

Halloween

The Real McKenzies

He wistl'd up Lord Lennox' March
To keep his courage cherry;
Altho' me hair began to arch
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently we hears a squeak
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
An over me shouther gae a keek
An' tumbled wi' a wintle

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnin out
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw
Or crouchie Merran Humphie-
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
And wha was it but grumphie

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en
Beneath the moon's beams;
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams
Fu' blythe that night

Amang the brachens, on the brae
Between her an' the moon
The devil, or else an outler quey
Gat up an' ga'e a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit

Amang the bonie winding banks
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear;
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks
An' shook his Carrick spear;
Some merry, friendly, countra-folks
Together did convene
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night

Wee Jenny to her graunie says
"Will ye go wi' me, graunie?
I'll eat the apple at the glass
I gat frae uncle Johnnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt
In wrath she was sae vap'rin
She notic't na an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron

Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!

I daur you try sic sportin
As seek the foul thief ony place
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright
An' liv'd an' died deleerit

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