

Wi' that auld blacksmith doon below ;
 Believin' a' his words were true,
 She put the aiple in her mou',
 An' whan auld Aidam she had gotten,
 They ate it, but they fand it rotten !
 They lost the guid, an' got the evil,
 A' thro' oor mither's bein' sae ceevil !
 Ye ken that like produces like.
 That bees are bred in a bee's byke,
 Sae evil doon frae Aidam ran
 A' thro' the veins o' every man.
 An' woman, too—SAE MAGGIE LOCKE
 FORGAT HER JEAMES, AND SPLICED WI' JOCK !

There are some women on this creek,
 Sae modest, and sae mild and meek !
 The deep red blush aye pents their cheek,
 They never swear but when they speak.
 Each ane's a mistress, too, ye'll find,
 To mak guid folks think that she's joined
 In honest wedlock unto one ;
 " She's yours or any other man ! "
 But dinna fear, for me at least,
 I'll never mak mysel' a beast !
 But let this drap—" to err is human,"
 An' " Frailty, thy name is woman."

" Love in itsel' is very guid,
 But 'tis by nae means solid fuid "—
 Whan man and woman 's tied thegither.
 They are made one till death does sever ;
 So says the pastor—but is 't true ?
 Has Kate an' you the self same mou' ?
 Whan ye sit doon to eat betimes,
 Does this same mou' fill baith ye're waimes ?
 It may be sae, but this I ken,
 Gif ye war ane, ye noo are ten ;
 There's Jeames, and Sawney, Kate and Meg,
 An' Geordie with the crookit leg.
 There's Wull and Hairry, Shuse and Jock,
 Nae langer than his faither's sock—
 An' noo, this other brat ye've got—
 Oh, Sawney ! faigs, ye shud be shot !
 Oure mony bairns—oure mony cares—
 Oure mony sant and pepper hairs !
 TWA MAY MAK OOT TO LIVE AS ANE
 BY PICKIN' GAE CLOSE TO THE BANE,
 BUT WHAN THERE'S MAIR YE'LL FIND THE TRUF,
 THAT ILKA ANE HAS GOT A MOU !