

Address To My Old Grey Goose.

No. 1.

Oh here ye come, my feathered frien' !
 Watching my coming thou hast been ;
 Joy sparkles in thy very een,
 Now I'm in sight,
 Was ever such a rapture seen
 O' pure delight ?

Ay ! here thou com'st, joyful to meet,
 Spreading thy wings to be mair fleet,
 Yet waddling on thy big splay feet,
 Thou blow'st thy horn,
 And wi' that same quack quack doth greet
 Me ev'ry morn ;

Now after me a' day thou'lt waddle,
 E'en wi' that great ungainly straddle,
 And tho' your talk may be but twaddle,
 Ye seem to ken
 I prefer't to the fiddle-faddle
 O' mony men.

Ay ! tho' ye're but a mere grey goose,
 At times ye'll come sae grave and douce,
 As o'er some national abuse
 To hae a crack ;
 And what ye say I half jalouse
 Frae your quack quack.

Then how thou look'st up in my face
 So humanlike, as if to trace
 Some link that binds me to thy race,
 For such may be,
 Then how implicitly ye place
 Full trust in me :

But ane may trust and love owre well ;
 Ye haena heard how Adam fell,
 And made a perfect racket-hell
 O' a' creation ;
 Lord ! I can hardly trust mysell
 'Neath sma' temptation.

Nae doubt ye hae your ain temptations,
 Your weaknesses and defalcations,
 Would shirk your moral obligations
 That will not cease,
 Tho' ye may think them botherations
 Like human geese.

And do ye like our silly race
 Mere vanities o' your ain chase :
 Amid injustice and disgrace
 Still crawling crouse ;
 Ah ! ane would hope ye hae mair grace
 My puir auld goose.

And I can see wi' some surprise,
 That thou too can'st philosophize,
 There's speculation in thine eyes !
 And it must be
 Man that's the puzzle that defies
 Thy scrutiny.

Alas poor goose ! he well may be
 A weary puzzle unto thee,
 For he has ever been to me
 Beyond conceiving,
 A wonder, and a mystery
 Past a' believing.

For just when we've no real troubles,
 Its then we take to chasing bubbles,
 And get oursels in wasafu' hubbles,
 Urged on by pride,
 And then we take to wiles and doubles
 God canna bide.

But tho' your thoughts may be abstruse,
 E'en tho' your morals may be loose,
 And canna be turned to much use
 As the world goes,
 Yet there may be more in a goose
 Than some suppose.

Its evident to me ye ken
 The double-dealing kind o' men,
 For on the very instant when
 By chance they're here,
 Aff, into your ain secret den
 Ye disappear :

As soon's Jock's ferret face ye see,
 How cunningly ye cock your e'e,
 How plainly too ye say to me,
 " Beware o' chaff,"
 While hurriedly awa' ye flee,
 Or straddle aff.

Then I have seen thee dodge and shrink,
 Backwards, as from pollution's brink,
 And literally sneeze, and wink,
 Wi' look so grim
 As throttled by the moral stink
 He bears with him.

There's folk baith in the Kirk and State,
 That ye've blackballed at ony rate ;
 Ye ken them weel, ay ! sure as fate
 Ye see their failings,
 Nor sweet are ye to show your hate
 O' double dealings.

The knowing ones who scheme and weave,
 'Tis owre sic human geese we grieve,
 Wha in their inmost hearts believe
 They can conjoin,
 Hoodwink, bambouze, and deceive
 The Eternal S. J.

Lord ! what a world they soon would mak it,
 By law, let the most cunning tak it,
 And ne'er a ane would throw his jacket
 And set to wark,
 But keep an everlasting racket
 Owre the last sark.

They're the great geese o' humankind,
 Wha hae nae duties save to find
 For the intellectually blind,
 New chains and tethers,
 And tickle a' the while they bind
 And pluck their feathers.

On folk gien o'er to overreaching,
 Ye needna try our moral teaching ;
 Just as weel might try our preaching
 On a live heap
 O' maggots, deaf to a' beseeching,
 On a dead sheep.

Hush ! tho' self's grown to giant stature,
 Still to despise a fellow-creature,
 Oh, it gangs sair against our nature !
 What can we say
 Save, owre the God-forgotten creature
 " Come, let us pray."

But I must stop, that's very plain
 I see that ye begin to grane ;
 But still there does a deal remain,
 I fain would say,
 So we will have a talk again
 Some other day.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

JIMKINS has a new scheme. Whenever his wife opens out on him he says, "I don't wonder at Bishop Cleary!" This causes an instant calm.