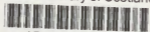


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THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

BONNIE JOANN, and other
Poems

SONGS OF ANGUS
Poems. *Fifth Impression*

STORIES TOLD BY THE
MILLER

TALES OF MY OWN
COUNTRY

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THE
NORTHERN LIGHTS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY VIOLET JACOB



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TO
A. S. C.

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All these poems, with the exception of "Rohallion" and "The Rowan," have appeared in *Country Life*, and I have to thank the Editor for his permission to reproduce them.

V. J.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

AND OTHER POEMS

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

“MA daddy turns him tae the sky
And cries on me tae see
They shiftin’ beams that dance oot-by
And fleg the he’rt o’ me.”

“*Laddie, the North is a’ a-lowe
Wi’ fires o’ siller green,
The stars are dairk owre Windyknowe
That were sae bricht the streen,*¹

“*The lift is fu’ o’ wings o’ licht
Risin’ an’ deein’ doon——”*

“Rax ye yer airm and haud it ticht
About yer little loon,
For oh ! the North’s an eerie land
And eerie voices blaw
Frae whaur the ghaists o’ deid men stand
Wi’ their feet amangst the snaw ;

¹ Last night.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

And owre their heids the midnight sun
Hangs like a croon o' flame,
It's i' the North yon licht's begun
An' I'm fear'd that it's the same !
Haud ye me ticht ! Oh, div ye ken
Gin sic-like things can be
That's past the sicht o' muckle men
And nane but bairns can see ? "

WHEN MYSIE GAED UP THE STAIR

NAE mair the dusty mill-hoose hums,

The smiddy's toom and hame's the miller,

Abune the reek o' kirkton lums

The young mune's like a threid o' siller ;

But through the Bonnie Bush's door

Ye'll hear a soond that sets ye thinkin'

And weel-kent steps across the floor

And sings an' freends an' glasses clinkin'——

The mune will sune be sinkin' and hae nae tales
tae bear,

Sae haste ye awa wi' me, Jock, for Mysie's gaen
up the stair !

We'll slip alang tae whaur ye ken

Afore this cannie gloamin' passes,

And aince amang oor fellow men

The deil may tak' baith wives and lasses ;

WHEN MYSIE GAED UP THE STAIR

The stars will drap ayont the hill
An' Charlewayne turn tapsalteerie,
Fu' mony a lad hae got his fill
And gane his gait or we be weary ;
An' tho' the morn be eerie, it's little for that we'll
care,
Nae billies like you an' me, Jock, since Mysie gaed
up the stair !

And when we hear the crawin' cock
And a' the eastern airt is clearin',
Ye'll no desairt a neebour, Jock,
An' syne ye'll tak' a haund at steerin' ;
We'll dae oor best tae breist the brae
Afore yon fleerin' ¹ sun has keekit
Tae watch us tak' oor hameward way
And maybe miss it when we seek it.
And though ma door be steekit, I ken that ye'll
land me there—
*But haste ye awa an' flee, Jock, when Mysie comes
doon the stair !*

¹ Jeering.

THE NEEP-FIELDS BY THE SEA

YE'D wonder foo the seasons rin
 This side o' Tweed an' Tyne ;
The hairst's awa ; October month
 Cam' in a whilie syne,
But the stooks are oot in Scotland yet,
 There's green upon the tree,
An' oh ! what grand's the smell ye'll get
 Frae the neep-fields by the sea !

The lang lift lies abune the warld,
 On ilka windless day
The ships creep doon the ocean line,
 Sma' on the band o' grey ;
And the lang sigh heaved upon the sand
 Comes pechin' ¹ up tae me,
And speils the cliffs tae whaur ye stand
 I' the neep-fields by the sea.

¹ Panting.

THE NEEP-FIELDS BY THE SEA

Oh, time's aye slow, tho' time gangs fast
 When siller's a' tae mak',
An' deith, afore ma poke is fu',
 May grip me i' the back ;
But ye'll tak' ma banes an' ma Sawbith braws,
 Gin deith's owre smairt for me,
And set them up amang the shaws
 I' the lang rows plantit atween the wa's,
A tattie-dulie for fleggin' craws,
 I' the neep-fields by the sea.

JOHN MACFARLANE

THERE'S a man I ca' tae mind
Had a wut ye couldna find
Tho' ye socht it frae the Hielands tae the Border ;
Ne'er a carle sae dour an' teuch
Heard his rant but Lord ! he leuch,
Tho' at times it wasna what ye'd ca' 'in order !'
I' the smiddy standin' bare
Whaur his hammer rings nae mair
And there's nestin' for the sparry an' the starlin',
There the studdy ¹ that ye'll see
Lyin' lost ahint a tree
Got its licks for mony a year frae John Macfarlane.

At the Stook o' Barley's door
Gin ye heard them skirl an' roar,
The cause there wasna muckle need o' speirin' ;
And the pollis let them be,
Kenning wha was on the spree
And that little guid they'd get frae interferin' ;

¹ Anvil.

JOHN MACFARLANE

And when John gaed daund'rin' hame
Tae the guidwife an' her blame,
Weel he kent he'd get a sortin' frae the carlin',
But the auld bumbees themsel's,
Fou amang the heather-bells,
Didna sing mair loud an' bauld than John
Macfarlane.

When he aince began tae crack
Wi' the Elders hangin' back
And whisperin' it was no for them tae listen,
Dod, they sune set doon their mugs
Wi' their haunds ahint their lugs,
Fear'd tae deith there was a word they might be
missin' !
But aye there's ane or twa
That'll whinge ¹ their time awa
An' get their plesure easiest frae snarlin' ;
And the likes o' them wad say,
“ Aye, be lauchin' while ye may,
For ye'll no can joke wi' Hornie, John Macfarlane! ”

When he let his hammer lie
And the Barley Stook was dry

¹ Whine,

JOHN MACFARLANE

(For they pit their shutters up when Johnnie
fittit),
When the Guid Fowk an' the Wise
Heard him chap at Paradise,
Then I'm no sae sure he didna get admittit !
And I think they let him ben,
For they'd say " Wi' mortal men
We hae mind ye were their billie and their
darlin'—
Dinna keep yer bonnet on
And pit doon the sneckie,¹ John,
For ye're just a bit exception, John Macfarlane ! "

¹ Latch.

THE ROWAN

WHEN the days were still as deith
And ye couldna see the kye
Though ye'd maybe hear their breith
I' the mist oot-by ;
When I'd mind the lang grey een
O' the warlock by the hill
And sit fleggit like a wean
Gin a whaup cried shrill ;
Tho' the he'rt wad dee in me
At a fitstep on the floor,
There was aye the rowan tree
Wi' its airm across the door.

But that is far, far past
And a'thing's just the same,
There's whisper up the blast
O' a dreid I daurna name ;

THE ROWAN

And the shilpit ¹ sun is thin,
Like auld man deein' slow
And a shade comes creepin' in
When the fire is fa'in' low ;
Then I feel thae lang een set
Like a doom upon ma heid,
For the warlock's livin' yet—
But the rowan's deid !

¹ Weakly.

THE LICHT NICHTS

YE'VE left the sun an' the can'lelicht an' the
starlicht,
The wuds baith green an' sere,
And yet I hear ye singin' doon the braes
I' the licht nichts o' the year.

Ye were sae glad ; ye were aye sae like the lave-
rock
Wha's he'rt is i' the lift ;
Nae mair for you the young green leaves will dance
Nor yet the auld anes drift.

What thocht had you o' the ill-faur'd dairk o'
winter
But the ingle-neuks o' hame ?
Love lit yer way an' played aboot yer feet,
Year in, year oot, the same.

THE LICHT NICHTS

And noo, ma best, ma bonniest and ma dearest,
I'll lay ma he'rt tae sleep
An' let the warld, that has nae soond for me,
Its watch o' silence keep.

But whiles—and whiles—i' the can'lelicht an' the
starlicht,
I'll wauken it tae hear
The liltin' voice that's singin' doon the braes
I' the licht nichts o' the year.

THE JAUD

“ O WHAT are ye seein', ye auld wife,
I' the bield o' the kirkyaird wa' ? ”

“ *I see a place whaur the grass is lang
Wi' the great black nettles grown fierce an' strang
And a stane that is clour'd in twa.* ”

“ What way div ye glower, ye auld wife,
Sae lang on the whumml'd ¹ stane ?
Ye hae nae kin that are sleepin' there,
Yer three braw dochters are swak an' fair
An ilk wi' a man o' her ain !

There's dule an' tears i' yer auld een
Tho' little eneuch ye lack ;
Yer man is kindly, as weel ye ken,
Yer fower bauld laddies are thrivin men
And ilk wi' a fairm at his back.

¹ Overturned.

THE JAUD

Turn, turn yer face frae yon cauld lair ¹
And back tae yer plenish'd hame ;
It's a jaud lies yont i' the nettle shaws
Whaur niver a blink o' the sunlicht fa's
On the mools that hae smoor'd her name."

*" Her hair was gowd like the gowd broom,
Her een like the stars abune,
Sae proud an' lightsome an' fine was she
Wi' her breist like the flowers o' the white rose tree
When they're lyin' below the mune."*

" Haud you yer havers, ye auld wife,
Think shame o' the words ye speak,
Tho' men lay fast in her beauty's grip
She brocht the fleer tae the wumman's lip
An' the reid tae the lassie's cheek.

Ye've lived in honour, ye auld wife,
But happit in shame she lies,
And them that kent her will turn awa
When the Last Day brak's tae the trumpet's
ca'
And the sauls o' the righteous rise."

¹ Grave. †

THE JAUD

*" Maybe. But lave me tae bide my lane
At the fit o' the freendless queyn ;
For oh ! wi' envy I'm like tae dee
O' the world she had that was no for me
And the kingdom that ne'er was mine ! "*

ROHALLION

MA buits are at rest on the midden,
I haena a plack ¹ ;
Ma breeks are no dandy anes, forrit,
And waur at the back ;
On the road that comes oot o' the Hielands
I see as I trayvel the airth
Frae the braes at the back o' Rohallion
The reek abune Pairth.

There's a canny wee hoose wi' a gairden
In a neuk o' Strathtay ;
Ma mither is bakin' the bannocks,
The weans are at play ;
And at gloamin' ma feyther, the shepherd
Looks doon for a blink o' the licht
When he gethers the yowes at the shieling
Tae fauld them at nicht.

¹ A small coin.

ROHALLION

There isna a hoose that could haud me
Frae here tae the sea
When a wind frae the braes o' Rohallion
Comes creepin' tae me ;
And niver a lowe frae the ingle
Can draw like the trail an' the shine
O' the stars i' the loch o' Rohallion
A fitstep o' mine.

There's snaw i' the wind, an' the weepies ¹
Hang deid on the shaw
An' pale the leaves left on the rowan,
I'm soothward awa ;
But a voice like a wraith blows ahint me
And sings as I'm liftin' ma pack
" I am waitin'—Rohallion, Rohallion—
Ma lad, ye'll be back ! "

¹ Ragweed.

THE DEIL

BESIDE the birks I met the Deil,
A wheen o' words I niffered wi' him
And, clear and lang, the wuds amang
The merle sang whaur ye couldna see him ;
The pale spring licht was late when he
Was whustling tae the Deil and me.

I didna think it was himsel',
I thocht he had been auld an' crookit,
Sae thrawn an' grim in ilka limb
Ye'd ken him by the way he lookit ;
Wha'd think the Deil wad linger on
Tae listen till a bird like yon ?

They tell't me that the Deil was black
And blacker nor the corbie's feather,
But, loopin' doon, a-lowe wi' noon,
Nae burn broun frae the peat an' heather,

THE DEIL

Had e'er the shine ye wad hae seen
Laid sleepin' i' the Deevil's een.

“ The polestar kens ma bed,” says he,
“ I hae the rovin' gled ¹ for brither,
The hill crest is ma hoose o' rest,
An' it's far west that I'd seek anither ;
Along the edge o' simmer nicht
The wildfire is ma ingle-licht.”

The wuds were still, the merle was hame,
The mist abune the strath was hangin',
Yet I could see him smile tae me
When syne he turned him tae be gangin',
And ne'er a faur-ye-weel he spak'
As he gaed frae me, lookin' back.

Ma feyther's hoose is puir an' cauld,
The winter winds blaw lang and sairly,
The muircocks ca' and hoodie craw,
It's nichtfa' sune, we're workin' airly ;
Oot i' the wuds, the lee lang year
Nae treid among the birks ye'll hear.

¹ Kite.

THE DEIL

Fu' mony a man has speir'd at me
And thocht a wife he micht be findin',
But na—there's nane I could hae ta'en
But just ane that I 'll aye be mindin' ;
Him that ma mither kens richt weel
Had been nae ither nor the Deil !



ON A FLESHER

OVERTURNED IN A DITCH DURING A FROST

COME lads in kilts and lads in trews,
Come ben an' hear the weary news,
I doot oor denners we're tae lose,
 The bacon and the flitch ;
For life's nae mair a pleasure O !
We've lost oor dearest treasure O !
For man ! they've cowp'd the flesher O
 The flesher's i' the ditch !

Noo faur ye weel, ye pork an' beef,
Ye've vanished like the autumn leaf,
And a' oor feastin's come tae grief
 We've got tae sic a pitch,
Oor teeth'll get their leisure O !
For whaur ye'll find the flesher O !
There's little meat tae measure O !
 The flesher's i' the ditch !

ON A FLESHER

Nae mair oor denty bits we'll wale,¹
We'll hae tae mak' oor broth o' kale,
And tho' tae save it canna fail
 It winna mak' us rich ;
We'll hae tae want the flesher O !
Until the weather's fresher O !²
Yon frozen lamb the flesher O !
 That's cowpit i' the ditch !

¹ Choose

² Until the thaw.

THE HELPMATE

I HAE nae gear, nae pot nor pan,
Nae lauchin' lips hae I ;
Forbye yersel', there's ne'er a man
Looks roond as I gang by.

An' a' folk kens nae time I've gie'd
Tae daft strathspey an' reel,
Nor idle sang nor ploy, for dreid
O' pleasurin' the deil.

Wi' muckle care ma mither bred
Her bairn in wisdom's way ;
On Tyesday first, when we are wed,
A wiselike wife ye'll hae.

The best ye'll get baith but an' ben,
Sae mild an' douce I'll be ;
Yer hame'll be yer haven when
Ye're married upon me.

THE HELPMATE

Ye'll find the kettle on the fire,
The hoose pit a' tae richts,
An' yer heid i' the troch at the back o' the byre
When ye come back fou o' nichts.

STEENHIVE

STEENHIVE'S an awfae place
 Wi' the sea at its chin
And the cauld faem on its blind bree
 When the gales blaw in.

Steenhive is stane deif
 Wi' the waves an' the years ;
Een weit wi' scuds o' rain
 But owre haird for tears.

An' Steenhive's waur nor that,
 God gar it droon !
For its curst wa's stand yet
 Tho' ma ship's gane doon.

THE GUIDWIFE SPEAKS

GUDEMAN, ye sit aside the lum

Sookin' yer pipe, yer doag at heel,
And gin the Lord should strike ye dumb

Wha'd be the waur, ye soor auld deil?
And wha wad ken the dandy lad

That, a' the preachin', socht ma ee,
When twa poond ten was a' we had
And ye was cried in kirk wi' me?

Sae soople an' sae licht o' fit,

The smairtest carles their pranks nicht try
They got nae profit oot o' it—

Nane thocht o' them gin ye was by!
They'd step, o' Sawbiths, tae the bell,
Their gravats braw wi' spots an' stripes,
But there was nane forbye yersel'
Could dance curcuddoch tae the pipes.

THE GUIDWIFE SPEAKS

I'm risin' airly, workin' late ;
The best o' bannocks tae yer tea
Gang doon yer craig ¹ like leaves in spate
And ne'er a word o' thanks tae me !
And here, oot-by, the teuchats greet,
Dumb is the hoose through a' the day,
Ye'll maybe speak tae curse yer meat
Or dunt yer pipe agin' yer tae.

An' yet, an' yet—I dreid tae see
The ingle standin' toom. Oh, then
Youth's last left licht wad gang wi' ye . . .
What wad I dae ? I dinna ken.

¹ Throat.

THE LAST ANE

I GAED me doon the heid o' the wynd,
Oot-by, below the stair,
But there was nane o' the fowk I'd kent
Tae crack wi', there.

I set my face tae the bield o' the dock
Whaur the brigs wad wait the tide ;
There was niver a man that had sailed wi' me
At the waterside.

I took the road to the toon-hoose wa'
An' the seat whaur the auld men sit ;
The broun leaves skailed frae the kirkyaird trees
Across ma fit.

I turned me doon the path by the kirk
Wi' the stanes set close at hand,
Whaur the freends that liena their fill at sea
Are laid on land.

THE LAST ANE

The yett was wide but the kirkyaird bars
Had gotten their toonsfowk fast,
And the auld stanes there for the man tae see
That's left the last.

.
There was Ane in yonder. Oh, straicht an' fine
He stude by the cowpit thrang,
And my sair he'rt loup'd as He looked on me,
For I'd kent him lang !

DONALD MACLANE

THE ling for bed and the loan for bield
And the maist o' the winter through
The wild wind sabbin' owre muir an' field,
There's lang lang drifts on the braes I've speil'd,
O Donald Maclane, wi' you !

Fu' mony trayvels in sun and rain
Wi' a sang for the gait they treid ;
But the blythest gangers step aye their lane,
No twa thegither but ane by ane,
When gangin's their daily breid.

A dancin' ee and a daffin' tongue,
A voice i' the loanin' green,
Aye, fules think lichtly when fules are young
Tae pu' the nettle and no be stung,
An' it's nocht but a fule I've been.

DONALD MACLANE

A crust for meat an' a curse for cheer,
The weicht o' a heavy hand ;
A skirl o' pipes i' the mornin' clear,
The rose-hip reid wi' the fadin' year
And the breith o' the frozen land.

There was nane tae see when I set ma face
Till a road that has ne'er an end,
There's a door that's steekit and toom's the place
That minds ma ain o' a black disgrace
And an ill that they canna mend.

Ma feyther's bent wi' his broken pride
And the shame that he'll no forgie,
But the love o' mithers is deep an' wide
And there's maybe room for a thocht tae hide
An' a prayer for the likes o' me.

Play up, play up noo, Donald Maclane,
And awa till oor rovin' trade ;
For the wild pipes gie me a he'rt again
In a breist sae weary that whiles there's nane,
The wailin' pipes and the bairnies twain
That are happit intill ma plaid.

THE CROSS-ROADS

“ WHA bides in yon hoose we hae tae pass
Yont—div ye see it ? ”

“ *There's nae hoose there. It's a theek o' grass
And auld stanes wi' it.* ”

“ But O ! yon thing by the wa' that lurks !
Is it soond or sicht ? ”

“ *It's just the breith o' the grazin' stirks
Or the white haar crawlin' amang the birks
Wi' the fa' o' nicht.* ”

“ There's a windy keekin' amang the thorn
And the branches thrawin—— ”

“ *'Twill be tae seek when the morn's morn
Comes tae the dawin' !* ”

“ But man, foo that ? For it's there the noo
And I see it plain—— ”

“ *Gin ye be sober, I doot I'm fou,
For I see nane.* ”

THE CROSS-ROADS

“ There’s an auld wife’s lee that I fain wad loss,
Sae sair I fear it,
O’ an ill man’s hoose whaur the twa roads cross
And his lair that’s near it ;
Yet gin ye’ll meet him by birk or broom
Ye canna tell——”

“ *It’s nocht but havers. The road is toom
And there’s nane ye’ll meet sic a nicht o’ gloom
But just mysel’.*

“ But bide a wee till we kneel and pray,
For I’d fain be prayin’,”

“ *Stand up, stand up—for I daurna say
The words ye’re sayin’ !
But rise and gang tae the kirkyaird heid
And plead yer best
Whaur they wadna bury the ootcast deid
For a sad saul spent wi’ the weird it’s dree’d,
And I’ll maybe rest !*”

THE BOLD WOOER

O EPPIE, when wi' you I meet
Ye're that set up I'd like tae greet,
The gollach ¹ cra'lin' at yer feet
Gets mair respec' nor me O !
Up gangs yer neb ; awa ye sail
As tho' the pest was on the gale,
Or a' the coorse were bilin' kale
Tae gar the denty flee O !

Guid workin' wives frae near an' far
They ken the madam that ye are,
And " Maircy, laddie, dinna daur ! "
Is what they cry tae me O !
" Yon besom's worth, on mairket days,
Fu' three poond ten, frae heid tae taes,
And sic a waste o' Sawbith claes
We canna thole tae see O ! "

¹ Beetle.

THE BOLD WOOER

But Eppie, tho' it's gospel true,
Their clash has tell't me naethin' new,
An' flegg'd by them or yet by you
I dinna mean tae be O !
An' tho' I ken yer cantrips weel,
A pettit wretch and owre genteel,
I'll up an' tell ye what I feel
And hae ye yet, maybe O !

GEORDIE'S LAMENT

OH, I was fou at Martinmas
And fou at Halloween
And fouer yet at Hogmanay
Than iver I hae been ;

For Hogmanay's a time o' dule
Altho' yer he'rt be licht,
And whiles ye canna mind at morn
O' what ye did at nicht.

Ma feyther's wud,¹ ma mither's daft ;
It's no for that I care,
But the bonnie lass I've lo'ed sae long
Will tryst wi' me nae mair !

Oft hae we seen the Hunter's mune
Rise reid ahint the stacks,

¹ Wild.

GEORDIE'S LAMENT

An' the nakkit tree-taps sweep the sky
Wi' the cauld stars at their backs ;

And whiles, frae oot the sleepin' hoose
She's stown when nane could see
Tae daunder doon the misty fields
I' the simmer nichts wi' me.

Oh Bell—ma ain, ma denty Bell,
Ye winna turn yer heid,
And sic a clour ye've gie'n ma he'rt
That I can feel it bleed !

What'll I dae when spring is back
Wi' voice o' birds again,
And ilka crow has got his jo
But me that's wantin' ane ?

Oh Bell ! had I, come Hogmanay,
A bonnie wife at hame,
I'd no be sweir tae steik ma door
When aince the evenin' came.

GEORDIE'S LAMENT

For a' the warld nicht drink its best
Tae gar the Auld Year flit,
And Hogmanay nicht wauk the deid
An' I wadna stir for it !

TAE SOME LASSES

LASSES, tho' ye kilt yer claes
Mair nor a yaird abune yer taes,
I doot that Fashion's daftlike ways
May play the deevil wi' ye ;
The revelation o' yer legs
Has gie'n us lads some unco flegs ;
We drink amazement tae the dregs
Ilk time we see ye.

There's sights for which ye'll get nae thanks,
For some o' ye hae gotten shanks
Like rabins hoppin' doon the banks
Ahint the gaird'ners' barrows,
And some are mair like pillars, those
Ye'll see uphaudin' porticos
(The U.F. Kirk, John Street, Montrose,
Has got the marrows).

TAE SOME LASSES

Maybe in patriot's array
The Hieland kilt ye'd fain display,
And syne ye've ta'en its measure tae
The vera letter ;
But tho' we'll no the loan refuse
It's fine we'd like tae hear the news
Ye've left the kilt an' ta'en the trews,
Ye'd set them better !

MISTRESS MACKAY

SHE wadna bide oot an' she wadna bide in,
The tea was infused but she wadna begin,
There were jeelies an' bannocks tae welcome her
doon
And a bottle o' whuskey they'd bocht i' the
toon
And the hale o' the neebours hurrayin' like ane
When Mistress Mackay got a flicht in a plane.

She socht the black silk she'd pit by i' the press,
The bonnet wi' jet an' wi' feathers—nae less !
Says she, " They'd think shame o' me gin I was
seen
Tae be ridin' the skies in ma auld bombazine,"
And a grand umberella tae keep aff the rain
Went fleein' wi' Mistress Mackay in a plane.

MISTRESS MACKAY

Sic a crood at the causey as niver ye saw,
She was oot at the doorstep tae bow tae them a',
"I'm pleased tae accep' yer attentions," says
she,
"Noo, presairvit frae deith, I'll sit doon tae ma
tea,
And the morn, gin it's fine, get ma photygraph
ta'en
I' the bonnet I wore on ma flicht i' the plane."

There wasna a windy that looked on the street
But had gotten her caird wi' inscription com-
plete,
And ne'er a wee loon saw a hame-comin' craw
Grow big as it cam' whaur it aince had been
sma'
But he ran, cryin' oot like the skreich o' a train
"Here's Mistress Mackay i' the lift in a plane!"

And noo that she's got an illustrious name
And wi' Cæsar an' Nelson has moontit tae fame
Ye'll read i' the papers, ' See Mistress Mackay
On 'Balkan Finance' or 'Will Scotland gang
dry?'

MISTRESS MACKAY

'Should Widowers smoke?' or 'Is Shakespeare
profane?'

She can answer them a' since her flicht i' the
plane!

Speir you at the neebours. There's nocht they
can dae

But Mistress Mackay has got somethin' tae say,
Nae coortin' a lassie, nae dance on the green,

Nae buyin' a coo nor baptizin' a wean,
For the vera last hour that their sauls were their
ain

Was when Mistress Mackay steppit doon frae
the plane!

