

A  
COLLECTION

OF

*SCOTS*  
*PROVERBS.*

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Author of the Gentle Shepherd, &c.



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COLLECTION

STORY

PROVERBS



THE END OF THE WORLD

## SCOTS PROVERBS.

BEGUN turn is half ended

blate cat mak's a proud mouse

blythe heart maks a proud look

bonny bride is soon buskit

burd in hand's worth twa in the bush

borrow'd len should gae laughing hame

black hen lays a white egg

cock's ay crouse on his ain midden-head

cram'd kyte mak's a crazy carcass

daft nurse mak's a wise wean

denk maiden maks a dirty wife

drink is shorter than a tale

dry summer ne'er made a dear peck

dumb man wins nae law

fool may win money, but it taks a wise man  
to keep it

gude turn deserves anither

hour's oauld will suck out seven year's heat

man may lead a horse to the water, but  
twenty winna gar him drink.

man's meat's anither man's poison

swallow maks nae sinner.

Ae hour in the morning's worth twa in the  
 afternoon

A sidging mare should be weel girded

A fool and his money is soon parted

A fool may gie a wise man counsel

A friend in court's worth a penny in purse

A friend in need's a friend indeed

Aft counting keeps friends lang thegither

After a storm comes a calm

A foul man and a hungry man ay mak haste  
 hame

A fou purse never lacks friends

A fou wame maks a stiff back

A gaun fit's ay getting

A gien horse should na be look'd i' the mouth

A gude beginning has ay a gude ending

A gude cow may hae an ill cauf

A gude tongue's a safe weapon

A gude ingle maks a roomy fireside

A gude word's as soon said as an ill

A gude tale is no the waur o' bein twice tauld

A green Yule maks a fat kirk-yard

A greedy e'e never gat a good pennyworth.

A hantle cry murder and are ay uppermost

A houndless hunter and a gunless gunner see  
routh o' game

A hungry man's ay angry

Ale-sellers should na be tale-tellers

A liar should hae a good memory

A light purse makes a heavy heart

A s no gowd that glitters

A' the truth should na be tauld

A' that's said in the kitchen should na be tald  
in the ha'.

A' cats are grey in the dark

A's no tine that's in hazard

Y's fish that comes in the net}

A' Stewarts are no sib to the king

A's weel that ends weel

A thing are gude untried

A man's ay crouse on his ain cause

A man may spit on his loof and do little

A man canna bear a' his kin on his back

A man at five many be a fool at fifteen

A man is weel or wae as he thinks himself tae

A mouthfu' o' meat may be a townfu' o' shame

A muffled cat was ne'er a good hunter

An auld mason maks a good barrowman

An auld poke is ay skailing

An auld dog bites sicker

An ill shearer never gat a gude heuk,

An ill lesson is soon learned

An ill wife and a new lighted candle should ha  
their heads haddendown.

An ill servant never proved a good master

An ounce o' motherwit is worth a pound o'  
clergy

Ane may lo'e the kirk weel enough, and no be  
aye riding on the rigging o't.

A new besom soops clean.

April showers bring May flowers.

A pound of care winna pay an ounce of debt.

A ragged colt may prove a good gelding.

A rowin stae gathers nae fog.

A Scots mist will weet an Englishman to the  
skin.

As long lives the merry man as the sad.

As long as ye serve the tod ye maun bear up  
his tail.

As the sow fills the draff sours.

As the auld cock crows the young cock learns.

As weel be hang'd for a wedder as a lamb.

As ye do yourself ye judge your neebors:

As ye mak your bed sae ye maun lie down.

- A safe conscience maks a sound sleep.  
 A short tree stauds lang.  
 A fillerless man gangs fast thro' the market.  
 A finking master maks aft a rising man.  
 A sorrowfu heart's aye dry.  
 As ye brew weel ye'll drink the better.  
 A spur in the head's worth twa in the heel.  
 At open doers dogs gae ben.  
 A tale-teller is waur than a thief.  
 A tarrowing bairn was never fat.  
 A tale never tines in the telling.  
 A thread will tye an honest man better than a  
     rape will a knave.  
 A tocherless dame sits lang at hame.  
 A twapenny cat may look at King.  
 A wee bush is better than nae bield.  
 A wee thing fleys cowards.  
 Auld men are twice bairns.  
 Auld sparrows are ill to tame.  
 A yeld sow was never good to gryces.

Bare gentry, braggan beggars  
 Be lang sick that ye may be soon hale  
 Beggars should na be chusers  
 Be guess, as the blind man fell'd the dog  
 Better a bit in the morning than fast a' day  
 Better a finger aff than ay wagging  
 Better a toom house than an ill tenant  
 Better auld debts than auld sairs  
 Better sma fish than nae fish  
 Better be envied than pitied  
 Better be alane than in ill company  
 Better be idle than ill employed  
 Better be kind than cumbersome  
 Better buy than borrow  
 Better day the better deed  
 Better flatter a fool than fight him  
 Better find iron than tine siller  
 Better gie the slight than tak it  
 Better haud by a hair than draw wi a tether  
 Better hein at the breird than at the bottom  
 Better kiss a knave than cast out wi' him  
 Better keep the deil without the door, than  
     drive him out o' the house  
 Better keep weel than mak weel



Better late thrive than ne'er do weel

Better live in hope than die in despair

Better my bairns seek frae me than me beg  
frae them

Better ne'er begun than ne'er ended,

Better rue sit than rue flit

Better the end of a feast than the beginning  
of a fray

Better to haud than draw

Better twa skaiths than ae sorrow

Better wait on the cook than the doctor

Better wear shoon than sheets

Aetwen the deil and the deep sea

Bid a man to the roast and stick him wi' the  
spit

Birds of a feather flock thegither

Birth's gude but breeding's better

Biting and scarting is Scotch fouk's wooing

Blind men should na be judges o' colors

Bourd na'wi' Bawty lest he bite ye

Burnt bairns dread the fire

Broken bread maks hale bairns

Butter and burn trouts ar kittle meat for  
maidens

By a thief faae the gollow and he ll cut your  
throat

Cadgers are ay fond o ereels.  
 Cast a bane in the house rigging 'twill fa on  
     its feet.  
 Cast a bane in the deil's teeth.  
 Cauld cools the love that kindles o'er het  
 Come unca'd fit unsair'd  
 Charity begins at hame  
 Confess and be hang'd  
 Corn him weel he'll work the better  
 Confess'd fault is half amends  
 Cut your cloak according to your claith  
 Crooked cailin, quoth the cripple till his wife  
 Count again is not forbidden  
 Count like Jews and gree like brethren

## D

Damming and laving is good sure fishing  
 Daughters and dead fish are nae keepin ware  
 Dawted bairns dow bear little  
 Day-light will peep thro' a sma' hole  
 Death defies the docter  
 Delays are dangerous  
 Dirt bodes luck  
 Dinna gut your fish till ye get them  
 Death and marriage break term day

Draff's gude enough for swine  
 Dows and dominics leave ay a foul house  
 Double charges rive cannons  
 Dummie winna lie  
 Drink and drouth come na ay thegither

## E

Early master soon knave  
 Eat your fill, but pouch nane  
 Eild and poortith's sair to thole  
 Either win the horse or lose the saddle  
 E'ning red and morning grey, is a taiken of a  
     bonny day  
 E'ning oats are good morning fother  
 Enough's as good's a feast  
 Every ane creeshes the fat sow's arse  
 Every thing has an end, an a pudding has twa  
 Every crow thinks his ain bird whitest  
 Every dog has his day

## F

Fair exchange is nae robbery  
 Fancy kills and fancy cures  
 Far away fowls hae ay fair feathers  
 Fat painches bode lean pows  
 Fiddlers' dogs and flesh flies come to feasts  
     unca'd

Fine feathers mak fine birds.

Fire an water are gude servants, but bod mas-  
ters.

First come first sair'd.

Flaes and a girning wife are waukrife bed-  
fellows.

Fools should na hae chappin'-sticks,

Fools mak feast and wife fouk eat them ;

The wise mak jests, and fools repeat them.

For fashion's sake, as dogs gang to market.

Foul water slockens fire.

Fresh fish and poor friends grow soon ill far'd.

Famblers are ay fond o' weans.

## G

Gie you an inch ye'll tak an ell.

Glasses and lasses are bruckle ware.

Gie the deil his due

God help rich fouk the poor can beg.

God send you mair wit and me mair filler.

Gut nae fish till ye get them.

## H

Hae will gar a deaf man hear.

Hame is hame if it were ne'er sae hamely.

Hang a thief when he's young and he'll no  
steal when he's auld.

He brings a stick to break his ain head.

He fells twa dogs wi' ae stane.

He had his finger in the pye.

He has a bee in his bannet lug.

He has nae as muckle sense as a cow can haud  
in her faulded nieve.

He has need of a lang spoon that sups wi' the  
deil.

He has a slid grip that has an eel by the tail.

He kens na a B by a bull's foot.

He'll soon be a beggar that canna say Nay.

He lo'ed mutton weel that lick'd where the  
ewe lay

He may weel swim that has head hadden  
up.

He never lies but when the hollin's green

He needs maun rin that the deil drives

He's wise that kens whan he's weel, and can  
haud himsel' sae

He's an Aberdeen's man, takes his word again

He's like a flea in a blanket

He's a wise bairn that kens his his ain father

He's unca fou in his ain house that canna pick  
a bane in his neibour s

He's a proud horse that winna bear his ain  
provender

He's like a singit cat, better than he's likely.  
 He's a worthless gudeman that's no missed  
 He stumbles at a strae an louns o'er a wonlyne  
 He speaks like a prent-book  
 He that aught the cow gangs nearest her tail  
 He that buys land buys stanes; and he that  
     buys beef buys banes  
 He that buys nuts buys shells, and he that buys  
     gude ale buys naething else  
 He that canna mak sport shoukl mar nane  
 He that comes unca'd sits unsair'd  
 He that deals in dirt has ay foul fingers  
 He that's fear'd for a fart will ne'er bide thun-  
     der  
 He that gies a wad gies naething  
 He that has a guid cramp may thole some  
     thistles  
 He that has nae siller in his purse should hae  
     silk on his tongue  
 He that hides is the best at seeking  
 He that has muckle ay gets mair  
 He that hews aboon his head may get a speal in  
     his e'e  
 He that's ill to himsel will be good to naebody  
 He that laughs at his ain joke spills the sport  
     o't

He that wad eat the kirkel maun crack the nut  
 He wad gang a mile to flit a sow  
 He wad rake hell for a bodle  
 His bark is waur than his bite  
 Hungry dogs are blythe o' bursten puddings

## I

I hae anither tow on my rock  
 I hae a gude gun, but it's in the castle  
 I hae seen mair than I hae eaten or ye wadna  
     be there  
 I'd neer keep a dog and bark mysel  
 I'm o'er auld a cat to draw a strae before  
 I ne'er sat on your coat tail  
 I neer loed meat that craw'd in my crapin  
 I wad be scant o' clath to sole my hose wi a  
     docken  
 I wadna fother ye for yere muck  
 I wadna mak fish o' ane and flesh o' anither  
 I wish you readier meat than a running hare  
 I wadna be deav'd wi your kecklin for a' your  
     eggs  
 IF and AND spoil mony a good charter  
 If a man's gaun down the brae ilk ane gies  
     him a jundy  
 If it be a faut it's nae feirly

If it winna sell it winna sour  
 If the deil be laird ye'll be tenant  
 If wishes were horses beggars wad ride  
 If ye hae little gear guide it the better  
 If ye sell your purse to your wife gei her your  
     brecks to the bargain  
 If ye win at whoring ye'll tine at naething  
 Ill bairns get broken pows  
 Ill bairns are best heard at hame  
 Ill doers are ay ill dreaders  
 Ill getting hot water frae aneath cauld ice  
 Ill herds msk fat foxes  
 Ill hearing maks wrang rehearsing  
 Ill news are aft o'er true  
 Ill payers are ay good creavers  
 Ill won gear winna enrich the third heir  
 It cam' wi' the wind let it gae wi' the water  
 It's an ill cause that the lawyers think shame o'  
 It's an ill pack that's no worth the custom  
 It's a mean mouse that has but ae hole  
 It's a nasty bird files its ain nest  
 It's stinking praise comes out o' anes ain  
     mouth  
 It's a sin to lie on the deil  
 It's a shame to eat the cow and worry on the  
     tail



It's an ill wiad that blaws naebody gude  
 Its a sorry hen that mayna greet  
 Its dear coft honey that's licket aff a thorn  
 Its fair in the 'ha' whan beards wag a'  
 Its gude sleeping in a hale skin  
 Its gude to be sib to siller  
 Its gude to hae twa strings to your bow  
 Its hard to sit in Rome, and strive wi the Pope  
 Its hard for a greedy ee to hae a leal heart  
 Its ill to bring out o' the flesh what's bred i'  
     the bane  
 Its ill getting breeks aff a highlandman  
 Its ill taking corn frae geese  
 Its ill makin a silken purse o' a sow's lug, or a  
     toutin horn o a tod's tail  
 Its kittle shooting at corbies and clergy  
 Its kittle to waken sleepin dogs  
 Its lang or the deil be found dead at a dike side  
 Its lang or like to die fill the kirk yard  
 Its needless to bid a wran rin  
 Its needless to pour wáter on a drown'd mouse  
 Its nae sin to tak a gude price but in geeing  
     ill measure  
 Its no tint that a friend gets  
 Its nae laughing to girn in a woody  
 Its past joking when the head's a'

It's weel that our faults are no written on our  
face

Its lang or four bare legs gather het in the bed

It maun be true that a fouk say

It will be a fether out o' your wing

t sets a sow weel to wear a saddle

It was ne'er for naething that the gled whistled

It will be a fire when it burns, quo' the tod  
when he shit on the ice

## K

Keep your ain fish guts to your ain sea maws

Keep your breath ro cool your crowdie

Kindness will creep where it canna gang

King's cauff is worth ither fouk,s corn

Kindle a candle at baith ends it will soon be  
done

Kythe in your ain colors that fouk may ken  
you

## L

Laith to bed and laith to rise

Lang fasting hains nae meat

Lang-tongued wives gae lang wi' bairn

Langest at fire soon finds cauld

Laws costly, tak a pint and gree

Law makers should na be law-breakers.

Laugh at leisure ye may greet e'er night

Learn young, learn fair

Letna the plugh stand to kill a mouse

Let a' trades live, quoth the wife when she

burnt her besom

Let him haud the bairn that aught the bairn

Let him cool in the skin he het in

Let ilka sheep hang by its ain shank

Let the horns gang wi the hide

Let the morn come and the meat wi't

Like draws to like, as an auld horse to a feal

dike

Liké Scotsman, ay wise ahint the,htnd

Lik hens, ye rin ay to the tap o' the heap

Like the cat, fain fish wad ye eat, but ye're

laith to wait your feet

Lippen to me, but look to yoursel

Little kind, less cared for

Little said's soon mended

Little wit i' the heads maks muckle treavel to

to the feet

Little may an auld nag do that manna nigher

Little dogs hae lang tails

Live upon love, as lawrocks do on leeks

Loud on the loan was ne'er a gude miik cow

Love and light winna hide

## M

Maidens should be mild and meek,  
 Quick to hear and slow to speak,  
 Muckle noise and little woo, quo the deil when  
     he clippet the sow  
 Maidens' tochers an' ministers' stipends are ay  
     less than ca'd  
 Mair by luck than gude guiding  
 Mair haste the waur speed, quo the taylor to  
     the lang thread  
 Mak the best o a bad bargain  
 Mak your hay when the sun shines  
 Meally mou'd maids stand lang at the mill  
 Muckle may fa between the cup and the lip,  
 Mills and wives are ay wanting  
 Money is welcome in a dirten clout  
 Money excuses pishes the bed  
 Mony cooks ne'er made gude kail

## N

Nae fool like an auld fool  
 Nae man thrives unless his wife lets him  
 Naething's to be done in haste but gripping o'  
     flaes

Jane but fools an knaves lay wagers  
 Sae sooner up than her head's in the amry  
 Jane can play the fool sae weel as a wise man  
 Necessity has nae law  
 We'er draw your durk when a dunt will do  
 We'er find faut wi my shoon unless ye pay the  
     cobler  
 We'er let on, but laugh in your sleeve  
 We'er marry a widow unless her first man was  
     hang'd  
 We'er quat certainty for hope  
 We'er seek a wife till ye ken what to do wi'  
     her

We'er strive against the stream  
 Nineteen naesays o' a maiden is half a grant.

O, P, & Q.

We'er muckle o' ae thing is gude for naething  
 O' twa ills choose the least  
 Out o' debt, out o' danger  
 Pay him in his ain coin  
 Pennyless souls may pine in purgatory  
 Possession is eleven points in the law  
 Poor fouks are soon pish'd out  
 Poets and Printers hae liberty to lie  
 Put a coward to his mettle, and he'll fight the  
     deil

Quick returns mak rich

## R

Raise nae mair deels than ye're able to lay  
 Rather spoil your joke than tine your friend  
 Raw dads make fat lads  
 Raw leather raxes  
 Right wrangs nae man  
 Rome was nae bigget in ae day

## S

Sair cravers are aye ill payers  
 Satan reproving sin  
 Set a stout heart to a stay brae  
 Shame's past the shade o' your hair  
 Sharp stomachs mak short graces  
 Slaw at meat, slaw at wark  
 Speak when you're spoken to  
 Speak o' the deil and he'll appear  
 Standing dubs gather dirt  
 Stown dints are sweetest  
 Strike the iron as lang's its het.

## T

That winna be a mote in your marriage .  
 The better day the better deed

The cure may be waur than the disease

The deil's bsirns hae deil's luck

The first fuss of a haggis is ay the bauldest

The King's errand may come in the cadger's  
gate

The langer we live, we see the mae ferlies

The mafr ye greet ye'll pish the less

The langer ye tramp on a turd, it turns ay the  
braider

The master's ee maks the horse fat

The smith's mare and the souter's wife are ay  
warst shod

The thieffer like the better sodger

The thing that's in your wame's no in your  
testament

The worth o' a thing is best kend by the want  
of it

There's nane sae blind as them that wianna see

There's life in a mussel as lang as it cheeps

They are like thy gryces, if ye kittle their wame  
they fa' on their backs

They that get a word o' soon rising may lie a  
day

Three can keep a secret if twa be awa

True blue will never stain

## W

Wae's the wife that wants the tongue, but  
 weel's the man that has her  
 Weans maun creep e'er they gang  
 We canna baith sup and blaw  
 Welcome's the best dish in the kitchen  
 What's gotten o'er the deil's back, will gang  
 awa under his belly  
 When ae door steeks, anither opens  
 When the tod preaches, tak tent o' the lambs  
 When the wame's fu the banes wad be at rest

FINIS.