

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

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### 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 please  
 My Jenny's fain to treat me :—

“ There’s Rob has married Mary Gray,  
 And Bella’s past aw tellin’!  
 And Greace has fun the little cat,  
 And Dick can say his spellin’.

Peer Dick has broken deddy’s dish,  
 And durstn’t come to meet ye;  
 But he has sent ye this bit cake,  
 He thought that he mud treat ye.  
 Our butter tells to fourteen pun;  
 Our cheese hes fill’d the rimmer;  
 And uncle Megs hes sent us beef  
 Will sarra us aw at dinner.

And uncle Megs hes heard frae Gworge;  
 He’s gane to——I’ve forgittin;  
 But it’s some hard-word please owre seas,  
 I’ll hae the neame on’t written;  
 I think they caw’d it Jemmycaw,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or else it is St Christit;<sup>2</sup>  
 And if it isn’t yen o’ they,  
 I’ faikins, I hae mist it!

And peer auld Wully’s telt his teale;  
 He’ll never tell anudder!  
 And they’ve been up wi’ uncle Megs,  
 To wreyte it till his brudder:

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<sup>1</sup> Jamaica.

<sup>2</sup> St Christopher’s, or, as the sailors call it, St Kit’s.

For he was varra nwtotishin  
 Of ought that Wully wanted;  
 And mony time wad wreyte and tell  
 They wadn't see him scanted.

They brought him varra canny up,—  
 He had the best o' linnen,  
 And kept it just to mense his death,—  
 'Twas peer auld Marget's spinnin.  
 The house, and aw the bits o' things,  
 Will just be for the brudder;  
 I only wish he'd meade tem owre  
 To Mary and her mudder!"

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WE'VE HED SEC A DURDUM.

AIR—Come under my plaidie.

WE'VE hed sec a durdum at Gobbleston parish,  
 For twonty lang years there's nit been sec a fair;  
 We'd slack reape, and tight reape, and dogs that wer  
 dancin,  
 Wi' leytle roun hats on to gar the fwok stare:  
 A leytle black messet danc'd sae leyke auld Jenny,  
 I thought it wad niver run out o' my head;  
 It was last thing at neet, and the first i' the mornin,  
 And I rwoar'd leyke a fuil as I laid i' my bed!