



THE BARRIN' O' THE DOOR.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then, O !
When our gudewife had puddings to mak',
And she boiled them in the pan, O !

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,
And blew into the floor, O !
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
“ Get up and bar the door, O ! ”

“ My hand is in my huswyskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O !
An it shouldna be barr’d this hunder years,
It’ll no be barr’d by me, O ! ”

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O !
Whae'er spak' the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O !

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O !
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle light, O !

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O !
But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring o' the door, O !

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black, O !
Though muckle thought the gudewife to
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O ! (hersel'

Then said the ane untae his frien'—
 “Here, man, tak’ ye my knife, O !
 Do ye tak’ aff the auld man’s beard,
 And I’ll kiss the gudewife, O !

“ But there’s nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than, O ? ”

“ What ails ye at the puddin’ bree
That boils into the pan, O ? ”

Oh up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O !

“ Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en.,
And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O ? ”

Then up and started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor, O !

“Gudeman, ye’ve spoken the foremost word
Get up and bar the door, O !”

WESTLING WINDS.

NOW westling winds and slaught'ring
guns,

Bring Autumn's pleasant weather,
The moor-cock springs on whirring
wings,

Among the blooming heather ;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I
rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
The plover loves the mountains,
The woodcock hunts the lonely pells,
The soaring heron t'he fountains ;
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasures find,
The savage and the tender,
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wanderer.
Away, avaunt ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy the murd'ring cry,
The fluttering gory pinion.

But Peggy, dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow,
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature,
The rustling corn, the fruitful thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shines early
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press,
Swear how I love thee dearly.
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair and lovely charmer.

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