
ON SEEING

M_{R.} — BAKING CAKES.

AS Rab, who ever frugal was,
Some oat-meal cakes was baking,
In came a crazy scribbling lafs,
Which fet his heart a-quaking.

“ I fear,” says he, “ she’ll verses write,
An’ to her neebors show it:
But troth I need na care a doit,
Though a’ the country knew it.

My cakes are good, none can object;
The maids will ca’ me thrifty;
To save a fixpence on the peck
Is just an honest shifty.

They're fair an' thin, an' crump, 'tis true;
You'll own fae when you see them;
But, what is better than the view,
Put out your han' an' pree them."

He spoke, an' han'd the cakes about,
Whilk ev'ry eater prized;
Until the basket was run out,
They did as he advised.

An' ilka ane that got a share,
Said that they were fu' dainty;
While Rab cri'd eat, an' dinna spare;
For I hae cakes in plenty.

And i' the corner stan's a cheese,
A glafs an' bottle by me;
Baith ale and porter, when I please,
To treat the lasses flily.

Some ca' me wild an' roving youth;
But sure they are mistaken:
The maid wha gets me, of a truth,
Her bread will ay be baken.