



THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR-  
MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS  
AULD MARE, MAGGIE, ON GIV-  
ING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP  
OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-  
YEAR.

**A** *Guid New-year* I wish you Maggie!  
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:  
Tho' thou's howe-bucket, now, an' knaggie,  
I've seen the day,  
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie  
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,  
An' thy auld hide as white's a daifie,



I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,  
A bonie gray:  
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,  
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,  
A *filly* buirdly, steeve an' swank,  
An' set weel down a shapely shank,  
As e'er tread yird;  
An' could hae flown out owre a stank,  
Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year,  
Sin' thou was my *Guidfather's Meere*;  
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,  
An' fifty mark;  
Tho' it was sma', 'twas *weel-won* gear,  
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,  
Ye then was trottan wi' your *Minnie*:  
Tho' ye was trickie, flee an' funnie,  
Ye ne'er was donfie;



But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,  
An' unco fonfie.

That *day*, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,  
When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride*:  
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride  
Wi' maiden air!

KYLE-STEWART I could bragged wide,  
For sic a *pair*.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,  
An' wintle like a faumont-coble,  
*That day*, ye was a jinker noble,  
For heels an' win'!  
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,  
Far, far behin'!

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,  
An' *Stable-meals* at Fairs were driegh,  
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,  
An' tak the road!  
*Towns-bodies* ran, an' stood abiegh,  
An' ca't thee mad!



When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,  
We took the road ay like a Swallow:  
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,  
For pith an' speed;  
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,  
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle,  
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;  
But *sax Scotch mile*, thou try't their mettle,  
An' gart them whaizle:  
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle  
O' faugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,  
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!  
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,  
On guid March-weather,  
Hae turn'd *sax rood* beside our han',  
For days thegither.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' flisket,  
But thy *auld tail* thou wad hae whisket,



An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd *brisket*,  
Wi' pith an' pow'r,  
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,  
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,  
An' threaten'd *labor* back to keep,  
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap  
Aboon the timmer;  
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep  
For that, or Simmer.

In *cart* or *car* thou never reestet;  
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;  
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,  
Then stood to blaw;  
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,  
Thou snoov't awa.

My Pleugh is now thy *bairn-time* a';  
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw;  
Forby sax mae, I've fell't awa,  
That thou hast nurst:



They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,  
The vera warst.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,  
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!  
An' monie an' *anxious day*, I thought  
We wad be beat!  
Yet here to *crazy Age* we're brought,  
Wi' somethin' yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty *Servan'*,  
That now perhaps thou's less defervin,  
An' thy *auld days* may end in starvin',  
For my last fow,  
A heapet *Stimpert*, I'll reserve ane  
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;  
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;  
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,  
To some hain'd rig,  
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,  
Wi' sma' fatigue.