

an mony a time I've h'ard the lark's first sang i' the mornin'; bit noo the sun will ging doon upo' me sittin' on a dependant's seat, an' gettin' a begrudg't bite an' sup fae a curn thankless sons an' dothers 'at are maist lik'ly wushin' I wiz deid.

Weel, here's Chairlie Willimson comin' up the road wi' the spring cairt. He'll gie ye a lift intae the toon. I've a shillin' here at ye're sairer needin' than I am: I got it fae the Doctor tae buy tibaacca; bit I can aye get that fae Kirsty. An' ye'll ging awa in tae Aiberdeen, an' ye'll jine the Soshlists if ye tak my advice. Ye're a quaet, weel-faced lawdie, an' ye'll tak pairt in mony a brow ploy yet. An' I'll awa back tae the howe an' my wark i' the yairdie. I'll seen be gyaun till anither yaird—they'll lay me in the aul' Godsacre by the sea there; an' in the gran' time that's comin' the lad fae the toon will come roon by the kirkyaird wi' his lass in the lang simmer aifterneens; an' fin they tire o' daffin an' love-makin' he will tell her aboot the terrible times that's been an' a' the glory that's to be; an' the waves will come washin' in tae my feet fae mony a far-aff bonnie lan' faur this day there are slaves an' creepin' things, bit faur then there'll be brave men an' honest weeman anaith the blue lift.

*(The cart drives up, the young man jumps in, blowing his nose with much energy in a very small pocket handkerchief.)*