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They whyles may dance,— that is, ye ken, unless  
An elder grave or ither godly man  
Were in the hoose; they wudna hae him scan  
Sic dootfu' pranks, yet a' the while revere  
Their Faither's hoose — tae Scottish herts sae  
dear.

Yet kirk and school and fairming int'rests, too,  
As weel as gossip, conversation knew;  
If 'mang them a', mair gifted than the rest  
Tae stories tell some chiel they found was blest,  
Tae vivid tales which in the telling grew  
We eager list, nor cared if a' were true;  
Nae rivals these tae "Noctes" o' Kit North,  
Yet, lacking fame and much o' classic worth,  
Tradition's stream not yet has reached that sea  
Where old time Kits shall a' forgotten be.

All hallowe'en in mony a lan' is found  
A time o' year when elfish pranks abound.  
Fu' kindly treated there in days o' yore  
The eery fouk they flocked tae Scottish shore:  
Wi' Scotia's sons they cam across the sea,  
And change o' hame wi' them did quite agree;  
Yet here or there ye'll maistly find it true  
Weel pleased they were as hert tae hert they  
drew;  
Withoot the lads, nae lassies by their lane;  
Withoot the lassies, lads would a' be gaen;  
'Twas aye the auld sweet story o' the heart