



**Other  
Bairnrhymes &  
Whigmaleeries**

Poems in Scots for Children

by

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English Translations

by

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Illustrations above by the Perth Branch of the Embroiderers' Guild

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## Other Bairnrhymes

An Alphabet for Caledonian Bairns	An Alphabet for Scots Children
<p>A for an aik,            B for a bake,            C for a corbie-craw ca'in craik! craik!            D for a doo,            F for a ewe,            F for a flitter-mouse fleein flichtfu'.            G for a gook,            H for a heuk,            I for an ill-wind in the ingle neuk.            J for a jay,            K for a kay,            L for a lang-legg't loon lamin owre the lay.            M maks a maen,            N never nane,            O cries ochonerie, ochone and ochaine!            P for a pack,            Q for a quack,            R for a rodden-deer rowtin on a rock.            S for a sporrان,            T for a thorn,            U for that unco beast our ain unicorn.            V for a virل,            W for a whirl,            Y for the yarie and yankie yellow-yorل.</p>	<p>A for an oak,            B for a (small) biscuit,            C for a raven calling craik! craik!            D for a dove,            F for a ewe,            F for a bat flying, fluttering.            G for a cuckoo,            H for a sickle,            I for an ill-wind in the fireside corner.            J for a jay,            K for a jackdaw,            L for a long-legged boy limping over the lea.            M makes a moan,            N never none,            O cries of sorrow and regret!            P for a measure of wool,            Q for an instant,            R for a red-deer roaring on a rock.            S for a sporrان,            T for a thorn,            U for that extraordinary beast our own unicorn.            V for a metal band,            W for a child's spinning toy,            Y for the alert and active yellowhammer.</p>
The Lowpin-Match	The Jumping Contest
<p>Fu' early in the mornin            A grass-happer and a taed            Foregather'd for a lowpin match            Doun by the water-side.</p> <p>'Noo, wha can clear the burn            Will be champion': cried the taed:            And wi' nae argie-bargie            The happer was agreed.</p> <p>The taed hoch't on his hunkers            Richt supple-like and swack;            Nor kent the slicky happer            Had lichtit on his back.</p> <p>Wi' a mighty spangin spartle            The taed lowp't clean attour;            But lod! the happer landed            A guid twa-fit afore.</p> <p>The puir taed gap'd and goggl'd;            Dumfouner'd to be beat:            "Man!" lauch't the slicky happer:            "I hinna started yet."</p>	<p>Very early in the morning            A grasshopper and a toad            Met for a jumping contest            Down by the water-side.</p> <p>'Now, who can clear the stream            Will be champion': cried the toad:            And with no argument            The hopper was agreed.</p> <p>The toad squatted on his haunches            All supple-like and nimble;            But didn't realise the cunning hopper            Had alighted on his back.</p> <p>With a mighty bouding leap            The toad jumped clean over;            But Lord! the hopper landed            A good two feet in front.</p> <p>The poor toad gaped and goggled;            Dumbfounded to be beaten:            "Man!" laughed the cunning hopper;            "I haven't started yet."</p>

## Other Bairnrhymes

<b>A Whigmaleerie</b>	<b>A Fanciful Notion</b>
<p>There was an Auchtergaven mouse (I canna mind his name) Wha met in wi' a hirplin louse Sair trauchl'd for her hame.</p> <p>'My friend, I'm hippit; and nae doot Ye'll heist me on my wey.' The mouse but squinted doun his snout And wi' a breenge was by.</p> <p>Or lang he cam to his ain door Doun be a condie-hole; And thocht, as he was stappin owre: <i>Vermin are ill to thole.</i></p>	<p>There was an Auchtergaven mouse (I can't remember his name) Who fell in with a limping louse Tired, trudging for her home.</p> <p>'My friend, I'm weary; and no doubt You'll lift me on my way.' The mouse just squinted down his snout And with a shove went by.</p> <p>At length he came to his own door Down by a drain-hole; And thought, as he was stepping over: <i>Vermin are hard to tolerate.</i></p>
<b>The Wish</b>	<b>The Wish</b>
<p>Doun in the dark a worm thocht lang Hoo braw it would be to sing: For there's far mair hert'nin in a sang Nor in onie ither thing.</p> <p>A mavie wha was takin a turn Cam by and cockit his pow To hear the bit cratur sech and girn Doun there in its hidie-howe.</p> <p>'I maun dae my best for this puir wee smout,' Lauch't the mavie to himsel': 'He'll mak a braw sang wud he but come oot – And learn hoo to flee as weel.'</p>	<p>Down in the dark a worm thought long How good it would be to sing: For there's far more heartening in a song Than in any other thing.</p> <p>A thrush who was takin a stroll Came by and cocked his head To hear the small creature sigh and moan Down there in its hiding-hole.</p> <p>'I must do my best for this poor wee tot,' Laughed the thrush to himself: 'He'd make a fine song if he'd only come out – And learn how to fly as well.'</p>
<b>The Drucken Fuggie-Toddler</b>	<b>The Drunken Staggering Yellow Bee</b>
<p>The fuggie-toddler's bummin'-fou: Bumbleleerie bum: The fuggie-toddler's bummin'-fou Wi' swackin up the hinny-dew: Bumbleleerie bum, bum, bum.</p> <p>He styters here and styters there; Bumbleleerie bum: He styters here and styters there, And canna styter onie mair: Bumbleleerie bum, bum, bum.</p> <p>And doun ablow a daisy-fleur: Bumbleleerie bum: And doun ablow a daisy-fleur He havers owre and owre and owre: Bumbleleerie bum, bum, bum.</p>	<p>The staggering bee is bumbling drunk: Bumbleleerie bum: The staggering bee is bumbling drunk With swilling up the honey-dew: Bumbleleerie bum, bum, bum.</p> <p>He staggers here and staggers there; Bumbleleerie bum: He staggers here and staggers there, And cannot stagger any more: Bumbleleerie bum, bum, bum.</p> <p>And down below a daisy-flower: Bumbleleerie bum: And down below a daisy-flower He rambles over and over and over: Bumbleleerie bum, bum, bum.</p>

## Other Bairnrhymes

<b>Wha Lauchs Last</b>	<b>Who Laughs Last</b>
<p>As Jock Norrie gaed owre the Almond Brig            Along wi' Erchie Trotter            A blowthery blaw taen his bannet awa            And birl'd it into the water.</p> <p>And wasna it Erchie who lauch't and lauch't,            And had sma thocht to be sorry,            Or anither blaff ca'd his ain bannet aff –            And that was a different story.</p>	<p>As Jack Norrie went over the Almond Bridge            Along with Archie Trotter            A blustery blow took his bonnet away            And spun it into the water.</p> <p>And wasn't it Archie who laughed and laughed,            And had little thought to be sorry,            Until another gust pulled his own bonnet off –            And that was a different story.</p>
<b>The Wind</b>	<b>The Wind</b>
<p>Wha wudna be me?            I caper and flee            And hae nae care for oniebody,            I rugg the forest be the hair:            I swell the water abüne the rock:            I shog the steeple, and make a mock            O turret and too'r:            Castle-wa's trummle whan I lowp owre.</p> <p>Wha wudna be me?            I caper and flee            And hae nae care for oniebody,            Am I no the wind;            Sae fliskie and free;            Sae soupple and swack?            But alack, and alack,            I am blind:            I am blind.</p>	<p>Who wouldn't be me?            I dance and fly            And have no care for anybody.            I tug the forest by the hair:            I swell up the water above the rock:            I shake the steeple, and make a mockery            Of turret and tower:            Castle walls tremble when I leap over.</p> <p>Who wouldn't be me?            I dance and fly            And have no care for anybody.            Am I not the wind;            So frisky and free;            So supple and strong?            But alas, and alas,            I am blind:            I am blind.</p>

## Other Bairnrhymes

<b>The Philosophic Taed</b>	<b>The Philosophical Toad</b>
<p>There was a taed wha thocht sae lang On sanctity and sin; On what was richt, and what was wrang, And what was in atween – That he got naething düne.</p> <p>The wind nicht blaw, the snaw nicht snaw, He didna mind a wheet; Nor kent the derk'nin frae the daw, The wulfire frae the weet; Nor fuggage frae his feet.</p> <p>His wife and weans frae time to time, As they gaed by the cratur, Wud haut tae hae a gowk at him And shak their pows, or natter; “He’s no like growing better.”</p> <p>It maun be twenty year or mair Sin thocht’s been a’ his trade; And naebody can tell for shair Whether this unco taed Is dead, or thinks he’s dead.</p>	<p>There was a toad who thought so long On sanctity and sin; On what was right and what was wrong, And what was in between – That he got nothing done.</p> <p>The wind might blow, the snow might snow, He didn’t mind a whit; Nor knew the twilight from the dawn, The wildfire from the wet; Nor the moss from his feet.</p> <p>His wife and children from time to time, As they passed by the creature, Would stop to have a look at him And shake their heads, or grumble; “He isn’t getting any better.”</p> <p>It must be twenty years or more Since thought’s been all he’s done; And nobody can tell for sure Whether this strange toad Is dead, or thinks he’s dead.</p>
<b>Puddle Doo</b>	<b>Puddle Doo</b>
<p>Puddle-doo the puddock Gat up ae simmer morn, And he would be a hunter But hadna onie horn.</p> <p>He taen awa the bummer Frae aff a bummie-bee; And thocht: “it’s no a bugle But it’s guid eneuch for me.”</p> <p>Puddle-doo the hunter For want o’ onie whup Sneckit aff a mousie’s tail And taen it in his grup.</p> <p>Crack! gaed the mousie’s tail, And Puddle was richt proud: “Noo, a’ I need’s a naigie And I’m ready for the road.”</p> <p>But Puddle found nae naigie Though he socht baith howe and hill: Sae he bumml’d on his bummer And whuppit up himsel’.</p>	<p>Puddle-doo the frog Got up one summer’s morn, And wanted to be a hunter But hadn’t any horn.</p> <p>He took away the buzzer From a bumble-bee; And thought: “it’s not a bugle But it’s good enough for me.”</p> <p>Puddle-doo the hunter For lack of any whip Cut off a mouse’s tail And took it in his grip.</p> <p>Crack! went the mouse’s tail, And Puddle was so proud: “Now, all I need is a pony And I’m ready for the road.”</p> <p>But Puddle found no pony Though he searched both dale and hill: So he hummed upon his buzzer And whipped up himself.</p>