

5.509.

Deveron Days



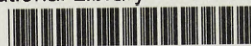
BY

MARY SYMON

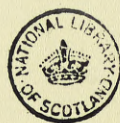




National Library of Scotland



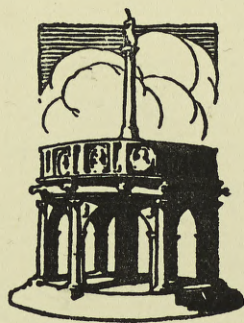
B000329617



DEVERON DAYS

DEVERON DAYS

BY
MARY SYMON



ABERDEEN: D. WYLLIE & SON

1933

To

THAT SCOT OF SCOTS

WILLIAM WILL



CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
THE AULD FISHER : HIS FIRST TROOT, - - -	I
THE SOLDIERS' CAIRN, - - -	2
THE HEDONIST, - - -	4
THE EXILE, - - -	6
THE WAG-AT-THE-WA', - - -	8
HAME, - - -	11
THE GLEN'S MUSTER-ROLL, - - -	13
IN APPIN, - - -	19
A PASSPORT, - - -	22
OLD AND NEW, - - -	24
A RECRUIT FOR THE GORDONS, - - -	26
THE CHEERY CHIEL, - - -	29
A COUNTRY SABBATH, - - -	32
THE AUCHT-DAY CLOCK, - - -	35
AFTER NEUVE CHAPELLE, - - -	37
COME HAME - - -	41
FOR OUR EMPIRE, - - -	43
THE HERMIT, - - -	45
A WHIFF O' HAME, - - -	48
BURNS NICHT IN THE GLEN, - - -	50
GLOSSARY, - - -	56

THE AULD FISHER: HIS FIRST TROOT

I'VE had my pridefu' meenits
In my lang pilgrimage,
But when a' is said and deen—It's
Could I turn back Life's page,

I'd tak' ae bonnie mornin'
Wi' the sun on lea an' hill,
An' the soun' o' water churnin'
Roun' the clapper o' a mill,

An' I'd sit aside my wahnies
Wi' a deid troot owre my knee—
But ah! "*labuntur anni*
Fugaces, Postume."

THE SOLDIERS' CAIRN

GIE me a hill wi' the heather on't,
An' a reid sun drappin' doon,
Or the mists o' the mornin' risin' saft
Wi' the reek owre a wee grey toon.
Gie me a howe by the lang Glen road,
For it's there 'mang the whin and fern
(D'ye mind on't, Will? Are ye hearin', Dod?)
That we're biggin' the Soldiers' Cairn.

Far awa' is the Flanders land
Wi' fremmit France atween,
But mony a howe o' them baith the day
Has a hap o' the Gordon green ;
It's them we kent that's lyin' there,
An' it's nae wi' stane or airn,
But wi' brakin' herts, an' mem'ries sair,
That we're biggin' the Soldiers' Cairn.

Doon, laich doon the Dullan sings—
An' I ken o' an aul' sauch tree,
Where a wee loon's wahnies hingin' yet
That's dead in Picardy ;

An' ilka win' fae the Conval's broo
Bends aye the buss o' ern,
Where aince he fuddled a name that noo
I'll read on the Soldiers' Cairn.

Oh! build it fine and build it fair,
Till it leaps to the moorland sky—
More, more than death is symbolled there,
Than tears or triumphs by.
There's the Dream Divine of a starward way
Our laggard feet would learn—
It's a new earth's corner-stone we'd lay
As we fashion the Soldiers' Cairn.

.

Lads in your plaidies lyin' still,
In lands we'll never see,
This lanely cairn on a hameland hill
Is a' that oor love can dee;
An' fine an' braw we'll mak' it a',
But oh, my Bairn, my Bairn,
It's a cradle's croon that'll aye blaw doon
To me fae the Soldiers' Cairn.

THE HEDONIST

(*After Béranger*)

I KENT o' a king o' the Cabrach aince,
An' a gey bit kingie was he;
He had nae sowl, nae siller, nor sense,
But did fine withoot a' three.
For he sleepit, ochone! an' snored, ochone!
A' day in his beddie ba'—
Wi' a tosselled trok o' a nicht-kep on,
An' his croon in the crap o' the wa',
Ay, his bonnie croon,
Wi' the roset foun',
It lay in the crap o' the wa'.

He'd wauken fyles when the knock wad chap,
An' skirl fae the horn en':—
“Ye louts, ye loons, I've an awfu' yapp,
Fess plates and trenchers ben;
An' dinna forget, I've a drooth evenoo
That could drink the Deveron dry—
An' the mair o' guid ye pit into my mou',
The mair'll come oot, say I,
Oh, better for you,
A king half-fou',
A hantle, than ane that's dry.”

Weel suppered an' slockit, they'd saiddle him
On a shalt as sweer's himsel',
An' he'd ride his realm fae the Rooster's rim
To the lythe o' the Balloch well ;
A' his bodygaird was a fozelin' tyke
As ready to row's to run—
"I'm a king," says he, "I can dae as I like
An' I'm giein' my fowk their fun—
'He gar't 's a' laugh,'
Is the epitaph,
I wad like when I'm 'naith the grun'."

When the kingie dee'd ae Lammas mirk,
His fowk made muckle mane,
An' they happit him snod in Walla Kirk *
Wi' this at his cauld head-stane :
"A cheery Craitur's lyin' here"—
An' they said baith great an' sma',
"He never gar't ane o's shed a tear
Except when he wore awa'."
.
'Mong heather and whaups, and whins and mist,
Oh, laughing, lonely hedonist,
I like to think of you.

* A burying-ground on Deveronside.

THE EXILE *

BURY me not in Egypt !
Fair is its sun-kissed strand !
But I fain would sleep by some windy steep,
In a far-off northern land.
For me not the soft hibiscus,
Olive, or palm, or vine ;
I'd rest with the heather o'er me,
In that misty land of mine.

Bury me not in Egypt !
Not by the storied Nile.
On it's age-old breast Kings take their rest ;
But away in a cold grey isle
There's a river that's calling, calling,
There is dust that is kin to me,
And it's there I'd sleep, my children,
On the braes beside the Dee.

* The late Duke of Fife died in Egypt, and his body was taken home for interment at Mar Lodge. These lines were suggested by a very fine "In Memoriam" sermon from the text "Bury me not in Egypt" preached in the Old Church of Mortlach by the late Rev. J. B. Cumming.

Bury me not in Egypt !

Towers of the Moslem gleam,
But my dying eyes seek Highland skies,
And the glint of a moorland stream,
Where the morning winds are blowing,
And the mists lie chill and low,
And the pibroch pipes me homeward,
O'er the crags my clansmen know.

Bury me not in Egypt !

A grave in a Scottish glen
Is beild enough for the last dead Duff,
So he greets his own again.
And it's not by an alien river,
'Neath sheen of an orient star,
But in homeland hills you'll lay me
By my forest Braes o' Mar.

THE WAG-AT-THE-WA'

AUL' sconface we ca'ed it, hairst-bap an' the like—
A' pictered wi' hoosies, an' bees, an' a bike,
Wi' dossen o' roses meanderin' roon—
Oh! a plenishin' gran', baith for sicht an' for soun'.—
The but-the-hoose cheeper had muntins nae mous,
The lever could tell's fan tae yoke an' tae lowse,
O' the aul' kitchey caser we couldna weel blaw,
But losh! we wis prood o' oor Wag-at-the-wa'.

It briested ye straught as ye opened the door;
Maybe ae 'oor ahin, maybe twa-three afore.
“But fiech! fat o' that?” the aul' man would say,
“A college curriculum's oor time o' day!”
An' tappin' his mullie, he'd stot awa' ben,
“Noo, ye see, lads, the han's at the hauf aifter ten,
An' it's new chappit ane—Weel, Greenwich an' me
Positeevly can state—*its a quarter fae three!*”
Ay! Logic, Algebra—ye sair nott them a'
When ye set oot to bothom oor Wag-at-the-wa'.

The fun that we made o't ! The lauchs that we got !
I could tell them a' yet, though the greet's in my throat.
. . . Aul' chap, on yir kopje (or is't a karoo ?),
Div ye min' the Eel-even, when some ane got fou ?
When the reel 'naith the rafters was ill for his queet,
But he 'd dance, he could swear, the backstep on a peat ;
When wi' little persuasion he sang to the cat,
An' tellt the stuffed oolet jeest a' fat was fat ;
But to ken foo 't a' ended, an' fa bested fa—
Weel, I'd need to *sub pœna* the Wag-at-the-wa'.

An', Jean, ye're awa' amon' bleckies to bide !
Ye're rich an' ye're gran', an' "my lady" beside ;
But fyles, wi' yir fine things an' fair things a' roon,
Will yir een maybe fill, an' yir heart gie a stoon ?
As the aul' days come back ; the lad at the door,
An' the "weeshtin'," tillowre the stair-head comes a snore.
Syne, oh ! lassie, syne—but I winna say mair—
A' the glamour an' glory o' life met ye there,
An' Heaven cam' gey near to the wearyfu' twa
That kissed their first kiss 'naith the Wag-at-the-wa'.

Ay, we're a' scattered noo, but it's aye tickin' on—
Ye hear 't at the dykeside, ye hear 't up the loan—

Ye hear 't—divn't ye, lad? by the lang lippin' seas
That soom by yir doorcheek at the Antipodes.
An' Tam, wi' yir tackets on Ottawa's steep,
What is 't that comes back when ye canna get sleep?
Jest the croon o' a burn in a far-awa glen,
The clink o' a churn, or a fit comin' ben,
An' in laich obligato, the lift an' the fa',
The sab, an' the sang o' a Wag-at-the-wa'.

Day's aifter ilk dawnin', an' nicht aifter e'en;
But there's nae steppin' back owre the gait we ha'e gane;
An' Fate winna huckster, or tell fat she'd ha'e
To lan' me a loon again, doon the aul' brae—
Wi' the lang road afore: wad I bide? wad I gang?
Ah, me! I ken noo, but the kennin's ta'en lang.
... Though kind's been the farin', an' crown'd the quest,
For the bit that's gane by me, I'd swap a' the rest.
The braw beild is yonder I set oot to win,
An' "Ichabod"'s up or the door I'm weel in.
There was sun on the summit I ettled to speel,
But it's mirk noo I'm up, an' I'm weary as weel.
What's glory? What's gold? A quate heart's worth
 them a',
An' I left mine langsyne by a Wag-at-the-wa'.

HAME

(St. Andrew's Day under the Southern Cross)

GOD bless our land, our Scotland,
Grey glen an' misty brae,
The blue heights o' the Coolins,
The green haughs yont the Spey,
The weary wastes on Solway,
Snell winds blaw owre them a'—
But aye it's Hame, lad,
Yours an' mine, lad,
Shielin' or ha'.

It's Hame, it's Hame for ever,
Let good or ill betide !
The croon o' some dear river,
The blink o' ae braeside.

God bless our land ; it's yonder—
Far in the cold North Sea :
But 'neath the old Saint's glamour
It's calling you an' me :

Your feet tread Libyan deserts,
Mine press the wattle's bloom,
But to-night we stand together
Among the broom.

It's Hame, it's Hame for ever,
Let shore or sea divide !
The croon o' some dear river,
The blink o' ae braeside.

God bless our land. We dream o't—
The days aye brakin' fine
On the lang, lane glints o' heather
In the glens we kent lang syne.

Ay, we are Reubens, rovers,
'Neath mony an alien star,
But flaunt the blue flag o'er us,
Pipe up the "Braes o' Mar,"
And steppe and nullah vanish,
And pomp and pelf and fame—
It's gloamin'—on a lown hillside,
An' lads, . . . We're . . . Hame.

THE GLEN'S MUSTER-ROLL

The Dominie Loquitur :—

HING 't up aside the chumley-cheek, the aul' glen's
Muster Roll,

A' names we ken fae hut an' ha', fae Penang to the Pole,
An' speir na gin I'm prood o't—losh ! coont them line
by line,

Near han' a hunner fechtin' men, an' they a' were Loons
o' Mine.

A' mine. It's jist like yesterday they sat there raw on raw,
Some tyaavin' wi' the "Rule o' Three," some widin'
throu' "Mensa";

The map o' Asia's shoggly yet faur Dysie's sheemach head
Gaed cleeter-clatter a' the time the carritches was said.

"A limb," his greetin' granny swore, "the aul' deil's very
limb"—

But Dysie's deid and drooned lang syne; the *Cressy*
coffined him.

"Man guns upon the fore barbette !" . . . What's that
to me an' you ?

Here's moss an' burn, the skailin' kirk, aul' Kissack
beddin's soo.

It's Peace, it's Hame—but owre the Ben the coastal search-
lights shine,

And we ken that Britain's bastions mean—that sailor
Loon o' Mine.

The muirlan's lang, the muirlan's wide, an' fa says
“ships” or “sea”?

But the tang o' saut that's in wir bleed has puzzled mair
than me.

There's Sandy wi' the birstled shins, faur think ye's he
the day?

Oot where the hawser's tuggin' taut in the surf o' Suvla Bay;
An' owre the spurs o' Chanak Bahr gaed twa lang stilpert
chiels,

I think o' flappin' butteries yet or weyvin' powets' creels—
Exiles on far Australian plains—but the Lord's ain
boomerang

'S the Highland heart that'saye for hame hooever far it gang.
An' the winds that wail owre Anzac an' requiem Lone Pine.
Are nae jista' for stranger kin, for some were Loons o' Mine.

They're comin' hame in twas and threes; there's Tam
fae Singapore—

Yon's his, the string o' buckie-beads abeen the aumry door—

An' Dick Macleod, his sanshach sel' (Guidsake, a bombardier !)

I see them yet ae summer day come hodgin' but the fleer :

"Please, sir" (a habber an' a hoast), "Please, sir" (a gasp,
a gulp,

Syne wi' a rush) "Please—sir—can—we—win—oot—to
droon—a—fulp ?"

. . . Hi, Rover, here, lad !—ay, that's him, the fulp they
didna droon,

But Tam—puir Tam lies cauld an' stiff on some grey
Belgian dune,

An' the *Via Dolorosa*'s there, faur a wee bit cutty quine
Stan's lookin' doon a teem hill road for a sojer Loon
o' Mine.

Fa's neist ? The Gaup—A Gordon wi' the "Bydand" on
his broo,

Nae murlacks dreetlin' fae his pooch or owre his grauvit noo,
Nae word o' groff-write trackies on the "Four best ways
to fooge"—

He steed his grun' an' something mair, they tell me, oot
at Hooge.

But owre the dyke I'm hearin' yet : "Lads, fa's on for
a swap ?—

A lang sook o' a pandrop for the sense o' *verbum sap.*

Fack's death, I tried to min' on 't—here's my gairten wi'
the knot—

But—bizz ! a dhubrack loupit as I passed the muckle pot.”
. . . Ay, ye didna ken the classics, never heard o' a co-sine,
But here's my aul' lum aff tae ye, dear gowkit Loon o' Mine.

They're handin' oot the haloes, an' three's come to the
glen—

There's Jeemack ta'en his Sam Browne to his mither's
but an' ben.

Ay, they ca' me “Blawin' Beelie,” but I never crawled
sae crouse

As the day they gaed the V.C. to my *filius nullius*.

But he winna sit “Receptions” nor keep on his aureole,
A' he says is “Dinna haiver, jest rax owre the Bogie Roll.”
An' the Duke an' 's dother shook his han' an' speirt about
his kin.

“Old family, yes; here sin' the Flood,” Ismairtly chippit in.
(Fiech ! Noah's ? Na—we'd ane wirsels, ye ken, in '29.*)
I'm nae the man tae stan' an' hear them lichtlie Loon o'
Mine.

Wir Lairdie. That's his mither in her doo's-neck silk
gaun by,

The podduck, so she tells me, 's haudin' up the H.L.I.

* A reference to the Moray floods of 1829.

An' he's stan'in' owre his middle in the Flander's clort
an' dub,

Him 'at eese't to scent his hanky, an' speak o's mornin'
" tub."

The Manse loon 's dellin' divots on the weary road to Lille,
An' he canna flype his stockin's, cause they hinna tae
nor heel.

Sennelager* 's gotten Davie—a' moo fae lug tae lug—
An' the Kaiser's kyaak, he 's writin', 'll neither ryve nor rug,
" But mind ye " (so he post-cairds), " I'm already owre
the Rhine."

Ay, there's nae a wanworth o' them, though they werena
Loons o' Mine.

. . . You—Robbie. Memory pictures : Front bench,
a curly pow,

A chappit hannie grippin' ticht a Homer men't wi' tow—
The lave a' scrammelin' near him, like bummies roon a bike.
" Fat's this ? " " Fat's that ? " He'd tell them a'—ay,
speir they fat they like.

My hill-foot lad ! A' sowl an' brain fae's bonnet to his
beets,

A " Fullarton " *in posse*, nae the first fun' fowin' peats.

*A German prison-camp.

. . . An' I see a blythe young Bajan gang whistlin' doon
the brae,

An' I hear a wistful Paladin his patriot *credo* say.

An' noo, an' noo I'm waitin' till a puir thing hirples hame—

Ay, 't's the Valley o' the Shadow, nae the mountain
heichts o' Fame.

An' where's the nimble nostrum, the dogma fair and fine,
To still the ruggin' heart I hae for you, oh, Loon o' Mine?

.

My Loons, my Loons! Yon winnock gets the settin' sun
the same,

Here's sklates and skailies, ilka dask a' fuddled wi' a name.

An' as I sit a vision comes: Ye're troopin' in aince mair,

Ye're back fae Aisne an' Marne an' Meuse, Ypres an'
Festubert;

Ye're back on weary bleedin' feet—you, you that danced
an' ran—

For every lauchin' loon I kent I see a hell-scarred man.

Not mine but yours to question now! You lift unhappy
eyes—

"Ah, Maister, tell's fat a' this means." And I, ye thocht
sae wise,

Maun answer wi' the bairn words ye said tae me langsyne:

"I dinna ken, I dinna ken." Fa does, oh, Loons o' Mine?

IN APPIN

IT'S summer up in Appin;
An', oh gin it were me,
Owre a hill-road that was steppin',
Where it's windin' to the sea;
Wi' the whaups a' wheelin' hameward,
An' the muirland spreadin' wide,
An' ae lad waitin',
My ain lad waitin'
At the lang dykeside.

It's gloamin' up in Appin,
An' you an' me oor lanes,
Wi' the burnie's water lappin'
Owre the green steppin' stanes;
An' oh the world was bonnie
When in yours, sae warm and big,
Ye took my cauld, wee hannie,
My willin', wee bit hannie
At the aul' shakin' brig.

It's winter up in Appin,
An' the drift's a' owre Glen Mhor;
But I ken fa 'tis that's chappin',
Fa's fit comes to the door:
Syne . . . ben the hoosie yonder
Was the Land o' Heart's Desire,
Wi' our four feet on the fender,
Yours and mine upon the fender,
Aside oor ain peat-fire.
Ay, we hadna far to wander
For our land o' Heart's Desire.

It's owre the years to Appin,—
An', God! fat wad I gie
For ae aul' plaidie happin',
Oh lad, just you an' me . . .
But there's eld upon my broon hair,
An' the red lips ye kissed—
Life's bye, but for the achin',
The never-still heart-achin'
For a' that I hae missed.

But we'll baith win back to Appin—
Some day the sun'll shine

An' the same saft rain be drappin'
On your grave as on mine.
When there's naithing mair 'll pairt us
Than a strip o' kirkyard green—
Ay, Death, lad, will be kinder till's
Than ever Life has been—
An' it's lythe we'll lie in Appin,
When the lang day's deen.

A PASSPORT

ONCE long ago I journeyed far,
'Midst bog, and mire and wet;
My pilot was one lonely star,
In a dim horizon set :
And never a fair wind wooed my cheek,
And never a kindly thing ;
But I went—'twas my vagrant pharisee freak—
To the City of Suffering.

I reached the gate, and souls accurst
Looked through the bars at me—
“And see,” I cried, “I come athirst
For the bliss of ministry.
And kindly words, and good men’s gold,
And women’s tears I bring,
The tide of a pitying world has rolled
To your City of Suffering.”

But through the gloom no warder came
To open wide to me,
And never a glad voice blessed my name
For my sweet charity ;

But I heard the laugh of an Ishmael,
Across the grey walls ring :
"Back fool, and learn what it means to dwell
In our City of Suffering."

.

Yet once again I journeyed there,
Back to these souls accurst,
And I said : "I too have supped with care,
I too have sorrow nursed ;
And a broken heart, and a bleeding brow,
And my loneliness I bring":
And they cried : "Come in, you've your passport
now,
To our City of Suffering."

OLD AND NEW

“*I**N vino veritas!*”

That's the classic wye,
O' Horace owre his glass,
In times lang bye.
A' credit to the lad for his acumen—
But on ony norland brae,
Ye can hear the same the day,
Faur we jest mak oot to say,
“A foo man's a true man.”

Fan the halflin' coups his gill,
(An' fat for no?)
An' the lordy's had a swill,
O' Veuve Cliquot,
They're baith sic-like—the plutocrat an' plooman,
For the craitur 'naith the clout,
Has a wye o' keekin' oot,
An' ye'll nae be lang in doobt,
That a foo man's a true man.

Aye the brimmin' quaich!
Aye the bonnie quine!
The love-lilt, sweet an' laich—
The threesome divine!
Lat'shae thema'—be't penny trump or Schumann—
But lat's mislippen nane—
When we pree the tappit hen,
Fat's but'll aye come ben,
For a foo man's a true man.

.

Here's lookin' to ye, Horace!
When Virgil supped wi' you—
An' owre your doch-an-doris,
The twa o' ye got fou—
Had ye to thole, like's a', the tongue o' woman?
For in far awa' B.C.
I misdoot if Lalagè
“*Dulce loquens*” aye wad be
Owre the foo man an' the true man.

A RECRUIT FOR THE GORDONS

I'M aff! The halflin gets my crib,
An' keeps the chaumer key;
The morn aul' Mains can dicht his nib,
An' scoor the lift for me.

I've listed! Dang the nowt an' neeps!
I'm aff to fecht or fa';
I ken, withoot their weary threeps,
They're mair than needin's a'.

Wi' Huns upon wir thrashel-stane,
An' half the world red wud,
Gweed sax feet ane o' brawn an' bane,
Is nae for plooman dud.

An' sae I paumered back an' fore,
Practeesin' in my kilt,
An' Sownock fae the bothy door
Kame-sowfed * a martial lilt.

* To "sowf" through a comb covered with paper, a primitive but not uncommon musical effort.

They leuch till howe an' hill-tap rang—

I steppit saft mysel',—

For aye anaith my bonnet sang

Bit things I couldna tell—

The bonnet wi' the aul' "Bydand"

That sat upon my broo—

An' something stirred, grey Mitherland,

In my puir hert for you,

As aye an' aye the plaidie green

Swung roon my naked knee,

An', mairchin' there anaith the meen,

Lord Sake ! That wasna me,

The eat-meat sumph that kissed the quines,

An' took a skyte at Eel ;

I was the heir o' brave langsynes,

A sojer, head to heel.

Ay me ! 'At never shot a craw,

Nor killed a cushey-doo—

But bleed's aye bleed, an' aul' granda

Did things at Waterloo.

.

I'm aff the morn . . . There's nane'll ken
O' ae broon curly head,
That ees't to lie aside my ain
In Mains's stoupet bed :

It's laich, laich noo, in Flanders sod,
An' I'm mairchin' wi' the drum,
'Cause doon the lang La Bassée road
There's dead lips cryin' "Come !"

THE CHEERY CHIEL

(After Béranger)

SOUR an' dour wis a' the fowk
At oor toon-en';

Mim o' mou', an' lang o' chowk,
But the hoose an' ben;

Naething richt, nor oot nor in,
A'thing aff the reel,

Till, fustlin' as he tirls the pin,
In comes the Cheery Chiel.

An' foo we blessed the pow o' him
Anaith the bauchled tile!

An' cheered the "Hap-an'-Row"* o' him
That gied fae squeak to squile!

At's aul' polonian, losh, we leuch
Mair than we'd deen sin Eel.

Ye micht ha heard's abeen the Feugh,
His an' the Cheery Chiel.

He had a hoosie up the loan,
A stripie rinnin' by,

* "Hap-an'-Row": an old North Country song.

A fustle that he tootled on ;
In fee, he'd Earth and Sky,
An' nae a plack in pooch or pyok ;
But oh ! the couthie beil,
A quinie's face aside the knock
Made for the Cheery Chiel.

He fiddled, diddled, danced awa',
Fae parischen to toon ;
Newsed i' the neuk wi' aul' gran'da,
Furled totums wi' the loon.
Laughter and Love—the kingly wares
He cairriet in his creel—
He niffer't for oor sabs an' sairs,
The Cheery Chapman Chiel.

Fan nicht cam doon, a' starry, still,
He prayed his pagan prayer :
“Lord, gie me aye o' Joy my fill ;
Wi' that, I'll seek nae mair ;
Aye blythe my fit gaun up the brae,
An' blythe gaun doon as weel—
At mornin' an' at gloamin' grey,
The same aul' Cheery Chiel.”

.

Fu', oh fu' 's the weary earth
O' fowk that greet and girn :
Nae sowl but has its desert dearth,
Nae back but has its birn—
An' faur's nepenthe? Nae in a'
The priest's, the pedant's skeel.
The wit's wi' him that tholes awa',
An's aye a Cheery Chiel.

A COUNTRY SABBATH

YONDER the silent hillside,
Green with the flush of May,
And a lark by the lich-gate singing
As I murmur, "Let us pray."
Dim through the dusky casement
A vagrant sunbeam creeps,
And I read a chill *Hic jacet*
Where an old Crusader sleeps.

This is my church. My people.
God! I have preached at ease,
To cynics who culled their mockings
From Hegel and Socrates;
To sage and sophist,—monarchs
In the hierarchy of men,
But I stand before you dumbly,
You toilers of the glen.

Dumb, for my placid dogmas,
Shibboleths old or new,

Philosophy's poor vagaries,—

What can they be to you?

But the din of some antic tourney

To warriors worn with fight,

But the echoes of idle revels

To watchers in the night.

Toil-worn hands and weary,

Furrowed cheek and brow—

Oh, I know the pigmy measure

Of my nimble nostrums now;

Something for dainty sinnings,

Something for dainty woes,—

But what for the unvoiced sadness

The joyless toiler knows?

Oh, culture, shall I curse you?

Bound in your silken gyves

I have lived till now unknowing

The pathos of empty lives;

Unknowing and undreaming

That where the yearnings bleat,

Where the happy wind of summer

Bends low the bladed wheat,

Where the lint-white's singing pæans,
There, there are earth's unblest,
The souls that keep unfading
(Like some sad palimpsest),
Above the ages' imprints,
One pitying Heart's behest:
"Come, all ye heaven-laden,
And I will give you rest."

THE AUCHT-DAY CLOCK

WE'VE flitted, lad, we've flitted,
We've left the auld close mou';
We're tryin' to be gentry,
Wi' oor gilt an' ormolu.
The hoose is fu' o' bravities,
An' a' new-fangled trock,
But I'd swap them a' the morn
For my guid auld aucht-day clock.

I mind on't in the hoose at hame,
My granny's but-an'-ben;
Her owre-croon mutch aside it sat,
Her specs an' sneeshan pen;
An' throu' the wee gell winnock aye
Fu' bonnie mornin' broke,
As I binnered back the bed door
To see what 'twas o'clock.

The aumry wi' the cheena cups,
A' spreckled reid an' blue,
The soord that Uncle Willie took
Bleed-red fae Waterloo—

Were gran' eneuch: the kist o' drawers
Was nae a thing to mock;
But ane an' a', they bouket sma'
Aside the aucht-day clock.

Its canny jow gied throu' the hoose
Like some laigh-chanted spell.
It cried, "Ye jaud, ye fugged the school,"
It speired, "Fa bosied Bell?"
It grat abeen the coffin-lid,
It timed the cradle's rock,
An' the lilts that rang in Eden
Cam' fae the aucht-day clock.

I'm missin't, losh, I'm missin't;
The shielin's gane langsyne;
The braes where ance I wandered
Nae mair ken tread o' mine.
A far-aff win' blows owre them,
I'm my lane 'mong fremmit folk,
Since my hinmost frien' has left me,
My guid auld aucht-day clock.

AFTER NEUVE CHAPELLE

WE'd a hefty second horseman fae the braes on
Deveronside,

An' twa bit College birkies like to burst their breeks wi'
pride ;

There was Lauchin' Tam an' "Curly" an' the ane we
ca'ed "the Loon,"

Wi' his sowfan' pech an' fosel, fit to wreck the hale platoon.
An' they're a' deid or deein'—I've a gey bit clour mysel'—
But I winner fat they're thinkin' i' the Glen, o' Neuve
Chapelle.

Man, I wish I'd seen the smiddy the nicht the news
cam' in !

The Bailie's beld head noddin', the Soutar clawin' 's chin,
The country clashes fleein' as the sun gied doon the Lecht.
Till the paper geat comes skirlin' : "The Gordons in a
Fecht,"

Losh ! I think I see them loupin'—"Gi'es 't !" "Heely,
man, 't 'll tear !"

"Faur are they ?" "Read it !" "Fat is 't ?" An' the Bailie
smores a swear

As he hicks an' mants: "H'm! Fiech—It's wait—I'll
need to spell"—

(It's a geylies chancy mou'fu' that Frenchy Neuve Chapelle).

Syne they'll read about La Bassée an' the red roofs o' Aubers,
An' like kitlins in the kinkhost they'll try Armentières;
An' the Smith 'll rax his weskit fae the nail upo' the wa'—
"I'm dootin' that's Will Lowry's lot; I'll gi'e the wife
a ca'.

Puir Will! to lye oor Hielan' strath for (Lord!) a Street
o' Hell,*

I'll nae gi'e Jinse his full address, I'll jest say New Shapelle."

O sair o' heart they'll be, I ken 't'll pit them aff their
brose;

An' the Bellman 'll be dichtin' mair than sneeshan draps
fae's nose,

As the pumphels fill on Sunday, an' aside the pulpit stair
They'll see the Roll o' Honour, an' the names o' deid men
there.

But the Parson winna haiver; I can hear the rafters ring:
"They have garnered earth's best glory, who have died
for Home and King."

* Street of Hell.—"Eyewitness," describing the battle, tells us that the soldiers returned to the Rue d'Enfer.

(He's the deil to spout, oor billie!) It's a slogan, nae a
knell,
That 'll soun' in gray Kiltairlie owre the graves at Neuve
Chapelle.

A Slogan! Ay, they're needn't. Gang doon the Glen
at nicht:

There's twa lang loons o' Muirton's at the fireside warm
and ticht.

There's Boggies snarin' myaukens, an' his neiper buskin'
flees,

An' the Masons at the dambrod for the Belgian refugees.
They're dancin', singin', fiddlin', an' owre a rim o' sea
We're treadin'—ay, we're treadin'—each man a Calvary.
Oh, glens that gave the Gordons, is't you will give as well
The cohorts of the damned and done that heed nae
Neuve Chapelle?

God! Will they ever wauken, the loons that sit at hame?
While din-faced Sikhs an' Ghurkas fecht to keep oor shores
fae shame.

Oor kin fae a' the Seven Seas are tummelin' to the fray,
But there's laggards yet on lown hillsides'neath skies that
span the Spey,

On braes where Charlie's banner flew, an' Jean sae kindly
kissed,

Where the very peweeet's yammer is a wistfu' "Loon,
gang 'list"—

Man, I canna thole the thocht o' t. But when this cursed
welter 's deen,

I widna like to be the man that stan's in slacker's sheen.

My bairns 'll never blush for me ; my teem sark sleeve 'll
tell

I did my bit for hame an' them ae day at Neuve Chapelle.

COME HAME

“COME hame, lad,” the voice o’ the muirland is sayin’,
The sough o’ the win’, an’ the water as weel;
“Come hame, lad,” that’s aye what the heart o’ me’s
prayin’,

At mirk an’ at mornin’, fae Beltane to Eel.

Come hame, lad, come hame,
The glen’s aye the same,
Lyin’ lythe in the land that ye lo’e,
An’ there’s weary hearts achin’,
Ay, hearts nigh to breakin’,
For you, lad, for you—for you.

Come hame, lad, fat mak’s a’ the gowd that ye’ll gaiter?

Gin’t’s muckle ye’re winnin’, there’s mair that ye tine;
An’ I ken ye’d gie’t a’ for your foot on the heather,
An’ your head to the stars, in a glen o’ lang syne.

Come hame, lad, come hame, etc.

Come hame, lad, come hame—or the kent kindly faces
Will a’ be awa’ wi’ the roch, reivin’ years—

An' the tents o' the stranger ye'll find in the places
Still hallowed by memory's laughter and tears.
Come hame, lad, come hame, etc.

Come hame, lad, come hame—It's weary wark waitin',
An' Life's slippin' by, an' oor sun's wearin' west :
Tho' yon be the land that ye're grand an' ye're great in,
Come hame ye an' bide, in the land ye like best.
Come hame, lad, come hame, etc.

FOR OUR EMPIRE

MEN of our Race! You great of old,
Across the stretching years,
Give of your fires to hearts grown cold,
Speak Faith in faithless ears;
Your dead hands to their task again—
Flash high the beacon red,
To gather men. They *must* be men
That sires like you have bred.

Men of our Race! You, you that trod
Our glens but yesterday,
What if you sleep in Flanders sod,
Or far by Suvla Bay?
You're speaking yet; your wistful eyes
Seek still yon strip of foam,
To bid our laggard legions rise
And strike today for Home!

Men of our Race! The stars grow dim
Above our island sea;
No pæans now: the battle hymn
Sinks to a threnody.

'Tis Britain's hour ! She hears the tread
Of "feet that pass her by";
Behind the ramparts of her dead
She sees the Beast draw nigh.
'Tis Britain's hour ! Which will it be?—
Her nadir or her noon ?

.

We look in your young eyes and see,
O Loon, O Sojer Loon !

THE HERMIT

(After Béranger)

A HEAP o' fowk like London,
But—losh, nae me!
I couldna' bide i' yon din,
For ony gowd ye'd gie.
The clamour o't,
The glamour o't,
Oh unca sma' they bouk,
Aside the peace an' quate,
O' my ain wee neuk.

Oh, fat's a star or chevron?—
Baubles for a bairn!
Gie me the plash o' Deveron,
The birr o' rod and pirn—
Syne the blythe rest,
The lythe rest,
Aside a gloamin' stook,
Wi' the saft stars to benison
My ain wee neuk.

Fat hae I for door-thrashel?
Twa mile o' yird-fast stane—
At the gell, cheese-press and chassel,
Ringed for a bridle rein—
A queer beild,
A drear beild,
But ne'er a lord nor duke
Craws crouser in his castle
Than me in my wee neuk.

Lane reeks my lum owre corries—
An'—fa wad foord the linn?—
But I rax me doon my Horace,
An' draw my lug-chair in
To the peat lowe,
The sweet lowe,
Anaith the swye an' crook—
Wi' the aul' collie speldert
Aside me i' the neuk.

A' gane, the fu'-an'-free days,
Wi' you aul' frien',
A' bye, the you-an'-me days,
Wi' you bonnie Jean,

But I've Omar,
An' I've Homer,
An' turnin' owre my buik,
I can wile the warld for neipers,
I' my ain quate neuk.

Fat mak's the far horizon—
The bodin', or the bye?
Fat eese oor puir surmisin'
Owre whither, whence, an' why?
The fash o't a',
The clash o't a',
Fa'll flyte me, gin I jouk
For the dear Soul's Peace that lies in
My ain wee neuk?

A WHIFF O' HAME

*Written as an Introduction to a Christmas Book sent
to the fighting men in 1916*

A HANSEL ! Lads, in khaki,
An' you in sailor's blue—
But this time it isn't baccy,
 "Woodbines" or "Honeydew".
It's neither grub nor grauvat,
 It's neither sark nor sock,
It's nae the Psalms o' Dauvit,
 Nor "Stop yer ticklin', Jock."

It's—weesht'.—A norland river,
 Gaun soochin' to the sea ;
It's the mists abeen Loch Lomond,
 An' the stars owre Benachie.
It's a lovelilt fae a gloamin',
 When a' the world was kind !
It's a step gaun up the loanin' !
 O' frien's you left behind ;
It's a hand-clasp fae your kindred,
 It's a word fae hearts aflame
Wi' love and pride o' you, lads,—
 Ay—its jist a whiff o' Hame.

You're back the surf at Saros,
Where the cloud-wrack hides the moon,
You're fittin't 'mong the Pharaohs,
Or bombin' at Bethune;
You're in weary fremmit places
That our tongues can hardly name—
But it's couthy fires, kent faces,
Wi' this wee whiff o' Hame.

Oor Hame! Ah, lad, oot yonder!
Fa dreams o' suns that shone
On Britain's young-day splendour,
On glories past and gone!
The eyes are surely holden,
Dull, dead, that canna see
That the day that's great and golden
Is the day that gave us Thee—
To stand by trench and halyard,
To ache, an' fecht, an' fa',
As ye cry: "The old Land's worth it—
Dear God, it's worth it a'!"

BURNS NICHT IN THE GLEN

(*By the Chairman, Jock o' Durns*)

MY blacks! Lay oot my Sunday blacks,
Upo' the chaumer bed:

Syne steek the door, an' tell the fowk
I'm drunk, or daft, or dead.

There's things by-ordnar' on the nicht—
Redd up the horn-en,

An' set the duck'shner to my han'
Wi' paper, ink, and pen.

An' nae ae cheep; nae rants nor rows,

Nae clyte o' cogs or churns;

In lanely majesty I'm aff

To mak' a speech on Burns.

Aweel, I'm but. I powk the peats,

An' draw my chair inbye:

I gant, I glow'r, an' scrat my head,

An' pech an' say "Ay, ay."

Noo for a stairt. There's "Gentlemen,"

Reeled aff as swack's ye like—

Fair copperplate—but—fat's that din?

Confound that yelpin' tyke!

An' someane's bowffin' "Bonnie Doon"

Gaun by my very gell!

Losh fa could stan' a strain like this

On tea an' traickle ale?

My back's a stripe, my mou's a kiln;

I'm het an' caul' by turns,

But never mind. Rin dog, rin deil,

I'll mak' that speech on Burns.

Weel, syne I rise an' rax my shins,

An' sclaffer owre the fleer;

Aye thinkin' fat's been said o' him

For mony a lang, lang year.

There's them that ca's him seer an' sage,

There's them that ca's him king;

There's pæans piped wad gar ye greet,

An' them that mak' ye sing.

Ah me!

But weesht!

Is't dwawm or dream?

Yon whispered: "Jock o' Durns,

There's naething left anaith the lift

By noo, to say o' Burns."



I ken't. There's naething. Nae ae wurd;
It's a' been said lang syne—
Dazed, ooled, I stoiter to the door
An' watch the starnies shine,
Owre muir an' moss, owre hill an' howe,
Owre a' the reekin' lums,
Till fae the glen's still heart to mine
Swift, sweet, a solace comes,
An' dirlin' through my auld grey pow,
My dool to gledness turns,
For noo I ken there's something yet
We a' can dee for Burns.

It's this: To keep the wealth he gae's,
The tongue that's a' oor ain.
Fat though a witless world misca's—
Oh, owre, an' owre again—
Let's tryst upon oor lea-rigs yet,
Let's speel oor banks an' braes,
An', till the farthest sun has set,
Sing on oor "Scots wha hae's".
Let's ne'er forget "A Man's a Man"
Thrills earth fae sea to sea—
The Magna Charta Scotland gave
To a' humanity.

Oh, puir's his soul, an' caul's his bleed,
The patriot prayer that spurns:
"Lord keep the heather on oor hills,
An' in oor hearts, oor Burns!"

Oh, English speech for English yird!
We ken it's grand an' fine:
But ah! it tak's the dear Scots word
To grip your heart an' mine.
Ill-faured, an' rude, an' roch it's ca'ed,
Wanworth an' a' the rest;
But—hands across the heather, lad—
We ken oor ain kens best.
We ken the faiths, the dreams it's nursed
On ilka hill an' glen;
We ken what mak's the Scot the first
'Mong a' the breed o' men.
We ken—an't needs nae fykes o' phrase,
Nae screeds on "storied urns"—
Oor best we got fae misty braes,
Oor mither tongue, an' Burns.

We've gowd upon wir Lammas rigs,
We've gowd upon wir whin,

But, ah, the gowd that's worth them a'—
 Cam' wi' a Jan'war win'.
 An' aye that win'—it's blawin' yet—
 Gang doon an Alford brae : *
 An'—bonnets aff, lads, bonnets aff—
 To hear yon "Whistle" play.
 Oh, Robin's chair for lang's been teem,
 Lat Charlie tak' it noo—
 An' twine the heather and the breem—
 A laurel for his broo.
 He's gien's "The Packman's" pawky blaw,
 He's gien's yon fair "Green Yule,"
 He's gien's the loonie, sib till's a',
 Gaun doiterin' to the school—
 He's gien's the joy the laverock lilt,
 The wae the pee-weet mourns,
 He's ta'en us back, he's ta'en us back
 The lang road hame to Burns.

* Dr. Charles Murray ("Hamewith") born at Alford,
 Aberdeenshire, wrote "The Whistle."

GLOSSARY

- Airn—iron.
 Aul?—old.
 Aumry—cupboard.
- Balloch—hillpass between Dufftown
 and Cabrach.
 Bauchled—misshapen, dented.
 Beld—bald.
 Ben—parlour end of house.
 Bike—hive.
 Binnered—dashed noisily.
 Birkies—smart young fellows.
 Birn—burden.
 Bleckies—blacks, niggers.
 Bodin?—looming ahead.
 Bouk—bulk.
 Bouket—bulked.
 Bouk sma?—amount to very little.
 Bosie—bosom (also used as a verb).
 Bouffin?—bellowing by way of sing-
 ing.
 Bravities—display, adornments.
 Breeks—trousers,
 Brig—bridge.
 Brose—oatmeal dish which was the
 normal farm breakfast.
 Buckie—seashell.
 Buckie-heads—a necklace of shells.
 Bummies—bees.
 Buss—bush.
 But an' ben—kitchen and parlour.
 Bydand—Motto of the Gordons.
 Bye—past.
 By-ordinar—unusual.
- Canny—gentle.
 Carritches—catechism.
 Chancy—uncertain.
 Chapman—an itinerant merchant.
 Chap—strike (as a clock).
 knock (at the door).
 Chappet—wealed and discoloured
 by cold.
- Chaumer—men's sleeping-place at a
 farm.
 Chumley-cheek—fireside.
 Cheep—a feeble sound.
 Cheeper—a contemptuous way of re-
 ferring to a modern mantelpiece
 clock, with its (relatively) weak
 chime.
 Cheese-press and chassel—a stone
 erection with an inside tub for
 making cheese.
 Chippet in—interpolated.
 Chouk—cheek.
 Clapper—mill contrivance which
 shakes the hopper.
 Clash—noisy disagreement or chatter.
 Cleeter-clatter—a recurring rattling
 noise.
 Clort—mess.
 Clour—hurt.
 Clyte—a fall, the noise therefrom.
 Crap o' the wa?—in a stone and lime
 building, the space between the
 top of the wall and the roof: a
 common depot for odds and ends.
 Craw—boast.
 Creel—basket.
 Crouse—proudly.
 Crook—the iron hook and chain
 suspended from "the swye,"
 where the pots and kettles are
 hung over a peat fire.
 Croon—low-sung song.
 Cushey-doo—cushat-dove, wood-
 pigeon.
- Dambrod—draughtboard.
 Dhûbrack—sea-trout when it comes
 up an inland river.
 Dicht—wipe.
 Doch-an-doris—parting glass.
 Doiterin?—walking slowly and erra-
 tically.

Doo's neck silk—so-called because of a changing iridescence like that on the neck of a pigeon.

Doss—bunch.

Dother—daughter.

Dreetlin'—dropping.

Dub—mud.

Ducksh'ner—dictionary.

Dud—dress, clothing.

Dwawm—a feeling of enervation : on the borderland of a swoon, but not quite so definitely away with it.

Eel—Yule.

Ees't—used.

Ern (Arn)—the alder.

Ettled—intended.

Fa—who.

Fa'—fall.

Fash—trouble.

Flype—turn inside-out.

Flyte—scold, reprove.

Foun'—foundation.

Fowin' peats—cutting the turf and setting up to dry.

Fowk—folk.

Fozel—wheeze (subs. and verb).

Fremmit—strange, foreign.

Fuged—played truant (fugio).

Fulp—(whelp), puppy.

Fustlin'—whistling.

Futtled—whittled.

Fykes o' phrase—niceties of diction.

Gairten—garter.

Geat—child.

Gell—gable of a house.

Geylies—rather.

Gied—went.

Gi'e's't—give it to us.

Gowket—stupid.

Grauvit—knitted wool neck-scarf.

Greet—weep.

Groff—thick, large.

Groff-write, the large text handwriting done by young scholars.

Habber—stammer.

Halflin — a between-man-and-boy farm-hand.

Half-fou—half drunk.

Hairst-bap—a specially big, flat, round roll used for the harvest-field "piece."

Haiver—talk pointlessly (v.) and (n.) pointless talk, usually in the plural.

Hannie—diminutive of han', hand.

Hanky—pocket handkerchief.

Hansel—reward, guerdon.

Hantle—much.

Hap—to cover ; happin', happet.

Hicks and mants—stammers and stutters.

Hirples—limps.

Hoast—cough.

Horn-en'—the parlour or best end (where the horn spoons were used as against the iron ones of the kitchen).

Howe—hollow.

Ill-faured—ugly.

Jaud—a jade ; applied to a woman or girl, it may mean anything from gentle jocularity to severe condemnation.

Jeest—Just (adverb).

Jow—the soft sound made by an oscillation of any kind.

Jouk—evade, avoid (say, by bending as from a missile).

Kink-hoast—whooping-cough.

Kist o' drawers—chest of drawers.

Kitlins—kittens.

Knock—clock.

Kyaak—cake.

Laich—low.
 Laich-chanted—softly sung.
 Leuch—laughed.
 Loan—roadway between fields.
 Loon—boy.
 Losh!—a mild swear, a euphemism
 for the irreverent “Lord”!
 Loupet—leaped.
 Lown—quiet.
 Lug—ear.
 Lum—chimney.
 Lum—silk hat.
 Lythe—sheltered.

Mane—moan, mourning.
 Meen—moon.
 Men’t—mended.
 Mim o’ mou—silent.
 Mislippen—distrust, question.
 Mou’fu’—mouthful.
 Muntin’s—mountings, adornments.
 Mous—nearly always used along with
 the negative “nae mous”—not
 to be sneered at; striking,
 important.
 Muckle—much.
 Mullie—snuff-mull, box kept in
 the pocket for holding snuff.
 Murlacks—crumbs.
 Mutch—woman’s cap.
 Myaukens—hares.

’Naith—beneath.
 Neiper—neighbour.
 Neeps—turnips.
 Neist—next.
 Neuk—nook.
 Newfangled—novel; generally used
 with a suggestion of contempt
 or derision.
 Newsed—chatted.
 Nib—nose.
 Nicht-kep—night-cap.
 Niffert—exchanged.
 Nowt—cattle.

Oolet—owl.
 Ooled—overawed, cowed.
 Owre-croon mutch—a woman’s dress
 cap, which stood out high above
 the head.

Pandrop—a hard round “sweetie.”
 Paumer—saunter. Wander about
 aimlessly.
 Pech—pant.
 Peeweet—lapwing.
 Pirn—reel of a fishing-rod.
 Pouk—poke.
 Pow—head.
 Powet—tadpole.
 Pree—taste.
 Puddock—frog; applied to a person
 in various ways, from the frankly
 contemptuous to the amicably
 jocular.
 Pumphel—square church pew.

Quaich—a two-eared drinking-cup.
 Queet—ankle.
 Quine, quinie—girl, girlie.

Rax—reach, stretch.
 Reek—smoke.
 Reekin’ lum—smoking chimney.
 Red-up—make tidy.
 Red-wud—raging mad.
 Reivin’—despoiling, ravaging.
 Roch—rough, uncouth.
 Roset—resin.
 Rude—inelegant.
 Ryve nor rug—neither split nor
 break in any way.

Sanshach—self-complacent.
 Sark—shirt.
 Sau ch—the willow.
 Saut—salt. “Tang o’ saut,” sea-
 savour.
 Sclaffer—shuffle noisily with the feet.

Scone—face like a “scone” or girdle-cake, round, flat, highly coloured.

Shalt—pony.

Sheemach—matted.

Shielin’—hillside or moorland cottage.

Shoggly—shaky.

Sib till’s a’—akin to us all.

Skailies—slate-pencils.

Skeel—skill.

Skirl—scream, yell.

Sklates—school-slates.

Skyte—a mouthful (of spirits).

Slock—slake, quench thirst.

Sma’—small.

Smiddy—smithy.

Sneeshan—snuff.

Snell—keen cold.

Snod—neat, snug.

Soochin—sighing, murmurously.

Sook—suck.

Sowf—breathe heavily.

Speldert—lying flat, full stretch.

Speel—climb.

Spiert—enquired.

Squile—squeal.

Starnies—stars.

Stilpert—long, lanky (like stilts).

Stook—eight sheaves of corn or barley set up two and two against each other on the harvest field to dry.

Stoupet-bed—a bed supported by posts.

Stripe, stripie—a rill (streamlet).

Sumph—a lout.

Swack—smart.

Swap—exchange.

Sweer—lazy.

Swee—the pivoted iron bar from which the crook hangs above the peat fire.

Tappit-hen—a vessel for holding liquor.

Teem—empty.

Thole—bear, endure.

Thrashel—threshold.

Threeps—protestations.

Tile—dress hat, a “lum.”

Till’s—to us.

Tirl-at-the-pin—to rattle at the door asking for admittance.

Tow—string.

Tosselled—tasselled.

Tootle—play on a wind instrument.

Trok—anything trumpery.

Troot—trout.

Trackies—tracts.

Tummel—tumble.

Tyke—dog.

Tyaavin’—struggling.

Unca — uncommon, uncommonly, with a secondary meaning, as in “unca folk”—strangers.

Wag-at-the-wa’ — a hanging clock with the weights and chains uncovered, and the pendulum oscillating (“wagging”) at the wall.
Wahnies—wand (diminutive) fishing-rod.

Wanworth—worthless person (also adj.).

Weesht—“hush.”

Weeshtin’—saying “hush” or signifying a request for “silence.”

Weskit—vest.

Weyvin’—weaving.

Whaup—curlew.

Winnock—window.

Wirsels—ourselves.

Yapp—hunger-crave.

Yammer—a monotonous persistent cry.

Yird-fast—firmly fixed in the ground or “yird.”

PRINTED BY WILLIAM SMITH AND SONS
AT THE BON-ACCORD PRESS
ABERDEEN



