

MASTER AND MAN 71

Man, man ! I was fearin' I'd stirred her
But I've got her the noo i
Hoot ! fushin's as easy as murrder
When ye ken what to do.

Na, na, sir, I doot na ye're willin',
But I canna permit ye ;
For I'm thinkin' that yon kind o' killin'
Wad hardly befit ye.
And some work is deefficult hushin',
There'd be havers and chaff :
'Twull be best, sir, for you to be fushin'
And me wi' the gaff.