



Jack, vat are you arter.

(Upton.)

'Twas summer-time when Nan and I
 (And Nan was born to charm me)
 Once met beside the grunterns' sty,
 And cried, "now, Jack, don't harm me?"
 "Harm you," says I, "dear creature, no!
 But heart for heart we'll barter."
 "Vy, yes," says she, "you tell me so;
 But, Jack, vat are you arter?"

Says I, "you know 'twas Christmas last
 When we agreed to wed, love!
 And, while the cellar door was fast,
 The sweetest things you said, love!
 That I was Nan's, and Nan was mine,
 In spite of Tom the carter."
 "Why, yes," says she, "and that's all fine!
 But, Jack, vat are you arter?"

"Vat arter!—vy now this is strange;
 Can Nan with falsehood tax me?
 Or that my love is like to change;
 Pshaw! vat a thing to ax me."
 "Vy, yes," says she, that may be true,
 For so said Tom the carter;
 Yet he proved *false*, and so may you,
 But Jack vat are you arter?"

Says I, "the short and long is this,
 By all that's sweet about me,
 On Sunday next,—come, give's a kiss,
 I'll wed my Nan, don't doubt me."
 "You will?" says she, "then I'm your bride,
 In spite of Tom the carter;"
 Nor, from that moment, never cried—
 "Now, Jack, vat are you arter?"



'Twas yes, kind sir, and I
 thank you too.

The ruddy morn blinked o'er the brae,
 As blithe I ganged to milk my kine,
 When near the winding bourn of Tay,
 Wi' bonny gait and twa black een,
 A Highland lad sae kind me tent,
 Saying, sonsy lassy, how's a' wi' you?
 Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?
 'Twas yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.

Again he met me i' the e'en,
 As I was linkan o'er the lee,
 To join the dance upon the green,
 And said, blithe lass, I'se gang wi' thee.
 Sae braw he looked i' th' highland gear,
 His tartan plaid and bonnet blue,
 My heart straight whispered in my ear,
 Say yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.

We danced until the gleaming moon
 Gave notice that 'twas time to part;
 I thought the reel was o'er too soon,
 For ah! the lad had stawn my heart.
 He saw me hame across the plain,
 Then kissed sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,
 That when he asked to kiss again,
 'Twas yes, kind sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bauld, he pressed to stay the night,
 Then griped me close unto his breast—
 Howt lad! my mither sair would flyte,
 Gin that I grant wi'out the priest:
 Gang first fore him, gif ye leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do;
 For ask me to kiss me when you will,
 'Twill be yes, love, and I thank you too.

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