



Seeds in the Wind

Poems in Scots for Children

by

William Soutar

English Translations

by

Dian Montgomerie



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Seeds in the Wind

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Jock Stot	Jock Stot
<p>Jock Stot gaed owre the snaw Trottin on a grumphie: Hadna rade sae far awa Or he cowp't aff its humphie.</p> <p>Baith gat hame their ain way But no wi' ane anither: Grumphie cam on naebody But Jock cam on his faither.</p>	<p>Jock stot went over the snow Trotting on a piggie: He hadn't ridden so very far Before he fell off its back.</p> <p>Both got home their own way But not with one another: The pig came on nobody But Jock came on his father.</p>
Wha Steers	Who Stirs
<p>Wha steers in the quiet housie Mair plisky nor a dream? A feerie-fitted mousie Rinnin owre the cream.</p> <p>Up skips an aulder brither, Wha is a mouse o' micht, Hauds on ahint the ither And plunks clean out o' sicht.</p>	<p>Who stirs in the quiet house More mischievous than a dream? A quick-footed mouse Running over the cream.</p> <p>Up skips an older brother, Who is a mouse of might, Holds on behind the other And plops clean out of sight.</p>
The Fricht	The Fright
<p>Whan Betsy Bodle gaed to the door She gat a fearfu' fricht, For there a muckle blackamoor Stüde up afore her sicht.</p> <p>I dout, I dout, we'll never ken What he was speerin for, Sin Betsy skelloch'd like a hen And bangit frae the door.</p>	<p>When Betsy Bodle went to the door She got a fearful fright, For there a great big black man Stood up before her sight.</p> <p>I doubt, I doubt, we'll never know What he was asking for, Since Betsy screeched out like a hen And fled back from the door.</p>
By the Way	By the Way
<p>As robin sang on a willy-wan' And thocht it mickle joy; A blindie man and a humphie man, And a pin-leg man cam by.</p> <p>"I wudna be a humphie man": The blindie man was sayin: "And I wudna be a blindie man": The ither was replyin.</p> <p>Syne, wi' a styte, the pin-leg man Cried out: "Let be, lat be; And whistle along as weel as ye can Like yon blythe bird on the tree."</p>	<p>As a robin sang on a willow-wand And thought it lots of joy; A blind man and a hump-backed man, And a peg-leg man came by.</p> <p>"I wouldn't be a hump-backed man": The blind man was saying: "And I wouldn't be a blind man": The other was replying.</p> <p>Then with a stumble, the peg-leg man Cried out: "Let it be, let it be; And whistle along as well as you can Like that merry bird on the tree."</p>

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

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

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

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

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The Fiddler	The Fiddler
<p>A fiddler gaed fiddling through our toun Wi bells on his broo and sterns on his shoon; And the dominie, wabster, souter and miller Cam out wi' gear and cam out wi' siller. Ho! Ho! laucht the fiddler as round him ran The bairns o' the gaberlunzie-man Wha sang, as he heistit up his pack - <i>Tak tent o' the hand that claws your back.</i></p> <p>The fiddler he fiddl'd anither tune As he can back hame through our toun: And the dominie, wabster, souter and miller A' steekit their doors and climpit their siller. Waes me! cried the fiddler as around him ran The bairns o' the gaberlunzie-man Wha sang, as they heistit up his pack - <i>Tak tent o' the hand that claws your back.</i></p>	<p>A fiddler went fiddling through our town With bells on his brim and stars on his shoes; And the teacher, weaver, cobbler and miller Came out with gifts and came out with money. Ho! Ho! laughed the fiddler as round him ran The children of the beggar man Who sang, as he lifted up his pack - <i>Beware of the hand that claws your back.</i></p> <p>The fiddler he fiddled another tune As he came back home through our town: And the teacher, weaver, cobbler and miller All locked their doors and snatched up their money. Woe is me! cried the fiddler as round him ran The children of the beggar man Who sang, as they hoisted up his pack - <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; Sic a t'dae and hullie-balloo: She deav'd the maveie and the crow, The laverock and the cushie-doo.</p> <p>2. She toddl'd here, she toddl'd there; She gar'd the cock crow at her biddin: And a' day, or his hawse gat sair, He was her bell-man round the midden.</p> <p>3. Then up and spak a clockin-hen: "Hoo monie eggs are taen awa?" "Last nicht I'd six," sabbed Jenny Wren, "And noo I hae nae mair than twa."</p> <p>4. "It's lan sin I've been at the sküle And little lare I hae and a"; "But," quod the hen, "gin I'm nae füle Fower o' your eggs are taen awa."</p> <p>5. "O wha, wi' mither wit, need fash For onie mair," cried Jenny Wren: "Lat Solomon wauk up and clash His claivers wi' this clockin-hen."</p> <p>6. "Noo, by my troth, sin I'm a mither I'll name fower reavers," said the hen: "The whutterick's ane, the tod's anither, The rottan, and auld Nickie-ben."</p>	<p>1. Jenny Wren's little eggs are gone; Such a to-do and hullabaloo; She deafened the thrush and the crow, The skylark and the wood pigeon.</p> <p>2. She toddled here, she toddled there; She made the cock crow at her bidding: And all day until his neck got sore, He was her town crier round the dunghill.</p> <p>3. Then up spoke a broody hen: "How many eggs are taken away?" "Last night I'd six," sobbed Jenny Wren, "And now I have no more than two."</p> <p>4. "It's long since I've been to school And little learning I have at all"; "But," said the hen, "if I'm no fool Four of your eggs are taken away."</p> <p>5. "O who, with maternal wisdom, needs worry For any more," cried Jenny Wren: "Let Solomon wake up and make Idle chatter with this broody hen."</p> <p>6. "Now, in truth, since I'm a mother I'll name four robbers," said the hen: The weasel's one, the fox is another, The rat and old Nick the devil."</p>

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

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

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

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

The Auld Man A Bairn's Sang	The Old Man (Windmill) A Child's Song
<p>An auld man stands abüne the hill: <i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i> He's unco comfie gin he's stll: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>But whan his airms flee round and round: <i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i> He deaves the clachan wi' his sound: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>His spauls jirg on like murlin stanes: <i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i> The weet has roustit a' his banes: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i> The weet has roustit a' his banes: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p>	<p>An old man stands on top of the hill: <i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i> He's fine and comfy if he's still: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>But when his arms whirl round and round: <i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i> He deafens the village with his sound: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p> <p>His joints creak on like crumbling stones: <i>Crick-crack, crick-crack.</i> The wet has rusted all his bones: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i> The wet has rusted all his bones: <i>Crick-crack creeshie.</i></p>
The Twa Crows	The Two Crows
<p>As twa crows hunker'd on an aik Among the wintry weather; The ane speer'd, wi' a cannie craik: "D'ye hear what I hear, brither?"</p> <p>"Far doun ablow this frostit tree A worm is at the rit o't: And will it no be you and me That nab what we can get o't?"</p> <p>They howk't, and howk't, wi' a' their micht Or day began to wester: They howk't or they were out o' sicht, And aye they wrocht the faster.</p> <p>They howk't themsel's into a swite, And the gaucy müne cam gowking: Nae dout, gin they've fund naething yet, They haud on wi' their howkin.</p>	<p>As two crows squatted on an oak Among the wintry weather; The first one asked with a crafty croak: "Do you hear what I hear, brother?"</p> <p>"Far down below this frosted tree A worm is at the root of it: And will it not be you and me That catch what we can get of it?"</p> <p>They dug and dug with all their might Till day began to fade: They dug till they were out of sight, And always laboured faster.</p> <p>They dug themselves into a sweat, And the plump moon came gawping: No doubt, if they've found nothing yet, They'll carry on their digging.</p>

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

Seeds in the Wind

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

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Argie-Bargie	20	(The) Herryin o' Jenny Wren	10	(The) Twa Birds	16
(The) Auld Cock	17	Holiday	17	(The) Twa Crows	18
(The) Auld Man	18	(The) Invitation	22	(The) Twa Men	4
Baukie – the Bat	13	Jock Stot	5	(The) Vaunty Flee	16
Bawsy Broon	14	(The) Lanely Müne	7	Wabster – the Spider	12
By the Way	5	Lowp up the Lum	9	(The) Waefae Wee Lassie	21
Carol	8	(The) Merry Moment	11	Wee Wullie Todd	3
Chittery Weather	7	Migrant	9	Wha Steers?	5
Come Awa	2	Mirac'lous	4	Whan I'm a Man	13
Coorie in the Corner	6	(The) Muckle Man	7	Whigmaleerie	21
Cradle Sang	7	Münebrunt	14	(The) Whup	3
Craigie Knowes	15	Pastoral	13	Whup the Win'	8
(The) Daft Tree	3	(The) Plum Tree	12	(The) Wind	21
Day and Nicht	19	Queen Sheba's Sang	19	Winter's Awa	14
Day Daw	21	(The) Sark	17	Wullie Waggletail	19