It wad hae been a bonny thing
Had that breet thout miscarried."

" But, hark ye, Dick! I'll tell ye what,—
'Twas I that meade the blunder;
That I tuik up wi' leyke o' thee,
Was far the greetest wonder!
For tou was nowther guid nor rich,
And tempert leyke auld Scratchum!
The deil a day gangs owre my head,
But, fratchum, fratchum, fratchum!"

BARLEY BROTH.

Air—Crowdy.

If tempers were put up to seale,
Our Jwohn's wad bear a duced preyce;
He vow'd 'twas barley i' the broth,—
Upon my word, says I, it's reyce.

" I mek nea faut," our Jwohnny says,
" The broth is guid and varra neyce;
I only say—it's barley broth."
Tou says what's wrang, says I, it's reyce.

" Did ever mortal hear the leyke!
As if I hadn't sense to tell!
Tou may think reyce the better thing,
But barley broth dis just as well."

"And sae it mud, if it was there;
The deil a grain is i' the pot;
But tou mun ayways threep yen down,—
I've drawn the deevil of a lot!"

"And what's the lot that I have drawn?
Pervarsion is a woman's neame!
Sae fares-te-weel! I'll sarve my king,
And never, never mair come heame."

Now Jenny frets frae mworn to neet;
The Sunday cap's nae langer neyce;
She aye puts barley i' the broth,
And hates the varra neame o' reyce.

Thus treyfles vex, and treyfles please,
And treyfles mek the sum o' leyfe;
And treyfles mek a bonny lass
A wretched or a happy weyfe!

THE MEETING.

AIR—Merrily danc'd the Quaker.

IF I hae been a week away,
My Jenny rins to meet me;
Wi' aw the chat o' this bit pleace
My Jenny's fain to treat me:—