

There's nae amusement here ooure rife
 ('Twad be an unco sin in Fife).
 Here some ne'er fash their heads awa-
 'Boot the commands o' moral law.
 If gamblin' be a devil's snare,
 There's scores around wha dinna care,
 And if they're caught into the trap,
 They'll hardly fear the deil a snap.
 Last night as I was lyin' asleep,
 I had a dream o' thae black sheep ;
 I saw kent faces doon below
 A' glourin' thro' the flamin' glow,
 An' fiendishly were playin' " poker,"
 Wi' auld Clootie an' his stoker ;
 Then " freeze-out " some desir'd to play,
 The deil consentin', all obey ;
 An' for the whiskey they that night
 Sat doon to play wi' a' their micht ;
 But, ah, said Clootie, I've nae water.
 Nor whiskey, tho' there's mony a mal'ter ;
 There's in my larder some mince pies !
 " Bully ! " an honest miner cries,
 An' a' the rest were unco glad—
 (And auld nick's bairns are richly fed).
 They play'd for mony an hour that night,
 An' mony a pie was lost to sight.
 Noo, just as I got thro' my dream,
 A face I saw I winna name—
 'Twas he who paid for a' the pies—
 An' up his throat came deep drawn sighs.
 Noo, Sawney, tho' I'm laith to tell,—
 He was a countryman o' mysel' ;
 When some folk get awa frae hame
 They lose a' sense o' sin an' shame,
 An' sae they care nae hoo they're livin',
 Believin' neither hell nor heaven !
 SMA' SINS TO MUCKLE EVILS RISE,
 THERE'S DANGER IN AULD CLOOTIE'S PIES.

We've three toom kirks upon the creek—
 Oor ministers are a' sae meek—
 They canna live a year up here,
 But gang below for warmer cheer ;
 But maybe this is just as weel,
 When they're awa' so is the deil.
 He'll think he has us a' his ain,
 And for that reason let 's alane
 An honest man—he's no to blame
 If he even think the same,