

THE GRASSHOPPERS OF 1874-5.

O' a' the pests that spoil the land
There ne'er came such a curse as that is,
They've ate my barley, wheat and oats,
My turnips and my Rose potatoes!

Waur than all the Egyptian plagues
That ever bothered auld King Pharaoh;
Waur than a' the rust and bugs
That spoiled the craps in old Ontario;
Waur than lice, or itch, or fleas,
Or treacherous Indian war-whooper,
Waur than the sum o' a' disease,
Is that infernal wee grasshopper.

We wroucht right hard, the bairns and I,
The wife was saving, leal and thrifty,
Had got the length o' twa-three kye,
And plewed and harro'd acres fifty;
The craps looked weel, but no man knows,
In Manitoba what his fate is,
So here sit I to sing the loss
O' barley, oats, wheat and potatoes.

Wi' gloomy thoughts, foreboding ill,
I gaed to kirk for consolation,
And there, I wat, I got my fill,
A dooble dose o' condemnation.
For Daddy Young, and Fawcett, too,
And Wilson, scaul'd and argued at us,
And said 'twas for the ill we do—
That we hae' lost our Rose potatoes!

Ye legally elected few,
Wha had the strings o' public purses,
Divinity now points at you,
For bringing these devouring curses;
The clergy say, wha surely ken,
You've caused the powers aboon to hate us,
So here sit I, wi' empty wame—
Withoot my early Rose potatoes.