

70 MASTER AND MAN

If ye're bent, as I tak it, on slatter,
Ye should pray for the droot,
For the salmon's her ain when there's
watter,

But she's oors when it's oot.

Ye may just put your flee-book behind
ye,

Ane hook wull be plenty ;
If they'll no come for this, my man,
mind ye,

They'll no come for twenty.
Ay, a rod ; but the shorter the stranger
And the nearer to strike ;
For myself I prefare it nae langer
Than a yard or the like.

Noo, ye'll stand awa' back while I'm
creepin'

Wi' my snoot i' the gowans ;
There's a bonny twelve-poonder a-sleepin'
I' the shade o' yon rowans.