

GEORDIE.

'Bout lintles' liltis on whinnie brae,
An' laverocks singin' in the air;
'Bout mavis' notes—on bush or spray,
Ye seem na muckle noo to care.

JENNY.

The quackin' ducks—the gabblin' geese—
The cackle o' the layin' hen,
An' lammies wi' the snaw-white fleecce,
Aye bleatin' fill my thoughts ye ken.

GEORDIE.

Hoot, woman, that's nae half your stent,
Ye hae the bairnies playin' forbye,
As weel's the cows an' calves to tent,
An' grumphies fattenin' in the sty.

JENNY.

My work is only woman's work,
Wee fykie work 'bout house an' byre;
But ye work hard frae morn till dark,
My wonder is ye never tire.

GEORDIE.

That minds me o' the muckle aik,
The stump's yet near the auld shanty door;
I thought my heart would surely break,
Sic faught I had to cowp it ower.

JENNY.

Then a' was mirk—then a' was gloom,
The sun he couldna get his nose in,
But soon ye cleared and made sic room,
That I could see the neuk he rose in.

GEORDIE.

By bit an' bit I've cleared along,
An' laboured eident late an' early,
Whiles croonin' some auld Scottish sang,
'Bout *Wallace, Bruce* or hapless *Charlie*.

JENNY.

Rome was na biggit in a day,
'Tis prentice lear makes workmen gude,
The neebors roun' noo owa an' say,
There's nae can match ye in the wood.

GEORDIE.

'Tis art an' use makes labour light—
Bush wark though hard is aye enticin';
For ilka day afore your sight,
New comforts spring frae labour risin'.

JENNY.

The bairnies a' puir things are willin',
To do sic light wark as they can;
See little Geordie how he's fillin'
An' raxin' to the height o' man.

GEORDIE.

True, Geordie he's noo out fourteen,
An' Jamie he'll be twal belyve,
Puir Andrew wi' the blearich een,
Though only aught can owsen drive.

JENNY.

In troth ye roose the laddies weel,
Without a word 'bout my ain Jenny;
The gude wean toddles at my heel,
An' rocks the cradle for her minnie.

GEORDIE.

At that indeed she's unco gude,
An' ye will keep her hand in use,
So I maun strive to raise the food,
For soon wi' weans ye'll fill the house.

JENNY.

The wheat's a' dightit weel an' clean,
The morn ye maun gang to the mill;
I packit up the 'oo yestreen—
Mind siller for a stowp o' yill.

GEORDIE.

In that I'll do as ye advise,
For I may meet some neebor there;
Whose company an' cracks I prize,
Wi' sic I like to birl or share.

JENNY.

Ye'll start as early as ye can,
An' watch your turn—an' watch the miller;
Tak' tent an' no forget the bran,
E'en at the mill's as gude as siller.

GEORDIE.

I'll watch my turn as ye may trow,
Ilk lick o' bran bring hame to crummie,
I strive to fill ilk speakin' mow,
An' I will ne'er neglect the dummie.

JENNY.

Mind when ye get your meklor done,
Speer 'bout the claith at Wabster Scott—
At M'Master 'bout the laddies shoon,
An' M'Laren 'bout your ain new coat.

GEORDIE.

Hae ye naeither word to toun,
Nae word ava to luckie Gowdie;
But it is yet perhaps ower soon,
To tryst the gude auld skilly howdie.

JENNY.

'Bout that gude man ne'er fash to speer,
But mind anither thing my Geordie;
Bring hame a cask of nappy beer,
Either frae Lock or else frae Wordie.

R.

MEETING AND PARTING.

It is only when we meet and when we part that we
feel the full strength of our love. We are like
Memnon's statue, which was warmed by the sun's
daily rays, but became vocal only when the Deity
visited it and departed.

The enmity of mankind is a matter of much
greater importance than their friendship.