

BAIRNRHYMES



by

William Soutar

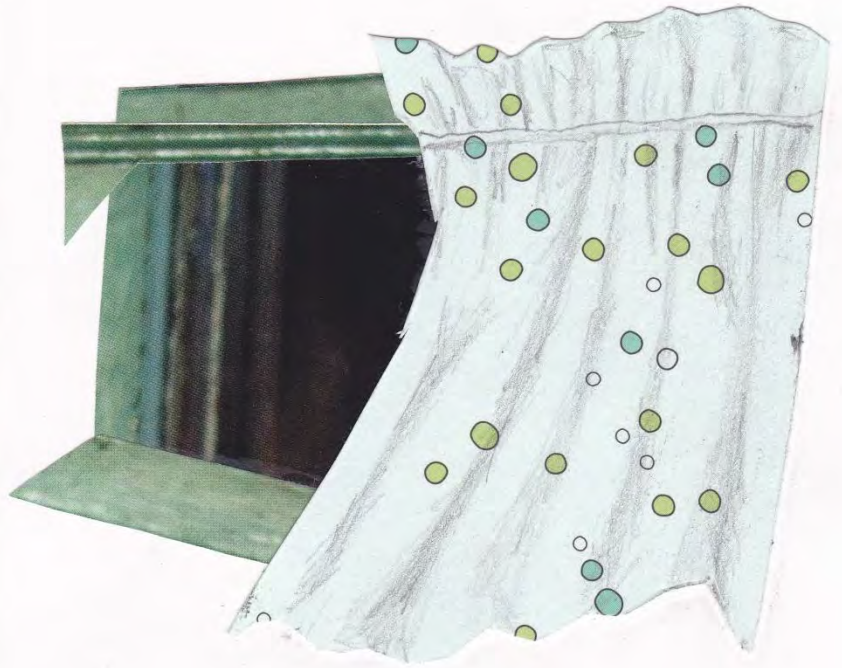
Illustrations by Deborah Trayhurn

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COORIE IN THE CORNER

Coorie in the corner, sitting a' alane,
Whan the nicht wind's chappin
On the winnock-pane:
Coorie in the corner, dinna greet ava;
It's juist a wee bit goloch
Rinning up the wa'.





EEKSY-PEEKSY

The sun hov'd owre the braes o' Balquhidder
And wi' a glisky glunt
Keek't into the hoddie-hole o' an edder
Doun by a heather runt.

'Aye! You'r a braw and gey brave body':
Said the edder to the sun:
'But you'll slunker awa to your ain hoddie
Afore the day is dune.'



THE LOWPIN-MATCH

3

Fu' early in the mornin
A grass-happer and a taed
Foregather'd for a lowpin match
Doun by the water-side.

'Noo, wha can clear the burn
Will be champion': cried the taed:
And wi' nae argie-bargie
The happer was agreed.

The taed hoch't on his hunkers
Richt supple-like and swack;
Nor kent the slicky happer
Had lichtit on his back.

Wi' a mighty spangin spartle
The taed lowp't clean attour;
But lod! the happer landed
A guid twa-fit afore.

The pair taed gap'd and goggl'd;
Dumfouner'd to be beat:
"Man!" lauch't the slicky happer:
"I hinna started yet."



A WHIGMALEERIE

There was an Auchtergaven mouse
 (I canna mind his name)
 Wha met in wi' a hirplin louse
 Sair trauchl'd for her hame.

'My friend, I'm hippit; and nae doot
 Ye'll heist me on my wey.'
 The mouse but squinted down his snout
 And wi' a breenge was by.

Or lang he cam to his ain door
 Doun be a condie-hole;
 And thocht, as he was stappin owre:
Vermin are ill to thole.



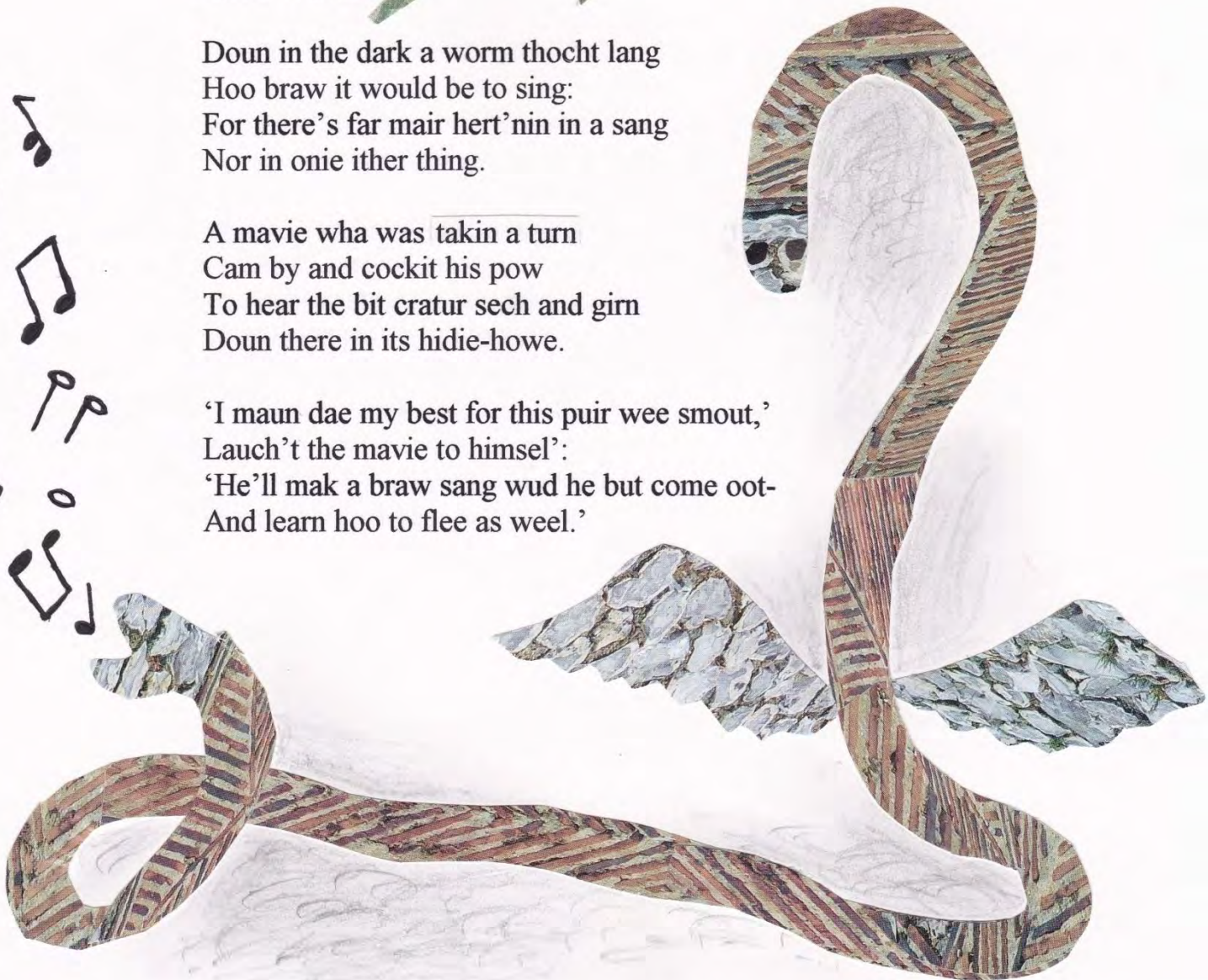
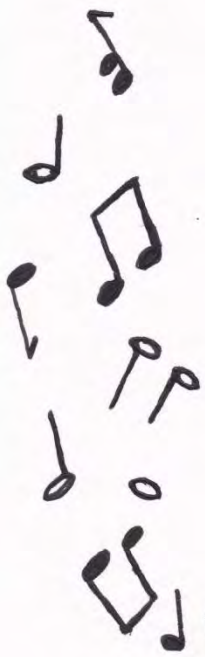


THE WISH

Doun in the dark a worm thocht lang
 Hoo braw it would be to sing:
 For there's far mair hert'nin in a sang
 Nor in onie ither thing.

A mavie wha was takin a turn
 Cam by and cockit his pow
 To hear the bit cratur sech and girn
 Doun there in its hidie-howe.

'I maun dae my best for this puir wee smout,'
 Lauch't the mavie to himsel':
 'He'll mak a braw sang wud he but come oot-
 And learn hoo to flee as weel.'



THE DRUCKEN FUGGIE-TODDLER

The fuggie-toddler's bummin'-fou:
 Bumbleleerie bum:
 The fuggie-toddler's bummin'-fou
 Wi' swackin up the hinny-dew:
 Bumbleleerie bum,
 Bum, bum.

He styters here and styters there;
 Bumbleleerie bum:
 He styters here and styters there,
 And canna styter onie mair:
 Bumbleleerie bum,
 Bum, bum.

And doun ablow a daisy-fleur:
 Bumbleleerie bum:
 And doun ablow a daisy-fleur
 He havers owre and owre and owre:
 Bumbleleerie bum,
 Bum, bum.



THE WIND

Wha wudna be me?
 I caper and flee
 And hae nae care for oniebody.
 I rugg the forest be the hair:
 I swell the water abüne the rock:
 I shog the steeple, and make a mock
 O turret and too'r:
 Castle-wa's trummle whan I lowp owre.

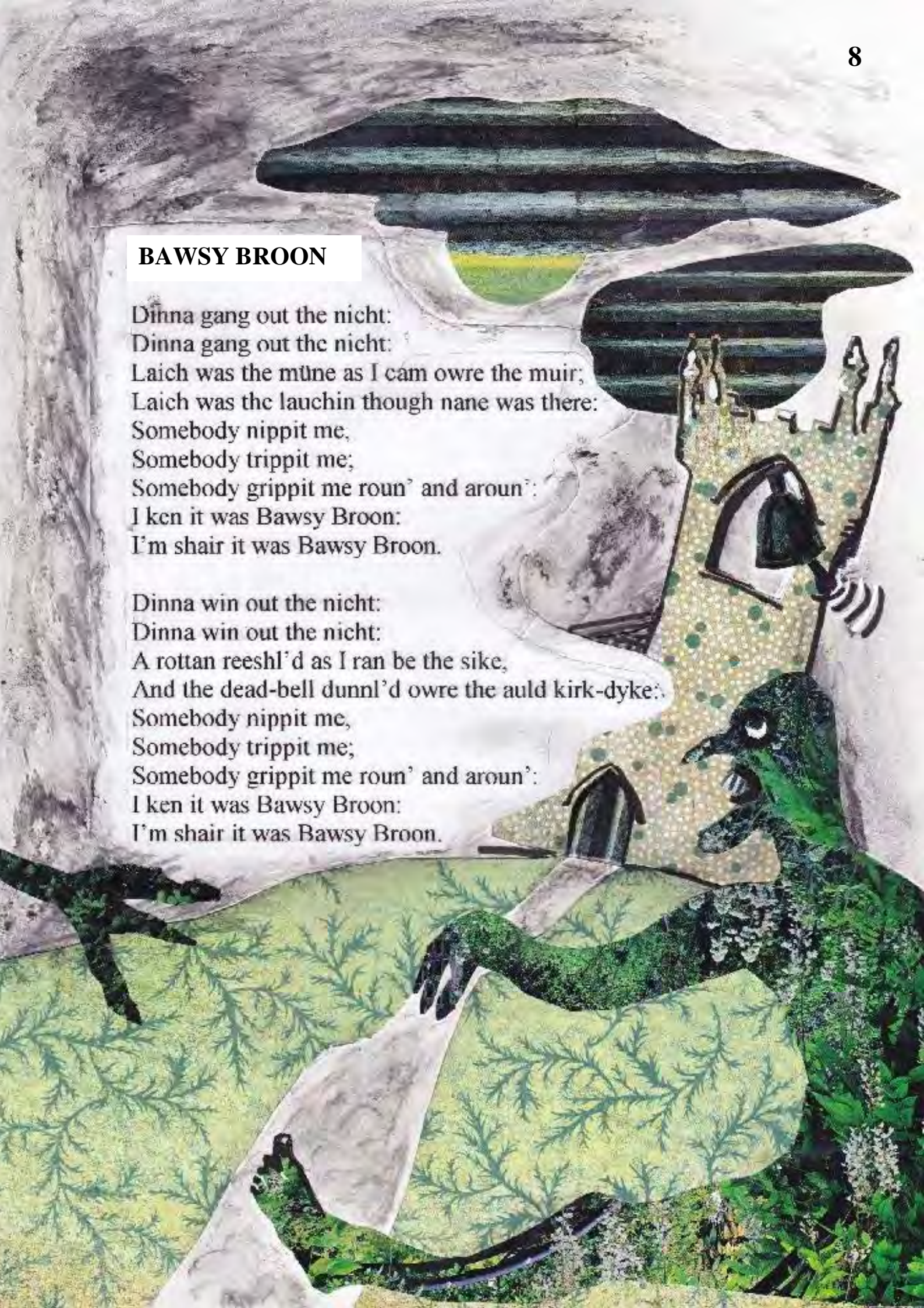
Wha wudna be me?
 I caper and flee
 And hae nae care for oniebody.
 Am I no the wind;
 Sae fliskie and free;
 Sae soupple and swack?
 But alack, and alack,
 I am blind:
 I am blind.



BAWSY BROON

Dinna gang out the nicht:
 Dinna gang out the nicht:
 Laich was the mune as I cam owre the muir;
 Laich was the lauchin though nane was there:
 Somebody nippit me,
 Somebody trippit me;
 Somebody grippit me roun' and aroun':
 I ken it was Bawsy Broon:
 I'm shair it was Bawsy Broon.

Dinna win out the nicht:
 Dinna win out the nicht:
 A rottan reeshl'd as I ran be the sike,
 And the dead-bell dunnl'd owre the auld kirk-dyke:
 Somebody nippit me,
 Somebody trippit me;
 Somebody grippit me roun' and aroun':
 I ken it was Bawsy Broon:
 I'm shair it was Bawsy Broon.



AINCE UPON A DAY

Aince upon a day my mither said to me:
 Dinna cleip and dinna rype
 And dinna tell a lee.


For gin ye cleip a craw will name ye,
 And gin ye rype a daw will shame ye;
 And a snail will heeze its hornies out
 And hike them round and round about
 Gin ye tell a lee.

Aince upon a day, as I walkit a' my lane,
 I met a daw, and monie a craw,
 And a snail upon a stane.

Up gaed the daw and didna shame me:
 Up gaed ilk craw and didna name me:
 But the wee snail heez'd its hornies out
 And hik'd them round and round about
 And – goggl'd at me.



cleip: tell tales
rype: steal
gin: if
daw: jackdaw
heeze: lift
hike: swing



WHA LAUCHS LAST

As Jock Norrie gaed owre the Almond Brig
Along wi' Erchie Trotter
A blowthry blaw taen his bannet awa
And birl'd it into the water.

And wasna it Erchie who lauch't and lauch't,
And had sma' thoct to be sorry,
Or anither blaff ca'd his ain bannet aff-
And that was a different story.



bye-bye