adj.* All
through, live-long

Leerie-law, lêê'-rê-lâ', *s.* The cock

Leese, lêêz, *v.* “Leese me on”—
attach me to

Leggie, lêg'-ê, *s.* Diminutive of
leg

Leggit, lêg'-îit, *adj.* Legged

Len', lên, *s. v.* To lend, loan

nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—tùbe, túb, búll—òil—pòùnd.

Lentryne, lén/-trín, *s.* Seed-time, spring

Letherin', lèth'/'-ér-'ín, *v.* Thrashing, a beating

Leuch, lèuch, *v.* Laughed. *ch* guttural

Licht, licht, *s.* Light. *ch* guttural

Lichtsme, licht-, sùm, *adv.* Lightly. *ch* guttural

Lilt, lilt, *s.* Song

Linkin', lín/-kín, *v.* Walking with light step

Link, línk, *v.* To walk arm in arm

Linn, lín, *s.* Waterfall, sometimes pond under, formed by it

Lintie, lín/'-tê, *s.* Linnet

Lippin, líp/'-ín, *adj.* Full to the brim

Lithey, lith/'-ê, *adj.* Mucilaginous

Loan, lòn, *s.* Lane, enclosed road leading to cottage or farm house

Lo'e, lu, *v.* To love. *u* peculiar

Lo'esome, lu/'sòm, *adj.* Lovely, causing love. *u* peculiar

Loof, luf, *s.* The palm, or open hand. *u* peculiar

Loon, } lóòn, *s.* A suspected person;
Loun, }

one with whom you ought not to associate

Lown, lóòn, *adj.* Quiet, sheltered, place secured from the storm

Low, lóù, *s.* Flame

Lowin', lóù/'-ín, *v.* Flaming

Loup, lóúp, *v.* To leap

Lug, lûg, *s.* The ear

Lum, lûm, *s.* Chimney

M.

Mae, ma, *adj.* More. *a* peculiar

Mak', māk, *v.* Make

Mair, mār, *adj.* More

Maist, mǎst, *adv.* Almost

Mammie, mǎ/'-mê, *s.* Mother

Mane, man, *v.* Moan, to bewail. *a* peculiar

March't, mǎrch't, *v.* Marched

Marrow, mār-rò. Companion, mate

Martimas, mār/'-tĩ-más, *s.* Martin-mas

Maukin, mǎ/'-kín, *s.* Hare

Maun, mǎn, *v.* Must

Maunna, mǎ/'-nǎ, *v.* Must not

Meikle, mèèk'l, *adj.* Much

Minnie, mĩn/'nĩ, *s.* Mother

Misca', mĩs-kǎ, *v.* To miscall, to nickname; to speak ill of.

Mislear'd, mĩs-lèèr'd, *adj.* Impudent; uneducated

Fâte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pin—

Mista'en, mis-tan', *v.* Mistaken.

a peculiar

Mither, mîth'-êr, *s.* Mother

Moo, mǝǝ, *s.* The voice of the cow calling to or responding to that of her mates. "Moo, moo, proochy, leddie," is the address of the dairymaid when she wishes the cow to come to her for food or to be milked.—Pru-tshê. *u peculiar*

Mools, muls, *s.* Loam mould; generally applied to the earth of the churchyard. *u peculiar*

Moolins, mul'-îns, *s.* Crumbs. *u peculiar*

Mony, } mǝ'nê, *adj.* Many.
Monie, }

Morn, mǝrn, *s.* To-morrow

Moss o' Balloch, Mǝss ǝ Bâl-ǝch, *s.*

Fair or market held near Balloch Ferry, foot of Lochlomond

Mou', mǝǝ, *s.* Mouth

Moudie, mǝû'dê, *s.* The mole

Mountit, mǝûn'-tît, *v.* Mounted

Muckle, mûk'-'l, *adj.* Big

Mump, mûmp, *v.* To chew like a hare or rabbit [dress

Mutch, mûtsh, *s.* A female head-

Mysel', mî'-sêl, *pron.* Myself

N.

Na, nâ, *adv.* No

Nae, na, *adj.* No one, *a peculiar*
Naething, na'-thing. *s.* Nothing. *a peculiar*

Nane, nan, *adj.* Not one. *a peculiar*

Neath, nêth, *prep.* Beneath

Neebour, nêê'-bǝr, *s.* Neighbour

Ne'er-do-weel, nêêr'-dǝ-wêêl', *s.*

Never do well; an outcast

Neist, nêest, *adj.* Next

Nicht, nîcht, *s.* Night. *ch* guttural

Noo, nǝǝ, *adv.* Now

O.

O'ercome, ǝûr'-kûm, *s.* Surplus; burden or chorus of a song

Ony, ǝn'-nê, *adj.* Any

O't, ǝ't, *prep.* and *pron.* Of it

Oorra, ǝr'-â, *adj.* Odd

Out-bye, ǝǝt'-by', *adv.* Out of doors

Outcome, ǝût'-kûm, *s.* Result; egress; product

Outowre, ǝǝt'-ǝûr', *adv.* Over and beyond

Owre, } ǝûr, *prep.* Over.
Ower, }

nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—tùbe, túb, búll—òil—pòund.

P.

Pace, pas, s. Easter. *a* peculiar
 Pace-eggs, pas, s. Eggs boiled
 and dyed various colours; these
 eggs are tossed about in play,
 and afterwards made a repast of.
 Paidle, pà/-d'l, *v.* To waddle about;
 to wade in shallow water
 Parritch, pâr/-îts, s. Porridge
 Patterton-Braes, s. Hills in the
 vicinity of Paisley
 Pauchtie, pâch/-tê, *adj.* Haughty.
ch guttural
 Pauky, } pâ/-kê, *adj.* Far-sight-
 Pawkie, } ed; cunning
 Pawky, }
 Pearlin, pêr'-'lîn, s. Lace; a small
 pearl
 Pech, pêch, *v.* Asthmatic breath-
 ing; hard breathing under a
 heavy load. *ch* guttural
 Peerie, pèè'-'rê, s. Boy's spinning top
 Pike, pik, *v.* To pick
 Pitter-patterin, pît'-'êr-pât'-'êr-'lîn, *v.*
 Falling like rain
 Plack, plâk, s. Small coin, value
 third part of a penny
 Plantin, plân'-'tîn, s. Forest

Pock, pòk, s. Sack
 Poortith, pur'-'tîth, s. Poverty.
u peculiar
 Pouth, pòò'-'thêr, s. Powder
 Pow, pòù, s. The head
 Preceese, prê'-cêéz, *adj.* Precise
 Preen, prêên, s. Pin made of wire
 Proochy, pru'-'tshê, *v.* Calling to a
 cow. *u* peculiar
 Puin', pòò'-'lîn, *v.* Pulling
 Puir, pur, *adj.* Poor. *u* peculiar
 Pu'pit, pòò'-'pît, s. Pulpit
 Pyet, pi'-'ât, s. Magpie.—“ Tale-
 pyat ” tâl'-pi-â't,—a tale-bearer

Q.

Quat, kwât, *v.* To leave off, quit

R.

Rae, ra, s. Roe. *a* peculiar
 Rampage, râm'-'pâg', *v.* To make
 noise
 Randy, rân'-'dî, s. A termagant
 beggar
 Rant, rânt, *v.* Cheerful, though
 inharmonious singing of children
 —garrulous conversation
 Rashy, râsh'-'ê, *adj.* Covered with
 rushes

Fâte, fâr. fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—

Rax, râx, *v.* To reach, to stretch
 Redd, rêd, *v.* To put in order
 Rede, rêd, *v.* To counsel
 Richt, richt, *adj.* Right. *ch* guttural

Rigg, rig, *s.* Ridge, in agriculture, portion of ground marked off by furrows or water-ways on either side

Riggin, rig'-în, *s.* Roof of a house

Rin, rîn, *v.* To run

Rin-ther-out, rîn'-thêr-ôôt, *adj.*

Gad about

Rockin, } rók'-în, *v.* Waddling
 Rockin-ree, } walk.

Rogue, rô'-gê, *s.* Little rogue, inoffensively used

Rookin' Linn, rôók'-în-lîn, *s.* Waterfall on the River Cart

Roose, rus, *v.* To flatter, to commend. *u* peculiar

Roun', rôôn, *prep.* Round

Row, rôû, *v.* To roll

Rue, rôò, *s.* Bathing place on the Gareloch, near Helensburgh

Rug, rûg, *v.* To pull

S.

Sabbin, sâb'-în, *v.* Sobbing

Sae, sa, *adv.* So. *a* peculiar

Saelike, sa'-lik, *adv.* So like.

a peculiar

Saft, sâft, *adj.* Soft

Sair, sâr, *adj.* Sore

Sandy, sân'-dê, *s.* Alexander

Sang, sâng, *s.* Song

Saugh, sâch, *s.* The willow. *ch* guttural

Saut, sât, *s.* Salt

Sawn, sân, *v.* Sown

Scaith, } skâth, *v.* To injure; to

Skaith, } hurt

Scant, skânt, *s.* Scarcity

Scaud, skâd, *v.* To scald

Scentit, sên'-tît, *adj.* Scented

Schule, skul, *s.* School. *u* peculiar

Scone, skôn, *s.* A kind of cake

Sel', sêl, *s.* Self

Sentrie, sên'-trê, *s.* Sentinel

Shaw, shâ, *v.* To show

Shilpen-sheen, shîl'-pîn-shêên', *s.*

Cold, dazzling glitter

Shilly-shalloch, shêêl'-î-shâl'-ôch,

adj. Poor, feeble. *ch* guttural

Shoon, shun, *s.* Shoes. *u* peculiar

Shouthers, shôôth'-êrs, *s.* Shoulders

Shug, shûg, *v.* To shake

Shuggie-shu, shûg'-ê-shôô', *s.* A swing

nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—tùbe, túb, búll—òil—pòund.

Sic, sîk, *adj.* Such
 Siccan, sîk'-ân, *adj.* Such like
 Siccar, sîk'-âr, *adj.* Secure; keen
 Sicht, sîcht, *s.* Sight. *ch* guttural
 Sicklike, sîk-lîk', *adj.* Such like ;
 as such an one
 Siller, sîl'-êr, *s.* Silver
 Simmer, sîm'-êr, *s.* Summer
 Sin', sîn, *prep.* Since
 Sin'syne, sîn'-sîn'. Since that
 time
 Scail, skâl, *v.* To disperse, to
 scatter
 Skirl, skîrl, *v.* To scream
 Slae, sla, *s.* Sloe. *a* peculiar
 Slap, slâp, *s.* Gap in a fence
 Sleekit, slèèk'it, *adj.* Oily-tongued.
 cunning
 Sleepit, slèép'-êt, *v.* Slept
 Sma', smâ, *adj.* Small
 Snaw, snâ, *s.* Snow
 Sneck, snèk, *s.* Latch
 Snell, snèl, *adj.* Keen ; biting cold
 Snod, snòd, *adj.* Trim
 Snoke, snòk, *v.* To scent
 Snool, snul, *v.* To brow-beat. *u*
 peculiar
 Snool, snul, *s.* Dull. *u* peculiar
 Sonsy, }
 Sonsie, } sòn'-sê, *adj.* In good

condition ; with pleasant expres-
 sion of face.
 Soom, sòòm, *v.* To swim
 Soop, sòòp, *v.* To sweep
 Souch, sòòch, *s.* Sound of the wind ;
 rumour. *ch* guttural
 Soun', sòòn, *adj.* Sound
 Souple, sòòp'l, *adj.* Active, supple
 Souple-jack, sòòp'l-jâk, *s.* A
 jumping Jack ; a child's toy.
 Souther, sòùth'-êr, *v.* To solder ;
 to reconcile parted friends
 Speel, spèèl, *v.* To climb
 Speir, spèèr, *v.* To inquire
 Spelder, spèl'-dêr, *v.* To spread
 open ; lying flat, with arms and
 legs extended
 Spraing'd, spràng't, *v.* Flowered
 Sta', stâ, *s.* Stall
 Stane, stan, *s.* Stone. " Sleep, like
 a stane," sound sleep. *a* peculiar
 Starn, stârn, *s.* Star
 Steek, stèèk, *v.* To shut, to stitch
 Steeve, stèèv, *adj.* Firm, stiff
 Stey, stei, *adj.* Steep. *ei* peculiar
 Stibble, stîb'l, *s.* Stubble.
 Stickie, stîk'-ê, *s.* Diminutive of
 stick ; anything adhesive
 Stirk, stîrk, *s.* A young cow or
 steer

Fâte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—

Stoorie, stôôr/-ê, *adj.* Active; restless

Stoppit, stôp/-it, *v.* Stopped

Stoun', stôôn, *s.* A pang

Stour, stôôr, *s.* Dust

Stoussie, stôûs/-ê, *s.* A strong healthy child; a term of endearment

Strae, stra, *s.* Straw. *a* peculiar

Straik, strâk, *v.* To stroke

Strang, strâng, *adj.* Strong

Straucht, strâcht, *s.* Straight. *ch* guttural

Stravaig, strâ-vâg', *v.* To wander, to go astray

Streik, strêek, *v.* To stretch

Strums, strûms, *s.* Pettish humours

Stumpie, stûm'/-pê, *adj.* Short, with strength

Sweir, swêêr, *adj.* Unwilling

Swith, swith, *adv.* Quick

Swither, swith'/-êr, *v.* To hesitate

Syne, sîn, *prep.* Since; then

Syne, } *v.* To wash

Sine, }

T.

Tae, ta, *s.* Toe. *a* peculiar

Ta'en, tan, *v.* Taken. *a* peculiar

Tak, tâk, *v.* Take

Tam, Tâ'm, *s.* Thomas

Tammie, Tâ'm/-ê, *s.* Little Tam

Tantrums, tân'-trûms, *s.* Whimsical notions, pettish humours

Tap, tâp, *s.* Top

Tappie-toorie, tâp/-ê-tôô'/-rê, *s.* Cone-like

Tapsalteerie, tâp/-sâl-têê'/-rê, *adv.*

Upside down, in confusion, ravelled

Tauld, tâld, *v.* Told

Tawse, } tâs, *s.* Leather thong

Taws, }

or belt, cut into narrow stripes or toes at one end. This thong is used in Scotland for the same purpose as the birch in the south, viz., for inflicting punishment on juvenile offenders at school.

Cross-grained pedagogues have been known to harden the tips of these toes in the fire, that the punishment might be more sharp and severe

Tent, têt, *v.* To take care

Teukie, têûk'/-î, *s.* Hen

Thae, tha, *pron.* These. *a* peculiar

Thankfu', thânk'/-fû, *adj.* Thankful

nỏ, mỗve, nỏr, nỏt—tủe, tủb, bủll—đủl—pủủnd.

Than, thân, *adj.* Then
 Thegither, thả-gith'-êr, *adj.* Together
 Theek, thẻek, *v.* To thatch
 Thocht, thỏcht, *s.* Thought. *ch* guttural
 Thole, thỏl, *v.* To endure.
 Thoom, thỏỏm, *s.* Thumb
 Thow, thỏủ, *s.* Thaw
 Thrang, thrảng, *s. v.* Throng, to be busy
 Thraw, thẳw, *v.* To twist
 Thrawart, thẳw'-ảrt, *adj.* Twisted unsocial
 Thretty, thẻt'-tẻ, *adj.* Thirty
 Throwither, thỏỏ'-thẻ, *adj.* Mixed, confused, unsettled
 Thud, thủd, *s.* A blow; a gust of wind
 Thumpin', thủm'-pủn, *adj.* Bouncing; striving
 Tig, tủg, *s.* A slight tap or blow.
 "Tig-tow," tủg'-tỏủ'—a game amongst children, which literally consists in blow about, the last blow or tig is victor
 Til't, tủt, *prep.* and *pron.* To it
 Timmer, tủm'-mẻr, *s.* Timber
 Tint, tủnt, *v.* Lost
 Tirl, tủrl, *v.* To tap gently

Tod, tỏd, *s.* Fox
 Toddle, tỏd'l, *v.* To take short, unsteady steps like a child practising walking
 Toddlin', tỏd-lủn, *v.* Walking like a child
 Toot, tỏỏt, *v.* To sound like a trumpet
 Tosh, tỏsh, *adj.* Trim, neat
 Tot, tỏt, *v.* To walk with short steps like infants, adjusting the centre of gravity at each step
 Totties, tỏt'ẻs, *s.* Little children, so called from manner of walking. —See *Tot*
 Totums, tot'-tủms, *s.* Children beginning to walk. This term is probably drawn from the tiny motions of the tee-totum
 Tousie, tỏỏ'-zẻ, *adj.* Ravelled, disordered, rough; children with heads uncombed are often addressed by nurses, laying their hand on the "tap," top, or head —"tappie, tappie toussie," or, "my toussie taps o' tow"
 Tow, tỏủ. The refuse of flax when dressed
 Towt, tỏủt, *v. s.* To tease; slight fit of sickness

Fâte, fâr, fâll, fât—mê, mêt—pine, pîn—

Trew, } trôô, *v.* To believe
 Trow, }
 Trewws, trôô's, *s.* Trowsers
 Trig, trîg, *adj.* Neat
 Twa, twâ, *adj.* Two
 Twal, twâl, *adj.* Twelve
 Twin, twîn, *v.* To separate
 Tyke, } tîk, *s.* A dog
 Tike, }
 Tyne, tîn, *v.* To lose, to mislay

U.

Unco, ûn'-cò, *adj.* Very strange
 Uptak', ùp'-tâk, *s.* Comprehending

W.

Wa', wâ, *s.* Wall. Contraction
 of awa
 Wad, wâd, *v.* Would, to wager
 Wadna, wâd'-nâ, *v.* Would not
 Wae, wa, *s.* Woe. *a* peculiar
 Waefu', wa'-fû, *adj.* Woeful. *a*
 peculiar
 Waesome, wa'-sûm, *adj.* Woful,
a peculiar
 Walt, wâft, *s.* West
 Waivelet, wâv'-ê-lêt', *v.* Waved or
 wavy appearance.
 Wale, wâl, *v.* To choose

Wamble, wâmb'l, *v.* To wriggle
 Wark, wârk, *s.* Work
 World, wârl'd, *s.* World
 Warsell, wâr'-sêll, *v.* To contend,
 to wrestle
 Warst, wârst, *adj.* Worst
 Wasna', wâs'-nâ *v.* and *adv.* Was
 not
 Was't, wâs't, *v.* and *pron.* Was it
 Wat, wât, *v. s.* Wet
 Wauff, wâf, *v.* To shake, to flap
 Wauken, wâk'-ên, *v.* To awaken
 Waukrife, wâk'-rîf, *adj.* Sleepless
 Waur, wâr, *adj.* Worse
 Waur, wâr, *v.* To overcome
 Weal, wêel, *s.* Welfare
 Wean, wan, *s.* Child. *a* peculiar
 Wearifu', wêêr'-î-fû', *adj.* Full of
 weariness
 Wee, wêê, *adj.* Small
 Weel, wêel, *s.* Well
 Weet, wêêt, *s.* Wet
 We'se, wêêz, *pron* and *v.* We
 shall
 Wha, whâ, *pron.* Who
 Whase, whâs, *pron.* Whose
 Whan, whân, *adv.* What time,
 when
 Whar, } whâr, *adv.* Where
 Whare, }

nò, mòve, nòr, nòt—tùbe, túb, búll—òil—pòund.

Wharwi', whâr-wi', *adj.* Where-
with

Wha've, whâv, *pron.* and *v.* Who
have

Whaur, whâr. Where

Wheep, whêp, *v.* To whistle shrilly

Wheetle-wheeties, whêét'l-whêét'
ês, *s.* Chicks

Whid, whîd, *v.* To run quickly as
a hare

Whilk, whîlk, *pron.* Which

Whisht, whisht, *v.* Hush! be
silent!

Whomle whòm'l, *v.* To tumble or
turn upside down

Whup, whûp, *s.* Whip

Whussil, whûs'-îl, *s.* Whistle

Wi', wî, *prep.* With

Wilfu', wîl'-fû, *adj.* Self-willed

Willie Winkie, *s.* The Scottish
nursery Morpheus. "Willie

Winkie's coming owre ye"—you
are going to sleep

Win', wîn, *s.* Wind

Winkers, wîn' kêrs, *s.* Eyes or
eye-lashes

Winna, wîn'-nâ, *v.* Will not

Winnock, wîn'-òk, *s.* Window

Winsome, wîn'-sûm, *adj.* Cheerful,
merry; engaging, lovely

Wirr or yirr, wirr, yirr, *s.* Sound
or voice emitted by the dog when
displeased; as much as to say,
take care

Wi't, wî't, *prep.* and *pron.* With it

Worrie, wòr'-ê. To worry, to
choke, to throttle

Wouff, wòûf, *v. s.* To bark; dog's
bark. "Is na that collie's wouff?"

Wouldna, wòòd-nâ, *v.* Would not

Wrang, râng, *adj.* Wrong

Wud, wûd, *s.* Wood

Wud, wòd, *adj.* Mad; deranged.

"He's gane wud"—he is deprived
of reason

Wyle, wil, *v.* To beguile

Wynds, winds, *s.* Lanes or nar-
row streets in cities leading from
a main street

Wyte, wyt, *s.* Blame.

Y.

Yammer, yâ'-mêr, *v. s.* To whim-
per; peevish discontent

Yard, yârd, *s.* Garden. "Kail-
yard"—kitchen garden

Ye'll, yêél, *v.* and *pron.* Ye will

Yell, yêll, *adj.* Barren, not giving
milk. "The yell cow"—the cow
not giving milk

Fàte, fâr, fâll, fât—mè, mêt—pine, pîn—nò—mòve—nôr—nôt.

Yestreen, yês-trèèn'. Yesternight

Yett, yêt, s. Gate

Yird, yîrd, s. Earth

Yirm, yîrm, v. To complain peevishly

'Yont, yònt, *adv.* Beyond. Con-
traction of ayont

Youff, }
Yowff, } yôûf, s. v. To bark, gen-

erally applied to the bark of a
young or little dog

Yule, yul, s. Christmas. *u* peculiar



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