

ME MIDDER LAAND

My sea legs lang since geen, I try ta staand
Apo da Ninian's slippery kittley deck;
I'm stimin oot da glimpse me midder laand,
So if I snapper, boy, du darna spaek.

Oot ower da faxin wave, wi hungry een,
Sin mornin dawn cam oagin fae da lift,
I'm looked till, if du had been a preen,
I wid a fun dee ida stormy drift.

Mam, dere du is, foo I am looked for dee!
Ta poke dy head atween da sea an sky;
Shaw dy brine-washed face an shooders
sturdy
An laugh ta wylcome me da sam auld wye.

Feth du's whar du wis! Still fortin spurnin;
Flat lyin on dy stammick ida sea;
Dy rugged breesht da tide o ages turnin,
Dy airms spread oot wide ta wylcome me.

Dy wadder ee, fae neath dy Bressay broo,
Is blinkin just as üswill ower da wave:
We're haddin, midder, for dy bosom noo,
Whar du is fondly cuddlin aa da lave.

Wi care o absent bairns, dy wrinklín face
Is plainer noo, as we steam trow da Roost;
An burns o taers run ower dy cliffs wi grace
For many a een dat's left da hidmost noost.

Atween twa angry seas du made dy bridal
bed,
An tought dysel ta be nane o dir füles;
But bi da wy du's wrassled for dy bread
I tink du slippit doon atween twa stüles.

Yet kens du, Mam, I'm aafil blyde ta see dee,
Alto I'm laughin, yet, I hae ta greet.
I'm dune sae little ta mak dee prood o me,
Bit still I'm gyaain ta wap me at dy feet.

I'm seen da crystal croons upo da Rockies,
An da sunsets ida last great golden West;
I'm seen da gorges an da forests an da
prairies
O da continents wi milk an honey blessed.

Bit efter mony years o wanderin trow dem
I'm come ta look at dee, me midder laand,
For nae maitter what we see awa fae hame,
Du hadds dy bairns' herts ita dy haand.

Wanse more, auld midder laand, I'm i dy lap,
Whar, whin a raamished bairn, I cuddled
doon;

I taste again dy crappin heads an stap,
An hear dy scories cullickin abün.

WILLIAM IRVINE.

(Note: William Irvine was born in Glet-
ness and emigrated to America in 1902 at the
age of 16. He was then a carpenter, but hav-
ing worked his way through college, gradu-
ated in 1914. He was elected to the Canadian
Parliament in 1921 and served as an M.P.
for 18 years. Since then he has edited a
paper besides publishing four books and
many pamphlets. An article by Mr Irvine,
"Man in the Modern World," will appear in
our next number.—Ed.)

TUSLAG

Wi da lentenin days ida first o da Voar
Da Mairch wind comes agyin ta da door
At da Black Frost stekkit wi bolts an bars
An reesles him open apo da harrs.

We wait, whin da door is open wide,
Fir life ta come ta da world outside.
Ee day, wi a glöd atween da shooers,
We see da first o da Tuslag flooers.

Whaar last year's girse lies bleached an dowed
Dey sheen laek a nevfoo o yallow gowd.
Whin we see dem apo da eart we kyin
At da Voar is here wi his arles agyin.

Dey're a sign ta men at da Voar can gie
Plenty ta dem at'll earn der fee
Be da toil o der haands an da sweat o der
broo,
Wi kishie an spade, an harrow, an ploo.

Whin dey're kyerried an borrowed an spread
an shölled
An delled da leys an harrowed da möld,
Dey can say at last, "We're döne wir best;
Lord send göd wadder ta dö da rest.

Dey'll be mael an taaties, an maet fir kye,
Ta pey fir wir wark, an we'll get firbye,
As da year gengs on wi da sun an shooers,
Da colour an scent o a million flooers."

VAGALAND.

Tuslag: the Coltsfoot, one of the first Spring
flowers to appear.