



## Seeds in the Wind

Poems in Scots for Children

by

**William Soutar**

English Translations

by

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## Seeds in the Wind

| <b>Come Awa</b>   | <b>Come Away</b>  |
|---|---|
| <p>Come into the neuk;<br/>Come awa, come awa;<br/>It's whistling yowdendrift o!<br/>The müne's gaen yont like a muckle heuk<br/>To hairst the snaw frae the lift o!</p> <p>Come into the lowe;<br/>Come awa, come awa;<br/>It blows baith snell and sair o!<br/>Noo the onding's smoorin hicht and howe,<br/>And the peesie wheeps nae mair o!</p> | <p>Come in by the fireside;<br/>Come away, come away;<br/>It's whistling driven snow o!<br/>The moon's gone yonder like a great big sickle<br/>To harvest the snow from the sky o!</p> <p>Come in by the fire;<br/>Come away, come away;<br/>It blows both bitter and sore o!<br/>Now the snow's smothering high and low,<br/>And the plover cries no more o!</p> |

| <b>The Three Puddocks</b>  | <b>The Three Frogs</b>  |
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| <p>Three wee bit puddocks<br/>Sat upon a stane;<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Brek your hawse-bane.<br/>They lookit in a dub<br/>And made nae sound<br/>For they saw a' the sterns<br/>Gang whummlin round.</p> <p>Then ane lauch't a lauch<br/>Gowpin wide his gab,<br/>And plunkit down into the dub<br/>But naething could he nab:<br/>And wi' a mou o' mools<br/>He cam droukit out again:<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Brek your hawse-bane.</p> <p>Anither lauch't a lauch<br/>(Wha but gowks wud soom)<br/>And cockit on his stany knowe<br/>Afore the dub wud toom;<br/>Then he growpit in the glaur<br/>Where he thocht the sterns had gaen:<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Brek your hawse-bane.</p> <p>The hinmaist lauch't a lauch<br/>Coostin up his croun;<br/>And richt into his liftit e'en<br/>The sterns were lauchin down.<br/>Cauld, cauld, the wheeplin wind;<br/>Cauld the muckle stane:<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Brek your hawse-bane.</p> | <p>Three very small frogs<br/>Sat upon a stone;<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Break your neck bone.<br/>They looked in a puddle<br/>And made no sound<br/>For they saw all the stars<br/>Go whirling around.</p> <p>Then one laughed a laugh<br/>Opening wide his mouth,<br/>And plopped down into the puddle<br/>But nothing could he catch:<br/>And with a mouthful of mud<br/>He came dripping out again:<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Break your neck bone.</p> <p>Another laughed a laugh<br/>(Who but fools would swim)<br/>And stood up on his stony knoll<br/>Before the puddle would empty;<br/>Then he groped in the mire<br/>Where he thought the stars had gone:<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Break your neck bone.</p> <p>The last one laughed a laugh<br/>Casting up his head;<br/>And right into his lifted eyes<br/>The stars were laughing down.<br/>Cold, cold, the whistling wind;<br/>Cold the great big stone;<br/>Tick-a-tack, nick-a-nack,<br/>Break your neck bone.</p> |

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| <p><b>The Daft Tree</b></p> <p>A tree's a leerie kind o' loon,<br/>         Weel happit in his emerant gown<br/>         Through the saft simmer days:<br/>         But, fegs, whan baes are in the fauld,<br/>         And birds are chitterin wi' the cauld,<br/>         He coosts aff a' his claes.</p>  | <p><b>The Foolish Tree</b></p> <p>A tree's a silly kind of fellow,<br/>         Well wrapped in his emerald gown<br/>         Through the soft summer days:<br/>         But, faith, when sheep are in the fold,<br/>         And birds are shivering with the cold,<br/>         He casts off all his clothes.</p>   |
| <p><b>Wee Wullie Todd</b></p> <p>O waes me for wee Wullie Todd<br/>         Wha aye was sayin Na!<br/>         For there cam by a whiffinger<br/>         And whuppit him awa.</p> <p>His mither grat, his faither murn'd,<br/>         His tittie frunsh'd wi' fricht:<br/>         But grannie stampit through the house<br/>         And swore it sair'd him richt.</p>   | <p><b>Wee Willie Todd</b></p> <p>Oh woe is me for wee Willie Todd<br/>         Who was always saying Nay!<br/>         For there came by a vagabond<br/>         And whipped him away.</p> <p>His mother cried, his father mourned,<br/>         His sister whined with fright:<br/>         But granny stamped through the house<br/>         And swore it served him right.</p>   |
| <p><b>The Whup</b></p> <p>Within the pooer o' His grup<br/>         God's forkit levin, like a whup,<br/>         Streaks a' aroun':<br/>         And blinds the e'en, and wi' a crack<br/>         Richt on Ben Vrackie's muckle back<br/>         Comes dingin down.</p>   | <p><b>The Whip</b></p> <p>Within the power of His grip<br/>         God's forked lightning, like a whip,<br/>         Streaks all around:<br/>         And blinds the eyes, and with a crack<br/>         Richt on Ben Vrackie's great big back<br/>         Comes striking down.</p>   |
| <p><b>The Gowdan Ba'</b></p> <p>The muckle müne noo rows attowre<br/>         The humphie-backit brae;<br/>         And skimmers down the Carse o' Gower<br/>         And the fluther o' the Tay.</p> <p>O earth, ye've tin'd your gowdan ba';<br/>         And yonder, in the nicht,<br/>         It birls clean on and far awa<br/>         Sae wee and siller-bricht.</p> | <p><b>The Golden Ball</b></p> <p>The great big moon now rolls above<br/>         The hump-backed hill;<br/>         And shimmers down the Carse of Gowrie<br/>         And the rising of the Tay.</p> <p>Oh earth, you've lost your golden ball;<br/>         And yonder, in the night,<br/>         It rolls smoothly on and far away<br/>         So small and silver-bright.</p> |

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| <b>The Twa Men'</b>  | <b>The Two Men</b>   |
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| <p>Twa men there were: the ane was stout,<br/>The ither ane was thin.<br/>The thin man's taes a' schauchl'd out;<br/>The stout man's schauchl'd in.</p> <p>When Ticky saw the splayvie ane<br/>He glower'd and whurl'd about:<br/>"I'm gled my taes are a' turned in,<br/>They nicht hae a' turn'd out."</p> <p>Up owre the brae auld Splayvie gaed<br/>And aft a lauch he loot:<br/>"It's awfae to be ticky-taed,<br/>I'm gled my taes gang out."</p> | <p>Two men there were: the one was stout,<br/>The other one was thin.<br/>The thin man's toes all shuffled out;<br/>The stout man's shuffled in.</p> <p>When Hen-toed saw the splay-toed one<br/>He scowled and whirled about:<br/>"I'm glad my toes are all turned in,<br/>They might have all turned out."</p> <p>Up over the hill old Splay-toed went<br/>And often a laugh he let out:<br/>"It's awful to be hen-toed,<br/>I'm glad my toes go out."</p> |

| <b>Adventure</b>   | <b>Adventure</b>  |
|--|---|
| <p>There was a fikety emmick<br/>Skirr'd frae the emmick-toun:<br/>It snowkit east, it snowkit west,<br/>It snowkit up and down.</p> <p>It came upon a windle-straе<br/>And warsl'd to the tap;<br/>And thocht, nae dout, whan it was there:<br/><i>Man, I'm a gallus chap.</i></p> <p>Braid was the lift abüne it;<br/>Wide was the world ablow't:<br/>And whatna ither emmick<br/>Had seen sae muckle o't?</p> | <p>There was a restless little ant<br/>Scurried from the ant-hill:<br/>It snuffled east, it snuffled west,<br/>It snuffled up and down.</p> <p>It came upon a stalk of grass<br/>And struggled to the top;<br/>And thought, no doubt, when it was there:<br/><i>Man, I'm a cheeky chap.</i></p> <p>Broad was the sky above it;<br/>Wide was the world below it:<br/>And which of the other ants<br/>Had seen so much of it?</p> |

| <b>Mirac'lous</b>   | <b>Miraculous</b>   |
|---|---|
| <p>The bubbly-jock's been at the barm;<br/>And wi' a gibble-gabble<br/>He's styterin a' about the farm<br/>As weel as he is able.</p> <p>Clabber-claich't as onie caird,<br/>And fou as onie lordie,<br/>He's stottin out and in the yaird<br/>A maist mirac'lous birdie.</p> | <p>The turkey's been at the yeast;<br/>And with a gibble-gabble<br/>He's staggering all about the farm<br/>As well as he is able.</p> <p>Mud-spattered as any tramp,<br/>And drunk as any lord,<br/>He's bouncing out and in the yard<br/>A most miraculous bird.</p> |

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| <b>Jock Stot</b>   | <b>Jock Stot</b>   |
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| <p>Jock Stot gaed owre the snaw<br/>Trottin on a grumphie:<br/>Hadna rade sae far awa<br/>Or he cowp't aff its humphie.</p> <p>Baith gat hame their ain way<br/>But no wi' ane anither:<br/>Grumphie cam on naebody<br/>But Jock cam on his faither.</p> | <p>Jock stot went over the snow<br/>Trotting on a piggie:<br/>He hadn't ridden so very far<br/>Before he fell off its back.</p> <p>Both got home their own way<br/>But not with one another:<br/>The pig came on nobody<br/>But Jock came on his father.</p> |

| <b>Wha Steers</b>  | <b>Who Stirs</b>   |
|--|--|
| <p>Wha steers in the quiet housie<br/>Mair plisky nor a dream?<br/>A feerie-fitted mousie<br/>Rinnin owre the cream.</p> <p>Up skips an aulder brither,<br/>Wha is a mouse o' micht,<br/>Hauds on ahint the ither<br/>And plunks clean out o' sicht.</p> | <p>Who stirs in the quiet house<br/>More mischievous than a dream?<br/>A quick-footed mouse<br/>Running over the cream.</p> <p>Up skips an older brother,<br/>Who is a mouse of might,<br/>Holds on behind the other<br/>And plops clean out of sight.</p> |

| <b>The Fricht</b>  | <b>The Fright</b>   |
|--|---|
| <p>Whan Betsy Bodle gaed to the door<br/>She gat a fearfu' fricht,<br/>For there a muckle blackamoor<br/>Stüde up afore her sicht.</p> <p>I dout, I dout, we'll never ken<br/>What he was speerin for,<br/>Sin Betsy skelloch'd like a hen<br/>And bangit frae the door.</p> | <p>When Betsy Bodle went to the door<br/>She got a fearful fright,<br/>For there a great big black man<br/>Stood up before her sight.</p> <p>I doubt, I doubt, we'll never know<br/>What he was asking for,<br/>Since Betsy screeched out like a hen<br/>And fled back from the door.</p> |

| <b>By the Way</b>   | <b>By the Way</b>  |
|---|--|
| <p>As robin sang on a willy-wan'<br/>And thocht it mickle joy;<br/>A blindie man and a humphie man,<br/>And a pin-leg man cam by.</p> <p>"I wudna be a humphie man":<br/>The blindie man was sayin:<br/>"And I wudna be a blindie man":<br/>The ither was replyin.</p> <p>Syne, wi' a styte, the pin-leg man<br/>Cried out: "Let be, lat be;<br/>And whistle along as weel as ye can<br/>Like yon blythe bird on the tree."</p> | <p>As a robin sang on a willow-wand<br/>And thought it lots of joy;<br/>A blind man and a hump-backed man,<br/>And a peg-leg man came by.</p> <p>"I wouldn't be a hump-backed man":<br/>The blind man was saying:<br/>"And I wouldn't be a blind man":<br/>The other was replying.</p> <p>Then with a stumble, the peg-leg man<br/>Cried out: "Let it be, let it be;<br/>And whistle along as well as you can<br/>Like that merry bird on the tree."</p> |

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| <b>Ae Simmer's Day</b>   | <b>One Summer's Day</b>  |
| <p>Up by the caller fountain,<br/>A' through a simmer's day,<br/>I heard the gowk gang crying<br/>Abüne the ferny brae.</p> <p>The reemlin licht afore me<br/>Gaed up; the wind stüde still:<br/>Only the gowk's saft whistle<br/>Lowden'd along the hill.</p> <p>The wee burn loppert laichly;<br/>A bird cam and was gaen:<br/>I keekit round ahint me<br/>For I was a' my lane.</p> | <p>Up by the cool fresh fountain,<br/>All through a summer's day,<br/>I heard the cuckoo calling<br/>Above the ferny hill.</p> <p>The trembling light before me<br/>Rose up; the wind stood still:<br/>Only the cuckoo's soft whistle<br/>Quietened along the hill.</p> <p>The small stream rippled lowly;<br/>A bird came and was gone:<br/>I peeped round behind me<br/>For I was all alone.</p> |
| <b>Coorie in the Corner</b>  | <b>Crouch(ed) in the Corner</b>  |
| <p>Coorie in the corner, sittin a' alane,<br/>Whan the nicht wind's chappin<br/>On the winnock-pane:<br/>Coorie in the corner, dinna greet ava;<br/>It's juist a wee bit goloch<br/>Rinnin up the wa'.</p>   | <p>Crouch(ed) in the corner, sitting all alone,<br/>When the night wind's knocking<br/>On the window pane:<br/>Crouch(ed) in the corner, never cry at all;<br/>It's just a tiny earwig<br/>Running up the wall.</p>  |
| <b>Tam Teuch</b>   | <b>Tom Tough</b>   |
| <p>There was a loonie ca'd Tam Teuch<br/>Wha gat a spurtle-blade:<br/>But it was hingin süne eneuch<br/>Abüne his brither's bed.</p> <p>Ae nicht as Tam piu'd on his gown<br/>In cam his brither Charlie;<br/>Wi' that the spurtle-blade drapp't doun<br/>And Tammie said: "<i>Your early.</i>"</p>  | <p>There was a lad called Tom Tough<br/>Who got a sword blade:<br/>And it was hanging soon enough<br/>Above his brother's bed.</p> <p>One night as Tom pulled on his gown<br/>In came his brother Charlie;<br/>With that, the sword blade dropped down<br/>And Tommy said: "<i>You're early.</i>"</p>  |
| <b>Eeksy-Peeksy</b>  | <b>Even-Steven</b>   |
| <p>The sun hov'd owre the braes o' Balquidder<br/>And wi' a glisky glunt<br/>Keek't into the hoddie-hole o' an edder<br/>Doun by a heather runt.</p> <p>"Aye! You're a braw and gey brave body":<br/>Said the edder to the sun:<br/>"But you'll slunker awa to your ain hoddie<br/>Afore the day is düne."</p>   | <p>The sun rose over the hills of Balquidder<br/>And with a glancing glint<br/>Looked into the hidy-hole of an adder<br/>Down by a heather stalk.</p> <p>"Ha! You're a fine and right brave fellow":<br/>Said the adder to the sun:<br/>"But you'll slink away to your own hide<br/>Before the day is done."</p>   |

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| <p><b>Chittery Weather</b></p> <p>The wintry day was gloaming-grey,<br/>The blast swurld by in swithers:<br/>Oot o' a clüde wi' a skirly scud<br/>The floichans flurr'd like feathers.</p> <p>Daiver'd and auld, and chittery cauld,<br/>A houlet was houlity-hootin:<br/>"Wha ever ye be in your nest sae hee<br/>It's a daft-like time for moutin."</p>   | <p><b>Shivery Weather</b></p> <p>The winter's day was twilight-grey,<br/>The wind swirled by in rushes:<br/>Out of a cloud with a squally gust<br/>The snowflakes scattered like feathers.</p> <p>Numb and old, and shivery cold,<br/>An owl was owlshly hooting:<br/>"Whoever you be in your nest so high<br/>It's a foolish time for moulting."</p>   |
| <p><b>The Muckle Man</b></p> <p>There was a muckle man<br/>Wi' a muckle black beard<br/>Wha rade a muckle horse<br/>Through a muckle kirk-yaird.</p> <p>Hallachin and yallachin<br/>He rattl'd on the stanes:<br/>Hallachin and yallachin<br/>He birl'd abüne the banes:</p> <p>Up and down and up and down<br/>Wi' muckle steer and stour,<br/>Wallop in a muckle whup<br/>Owre and owre and owre.</p> | <p><b>The Great Big Man</b></p> <p>There was a great big man<br/>With a big black beard<br/>Who rode a great big horse<br/>Through a great big churchyard.</p> <p>Shouting and yelling<br/>He rattled on the stones:<br/>Shouting and yelling<br/>He spun round above the bones:</p> <p>Up and down and up and down<br/>With great big commotion and dust,<br/>Walloping a big whip<br/>Over and over and over.</p> |
| <p><b>Cradle Sang</b></p> <p>Fa' owre, fa' owre, my hinny,<br/>There's monie a weary airt;<br/>And nae end to the traikin,<br/>For man has a hungry hert.</p> <p>What wud ye hae for ferlie<br/>And no ken the want o' mair?<br/>The sün for a gowdan aipple:<br/>The müne for a siller pear.</p>   | <p><b>Cradle Song</b></p> <p>Sleep, sleep, my darling,<br/>There's many a weary way;<br/>And no end to the wandering,<br/>For man has a hungry heart.</p> <p>What would you have for wonder<br/>And not know the want of more?<br/>The sun for a golden apple:<br/>The moon for a silver pear.</p>  |
| <p><b>The Lanely Müne</b></p> <p>Saftly, softly, through the mirk<br/>The müne walks a' hersel':<br/>Ayont the brae; abüne the kirk;<br/>And owre the dunnlin bell.<br/>I wudna be the müne at nicht<br/>For a' her gowd and a' her licht.</p>  | <p><b>The Lonely Moon</b></p> <p>Softly, softly, through the dark,<br/>The moon walks by herself:<br/>Beyond the hill; above the church;<br/>And over the clanging bell.<br/>I wouldn't be the moon at night<br/>For all her gold and all her light.</p>  |

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| <b>Whup the Win'</b>  | <b>Whip the Wind</b>   |
|---|--|
| <p>A nacket o' an ettercap<br/>On a bowffy day<br/>Wark't himsel' richt to the tap<br/>O' a windlestrae.</p> <p>Wi' a mouse-wab in his grup<br/>He lowp't on the win';<br/>Whuppit up, and whuppit up,<br/>And yoller'd <i>Rin! Rin!</i></p>  | <p>An spindly little spider<br/>On a blustery day<br/>Worked himself right to the top<br/>Of a dried-up stalk of grass.</p> <p>With a spider's web in his grasp<br/>He leapt on to the wind;<br/>Whipped it up and whipped it up,<br/>And bawled <i>Run! Run!</i></p>  |
| <b>Carol</b>  | <b>Carol</b>   |
| <p>Noo that the cock begins to craw<br/>And mankit is the müne,<br/>The wintry day is at the daw<br/>And the lang nicht is düne.</p> <p>Sing weel on ilka tree, O birds,<br/>Or a' the world were drear;<br/>Sing weel, O birds, your warbling words<br/>And lat the bairnie hear.</p>  | <p>Now that the cock begins to crow<br/>And faded is the moon,<br/>The wintry day is at its dawn<br/>And the long night is done.</p> <p>Sing well on every tree, O birds,<br/>Or all the world would be drear;<br/>Sing well, O birds, your warbling words<br/>And let the baby hear.</p>  |
| <b>A Bairn's Sang</b>   | <b>A Child's Song</b>  |
| <p>Round and around and a three times three;<br/>Polly and Peg and Pansy:<br/>Round and around the muckle auld tree;<br/>And it's round a' the world whan ye gang wi' me<br/>Round the merry-metanzie:<br/>And it's round a' the world whan ye gang wi' me<br/>Round the merry-metanzie.</p> <p>The wind blows loud and the wind blows hee;<br/>Polly and Peg and Pansy:<br/>Blaw, wind, blaw, as we lilt on the lea;<br/>For it's round a' the world whan ye gang wi' me<br/>Round the merry-metanzie:<br/>For it's round a' the world whan ye gang wi' me<br/>Round the merry-metanzie:</p> | <p>Round and around and a three times three;<br/>Polly and Peg and Pansy:<br/>Round and around the big old tree;<br/>And it's all round the world when you go with me<br/>Round the merry jingo-ring:<br/>And it's all round the world when you go with me<br/>Round the merry jingo-ring.</p> <p>The wind blows loud and the wind blows high;<br/>Polly and Peg and Pansy:<br/>Blow, wind, blow as we sing on the meadow;<br/>For it's all round the world when you go with me<br/>Round the merry jingo-ring:<br/>For it's all round the world when you go with me<br/>Round the merry jingo-ring.</p> |



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| <b>The Tinkler-Man</b>  | <b>The Tinker Man</b>   |
| <p>Whan I can clowt a kettle<br/>And sowder a parritch-pan,<br/>I'll be a man o' mettle,<br/>Says the tinkler-man.</p> <p>I'll hae a trottin pownie<br/>Wi' bells abüne its broo;<br/>A siller whup sae bonnie,<br/>And a plaid sae blue.</p> <p>Wi' a kep that has a feather,<br/>And wi' buckles on my shüne,<br/>I'll cry in a' weather:<br/><i>Onie pats to men'?</i></p> | <p>When I can mend a kettle<br/>And solder a porridge pan,<br/>I'll be a man of mettle,<br/>Says the tinker man.</p> <p>I'll have a trotting pony<br/>With bells above its brow;<br/>A silver whip so pretty.<br/>And a cloak so blue.</p> <p>With a cap that has a feather,<br/>And with buckles on my shoes,<br/>I'll cry in all kinds of weather:<br/><i>Any pots to mend?</i></p> |
| <b>Lowp up the Lum</b>  | <b>Leap up the Chimney</b>  |
| <p>Baudrons, though plankit unco snug,<br/>Sits glowerin frae the chimley lug:<br/>His twa e'en round; his head outset;<br/>I warrant ye his neb is het.<br/>He canna nod; he canna thrum:<br/>A rogie's lowpin up the lum.<br/>Fluff! There he goes,<br/>And there's his brither;<br/>And there's anither and anither.</p>   | <p>Puss, though settled nice and snug,<br/>Sits glowering from the fireside:<br/>His two eyes round; his neck set out;<br/>I'll guarantee his nose is hot.<br/>He cannot nod; he cannot purr:<br/>A rascal is leaping up the chimney.<br/>Fluff! There he goes,<br/>And there's his brother;<br/>And there's another and another.</p>   |
| <b>Migrant</b>  | <b>Migrant</b>  |
| <p>Blythely to the brackie-bree<br/>Trottit Geordie Toch;<br/>Paidl'd in abüne the knee<br/>And syne abüne the hoch.</p> <p>Flappit like a willygoo<br/>As he gaed plunkin doun:<br/>And wha wud speer for Geordie noo<br/>Maun try some ither toun.</p>  | <p>Merrily to the salty sea,<br/>Trotted Geordie Tosh;<br/>Paddled in above the knee<br/>And then above the thigh.</p> <p>Flapped like a seagull<br/>As he went plunging down:<br/>And who would ask for Geordie now<br/>Must try some other town.</p>  |

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| The Fiddler   | The Fiddler   |
|---|---|
| <p>A fiddler gaed fiddling through our toun<br/>           Wi bells on his broo and sterns on his shoon;<br/>           And the dominie, wabster, souter and miller<br/>           Cam out wi' gear and cam out wi' siller.<br/>           Ho! Ho! laucht the fiddler as round him ran<br/>           The bairns o' the gaberlunzie-man<br/>           Wha sang, as he heistit up his pack -<br/> <i>Tak tent o' the hand that claws your back.</i></p> <p>The fiddler he fiddl'd anither tune<br/>           As he can back hame through our toun:<br/>           And the dominie, wabster, souter and miller<br/>           A' steekit their doors and climpit their siller.<br/>           Waes me! cried the fiddler as around him ran<br/>           The bairns o' the gaberlunzie-man<br/>           Wha sang, as they heistit up his pack -<br/> <i>Tak tent o' the hand that claws your back.</i></p> | <p>A fiddler went fiddling through our town<br/>           With bells on his brim and stars on his shoes;<br/>           And the teacher, weaver, cobbler and miller<br/>           Came out with gifts and came out with money.<br/>           Ho! Ho! laughed the fiddler as round him ran<br/>           The children of the beggar man<br/>           Who sang, as he lifted up his pack -<br/> <i>Beware of the hand that claws your back.</i></p> <p>The fiddler he fiddled another tune<br/>           As he came back home through our town:<br/>           And the teacher, weaver, cobbler and miller<br/>           All locked their doors and snatched up their money.<br/>           Woe is me! cried the fiddler as round him ran<br/>           The children of the beggar man<br/>           Who sang, as they hoisted up his pack -<br/> <i>Beware of the hand that claws your back.</i></p> |

| The Herryin o' Jenny Wren  | The Robbing of Jenny Wren   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Jenny Wren's wee eggs are awa;<br/>           Sic a t'dae and hullie-balloo:<br/>           She deav'd the mawie and the crow,<br/>           The laverock and the cushie-doo.</p> <p>2. She toddl'd here, she toddl'd there;<br/>           She gar'd the cock crow at her biddin:<br/>           And a' day, or his hawse gat sair,<br/>           He was her bell-man round the midden.</p> <p>3. Then up and spak a clockin-hen:<br/>           "Hoo monie eggs are taen awa?"<br/>           "Last nicht I'd six," sabbed Jenny Wren,<br/>           "And noo I hae nae mair than twa."</p> <p>4. "It's lan sin I've been at the sküle<br/>           And little lare I hae and a";<br/>           "But," quod the hen, "gin I'm nae füle<br/>           Fower o' your eggs are taen awa."</p> <p>5. "O wha, wi' mither wit, need fash<br/>           For onie mair," cried Jenny Wren:<br/>           "Lat Solomon wauk up and clash<br/>           His claivers wi' this clockin-hen."</p> <p>6. "Noo, by my troth, sin I'm a mither<br/>           I'll name fower reavers," said the hen:<br/>           "The whutterick's ane, the tod's anither,<br/>           The rottan, and auld Nickie-ben."</p> | <p>1. Jenny Wren's little eggs are gone;<br/>           Such a to-do and hullaballoo;<br/>           She deafened the thrush and the crow,<br/>           The skylark and the wood pigeon.</p> <p>2. She toddled here, she toddled there;<br/>           She made the cock crow at her bidding:<br/>           And all day until his neck got sore,<br/>           He was her town crier round the dunghill.</p> <p>3. Then up spoke a broody hen:<br/>           "How many eggs are taken away?"<br/>           "Last night I'd six," sobbed Jenny Wren,<br/>           "And now I have no more than two."</p> <p>4. "It's long since I've been to school<br/>           And little learning I have at all";<br/>           "But," said the hen, "if I'm no fool<br/>           Four of your eggs are taken away."</p> <p>5. "O who, with maternal wisdom, needs worry<br/>           For any more," cried Jenny Wren:<br/>           "Let Solomon wake up and make<br/>           Idle chatter with this broody hen."</p> <p>6. "Now, in truth, since I'm a mother<br/>           I'll name four robbers," said the hen:<br/>           The weasel's one, the fox is another,<br/>           The rat and old Nick the devil."</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

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| <p>7. Then Jenny Wren and a' the birds<br/>Gaed hotterin, owre knock and knowe,<br/>Or had they come to jow their words<br/>At ilka reaver's hidie-howe.</p> <p>8. The sleekit tod keek't frae his house<br/>And lowted round to ane and a':<br/>Then sware, as mim as onie mouse,<br/>That he had taen nae eggs awa.</p> <p>9. The rottan on his hint-legs stüde<br/>And, liftin up twa watery e'en,<br/>Ca'd doun strang curses on his bluid<br/>Gin onie eggs he'd ever taen.</p> <p>10. The whutterick, whan he saw the steer,<br/>Lauch't as he sklent along his snout,<br/>"Shüd I hae seen your eggs my dear,<br/>I'd taen the hale half-dizzen out."</p> <p>11. Doun in a shog-bog Nickie-ben<br/>Heard the loud chitter o' the birds;<br/>And lowpin on a fuggy stane<br/>Said a' his say in twa-three words:</p> <p>12. "Gae hame, gae hame, wee Jenny Wren;<br/>It's no for me to name a cronie:<br/>And ca' in on yon clockin-hen<br/>To speer gin twa frae twa leaves onie."</p> | <p>7. Then Jenny Wren and all the birds<br/>Went in a flock over hill and knoll,<br/>For they had come to ring their voices<br/>At every robber's hiding hole.</p> <p>8. The sly fox peeped from his house<br/>And bowed round to one and all:<br/>Then swore as prim as any mouse,<br/>That he had taken no eggs away.</p> <p>9. The rat upon his hind legs stood<br/>And, lifting up two tearful eyes,<br/>Called down strong curses on his blood<br/>If he should have taken any eggs.</p> <p>10. The weasel, when he saw the fuss,<br/>Laughed as he squinted along his snout,<br/>"Should I have seen your eggs my dear,<br/>I'd have taken the whole half-dozen out."</p> <p>11. Down in a quaking bog the Devil<br/>Heard the loud twittering of the birds;<br/>And jumping on a mossy stone<br/>Said his piece in a few words:</p> <p>12. "Go home, go home, little Jenny Wren;<br/>It's not for me to name a friend;<br/>And call in on that broody hen<br/>To ask if two from two leaves any."</p> |
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| <b>The Merry Moment</b>  | <b>The Merry Moment</b>  |
|--|--|
| <p>No muckle in his head,<br/>But gledness in his hert,<br/>Habby stots along the road<br/>Ahint the waterin-cairt.</p> <p>Bare legs abüne bare feet,<br/>And breeks about his hoch;<br/>Spurtlin up the sprenty weet<br/>That gars him lowp and lauch.</p> <p>Wha wudna gang this airt<br/>And be a gallus lad –<br/>On ahint a waterin-cairt<br/>Along the stourie road?</p> | <p>Not much in his head,<br/>But gladness in his heart,<br/>Habby bounces along the road<br/>Behind the watering cart.</p> <p>Bare legs above bare feet,<br/>And trousers about his thigh;<br/>Kicking up the sprinkled water<br/>That makes him jump and laugh.</p> <p>Who wouldn't do the same<br/>And be a mischievous lad –<br/>Going behind a watering cart<br/>Along the dusty road?</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

| <b>The Plum-Tree</b>  | <b>The Plum Tree</b>   |
|---|--|
| <p>Come out, come out;<br/>           Our plum-tree's fou o' fleurs<br/>           And the fleurs are at the fa':<br/>           Come out, come out;<br/>           They're flichterin down in shoo'rs,<br/>           Like shoo'rs o' snaw.</p> <p>Gie me your haun<br/>           And round the tree we'll gang<br/>           (Singin baloo-ba-la)<br/>           Afore the wind comes,<br/>           Lauchin owre our sang,<br/>           And blows the fleurs awa.</p> | <p>Come out, come out;<br/>           Our plum-tree's full of flowers<br/>           And the flowers are falling:<br/>           Come out, come out;<br/>           They're fluttering down in showers,<br/>           Like showers of snow.</p> <p>Give me your hand<br/>           And round the tree we'll go<br/>           (Singing baloo-ba-lay)<br/>           Before the wind comes,<br/>           Laughing over our song,<br/>           And blows the flowers away.</p> |

| <b>Aince upon a Day</b>   | <b>Once upon a Time</b>  |
|---|--|
| <p>Aince upon a day my mither said to me:<br/>           Dinna cleip and dinna rype<br/>           And dinna tell a lee.<br/>           For gin ye cleip a crow will name ye,<br/>           And gin ye rype a daw will shame ye;<br/>           And a snail will heeze its hornies out<br/>           And hike them round and round about<br/>           Gin ye tell a lee.</p> <p>Aince upon a day, as I walkit a' my lane,<br/>           I met a daw, and monie a crow,<br/>           And a snail upon a stane.<br/>           Up gaed the daw and didna shame me:<br/>           Up gaed ilk crow and didna name me:<br/>           But the wee snail heezed its hornies out<br/>           And hik'd them round and round about<br/>           And -- goggled at me.</p> | <p>Once upon a time my mother said to me:<br/>           Don't tell tales and don't steal<br/>           And do not tell a lie.<br/>           For if you tell tales a crow will name you,<br/>           And if you steal a jackdaw will shame you;<br/>           And a snail will lift its horns out.<br/>           And swing them round and round about<br/>           If you tell a lie.</p> <p>Once upon a time, as I walked all alone,<br/>           I met a jackdaw and many a crow,<br/>           And a snail upon a stone.<br/>           Up went the jackdaw and didn't shame me:<br/>           Up went every crow and didn't name me:<br/>           But the tiny snail lifted its horns out<br/>           And swung them round and round about<br/>           And – goggled at me.</p> |

| <b>Wabster – The Spider</b>   | <b>Weaver – The Spider</b>  |
|---|---|
| <p>Fae out o' a corner o' the wa'<br/>           The wabster hings but winna fa':<br/>           Syne rinnin up and rinnin doun;<br/>           Noo here, noo there, he'll trock aroun':<br/>           Fou süne he'll set, baith snug and spruce,<br/>           The gavels o' his wee bit house;<br/>           And cooried doun, far ben, he'll spy<br/>           Gin onie flee gangs bumming by.</p> | <p>From out of a corner of the wall<br/>           The spider hangs but will not fall:<br/>           Then running up and running down;<br/>           Now here, now there, he'll potter around:<br/>           Full soon he'll set, both snug and smart,<br/>           The gables of his tiny house;<br/>           And crouched down, far within, he'll spy<br/>           If any fly goes buzzing by.</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>The Thistle</b>   | <b>The Thistle</b>  |
| <p>Blaw, wind, blaw<br/>         The thistle's head awa:<br/>         For ilka head ye whup in the air<br/>         The yird will lift a hunner, or mair,<br/>         Doun in the lair o' yon sheuch be the schaw.</p>  | <p>Blow, wind, blow<br/>         The thistle's head away:<br/>         For every head you whip in the air<br/>         The earth will grow a hundred, or more,<br/>         Down in the mud of that ditch by the grove.</p>   |
| <b>Baukie - The Bat</b>  | <b>The Bat</b>  |
| <p>Noo that the mirk hings round the house<br/>         Come out and see the fleein-mouse:<br/>         Attowre the lum the wee, broun baest<br/>         Gangs lowpin, laichly as a ghaist.<br/>         Listen! he's cheepin wi' his mou:<br/>         Listen! I canna hear him noo.</p>   | <p>Now that the dark hangs round the house<br/>         Come out and see the flying-mouse:<br/>         Over the chimney the small, brown beast<br/>         Goes leaping, quietly as a ghost.<br/>         Listen! he's squeaking with his mouth:<br/>         Listen! I can't hear him now.</p>   |
| <b>Pastoral</b>  | <b>Pastoral</b>   |
| <p>Mawkin cockit up a lug<br/>         On the whinny law,<br/>         And listen'd to the farmer's dug<br/>         Yowtin' far awa.</p> <p>Richt attowre the farm-toun<br/>         The simmer sün stüde still;<br/>         But aye the tyke gaed wowffin on<br/>         And <i>wowf!</i> cried the hill.</p>  | <p>The hare pricked up an ear<br/>         On the gorse-clad hill,<br/>         And listened to the farmer's dog<br/>         Yelping far away.</p> <p>Right above the farmhouse<br/>         The summer sun stood still;<br/>         But ever the dog went barking on<br/>         And <i>woof!</i> cried the hill.</p>   |
| <b>Whan I'm a Man</b>  | <b>When I'm a Man</b>   |
| <p>Whan I'm a man I'll be a miller;<br/>         And wi' a purlie-pig o' siller,<br/>         And a muckle staff haud in my hand,<br/>         I'll gang aff to the haly-land.</p> <p>And, yonder, my ain sicht sall see<br/>         The auld Ark cockit up sae hee:<br/>         For weel I ken, though but a loon,<br/>         Nae man on earth cud tak it doun.</p> | <p>When I'm a man I'll be a miller;<br/>         And with a piggie-bank of silver,<br/>         And a big staff held in my hand,<br/>         I'll go off to the Holy Land.</p> <p>And, there, my own eyes shall see<br/>         The old Ark set aloft so high:<br/>         For well I know, though but a boy,<br/>         No man on earth could take it down.</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

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| <b>Bawsy Broon</b>   | <b>The Brownie (Hobgoblin)</b>  |
| <p>Dinna gang out the nicht:<br/>           Dinna gang out the nicht:<br/>           Laich was the müne as I cam owre the muir;<br/>           Laich was the lauchin though nane was there:<br/>           Somebody nippit me,<br/>           Somebody trippit me;<br/>           Somebody grippit me roun' and aroun':<br/>           I ken it was Bawsy Broon:<br/>           I'm shair it was Bawsy Broon.</p> <p>Dinna win out the nicht:<br/>           Dinna win out the nicht:<br/>           A rottan reeshl'd as I ran be the sike,<br/>           And the dead-bell dunnl'd owre the auld kirk-dyke:<br/>           Somebody nippit me,<br/>           Somebody trippit me;<br/>           Somebody grippit me roun' and aroun':<br/>           I ken it was Bawsy Broon:<br/>           I'm shair it was Bawsy Broon.</p> | <p>Don't go out tonight:<br/>           Don't go out tonight:<br/>           Low was the moon as I came over the moor;<br/>           Low was the laughing though no-one was there:<br/>           Somebody nipped me,<br/>           Somebody tripped me;<br/>           Somebody gripped me round and around:<br/>           I know it was the Hobgoblin:<br/>           I'm sure it was the Hobgoblin.</p> <p>Don't come out tonight:<br/>           Don't come out tonight:<br/>           A rat rustled as I ran by the rill,<br/>           And the funeral bell rang over the old church wall:<br/>           Somebody nipped me,<br/>           Somebody tripped me;<br/>           Somebody gripped me round and around:<br/>           I know it was the Hobgoblin:<br/>           I'm sure it was the Hobgoblin.</p> |
| <b>Münebrunt</b>   | <b>Moonstruck</b>   |
| <p>Upon his hunkers sits the dug:<br/>           Scartin ae lug and noo the ither;<br/>           Syne cocks his e'e and glowers abune<br/>           Whaur leams the müne through caller weather.</p> <p>Puir baest, puir baest, wha wudna yowl,<br/>           Wi liftit jowl and lowden'd lugs,<br/>           Gin he but thocht yon world o' stanes<br/>           Was fou o' banes for hungry dugs.</p>   | <p>Upon his haunches sits the dog:<br/>           Scratching one ear and now the other;<br/>           Then lifts his eye and stares above<br/>           Where the moon shines through cool weather.</p> <p>Poor beast, poor beast, who wouldn't howl,<br/>           With raised jaw and cowed ears,<br/>           If he but thought that world of stones<br/>           For hungry dogs was full of bones.</p>  |
| <b>Winter's Awa</b>  | <b>Winter's Away</b>  |
| <p>Noo the snaw creeps frae the braes<br/>           And is gaen:<br/>           Noo the trees clap on their claes<br/>           Ane by ane:<br/>           Yonder owre the windy muir<br/>           Flees the crow;<br/>           And cries into the caller air,<br/> <i>Winter's awa!</i></p>   | <p>Now the snow creeps from the hills<br/>           And is gone:<br/>           Now the trees put on their clothes<br/>           One by one:<br/>           Yonder over the windy moor<br/>           Flies the crow;<br/>           And cries into the cool fresh air,<br/> <i>Winter's away!</i></p>  |

## Seeds in the Wind

| Craigie Knowes  | Craigie Knowes  |
|---|---|
| <p>Gin morning daw<br/>I'll hear the crow<br/>On Craigie Knowes<br/>Wauk up the sin:</p> <p>Wauk up the sin<br/>Wi' caw on caw<br/>Whan day comes in<br/>On Craigie Knowes:</p> <p>On Craigie Knowes<br/>A' round about<br/>I'll hear the crow<br/>Or day be düne:</p> <p>Or day be dune<br/>And sterns come out,<br/>And houlets hoot<br/>On Craigie Knowes.</p> | <p>When morning dawns<br/>I'll hear the crow<br/>On Craigie Knowes<br/>Wake up the sun:</p> <p>Wake up the sun<br/>With caw on caw<br/>When day comes in<br/>On Craigie Knowes:</p> <p>On Craigie Knowes<br/>All round about<br/>I'll hear the crow<br/>Till day is done:</p> <p>Till day is done<br/>And stars come out<br/>And owlets hoot<br/>On Craigie Knowes.</p> |

| The Gowk  | The Cuckoo   |
|---|--|
| <p>Ayont the linn; ayont the linn,<br/>Whaur gowdan wags the gorse,<br/>A gowk gaed cryin': "Come ye in:<br/>I've fairins in my purse."</p> <p>"My bield is o' the diamond stane<br/>Wi' emerant atween:<br/>My bonnie een are yours alane,<br/>An' rubies are my een."</p> <p>My faither brak a sauchy stick;<br/>My mither wal'd a stane:<br/>An' weel I set it for a trick<br/>Tae mak the gowk my ain.</p> <p>The stane was set; the shot was shot;<br/>The flichterin' burd was fund:<br/>But nocht aboot that lanely spot<br/>O' gowd or diamond.</p> <p>It had nae siller for a croun;<br/>Nae rubies for its een:<br/>But a' the crammasy ran doun<br/>Whaur aince its breast had been.</p> <p>I look't; an' there was nane tae see<br/>The fairin I had taen:<br/>I hung it on a roden-tree<br/>An left it a' alane.</p> | <p>Beyond the falls; beyond the falls,<br/>Where golden waves the gorse,<br/>A cuckoo went crying: "Come in<br/>I've prizes in my purse."</p> <p>"My home is of the diamond stone<br/>With emerald in between:<br/>My lovely eyes are for you alone,<br/>And rubies are my eyes."</p> <p>My father broke a willow stick;<br/>My mother chose a stone:<br/>And well I set it as a sling<br/>To make the cuckoo my own.</p> <p>The stone was set; the shot was shot;<br/>The fluttering bird was found:<br/>But nothing about that lonely spot<br/>Of gold or diamond.</p> <p>It had no silver for a crown;<br/>No rubies for its eyes:<br/>But all the crimson hue ran down<br/>Where once its breast had been.</p> <p>I looked; and there was nobody to see<br/>The prize that I had taken:<br/>I hung it on a rowan tree<br/>And left it all alone.</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

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|---|---|
| <p><b>The Vaunty Flee</b></p> <p>“By cricky!” bizz’d a vaunty flee,<br/>As he caper’d in a corner:<br/>“Gin there’s a gleger spunk nor me<br/>He maun be gey byor’nar.”</p> <p>Wi’ that a wabster frae his den<br/>Popp’t out, and nabb’d him fairly:<br/>And snicher’d as he hail’d him ben:<br/>“I’m gey byor’nar, shairly.”</p>  | <p><b>The Boastful Fly</b></p> <p>“By crikey!” buzzed a boastful fly,<br/>As he capered in a corner:<br/>“If there’s a smarter lad than me<br/>He must be quite extraordinary.”</p> <p>With that, a spider from his den<br/>Popped out and caught him surely:<br/>And sniggered as he hauled him in:<br/>“I’m quite extraordinary, surely.”</p>   |
| <p><b>The Twa Birds</b></p> <p>“Wae’s me!” sech’t the mither stirrie:<br/>“Wi’ they hungry bairns at hame<br/>I hae a hantle o’ hurry<br/>And but little lowsin-time:”</p> <p>“And up yonder, like a lairdie,<br/>Cockit on the spiry kirk,<br/>Bides that weel-contented birdie<br/>Wi’ nae worry and nae wark.”</p>   | <p><b>The Two Birds</b></p> <p>“Woe is me!” sighed the mother starling:<br/>“With these hungry kids at home<br/>I have a whole load of work<br/>And but little free time.”</p> <p>“While up yonder, like a lord,<br/>Perched on the church spire,<br/>Lives that well-contented bird<br/>With no worry and no work.”</p>  |
| <p><b>A Penny to Spend</b></p> <p>Dod has gotten his grip on a penny<br/>An noo he winna stop<br/>Or he’s owre the brae to Forgandenny<br/>And Granny Panton’s shop.</p> <p>The winnock’s gowpen-fou o’ ferlies,<br/>Sae lickery for the lips;<br/>Zulu-rock and curly-wurlies<br/>And everlastin-stripes:</p> <p>Sugary cocks and sugar hennies,<br/>Blue-ba’s and marzipan mice:<br/><i>Lod! Ye wud need a poke-fou o’ pennies<br/>Tae mak the maist o’ this.</i></p> | <p><b>A Penny to Spend</b></p> <p>George has got his hands on a penny<br/>And now he won’t stop<br/>Until he’s over the hill to Forgandenny<br/>And Granny Panton’s shop.</p> <p>The window has handfules of wonders,<br/>So tempting to the taste;<br/>Zulu-rock and curly-wurlies<br/>And everlasting-stripes:</p> <p>Sugar cocks and sugar hens,<br/>Blue balls and marzipan mice:<br/><i>Lord! You would need a bag full of pennies<br/>To make the most of this.</i></p> |



## Seeds in the Wind

| <b>The Auld Cock</b>  | <b>The Old Cock</b>   |
|---|---|
| <p>The auld cock wudna dee<br/>Sae mither thraw'd the beast:<br/>Strang was the leekie-bree<br/>But stranger was the breast.</p> <p>Satterday and Sunday<br/>We hackit at our fare:<br/>Back it cam on Monday<br/>No muckle waur or wear.</p> <p>My faither lowpit up<br/>And cried: "Nae mair o' that!"<br/>Syne wi' a whackin swiipe<br/>He ca'd it aff the plate.</p> <p>Loud we lauch't thegither<br/>To see it stot and styte:<br/>"Lod preserve us, mither,<br/>The auld cock's lifey yet!"</p> | <p>The old cock wouldn't die<br/>So mother wrung the beast's neck:<br/>Strong was the leek broth<br/>But stronger was the breast.</p> <p>Saturday and Sunday<br/>We hacked away at our fare:<br/>Back it came on Monday<br/>Little the worse for wear.</p> <p>My father leapt up<br/>And cried: "No more of that!"<br/>Then with a thumping swiipe<br/>He knocked it off the plate.</p> <p>Loudly we laughed together<br/>To see it bounce and stagger:<br/>"Lord preserve us, mother,<br/>There's life in the old cock yet!"</p> |
| <b>The Sark</b>   | <b>The Shirt</b>  |
| <p>"A braw day": thocht the sark;<br/>"A bonnie, braw day:<br/>Come on wind and dae your wark,<br/>I hinna lang to stay."</p> <p>"The burly sün is owre the ben,<br/>The cockieeeries crow;<br/>And I wud lowp on the washin-green:<br/>Blaw, bluffert, blaw!"</p>  | <p>"A fine day": thought the shirt;<br/>"A lovely, fine day:<br/>Come on wind and do your work,<br/>I don't have long to stay."</p> <p>"The strong sun is over the mountain,<br/>The cockerels they crow;<br/>And I want to jump on the washing green:<br/>Blow, blusterer, blow!"</p>  |
| <b>The Holiday</b>  | <b>The Holiday</b>  |
| <p>Ablow the green cleuch o' Kinnoull<br/>Whan the tide slooms up the Tay,<br/>Yon's the airt for a rovin lad<br/>Wha has a' roads to gae:</p> <p>A penny parley in his pouch,<br/>And a chunk o' bread and cheese:<br/>The water bricht wi' merrygowds<br/>And the wind wi' butterflees.</p>   | <p>Below the green cliff of Kinnoull<br/>When the tide creeps up the Tay,<br/>There's the place for a roving boy<br/>Who has all the roads to go.</p> <p>A penny gingerbread in his pouch,<br/>And a chunk of bread and cheese:<br/>The water bright with marsh marigolds<br/>And the wind with butterflies.</p>  |

## Seeds in the Wind

| <b>The Auld Man</b><br><b>A Bairn's Sang</b>  | <b>The Old Man (Windmill)</b><br><b>A Child's Song</b>  |
|---|---|
| <p>An auld man stands abüne the hill:<br/><i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i><br/>He's unco comfie gin he's stll:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>But whan his airms flee round and round:<br/><i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i><br/>He deaves the clachan wi' his sound:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>His spauls jirg on like murlin stanes:<br/><i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i><br/>The weet has roustit a' his banes:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i><br/>The weet has roustit a' his banes:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> | <p>An old man stands on top of the hill:<br/><i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i><br/>He's fine and comfy if he's still:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>But when his arms whirl round and round:<br/><i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i><br/>He deafens the village with his sound:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>His joints creak on like crumbling stones:<br/><i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i><br/>The wet has rusted all his bones:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i><br/>The wet has rusted all his bones:<br/><i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> |

| <b>The Twa Crows</b>  | <b>The Two Crows</b>  |
|---|---|
| <p>As twa crows hunker'd on an aik<br/>Among the wintry weather;<br/>The ane speer'd, wi' a cannie craik:<br/>"D'ye hear what I hear, brither?"</p> <p>"Far doun ablow this frostit tree<br/>A worm is at the rit o't:<br/>And will it no be you and me<br/>That nab what we can get o't?"</p> <p>They howk't, and howk't, wi' a' their micht<br/>Or day began to wester:<br/>They howk't or they were out o' sicht,<br/>And aye they wrocht the faster.</p> <p>They howk't themsel's into a swite,<br/>And the gaucy müne cam gowking:<br/>Nae dout, gin they've fund naething yet,<br/>They haud on wi' their howkin.</p> | <p>As two crows squatted on an oak<br/>Among the wintry weather;<br/>The first one asked with a crafty croak:<br/>"Do you hear what I hear, brother?"</p> <p>"Far down below this frosted tree<br/>A worm is at the root of it:<br/>And will it not be you and me<br/>That catch what we can get of it?"</p> <p>They dug and dug with all their might<br/>Till day began to fade:<br/>They dug till they were out of sight,<br/>And always laboured faster.</p> <p>They dug themselves into a sweat,<br/>And the plump moon came gawping:<br/>No doubt, if they've found nothing yet,<br/>They'll carry on their digging.</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

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| <p><b>Wullie Waggetail</b></p> <p>Wee Wullie Waggetail, what is a' your stishie?<br/>           Tak a sowl o' water and coorie on a stane:<br/>           Ilka tree stands dozent, and the wind without a hishie<br/>           Fitters in atween the fleurs and shogs them, ane be ane.</p> <p>What whigmaleerie gars ye jowp and jink among the duckies,<br/>           Wi' a rowsan simmer sün beekin on your croun:<br/>           Wheeple, wheeple, wheeplin like a wee burn owre the chuckies,<br/>           And wagglin here, and wagglin there, and wagglin up and down..</p> | <p><b>Willie Wagtail</b></p> <p>Wee Willie Wagtail, what is all your bustle?<br/>           Take a sip of water and crouch on a stone:<br/>           Every tree stands sleeping, and the wind is soundless<br/>           Flitters between the flowers and shakes them one by one.</p> <p>What fancy notion makes you splash and dodge amongst the ducks,<br/>           With a blazing summer sun warming your crown:<br/>           Whistle, whistle, whistling like a small stream over the pebbles,<br/>           And wagging here, and wagging there, and wagging up and down.</p> |
| <p><b>The Tattie-Bogle</b></p> <p>The tattie-bogle wags his airms:<br/>           Caw! Caw! Caw!<br/>           He hasna onie banes or thairms:<br/>           Caw! Caw! Caw!</p> <p>We corbies wha hae taken tent,<br/>           And wamphl'd round, and glower'd asklent,<br/>           Noo gang hame lauchin owre the bent:<br/>           Caw! Caw! Caw!</p>   | <p><b>The Scarecrow</b></p> <p>The scarecrow waves his arms:<br/>           Caw! Caw! Caw!<br/>           He hasn't any bones or guts:<br/>           Caw! Caw! Caw!</p> <p>We ravens who have taken note,<br/>           And flapped around, and gazed askance,<br/>           Now go home laughing over the coarse grass:<br/>           Caw! Caw! Caw!</p>   |
| <p><b>Day and Nicht</b></p> <p>Like a flitterin fleur ye canna hear<br/>           The butterflee fluffers along the air<br/>           Wi' licht ablow him and licht abüne,<br/>           And the scarrow scougin ahint the stane.</p> <p>But when the gloaming is gether'd attowre,<br/>           And the müne comes up wi' a gawpus glower,<br/>           Out steers the clock sae bauld and burr<br/>           And breenges by wi' a bummerin whurr.</p>   | <p><b>Day and Night</b></p> <p>Like a shaking flower you cannot hear<br/>           The butterfly flutters along the air<br/>           With light below him and light above,<br/>           And the shadow hiding behind the stone.</p> <p>But when the twilight is gathered above,<br/>           And the moon comes up with a vacant look,<br/>           Out bustles the beetle so bold and burly<br/>           And charges by with a buzzing whirr.</p>   |
| <p><b>Queen Sheba's Sang</b></p> <p>Wheesht, wheesht, my bairnie,<br/>           Sae waukrife hae ye been<br/>           That a' the sterns are up and owre<br/>           The Mountains o' the Müne.</p> <p>Nane but the wind is wafferie;<br/>           A wee mouse in the wa';<br/>           And the münebricht unicorns abüne<br/>           Wha skiff the siller snaw.</p>  | <p><b>Queen Sheba's Song</b></p> <p>Hush, hush, my baby,<br/>           So wakeful have you been<br/>           That all the stars are up and over<br/>           The Mountains of the Moon.</p> <p>None but the wind is wandering;<br/>           A small mouse in the wall;<br/>           And the moonbright unicorns above<br/>           Who skim over the silver snow.</p>  |

## Seeds in the Wind

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| <p><b>A Weet Day</b></p>  | <p><b>A Wet Day</b></p>   |
| <p>Doun cam the hale-water<br/>And out cam the drake,<br/>Gether'd a' his gagglin kimmers:<br/>Quaik! Quaik! Quaik!</p> <p>Furth frae the farm-toun<br/>Alang the yirden straik,<br/>Driddlin to the mill-hole:<br/>Quaik! Quaik! Quaik!</p> <p>Whaur's your bonnie birdies noo<br/>And a their clatter and claik?<br/>Whaur's your whistling billies noo?<br/>Quaik! Quaik! Quaik!</p> | <p>Down came the heavy fall of rain<br/>And out came the drake,<br/>Gathered all his cackling womenfolk:<br/>Quack! Quack! Quack!</p> <p>Out from the farmhouse<br/>Along the earthy ground,<br/>Dawdling to the mill hollow:<br/>Quack! Quack! Quack!</p> <p>Where's your pretty birds now<br/>And all their chatter and cackle?<br/>Where's your whistling warblers now?<br/>Quack! Quack! Quack!</p> |
| <p><b>Argie-Bargie</b></p>  | <p><b>Disagreement</b></p>  |
| <p>Said the mealie-puddin to the bluidy-puddin:<br/>"I canna believe my e'en:<br/>For I wud as lour hae a blackamoor<br/>As hae you for my next-o'-kin."</p> <p>Said the bluidy -puddin to the mealie puddin:<br/>"By heckie! There's mair to tell:<br/>For I wudna be glib to awn that my sib<br/>Was a cauld parritch-poke like yoursel'."</p>  | <p>Said the white pudding to the black pudding:<br/>"I can't believe my eyes:<br/>For I would rather have a black man<br/>As have you for my next of kin."</p> <p>Said the black pudding to the white pudding:<br/>"By heck! There's more to tell:<br/>For I wouldn't be quick to admit that my brother<br/>Was a cold porage-bag like yourself."</p>   |
| <p><b>The Sea-Shell</b></p>   | <p><b>The Sea-Shell</b></p>   |
| <p>Listen! for a lost world maunners here<br/>Frae the cauld mou o' a shell;<br/>And sae far awa the blufferts blare<br/>And the sea-birds skreel:</p> <p>And the wail o' women alang yon shore<br/>Whaur the swaw comes rowin in;<br/>And the swurly waters whummlin owre<br/>The cry o' the sailor-men.</p>   | <p>Listen! for a lost world echoes here<br/>From the cold mouth of a shell;<br/>And so far away the rough winds roar<br/>And the sea-birds scream.</p> <p>And the lament of women along that shore<br/>Where the waves come rolling in;<br/>And the swirling waters overwhelming<br/>The cry of the sailor-men.</p>   |

## Seeds in the Wind

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| <p><b>The Wind</b></p> <p>He's lowse, he's lowse, yon wowffin tyke<br/>That yammers through the scudderin wüd;<br/>Taks at a lowp baith burn and dyke,<br/>And ranters on by onie road.</p> <p>Sae waukrife whan the nicht comes in<br/>He yowls up frae the vennel'd toun,<br/>Whaur yon auld bauldrons far abüne<br/>Wi' glittery e'e is glaikin down.</p>                             | <p><b>The Wind</b></p> <p>He's loose, he's loose, that barking dog<br/>That cries aloud through the shuddering wood;<br/>Takes at a jump both stream and wall,<br/>And frolics on by any road.</p> <p>So wakeful when the night comes in<br/>He howls up from the lanes in town,<br/>Where that old cat far above<br/>With glittering eye is glancing down.</p>                                |
| <p><b>The Waefae Wee Lassie</b></p> <p>Wae and willawackits,<br/>Poussie's in the burn:<br/>Collie's aff to bury a bane:<br/>Robin owre the fields has gaen:<br/>Wha am I to be alane<br/>And a mousie in the kirn:<br/>And a mousie in the kirn.</p>  | <p><b>The Woeful Little Girl</b></p> <p>Woe and well-I-never,<br/>Puss is in the stream:<br/>Collie's off to bury a bone:<br/>Robin over the fields has gone:<br/>Who am I to be alone<br/>And a mousie in the churn:<br/>And a mousie in the churn.</p>   |
| <p><b>Day-Daw</b></p> <p>Flappin abüne a palin-stob<br/>In the grey and grumly licht<br/>The cockieleerie gap'd his gob<br/>And craw'd wi' a' his micht.</p> <p>The sün keek't out ahint the hill<br/>Syne heistit owre the tap.<br/>"Aye!" thocht the cockie to himsel':<br/>"It's high time ye were up."</p>   | <p><b>Dawn</b></p> <p>Flapping on top of a fencepost<br/>In the grey and forbidding light<br/>The cockerel opened his beak wide<br/>And crowed with all his might.</p> <p>The sun looked out from behind the hill<br/>Then hoisted over the top.<br/>"Yes!" thought the cockie to himself:<br/>"It's high time you were up."</p>   |
| <p><b>Whigmaleerie</b></p> <p>A puggie snaig'd aff wi' the cripple man's crutch<br/>An' a tod wi' his chanticleerie.<br/>A mousie loup't oot o' his granminny's mutch;<br/>And the hoose gaed tapsalteerie.</p> <p>Och hone, och hone, grat happity John<br/>Or his een were blin an' bleerit;<br/>For a blusterin' blaw heez'd the kail-pat awa<br/>An' his guidwife deid deleerit.</p> | <p><b>Whimsical Notion</b></p> <p>A monkey sneaked off with the cripple man's crutch<br/>And a fox with his cockerel.<br/>A mouse leapt out of his grandmother's nightcap;<br/>And the house turned topsy-turvy.</p> <p>Oh woe, oh woe cried lame-foot John<br/>Until his eyes were blind and bleary;<br/>For a blustering wind heaved the broth-pot away<br/>And his wife dead delirious.</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

| <b>The Invitation</b>   | <b>The Invitation</b>   |
|---|---|
| <p>The sin ne'er fizzles l' the sea<br/>           Gin there the sin dounfa's:<br/>           Nae tangles straik the heukit müne<br/>           Whan softly she updraws.</p> <p>Haik on wi' me attour yon hill,<br/>           Nor langer bide at hame,<br/>           Gin ye wud see the siller müne<br/>           Come dreepin' fae the faem.</p>  | <p>The sun never sputters in the sea<br/>           When there the sun sets:<br/>           No seaweed streaks the crescent moon<br/>           When softly she rises.</p> <p>Wander on with me beyond that hill,<br/>           Rather than stay on longer at home,<br/>           If you would see the silver moon,<br/>           Come dripping from the foam.</p>   |
| <b>Gloria Mundi</b>   | <b>Glory of the World</b>   |
| <p>Though a' the hills were paper<br/>           And a' the burns were ink;<br/>           Though a man wi' the years o' Ben Voirlich<br/>           Wrocht at the crambo-clink;</p> <p>Getherin the world's glory,<br/>           Aye there afore his e'en,<br/>           In the day-licht, and the grey-licht,<br/>           An the cannel-licht o' the müne;</p> <p>Lang, lang, or the makin were ended<br/>           His rowth o' years were by;<br/>           And a' the hills wud be midden-heaps,<br/>           And a' the burns dry.</p> | <p>If all the hills were paper<br/>           And all the streams were ink;<br/>           Even if a man as old as Ben Vorlich<br/>           Worked at making rhymes;</p> <p>Gathering the world's glory,<br/>           Ever there before his eyes,<br/>           In the daylight and the grey light,<br/>           And the candle light of the moon;</p> <p>Long, long, until the rhymes were ended<br/>           His many years were done;<br/>           And all the hills would be dung-heaps,<br/>           And all the streams run dry.</p> |

## Seeds in the Wind

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