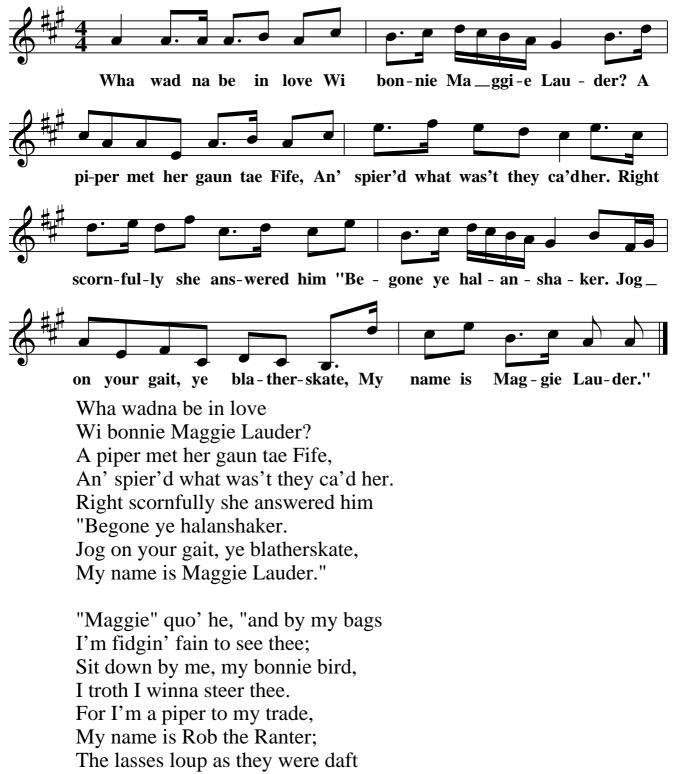
Maggie Lauder



When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper" quo Meg, "ha'e your bags? Or is your drone in order? If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you Live you upon the border? The lasses a', baith far and near, Ha'e heard o' Rob the Ranter; I'll shake my foot wi' right guid will, Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed About the drone he twistet; Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green For brawly could she frisk it. "Weel done", quo he - "play up", quo she "Weel bobb'd," quo Rob the Ranter. "'Tis worth my while to play indeed, When I ha'e sic a dancer."

"Weel ha'e you played your part," quo' Meg, "Your cheeks are like the crimson; There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel, Since we lost Habbie Simpson. I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife These ten years and a quarter; Gin ye should come to Anster fair Spier ye for Maggie Lauder."