An Introduction to Braid Scots
illustrated from the folk songs of Scotland

Robert B. Waltz

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To
Mollie Spillman

“For I was hungry and you gave me food,
I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink,
I was a stranger and you welcomed me.”
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Introduction

There is an old tag that says that a language is a dialect with an army.
It’s expressed as a joke, but in fact there is a lot of truth in that statement. When I was young, there was a language called “Serbo-Croatian.” Not any more; it’s “Serbian” and “Croatian.” What changed? Nothing about the language people used — but there is now an international boundary inside what was once Yugoslavia. Norwegian and Danish are mutually comprehensible, and Swedish isn’t much different, but they’re called different languages because they are used in different countries.

On the other hand, some of the dialects of Italian are not mutually comprehensible, but they’re called one language because Italy is unified. The situation is almost as bad with German.

Which leads to another tag: “Scottish is more than a dialect but less than a language.”

Scottis, the language of the Lowland Scots, was derived from early Middle English — the lowland Scots were heavily influenced by the Anglo-Saxons, and they had little to do with the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. The very name “Edinburgh” is in fact English — “Edwin’s burgh,” or Edwin’s capital, named for a now-mostly-forgotten king. Malcolm III Canmore, who overthrew MacBeth (MacBethoc) in 1057, was the last true Highland king — and he lived in England before conquering his cousin, and married an English wife; he brought both retainers and language from the south. Lords like Robert the Bruce had lands on both sides of the border in the thirteenth century, and they obviously didn’t start speaking a different language just because they slept in a different castle! After Bannockburn, that changed.¹ Scottis was well on its way to becoming a separate language in the

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¹ The change was slow, of course. John Barbour’s The Bruce is considered the earliest surviving sample of genuine “Scots” literature, written perhaps around 1390. But it is effectively indistinguishable from the English of the period — hard for us to understand, but no harder than anything else of this time. A sample from Sisam, p. 108, regarding the 1319 siege of Berwick:

Thai [that] at the sege lay, They that at the siege lay,
Or it wes passit the fift day, Ere it was passed the fifth day,
Had maid thame syndry apparale Had made them sundry apparel
To gang eftsonis till assale To go eftsoon [swiftly] to assail [the city].
fifteenth century — a Londoner certainly couldn't have made heads or tails of it. (Of course, a Londoner couldn't make any more sense out of Yorkshire or Cheshire English.)

But then the crowns were united in 1603, and James VI and I took his Scots ministers south — and opened up a lot of Scotland to English governance. Scottis was drawn much more toward English English. Throw in the effects of printing, and the languages, which seemed fated to diverge, instead began to reconverge. Many southern Scots speak a language that is little more than English with a few twisted vowels. In Aberdeenshire (pronounced AY-ber-deen-shire, note, not Ab-er-DEEN-shire), much more of the old language is preserved — but even there, the Scots grammar (such as it was) is gone. All that is required to speak Aberdeenshire Scots — the braiest of braid Scots — is knowledge of the vocabulary and the way the words are pronounced. Compared to learning, say, German, it's a very easy task — and easier still if you merely want to read it. This book will try to help you with the reading.

The vocabulary found in this book doesn't begin to approach that of the fullest Scottish dictionaries. Warrack probably has more than thirty times the number of words found here. This book is intended to look particularly at the folk vocabulary found in Scottish folk songs. The Scots have probably the strongest folk song tradition of any English-speaking nation. If this book does anything to help keep that tradition alive, strong, and understandable, it will have fulfilled its goal.

Robert B. Waltz, April 2013

1. It is common to speak of “Middle Scots” as being the language of the Scottish Lowlands from perhaps 1375 (the time of the first genuine surviving literature) until around 1550 — a period which does not correspond at all to Middle English (which covers the period from 1200 or earlier until around 1500). In other words, Middle Scots is, very loosely speaking, the period from when Scotland firmly broke away from England after Bannockburn until the time when it started back into the English orbit as the possibility increased that a Scottish monarch would succeed to the English throne.

2. This makes modern Scots one of the oddest things in linguistics, a creole language with itself! A creole language arises when two mutually incomprehensible languages come in contact. The first people in contact start to speak a pidgin dialect — not really a language, because it doesn't have a grammar. But their children will take this pidgin and create a grammar for it, thus producing a creole. Most Caribbean nations, for instance, have creoles, as the people of Haiti, e.g., speak Creole French. The history of Scottis apparently began with Malcolm III Canmore, who took English into Gaelic Scotland in 1057. The result was an English-Gaelic creole. Meanwhile, the Norman Conquest of England produced something of an Old English-Old French creole; we call this Middle English. Over the next several centuries, this was imported to Scotland, so Scottis became a creole of what we might call Old Scots with Middle English. Then the Union of the Crowns caused Scottis to re-creolize with Modern English, causing Scots to effectively vanish. I know of no true parallel in the history of languages.

3. Examples of Scots grammar that is now lost include the -s endings, used in both third person singular and plural. For example, where in Modern English we would say “he hears” and “they listen,” in Middle English this would be “he heareth” and “they heareth” but in Scots “he hearis” and “they hearis.” Even more noticeable is the loss of the -and endings for present participles (e.g. “he walkand” for “he is walking,” or hearand rehers for “hearing rehearsed” in the seventh line of Henryson’s Orpheus and Eurydice). This is not to say that Scots speak with exactly the same grammatical style as native speakers of English. Wittig, p. 6, notes a number of Scottish usages that are rare in English: “I was wanting a cauliflower”; and when “a ring comes to the door,” the homeowner wonders “who will that be now, I’m wondering?” But these constructions, while rare in English, are not incomprehensible, simply things we would not ordinarily say. For someone who is reading Scots, there is no grammar to learn.
**Pronouncing Braid Scots**

Braid Scots uses a rather different sound set than standard English. Much of this involves the vowels. The long o of English, for instance, is generally transformed into ae, so English go is gae, so is sae, to is tae. But there are three sounds not found in standard English.

The flat English r does not exist in Scots. The r is to be rolled. Always.

Scots uses a fricative ch, as in loch or the German name Bach; it’s the χ of the phonetic alphabet. This is a fascinating remnant — the χ sound is generally used in Scots where English now uses (mostly-silent) gh. So, for instance, the word sought, which in modern English is sawt, in Braid Scots is socht or soxt. Laughed, which in English is laffed, in Scots is laucht or lauχt. Fought, English fawt, is Scots fecht/feχt. This goes back to a divergence in the use of the Anglo-Saxon letter ȝ (yogh); it was pronounced every which way in Middle English. (There were three special letters in Middle English, eth, thorn, and yogh. In teaching students, it is said that eth, ð, is pronounced like th; thorn, þ, is pronounced like th; and yogh, ȝ, is pronounced like yogh). In modern English, ȝ has come to be spelled gh and has mostly gone silent in the words that use it; in Scots, it is fairly consistently pronounced χ. This is a throwback to the time before the Union of the Crowns; the pronunciation of Braid Scots is not far different from that of Elizabethan times. Want to hear what Shakespeare sounded like? Read the plays in Scots dialect. It is, frankly, a much more attractive-sounding speech than our clipped modern English.

Scots also uses (rather less consistently) the glottal stop, frequently written ’. A stop is an instance where one stops the breath, producing a silence rather than a sound. The glottal stop (which is properly pronounced gloal stop) is so-called because it occurs in the glottis. It consists of shutting the throat to halt the breath. In Scots, it very often applies to an internal t. Hence gloal for glottal, or boel for bottle, or indeed Sco’land for Scotland and Brae’ Sco’s for Brae’ Scots.  

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1. The ȝ form is said to be derived from an early insular form of the letter g. However, ȝ was not in general used as a substitute for g; the two became separate letters.
2. Old English had no fewer than six special letter symbols, most of them clearly visible in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts such as Beowulf: D/ð (eth, pronounced th), þ/þ (thorn, pronounced th), ȝ/ȝ (yogh, variously pronounced), Ṟ (wynn, pronounced w; this was the period before w became an accepted part of the Latin alphabet), Æ/æ (ash, the diphthong a+e), and ȝ, a shorthand for et/and, equivalent to the ampersand & (a symbol itself derived from a script version of Latin et, our and). Curiously, the German double s, ß, occurs in the Asloan-Chalmers manuscript of Robert Henryson’s works. But this seems not to have been widespread; the usual additional symbols were ð, þ, ȝ, p, æ, and ȝ. Of these, p, æ, and ȝ went effectively extinct with the Norman Conquest. D/ð lasted a little longer but was effectively gone by the fourteenth century. Both þ and ȝ were still in common use in the 1300s, however, as the first three lines of the Auchenleck text of Sir Orfeo show (from Sisam, p. 14):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Pronounced</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Orfeo was a king</td>
<td>Orfeo was a king</td>
<td>Orfeo was a king</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Ingland an heije lording</td>
<td>In England an aiche lording</td>
<td>In England a high lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A stalworþ man and hardy bo.</td>
<td>A stalworth man and hardy bo.</td>
<td>A stalwart man and hardy both.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

3. It is my informal observation that glottal stops are less common in sung than in spoken Scots, probably because a stop while singing interferes with the note. But I have no firm data on this.
Letters can disappear without being stopped. Braid Scots tends to avoid the letter “v,” e.g. So have becomes hae, love becomes loe, give becomes gie. Neër for never is attested in English, but much more common in Scots. These eliminated consonants are not stopped; simply omitted. Unfortunately, it is common to put in an apostrophe anyway, even when the word is unstopped (e.g. the Scots pronunciation of love, which should be written loe, is typically written loë), simply because it makes it clearer what word it represents.¹

The letter l is also frequently elided within a word, so all becomes a’, call becomes ca’, etc.

Hard consonants such as b, d, and p may also be suppressed within a word, so tumble might become tum’le or bounds might be pronounced boun’s.

In addition to χ for gh, there are other sound changes found in certain Scots dialects. In Scottis, especially older texts, we find a number of instances where qu is used when we would expect wh, e.g. The replacement of wh is still found in Aberdeenshire, but there the substitution is f for wh, so what becomes fit, when becomes fan, etc. There are also dialects in which sh is reduced to s, so e.g. shall becomes sall.

Effectively all instances of initial letter “g” in Scots are hard (“g,” not “j”), so “gin” is “ghin,” not “jin”; “gied” is “ghied,” not “jeed,” etc.

The summary above doesn't begin to cover all the vowel changes, but we might as well just dive into the vocabulary and hope it makes things clearer.

Unfortunately, there is no “standard” way of writing Braid Scots — and, indeed, there is no standard Braid Scots. So the word that in English is written once in Scots becomes both ain ce and yince, and might also be written ains or aynce; you just sort of have to guess at this…. Any particular area in Scotland will use only a subset of these words (e.g. there are areas which use gang and ganged for go and went, while other regions use gae and gaed), but they are (or at least were) all used somewhere....

¹. In recent years there have been attempts to produce a more phonetic system for writing Braid Scots, in which loë would in fact be properly written loe, e.g. It’s a nice idea, but no help in reading older writings! So I haven’t bothered with it.

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**How the Vocabulary Works**

The vocabulary below has three parts. The leftmost column is the Scots word (generally following the most common spelling, although I have tried to list multiple spellings if needed). In a few cases, especially verbs, I have noted the part of speech (n.=noun, v.=verb, etc.)

If a spelling corresponds to multiple meanings, these will be numbered.

The second column gives clues about ways to remember the word, or how it came to be. There aren't many entries in this column, but where they exist, they can be important in clarifying the word (e.g., if you want to know why Scots call trousers “breeks,” keep in mind the word “breeches”).

The third column gives meanings. For most words, a simple meaning or two is given. A few give background on the word, e.g. mentioning if it is derived from Gaelic. Others have speech samples, often idiomatic.

Many words are noted as survivals from Middle English. This is given simply as a clue: You will find these words in many Middle English texts, but they have ceased to be used in Modern English — except in Scotland. The point is that these are not Scots vocabulary as such. In practice, the point probably doesn’t matter.

To try to give the feeling of Braid Scots, many of the words have usage examples. The examples are almost always from actual Scots songs. The Scots text is given in *italics*, followed by an English “translation,” in quotes. Then, in brackets, I list the title of the source song.

When a word occurs in the historical samples of Scots in Appendix II, I have also noted this. For example, “Suld” for “Should” occurs in the fourth line of Robert Henryson's *Orpheus and Euridice*. So the entry for *suld* concludes with the (underlined) comment “Henryson, *Orpheus*, I.4.” This means that an example using the word can be found in the fourth line of the first stanza of the quoted text of Henryson's *Orpheus and Euridice*. 

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## Vocabulary

### A

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<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a’ (1), aa</td>
<td></td>
<td>all. SMM, <em>Tullochgorum</em> II.2, 5-9, III.10; <em>Ewie</em> II.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a’ (2)</td>
<td></td>
<td>at</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aiblins</td>
<td></td>
<td>see aiblins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aboot</td>
<td></td>
<td>about</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>abune (aboone, abeen)</td>
<td></td>
<td>above. <em>Oh loath, loath were the gude Scots lords, To wet their cork-heeled shoon, But ere the game was half played oot, Their hats they swam aboon</em>=&quot;Oh loath, loath were the good Scots lord, To wet their cork-heeled shoes, But before the game was half played out. Their hats they swam above” [“Sir Patrick Spens,” referring to a ship of nobles that sank in a storm]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ae</td>
<td></td>
<td>one, aye, very, <em>i.e. let me in this ae nicht</em>=&quot;let me in this very night”; compare aye. Used as an intensifier primarily before superlatives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>afore</td>
<td></td>
<td>before</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aff</td>
<td></td>
<td>off</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>affa</td>
<td></td>
<td>awful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aft</td>
<td></td>
<td>oft, often</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>agee, aje</td>
<td></td>
<td>ajar; variant of aglee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aglee, agley</td>
<td></td>
<td>astray, off course. <em>We’re a’ gaun east an’ west, We’re a’ gane aye aglee</em>=&quot;We’re all going east and west, We’re all gone astray/crazy” [“Mallie Leigh”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ahint</td>
<td></td>
<td>behind. <em>The begger he took aff his pack, And doon ahint the ingle he sat</em>=&quot;The beggar he took off his pack, and down behind the fireplace he sat” [“The Gabelunzie Man”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aiblins, aiblens</td>
<td></td>
<td>perhaps, maybe. <em>Oh, lad, my hand I cannae gie, But aiblins I may steal the key, And I’ll meet ye at the birken tree</em>=&quot;Oh, lad, my hand I cannot give, But perhaps I may steal the key, And I’ll meet you at the birch tree” [“The Birken Tree”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aik</td>
<td></td>
<td>oak. <em>Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik, Bonnie and bloomin’ and straught was its make</em>=&quot;Young Charlie Cochrane was the sprout of an oak, Bonnie and blooming and straigh was its make” (or, possibly, “was its mate”) [Robert Burns, “Lady Mary Anne”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aiken</td>
<td></td>
<td>oaken, made of oak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ain</td>
<td></td>
<td>own. SMM, <em>Tullochgorum</em> III.3; <em>Ewie</em> III.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aince</td>
<td>once</td>
<td>token of agreement, earnest money, deposit. <em>Airles ran high, but makings were naething, man</em> = “Pre-payments ran high, but it all came to nothing, man” [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>airles</td>
<td></td>
<td>arms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>airts</td>
<td></td>
<td>direction, point of the compas. <em>Of a’ the airts the wind can blow, I dearly like the West</em> = “Of all the ways the wind can blow, I dearly like the West” [Robert Burns, “I love my Jean,” usually called “Of A’ the Airts”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aith</td>
<td></td>
<td>art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aix</td>
<td></td>
<td>oath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>akey</td>
<td></td>
<td>ax</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alane</td>
<td></td>
<td>see age</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alang</td>
<td></td>
<td>alone. See also lane (my lane, her lane, his lane)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amang</td>
<td></td>
<td>among</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>an</td>
<td></td>
<td>if. <em>An if=indeed if (emphatic). For surely Watkin’s ale, an if it be not stale, Will bring them to some bale, as hath report</em> = “For surely Watkin’s ale [sex], if indeed it be not stale, Will turn them to some bale, as hath report” [“Watkin’s Ale”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ance</td>
<td></td>
<td>see aince</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ane</td>
<td></td>
<td>one; also an. <em>SMM, Tullochgorum II.2</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aneath</td>
<td></td>
<td>one; also an. <em>SMM, Tullochgorum II.2</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aneu, anek</td>
<td></td>
<td>beneath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anither</td>
<td></td>
<td>see eneuch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anther</td>
<td></td>
<td>another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>arks</td>
<td></td>
<td>cupboard, container, cabinet. <em>Henryson, Mouse, II.7</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>arles</td>
<td></td>
<td>thrashing, beating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ashet</td>
<td></td>
<td>plate, dish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a/thgether</td>
<td></td>
<td>altogether</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>atweel</td>
<td></td>
<td>certainly, definitely, in truth. <em>atweel na: by no means</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>atweesh</td>
<td></td>
<td>between</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aucht, aught</td>
<td></td>
<td>see oacht</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>auld</td>
<td></td>
<td>old. <em>SMM, Tullochgorum IV.8</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>auld Reekie</td>
<td>(old Smoky)</td>
<td>Edinburgh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ava, ava’</td>
<td></td>
<td>at all. <em>Oh, lassie, lassie, your fortune’s sma’, And maybe it will be nane ava</em> = “Oh, lassie, lassie, your fortune’s small, And maybe it will be nothing at all” [“The Rigs o’ Rye”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>awa, awa’</td>
<td></td>
<td>away. <em>SMM, Ewie, chorus.4</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>awak</td>
<td></td>
<td>awake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>awin</td>
<td></td>
<td>own (compare <em>ain</em>). <em>Henryson, Mouse, VI.4</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Scots

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ay, aye (1)</td>
<td>an interjection: <em>He’s aye a fule</em>—“He’s indeed a fool.” Compare ae</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ay, aye (2)</td>
<td>always</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>aye (3)</td>
<td>yes, as a response to a question</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ayock</td>
<td>at (the) yoke</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ayont</td>
<td>beyond; sometimes by extension “behind”</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>B</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>ba’</td>
<td>ball. Usually refers to the object, but can also refer to a game, typically a handball game. <em>Two pretty boys were gaun’ tae the school, And one evening comin’ hame, Says William tae John, O can ye throw a stane, Or can ye play a’ the ba’, ba’ = “Two pretty boys were going to the school, And one evening coming home, Says William to John, Oh, can you throw a stone, Or can you play at the ball, ball”</em> [“The Twa Brothers”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>baed</td>
<td>stopped</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>baggie</td>
<td>belly</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>bailie</td>
<td>bailiff, landlord’s deputy</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>bairn, bairns</td>
<td>child, children</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bairnie, bairnies</td>
<td>child, children; compare bairn, bairns. To get wi' bairn=“to make pregnant.” Sometimes also a verb, bairned, made pregnant. Bairn-time can be either the time of childbirth or a family of children</td>
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<tr>
<td>baith</td>
<td>both. SMM, Ewie, chorus.2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>bale</td>
<td>harm, hurt, ill (survival from Middle English): <em>For surely Watkin’s ale, an if it be not stale, Will bring them to some bale, as hath report=“For surely Watkin’s ale [sex], if indeed it be not stale, Will turn them to some bale, as hath report”</em> [“Watkin’s Ale”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>balk</td>
<td>ridge, rise, hill. Henryson, <em>Mouse, III.3</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>ballat</td>
<td>ballad</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ban, banned</td>
<td>curse, cursed (survival from Middle English)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>band</td>
<td>bond, agreement, legal obligation, financial promise. <em>My daddy signed my tocher band Tae gies the lad wha has the land, But tae my haurt I’ll add my hand And I’ll gie it tae the weaver=“My daddy signed my dower agreement, To give (me) to the lad who has the land, But to my heart I’ll add my hand And I’ll give it to the weaver”</em> [Robert Burns, “The Gallant Weaver”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>bandster</td>
<td>binder</td>
<td>binder of sheaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>banes, bains (1)</td>
<td>bane, slayer (survival from Middle English)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>banes, bains (2)</td>
<td>bone, bones</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>bann (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>curse; see ban</td>
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<tr>
<td>bann (2)</td>
<td>banns (announcements, calls for comment) on matrimony or other ceremony (survival from Middle English)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>bannock</td>
<td></td>
<td>small loaf of bread or cake, flat bread. From Gaelic &quot;bonnach&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>bardie</td>
<td></td>
<td>diminutive of bard, so a minor poet</td>
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<tr>
<td>barefit</td>
<td></td>
<td>barefoot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>barkit</td>
<td></td>
<td>covered with dirt, dirtied</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>barley-bree</td>
<td></td>
<td>whiskey (barley-juice)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>barm</td>
<td></td>
<td>yeast</td>
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<tr>
<td>bauckie-bird</td>
<td></td>
<td>bat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>baudrons, bauldrons</td>
<td></td>
<td>cat (hence the common phrase pussy, pussy baudrons is is rather like kitty, kitty cat). “Baudrons” is said to be derived from “Baldwin,” apparently a popular name for felines.</td>
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<tr>
<td>baukit</td>
<td></td>
<td>balked, refused, hesitated</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bauld</td>
<td></td>
<td>bold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bawbee</td>
<td></td>
<td>halfpenny (six Scots pennies, equal to half of an English penny)</td>
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<tr>
<td>bawd</td>
<td></td>
<td>hare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bawk</td>
<td></td>
<td>a strip of unplowed land between plowed sections; it might mark the boundary between holdings</td>
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<tr>
<td>bear</td>
<td></td>
<td>see bere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bedene</td>
<td></td>
<td>early, quickly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beery, bierly</td>
<td></td>
<td>large, heavy, portly</td>
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<tr>
<td>beese</td>
<td></td>
<td>vermin</td>
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<tr>
<td>beire</td>
<td></td>
<td>complaint, fuss, noise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>behint</td>
<td></td>
<td>behind (compare ahint)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>belang</td>
<td></td>
<td>belong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>belyve</td>
<td></td>
<td>soon, quickly, immediately. They’ll be back belyve, Belted, brisk, and lordly=“They’ll be back at once, Belted, brisk, and lordly” [“Cam’ Ye O’er Frae France?”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>ben</td>
<td></td>
<td>in (but and ben = in and out; “a wee but-and-ben” is a dwelling so small that you’re back outside as soon as you’re in, typically a kitchen and parlor. But and ben can also forward and back)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>benison, bennison</td>
<td></td>
<td>blessing (compare malison). So Johnny, for my benison, To the greenwood dinnae gang, gang=“So, Johnny, for my blessing, To the greenwood do not go, go” [“Johnny o’ Braidesley”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>benmaist, benmost</td>
<td></td>
<td>innermost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bent</td>
<td></td>
<td>open field, meadow, low hill, place where the grass is rough (can also refer to the rough grass itself)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bere, beir, bear</td>
<td></td>
<td>barley, especially coarse barley</td>
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<td>besom</td>
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<td>broom, to sweep with (&quot;broom&quot; referring to the flowering broom plant, so a &quot;broom besom&quot; is a broom made of broom)</td>
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<tr>
<td>beuk</td>
<td></td>
<td>book</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beyont</td>
<td></td>
<td>beyond (compare ayont)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bicker (1)</td>
<td>beaker</td>
<td>ale-pot — specifically a wooden vessel with one or two handles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bicker (2)</td>
<td></td>
<td>quarrel, fight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bide</td>
<td></td>
<td>stay, wait. Often used with the particular sense &quot;lived, resided, dwelt.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>biel</td>
<td></td>
<td>shelter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bien</td>
<td></td>
<td>comfortable, cozy, home-like</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>big (v.)</td>
<td>to build; also &quot;to grow large&quot; (perhaps by pregnancy)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>biggin</td>
<td></td>
<td>building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bike, byke</td>
<td>nest, e.g. foggie byke=&quot;bee’s nest&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>billy</td>
<td>brother (informal). A babe there lies, atween my twa sides, Atween you, dear billy, and I=&quot;A babe there lies, between my two sides, Between you, dear brother, and I&quot; [&quot;Lizzie Wan&quot;]. Also used for close friends or comrades</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>bing (1)</td>
<td>cant for travel or to make off; I binged avree=&quot;I went away (with it)&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bing (2)</td>
<td>heap, pile</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>birk, birks</td>
<td>birch, birch trees</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>birken</td>
<td>birch; also “of birches”; “The Birken Tree” is the birch tree</td>
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<tr>
<td>birkie</td>
<td>lively young fellow. Not always complimentary: You see yon birkie ca’ed a lord, Wha struts, and stares, and a’ that, Though hundreds worship at his word, He’s but a coof for a’ that=&quot;You see yon stripling called a lord, Who struts, and stares, and all that? Though hundreds worship at his word, He’s but a fool for all that&quot; [Robert Burns, “A Man’s a Man For A’ That”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>birl(e) (v.)</td>
<td>spend, carouse, be free with money; also to ply with drink; birling usually means drinking</td>
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<tr>
<td>black-nebbit</td>
<td>One opposed to the government, usually by believing in democracy; Burns himself was a black-nebbit</td>
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<tr>
<td>blad (1)</td>
<td>incapable person — typically one who is not very fit due to a soft lifestyle</td>
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<tr>
<td>blad (2)</td>
<td>(large) portion, serving, full helping. Hence a blad (1) is a person who consumes blads (2). Donald was blinded wi’ blads o’ property=&quot;Donald was blinded with large awards of property&quot; [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>blae</td>
<td>blue</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>blueberry</td>
<td>blueberry</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>blate</td>
<td>shy, bashful</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>blaw</td>
<td></td>
<td>blow, hence by implication “to boast”</td>
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<tr>
<td>blether</td>
<td>blather</td>
<td>talk idly and at length</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blin’</td>
<td></td>
<td>blind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blinkit</td>
<td></td>
<td>to blink; also to wear blinkers, have limited vision; be drunk</td>
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<tr>
<td>blud, bluid</td>
<td></td>
<td>blood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bobbit</td>
<td></td>
<td>bobbed, bowed, curtsied, showed respect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bocht, boxt</td>
<td></td>
<td>bought. *I bocht a wife in Edinboro for ae bawbee, I go’ a farthing back again to buy tobacco wi’=“I bought a wife in Edinburgh for a halfpenny, I got a farthing back again to buy tobacco with” [“Johnny Lad”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>bock</td>
<td></td>
<td>throw up, vomit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>body</td>
<td></td>
<td>person. *Gin a body meet a body, comin’ through the rye=”If one person meets a(nother) person, coming through the rye” [“Coming Through the Rye”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>bo’er, bour</td>
<td></td>
<td>bower</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bogle</td>
<td></td>
<td>ghost; also hobgoblin or malign spirit</td>
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<tr>
<td>bole</td>
<td></td>
<td>indentation, hence hole, cupboard, shelf, storage-spot in a wall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boord</td>
<td></td>
<td>board=table, hence *boord-en’=end of the table</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boortree</td>
<td></td>
<td>the elder tree, shrub-elder. *Fearfu’ flows the boortree bank=”[The stream with the] elder-lined bank flows fearfully” [“Are Ye Sleepin’ Maggie?”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>borrow</td>
<td></td>
<td>ransom; also a loan</td>
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<tr>
<td>bort</td>
<td></td>
<td>bored</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bothy</td>
<td></td>
<td>the cottages granted to farm tenants or servants, in which they slept, cooked, etc. From Gaelic <em>bothan</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>boun(e)</td>
<td></td>
<td>prepare, get ready; also to be ready</td>
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<tr>
<td>boun’s</td>
<td></td>
<td>bounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bous(e) (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>drink</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brae</td>
<td></td>
<td>steep bank, slope of a hill — a common land feature in Scotland. Often refers to the upper slopes, i.e. <em>Ye banks and braes o’ bonny Doon</em> [Robert Burns] refers to the lower slopes by the river Doon and the higher ground above. From Gaelic <em>braighe</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>braid</td>
<td></td>
<td>broad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brak’</td>
<td></td>
<td>break, broke. *It’s mony a time my hairt’s been sair, And like to break in twa=”It’s many a time my heart’s been sore, And like to break in twa” [“When Fortune Turns Her Wheel”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>bran</td>
<td>brand</td>
<td>sword</td>
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<tr>
<td>brankie</td>
<td></td>
<td>conspicuous, usually in the sense of “showy” or “gaudy”</td>
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<tr>
<td>brast</td>
<td></td>
<td>burst</td>
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<tr>
<td>braw (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>brave</td>
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<tr>
<td>braw (2)</td>
<td>beautiful, handsome, presenting a fine appearance, hence also well-dressed. Possibly derived from Gaelic <em>brèagha</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>brawlie, brawly</td>
<td>well done, bravely done (to be braw)</td>
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<tr>
<td>braxie</td>
<td>a sheep dead of disease. <em>Braxie ham</em> is flesh from such an animal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>bree (1)</td>
<td>brow, top of the head. <em>Wi her cap upon her bree=</em>“With her cap upon her head” [“Saw You My Maggie?”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>bree (2)</td>
<td>brew, juice of a plant</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>breeks</td>
<td>breeches</td>
<td>pants, trousers. Possibly derived from Gaelic <em>бриогайс</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>breid</td>
<td>bread</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>breist</td>
<td>breast</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>bright, brixt</td>
<td>bright</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brig, bryg, brig</td>
<td>bridge. <em>Brig o’ tree</em>=&quot;wooden bridge&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>brock</td>
<td>badger (survival from Middle English)</td>
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<tr>
<td>broom</td>
<td>the flowering broom, a common plant (from which the Plantagenet/Angevin dynasty took its name)</td>
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<td>brogue, brogan</td>
<td>shoe</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brook</td>
<td>accept, tolerate, enjoy (survival from Middle English)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>brose</td>
<td>raw oatmeal and water — a sort of emergency dinner</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>browst (1)</td>
<td>a brew</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>browst (2)</td>
<td>the effects of one’s actions (usually of drinking)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brunt</td>
<td>burnt</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brust</td>
<td>burst</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bucht</td>
<td>fold for sheep or cattle, so <em>ewe-bucht</em>=sheep-pen</td>
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<tr>
<td>buchtin-time</td>
<td>time to put the sheep in the bucht. <em>As o’er the hill the eastern star tells buchtin’ time is near, my fo=</em>“As over the hill the eastern star tells penning-time is near, my love” [Robert Burns, “The Lea-Rig”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>buckle</td>
<td>dress</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>buik</td>
<td>book</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bun</td>
<td>bound</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bunbee</td>
<td>bumblebee</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bunemaist</td>
<td>(abunemaist:) highest above</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burd, bird, buird</td>
<td>maiden</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burd-alone</td>
<td>by one’s self</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>burn</td>
<td>small stream, e.g. <em>Bannockburn</em>=&quot;stream of loaves“ (bannocks). <em>How blythe each morn was I tae see My lass come ower the hill. She tripped the burn and she ran tae me, I met her wi’ guid will=</em>“How blythe each morn was I to see My lass come over the hill. She jumped the stream and she ran to me, I met her with good will” [“The Broom of Cowdenknows”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>busk (1)</td>
<td>(v.)</td>
<td>dress up, adorn one’s self</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>busk (2)</td>
<td>(v.)</td>
<td>prepare to leave, depart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>busk (3)</td>
<td>(n.)</td>
<td>bush (archaic). Henryson, <em>Mouse</em>, I.5, IV.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>out, outside; compare ben</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but (2)</td>
<td></td>
<td>without, i.e. <em>but the breeks</em> = “without his trousers”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but-and-ben</td>
<td></td>
<td>see under ben</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>byre</td>
<td></td>
<td>barn or cattle-shed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ca’</td>
<td></td>
<td>call. SMM, <em>Ewie</em>, III.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ca’ thro’</td>
<td></td>
<td>push forward. <em>Hey, ca’ thro’, ca’ thro’, For we hae muckle ado</em> = “Hey, push aside, push aside, For we have much to deal with” [“Hey Ca’ Thro’”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caddie</td>
<td></td>
<td>young servant; also an urchin. <em>My love he is a handsome laddie, And though he’s but Dumbarton’s caddie</em> = “My love he is a handsome laddie, And though he’s but Dumbarton’s servant” [“Dumbarton’s Drums”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caird (n.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>tinker; traveller; sturdy beggar. From Gaelic <em>cèard</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caird</td>
<td>(v.)</td>
<td>card (card wool)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caledonia, Caledon’</td>
<td></td>
<td>Scotland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>callan</td>
<td>gallant</td>
<td>worthy person, fine fellow. <em>Donald’s the callan that brooks nae talledness</em> = “Donald’s the gallant who allows no trickiness” [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caller</td>
<td></td>
<td>fresh. <em>Wha’ll buy my caller herring, They’re bonnie fish and halesome faring</em> = “Who’ll buy my fresh herring, They’re bonnie fish and wholesome food” [“Caller Herring”]. Often bears the secondary sense “cool,” “chilly”</td>
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<tr>
<td>cam’</td>
<td></td>
<td>came</td>
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<tr>
<td>camowine</td>
<td></td>
<td>camomile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>canker</td>
<td></td>
<td>properly a cancer; as used, unpleasant, unkind, complaining</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cankerit</td>
<td></td>
<td>the state of having or being a canker; Dunbar, <em>Flying</em>, 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>canna, cannae</td>
<td></td>
<td>cannot. As <em>canna</em> in SMM, <em>Tullochgorum</em> IV.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cannie (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>candle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>canny, cannie (2)</td>
<td></td>
<td>clever, skilled, able, hence also pleasant, capable, even beautiful; also cautious, careful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cant</td>
<td></td>
<td>common language, style, so a <em>cant phrase</em> is a common dialect phrase</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
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<tr>
<td>cantie</td>
<td></td>
<td>cheerful, lively, happy. <em>A cantie wife</em> = “a good, pleasant wife.” Ye shall wear when ye are wed, <em>A kirtle and a hieland plaid, and sleep upon a heather bed, Sae couthie and sae canty.</em> = “You shall wear when you are wed, A kirtle and a Highland plaid, and sleep upon a heather bed, So loving and so pleasant” [“Birnie Bouzle”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carket</td>
<td></td>
<td>necklace. Presumably worn down from Middle English <em>carcanet</em> / Old French <em>carcan</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carle</td>
<td>churl, ceorl</td>
<td>common fellow, peasant, often old, so sometimes an old man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carlin(e)</td>
<td></td>
<td>feminine of <em>carle</em>: a sturdy old wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carp, carping (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>performing, reciting, singing. Barbour, Bruce, 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carry, carrie</td>
<td></td>
<td>sky, firmament. <em>There’s no a star in a’ the carry</em> = “There’s not a star in all the heavens” [“Are Ye Sleepin’ Maggie?”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>ca’s</td>
<td></td>
<td>calves</td>
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<tr>
<td>castel</td>
<td></td>
<td>castle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>caul, cauld</td>
<td></td>
<td>cold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>causie</td>
<td></td>
<td>pavement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chafts</td>
<td></td>
<td>jaws</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chanter, chaunter</td>
<td></td>
<td>the tune-pipe of a bagpipe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chap</td>
<td></td>
<td>to knock, rap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chapman</td>
<td></td>
<td>peddler or one who travels with a pack</td>
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<tr>
<td>chappin</td>
<td></td>
<td>quart-pot, hence its contents, hence a round of drinks</td>
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<tr>
<td>chappit</td>
<td></td>
<td>knocked</td>
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<tr>
<td>cheek for chow</td>
<td></td>
<td>side by side (cheek by jowl)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chiel</td>
<td></td>
<td>man, person; typically a young, inexperienced person</td>
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<tr>
<td>chimla, chimley</td>
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<td>chimney</td>
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<tr>
<td>choise</td>
<td></td>
<td>choose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chorin’</td>
<td></td>
<td>stealing (cant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clachan</td>
<td></td>
<td>small village or hamlet. From Gaelic <em>clachan</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>claes</td>
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<td>clothes</td>
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<tr>
<td>clai̇k</td>
<td></td>
<td>gossip</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clai̇th</td>
<td></td>
<td>cloth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>claîthes</td>
<td></td>
<td>clothes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>claut</td>
<td></td>
<td>a handful or small amount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>claymore</td>
<td></td>
<td>large sword used in the so-called “Highland charge.” From Gaelic <em>claidheamh-mor, sword-big</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>cleek</td>
<td></td>
<td>a hook</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cleekit</td>
<td></td>
<td>strung or hooked together</td>
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<tr>
<td>clegs</td>
<td></td>
<td>gadflies, horseflies</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>clishmaclaver</td>
<td>idle conversation, empty talk.</td>
<td><em>The canting tongue of clishmaclaver</em> = “the common speech of gossips”</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(“When the King Comes O’er the Water” (Lady Keith’s Lament))</td>
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<tr>
<td>cloods</td>
<td>clouds</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>clout</td>
<td>hoof</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clootie</td>
<td>devil; <em>The Clootie</em> = The Devil.</td>
<td><em>And the Clootie’s mair wicked than e’er woman was</em> = “And the Devil’s more</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>wicked than ever woman was” (“Riddles Wisely Expounded”)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clooty, clouty</td>
<td>ragged, patched (referring to clothes)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>clootit (v.)</td>
<td>patched; see <em>clooty</em></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>close (n.)</td>
<td>enclosed area, such as an alley or farmyard.</td>
<td><em>And her brither led her down the close</em> = “And her brother led her down the algebra/p</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>path” (“The Cruel Brother”).</td>
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<tr>
<td>clout</td>
<td>rag; also clothing: <em>baby-clout</em> = baby clothing (since rags would be used for diapers)</td>
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<tr>
<td>coggie</td>
<td>pail</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>cog-wame</td>
<td>wame = womb</td>
<td>big belly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>comprells</td>
<td>spells, acts of sorcery</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>convent</td>
<td>convened, organized, gathered</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>coof</td>
<td>goof(-up)</td>
<td>fool, worthless person. <em>Though hundreds worship at his word, He’s but a coof for a’ that</em> = “Though hundreds worship at his word, He’s but a fool for all that” ([Robert Burns, “A Man’s a Man For A’ That”])</td>
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<tr>
<td>coost</td>
<td>cast</td>
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<tr>
<td>corbie</td>
<td>corvids, corvidaes</td>
<td>crow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>corn (v.)</td>
<td>feed with oats (recall that, in Britain, “corn” = “grain,” not “maize”)</td>
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<tr>
<td>corrie</td>
<td>circular hollow, dell in a hillside</td>
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<tr>
<td>corse</td>
<td>corpse</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cot-oose</td>
<td>cottage, the house of a cotter/cotter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>coulter</td>
<td>plow-blade</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>couth</td>
<td>word or sound</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>couthie</td>
<td>generous, kind, loving. <em>Ye shall wear when ye are wed, A kirtle and a hieland plaid, and sleep upon a heather bed, Sae couthie and sae canty.</em> = “You shall wear when you are wed, A kirtle and a Highland plaid, and sleep upon a heather bed, So loving and so pleasant” (“Birnie Bouzle”)</td>
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<tr>
<td>cowe</td>
<td>twig</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>cowie</td>
<td>cow (with diminutive force)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>crack</td>
<td>chat, talk.</td>
<td><em>We're a' met thigither here tae sit and tae crack=“We’re all met together here to sit and to chat”</em> [Robert Burns, “The Wark of the Weavers”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>craft</td>
<td>see croft</td>
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<tr>
<td>craig, craigie</td>
<td>crag</td>
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<tr>
<td>craters, crater creatures.</td>
<td>A pair bit crater=“A poor helpless/useless person”</td>
<td>hoarfrost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cranreuch</td>
<td>creep, crept</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>crap(t)</td>
<td>see craters</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>craw, craws</td>
<td>crow, crows</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>crowing</td>
<td>crowing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>creel</td>
<td>basket, hamper</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>creesh</td>
<td>(to) grease</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>croft</td>
<td>smallholding, little farm</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>crookit</td>
<td>crooked, bent.</td>
<td><em>I never wad niffer my crookit bawbie=“I never would trade my crooked halfpenny”</em> [“The Crookit Bawbee,” in which it is a sort-of-broken-token, a memento of the girl’s absent lover]</td>
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<tr>
<td>croon</td>
<td>crown</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>crowdie</td>
<td>gruel, oatmeal porridge made with water</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>crowse</td>
<td>jaunty, gay</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>crub</td>
<td>restrain, show strict discipline</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cuist</td>
<td>cast</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cuddy</td>
<td>donkey, small horse, ass. Samson, who in the Bible used “the jawbone of an ass” as a weapon. <em>Samson was a michy man, and he focht wi’ cuddy’s jaws=“Samson was a mighty man, and he fought with donkey’s jaws”</em> [“Johnny Lad”].</td>
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<tr>
<td>cuif</td>
<td>goof</td>
<td>See coof</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cutty</td>
<td>small, little, short</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>cutty-stool</td>
<td>in general, a short stool; used specifically, in the Scottish kirk, as a place where fornicators were made to sit so as to make their misdeeds evident: <em>She maun mount the cutty-stool And I maun mount the pillar: “She must sit on the cutty-stool and I must be in pillory”</em> [“As I Cam’ in by Fisherraw”] because of illicit sex</td>
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D

da (v.) do

daing (v.) doing

daft (v.) flirt
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>daffin</td>
<td>entertainment, merriment, sporting. Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin', Ilk are lift her leggin and hies her away=&quot;No flirting, no chatting, but sighing and sobbing, Each one lifts her dress and takes her away&quot; [Jean Elliot, “The Flowers of the Forest”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>dander (v.)</td>
<td>stroll, wander, walk slowly</td>
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<tr>
<td>dang (v.)</td>
<td>past tense of ding</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>dantin(g)</td>
<td>fooling around, sexual games. The rantin’ o’t and the dantin’ o’t, According as ye ken, The thing they ca’ the dantin’ o’t, Lady Errol lies her lane=&quot;The singing of it and the playing of it, according as you know, The thing they call the playing of it, Lady Errol lies alone&quot; [“The Earl of Errol”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>danton (v.)</td>
<td>defeat, subdue</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>daurna, daurnae (v.)</td>
<td>dare not; cf. dursna. We daurna brew a peck o’ malt, Or German Geordie finds a faut=&quot;We dare not brew a peck of malt, Or German George [II] finds a fault” [“Welcome Royal Charlie”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>dawtie</td>
<td>dear, darling, joy, pet</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>dee (v.)</td>
<td>die</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>deen</td>
<td>dark</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>deid</td>
<td>dead</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>deil, de’il</td>
<td>devil</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>deith</td>
<td>death</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>dern(e)</td>
<td>Survival from Middle English: hidden, secret, concealed dark. But as they loked in Bernysdale, Bi a derne strete=&quot;But as they looked in Barnsdale, by a hidden street” [“The Gest of Robyn Hode”]. Dunbar, Ave 3</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>dicht, dight (v.)</td>
<td>to wipe. (In Middle English, dight means prepare, make ready, especially of meals)</td>
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<tr>
<td>ding (v.)</td>
<td>to fall hard; also to overcome, defeat, push, shove, beat. Past tense dang. Jenny dang the weaver=&quot;Jenny beat (escaped the advances of?) the weaver.” The sense of “shoot down” occurs in “Johnny o’ Braidesley”: So Johnny’s gane tae the broadspear hill, To ding the dun deer doon, doon=&quot;So Johnny’s gone to the broadspeer hill, To shoot the dun deer down, down”</td>
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<tr>
<td>dinna (v.)</td>
<td>do not, don’t. I dinna care what may betide, In any way, if I could get her=&quot;I do not care what may result, In any way, if I could get her” [“The Banks o’ Deveron Water”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>dochter, dochter</td>
<td>daughter</td>
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<tr>
<td>doited</td>
<td>“idioted”; dotage</td>
<td>muddled, foolish, mentally subnormal; also “a dotard,” senile. <em>Since oor true king was sent awa’, A doited German rules us a’=“Since our true king was sent away, A German idiot rules us all”</em> [“Welcome Royal Charlie,” referring to George II, or perhaps even more so to his father George I, who took over the throne of the Stewarts and was certainly no genius]</td>
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<tr>
<td>doo, doè</td>
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<td>dove</td>
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<tr>
<td>dool</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>dule</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doon, doun</td>
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<td>down</td>
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<tr>
<td>doot</td>
<td></td>
<td>doubt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dother</td>
<td></td>
<td>daughter (a much less common form than <em>dochter</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doubt</td>
<td></td>
<td>believe (survival from Middle English, where it also had this meaning; see under <em>sicer</em>). <em>I doubt you hae taen some sair sickness Or hae lain wi’ some young man=“I believe you have taken some sore sickness Or have lain with some young man”</em> [“The King’s Dochter Jean”=“Willie o’ Winsbury”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>douce</td>
<td></td>
<td>decent, sober, controlled, sedate, prudent. <em>Douce dames maun hae their bairn-time borne, Sae dinna glower sae glumly-o=“Sober women must have their childbirth-time borne, So don’t glower so glumly-o”</em> [“The Reel of Stumpie”]</td>
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<td>dudle</td>
<td></td>
<td>dandle, play with</td>
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<tr>
<td>dowie</td>
<td></td>
<td>doleful, sorrowful, dreary, dull. From Gaelic <em>dubach</em>. <em>Or are ye come to wield your brand, In the dowie dens o’ Yarrow=“Or are you come to wield your sword In the gloomy lowlands of Yarrow”</em> [“The Dowie Dens o’ Yarrow”]. SMM, <em>Tullochgorum III.5-9</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>dram</td>
<td></td>
<td>liquid measure, particularly of whiskey; hence a small drink</td>
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<tr>
<td>dree (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to suffer, experience, endure, live through; also rue, regret</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dreich</td>
<td>dreck</td>
<td>dull, long, dreary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dreid</td>
<td></td>
<td>dread</td>
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<tr>
<td>dring, dringing</td>
<td></td>
<td>lingering, loitering. Specifically of singing: to sing slowly and effortfully, sadly; also of a kettle singing. In each case, implying an unpleasant sound. SMM, <em>Tullochgorum III.2</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>droon, drooned</td>
<td></td>
<td>drown, drowned</td>
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<tr>
<td>drouk</td>
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<td>to soak, wet</td>
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<td>drouth, drooth</td>
<td></td>
<td>thirst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drumlie</td>
<td></td>
<td>muddy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>duds, duddies</td>
<td></td>
<td>clothes, usually ragged and poor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>duddie, duddy</td>
<td></td>
<td>ragged, wearing duds. <em>He’d duddy drawers upon his legs, He’d on a cap o’ white, And he’d a face as lang as my leg=“He’d ragged underwear upon his legs, he’d on a cap of white, And he’d a face as long as my leg”</em> [“The Monymusk Lads”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>dule, dole</td>
<td>grief, woe, mourning. Possibly from Gaelic doiligheas, although I’ve seen it in Middle English. Dule and wae for the order That sent them tae the border=“Grief and woe for the order That sent them to the border” [Jean Elliot, “The Flowers of the Forest”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>dursna, dursnae</td>
<td></td>
<td>dail; cf. daurna</td>
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<tr>
<td>dwall</td>
<td>dwell</td>
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<tr>
<td>dyke</td>
<td>wall, normally of undressed/cut stones; a drystane dyke makes the uncut nature of the stones explicit. See also fail-dyke</td>
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<td>E</td>
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<tr>
<td>eastlin</td>
<td>eastern</td>
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<tr>
<td>ee, eè, e’</td>
<td>eye</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>een, e’en (1)</td>
<td>eyes. I think on my bonnie lass, And I blear my e’en wi’ greeting=“I think of my bonnie lass, And I blear my eyes with weeping” [Robert Burns, “Aye Waukin’ O”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>e’en (2)</td>
<td>even (and hence also evening; for the latter sense, consider Canny at e’en, Bonny at morn, Thou’s over lang in thy bed, Bonny at morn=“Careful at evening, Bonnie at morn, You are over long in your bed, Bonnie at morn.” [“Bonny at Morn”])</td>
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<tr>
<td>eek, eke (1)</td>
<td>lengthen</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>eel, eely</td>
<td>oil, oily</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eence</td>
<td>once (compare aince, yince)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>eftr</td>
<td>after</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>eizel, aizel</td>
<td>ember, hot coa, cinder</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eke</td>
<td>also (survival from Middle English)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ekeing, eiking</td>
<td>adding (compare eke above). Archaic. Henryson, Orpheus, III.4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>elwand</td>
<td>measure, measuring rod. Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly=“Pack on your back, and measured so cleverly” [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>enuch, eneuch</td>
<td>enough</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eneuk</td>
<td>enough</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ether, ither</td>
<td>adder, dangerous snake. Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man, As he were wud, or stang'd wi' an ether, man=“Donald’s run over the hill without his tether, man, As if he were mad, or stung by an adder, man” [“Donald MacGillavry”]. Compare edir in Dunbar, Flying, pt. II. 2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ettle</td>
<td>intent; to try, intend</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ewie</td>
<td>ewe (informal). SMM, Ewie, I.2, cho.1, etc.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Scots

#### Think in terms of

#### Meaning/Usage

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Fall Equivalents</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>f</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>fa’ (1)</td>
<td>fall. SMM, <em>Tullochgorum</em> II.11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f (2)</td>
<td>who (Aberdeenshire variant of <em>wha</em>)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>fae (1)</td>
<td>from; compare “frae”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fae (2)</td>
<td>fergus</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>faem</td>
<td>foam, sea-foam, hence the sea: <em>O Willie’s ta’en him o’er the raging faem</em> = “Oh, Willie’s taken him(self) over the raging sea” [“Willie’s Lady”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>fairin’</td>
<td>see <em>farin’</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fairlie</td>
<td>see <em>ferlie</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fairmer</td>
<td>farmer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fa’en, fa’n</td>
<td>fallen. <em>There was a troop o’ Irish dragoons, Cam mairchin’ doon through Fyvie-o, And the captain’s fa’en in lo’ e wi’ a very bonnie lass, And the name she was ca’ed was Pretty Peggy-O</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>fail-dyke</td>
<td>wall (dyke) of stone and turf</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>fan</td>
<td>when (Aberdeenshire usage)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fareweel</td>
<td>farewell. <em>Ae fond kiss, and then we sever, Ae fareweel, and then for ever</em> = “One fond kiss, and then we sever, One farewell, and then forever” [Robert Burns, “Ae Fond Kiss”]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faring</td>
<td>fare, food. <em>Wha’ll buy my caller herring, They’re bonnie fish and halesome faring</em> = “Who’ll buy my fresh herring, They’re bonnie fish and wholesome food” [“Caller Herring”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>fash</td>
<td>bother, concern one’s self (more common in pseudo-Scots than real, however). Derived from French <em>facher</em></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>fasheous</td>
<td>troubled, troubling, troublesome — one who spends too much time fashing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faucht, fauxt</td>
<td>see <em>fecht</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fause</td>
<td>false</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faut, fauts, fautes</td>
<td>fault, faults</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faem</td>
<td>see <em>faem</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fecht, fext (v. and n.)</td>
<td>fight</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fee</td>
<td>as a noun, wages for service; as a verb, <em>to fee</em>, to accept the wages offered, usually for a half year. A very large number of workers were employed for their fees, and it became the basis of many songs; a whole set of rules evolved about feeing. See <em>feeing time</em>.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Scots**  | **Think in terms of** | **Meaning/Usage**
---|---|---
feeing time | The twice-annual period when workers and employers met at fairs to reach employment agreements. *The clock struck three, she smiled on me, ‘Young man,’ she said, ‘the faut is thine: The night is on, and I’m from home, Besides, I’ve lost the feeing time’=*“The clock struck three, she smiled on me, ‘Young man,’ she said, ‘the fault is thine. The night is on, and I’m [away] from home, Besides, I’ve lost [=missed] the feeing time” [“The Feeing Time”]
feekie | policeman (cant) | 
Feersday feetie | Thursday feet (with diminutive force, so, e.g., of a baby’s feet). *Hap and row, hap and row, Hap and row the feeties o’t=*“Back and forth, back and forth, Back and forth its little feet” [“The Reel of Stumpie”]
ferlie | wonder, curiosity, oddity | 
fess | fetch | 
fey | same root as “fairy” survival from Middle English. “Touched by fairies.” Fated, bewitched, uncanny; secondarily, doomed, marked for death. Fey behavior is out of control; irrational; disconnected from the normal. Think “Those whom the gods destroy, they first drive mad”; a person who is fey wants to do *something* even if it makes no sense. In modern parlance, it may resemble an anxiety attack, but there is a touch of the supernatural about it.
fit (1) | foot | 
fit (2) | what (Aberdeenshire usage). *I wonder fit’s a day wi’a’ the men?*=“I wonder what’s the matter with all the men?” [“Bessie Bell”]
fitba, fitba’ | football (British style, of course). *Last Sunday I gaed walkin’, and there I saw the Queen, a-playin’ at the fitba’ wi’ the lads on Glesga Green=*“Last Sunday I went walking, and there I saw the Queen, a-playing at soccer with the lads on Glasgow Green” [“Johnny Lad”]
flair, fleer | floor | 
flec | flea | 
fleg | fright, reason to fear. *I got sic flags, Frae their claymores and philabegs, Gin I face them again, dè’il brak my legs*=“I got such a fright, From their claymores and kilts, If I face them again, devil break my legs!” [“Johnny Cope”]
flit (v.) | to move, remove, leave home. *The flittin’ time=*“The moving time” (often when someone loses a tenancy)
floer, flòër | flower |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>flyting</td>
<td></td>
<td>scolding, insulting. From Old English flit (strife, contention) and flitan (to fight, dispute, quarrel). See The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy, as well as Dunbar, Flying, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>foggie byke</td>
<td></td>
<td>nest of bees, beehive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>forder</td>
<td></td>
<td>forward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>foo</td>
<td></td>
<td>how (Aberdeen'shire variant of hoo)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fou’</td>
<td></td>
<td>foul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>frae</td>
<td></td>
<td>from; compare “fae.” As fra in Henryson, Mouse IV.3, Dunbar, Flying, 7, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fremt</td>
<td></td>
<td>stranger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fricht (frìxt), frichten</td>
<td></td>
<td>fright, to frighten, make afraid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fu’, fou</td>
<td></td>
<td>full, hence often by implication “drunk”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fuddled</td>
<td></td>
<td>silenced</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**G**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>gab, gob (n.)</th>
<th>the mouth, hence the speech that comes from the mouth; also a bird's beak</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>gab (v.)</td>
<td>to speak, to chatter. Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin', Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away=&quot;No flirting, no chatting, but sighing and sobbing. Each one lifts her skirts and takes her away&quot; [Jean Elliot, &quot;The Flowers of the Forest&quot;]</td>
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</table>

**Gaberlunzie**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>gae</th>
<th>go; compare “gang,” “gaed.”</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>gaed</td>
<td>“goed”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gallus</td>
<td>bold, self-confident, cocky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gane</td>
<td>gone. Gologras, I.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gang</td>
<td>go; compare “gae,” “gaed.” Will ye gang, love, and leave me noo? Wad ye forsake a love that's true For the sweeter taste o' a love that's new?=&quot;Will you go, love, and leave me now? Would you forsake a love that's true For the sweeter taste of a love that's new?&quot; [&quot;Will Ye Gang Love?&quot;]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>gar (v.)</th>
<th>to make, cause, bring about, compel. SMM, Tullochgorum II.2; as ger in Barbour, Bruce 16</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| gart (v.) | past tense of gar, make, cause, bring about, so made, brought about, caused |}

<p>| gat | get, bring to, bring about, e.g. He's gat a lady wi' bairnie=&quot;He’s got a lady with child&quot; [&quot;The Baron o Leys&quot;] |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>gaithered</td>
<td></td>
<td>gathered. <em>We neither wanted yowes nor lambs</em> While the flocks near us played; <em>She gaithered in the sheep by night And cheered me a' the day=</em> “We neither wanted ewes nor lambs While the flocks near us played. She gathered in the sheep by night And cheered me all the day” [“The Broom of Cowdenknows”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gaudy</td>
<td></td>
<td>handsome; it does not really bear the sense <em>flashy, easily seen</em> found in standard English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gavel</td>
<td></td>
<td>end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gear</td>
<td>get</td>
<td>baby</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>geet</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>gar</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gey</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>intermediate, indifferent, moderate, middling, gey</em> <em>strange=rather strange.</em> Often used ironically: “That’s a gey fine coat” or the like</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ghannies</td>
<td></td>
<td>hens (cant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gie (gi’e)</td>
<td></td>
<td>give. <em>SMM, Tullochgorum III.3</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gie’s</td>
<td></td>
<td>give us. <em>SMM, Tullochgorum I.1</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gied</td>
<td></td>
<td>past tense of <em>gie, give, so gave</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gif</td>
<td></td>
<td>if (see <em>gin</em>). <em>Dunbar, Flying, 31</em>; as <em>giff</em> in <em>Barbour, Bruce 12</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gimp</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>jimp</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gin (hard “g”)</td>
<td></td>
<td>if, whether</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gijn, giring(hard “g”)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to weep, complain, whimper, whine, complain; weeping, complaining</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>glaikit</td>
<td></td>
<td>foolish, thoughtless. <em>Aye it’s me a glaikit lassie, Just like that I'd been mad=</em> “Yes, it’s me, a foolish lassie, Just as if I had been mad” [“Jinkin’ You, Johnny Lad”]. Compare <em>glayks</em> in Dunbar, <em>Flying, 22</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gleed, glede</td>
<td></td>
<td>fire, ember, peat fire without open flame  (survival from Middle English)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glesga</td>
<td>Glasgow</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gleyd</td>
<td></td>
<td>crooked, awry, astray; <em>gleyd een=crossed eyes</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>glibber</td>
<td></td>
<td>smoothly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gloaming</td>
<td></td>
<td>twilight. From Gaelic glòmanaich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>glumpie</td>
<td></td>
<td>grumpy, dour, low-spirited, gloomy. <em>Douce dames maun hae their bairn-time borne, Sae dinna glower sae glumpie-o=</em>“Sober women must have their childbirth-time borne, So don’t glower so glumly-o” [“The Reel of Stumpie”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>gollach</td>
<td></td>
<td>insect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
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<td>-----------</td>
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<tr>
<td>goon</td>
<td></td>
<td>gown. <em>He’s torn a’, ripped a’, torn a’ ma goon, Did ever ye see sic an ill-trickit loon?</em>“He’s torn all, ripped all, torn all my gowns, Did ever you see such an ill-turned-out fool? [“Torn A’ Ma Goon.”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>gossip-cup</td>
<td></td>
<td>name used for the cup presented by godparents to their infant godchildren</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gouk</td>
<td></td>
<td>cuckoo. <em>Donald will clear the gowk’s nest cleverly</em>“Donald will clean up the cuckoo’s nest cleverly” [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gowan</td>
<td></td>
<td>wild or mountain daisies. <em>We twa hae run aboot the braes, And pu’d the gowans fine</em>“We two have run about the slopes, And pulled the daisies fine” [Robert Burns, “Auld Lang Syne”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gowany</td>
<td></td>
<td>daisy-covered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gowd, goud</td>
<td></td>
<td>gold; sometimes, by implication, money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gowden</td>
<td></td>
<td>golden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>granzie</td>
<td></td>
<td>gaol/jail (cant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>grat</td>
<td></td>
<td>past tense of greet, weep, hence wept</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gree</td>
<td></td>
<td>reward, prize, honor, top place. <em>bear the gree=take the top prize</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>greet (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to cry, weep; past tense grat. <em>I think on my bonnie lass, And I blear my e’en wi’greeting</em>“I think of my bonnie lass, And I blear my eyes with weeping” [Robert Burns, “Aye Waukin’ O”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>greetie (n.)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>greetin’ fou</td>
<td></td>
<td>drunk to the point of weeping; a maudlin drunk</td>
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<tr>
<td>grumphie</td>
<td></td>
<td>pig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gude</td>
<td></td>
<td>good; see <em>guid</em> and related words</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>guid (gweed)</td>
<td></td>
<td>good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>guidman</td>
<td></td>
<td>goodman, husband</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>guidwife</td>
<td></td>
<td>good woman, wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>guise</td>
<td></td>
<td>matter, situation, concern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gweed</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>guid</em> and related words</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**H**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ha</th>
<th>Hall</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>habbin</td>
<td>food (cant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hack</td>
<td>crack or wound in the skin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hackler</td>
<td>an illegal distiller; also a flax comber; see <em>heckle, heckler</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hae (hāe)</td>
<td>have. SMM, <em>Tullochgorum</em> II.10; <em>Lassie</em> I.1, II.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haen</td>
<td>had (rare)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haena</td>
<td>have not, haven’t</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haigh</td>
<td>high</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haik</td>
<td>busybody, one who interferes in the affairs of others</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
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<td>------------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>hairst</td>
<td>harvest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hait</td>
<td>heart. Henryson, <em>Orpheus</em>, III.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hale</td>
<td>wholesome. <em>Wha’ll buy my caller herring, They’re bonnie fish and halesome faring—</em>“Who’ll buy my fresh herring, They’re bonnie fish and wholesome food” [“Caller Herring”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>halesome</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haly band</td>
<td>holy band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hame</td>
<td>home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hanna</td>
<td>see <em>haena</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hansel</td>
<td>first gift, a preliminary token of a greater gift</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hantle</td>
<td>large quantity (but probably also <em>handful:</em> “the king himsel’ gied a hantle o’ gowd” = “The king himself gave a handful of gold” [“Geordie”])</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hap (1)</td>
<td>happened, came about, chanced to be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hap (2)</td>
<td>wrap up, enclose, tuck in, cover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ha’s and maillins</td>
<td>houses (halls) and lands (farmlands)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>harrit</td>
<td>harrowed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hash</td>
<td>to be inefficient, work wastefully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haud</td>
<td>hold. <em>Haud yer gob=</em>“Hold your tongue, “shut your mouth,” “be quiet.” *Haud awa’ frae me, Willie, Haud away frae me; There’s no’ a man in a’ Strathdon Shall weddit be by me, by me=“Hold away from me, Willie, Hold away from me; There’s not a man in all Strathdon Shall wedded be by me, by me” [“Eppie Morrie”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>haugh</td>
<td>level ground by a stream, stream bank, meadow, low ground.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Compare <em>howe</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hause-bane</td>
<td>neck-bone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hawk</td>
<td>see <em>howk</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heckle</td>
<td>to comb flax or other fibers. This produces a secondary sense for heckle as a noun, referring to virginity: <em>My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten</em>=“My heckle is broken, it cannot be gotten” [Robert Burns, “The Bob o’ Dunblane”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heckle kame</td>
<td>flax comb. <em>I’m come to borrow yer hecklin’ kame… I’ll heckle my hemp and gie ye’t again</em>=“I’ve come to borrow your flax comb; I’ll comb my hemp and give it to you again” [“The Hecklin’ Kame”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heckle pin</td>
<td>pin on a <em>heckle kame</em>, i.e. flax comb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heckler</td>
<td>one who heckles flax</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heelster-gowdy</td>
<td>head over heels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heely</td>
<td>slowly, gently, delicately</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heeeze</td>
<td>raise, elevate, exalt, raise up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heght</td>
<td>offered</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>heid</td>
<td></td>
<td>head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heiding hill</td>
<td></td>
<td>place of execution, either by hanging or (presumably) beheading</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>herrying</td>
<td>harrying</td>
<td>raiding, plundering, spoiling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>het</td>
<td></td>
<td>hot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heugh</td>
<td></td>
<td>cliff, precipice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hight</td>
<td></td>
<td>called, named (survival from Middle English)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hicht, hičt</td>
<td></td>
<td>height</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hie (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>go, travel. <em>The wee toon clerk followed after her As fast as he could hie=</em> “The wee town clerk followed after her As fast as he could go” [“The Keach i the Creel”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hielan, Hielan’</td>
<td></td>
<td>Highland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hin, hine, hyn, hyne</td>
<td></td>
<td>away, far</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hinches</td>
<td></td>
<td>haunches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hind</td>
<td></td>
<td>Not to be confused with the animal. Farm worker or other young man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hinnie, hinny</td>
<td></td>
<td>honey (term of endearment). <em>Whaur hae ye been, ma cannie hinnie, Whaur hae ye been, my winsome lamb?</em> = “Where have you been, my clever honey, Where have you been, my winsome lamb?” [“Captain Bover”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hint</td>
<td></td>
<td>instant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hissy-skip</td>
<td></td>
<td>sewing basket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hizzy, hissie</td>
<td></td>
<td>hussy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hodden, hoddin</td>
<td></td>
<td>rough homespun. <em>Hodden grey</em> = rough grey wool cloth. <em>Your wee bit tocher is but sma’, But hodden grey will wear for a’</em> = “Your little bit of dowry is but small, But homespun grey will wear for all” [“Birnie Bouzle”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hogmanay</td>
<td></td>
<td>Old Year’s Night. <em>Ae Hogmanay at the Glesga fair, There were me, mysel’, an’ several mair</em> = “One New Year’s Eve, at the Glasgow fair, There were me, myself, and several more” [“The Day We Went to Rothsay-O’”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>holms</td>
<td></td>
<td>flat land near a river. Compare <em>haughs</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hoo</td>
<td></td>
<td>how</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hough, houχ</td>
<td></td>
<td>thigh. <em>Syne he swung his hough o’er his horses’s back, And swore he would hunt mair, mair</em> = “Then he swung his thigh over his horse’s back And swore he would hunt more, more” [“Johnny o’ Braidesley”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>houghmagandie</td>
<td></td>
<td>“fornication” (ahem)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hool</td>
<td></td>
<td>covering, e.g. a pod or husk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hoolet</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>howlet</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hooly</td>
<td></td>
<td>wholly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hoose</td>
<td></td>
<td>house</td>
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</tbody>
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<tr>
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<th>Think in terms of</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>hornie</td>
<td></td>
<td>policeman (cant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hoven</td>
<td></td>
<td>swollen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>howe</td>
<td></td>
<td>flat stretch of land, hollow. Compare haugh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>howk (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>dig. <em>She's howket a grave by the licht o' the moon... And there she's lain her sweet babe doon=</em> &quot;She's hollowed a grave by the light of the moon, And there she's lain her sweet babe down&quot; [&quot;Fine Flowers in the Valley&quot;]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>howlet</td>
<td>owlet</td>
<td>owl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hump, humpit (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to carry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hurdle</td>
<td></td>
<td>short man, dwarf, weak or insignificant person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hurdie</td>
<td></td>
<td>backside, bottom, buttock, hips. <em>Mony a sword and lance Swings at Hieland hurdie, How they'll skip and dance O'er the bum o' Geordie=</em> &quot;Many a sword and lance Swings at Highlanders’ rear ends, How they’ll skip and dance Over the bum of George [I]&quot; [&quot;Cam' Ye O'er Frae France?&quot;]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I

| ilk, ilka  |                 | every |
| ilk ane    |                 | every one; *Rauf Coilyear*, II.12 |
| ingle      |                 | fireplace. From Gaelic *aingeal. The begger he took aff his pack, And doon ahint the ingle he sat=* "The beggar he took off his pack, and down behind the fireplace he sat" ["The Gaberlunzie Man"] |
| intae      |                 | into |
| intil      | until           | into, until, up to |
| I'se       |                 | I shall/I will |
| isna, isnae|                 | is not, isn’t |
| ither      |                 | other |
| iver       |                 | ever |

J

| jags       |                 | pricks |
| jee oor bun|                 | move our posteriors |
| jimp       |                 | slender, well-made: *middle jimp=* “slender waist”; also a tight bodice fitting around the waist |
| jine       |                 | join |
| jink (v.)  |                 | dodge, escape, elude. *Through the neuks and barley-stooks, jinkin' you, Johnny Lad=* "Through the hiding-places and barley-piles, dodging you, Johnny Lad" ["Jinkin’ You, Johnny Lad"] [N.B. *stooks here might also be steuks, stalks"] |
Scots  |   Think in terms of  | Meaning/Usage
--- | --- | ---
jo | joy | jewel, joy, delight; a term of endearment: John Anderson my jo=“John Anderson, my beloved” [“John Anderson, my Jo”]
jockey coat |  | greatcoat

K
kail |  | soup, especially soup made from cabbage (a very common ingredient in Scots cooking, which might itself be called “kail”). From Gaelic càl. There’s cauld kail in Aberdeen=“There’s cold cabbage soup in Aberdeen” [“Cauld Kail in Aberdeen”]
kame, kaim, kemb |  | comb
keach (1) (n.) |  | catch, thing caught
keach (2) (v.) |  | to excrete
keach (3) (n.) | n. excrement |
keist the cavils |  | cast the lots
kebbuck |  | cheese. From Gaelic càbag
keek (v.) |  | peek, peep, sly look
keel, keil |  | a paint or marking-substance, usually red or black, especially ruddle (red ochre, anhydrous iron (III) oxide, Fe₂O₃). SMM, Ewie, II.1

kep (v.) | keep, catch |
keepit | keeps, kept |
kelpie |  | water-demon, normally in the form of a horse
ken, kend, kent (v.) | know, knew. SMM, Ewie, II.4 |
kern |  | fighting man, especially a warrior-peasant. From Gaelic ceathairne
kerchie | kerchief, handkerchief |
kimmer |  | woman, typically old, often a gossip; the word is somewhat contemptuous. Said to be from French commère
kimmer-clash |  | celebration and entertainment following the birth of a child
kirk (n.) | church. The Kirk: The Scottish (Presbyterian) Church |
kirk, kirking | church, churching, i.e. being brought to the church. Typical extended meanings include married in a church and brought to a church after an event (e.g. to baptize a baby)
kirkit (v.) | churched (cf. kirking) |
kirn | churn, wallow |
kist | box or chest; hence also coffin. From Gaelic ciotach. Henryson, Mouse, II.7 |
kitchie | kitchen |
kittle (v.) | give birth to kittens (or other young, but most often of cats)
**Scots** | **Think in terms of** | **Meaning/Usage**
---|---|---
*kittle* (adj.) | tricky, difficult, ticklish
*knowe* | knoll | small hill, knoll, hillock. From Gaelic *cnoc?*
*kye* | kine | cattle
*kyvle* | cavil? | swindle, trick

**L**
*laigh* | low
*laird* | landowner. Keep in mind that this is *not* the same word as *lord*; a lord is of the nobility, but a laird can be of any social class. Note this story of a girl, upon being asked who got her pregnant: *Oh, it’s no’ tae a lord, and it’s no’ tae a laird, Nor tae ony baronie, But it’s tae Roger the kitchen boy...*—“Oh, it’s not to a lord, and it’s not to a landowner, Nor to anyone with a barony, But it’s to Roger the kitchen boy” [“Lady Dysie”]
*laith* | loath, i.e. unwilling, reluctant
*lane* | alone, i.e. *my lane*—“I am alone”; *his lane*—“he is alone.” *The provost’s aye dochter was walking her lane*—“The provost’s only daughter was walking by herself” [“The Fair Flower of Northumberland”]. *Lane he stands and lane he gangs*=“Alone he stands and alone he goes” [“The Heir of Linne”]; SMM, Lassie, I.7, II.7
*lang, langit* (v.) | long, longed. Henryson, Mouse, III.3
*lang* | long (of time or distance); SMM, Lassie, I.7, II.7
*lang syne* | long ago (idiomatic)
*lang’s* | long as. SMM, Tullochgorum II.10
*langsome* | over-long, long to the point of weariness
*lap* | leapt (see *loup*). *Johnny shot, the dun dear lap, He’s wounded her in the side*=“Johnny shot, the dun dear leapt, He’s wounded her in the side” [“Johnny o’ Braidesley”]
*lapstane* | a cobbler’s stone on which to beat leather
*lat* | let. ‘*Haud away frae me, she says, ‘And pray lat gae my hand’*=“Hold away from me,” she says, “And pray let go my hand”’ [“Captain Wedderburn’s Courtship”]
*lauch, laus* | laugh
*lave* | rest, remainder. *And a’ the lave gaed tae the wa’, For our lang bidin’ here*=“And all the others went to the wall, For our long remaining here” [Allan Ramsay, ”A South-Sea Song”/”For Our Lang Biding Here”]
*lavrock, leverock* | lark
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<tr>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>lawin</td>
<td>cost, reckoning, price, bill.</td>
<td><em>Come, landlady, now whit’s the lawin? Tell me whit is tae pay=“Come, landlady, now what’s the reckoning? Tell me what there is to pay” [“The Calton Weaver”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lea-rig, lee-rig</td>
<td>unplowed field.</td>
<td><em>I’ll meet ye on the lea-rig, My ain, kind Dearie O=“I’ll meet you on the unplowed field, My own kind dearie, O” [Robert Burns, “The Lea-Rig”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leal</td>
<td>loyal.</td>
<td>“The Land o’ the Leal” is often a reference to Scotland, although it may also be heaven; see the appendix for “The Land o’ the Leal.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lee (v.)</td>
<td>lie, in the sense of “tell a falsehood”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leem</td>
<td>loom.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leese me</td>
<td>see leese me.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leesin</td>
<td>lie, falsehood.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leesome, leisome</td>
<td>pleasant, agreeable (perhaps from French, <em>most delightful</em>).</td>
<td><em>My boy was scarcely ten years auld, Whan he went to an unco land, Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crowed, Ochone for my son, Leesome Brand!=“My boy was scarcely ten years old, When he went to a strange land, Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crowed, Alas for my son, Pleasant Brand!” [“Leesome Brand”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leese me</td>
<td>I delight in.</td>
<td><em>Leeze me on your curly pow, Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie=“I rejoice in your curly head, Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie” [“Dainty Davy”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leglin</td>
<td>milk pail.</td>
<td><em>Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away=“Each one lifts her milk-pail and takes her away” [Jean Elliot, “The Flowers of the Forest”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leman</td>
<td>lover, beloved, mistress (Middle English survival).</td>
<td><em>God send every gentleman, Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman=“God send every gentleman, Such hawks, such hounds, and such a mistress” [“The Three Ravens”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leugh</td>
<td>laugh.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leve</td>
<td>see lave.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leukit</td>
<td>looked.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>licht, lixt</td>
<td>light.</td>
<td><em>We rise as soon as mornin’ licht, Nae craters can be blither=“We rise as soon as morning light, No men can be blither” [“Johnny Sangster”]</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lichted, lixted</td>
<td>lighted, alighted.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leil</td>
<td>see leal.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lien</td>
<td>lain; SMM, Lassie, I.7, II.7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lift</td>
<td>loft</td>
<td>sky, firmament, heavens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>limmer</td>
<td>something finished, often something past its prime.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lingcan</td>
<td>body.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<tr>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>lingel</td>
<td></td>
<td>shoemaker’s thread</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| linkin(’) |                   | skip/trip along, move with joy.* Doon there cam’ a blade,* 
|           |       | *Linkin’ like my lordy=“Down there came a bold man, Sprightly, like my lordy” [“Cam’ Ye O’er Frae France?”]; the “blade” is Count Konigsmark, who cuckolded the future George I and was made to disappear |
| linn      |                   | waterfall, cascade. *Let me in, for loud the linn Is roaring o’er the Warlock’s Craigmie=“Let me in, for loud the waterfall Is roaring over the Warlock’s Crag” [“Are Ye Sleepin’ Maggie?”] |
| lint      |                   | flax |
| lippen (v.)|                   | hope, trust, expect. *But dinna lippen, laddie; I cannae promise, laddie=“But don’t get your hopes up, laddie; I cannot promise, laddie” [“The Birken Tree”] |
| loan, loaning |               | narrow road or path. *Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning=“Sighing and moaning, on every green path” [Jean Elliot, “The Flowers of the Forest”] |
| lo’e, lo’ed |                  | love, loved. *Hard fate that I should banished be, And warily am gane, Because I lo’ed the fairest lass That e’er yet was born=“Hard fate that I should banished be, And warily am gone, Because I loved the fairest lass That ever yet was born” [“The Broom of Cowdenknows”] |
| loof      |                   | palm |
| loon      |                   | low-born, feeble person. *You’re but a pack o’ traitor loons, ye dae nae good ava’=“You’re but a bunch of traitor fools, you do no good at all” [‘Awa’, Whigs, Awa”]. As lownn in Dunbar, *Flying, 10 |
| loose     |                   | loose |
| loot (1)  |                   | let. *But aye she loot the tears doon fa’, For Jock o’ Hazeldean=“But indeed she let the tears down fall, For Jock of Hazeldean” [Walter Scott, “Jock of Hazeldean”] |
| loot (2)  |                   | bend down |
| loup, lap, lowp |             | leap, lope |
| lowped    |                   | loped, leapt. *There was a man in Nineveh, And he was wondrous wise; He lowped intae a hawthorn hedge And scratched oot both his eyes=“There was a man in Nineveh And he was wondrous wise; He leapt into a hawthorn hedge And scratched out both his eyes” [“Johnny Lad”] |
| lowse, louse (v.) |               | loose, loosen |
| lugs      |                   | ears |
| lum       |                   | chimney, chimney-flue |
| Lunnion   |                   | London |

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<tr>
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<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>lyke</td>
<td>corpse, body.</td>
<td>So a lyke-wake dirge is a song for the wake over a dead body. But I will write a broad letter, And write it sae perfite; That gin she winna o’ me rue, I’ll bid her come to my lyke, lyke, I’ll bid her come to my lyke=“But I will write a broad letter, And write it so perfectly, That if she will not for me rue, I’ll bid her come to my body[’s wake], [wake], I’ll bid her come to my body[’s wake]” [“Willie’s Lyke-Wake”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mair</td>
<td>more.</td>
<td>Johnny, he shot six o’ them, He’s wounded the seventh sair, Syne he swung his hough o’er his horse’s back, And swore he would hunt mair, mair=“Johnny, he shot six of them, He’s wounded the seventh sore, Then he swung his thigh over his horse’s back, And swore he would hunt more, more” [“Johnny o’ Braidesley”]. Henryson, Mouse, II.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maist</td>
<td>most.</td>
<td>Gologras, II.1; Dunbar, Flyting, II.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>make, maek, maik</td>
<td>mate.</td>
<td>His hawk is tae the hunting gane, His hounds tae fetch the wild fowl hame, His lady’s taen anither make=“His hawk is to the hunting gone, His hounds to fetch the wild fowl home, His lady’s taken another mate” [“The Twa Corbies”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>malison, mallison</td>
<td>curse.</td>
<td>(Compare benison, blessing.) For I’ve won my mother’s malison, By coming this nicht tae thee=“For I’ve won my mother’s curse, By coming this night to thee” [“Clyde’s Water”. The young man goes to visit his love; his mother curses him to drown in Clyde. He bids the river “Make me a wreck as I come back, but spare me as I’m gaun”; it does.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mane</td>
<td>moan.</td>
<td>The provost’s aye dochter was walkin’ her lane…When she heard a Scots pris’ner a-makin’ his mane=“The provost’s only daughter was walking alone…When she heard a Scots prisoner a-making his moan” [“The Fair Flower of Northumberland”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mankie</td>
<td>a type of cloth (worsted); now obsolete.</td>
<td>My daddie was a fiddler fine, My minnie she made mankie-o=“My father was a fiddle fine, My mother she made worsted cloth” [“The Reel of Stumpie”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>marrit, mairrit</td>
<td>married</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>marrow</td>
<td>match, mate; also one who is equal or alike.</td>
<td>There lived a lady in the north, I ne’er could find her marrow; She was courted by nine noble lords And a plooboy lad frae Yarrow=“There lived a lady in the north, I ne’er could find her match. She was courted by nine noble lords And a plowboy lad from Yarrow” [“The Dowie Dens o’ Yarrow”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ma’r</td>
<td>malt</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
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<td>-----------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>maukin</td>
<td></td>
<td>a hare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maun</td>
<td></td>
<td>must. <em>I maun hae a wife, whasoe’er she be, An’ she be a woman, That’s enough for me</em>—“I must have a wife, whatsoever she be, If she is a woman, That’s enough for me” [“The Besom Maker”]. As <em>mon</em> in Dunbar, <em>Flyting</em>, 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maunna, maunae</td>
<td></td>
<td>must not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mavis</td>
<td></td>
<td>sweet-singing bird, variously listed as a lark or thrush</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>may</td>
<td></td>
<td>maid, maiden. Often refers specifically to the Virgin Mary (although this is even more common in English than Scots, e.g. <em>By the bed’s side there standeth a may</em>, <em>She doth weep by night and day</em>—“By the bed’s side there stands a maid, She does weep by night and day” [“The Corpus Christi Carol”])</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meal-pack</td>
<td>meal-pack</td>
<td>pack for carrying meal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mear</td>
<td></td>
<td>mare</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meikle, mekle</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>muckle</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>merk</td>
<td></td>
<td>mark. In both England and Scotland, a mark was two-thirds of a pound, although the value of the English and Scottish pounds differed dramatically.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wicht, xiht</td>
<td></td>
<td>might. Henryson, <em>Orpheus</em> 1.5; Rauf Coilyear, II.6; as <em>mycht</em> in Barbour, <em>Bruce</em> 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wichty, xihty</td>
<td></td>
<td>mighty. <em>Samson was a wichty man, And he focht wi’ cuddie’s jaws</em>—“Samson was a mighty man, And he fought with donkey’s jaws” [“Johnny Lad”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mickle</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>muckle</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>minnie, minny</td>
<td></td>
<td>mother. <em>My daddie was a fiddler fine, My minnie she made mankie-o</em>—“My father was a fiddle fine, My mother she made worsted cloth” [“The Reel of Stumpie”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mirds</td>
<td></td>
<td>flattery. <em>Donald was mumpit wi mirds and mockery</em>—“Donald was bombarded with flattery and mockery” [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mirk</td>
<td></td>
<td>dark, gloom, darkness. <em>Oh, mirk and rainy is the wicht, There’s no a star in a’ the carry</em>—“Oh, dark and rainy is the night, There’s not a star in all the sky” [“Are Ye Sleepin’ Maggie?”]; <em>Rauf Coilyear, II.9</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mista’en</td>
<td></td>
<td>mistaken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mither</td>
<td></td>
<td>mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>modiewart, moudiwart</td>
<td></td>
<td>mole</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mold, mould</td>
<td></td>
<td>ground (survival from Middle English)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mou</td>
<td></td>
<td>mouth. <em>I’m overjoyed wi’ rapture noo, Said he as he kissed her cherry mou</em>—“I’m overjoyed with rapture now, Said he as he kissed her cherry mouth” [“The Birken Tree”]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Scots

**Think in terms of**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>mu</td>
<td>see mou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>muckle</td>
<td>much. <em>muckle and mony</em>=&quot;much and many,&quot; i.e. a wide spectrum. As <em>mekle</em> in <em>Rauf Coilyear</em>, 1.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>muir</td>
<td>moor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>multure</td>
<td>a requirement that a tenant work with a particular miller to have grin ground. <em>The maid gaed tae the mill ae nicht, She swore by moon and stars sae bricht That she would get her corn goun’, Mill and multure free</em>=&quot;The maid went to the mill one night, She swore by moon and stars so bright That she would get her grain ground, Mill and mill-fee free&quot; [“The Maid Gaed tae the Mill”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mumpit</td>
<td>distracted, lulled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>muskadine</td>
<td>muscatel wine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mutchkin</td>
<td>liquid measure, about a pint</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### N

**na, nae (1)**

no. SMM, *Tullochgorum* III.1

**nae (2)**

not (compare *cannae*, “cannot”; *maunae*, “must not,” *winnae*, “will not,” etc.)

**naethin(g)**

nothing

**nane**

none. Dunbar, *Flyting*, 8

**neebor**

neighbor

**neep**

turnip

**neiper**

neighbor

**neist**

next

**neive, nieve**

fist

**nerice**

nurse (see *nourice*)

**nerse**

tail

**neuk**

corners, nooks, hiding places. *Through the neiks and barley-steuks, jinkin’ you, Johnny Lad*="Through the hiding-places and barley-stalks, dodging you, Johnny Lad” [“Jinkin’ You, Johnny Lad”]

**nicht**

nothing. *Nicht ava*="Nothing at all.” *Nicht nocht nothing*:

Folktale character, sort of the equivalent of the *Noman* of the *Odyssey*. Compare *nocht*.

**nickum**

devil

**nicky tams**

binders or garters used to keep the trousers closed. *A mouse cam’ crawlin’ up my leg in the middle o’ the Psalms; Never again will I ride the kirk wi’oot my nicky tams*="A mouse came crawling up my leg in the middle of the Psalms; never again will I go to church without my nicky tams” [“Nicky Tams”]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>niffer</td>
<td>bargain, haggle, deal, exchange. I never wad niffer my crookit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bawbie=&quot;I never would trade my crooked halfpenny” [“The</td>
<td>_Crokit Bawbee,” in which it is a sort-of-broken-token, a</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>memento of the girl’s absent lover]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>niver</td>
<td>never</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nourice</td>
<td>nurse (see nerise)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nocht, nocht nought</td>
<td>nothing (also sometimes nicht). Barbour, Bruce, 2; Henryson,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orpheus II.3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O</td>
<td>interjection, similar to “oh,” but probably with greater force</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>och</td>
<td>cry of woe, similar to “alas,” but with much greater force: O, I</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>am come to the low country, Ochone, ochone, ochree=&quot;Oh, I am</td>
<td>come to the low country, alas, alas, I am deep in sorrow” [“The</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Highland Widow’s Lament”]. Of Gaelic origin, but in use in</td>
<td>Braid Scots at least from the time of Henryson.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aught</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ocht, oucht</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>o’er, ow’r, ower over.</td>
<td>Come boat me o’er, come ferry me o’er, Come boat me o’er to</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie=&quot;Come boat me over, come ferry me o’er, Come boat</td>
<td>me over to Charlie” [“Over the Water to Charlie”]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>any. SMM, Tullochgorum II.3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ony, onie anything</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>onythin(g)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>oor</td>
<td>our</td>
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<tr>
<td>oot</td>
<td>out</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ootland, ootlander foreign, foreigner</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or ere</td>
<td>before</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ousen oxen. Oh, laddie, ye dinna ken the danger that you’re in, Gin</td>
<td>your hoorses were tae flee or your ousen was tae rin=&quot;Oh,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>laddie, you don’t know the danger that you’re in, If your horses</td>
<td>were to flee or your oxen were to run” [“Twa Recruitin’</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sergeants”]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>o’t of it</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ower, ow’r, o’er over (see o’er)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>oxter armpit</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>oy grandson</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P</td>
<td>fine cloth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pa’ pall</td>
<td>pact</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>paiction pact</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>panfu’ pan full</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Scots</strong></td>
<td><strong>Think in terms of</strong></td>
<td><strong>Meaning/Usage</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>parkit</td>
<td>park-ed</td>
<td>put out to pasture (place in a park)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pat</td>
<td></td>
<td>put; see pit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>paukie, pawky</td>
<td></td>
<td>sneaky, artful, sly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>peats, peaties</td>
<td></td>
<td>peat slabs, used for making (very smoky and unpleasant) fires.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>peel, peel-tower</td>
<td></td>
<td>Peat was the only real fuel available in the treeless parts of northern Scotland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pelf</td>
<td></td>
<td>Middle English survival: A tower or turret, common on the borders where everyone wanted a place to be safe from raiders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>philabeg</td>
<td></td>
<td>wealth, inheritance, goods. Silly elf, it's for her pelf That a' the lads are wooin' at her=&quot;Silly elf, it's for her money That all the lads are wooing at her” [“Tibbie Fowler”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pibroch</td>
<td></td>
<td>kilt. I got sic flegs, Frae their claymores and philabegs, Gin I face them again, de’il brak my legs=“I got such a fright, From their claymores and kilts, If I face them again, devil break my legs!” [“Johnny Cope”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pickle</td>
<td></td>
<td>pipe tune, usually for martial purposes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pig</td>
<td></td>
<td>little</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pin</td>
<td></td>
<td>jar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pit</td>
<td></td>
<td>door-latch; (wooden) door-bar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pitten</td>
<td></td>
<td>put (a more common pronunciation than <em>pat</em> above); past tense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pith</td>
<td></td>
<td>strength (survival from Middle English)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plack</td>
<td></td>
<td>small coin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plaid</td>
<td></td>
<td>you know what it is, but you probably pronounce it wrong; it’s <em>playd</em>, not <em>pladd</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pleasures</td>
<td></td>
<td>pleases. Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu; Fareweel a’ pleasures there; Tae wander by her side again Is a’ I crave or care=“Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu, Farewell all pleasures there; To wander by her side again Is all I crave or care” [“The Broom of Cowdenknows”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pliskie, plisky</td>
<td></td>
<td>trick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ploo</td>
<td></td>
<td>plow/plough</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plooby</td>
<td></td>
<td>plowboy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ploom</td>
<td></td>
<td>plum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plumpin’</td>
<td></td>
<td>a dive, dip, plunge; also the sound made by plunging in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pock, poke</td>
<td>pack</td>
<td>bag. <em>meal-pock</em>: a bag for oatmeal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>portion</td>
<td></td>
<td>marriage-portion, dowry (from Middle English). <em>Her portion thirty shillings, we married were with speed</em>=“Her dowry (being) thirty shillings, we married were with speed” [“One Misty Moisty Morning”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Scots</strong></td>
<td><strong>Think in terms of</strong></td>
<td><strong>Meaning/Usage</strong></td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>pow</td>
<td>poll</td>
<td>head. <em>Leeze me on your curly pow, Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie</em> = &quot;I rejoice in your curly head, Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie&quot; [&quot;Dainty Davy&quot;]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>powny</td>
<td>pony</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pree, prië (v.)</td>
<td>taste, hence by implication kiss (&quot;taste her mouth&quot;); also sample; compare pry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prood</td>
<td>proud. <em>For I’m neither prood nor shy</em> = &quot;For I’m neither proud nor shy&quot; [&quot;Bessie Bell&quot;]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pry</td>
<td>try, taste, test; compare pree</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>puckle</td>
<td>small number or item; a few. <em>Puir wee boy, you’re gettin’ mighty thin, A puckle o’ bones co’ered o’er wi’ skin</em> = &quot;Poor wee boy, you’re getting very thin, A few small bones covered over with skin&quot; [&quot;Coulter’s Candy&quot;]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>pudden, puddin</td>
<td>pudding</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>puddock</td>
<td>frog</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>pun’, pund</td>
<td>pound</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pyock</td>
<td>see pock</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Q**

<p>| quarter | (as a unit of measure, a quarter yard, or 9 inches) |
| quean, quine | survival from Middle English; often a young girl, but also a prostitute. <em>And I mysel’ a thumpin’ quean, Wha danced the Reel o’ Stumpie, O</em> = &quot;And I myself a wild girl, Who danced the Reel of Stumpie, O&quot; [&quot;The Reel of Stumpie&quot;] |
| queel | cool |
| queren | quern | hand-mill |
| queet | ankle |
| quhair (1) | quire | Mostly archaic: a sheaf of papers, manuscript, book, quire |
| quhair (2) | where (archaic). <em>Rauf Coilyear, 1.3, Dunbar, Flyting, 11</em> |
| quham | whom (archaic). Henryson, <em>Mouse</em>, 1.2 |
| quhen | when (archaic). <em>quhein</em> in Henryson, <em>Mouse</em>, III.1 |
| quhich | which (archaic). Henryson, <em>Orpheus</em>, III.2 |
| quhil | until (archaic). <em>Douglas Palis</em>, II.5 |
| quhilk | which (archaic). <em>Douglas Palis</em>, II.8. III.3 |
| quhois | which (archaic). <em>Douglas Palis</em>, III.6 |
| quhyle | which (archaic). Henryson, <em>Mouse</em>, I.5 |
| quo’ | quoth | said (survival from Middle English) |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>rabble rook</td>
<td>wild or riotous company</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rade (v.)</td>
<td>rode</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rae</td>
<td>roe (i.e. roe deer)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>raith</td>
<td>quarter of a year, season</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>raip</td>
<td>rope (in Scottish usage, often made of straw or hay)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rant (v., n.)</td>
<td>to sing; a song; usually not a very skilled performance; also to celebrate or frolic, particularly while singing; to revel or romp</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rappit</td>
<td>rapped (at the door)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rushes</td>
<td>rushes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rave</td>
<td>tear, tear off</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reakin(‘)</td>
<td>advancing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reck</td>
<td>reckon</td>
<td>take heed, take into account</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rede</td>
<td>counsel, guidance, wisdome, advice. From Old English. I’ll rede ye richt, gang ne’er at nicht, Tae the weavers gin ye go=“I’ll advise you right, Never go at night, To the weavers if ye go” [Robert Burns, “To the Weavers Gin Ye Go”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>reef-tree</td>
<td>roof-tree, the main overhead beam of a cottage</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reek</td>
<td>smoke</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reel (v.)</td>
<td>be wild, boisterous</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reese</td>
<td>boast, praise, self-praise. Past tense roose, rouse</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reid</td>
<td>red</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>reivers</td>
<td>reave</td>
<td>Those who raid, attack, damage, steal; compare rief richt, rixt right. Often as an intensifier: Richt deadly=“very deadly.” Henryson, Mouse, 1.5; as rycht see Barbour, Bruce 8, 20, (25)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rief</td>
<td>reave</td>
<td>banditry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rig</td>
<td>reave</td>
<td>ploughed land, particularly land that is on a ridge or otherwise raised</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ri’en</td>
<td>riven, i.e. split, cut asunder</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>rin</td>
<td>run</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rivin’</td>
<td>riving, i.e. tearing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rock</td>
<td>distaff, i.e. rock and reel are spinning implements</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>roon, roond</td>
<td>round</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rotten</td>
<td>rat</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>roup (v., n.)</td>
<td>auction</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rouse</td>
<td>see reese</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>routh</td>
<td>plenty, abundance</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>row, row up</td>
<td>roll up, wrap</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ruck</td>
<td>haystack (diminutive ruckie)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ryczht</td>
<td>see richt</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
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<tr>
<td>sacran</td>
<td></td>
<td>church bell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sae</td>
<td></td>
<td>so. SMM, Tullochgorum IV.5-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>saft</td>
<td></td>
<td>soft</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sair (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>sore, hence also severe; weeping sair=&quot;weeping bitterly.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><em>It’s mony a time my hait’s been sair, And like to brak in twa=&quot;It’s many a time my heart’s been sore, And like to break in twa</em>” ['“When Fortune Turns Her Wheel”']</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sair (2)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to serve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sairest</td>
<td></td>
<td>most sore, hence most severe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sairt</td>
<td></td>
<td>served</td>
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<tr>
<td>sal(l)</td>
<td></td>
<td>shall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sang</td>
<td></td>
<td>song. SMM, Tullochgorum I.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sanna, sanna</td>
<td></td>
<td>shall not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sark</td>
<td></td>
<td>shirt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>saunt</td>
<td></td>
<td>saint. 'Twas the Lord o’ Grant, that Hieland saunt, That first laid hands on me=&quot;‘Twas the Lord of Grant, that Highland saint, who first laid hands on me” ['MacPherson’s Lament’]</td>
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<tr>
<td>saut</td>
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<td>salt</td>
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<tr>
<td>sautie</td>
<td></td>
<td>salty</td>
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<tr>
<td>saw (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>sow, plant seed</td>
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<tr>
<td>sax</td>
<td></td>
<td>six</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scaith</td>
<td>(un)scathed</td>
<td>hurt, injury, damage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scaud (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>scauld</td>
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<tr>
<td>scaud (2) (n., v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>a scold, to scold</td>
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<tr>
<td>schiltrom</td>
<td></td>
<td>shield-wall, close-armed company; the formation used by the Scots at Bannockburn</td>
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<tr>
<td>screicj</td>
<td></td>
<td>first sign, dawn, i.e. <em>screich o’ day=&quot;the crack of dawn&quot;</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>screivit</td>
<td></td>
<td>written</td>
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<td>scuds</td>
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<td>drinks</td>
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<td>scunnert</td>
<td></td>
<td>disgusted</td>
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<td>seeley</td>
<td></td>
<td>fairy</td>
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<tr>
<td>seen</td>
<td></td>
<td>soon</td>
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<tr>
<td>sel’</td>
<td></td>
<td>self, usually in compound, *mysel’, hersel’, etc. Also as a reflexive, <em>ain sel’ or nain sel’</em>, (my) own self. <em>Wi’a wee bittie butter and a wee pickle sugar, O be kind to yer nain sel’, John=”With a little bit of butter and a small bit of sugar, O be kind to your own self, John”</em> ['“Be Kind to Your Nainsel’, John”']</td>
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<tr>
<td>sellt</td>
<td></td>
<td>“selled”</td>
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<tr>
<td>shaw</td>
<td></td>
<td>sold</td>
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</table>

An Introduction to Braid Scots • Page 39
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>sheen</td>
<td></td>
<td>shoes; compare <em>shoon</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>shieling</td>
<td></td>
<td>cottage, hut, a place where herdsmen take shelter</td>
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<tr>
<td>shoon</td>
<td></td>
<td>shoes; compare <em>sheen</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>shouther</td>
<td></td>
<td>shoulder</td>
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<tr>
<td>sic</td>
<td></td>
<td>such. SMM, <em>Ewie</em>, chorus.3; as <em>sik</em> in Dunbar, <em>Flying</em>, 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>siccan</td>
<td></td>
<td>such, such kind of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>siccer, sicker</td>
<td></td>
<td>certain, sure. When Robert the Bruce came out of a meeting with one of his rivals declaring “I doubt [which at that time meant ‘believe’] I have slain the Red Comyn,” one of his followers, who hated Comyn, declared “I make siccer” — and went in to be sure the deed was done.</td>
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<tr>
<td>sicht, sixt</td>
<td></td>
<td>sight. Dunbar, <em>Ave</em> 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>sic-like</td>
<td></td>
<td>suchlike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>siller</td>
<td></td>
<td>silver; hence also money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sinsyne</td>
<td></td>
<td>since then</td>
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<tr>
<td>skaith</td>
<td></td>
<td>see <em>scaith</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>skelp</td>
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<td>chastise</td>
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<tr>
<td>skilly</td>
<td></td>
<td>wise, cunning, perhaps magical or engaging in witchcraft</td>
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<tr>
<td>skirl, skyrl</td>
<td></td>
<td>cry out, shriek, make a high-pitched sound — but also used, in a positive sense, of the sound of the Highland Pipes</td>
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<tr>
<td>slae</td>
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<td>sloe</td>
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<td>sleeking</td>
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<td>sliding</td>
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<tr>
<td>slackit (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>slacken, loosen</td>
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<tr>
<td>slippit</td>
<td></td>
<td>slipped</td>
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<tr>
<td>sma’</td>
<td></td>
<td>small</td>
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<tr>
<td>sna’</td>
<td></td>
<td>snow</td>
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<tr>
<td>snaw</td>
<td></td>
<td>snow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>snell</td>
<td></td>
<td>painful, sharp, biting, particularly of extreme cold</td>
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<td>snishing (n.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>snuff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>snother</td>
<td></td>
<td>lamp, easily hidden</td>
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<tr>
<td>socht, soxt</td>
<td></td>
<td>sought</td>
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<tr>
<td>sodger</td>
<td></td>
<td>soldier. <em>A sodger’s wife I never will be, A sodger sall never enjoy me, O; I never do intend tae gae tae a foreign land, And I never will marry a sodger-O!</em>—“A soldier’s wife I never will be, A soldier shall never enjoy me, O. I never do intend to go to a foreign land, And I never will marry a soldier-O!” [“The Bonnie Lass o’ Fyvie-O”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>sooth</td>
<td></td>
<td>survival from Middle English: true, truly, truth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>souchin</td>
<td></td>
<td>sighing (usually of natural elements such as wind or water)</td>
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<tr>
<td>soughs</td>
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<td>sighs (see <em>souchin</em>)</td>
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<td>souk</td>
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<td>suck</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
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<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>soss</td>
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<td>mess</td>
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<tr>
<td>soun’</td>
<td></td>
<td>sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soutar</td>
<td></td>
<td>cobbler, shoemaker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>spak</td>
<td></td>
<td>spoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>speer, spear</td>
<td></td>
<td>see speir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>speir</td>
<td></td>
<td>to ask, question. When Johnny Cope to Dunbar cam’, They speired o’ him, ‘Where’s a’ your men?’=“When Johnny Cope to Dunbar came, They asked of him, ‘Where’s all your men?’” [“Johnny Cope”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>spulzie; also spolzie, spulzie</td>
<td></td>
<td>spoil</td>
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<tr>
<td>stane</td>
<td></td>
<td>stone. Lamkin was as guid a mason As eir built a stane, He built Lord Meanwell’s castle, And on it payment got none=“Lamkin was as good a mason As ever built a stone. He built Lord Meanwell’s castle, And on it payment got none” [“Lord Meanwell,” usually called “Lamkin”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>stang, stang’d</td>
<td></td>
<td>sting, stung</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stap, stappit (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>step, stepped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stark</td>
<td></td>
<td>strong, firm, immovable. Farewell, ye dungeons, stark and strang, Farewell, farewell tae thee=“Farewell, ye dungeons, firm and strong, Farewell, farewell to you” [“MacPherson’s Lament”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>staund, staunding</td>
<td></td>
<td>stand, standing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>staurn</td>
<td></td>
<td>star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>staw (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>stole</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>steen</td>
<td></td>
<td>stone (also refers to the unit of measure, 14 pounds or about 6 kilograms)</td>
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<tr>
<td>steer</td>
<td></td>
<td>strong, robust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stent (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to stretch out, make rigid, taut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stickit</td>
<td></td>
<td>killed (typically with a thrust weapon)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stook (n.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>a collection of sheaves. Through the neus and barley-stooks, jinkin’ you, Johnny Lad=“Through the hiding-places and barley-piles, dodging you, Johnny Lad” [“Jinkin’ You, Johnny Lad”] (N.B. stooks here might also be steuks, stalks)</td>
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<tr>
<td>stook (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>to place in stooks/sheaves</td>
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<tr>
<td>stoot</td>
<td></td>
<td>stout, strong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stot (1)</td>
<td></td>
<td>young bull</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>stot (2)</td>
<td></td>
<td>bounce (a ball)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

An Introduction to Braid Scots • Page 41
**Scots**  |   **Think in terms of**   |   **Meaning/Usage**  
--- | --- | ---  
stoup & glass (of drink), e.g. a *pint stoup* is a pint of an alcoholic beverage. *And surely ye’ll hae your pint stoup! And surely I’ll hae mine*—“And surely you’ll have your pint of drink, and surely I’ll have mine” [Robert Burns, “Auld Lang Syne”]; also occasionally a bucket  
stour, stoor, sture & storm, strong breeze; hence also stormy, strongly; as *sture* in *Rauf Coilyear, II.3*  
stourie & dusty  
strae & straw  
strait & tight, constricting (survival from Middle English)  
strang & strong  
strappin’ strapping & strong, well-built  
straucht, straucht & straight  
streen & short for *yestreen*  
sud, suld & should. *Suld* in *Barbour, Bruce 3, 21; Henryson, Orpheus, I.4*  
sudna, suldna, sudnae & should not  
sumph & foolish, stubborn, sulky person  
sune & soon  
swankie & one who is swank, in the Scots sense of tall and strong  
sweir, sweer, sweirt & lazy, unwilling, unwilling to work. *Though unco sweir, I took them aff, The lassie for tae please*—“Although most unwilling, I took them off, The lassie for to please” [“Nicky Tams”]. As *sweer* in *SMM, Ewie, III.4*  
syne & then, thereafter, since, ago. *He’s dried her cheeks, and he’s kissed her syne*—“He’s dried her cheeks, and he’s kissed her then” or “He’s dried her cheeks, and after that, he kissed her” [“The Rigs o’ Rye”]  

| T |  
--- |  
tabard & coat (survival from Middle English)  
tack & lease  
tae (1) & to, too; sometimes used for *also*  
tae (2), taes & toe, toes  
t’aen, t’ain & the one (often in the phrase *t’ain… t’ither*, “the one… the other”)  
ta’en, taen, tane & taken  
tak’ & take; *Dunbar, Flying, 32*  
tak tent & take heed  
tald & told; see *tauld*  
tane (1), taen, taen & the one. *Ta’en and t’ither*—“The one and the other”)  
tane (2) & see *ta’en*  

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Scots</strong></th>
<th><strong>Think in terms of</strong></th>
<th><strong>Meaning/Usage</strong></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>tap</td>
<td>top</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>tappit-hen</td>
<td>large whiskey-bottle (with a tap?)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>tassie</td>
<td>drinking-cup</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tat, tats</td>
<td>potato. <em>Tatties an’ herrin’, tatties an’ herrin’, The lads wha were brocht up on tatties an’ herrin’</em> = “Potatoes and herring [fish and chips?], potatoes and herring. The lads who were brought up on potatoes and herring” [“Tatties and Herring”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>tattie, tatie</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tauld, tault</td>
<td>told</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>teen (1)</td>
<td>one, first, first one. <em>The teen was killed in Lourin Fair, in Lourin Fair, in Lourin Fair, The teen was killed in Lourin Fair and the tither drooned in Dee</em> = “The first one was killed in Lourin Fair, in Lourin Fair, in Lourin Fair. The first one was killed in Lourin Fair, and the other drowned in [the] Dee” [“Whaur the Gadie Rins”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>teen (2)</td>
<td>vexation, provocation, something irritating</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>telt</td>
<td>told</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ten</td>
<td>to</td>
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<tr>
<td>tet(t)</td>
<td>lock of hair, not necessarily human hair. <em>At ilka tett o’ that hoorse’s mane Hang fifty bonny siller bells an’ ten</em> = “At every lock of that horse’s mane Hang fifty bonny silver bells and tel” [“Willie’s Lady”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>theek</td>
<td>thatch; line; also sometimes thicket</td>
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<tr>
<td>thegither</td>
<td>together; see also a’thgither</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>themlane</td>
<td>themselves alone</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>thocht, thoxt</td>
<td>thought</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>thole (v.)</td>
<td>suffer, endure, experience hardship. Henryson, <em>Mouse</em>, II.2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>thooms</td>
<td>thumbs</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thrang</td>
<td>thronged, hence full (esp. of people)</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>thrave</td>
<td>bulk measure: 24 sheaves of grain</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>throw (v.)</td>
<td>throw; also twist</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thrown</td>
<td>twisted, contorted, crooken</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>throwin</td>
<td>thimble</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>thummlie</td>
<td><em>sexy, buxom</em> (but probably not as strongly dirty in Scots as the English words)</td>
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<tr>
<td>thumpin’</td>
<td>timber, wood</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tine</td>
<td>lose</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tint</td>
<td>lost</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tirl</td>
<td>knock. <em>Sae light he’s jumped up the stair, And tirled at the pin</em> = “So nimbly he’s jumped up the stair, and knocked at the door” [“Charlie He’s My Darling”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scottish Term</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
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<tr>
<td>tirliwirlies</td>
<td>whirligigs</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>tither, t’ither</td>
<td>the other (compare ither; also in the phrase t'aen... t’ither, “the one... the other”). As tother see Barbour, Bruce 7</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>tittling</td>
<td>sparrow</td>
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<tr>
<td>titty</td>
<td>sister (must admit I’ve never heard this one — probably suppressed by the singers)</td>
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<tr>
<td>tocher</td>
<td>dowry, marriage-price. My daddy signed my tocher band Tae gies the lad wha has the land, But tae my ha’rt I’ll add my hand And I’ll gie it tae the weaver=“My daddy signed my dower agreement, To give (me) to the lad who has the land, But to my heart I’ll add my hand And I’ll give it to the weaver” [Robert Burns, “The Gallant Weaver”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>toom (adj.)</td>
<td>empty. Toom tabard (the nickname of the deposed king John Balliol)=“empty coat.” From Gaelic taom</td>
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<tr>
<td>toom (v.)</td>
<td>to empty. Toomed our stoup=“Emptied our glass.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>toon, toun</td>
<td>town</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tother, t’other</td>
<td>see tither</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tole</td>
<td>simmer, boil</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>tow</td>
<td>flax; a rope made of flax</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>trappin</td>
<td>ribbon, binding, tape</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>trews</td>
<td>trousers. Often short trousers, worn under the kilt (by non-Scots, of course). I met a man wi’ tartan trews, I speired at him what was the news=“I met a man in tartan trousers; I asked of him what was the news” [“The Haughs of Cromdale”]</td>
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<tr>
<td>trow (v.)</td>
<td>know, trust, believe, attest; also to swear</td>
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<tr>
<td>tryste tryst</td>
<td>a meeting, appointment, engagement; as a verb, to arrange such a meeting</td>
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<tr>
<td>twa</td>
<td>two</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>twal</td>
<td>twelve</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>twalmonth</td>
<td>twelvemonth, year</td>
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<tr>
<td>twalt</td>
<td>twelfth</td>
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<tr>
<td>twine, twin (1)</td>
<td>part, separate; cf. tyne</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>twin (2)</td>
<td>coarse fabric clothing</td>
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<tr>
<td>twyn (v.)</td>
<td>to work</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>tyne</td>
<td>separate, force apart; cf. twine</td>
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</tbody>
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**U**

unco uncouth strange, unusual, unknown, mysterious. Also as intensifier: *unco strange* = “very strange”

unkend unknown

unseily unhappy, unfortunate, unlucky
### Scots

<table>
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<tr>
<th>V</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>verra, vera</strong></td>
<td>very; <em>vera crack o’</em> = “at that instant”</td>
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<th>W</th>
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<td><strong>wa’</strong></td>
<td>wall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wab</strong></td>
<td>web, hence a section of cloth</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>wabster</strong></td>
<td>weaver</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>wad (1) (v.)</strong></td>
<td>wed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wad (2) (v.)</strong></td>
<td>would. As <em>wald</em> see Barbour, Bruce 11</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>wad (3) (n.)</strong></td>
<td>wager, promise</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>wadna</strong></td>
<td>would not. SMM, Tullochgorum III.3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wae</strong></td>
<td>woe</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>waefu’</strong></td>
<td>woeful</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>waes, wae’s</strong></td>
<td>woe is. <em>But sadly changed indeed was he, O, wae’s me for Prince Charlie</em> = “But sadly changed indeed was he, oh, woe is me for Prince Charlie” [“Wae’s me for Prince Charlie”]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>wains</strong></td>
<td>children</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>waith</strong></td>
<td>hunting, things hunted. Henryson, Mouse, I.7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wak’, wauk, waukin’</strong></td>
<td>walk; also “wake”; see also “wauk”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wald</strong></td>
<td>see <em>wad</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wale</strong></td>
<td>best available item</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>waly, wally</strong></td>
<td>interjection of distress, woe, sorrow. <em>Oh, waly, waly, up the bank, And waly, waly, doon the brae</em> = “Oh, sorrow, sorrow, up the (river)bank, and sorrow, sorrow, down the hillside” [“Waly, Waly”]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wame</strong></td>
<td>womb</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wanert</strong></td>
<td>belly; cf. <em>wime</em></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wark</strong></td>
<td>wandered</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>warl’</strong></td>
<td>work</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>warldly</strong></td>
<td>worldly. SMM, Tullochgorum IV.1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>warsle</strong></td>
<td>wrestle (more often of wrestling with a problem, not a person)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wart</strong></td>
<td>worst</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wat (1) (v.)</strong></td>
<td>to know</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wat (2)</strong></td>
<td>wet</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>wauk</strong></td>
<td>wake; also “wall”; see also “wak’”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>waukin’</strong></td>
<td>waking. <em>When I gaed tae the lassie’s door, I found that she was a-waukin’, But lang, lang ere the mornin’ cam’, Her mither heard us talking</em> = “When I went to the lassie’s door, I found that she was a-waking, But long, long before the morning came, her mother heard us talking” [“Sixteen Come Sunday.” As for “talking” — yeah, right....]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*An Introduction to Braid Scots • Page 45*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scots</th>
<th>Think in terms of</th>
<th>Meaning/Usage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>waukrife</td>
<td>rife with waking</td>
<td>sleepless</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>waur, war</td>
<td></td>
<td>worse. An’ a’though she’s lost her maidenhead, O wha the waur is she?—“And although she’s lost her maidenhead, O what the worse is she?” [“Davy Faa”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>waurlies</td>
<td></td>
<td>rear end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wean, weans</td>
<td></td>
<td>child, children (see wains)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wedder</td>
<td></td>
<td>wether</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wede (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>taken, removed, gone. From (Irish) Gaelic uidhe. The floërs o’ the forest are a’ wede away=“The flowers of the forest are all taken away” [Jean Elliot, “The Flowers of the Forest”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weeda</td>
<td></td>
<td>widow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weeds</td>
<td></td>
<td>clothes (survival from Middle English)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weel, weal</td>
<td></td>
<td>well. O weel may the keel row That my laddie’s in=“Oh, well may the boat row That my laddie’s in” [“Weel May the Keel Row”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weel-faured</td>
<td></td>
<td>beautiful, well-to-do, well-off. Oh, the Laird o’ Drum has a hunting-gane, A’ in the morning early, And he has spied a weel-faured maid, A-shearing her father’s barley=“Oh, the Lord of Drum has a-hunting gone, All in the morning early, And he has spied a beautiful maid, A-shearing her father’s barley” [“The Laird o’ Drum”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weel-kent</td>
<td></td>
<td>well-known</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weet</td>
<td></td>
<td>wet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>weighbeuk</td>
<td></td>
<td>scales, measuring devices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>westlin</td>
<td></td>
<td>western. Now westlin winds and slaught’ring guns Bring autumn’s pleasant weather=“Now western winds and slaughtering guns Bring autumn’s pleasant weather” [Robert Burns, “Westlin Winds”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wha</td>
<td></td>
<td>who</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wha’s</td>
<td></td>
<td>whose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whaur</td>
<td></td>
<td>where</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whilk</td>
<td></td>
<td>which</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whin</td>
<td></td>
<td>furze. The echo mocks the corncrake Among the whinny knowes=“The echo mocks the corncrake Among the furze-covered hills” [“The Echo Mocks the Corncrake”; the corncrake is a bird of the rail family]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whip-the-cat</td>
<td></td>
<td>a tailor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whit</td>
<td></td>
<td>what</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white money</td>
<td></td>
<td>silver money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whummil, wimble</td>
<td></td>
<td>small. A whummil bore is a small hole.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wi’</td>
<td></td>
<td>with. SMM, Tullochgorum I.11, III.12; Ewie chorus.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scots</td>
<td>Think in terms of</td>
<td>Meaning/Usage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wid</td>
<td></td>
<td>see wad (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>widdifus</td>
<td></td>
<td>rascal, untrustworthy person, rogue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wight</td>
<td></td>
<td>survival from Middle English: strong, lively, capable. Seven score of wight young men Came pricking on a row=“Seven score of brisk young men Came lining up in a row” [“The Gest of Robyn Hode”]. As wycht in Barbour, Bruce 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wile</td>
<td></td>
<td>trick, cunning (from Middle English)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wilsome</td>
<td></td>
<td>lonely, difficult. Henryson, Mouse, IV.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wime</td>
<td></td>
<td>stomach; cf. wame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>window-broads</td>
<td></td>
<td>shutters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>win (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>achieve, attain, reach, go to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>winna, winnae</td>
<td></td>
<td>will not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wi’oot</td>
<td></td>
<td>without</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wi’s</td>
<td></td>
<td>with his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wist</td>
<td></td>
<td>knew (compare wat); Rauf Coilyear, II.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woo’</td>
<td></td>
<td>wool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wood</td>
<td></td>
<td>see wud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wrack</td>
<td></td>
<td>trouble, hardship. The warl’s wrack=“Life’s troubles”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wrappit</td>
<td></td>
<td>wrapped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wud</td>
<td></td>
<td>mad, insane. Donald’s run o’er the hill but his tether, man, As he were wud, or stang’d wi’ an ether, man=“Donald’s run over the hill without his tether, man, As if he were mad, or stung by an adder, man” [“Donald MacGillavry”]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wull (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wycht</td>
<td></td>
<td>see wight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wyle</td>
<td></td>
<td>see wale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wynd</td>
<td></td>
<td>narrow street or alley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wynn, wynne (v.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>live. From Middle English. Archaic. Henryson, Mouse, I.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wyte</td>
<td></td>
<td>blame, reproach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Y**

| yarkit | open |
| yate   | see yett |
| yerkt  | jerked |
| yese   | you (plural), similar to y’all |
| yestreen, yester eve | yesterday evening. Yetreen I saw the new moon, wi’ the auld moon in his arms=“Last night I saw the new moon, With the old moon in his arms” [“Sir Patrick Spens”] |
Scots        Think in terms of        Meaning/Usage

yett          gate. Doon Deeside rode Inveray, whistlin' and playin', He has lit at brave Brackley's yet er it was dawn=“Down Deeside rode Inverey, whistling and playing, He has halted at brave Brackley’s gate before it was dawn” [“The Baron of Brackley”]
yill          ale
yin           one (compare “ain”)
yince         once (compare “aince”)
yorlin        finch
yowe, yowes   ewe, ewes. We neither wanted yowes nor lambs While the flocks near us played; She gaitered in the sheep by night And cheered me a’ the day=“We neither wanted ewes nor lambs While the flocks near us played. She gathered in the sheep by night And cheered me all the day” [“The Broom of Cowdenknows”]
**List of Songs Cited in the Vocabulary, with the Words Cited**

Songs marked * are included in one or another appendix of complete texts. Those in *italics* are not specifically Scottish but use words which have since fallen into disuse in English.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Cited for the words</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Man's a Man For A' That, i.e.</td>
<td>birkie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ae Fond Kiss (Burns)</td>
<td>fareweel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are Ye Sleepin' Maggie?</td>
<td>carry, linn, mirk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As I Cam' in by Fisherraw</td>
<td>cutty-stool</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld Lang Syne (Burns)</td>
<td>gowan, stoup</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awa', Whigs, Awa'</td>
<td>loon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aye Waukin' O (Burns)</td>
<td>een, greet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Banks o’ Deveron Water</td>
<td>dinna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Baron o Brackley</td>
<td>yett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Baron o Leys</td>
<td>gat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Kind to Your Nainsel', John</td>
<td>sel'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Besom Maker*</td>
<td>maun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie Bell</td>
<td>fit, prood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The <em>Birken Tree</em></td>
<td>aiblins, lippen, mou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birnie Bouzle</td>
<td>cantie, couthie, hodden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bob o’ Dunblane (Burns)</td>
<td>heckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonny at Morn</td>
<td>e’n (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bonny Lass o’ Fyvie-O</td>
<td>fàën</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The <em>Broom o’ the Cowdenknows</em></td>
<td>burn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caller Herring</td>
<td>caller, faring, halesome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Calton Weaver (=Nancy Whisky)</td>
<td>lawin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cam’ Ye O’er Frae France</td>
<td>belyve, hurdie, linkin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Bover</td>
<td>hinnie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captain Wedderburn’s Courtship</td>
<td>lat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cauld Kail in Aberdeen</td>
<td>kail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlie He’s My Darling</td>
<td>tirl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde’s Water</td>
<td>malison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coming Through the Rye</td>
<td>body</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>The Corpus Christi Carol</em></td>
<td><em>may</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coulter’s Candy</td>
<td>pickle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Crookit Bawbee</td>
<td>niffer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cruel Brother</td>
<td>close</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dainty Davie</td>
<td>leeez me, pow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davy Faa</td>
<td>waur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Day We Went to Rothsay-O</td>
<td>Hogmanay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald MacGillavry</td>
<td>airles, blad, callan, elwand, ether, gourk, mird, wud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dowie Dens o’ Yarrow</td>
<td>dowie, marrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dumbarton's Drums</td>
<td>caddie</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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The Earl of Errol
The Echo Mocks the Corncrake
Eppie Morrie
The Fair Flower of Northumberland
The Feeing Time
Fine Flowers in the Valley (=The Cruel Mother)
The Flowers of the Forest* (Elliot)
For Our Lang Biding Here* (Ramsay)
The Gaberlunzie Man
The Gallant Weaver* (Burns)
Georgie
The Gest of Robyn Hode
The Haughs of Cromdale
The Hecklin’ Kame
The Heir of Linne
Hey Ca’ Thro’
The Highland Widow’s Lament
Jock o’ Hazeldean (Scott)
John Anderson, My Jo
Johnny Cope
Johnny Lad*
Jinkin’ You, Johnny Lad
Johnny o’ Braidesley
Johnny Sangster
The Keach i the Creel
The King’s Dochter Jean (Willie o Winsbury)
Lady Dysie
Lady Mary Anne (Burns)
The Laird o’ Drum
Lamkin
The Land o’ the Leal* (Nairne)
The Lea-Rig (Burns)
Leesome Brand
Lizzie Wan
MacPherson’s Lament
Mallie Leigh
The Maid Gaed tae the Mill
The Moneymust Lads
Nicky Tams
Of A’ the Airts (Burns)
One Misty Moisty Morning
Over the Water to Charlie
The Reel of Stumpie
Riddles Wisely Expounded
The Rigs of Rye
dantin(g)
whin
haud
lane, mane
feeing time
howk
daffin, dule, gab, leglin, loan, wede
lave
ahint, ingle
band, tocher
handle
wight
trews
heckle kame
lane
c’a thro’
ochone
loot
jo
fleg, philabeg, speir
bocht, cuddy, fitba’, lowp
GLAKit, jink, neuk, stook
benison, ding, hough, lap, mair
licht
hie
doubt
laird
aik
weel-faured
stane
leal
buchtin-time, lea-rig
leesome
billy
saunt, stark
aglee
multure
duddie
nicky tams, sweir
airt
portion
oër
douce, feeties, glumple, mankie, minnie, quean
clootie
ava, syne

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Saw You My Maggie?  bree
Sir Patrick Spens  abune, yestreen
Sixteen Come Sunday  waukin'
Tatties and Herring  tattie
Tibbie Fowler  pelf
To the Weavers Gin Ye Go  rede
The Three Ravens  leman
The Twa Brothers  ba'
The Twa Corbies  make
Torn A' Ma Goon  goon
Twa Recruitin' Sergeants  ousen
Wae's Me for Prince Charlie  waes
Waly  waly
The Wark of the Weavers (Burns)  crack
Watkin's Ale  an, bale
Weel May the Keel Row  weel
Welcome Royal Charlie  daurna, doited
Westlin Winds  westlin
Whaur the Gadie Rins  teen
When Fortune Turns Her Wheel  brak, sair
Will Ye Gang Love?  gang
Willie's Lady  faem, tet(t)
Willie's Lyke-Wake  lyke
Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon (Burns)  brae
Some Gaelic Names Often Found in Scottis

Note: There are many more names in Scots Gaelic which are considered to have English equivalents, e.g. Ailos=Alice. This list, however, is intended to concentrate on names of significance in folk song, folklore, or the related history.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gaelic name</th>
<th>English Equivalent</th>
<th>English name</th>
<th>Gaelic Equivalent</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alasdair</td>
<td>Alexander</td>
<td>Alexander</td>
<td>Alasdair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brighde</td>
<td>Bridgit</td>
<td>Bridgit</td>
<td>Brighde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cairistiona</td>
<td>Christine, Christina</td>
<td>Catherine</td>
<td>Catriona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caitlin</td>
<td>Kathleen/Cathleen</td>
<td>Cathleen</td>
<td>Caitlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calum</td>
<td>Malcolm</td>
<td>Charles</td>
<td>Teàrlach</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catriona</td>
<td>Katherine/Catherine</td>
<td>Christine</td>
<td>Catristiona</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deirdre</td>
<td>Deirdre</td>
<td>Deirdre</td>
<td>Deirdre</td>
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<td>Diarmad</td>
<td>Diarmid</td>
<td>Diarmad</td>
<td>Diarmad</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dòmhnall</td>
<td>Donald</td>
<td>Donald</td>
<td>Dòmhnall</td>
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<td>Dùghlas</td>
<td>Douglas</td>
<td>Douglas</td>
<td>Dùghlas</td>
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<td>Ealassaid</td>
<td>Elizabeth</td>
<td>Elizabeth</td>
<td>Ealassaid</td>
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<td>Hugh, Ewan</td>
<td>Ewan</td>
<td>Eòghan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eòin</td>
<td>Jonathan</td>
<td>Fergus</td>
<td>Fearghas</td>
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<td>Fearghas</td>
<td>Fergus</td>
<td>Fergus</td>
<td>Fearghas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Iain</td>
<td>Ian, John</td>
<td>Hugh</td>
<td>Eòghan</td>
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<td>Magaidh</td>
<td>Maggie</td>
<td>Ian, John</td>
<td>Iain</td>
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<td>Mairead</td>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>James</td>
<td>Seumas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Màiri</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>Jonathan</td>
<td>Eòin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mòr</td>
<td>Marion</td>
<td>Katherine</td>
<td>Catriona</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pàdraig</td>
<td>Patrick, Peter</td>
<td>Kathleen</td>
<td>Caitlin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peadar</td>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Maggie</td>
<td>Magaidh</td>
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<td>Robert</td>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>Mairead</td>
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<td>Seumas</td>
<td>James</td>
<td>Marion</td>
<td>Mòr</td>
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<td>Teàrlach</td>
<td>Charles</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>Màiri</td>
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<td>Tòmas</td>
<td>Thomas</td>
<td>Patrick, Peter</td>
<td>Pàdraig</td>
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<tr>
<td>Uilleam</td>
<td>William</td>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Peadar</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Appendix: Scottish Songs**

**Appendix I: A Selection of Scottish Songs**

What follows is simply a selection of Scottish songs, with a parallel explanatory text to the right, to give you some feeling for what Scots really looks like “in action,” so to speak. I’ve tried to keep this mostly light-hearted — all these songs have great tunes, but you aren’t hearing those, so I’ve tried to supply songs that are mostly fun to read on their own.

**Wha Wadna Fecht for Charlie**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wha wadna fecht for Charlie</th>
<th>Who wouldn’t fight for Charlie?¹</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wha wadna draw the sword?</td>
<td>Who wouldn’t draw the sword?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wha wadna up and rally</td>
<td>Who wouldn’t up and rally</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the royal prince's word?</td>
<td>At the royal prince's word?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rouse, arouse, ye kilted warriors,</td>
<td>Rouse, arouse, you kilted warriors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rouse, ye heroes of the north,</td>
<td>Rouse, you heroes of the north,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rouse and join your chieftain’s banners</td>
<td>Rouse and join your chieftain’s banners</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>’Tis your prince that leads you forth.</td>
<td>’Tis your prince that leads you forth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?</td>
<td>Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we own a foreign sway?</td>
<td>Shall we own a foreign sway?²</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall a royal Stuart be banished</td>
<td>Shall a royal Stuart be banished</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While a stranger rules the day?</td>
<td>While the stranger rules the day?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the northern clans advancing!</td>
<td>See the northern clans advancing!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See Glengarry and Lochiel!§</td>
<td>See Glengarry and Lochiel!³</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See the brandished broadswords glancing!</td>
<td>See the brandished broadswords glancing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hieland hairts are true as steel.</td>
<td>Highland hearts are true as steel.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹. Bonnie Prince Charlie, Charles Edward Stuart “The Young Pretender” (1720-1788), the leader of the 1745 rebellion against the Hannoverian monarch George II (reigned 1727-1760). The Hannoverians were descendants in female line from James VI and I, junior to the Stuart line overthrown in 1689 — but they were Protestant, and everyone senior to them was Catholic. The English were dead set against a Catholic monarch, and so brought in the Hannoverians in 1714 when the last Protestant Stuart (Queen Anne) died. The Scots weren’t all that keen on Catholics either, but they were more loyal to the Stuarts, and fought to bring them back in 1715, 1719, and 1745.

². The Hannoverians, George I (reigned 1714-1727) and George II, were of German origin; George I never even really managed to learn English. They had Stuart blood, but no British ways.

³. Glengarry and Lochiel: Clan chiefs. The Lochiels of Cameron were probably the most important Stuart supporters.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

The Besom Maker

I maun hae a wife
Whasoe'er she be,
An she be a woman,
That's enough for me.

Chorus: Buy broom besoms
Who will buy them noo?
Fine heather ringers
Better never grew.

I must have a wife
Whosoever she be
If she is a woman,
That's enough for me.

Buy brooms made of broom
Who will buy them now?
Fine heather ringers
Better never grew.

If that she be bonnie,
I shall think her right
If that she be ugly
What's the odds at night?

If that she be young
How happy I will be;
If that she be auld
The sooner she will dee.

If that she be young
How happy I will be;
If that she be old,
The sooner she will dee.

If that she be fruitfu'
Oh what joy is there,
If that she be barren,
Less will be my care.

If that she be fruitful,
Oh what joy is there;
If that she be barren,
Less will be my care.

If she like a drappie,
She and I'll agree;
If she dinna like it
There's the mair for me.

If she likes a drink,
She and I'll agree;
If she doesn't like it,
There's the more for me.

Be she green or grey,
Be she black or fair,
Let her be a woman,
I shall seek nae mair

Be she green or grey,
Be she black or fair,
Let her be a woman;
I shall seek no more.

A besom is a broom. It was often made of the flowering plantagenet, or broom — which is why we call brooms "brooms" rather than besoms! In this song, we hear a besom-maker hawking his wares in the chorus — and, in between, telling his tale of how much he wants a wife.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

**Bloody Waterloo**

A lady fair was walkin’
along the banks o’ Clyde.
The crystal tears fell fae her een
as I passed by her side.
I saw her waverin’ bosom,
these words bein’ kind and true,
She said, “I’m afraid my Willie’s slain
at bloody Waterloo.”

A sodger there was walkin’,
he did the fair maid spy.
He said, “My dear, what aileth thee?
thy bosom doth heave high.”
“I’ve lost my ain dear Willie,
he’s the lad I do lo’e true,
And I haenae heard fae Willie lad
since he sailed for Waterloo.”

“What were the marks your Willie wore?”
the sodger did enquire.
“He wore a Hieland bonnet
with a feather standing high.
His big broadsword hung by his side
o’er his dark suit o’ blue;
Those were the marks my Willie wore
when he sailed for Waterloo.”

“If that’s the marks your Willie wore,
I saw his dyin’ day.
Six bay’nets pierced his tender breast
afore that he doon lay.
Then haudin’ oot his dyin’ hand,
Cried, ‘Some Frenchman’s slain me noo.’
’Twas I that closed your Willie’s een
at bloody Waterloo.”

A lady fair was walking
along the banks of Clyde.
The crystal tears fell from her eyes
as I passed by her side.
I saw her wavering bosom,
These words being kind and true,
She said, “I’m afraid my Willie’s slain
at bloody Waterloo.”

A soldier there was walking,
he did the fair maid spy.
He said, ”My dear, what aileth thee?
thy bosom doth heave high.”
“I’ve lost my own dear Willie,
he’s the lad I do love true,
And I haven’t heard from Willie lad
since he sailed for Waterloo.”

“What were the marks your Willie wore?”
the soldier did enquire.
“He wore a Highland bonnet
with a feather standing high.
His big broadsword hung by his side
over his dark suit of blue.
Those were the marks my Willie wore
when he sailed for Waterloo.”

“If that’s the marks your Willie wore,
I saw his dyin’ day.
Six bayonets pierced his tender breast
before that he down lay.
Then holding out his dying hand,
Cried, ‘Some Frenchman’s slain me now.’
’Twas I that closed your Willie’s eyes
at bloody Waterloo.”

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Appendix: Scottish Songs

“Oh Willie, lovely Willie!”
and she could say nae mair.
She threw herself doon on the ground
Those awfu’ tiding bare.
“Death, open wide your jaws
And swallow me up too!
Since my Willie lies a mouldring corse
at bloody Waterloo.”

“Stand up, stand up, my fair maid,
My dearest, dinna froom....”
And op’ning up his greatcoat
His tartans they hung doon.
His big broadsword hung by his side
O’er his dark suit of blue.
“I am your long lost Willie lad
Wha sailed for Waterloo.”

“Stand up, stand up, my fair maid,
My dearest, dinna froom....”
And op’ning up his greatcoat
His tartans they hung doon.
“Noo since we’re met, we’ll never pait
Till death sall us divide,
And hand in hand in wedlock band
Alang the banks o’ Clyde.”

“Stand up, stand up, my fair maid,
My dearest, do not frown....”
And opening up his greatcoat
His tartans they hung down.
“Now since we’re met, we’ll never part
Till death shall us divide,
And hand in hand in wedlock band
Along the banks of Clyde.”

The British army, at the time of Waterloo in 1815, was composed mostly of the poorest, most distressed members of society; although the rate of literacy in Britain was relatively high, it was lowest among soldiers, and the army did little to help soldiers keep contact with home anyway. “Broken token” ballads, about long-separated lovers who meet and recognize each other by a broken token (a divided ring, a “crookit bawbee”) are common (19 in the Ballad Index), and there are at least nine traditional songs called “The Plains of Waterloo” (and, of course, many other Waterloo songs); little wonder that the two genres overlapped at least once! In fact, they overlapped twice — This song is usually known as “Lonely Waterloo” [Laws N31]; “The Plains of Waterloo (I)” [Laws N32] is very similar but seems to be more Irish and Canadian. In Canada, the happy ending often disappears.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

The Land o’ the Leal
by Caroline, Lady Nairne

I’m wearin’ awa, Jean,
Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I’m wearin’ awa’ tae the Land o’ the Leal.
There’s no sorrow there, Jean,
There’s neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair in the Land o’ the Leal.

I am wearing away, Jean,
Like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I’m wearing away to the Land of the Loyal.
There’s no sorrow there, Jean,
There’s neither cold nor care, Jean,
The day is indeed fair in the Land of the Loyal.

Ye aye were leal and true, Jean,
Your task is ended noo, Jean,
And I’ll welcome you tae the Land o’ the Leal.
Our bonnie bairn’s there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And oh, we grudged her sair,
tae the Land o’ the Leal.

You indeed were loyal and true, Jean,
Your task is ended now, Jean,
And I’ll welcome you to the Land of the Loyal.
Our bonnie baby’s there, Jean
She was both good and fair, Jean,
And oh, we grudged her sorely
to the Land of the Loyal.

So dry that tearful ee, Jean,
My soul lang’s tae be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me tae the Land o’ the Leal.
So fare-thee-weel my ain Jean,
This world’s care is vain, Jean,
We’ll meet and aye be fain,
tae the Land o’ the Leal.

So dry that tearful eye, Jean,
My soul longs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me to the Land of the Loyal.
So fare you well, my own Jean,
This world’s care is vain, Jean
We’ll meet and indeed be happy
to the Land of the Loyal.

Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne, was born in 1766, the daughter of Jacobites. She married a Jacobite herself — a fact which restricted her career. Her poems were published anonymously in her lifetime (she died in 1845). This is perhaps her most famous composition.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

The Parish of Dunkeld

Oh, what a parish, a terrible parish,  
Oh, what a parish is that of Dunkeld.
They hangit their minister,  
drooned the precentor,
Danged doon the steeple and fuddled the bell.

The steeple was doon  
but the kirk was still stannin’,
They biggit a lum whaur the bell used to hang.
A still-pot they got  
and they brewed Hielan’ whisky;
On Sundays they drank it and ranted and sang.

O, had you but seen how graceful it lookit,  
To see the crammed pews so socially joined.
MacDonell the piper stood up in the pulpit,  
He made the pipes skirt out the music divine.

Wi’ whiskey and beer  
they’d curse and they’d swear;
They’d argue and fecht what ye daurna well tell.
’Bout Geordie and Charlie  
they bothered fu’ rarely,
Wi’ whiskey they’re worse than the de’il himsel’.

When the hairt-cheerin’ spirit  
had mounted their garrets,
Tae a ba’ on the green they a’ did adjourn.
Maids wi’ coats kilted they skippit and lilted,
When tired they shook hands  
and then hame did return.

If the kirks a’ o’er Scotland  
held like social meetings
Nae warning ye’d need frae a far-tinklin’ bell,
For true love and friendship  
would draw ye thegether
Far better than roaring the horrors o’ hell.

With whiskey and beer  
They’d curse and they’d swear
They’d argue and fight what you dare not well tell.
About George [I] and [Bonnie Prince] Charlie  
they bothered full rarely;
With whiskey they’re worse than the devil himself.

When the heart-cheering spirit  
had mounted their garrets,
To a ball on the green they all did adjourn.
Maids with coats kilted they danced and sang.
When tired they shook hands  
and then home did return.

If the churches all over Scotland  
held like social meetings,
No warning you’d need from a far-tinkling bell,
For true love and friendship  
would draw you together
Far better than roaring the horrors of hell.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

Johnny Lad

I bocht a wife in Edinburgh
For ae bawbie;
I got a farthing back again
To buy tobacco wi'  

Cho: And wi' you, and wi' you,
And wi' you, Johnny lad,
I'll dance the buckles off my shoon
Wi' you my Johnny lad.

I bought a wife in Edinburgh
For a halfpenny
I got a farthing back again
To buy tobacco with

When auld King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a thievin' king;
He stole twa bows o' barley meal
Tae mak a white pudding.

The pudding it was awfie gude,
'Twas weel mixed up wi' plooms,
The lumps o' suet in it
Were as big as baith my thumbs.

Samson was a michty man
And he focht wi' cuddy's jaws,
He focht a score o' battles
Wearin' crimson flannel drawers.

There was a man in Nineveh
And he was wondrous wise;
He lowped intae a hawthorn hedge
And scratched oot both his eyes.

There was a man in Nineveh
And he was wondrous wise;
He leapt into a hawthorn hedge
And scratched out both his eyes

And when he saw his een were oot
He was gey troubled then;
He lowped intae anither hedge
And scratched them in again.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
He was very troubled then;
He leapt into another hedge
And scratched them in again.

Napoleon was an emperor
He ruled by land and sea,
He was king o' France and Germany,
But he didn't rule Paul Magee.

Napoleon was an emperor
He ruled by land and sea;
He was king of France and Germany
But he didn't rule Paul Magee.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

Last Sunday I gaed walkin’
And there I saw the Queen,
A-playin’ at the footba’
Wi the lads on Glesga Green.

The captain o’ the ither side
Was scorin’ wi’ great style,
So the Queen she called a policeman
And stuck him in the gaol.

My Johnny is a bonnie lad,
He is a lad o’ mine;
I’ve never had a better lad,
And I’ve had twenty-nine.

Last Sunday I went walking
And there I saw the queen,
A-playing at the football
With the lads on Glasgow Green

The captain of the other side
Was scoring with great style,
So the Queen she called a policeman
And stuck him in the jail.

My Johnny is a bonnie lad,
He is a lad of mine.
I’ve never had a better lad
And I’ve had twenty-nine.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

The Birken Tree

Another text can be found in Ord (pp. 100-101) as “Johnnie's Got His Jean, O,” but this version, from the Fisher Family, is almost the same.

“Oh, lass gin ye wad think it richt
Tae gang wi' me this very nicht
We'll cuddle till the morning licht,
By a' the lave unseen, O
An' ye shall be my dearie,
    my ain dearest dearie
An' ye shall be my dearie,
    gin you meet me at e'en, O.”

“Oh, lass, if you would think it right
To go with me this very night,
We'll cuddle till the morning light
By all the rest unseen, oh,
And you shall be my dearie,
    My own dearest dearie
And you shall be my dearie,
    If you meet me at evening, oh.”

“I daur nae frae my mammie gae,
She locks the door and keeps the key,
And e'en an' mornin' charges me,
And it's aye aboot the men, O
She said they're a' deceivers,
    deceivers, deceivers
She said they're a' deceivers,
    we canna trust tae ane, O”

“I dare not from my mammie go,
She locks the door and keeps the key,
And evening and morning charges me,
And it's indeed about the men, oh,
She says they're all deceivers
    deceivers, deceivers,
She says they're all deceivers,
    we cannot trust to one, oh.

“O never mind your mammie's yell,
Nae doot she met yer dad hersel'
And should she flyte ye may her tell
She's aften done the same, O.
Sae lassie, gie's yer hand on't,
    your bonne milk-white hand on't,
So lassie, gie's yer hand on't,
    and scorn tae lie your lane, O.”

“Oh, never mind your mammie's yell,
No doubt she met your dad herself,
And should she complain you may her tell
She's often done the same, oh,
So lassie, give your hand on it,
    your bonne milk-white hand on it,
So lassie, give your hand on it,
    and scorn to lie alone, oh.”

“Oh, lad, my hand I canna gie,
But aiblins I may steal the key
And meet ye at the birken tree
That grows down in the glen, O.
But dinna lippen laddie,
    I canna promise laddie
But dinna lippen laddie,
    in case I cannae win, O.”

“Oh, lad, my hand I cannot give,
But maybe I can steal the key,
And meet you at the birch tree
That grows down in the glen, oh,
But don't hope too much, laddie,
    I cannot promise, laddie
But don't hope too much, laddie,
    In case I cannot win [free], oh.”
Appendix: Scottish Songs

So he's gane tae the birken tree
In hopes his true love there tae see
An’ wha cam’ trippin’ o’er the lea
But just his bonnie Jean, O,
An’ she sat doon beside him,
beside him, beside him,
An’ she sat doon beside him,
upon the grass sae green, O.

“I’m overjoyed wi’ rapture noo,”
Cried he as he kissed her cherry mou’
And Jeannie ne’er had cause tae rue
That nicht upon the green, O
For she has got her Johnnie,
her sweet an’ loving Johnnie,
For she has got her Johnnie,
an’ Johnnie’s got his Jean, O.

So he’s gone to the birch tree
In hopes his true love there to see,
And who came skipping over the lea
But just his bonnie Jean, oh,
And she’s sat down beside him,
beside him, beside him,
And she’s sat down beside him
upon the grass so green, oh.

“I’m overjoyed with rapture now,”
Cried he as he kissed her cherry mouth,
And Jeannie never had cause to rue
That night upon the green, oh,
For she has got her Johnnie,
her sweet and loving Johnnie,
For she has got her Johnnie,
and Johnnie’s got his Jean, oh.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

Geordie

This is Ord’s version (pp. 456-457) of the famous ballad of Geordie (Child #209), which he calls “My Geordie, O, My Geordie, O.”

There was a battle in the north
And rebels there were mony,
And mony ane got broken heads,
And taken was my Geordie.

My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
O the love I bear to Geordie;
For the very ground I walk upon
Bears witness I love Geordie.

As she gaed up the Tollbooth stair,
The cripples there stood mony,
And she dealt the red gowd them amang,
To pray for her love Geordie.

My Geordie…

And when the came into the hall
The nobles there stood mony;
And ilka ane stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

Up he spak’ a norlan’ lord,
I wat he spak’ na bonnie:
“If ye stay here a little while
You’l see Geordie hangit shortly.”

Then up bespak’ a baron bold,
And o’ but he spak’ bonnie:
“If you’ll pay down five hundred crowns
Ye’ll get your true-love Geordie.”

Some gave crowns, and some gave pounds,
Some lent her guineas mony,
And she’s paid down five hundred crowns,
And she’s gotten her true-love Geordie.

There was a battle in the north
And rebels there were many,
And many [a] one got broken heads,
And taken was my Geordie.

My Geordie-o, my Geordie-o,
Oh, the love I bear to Geordie;
For the very ground I walk upon
Bears witness I love Geordie.

As she went up the Tolbooth stair,¹
The cripples there stood many,
And she dealt the red gold them among,
To pray for her love Geordie.²

My Geordie…

And when she came into the hall,
The nobles there stood many,
And each one stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

Up then spoke a northland lord,
I know he spoke not bonnie;
“If you stay here a little while,
You’l see Geordie hangéd shortly.”

Then up spoke a baron bold,
And oh but he spoke bonnie:
“If you’ll pay down five hundred crowns
You’ll get your true love Geordie.

Some gave crowns and some gave pounds;
Some lent her guineas many,
And she’s paid down five hundred crowns
And she’s gotten her true love Geordie.

¹ I am interpreting Ord’s “Tollbooth” as the Tolbooth, one of Edinburgh’s chief public buildings in the fourteenth through eighteenth centuries.
² “Geordie” is often taken to refer to George, fourth Earl of Huntley, killed in 1562 (in battle, not by the king). This identification is dubious, but this verse does seem to imply an early date, since a Catholic would be much more likely to purchase prayers.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

When she was mounted on her steed,
And on behind her Geordie,
Nae bird on brier e’er sang sae sweet
As the young knight and his ladie.
   My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
   O the love I bear to Geordie;
   The very stars in the firmament
   Bear token I love Geordie.

When she was mounted on her steed,
And on behind her Geordie,
No bird on briar ever sang so sweet
As the young knight and his lady.
   My Geordie-o, my Geordie-o,
   Oh, the love I bear to Geordie;
   The very stars in the firmament
   Bear token I love Geordie.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

Jamie Raeburn’s Farewell

A famous song, sometimes connected to the story of a baker transported to Australia around 1820. Some sources claim that it sold a hundred thousand broadside copies. This version is from pp. 243-244 of Ford. This hardly needs glossing, but I’ll do it anyway. I’ve omitted the last verse.

My name is Jamie Raeburn
  in Glasgow I was born,
My place and habitation
  I’m forced to leave with scorn;
From my place and habitation
  I now must gang awa’;
Far frae the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

'Twas early one morning,
  just by the break of day,
I overheard the turn-key,
  who unto us did say,
“Arise, ye hapless convicts,
  Arise ye ane and a’;
This is the day ye are to stray from Caledonia.”

We all arose, put on our clothes,
  our hearts were full of grief,
Our friends they a’ stood round the coach,
  could grant us no relief,
Our friends they a’ stood round the coach,
  their hearts were broke in twa,
To see us leave the bonnie braes of Caledonia.

Farewell, my aged mother,
  I’m vexed for what I’ve done,
I hope none will upcast to you
  the race that I have run;
I hope you’ll be provided for
  when I am far awa’;
Far from the bonnie hills and dales of Caledonia.

Farewell, my honoured father,
  he is the best of men,
And likewise my own sweetheart,
  it’s Catherine is her name;
Nae mair we’ll walk by Clyde’s clear stream,
  nor by the Broomielaw,
For I must leave the hills and dales of Caledonia.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

Maggie Lauder
by Francis Sempill? (c. 1616-1682)

Wha wadna be in love
   wi’ bonnie Maggie Lauder
A piper met her gaun tae Fife
and speired what was they caed her
Richt scornfully she answered him
   “Begone, you hallowshaker!
Jog on your gate, you balderskate,
   my name is Maggie Lauder.”

“Maggie!” quo’ he, “And by my bag
   I’m fidgin’ fain tae see thee!
Sit doon by me, my bonnie bird,
   In faith, I winna steer thee.
For I’m a piper tae my trade,
   my name is Rab the Ranter;
The lassies loup as they were daft
   When I blaw up my chanter.”

“Piper!” quo Meg, “Hae ye your bag,
   and is your drone in order?
Gin ye be Rab, I’ve heard o’ ye,
   live ye upon the border?
The lassies a’, both near and far,
   hae heard o’ Rab the Ranter;
I’ll shake my fit wi’ richt gude will
   gin ye’ll blaw up your chanter.”

Then tae his bags he flew wi’ speed,
   aboot the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop’d o’er the green
for brawly could she frisk it.
“Weel done!” quo he; “Play on!” quo she;
   “Weel bobbed,” quo Rab the Ranter;
“’Tis worth my while to play indeed
   When I hae sic a dancer!”

Who wouldn’t be in love
   with bonnie Maggie Lauder
A piper met her going to Fife
and asked what it was they called her.
Right scornfully she answered him
   “Begone, you hallanskaker!
Go on your way, you balderskate,
   my name is Maggie Lauder.”

“Maggie!” said he, “And by my bag,
   I’m itching sore to hear you!
Sit down by me, my bonnie girl,
   In faith, I will not mislead you.
For I’m a piper to my trade,
   my name is Rab the Ranter;
The lassies dance as if they were daft
   When I blow up my chanter.”

“Piper!” said Meg, “Have you your bag,
   and is your drone in order?
If you be Rab, I’ve heard of you,
   live you upon the border?
The lassies all, both near and far,
   hae heard of Rab the Ranter;
I’ll shake my foot with right good will
   if you’ll blow up your chanter.”

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
   aboot the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop’d over the green,
for brawly could she frisk it.
“Well done!” said he; “Play on!” said she;
   “Well agreed,” said Rab the Ranter;
“’Tis worth my while to play indeed
   When I have such a dancer!”
*Appendix: Scottish Songs*

“Weel hae ye played your part,” quo Meg,
“Your cheeks are like the crimson.
There’s nane in Sco’land 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 cam tae Anster Fair,
speir ye for Maggie Lauder.”

“Well have you played your part,” said Meg,
“Your cheeks are like the crimson.
There’s none in Scotland plays so well
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
I’ve lived in Fife, both maid and wife,
these ten years and a quarter;
If you should come to Anster Fair,
ask you for Maggie Lauder.”

Notes to “Maggie Lauder”: Habbie Simpson, mentioned in “Maggie Lauder,” was an historical character, a piper in the late sixteenth century. It is perhaps worth noting that Francis Sempill’s father Robert Sempill, wrote a book about Simpson. If you think there is more going on in this song than a little dancing, you may be right; there is a report that Maggie got pregnant from, um, dancing so hard. Of course, I know of no evidence that Maggie and Rab were actually historical.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

Caristiona (Cairistiona)

Just for some balance, here is one song in Scots Gaelic — one of the best-known Hebridean folk songs. The usual name seems to be “Cairistiona,” “Christina,” but I’m using the version from volume II of Marjory Kennedy-Frasier and Kenneth Macleod, Songs of the Hebrides, Boosey & Co., 1917, pp. 182-184, which calls it Caristiona. There are a lot of dubious things in Songs of the Hebrides, including a lot of piano arrangements, but some beautiful songs as well.

’S a Caristiona!  My Christina!
Nach fhreagair thu mi? Will you answer my cry?
Cha fhreagair thu nochd? Do you not answer tonight?
Mo dhiobhail mi! Such grief to me!
’S a Caristiona! My Christina!
Nach fhreagair thu mi? Will you answer my cry?

Tha mo chridhe briste briste
Sore my heart grieves, grieves,
Tha mo shùil gu sîl teach, sîl teach
And my eyes stream, stream,
Bha m’inn dé ’gad chur ’s a’ chistidh
Yesterday I stood at your coffin¹
Bha m’inn diugh air bruach do lice
Today I am listening by the grave.

’S a Caristiona!  My Christina!
Nach fhreagair thu mi? Will you answer my cry?
Cha fhreagair thu nochd? Do you not answer tonight?
Mo dhiobhail mi! Such grief to me!
’S a Caristiona! My Christina!
Nach fhreagair thu mi? Will you answer my cry?

¹. Properly the “kisting,” the placing in the kist, chest, coffin

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Appendix: Scottish Songs

The Flowers of the Forest

Hostility between England and Scotland was constant after 1314, the year Robert Bruce won
the Battle of Bannockburn and earned Scottish independence. When Henry VII usurped the
throne of England in 1485, he tried to put a stop to that. He had enough trouble dealing with all
the English rebels (after all, just about everyone in the country had a better claim to the throne
than Henry did — he actually had a better claim to the throne of France than to that of England!).
Henry even married his daughter Margaret to James IV of Scotland. But when Henry VIII
succeeded his father Henry VII in 1509, he was young and foolish and thought he could conquer
France. The French, with a larger population and a more modern army, could probably have
simply crushed him — but they decided to encourage James IV to turn against England;
insurance never hurt. In 1513, while Henry was off winning pretend battles in France, northern
England was invaded by one of the best armies Scotland had ever fielded, led by the King himself.

England was lucky. Because Henry VIII was playing soldier in France, he had to appoint a real
soldier to deal with Scotland — the Earl of Surrey, Thomas Howard, very old (he had been a
veteran soldier at the Battle of Bosworth back in 1485) but very canny. The Battle of Flodden was
fought on September 9, 1513. Surrey received James's attack and destroyed the Scottish army.
James IV was among the slain, and so were many of his chief lords. The flower of Scottish
knighthood was destroyed; the people said “The flowers of the forest are all wede [taken] away.”

A pipe tune with the name “The Flowers of the Forest” was circulating within a few years. In
the eighteenth century, a woman named Jean (or Jane) Elliot set lyrics. There are many variations
on these; I’m going to transcribe the words as I have learned them from various sources.

The tune is still played on the pipes; it is Scotland's national lament for her dead.

I've heard them lilting
   at the yowe-milkin',
Lasses a-lilting
   afore dawn o' day.
Now they are moanin'
   on ilka green loaning
The flo'ers o' the forest
   are a' wede away.

I've heard them singing
   at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a-singing
   before dawn of day.
Now they are moaning
   on every green lawn,
The flowers of the forest
   are all gone away.

At buchts in the mornin'
   Nae blythe lads are scornin'
The lasses are lanely
   and dowie and wae.
Nae daffin', nae gabbin',
   but sighin' and sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglin
   and hies her away

At (sheep)folks in the morning
   No blythe lads are playing,
The lasses are lonely
   and doleful and woeful.
No flirtin', no chattin',
   but sighin' and sobbin',
Every one lifts her milk-pail
   and takes her away.
Appendix: Scottish Songs

At e’en, in the gloaming,
nae swankies are roamin’,
’Bout stacks wi’ the lasses
at bogle to play.
But ilk ane sits dreamie
lamenting her dearie,
The flo’ers o’ the forest
are a’ wede away.

Dule and wae for the order
that sent them tae the Border!
The English, for aince,
by guile wan the day.
The flo’er o’ the forest
that faucht aye the foremaist,
The prime o’ oor land,
lie cauld in the clay.

We’ll hear nae mair litting
at oor yowe-milkin’
Women and bairns
are heartless and wae
Sighin’ and moanin’
on ilka green loaning
The flo’ers o’ the forest
are a’ wede away.

At evening, in the twilight,
no fine young men are roaming,
About haystacks with the lasses
at “ghost” to play,
But each one sits dreamie
lamenting her dearie,
The flowers of the forest
are all gone away.

Grief and woe for the order
that sent them to the Border!
The English, for once,
by guile won the day.
The flowers of the forest
that fought indeed the foremost,
The prime of our land
lie cold in the clay.

We’ll hear no more singing
at our ewe-milking,
Women and children
are heartless and full of woe.
Sighing and moaning
on every green lawn,
The flowers of the forest
are all gone away.
Appendix II: A History of Scottis

Scottish Literature

It is ironic and depressing to note that most of the great Scottish writers did not write in Scots. Sir Walter Scott’s native language was Scots, but he pressed upon his publishers the demand that they must eliminate the Scotticisms from his writings. Robert Burns gave his Scottish roots freer reign, but he wrote standard English as well as Scots, and is said to have regarded most of his writings as English with some Scotticisms added.

Scottish literature is in any event a relatively late thing. Thomas the Rhymier, properly Thomas of Ercildoune, is considered the first Scottish writer, and he was active in the thirteenth century — his most important prophecy was made in 1285; when King Alexander III died, he declared that “before the next day at noon, such a tempest shall blow as Scotland has not felt for many years before.”

Thomas left two legacies. One is of his rhyming prophecies — which, however, are usually preserved in forms much too recent for his time, e.g.

At Eildon Tree, if you should be,
Abrig ower [bridge over] Tweed you there may see.

More literary is the Tristan poem attributed to Thomas, but it cannot be proved that he wrote it. Indeed, the language of the poem we now have appears to be English (from the Midlands), not Scottish. As a sample of early Scots vocabulary, little can be said for it. Much the same must be said of a poem allegedly penned about the death of Alexander:

Quhen Alysandyr oureKyng wes dede, When Alexander our King was dead
That Scotland led in luwe and le, That Scotland led in love and loyalty
Away weso ns off ale and brede, Away were son[g]s of ale and bread
Off wyne and waxt, off gamyn, and gle: Of wine and success(?), of gaming and glee
Oure gold wes changyd in to lede. Our gold was changed into lead.
Cryst, borne in to Virgynye, Christ, born into Virginity
Succoure Scotland and Remede Succor Scotland and remedy
That stad perplexyte.¹ That state[s] perplexity.

Next after Thomas the Rhymier is John Barbour (c. 1316?-1395), quoted in the introduction, the historian of the wars with England. He is regarded by most as the first real Scottish writer. But, as far as we can tell, both Barbour and Thomas saw themselves as writers in English. Certainly the next few major names felt that way; Dunbar and Henryson, the first Scots poets of any real merit, seem to have been trying to imitate Chaucer!

It was not until the early sixteenth century that Gavin Douglas regarded himself as writing in “Scottish” — this in the aftermath of the Battle of Flodden in 1513, at which King James IV was killed, causing a rupture between England and Scotland that lasted until the Union of the Crowns. Douglas’s older contemporary William Dunbar explicitly referred to his language as “Inglis.” Nor was there much Scots literature written at this time; in Scotland at least, the Tudor period was largely barren of literature — in part, probably, because John Knox and the Presbyterians opposed anything interesting and in part because the strife of the time, and the effects of the Little Ice Age, meant there was little excess capacity to support writers and poets.

¹. As quoted in Wyntoun’s Original Chronicle, but it is generally felt that either Wyntoun (who worked about a century after Alexander III) or another scribe has updated the language.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

After that, for a long time, the Scots writers were mostly trying to appeal to the English. Wittig's history of Scots literature has chapters on only five writers prior to Burns: John Barbour, Robert Henryson, William Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and David Lyndsay; it devotes more space to the Scots ballads than any of these except Dunbar.

Burns was thus both the flowering and the fading of Scots literature. The first poet of the people, as opposed to the upper classes, of Scotland (for a sample of his populist sentiments, see For a’ that and a’ that in this volume), he still felt the need to appeal to the folks with the money (although he was never very comfortable in their company). And, hence, to often limit his Scottishness. Walter Scott did the same, and to a greater extent; although he (like Burns) published folk songs (frequently touched up), his goal was to make a decent living from his writings. And so he pitched them to where the money was: England.

Since his time, there have been great writers from Scotland (notably Robert Louis Stevenson), but they do not write in Braid Scots; they write in English. The survival of Scots is in the words of the people — their songs, their folktales, their jokes. This dictionary is smaller than other Scots dictionaries, but at least it is a dictionary, insofar as I can make it one, of the actual words of the Scots.

The Re-Anglification of Scottis

In the introduction, I described how Scottis has become more “Englishfied” over the years since the Union of the Crowns. Ordinarily this is linguistically impossible, but it has happened in this case. The samples below show the evolution of Scots over the centuries.

Thomas of Ercildoun’s Prophecy (pseudopigraphal)

Thomas of Ercildoun, Thomas the Rhymer, is mentioned above as the somewhat theoretical ancestor of Scottish literature. We do at least have works attributed to him — notably Thomas of Ercildoun’s Prophecy, an answer to the Countess of Dunbar’s question as to when the English war would end. The answer is recorded in the famous fourteenth century manuscript known as the Harley Lyrics, British Library MS. Harley 2253 (folio 127r).

This manuscript was copied in the reigns of Edward II and Edward III (being finished perhaps in the 1340s), so the Scottish Wars were still an immediate concern (which might explain why a Scotsman’s prophecy was recalled in England). The scribe is known from his other works to have lived in western England, perhaps in the Ludlow area. He writes in the relatively new “Anglicana” script, which looks wild and loopy to us but which required relatively few pen lifts; it was an efficient writing style.

Note that this “prophecy” seems to be in an English dialect, so it is unlikely that Thomas wrote it — at least in this form; it could have been adapted. At minimum, it gives you some idea of the Middle English of the time.

Note that the letter W (found at the beginning of most of the lines) has not settled on its final shape. The scribe still uses þ for ð. He also still uses yogh (ȝ) as well as the symbol ȝ for and. The use of “Ff” for “f” at the start of words was common in this period. In the transcription below, there are no instances of yogh but several of þ. I have retained this, but corrected the use of i/j and usually of u/v to conform with modern usage. I have used & for ȝ. In the modernized transcript which follows, I have used modern orthography.
Appendix: A History of Scots

Text of the manuscript

La countesse de Donbar demanda a Thomas de Essedoun quant la guere descoce prendreit fyn e yl la res pondy e dyt
When man as mad a kyng of a capped man;
When mon is leuere ophermones þyng þen is owen
When Londyon ys forest ant forest ys felde;
When hares kendles oþe herston /
When wyt & wille were togeth dere;
When mon makes stables of kyrk-kes, & steles castles wyþ styes
When Rokesbourh nys no burgh ant market is at Fforweleye
When þe alde is gan ant
þe newe is come þ<T> don noþ
When Bambourne ys donged wyþ dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to buyen & to sellen
When a quart of whaty
Whete is chaunged for a colt of ten markes
When prude prikes & pees is leyd in prisoun
When a Scot ne may hym hufe ase hare in forme þ<T> þe Englysshe ne shal hym fynde
(etc.)
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Modernized transcription and translation

When man as mad a kyng
of a capped man;
When mon is levere
othermones thyng then is owen;
When Londyon ys forest,
ant forest ys felde;
When hares kendles o the herston;
When wyt and wille werres togedere;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes,
and steles castles wyth styes;
When Rokesbourh nys no burgh
ant market is at Forweleye;
When the alde is gan
ant the newe is come that don noth;
When Bambourne is dongy wyth dece men;
When men ledes men in ropes
to buyen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty where
is chaunged for a colt of ten markes;
When prude prikes
and pees is leyd in prisoun;
When a Scot ne may hym hude ase hare in forme
that the Englysshe ne shal hym fynde;
When rytht ant wrong asceneth to-gedere;
When laddes weddeth lovedis;
When Scottes flen so faste that for
faute of ship hy drouneth hem-selve:
Whenne shal this be?
Nouth in thine tyme ne in myne.
Ah comen and gon
with-inne twenty wynter ant on.

When a man is made a king
of a mad man
When a man would liefer [sooner] [have]
other man's things than his own
When London¹ is [a] forest,
and forest is field
When hares kindle [give birth] on the hearthstone
When wit and will make war against each other
When man makes stables of churches,
and steal [capture castles with ladders.
When Roxburgh² is no burgh [city]
and [the] market is at Forweleye,
When the old is gone
and the new is come that has non nothing,
When Bannockburn³ is manured with dead men,
When men lead men in ropes
to buy and to sell,
When a quarter of moldy(?) wheat
is exchanged for a colt of ten marks,⁴
When pride is spurred on
and peace is led in prison,
When a Scot may not him hide as a hare in a form
so that the English shall not him find,
When right and wrong ascend together
When lads marry [low-born] lovers,
When Scots flee so fast that for
lack of a ship they drown themselves,
When shall this be?
Neither in your time nor in mine,
It comes and goes
within twenty winters on.⁵

¹. The style in which this scribe writes is such that n and u generally cannot be distinguished. So the reference might be to London, the city in England, or Loudon, the less important hill in Scotland

². Roxburgh, and its great castle, was one of the great cities of medieval Scotland

³. “Bannockburn,” where Robert Bruce utterly defeated Edward II in 1314 and won Scottish independence, is the usual gloss for “Bambourne.” I'm not sure I buy it — it's such a convenient explanation! I am tempted to refer to it to the great frontier of Bamburgh, the site of many battles in the Scots Wars — and also the Wars of the Roses.

⁴. The mark was two-thirds of a pound, so ten marks is six and two-thirds pounds. This represents the equivalent of two months' income for a knight, so it's a pretty high-priced horse. Certainly worth more than a relatively small load of presumably-bad wheat.

⁵. Thomas's dates are unknown; he was an adult by 1265, still alive in 1286, and probably still living in 1294; several sources suggest a death date of 1298. If the poem really refers to Bannockburn in 1314, then Thomas could have spoken this poem while still alive and have it come true “on schedule.”

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Appendix: A History of Scottis

John Barbour

The Bruce

Barbour’s The Bruce is the earliest extant piece of Scottish literature which can be clearly associated with an author and setting. The tale of Robert Bruce and the Bannockburn War was written in the 1370s, and earned him a pension from the crown in 1378. He was probably born around 1320 and likely died in 1395. He held an archdeaconry in 1356, but spent most of his later career in royal service. The best-known line of his poem is “Freedom is a noble thing” (line 225). Several other poems are attributed to him, but they are lost or the authorship is uncertain.

The text is that of Walter W. Skeat, editor, The Bruse, or, The Book of the most excellent and noble prince, Robert de Broyss, King of Scots, compiled by Master John Barbour, Early English Text Society, 1874. The usage of v/w has been modernized, and also th.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

1  Storys to rede ar delatibill
    Suppos that thai be nocht bot fabill,
    Than suld storys that suthfast wer
    And thai war said on gud maner
    Stories to read are delectable,
    Even if they be nothing but fable,
    Therefore should stories that truthful\(^1\) were
    And that were told in a good manner
5  Have doubill plesance in herynge.
    The fyrrst plesance is the carpyng,
    And the tother the suthfastnes
    That schawys the thing rycht as it wes,
    And suth thyngis that ar likand
    Be doubly pleasant in hearing
    The first pleasance is the reciting
    And the other the truthfulness
    That shows the thing just as it was
    And true things that are wholesome
10 Tyll mannyes herynge ar plesand.
    Tharfor I wald fayne set my will
    Giff my wytt mycht suffice thartill
    To put in wryt A suthfast story
    To a man's hearing are pleasant.
    Therefore I would fain set my will —
    If my wit might suffice theretill
    To put in writing a true story
    That it lest ay furth in memory
    That it last indeed henceforth in memory
15 Swa that na [lenth of tyme]\(^2\) It let
    Na ger it haly be forget.
    For auld storys that men redys
    Representis to thaim the dedys
    Of stalwart folk that luyht ar
    So that no length of time hinder it
    Nor make it wholly be forgot.
    For old stories that men read
    Represent to them the deeds
    Of stalwart folk that lived [of] yore
20 Rycht as thai than in presence war.
    And certis thai suld weill have prys
    That in thar tyme wycked and wyle
    And led thar lyff in gret travaill,
    And oft in hard stour of bataill
    Just as if they in their presence were.
    And certainly they would have praise
    That in their time were strong and wise
    And led their lives in great travail
    And often in hard suffering of battle
25 Wan [richt] gret price off chevalry
    And war voydyt off cowardy.
    Won truly\(^3\) great prize of chivalry
    And were cleared\(^4\) of cowardliness.

Vocabulary of Barbour’s found in later Braid Scots

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tr>
<td>carp</td>
<td>to perform</td>
<td>Bruce 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>gar</td>
<td>to make</td>
<td>Bruce 16 (as ger)</td>
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<td>gif</td>
<td>if</td>
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<td>right</td>
<td>Bruce 8, 20, (25) (as rycht)</td>
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<td>suld</td>
<td>should</td>
<td>Bruce 3, 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tither</td>
<td>the other</td>
<td>Bruce 7 (as tother)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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1. suthfast = sooth-fast, fully sooth, entirely true
2. the Edinburgh manuscript, Skeat’s main source, reads “tyme of lenth,” which Skeat calls “an obvious error.” I’m not entirely convinced — “tyme of lenth” might mean “time long after now,” or even be an error for “tyme of Lent” — but I follow Skeat
3. the word “richt,” “right,” i.e. true, thorough (an intensifier) is lacking in the Edinburgh manuscript but found in most of the old editions
4. voydyt = “voided,” hence cleared, expunged

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Appendix: A History of Scottis

The Knightly Tale of Gologras and Gawain

England produced close to a hundred metrical romances; Scotland only a handful. Yet Gologras and Gawain is considered one of the better examples of the genre. The dialect is strong and difficult, and the metrical form — 13-line stanzas, with the first nine lines being long and alliterative and the last four short two-stress lines, rhymed ababababcd — virtuosic but often hard to follow.

The tale itself has two major incidents, with the second being three times the length of the first. The tale begins with Arthur and his knights setting out on a pilgrimage to Italy; they hope to go on to the Holy Land. While in France, they find themselves short of supplies. After Sir Kei tries unsuccessfully to commandeer the supplies, Sir Gawain, by acting with courtesy, is granted them. The company then continues on its way to Jerusalem. The come to the fine castle of Sir Gologras, an independent knight who admits allegiance to no higher lord. Arthur insists that he will deal with this unruly un-vassal, but his forces almost come to grief in the siege. Finally Gawain manages to defeat Gologras. Gologras demands that Gawain kill him; Gawain talks him out of it, but only on condition of being made to appear the loser. By this display of troth, Gawain convinces Gologras's unruly supporters to grant their allegiance to Arthur. The key to the entire story is courtesy and troth, the point being that Gawain's almost superhuman virtue can overcome obstacles.

The story is believed to be based on the “First Continuation” of Chrétien de Troyes's Percival, with the name “Gologras” probably being a twisting of the “Castle Orguellous” which Arthur's forces fight in that romance. The only surviving copy of the romance is a printed edition, so the date of the original writing is uncertain, but most would accept the late fifteenth century as the time. The language is Middle Scottish, and given the complex verse form, it is clear that it was composed in that language.

This is a work printed by the first Scottish printers Chepman and Myllar (see the notes on The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy, which shows a sample of their work); it uses y for þ (intermittently; the work also uses th), but I have used the standard þ character. There is a clear instance of ȝ for y in line 16, but also many uses of a proper y.

Suspensions have been silently expanded. Odd usages involving u, v, and n are modernized. The text is based on the online TEAMS edition.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me tald,
The King turnit on ane tyde towart tuskane,
Hym to seik our þe sey, that saiklese was sald,
The syre þat sendis all seill, suthly to sane;
With banrentis, barounis, and bernis full bald,
Biggst of bane and blude bred in britane.
Thai wailt out werryouris with wapinnis to walde,
The gayest grumys on grund,
    with geir þat myt gane;
Dukis and digne lordis, doughty and deir,
Sembillit to his summoune,
Renkis of grete renoune,
Cumly kingis with crowne
Of gold þat wes cleir.

Thus the royale can remove, with his round tabill,
Of all riches maist rike, in riall array.
Wes never fundun on fold, but fenþeining or fabill,
Ane farar floure on ane feild of freth men, in fay;
Farand on thair stedis, stout men and stabill,
Mony sterne our the streit stertis on stray.
Thair baneris schane with the sone,
    of silver and sabill,
And uthir glemyt as gold and gowlis so gay;
Of silver and saphir schirly þai schane;
Ane fair battell on breid
Merkit our ane fair meid;
With spurris spedely þai speid,
Our fellis, in fane.

In the time of Arthur, as true men me told,
The King turned on one day toward Tuscany
Him to seek, over the sea, [him] that guiltless was sold1
The sire that sends all wholesomeness, truly to say,
With bannerets,2 barons, and fighters full bold,
Biggest of bone and blood bred in Britain
They picked out warriers with weapons to wield
The gayest grooms on the ground,
    with gear that might go,3
Dukes and worthy lords, doughty and dear,
Assembled at his summons,
[High-]ranked [men] of great renown,
Comely kings with crown(s)
Of gold that [shone] clear.

Thus the Royal did set out, with his round table,
Of all riches most regal, in royal array.
Was never found in the world, but fancy or fable,
A fairer flower [of fighters] on a field of strong men, in faith
Faring on their steeds, stout men and immovable
Many a stern [man] over the way starts at once
Their banners shone in the sun,
    of silver and sable,
And other [gear] ylearned as gold and gules4 so gay
Of silver and sapphire surely they shone
A fair battle5 in breadth
Marched over a fair mead6
With spurs speedily they sped
Over moors, [being] fain.

Vocabulary of Gologras found in later Braid Scots

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<td>gane</td>
<td>gone</td>
<td>Gologras I.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mair</td>
<td>more</td>
<td>Gologras II.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mony</td>
<td>many</td>
<td>Gologras II.6</td>
</tr>
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</table>

1. i.e. Jesus
2. knights banneret were knights with enough resources to have a banner and be charged with leading a company. The reading is conjectural; the print has the impossible reading baroîns.
3. i.e. the best-equipped warriors in the world, who might travel with their equipment
4. red; a heraldic term
5. i.e. battalion, troop, company
6. field

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Appendix: A History of Scottis

The Tale of Rauf Coilyear (Ralph the Collier)

Although Arthur was the single most popular subject of medieval romance, especially in English, that other great chivalrous king, Charlemagne, also inspired many works. And it is perhaps little surprise that romances about a French monarch were more popular in Scotland than England.

The tale of Rauf is independent of other Charlemagne romances, but it has deep folkloric roots — the “king in disguise” is a popular folk motif, and it is the basis of the first part of the romance; Charlemagne visits Rauf in disguise and is offered genuine but rather rough hospitality — Rauf actually pushes around his king! Charlemagne then takes Rauf to court, teaches him some knightly virtues, and sends him out questing. Rauf then gets into a battle with a Saracen, in which Roland becomes involved; the resulting scenes involve humorous lessons for all, as Rauf and Roland can’t decide whether to convert or kill their victim.

Like Gologras and Gawain, the poem is written in thirteen-line alliterative rhymed stanzas. Also like Gologras, it is thought to date from the second half of the fifteenth century. The text again is based on the TEAMS edition.

In the cheiftyme of Charlis, that chosin chifane,
Thair fell ane ferlyfull flan within thay fellis wyde
Quhair empreouris and erlis and uther mony are
Turnit fra Sanct Thomas befor the Yule tyde.
Thay past unto Paris, thay proudest in pane,
With mony prelatis and princis
that was of mekle pryde.
All thay went with the King to his worthy wane;
Ovir the feildis sa fair thay fure be his syde.
All the worthiest went in the morning:
Baith dukiis and duchepiris,
Barrounis and bacheleiris.
Mony stout man steiris
Of town with the King.

In the cheiftainship of Charles,¹ that chosen chieftain,
There was a fearful storm within those wide fells
Where emperors and earls and many another one
Turned from Saint Thomas² before the Yuletide.
They passed into Paris, those proudest in apparel
With many prelates and princes
that were of much pride.
All of them went with the King to his worthy home
Over the fields so fair they fared by his side.
All the worthiest went in the morning:
Both duke and the peers,³(?)
Barons and bachelors,⁴
Many a stout man steers
Into town with the King.

¹ i.e. Charlemagne
² The meaning of the phrase “Turned from Saint Thomas” is disputed. It can hardly mean that they abandoned the saint. The most likely explanation, it seems to me, is that they [re]turned from somewhere on the feast day of St. Thomas, December 21. But it is also possible that they [re]turned from a shrine of one or another St. Thomas. (One author suggested that they were returning from Becket’s sanctuary in Canterbury, as in the Canterbury Tales, even though Charlemagne lived more than four centuries before Becket.)
³ duchepiris is thought to be a variant of dosipers, the twelve peers of France who included, among others, Roland and Oliver.
⁴ Knights bachelors were belted knights who did not have large enough followings to be knights banneret.

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And as that ryall raid ovir the rude mure,  
Him betyde ane tempest that tyme, hard I tell.  
The wind blew out of the eist stiflie and sture,  
The deip durandlie draif in mony deip del;  
Sa feirslie fra the fimbament, sa fellounlie it fure,  
Thair micht na folk hald na fute on the heich fell.  
In point thay war to parische,  
    thay proudest men and pure;  
In thay wickit wedderis thair wist nane to dwell.  
Amang thay myrk montanis  
    sa madlie thay mer,  
Be it was pryme of the day,  
Sa wonder hard fure thay  
That ilk ane tuik ane seir way,  
    And sperpellit full fer.

And as that royal rode over the rough moor,  
Him betide[d] a tempest that time — hard, I tell  
The wind blew out of the east stifilly and strong  
The continuous depth\(^1\) drove many into a deep dell  
So fiercely from the firmament, so wildely it fell,  
There folk might not hold a foot on the high fell.  
They were on the point of perish[ing],  
    these proudest men and pure  
In that wicked storm there knew none [where] to dwell  
Among those mirky mountains  
    so madly they were confused  
By [the time] it was prime\(^2\) of the day  
So wondrously hard fared they  
That every one took a sore\(^3\) way  
    and were separated full far [ apart].

Vocabulary of Rauf Coyleyear found in later Braid Scots

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tr>
<td>ilk ane</td>
<td>every one</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.12</td>
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<tr>
<td>macht</td>
<td>might</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mirk</td>
<td>darkness, gloom</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mony</td>
<td>many</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mkele (muckle)</td>
<td>many</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quhaur</td>
<td>where</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sture (stour)</td>
<td>strong (of wind)</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wist</td>
<td>knew</td>
<td>Rauf Coyleyear</td>
<td>I.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. *deip* is probably a copyist’s error; many editors have emended it. Understand, perhaps, “the depth of water,” but this is only a guess as to the meaning.
2. *prime*: the first canonical hour, i.e. daybreak or 6:00 a.m.
3. Others would interpret *seir* to mean *separate*, *different*
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Robert Henryson

Our knowledge of Robert Henryson is very limited; we know only that William Dunbar referred to him as dead in 1506, and said that he was very old. So he was probably born in the period between 1420 and 1435. He very likely attended a university outside Scotland, and probably went to the new University of Glasgow in 1462. He is referred to as a “Master,” presumably meaning that he earned a Master of Arts, although the degree may have been conferred before his time in Glasgow. Several sources seem to associate him with Dunfermline. Other than that, we know little.

Orpheus and Euridice, quoted below, earned him the description of “the first pure lyricist among the Scottish poets.” Unlike Barbour, he did not write chronicle history. He seems to have been a relatively humble man, and his lyrics often reflect relatively ordinary themes. His words are austere, his emotions well-painted. Even his beast-fables ask interesting and surprisingly modern questions, e.g. Is it moral for a wolf to eat a lamb? The TEAMS library has texts of all of Henryson’s known works.

Orpheus and Euridice
The nobilnes and grit magnificens
Of prince or lord quhai list to magnifie,
His ancestre and lineall discens
Suld first extoll and his genolegie
So that his harte he mycht inclyne thairby
The moir to vertew and to worthines
Herand rehers his elderis gentilnes.

It is contrair the lawis of nature
A gentill man to be degenerat,
Nocht following of his progenitour
The worthe rewl and the lordly estait.
A ryall rynk for to be rusticat
Is bot a monsture in comparesoun,
Had in dispyt and foule derisioun.

I say this be the grit lordis of Grew
Quich set thair hait and all thair haill curage
Thair faderis stepps justly to persew
Eiking the wirschep of thair he lenage.
The ancient and sad wyse men of age
Wer tendouris to the yung and insolent
To mak thame in all vertewis excellent.

The nobility and great magnificence
Of prince or lord, [one] who wishes to magnify
His ancestry and lineal descent
Should first extoll, and his genealogy,
So that his heart he might incline thereby
The more to virtue and to worthiness
Hearing rehearsed his ancestors’ gentle birth.

It is contrary [to] the laws of nature
A gentle-[born] man to be degenerate
Nothing following of his progenitor’s
Worthy rule and lordly state.
[For one of] a royal rank for to rusticate
Is only a monstrosity in comparison
[It is] held in dispute and foul derision

I say this by [the example of] the great lords of Greece
Who set their hearts and all theri whole courage
Their father’s steps properly to pursue
Adding to the worship of their high lineage
The ancient and solemn wise men of age
Were teachers to the young and insolent
To make them in all virtues excellent.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

The Upland Mouse and the Burgess Mouse

As the poem itself says, this is a tale that goes back to pre-Christian times — although Æsop was not the actual source; Henryson's direct source may have been Walter of England. Two mice, whom Henryson describes as sisters, live apart, one in the country and one in town. (Hence the tale is often known as “The Country Mouse and the City Mouse.”) The upland mouse, living in a barren region, is often hungry and cold, and must work very hard for a living.

The burgess mouse, on the other hand, enjoys all the delights of town. There is always meal in the pantry, and cheese on the shelf, and there are fine sights, and the house is warm in the winter. It is a very comfortable life.

One day the upland mouse goes to visit her sister, and discovers all the fine comforts of the town. Only to be forced to flee from a cat. The upland mouse concludes that life in town is not worth the risk.

The stanza form is rhyme royal, a seven-line stanza rhymed ababbcc, which was a favorite of Chaucer’s; Henryson probably derived it from that source. The poem consists of 29 stanzas plus a four-stanza moral.

In this instance, I have undertaken to edit the text myself, based on several editions. The orthography mostly follows the TEAMS edition; I have not attempted to choose between variants primarily orthographic. Noteworthy differences between the text are mentioned in the footnotes. The sheer number of the notes will show how much a medieval text could vary over time — and this even though all the sources (half a dozen of them) seem to reflect a similar linguistic base.

Æsop, my author [source], makes mention
Of two mice, and they were sisters dear,
Of whom the eldest dwelt in a borough town;
The other lived in the upland nearby,
Right solitary, while under bush and briar,
Sometimes in the corn, in other times men’s danger
As outlaws do, and live by their hunting.

Esope, myne authour, makis mentioun
Of twa myis, and thay wer sisteris deir,
Of quham the eldest duelt in ane borou the toun;
The uther wynnit uponland weil neir,
Richt soliter, quhyle under busk and breir,
Quhilis in the corne, in uther mennis skaith,
As owtlawis dois and levis on thair waith.

2. A borough town would be the most important town in a borough, hence large and prosperous.
3. Other texts read “yungir,” “younger.”
4. Other texts read “Soliter, quhyle under busk, quhile under breir.”
5. Recall that “corn” can be any grain.

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This rurall mous in to the wynter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit grit distres;
The uther mous, that in the burgh couth\(^1\) byde,
Was gild brother and made ane fre burges,
Toll-fre als, but custum mair or les,
And fredome had to ga quhair ever scho list
Amang the cheis in ark and meill in kist.\(^4\)

Ane tyme quhein scho wes full and unfute-sair,
Scho tuke in mynd hir sister upon land,
And langit for to heir of hir wealfair,
To se quhat lyfe scho had\(^5\) under the wand.
Bairstife, allone, with pikestaff in hir hand,
As pure pylgryme, scho passit owt off town
To seik hir sister, baith oure daill and down.

Furth\(^7\) mony wilsum wayis can scho walk,
Throw mure and mosses,\(^9\)
throw bankis, busk,\(^10\) and breir,
Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,\(^11\)
"Cum furth to me, my awin sweit\(^12\) sister deir!
Cry peip anis!" With that the mous culd heir
And knew hir voce, as kinnisman will do
Be verry kynd, and furth scho come hir to.

This rural mouse in the winter time
Had hunger, cold, and suffered great distress.
The other mouse, that in the town did bide
Was a guild brother and made a free burgess\(^2\)
Free of tolls also, and free of the customs\(^3\) more and less
And had freedom to go wherever she listed
Among cheese in the cabinet and meal in the chest.

One time when she was full and her feet didn't hurt
She took to mind her sister in the upland
And longed to hear of her welfare —
To see what life she had under the wand.\(^6\)
Barefoot, alone, with pikestaff in her hand,
Like a poor pilgrim she left the town
To seek her sister, over both dale and down.

Through many lonely ways\(^8\) she did walk,
Through mire and moss,
through banks, bush, and briar,
From furrow to furrow,
crying [as she went from] ridge to ridge,
"Come out to me, my own sweet sister dear!
"Just make a peep!" With that the mous could hear,
And knew her voice, as kinswomen will do
By the nature of her kind, she came out to her.

---

\(^1\) for “couth,” “did,” other texts read “can,” “does”  
\(^2\) i.e. an honor typical of a successful merchant; a good reading might be “leading citizen”  
\(^3\) the usual tax in the middle ages was a customs duty — a fee charged on property  
\(^4\) other texts read “Amang the cheis and meill in ark and kist”  
\(^5\) for “had” other texts read “led”  
\(^6\) “under the wand”: i.e. out in the field, or “in the sticks”  
\(^7\) other texts read “Throw,” i.e. “through”  
\(^8\) “ways”: i.e. tracks, paths  
\(^9\) for “mure and mosses” other texts read the more familiar “mosse and mure”  
\(^10\) other texts appear to omit “busk”  
\(^11\) other texts read “Scho ran cryand, quhil scho come to ane balk,” “she ran crying, until she came to a ridge”  
\(^12\) other texts omit “sweit”

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Vocabulary of Robert Henryson found in later Braid Scots

<table>
<thead>
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<td>container</td>
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<tr>
<td>awin</td>
<td>own</td>
<td>Mouse, VI.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>balk</td>
<td>ridge, rise</td>
<td>Mouse, III.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>busk</td>
<td>bush</td>
<td>Mouse I.5, IV.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eiking</td>
<td>adding</td>
<td>Orpheus III.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fra (frae)</td>
<td>from</td>
<td>Mouse IV.3</td>
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<tr>
<td>hairt</td>
<td>heart</td>
<td>Orpheus III.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kist</td>
<td>chest, box</td>
<td>Mouse II.7</td>
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<tr>
<td>langit</td>
<td>longed</td>
<td>Mouse III.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mair</td>
<td>more</td>
<td>Mouse II.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>micht</td>
<td>might</td>
<td>Orpheus I.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nocht</td>
<td>nought</td>
<td>Orpheus II.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>richt</td>
<td>right</td>
<td>Mouse I.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sud</td>
<td>shold</td>
<td>Orpheus I.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>thole</td>
<td>suffer</td>
<td>Mouse II.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>waith</td>
<td>things hunted</td>
<td>Mouse I.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wilsome</td>
<td>lonely</td>
<td>Mouse IV.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wynn(e)</td>
<td>live</td>
<td>Mouse I.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Also numerous archaic words starting with qu-: quhams, quhein, quhich, quhilis, quhyle

The following page shows an early manuscript copy of Henryson’s The Cock and the Jasp, one of the Aesopian fables. The image is of British Library MS. Harleian 3865, which was copied in 1571, perhaps from a text based on print. Still, it shows the writing style used in Scotland in the mid-sixteenth century, not unlike the secretary hands of Shakespeare’s time. Note, e.g., the long ŵ for internal s and the b for terminal s.

The plot of the tale of The Cock is of course ancient: A cock, scratching for food in a dunghill, finds a beautiful jewel — and comments that it is very beautiful, and no doubt the owner would be very happy to find it again. But the cock would rather have a little food than all the jewels in the world. Henryson, following the rather allegorical method of interpretation in use at the time, rejects the cock’s view — the jewel is wisdom and should be pursued. (This sort of resembles the New Testament story of the Pearl of Great Price, for which a merchant sold all else that he had. As if the merchant could eat a pearl.) But Henryson at least lets the cock state its case. The portion of the text shown in the illustration is as follows:

Ane cok sum tyme with feddram fresch & gay, | A cock one time with feathers fresh and gay
Richt cant and crous, albeit he was bot pure, | Right bright and bold, although he was but poor,
Fleu furth upon ane Dunghill sone be day; | Flew forth upon a dunghill early in [the] day
To get his dennar set was al his cure. | To get his dinner settled was all his desire.
Scraipand amang the as be aventure | Scraping among the ash[=dung] by chance
He fand ane Jolie Jasp, richt precious, | He found a jolly jewel,¹ right precious,
Wes castin furth be sweeping of the hous. | Was cast forth in [the] sweeping of the house.

¹. jasp=jasper, a semiprecious stone given credit for many uses in medieval lore.

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The tail of the Cock and the Jaff

Ane cok sum tymes with a Dame peth a gay
Vicht Ast and evir ait he read but sinse
Tlust fisch uprom me Song till fane the Daj
To get his Dame it was all his time
Erinpand anny the ait be sunken
Fre for ait the Daj's rich prentice
Wat cusin firth be sleeping of the houf
Appendix: A History of Scottis

William Dunbar

The Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy

This is one of the very first Scottish works to be printed. It was published by Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, who are known to have been in business from 1507 to 1510; the best guess is that the *Flying* was printed in 1508. The single known copy of the printed work (now incomplete) was found in Ayreshire in 1785, and is now in the National Library of Scotland, catalog number Advocates H.30.a. It is the seventh of eleven items in the volume. A sample page is shown below (no, the appearance of the text has no real significance; I'm just throwing it in because I like pictures of old books!).

William Dunbar was born around 1459, perhaps in the Lothian region of southeastern Scotland, and is probably the William Dunbar who earned university degrees in 1477 and 1479. By the fifteenth century he was receiving a "pension" or annuity from James IV; this was paid at least until 1513, but we hear no more of it after James died at the Battle of Flodden in that year. There are no records of Dunbar after that time; it has even been suggested that he died at Flodden. All that is certain is that he was dead by 1530, when Sir David Lindsey refers to him as deceased.

Dunbar's surviving works include between eighty and a hundred poems (some works attributed to him are disputed). They include both religious and secular items; he may well have been a priest, and probably had legal training. But much of his output is satiric, and this is often regarded as his best work. The *Flying* has often been rated very highly, although modern opinion is less enthralled with its grotesquerie. It is typical of Dunbar, however; he was sarcastic, even scurrilous, bitter, overly conscious of what he felt were his just deserts, touchy, and I suspect depressive — even though he was probably a priest, there are signs of disbelief in his writings. He sounds very much like a social climber, with nothing but scorn for those below him.

A *flying* is a "war of words"; a contest between two combatants who try to beat each other in invective. In this case, it is the lowlander Dunbar against the Highlander William(?) Kennedy.

The text shown here begins with line 476. This section is actually Kennedy speaking to Dunbar.

Note that the orthography of the print is just that, the orthography of the print — even though Dunbar was still alive at the time the book was printed. But manuscript copies have different orthographies. There is another copy of the *Flying* in the Bannatyne Manuscript (National Library of Scotland Advocates 1.1.6, from 1568), and I believe another in the Maitland Folio (Cambridge, Pepys Library, Magdalene College MS 2553, dated 1570-1586).

The type used in the print is an ancient Textura face, which obviously is very hard for moderns to read — and not just because of the odd abbreviations! Note the use of suspensions (e.g. in the tenth line down, *lonn*, with the overbar meaning that there should be an *n* at the end of the word, or in line 22, *gilliæ* for *gilliam*), full-flown abbreviations (line 24, *ny* or *ny*, for *nicht/night*), the two different forms of *s* (*ś* and *ʃ*) and of *r* (*ś* and *ʃ*), as well as the fact that *iʃ* and *uʃ* are still not really distinguished. The transcription modernizes these features but otherwise retains the spelling of the print.

The [TEAMs](https://teams.org) archive offers a solid collection of the works of Dunbar.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

And with that craft convoy thee throu the land:
Be na thing argh, tak ferily on hand,
Happyn thou tobe hanget in Northumbir,
Than all thy kyn are wele quyte of thy cumbre,
And that mon be thy dome, I understond.

Hye souerane Lord! let newer this synfull sot
Do schame, fra hame, unto your nacion
That newir nane sik ane be callit a Scot
A rottyn crok, louse of the dok thare donnn
Fra honest folk devode this lathy lowm
In sum desert quhare thare is na repaire
For fylyng and infecking of the air
Cary this cankerit corrupt carioun

Thou was consavit in the grete eclips
A monster maid be god Mercurius
Na, hald agayn, na hoo is at thy hips
Infortunite, false, et furious
Evill shryvin, wan thryven, not elene na curius
A mytyn full of flying, flyrdomlike
A crabbit, scabbit, euill-facit messan tyke
A schit but wit schir et injurius

Greit in the glayks, gude maister Gilliam gukks
Our impyyte in poetry or in prose
All clois undir cloud of ny(ght) thou cukkis
Rymes thou of me, of rethory the rose,
Lunatike, lymare, luscbald, louse thy hose
That I may touch thy tone wy(th) tribulation
In recompensing of thy conspiration
Or tarse the out of Scotland tak thy chose
Ane benefice quha wad gyve sic an beste
Bot gif it war to gyngill ludas bellis
Tak the a fidill or a floyte et geste.

And with that craft convoy thee throu the land
Be nothing argh, tak ferily on hand
Happyn thou tobe hanget in Northumbir,
Than all thy kyn are wele quyte of thy cumbre,
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Hye souerane Lord! let newer this synfull sot
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Tak the a fidill or a floyte et geste.

If we take this and set out a (mostly) modern English parallel, it looks like this

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And with that craft convoy thee throu the land:
Be na thing argh, tak ferily on hand,
Hapyn thou tobe hangit in Northumbir,
Than all thy kyn are wele quyte of thy cumber,
And that mon be thy dome, I undirstand.

Hye souverane Lord! let newer this synfull heot
Do scharhe, fra hame, unto your nacion
That newir nane sik ane be callit a Scot
A rottyn crok, louse of the dok thare donnn
Fra honest folk devoide this lathly lownn
In sum desert quhare thare is na repaire
For fylyng and infecking of the air
Cary this cankerit corrupt carioune

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A schit but wit schir et injurius

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All clocis undir cloud of nyght thou cukkis
Rymes thou of me, of rethory the rose,
Lunatike, lymare, luschbald, louse thy hose
That I may touch thy tone wy(th) tribulation
In recompensing of thy conspiraion
Or turse the out of Scotland tak thy chose
Ane benefice quyha wad gyve sic an beste
Bot giff it war to gyngill Judas bellis
Tak the a fidill or a flyote et geste.

And with that craft convey you through the land
Don’t be slow in anyhing, take fairly in hand.
Should you happen to be hanged in Northumberland
Then all your kin are well freed of your encumbrance
And that must be your doom, I understand.

High sovereign Lord! Let newer this sinful sot
Do shame, from home, unto your nacion
That never any such a one be called a Scot,
A diseased sheep, loose of the guts, [send him] down there
From honest folk devoid this loathly fool
In some desert where there is no repair
For defouling and infecting of the air
Take away this cancerous corrupt carriion.

You were conceived in the great eclipse
A monster made by [the] god Mercury
No, hold again, no halt is at your hips
Unfortunate, false, and2 furious
Evil-shriven, little thriving, not clean nor curious
A dwarf full of quarrels, like an object of scorn
A crooked, scabbed, evil-looking small dot
A thrift without wit, shorn3 and harmful

Great in the tricks, good master William fool
Over-flawed in poetry or in prose
All hidden under cloud of night you defecate.
[Do] you rhyme of me, of rhetoric the rose?
Lunatic, utter4 drunk, loose your hose
So I may touch your rear end with tribulation
In repayment of your consiring
Or take your[s]elf out of Scotland — take your choice

Any benefice5 who would give [to] such a beast
Unless it were to jingle Judas’s bells?
Take you a fiddle or a flute and verse[ify].

One other sample of the Flyting will show Dunbar’s skill with words — and the odd way they were used at the time. This is the last eight-line stanza of the Flyting, in which the invective reaches its peak:

1. et is here typset for what was clearly a manuscript &, which means and in English but is from Latin et
2. i.e. shorn of intelligence?
3. The text here should probably read impryfte or similar.
4. compare laters Scots limmer, something finished, something past its prime.
5. Benefice: a clerical position bearing an income — something Dunbar clearly desired but apparently never received.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Deulbere, thy spere of were but feir thou yelde
Hangit, mangit, edir-stangit, strynde stultorum
To me, maist hie Kenydie, and flee the felde,
Prikkit, wickit, convickit lamp Lollardorum,
Defamyt, blamyt, chamyt primes paganorum,
Out, out, I schout, apon that snowt that snevillis!
Tale tellare, rebellare, indueillar wyth the devillis,
Spynk, sink wyth stynk ad Tertera Termagorum.

Devil-bearer, your spear of war but fair you wield
Hangéd, addled, adder-stung,¹ by race fuddled
To me, most high Kennedy, and flee the field
Stabbed, wicked, convicted chief of Lollards²
Defamed, blamed, shamed, first of pagans
Out, out, I shout, upon that snout that snivels!
Tale-teller, rebeller, in-dweller with the devils!
Little bird, sink with your sting to
Tartarus of the Termagants³

Ave Maria, gracia plena

For balance, let us offer one instance of Dunbar’s religious verse, Ave Maria, gracia plena, which uses some of the same poetic forms for a very different purpose:

Hale, sterne superne, hale in eterne,
   In Godis sicht to schyne!
Lucerne in derne for to discerne
   Be glory and grace devyne;
Hodiern, modern, sempitern,
   Anjelical regyne!
Our tern inferne for to dispern,
   Helpe, rialest rosyne.
   Ave Maria, gracia plena!
Haile, fresche floure femynyne!
Yerne us guerne, virgin matern,
   Of reuth baith rute and ryne.

Hail, star supernal, hail in eternity
   In God’s sight to shine!
(A) lantern in hiding for to discern
   Be⁴ glory and grace divine
Today, right now, and always⁵
   Angels’ Queen
Our darkness infernal for to disperse
   Help, royalest rose
   hail Mary, full of grace⁶
   Hail, fresh flour feminine!
Directly us govern, virgin matern(al),
   Of pity both root and rind.

¹. to edir here compare ether in Braid Scots.
². The Lollards were an English heretical sect founded by John Wycliffe in the second half of the fourteenth century. Many of their doctrines anticipated Protestantism, so naturally the Catholic Church opposed them violently.
³. That is, to the hell of the devils; Tartarus was the Greek portion of Hades where extreme sinners were punished. It is not entirely certain that Termagorum in fact refers to Termagi (devils) or Termagants, or anything in particular, but it is quite clear that Kennedy (the speaker in this verse) is telling his smaller opponent Dunbar to go to hell.
⁴. There is disagreement as to the meaning of Be here. Some argue that it indeed means be, others by, others through.
⁵. hodiern, from Latin Hodie, today, so the sense is probably of this day. Similarly sempitern, from semper.
⁶. gracia plena quotes the Latin of Luke 1:28: et ingressus angelus ad eam dixit ‘have gratia plena Dominus tecum...’ “And when the angel had come to her, he said, ‘Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with you.’”

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Vocabulary of William Dunbar found in later Braid Scots

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
<th>Source</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
<td>cankerit</td>
<td>unpleasant, cankered</td>
<td>Flying 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>derne</td>
<td>hidden</td>
<td>Ave 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>edir (ethir)</td>
<td>adder</td>
<td>Flying pt. II, 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flying</td>
<td>insult contest</td>
<td>Flying 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fra (frie)</td>
<td>from</td>
<td>Flying 7, 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gif</td>
<td>if</td>
<td>Flying 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lownn (loon)</td>
<td>fool, low-born</td>
<td>Flying 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maist</td>
<td>most</td>
<td>Flying pt. II, 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mon (maun)</td>
<td>must</td>
<td>Flying 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>none</td>
<td>none</td>
<td>Flying 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quhair</td>
<td>where</td>
<td>Flying 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sik (sic)</td>
<td>such</td>
<td>Flying 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sight</td>
<td>sight</td>
<td>Ave 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tak</td>
<td>take</td>
<td>Flying 32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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Gavin Douglas

Gavin Douglas was born around 1475, the third son of Archibald Douglas, fifth earl of Angus, meaning that he was a member of the most important noble family of Scotland. As a younger son, he had no secular prospects, and so seems to have been educated for the church. He was given a clerical living as early as 1496 — although, unlike many ecclesiastics born in the nobility, he seems to have taken his church duties at least somewhat seriously. After the battle of Flodden in 1513, which destroyed much of the Scottish nobility, he began to be involved in government. He became Bishop of Dunkeld in 1515 or 1516, and died of the plague in 1522.

Douglas's surviving works are relatively few — “The Palis of Honoure,” a vernacular translation of the Aeneid, and some disputed poems.

Douglas is considered to have had a major role in defining Braid Scots as a literary language. His Aeneid is the longest poem in Scots; to pull off such a major work, he had to blaze new trails. Some have declared the result to be better than Vergil's original; at the very least, it seems to be closer to the people's language.

The text below is based on the TEAMS edition.

The Palis of Honoure

Quhen pale Aurora with face lamentable
Hir russat mantill, borderit all with sable,
Lappit about be hevinlye circumstance
The tender bed and arres honorable
Of Flora, quene till flouris amiable
In May, I rays to do my observance
And entrit in a garding of plesance
With Sole depaint, as Paradyss amiable,
And blisfull bewes with blomed varianc,

When pale Aurora with face lamenting
Her russet mantle, bordered all with sable
Wrapped about by heavenly circumstance
The soft bed and arras honorable
Of Flora, queen of flowers, amiable
In May, I rise to do my observance
And entered into a pleasant garden
With sun(light) painted, amiable as Paradise,
And blissful boughs with various blooms.

So craftily Dame Flora had overfret
Hir hevinly bed — powderit with mony a set
Of ruby, topas, perle and emerant,
With balmy dewe bathit and kyndly wet,
Quhil vapours hote — right fresche and wele ybet,
Dulce of odour, of flewour most fragrant —
The silver droppis on dayseis distillant,
Quhilk verdour branches over the alars yet,
With smoky sence the mystis reflectant.

So craftily Dame Flora has decorated
Her heavenly bed — decorated with many a cluster
Of ruby, topaz, pearl, and emerald
With balmy dew bathed and kindly wet
Until vapors come — very fresh and well laid
Sweet of odor, of flower most fragrant —
The silver drops on daises running
Which green fell upon the garden gate
With smoky incense reflecting the mists.

1. Aurora was the Greek goddess of dawn.
2. circumstance: i.e. ceremony.
3. Flora was goddess of flowers and vegetation.
4. possibly to be understood as an enclosed garden.
5. craftily: i.e. skillfully.
6. overfret: i.e. created fretwork over, created fine decoration.
7. kindly: i.e. properly, skillfully.
8. yet: I interpret this as yet, gate, but others argue for path.

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The fragrant flouris, blomand in their seis,
Overspred the leves of Naturis tapestreis,
Above the quhilk, with hevinly armoneis,
The birdes sat on twistes and on greis,
Melodiously makand thair kyndely gleis,
Quhois schill notis fordinned at the skyis.
Of reparcust ayr, the eccon cryis
Amang the branches of the blomed treis;
And on the laurers, silver droppis lys.

The fragrant flowers, blooming in their settings
Overspread the leaves of Nature's tapestries
Above the which, with heavenly harmonies,
The birds sat on twigs and on boughs,
Melodiously making their proper glees,¹
Which shrill notes made a din in all the skies
Of resounding air, the echo cries
Among the branches of the blooming trees
And on the laurels, drops silver lies.

Vocabulary of Douglas's found in later Braid Scots

mony many Palis II.2

Also many words starting in qu-: quhil, quhilk, quhois

¹. glees=songs.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Allan Ramsey and the Tea-Table Miscellany

Gavin Douglas may have wanted to create a “Scottish” language, but as a poet, he was still targeting pretty high-class tastes. The first Scottish poet to truly appeal to the middle class with his works was Allan Ramsey, compiler of the Tea-Table Miscellany. This book, published in 1724, is one of the great works of popular poetry; it went through more than a dozen editions.

The subhead as “A Collection of Choice Songs Scots & English.” And it did include many poems in standard English. But some were genuine Scots — as the dedication shows:
To ilk lovely BRITISH lass,
Fräe Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess
Wha danes barefoot on the green.

The introduction to the book is in English, and many of the songs are new — but many are old and in Scots. And then there is this little fable:

Fable I: The Twa Books

Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,
The tane a gilded Turky top;
The tither’s face was weather-beaten,
And cauf-skin jacket sair worm-eaten.
The corky, proud of his braw suit,
Curl’d up his nose, and thus cry’d out:
“Ah! place me on some fresher binks!
Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!
How can a gentle book like me
Endure sic scoundrel company!
What may fowk say to see me cling
Sae close to this auld ugly thing,
But that I’m of a simple spirit,
And disregard my proper merit!” —
Quoth grey-baird, “Whist, Sir, with your din!
For a’ your meritorious skin,
I doubt if you be worth within:
For as auld fashion’d as I look,
May be I am the better book.” —
“O heavens! I canna thole the clash
Of this impertinent auld hash;
I winna stay ae moment langer!” —
“My lord, please to command your anger;
Pray only let me tell you that —”
“What wad this insolent be at!
Rot out your tongue! pray, master Symmer,
Remove me frae this dinsome rhymer;
If you regard your reputation,

Two books, near neighbors in a shop,
The one a gilded Turkey top;
The other’s face was weather-beaten
And calf-skin jacket sair worm-eaten.
The corky, proud of his fine suit,
Curl’d up his nose, and thus cried out:
“Ah, place me on some fresher shelf
Fie! how this moldy creature stinks
How can a noble book like me
Endure such scoundrel company!
What may folks say to see me cling
So close to this old ugly thing
But that I’m of a simple spirit
And disregard my proper merit!” —
Quoth grey-beard, “Silence, Sir, with your din
For all your meritorious skin,
I doubt if you be worth within:
For as old-fashioned as I look,
Maybe I am the better book.” —
“Oh, heavens! I cannot bear the clash
Of this impertinent old hash;
I will not stay one moment longer!” —
“My lord, please to command your anger;
Pray only let me tell you that —”
“What would this insolent be at!
Rot your tongue! pray, master Seller (?)
Remove me from this dinning rhymer
If you regard your reputation,
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And us of a distinguish'd station,
Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
For with his stour and stink I’m worried.”

Scarce had he shook his naughty crap,
When in a customer did pop;
He up douse Stanza lifts, and eyes him,
Turns o’er his leaves, admires, and buys him:
“This book,” said he, “is good and scarce,
The soul of sense in sweetest verse.”
But reading title of gilt cleathing,
Cries, “Gods! who buys this bonny naething?
Nought duller e’er was put in print;
Wow! what a deal of Turky’s tint!”

Now, Sir, t’ apply what we’ve invented:
You are the buyer represented;
And may your servant hope
My lays shall merit your regard,
I’ll thank the gods for my reward,
And smile at ilka fop.

And us of a distinguished station,
Hence from this beast let me be hurried,
For with his quarrel and stink I’m worried.”

Scarce had he shook haughty trap
When in a customer did pop;
He up noble Stanza lifts, and eyes him,
Turns over his leaves, admires, and buys him:
“This book,” said he, “is good and scarce,
The soul of sense in sweetest verse.”
But reading title of gilt clothing,
Cries, “Gods, who buys this pretty nothing?
Nothing duller ever was put in print;
Whew! What a waste of Turkey’s tint!”

Now, Sir, to apply what we’ve invented,
You are the buyer represented;
And may your servant hope
My lays shall merit your regard,
I’ll thank the gods for my reward,
And smile at every fop.
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A South-Sea Song (For Our Lang Biding Here)

This is thought to be one of Ramsey's own poems, regarding the South Sea Bubble of 1720.¹

When we came to London town,
   We dreamt of gold in handfuls here,
And rantily ran up and down,
   In rising stocks to buy a skair:
We daftly thought to row in rowth
   But for our daffin paid right dear;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
   For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses tooom,
   And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
   Girn'd at stock-jobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-Sea house
   The whilily wha's will grip your gear,
Syne a' the lave will far the war,
   For our lang biding here.

When we came to London town
   We dreamed of gold in handfuls here,
And wildly ran up and down,
   In rising stocks to buy a share.
We madly thought to swim in wealth,
   But for our madness paid so dear;
The rest will fare the worse in truth
   For our long biding here.

But when we find our purses empty,
   And dainty stocks began to fall,
We hang our heads² and with a gloomy look
   Snarled at stock-jobbing one and all.
If you go near the South Sea house³
   The flatterers will grab your property,
Then all the rest will fare the worse,
   For our long biding here.

---

¹ The South Sea Bubble arose because the British government, in 1711, was effectively bankrupt as a result of its wars. Robert Harley came up with a wild scheme to create a stock company to which he would take over and sell the British debt. The whole gimmick was astounding — a peer said of John Law, who dreamed up the the basic idea and turned Catholic to promote it on the continent, “There can be no doubt of Law’s catholicity since he has established the Inquisition after having first proved transubstantiation by changing paper into money.” But, somehow, people were induced to buy stock in this company which had no actual assets, no business model, and a bunch of debts. The stock rose until early 1720, then crashed, taking many foolish investors with it. Odd that we did exactly the same thing in 2008, and nobody but me started singing this song. Especially odd since it has a great tune.
² “lugs” means literally ears.
³ The South Sea house, the company headquarters, was a very expensive building where no business was done.
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Traditional Songs from the Tea-Table Miscellany

The Broom of Cowdenknowes

The history of this song can only be called mysterious. There is a tune, “The Bonny bonny Broome” in John Playford’s The English Dancing Master of 1651. Bertrand Bronson called that melody “unmistakable,” although the early transcriptions mostly seem to be defective. It’s a wonderful tune; I’ve probably played it several thousand times in the last thirty years, and the Tea-Table Miscellany lists are least three other poems which use the tune (“Song for a Serenade,” “Subjected to the power of love,” “Oh my heavy Heart!”). But Playford’s melody has no text.

Starting in the eighteenth century, with Bishop Percy, we find myriad texts of a ballad (Child #217) in which a man rides up, gets a girl pregnant, then shows up after a year or so to claim her and make her a noble lady. But is this the same song as the Playford piece, which has no text? And if it is, what is its relationship to the lyric version here, of an exiled lover, which seems to have been first printed by Ramsay?

I have no answers. The Ramsay text (signed “S.R.”) looks bloated to me; the song as usually song today has only three or four stanzas (#1, sometimes #2, #5, and #8) and is much more effective. I won’t bore you with speculations; I’ll just give you Ramsay’s version.

Cowdenknowes is an estate in southern Scotland.

How blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o’er the hill!
He skip the burn and flew to me:
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom
The broom of Cowdenknowes;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my eyes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay:
He gather’d in my sheep at night,
And cheer’d me a’ the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed so sweet,
The burds stood list’ning by:
E’en the dull cattle stood and gaz’d
Charmed with his melody.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envid not the fairest dame,
Tho’ ne’er so rich and gay.

How blythe each morn was I to see
The swain come over the hill!
He jumped the stream and flew to me,
I met him with good will.
Oh, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknowes,
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay,
He gathered in my sheep at night
And cheered me all the day.

He tuned his pipe and reed so sweet,
He birds stood listening by;
Even the dull cattle stood and gaz’d
Charmed with his melody.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Between our flocks and play,
I envid not the fairest dame,
Though never so rich and gay.
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Hard fate that I should banished be,
   Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
   That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour,
   Could I but faithful be?
He stawe my heart: Could I refuse
   Whate'er he ask'd of me?

My doggie and my little kit
   That held my wee soup whey
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick
   May now ly useless by.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
   Farewel a' pleasures there;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
   Is a' I crave or care.

Bonny Barbara Allan

This song (Child #84) is, almost certainly, the most popular “clean” folk song in the entire English language. Such evidence as we have is that it is originally Scottish. This version isn’t very broadly Scots, but Ramsay’s is the earliest absolutely datable text known to us. Interestingly, it lacks the motif of intertwined rose and briar found in most of the recent versions.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
   When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the west country
   Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
   To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste, and come to my master dear,
   Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
   To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
   Young man, I think you’re dying.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,¹
   When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the west country
   Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down through the town,
   To the place where she was dwelling,
Oh, haste, and come to my master dear,
   If you be Barbara Allen.

Oh, slowly, slowly rose she up
   To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
   “Young man, I think you’re dying.”

¹ St. Martin’s Day, November 11.
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O it’s I’m sick, and very very sick,
And ’tis a’ for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye’s never be,
Tho’ your heart’s blood were a-spilling.

“Oh, it’s I’m sick, and very very sick,
And ’tis all for Barbara Allan.”
“Oh, the better for me you never will be,
Though your heart’s blood were a-spilling.”

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking.
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?

“Oh, don’t you mind, young man,” said she,
When you were in the tavern a-drinking.
That you made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?”

He turn’d his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
“Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.”

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou’d not stay
Since death of life had reft him.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heart the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cried, Wo to Barbara Allan.

She had not gone a mile but two,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every stroke that the dead-bell gave,
It cried, “Woe to Barbara Allan.”

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow,
Since my love dy’d for me to-day,
I’ll die for him to-morrow.

“Oh, mother, mother, make my bed,
Oh, make it soft and narrow,”
“Since my love died for me to-day,
I’ll die for him tomorrow.”

---

1. i.e. lonely, only big enough for one.
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The Scots Musical Museum

James Johnson inaugurated the Scots Musical Museum in 1787; the six-volume work, of 600 songs, was finished in 1803. Robert Burns was the single largest contributor, and his portions of the series are mostly folk songs he reworked. But many other contributors supplied pieces, though few were as good as the works of Burns — and a depressingly high proportion were in pure English. Still, a few samples will give the feeling for the Scottis vernacular around 1800.

Tullochgorum

(attributed to “The Rev’d Mr Skinner,” i.e. John Skinner)

“Tullochgorum” is well-known as a fiddle tune (I’ve heard it played by Natalie MacMaster and sung by Dougie MacLean), but it’s not clear exactly what incident the lyrics refer to — except that it is obviously something from the period of the Jacobite conflicts.

Come gie’s a sang Montgomery cryd & lay your disputes all aside, Come give us a song, Montgomery cried What nonsense is for folks to chide
For what’s been done before them: For what’s been done before them:
Let Whig & Tory all agree Lët Whig and Tory¹ all agree Whig & Tory, Whig & Tory Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory, Whig & Tory all agree Whig and Tory all agree
Let Whig & Tory all agree To drop their whigmegmorum To drop their whigmegmorum² To spend this night wi’ mirth and glee And cheerfu’ sing alang wi’ me The Reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum’s my delight, Tullochgorum’s my delight It gars us a’ in ane unite, It makes us all in one unite, And ony sumph that keeps up spite And any fool that keeps up spite In conscience I abhor him. In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we’s be a’, Blithe and merry we be all, Blithe and merry, Blithe, and merry, Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we’s be a’, Blithe and merry we be all, To make a cheerful quorum, To make a cheerful quorum.
Blithe and merry, we’s be a’, Blithe and merry we be all, As lang’s we hae a breath to draw, As long as we have a breath to draw And dance, ’till we be like to fa’, And dance ’till we be like to fall The reel of Tullochgorum.

¹ In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the Whigs were generally the more radical party in the English parliament, in favor of the Protestant Succession and the Hannoverian monarchy; the conservative Tories tended to favor James II and the Stuarts despite the fact that the latter were Catholic.
² A made-up word, presumably meaning “disagreement.”
Appendix: A History of Scottis

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' em:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They’re douff and dowie at the best,
Wi’ a’ their variorum.
They’re douff and dowie at the best,
Their Allegros, and a’ the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste
Compar’d wi’ Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi’ fear of want, and double cess
And silly souls' themselves distress
Wi’ keeping up decorum;
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi’ neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit,
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs not be so great a phrase
With boring dull Italian lays,
I would not give our own Strathspeys
For half a hundred of them.
They’re gloomy and sorrowful at the best,
Gloomy and sorrowful, gloomy and sorrowful,
They’re gloomy and sorrowful at the best,
With all of their variety.
They’re gloomy and sorrowful at the best,
Their Allegros, and all the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste
 Compared with Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
With fear of want, and double bad luck
And silly souls themselves distress
With keeping up decorum.
Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
Like old Philosophorum?
Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
With neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit
And cannot rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

1. It is not clear whether the word here is *sauls*="souls" or *fauls*="fools"; the word is printed with an old-style *f*, with some damage, which could be *f* or “long s.”
Appendix: A History of Scottis

The Ewie wi’ the Crooked Horn
(attributed to “The Rev’d M’ Skinner,” i.e. John Skinner)
This has an odd history. There is a folk song “Ewie Wi’ the Crookit Horn,” which is about a whiskey still. It appears that this was considered scandalous enough that John Skinner took the tune, and the tag line, and converted it to a song about an actual ewe....

O were I able to rehearse
My ewie’s name in proper verse
I’d sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper’s drone could blow.
  The ewie wi’ the crooked horn
  Well deserv’d baith garse and corn
  Sic a ewie ne’er was born,
  Hereabout or far awa’.

I neither needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo’ hip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as well
To ken her by amo’ them a’
  The ewie...

She never threatened scab nor rot,
But keepe’d ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead nor ca’
  The ewie...

O were I able to rehearse
My ewe’s praise in proper verse,
I’d sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper’s drone could blow.
  The ewe with the crooked horn
  Well deserved both grass and grain.
  Such a ewe never was born
  Hereabout or far away.

I neither needed tar nor paint
To mark her upon hip or heel.
Her crooked horn it did as well
To know her by among them all.
  The ewe...

She never threatened scab nor rot,
But kept indeed her own jog trot,
Both to the fold and to the cot
Was never unwilling to lead or call.
  The ewe...
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Lassie Lie Near Me

The Scots Musical Museum gives a set of words for this from “Dr. Blacklock”; they begin “Hark the loud tempest shakes Earth to its center, How mad, were the talk on a journey to venture, How dismal’s my prospect! of life, I am weary, O listen my love I beseech thee to hear me. Hear me, hear me, in tenderness hear me, All the long winter night Laddie be near me.” It continues in that vein, with no hint either of Scots vernacular or of poetic merit. But the Museum also prints, in Braid Scots, the “Old Words”:

Lang hae we parted been,
     Lassie my dearie;
Now we are met again,
     Lassie lie near me.
     Near me, near me,
     Lassie lie near me,
     Lang hast thou lien thy lane,
     Lassie lie near me.

Long have we parted been,
     Lassie my dearie;
Now we are met again,
     Lassie, lie near me.
     Near me, near me,
     Lassie, lie near me,
     Long have you lain alone,
     Lassie, lie near me.

A’ that I hae endur’d
     Lassie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cur’d
     Lassie lie near me.
     Near me, near me,
     Lassie lie near me,
     Lang hast thou lien thy lane,
     Lassie lie near me.

All that I have endured
     Lassie, my dearie,
Here in your arms is cured,
     Lassie, lie near me.
     Near me, near me,
     Lassie, lie near me,
     Long have you lain alone,
     Lassie, lie near me.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Vocabulary of the Scots Musical Museum found in Braid Scots

- **a’**: all
  - Tullochgorum II.2, 5-9, III.10; Ewie II.4
- **ain**: own
  - Tullochgorum III.3; Ewie III.2
- **alang**: along
  - Tullochgorum I.11
- **ane**: one
  - Tullochgorum II.2
- **auld**: old
  - Tullochgorum IV.8
- **awa’**: away
  - Ewie, chorus.4
- **baith**: both
  - Ewie, chorus.2
- **ca’**: call
  - Ewie, III.4
- **canna**: cannot
  - Tullochgorum IV.11
- **dowie**: drearie
  - Tullochgorum III.5-9
- **dringing**: loitering
  - Tullochgorum III.2
- **ewie**: ewe
  - Ewie, I.2, cho.1, etc.
- **fa’**: fall
  - Tullochgorum II.11
- **gar**: make, cause
  - Tullochgorum II.2
- **gie**: give
  - Tullochgorum III.3
- **gie’s**: give us
  - Tullochgorum I.1
- **hae**: have
  - Tullochgorum II.10; Lassie I.1, II.1
- **keil**: paint
  - Ewie, II.1
- **ken**: know
  - Ewie, II.4
- **lane**: alone
  - Lassie, I.7, II.7
- **lang**: long
  - Lassie, I.7, II.7
- **lang’s**: long as
  - Tullochgorum II.10
- **lien**: lain
  - Lassie, I.7, II.7
- **na(e)**: no
  - Tullochgorum III.1
- **o’er**: over
  - Tullochgorum II.3
- **sae**: so
  - Tullochgorum IV.5-9
- **sang**: song
  - Tullochgorum I.1
- **sic**: such
  - Ewie, chorus.3
- **sweer**: unwilling
  - Ewie, III.4
- **wadna**: would not
  - Tullochgorum III.3
- **worldly**: worldly
  - Tullochgorum IV.1
- **wi’**: with
  - Tullochgorum I.11, III.12; Ewie chorus.1
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Robert Burns

I’m not going to explain Robert Burns. He was Robert Burns. To a Scot, no more need be said.

The Gallant Weaver

Where Cart runs rowing tae the sea
By mony a flo’er and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
O, I’ve had wooers acht or nine
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
But I was feared my hairt wad tyne
And I gied it tae the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher band
To gie’s the lad wha has the land,
But tae my heart I’ll add my haund
And I’ll gie it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers
While bees rejoice in op’ning flowers
While corn grows green in summer show’rs
I love my gallant weaver.

(Note: For this song, I used “my” orthography, as being more phonetic. You can find a version of the Burns text online.)
Appendix: A History of Scottis

Rantin’ Rovin’ Robin

A sort of an autobiography that Burns wrote in 1787, to the tune of “Dainty Davie.”

There was a lad was born in Kyle,  
But what na day o’ what na style,  
I doubt it’s hardly worth the while  
To be sae nice wi’ Robin.  
Robin was a rovin’ boy,  
Rantin’, rovin’, rantin’, rovin’,  
Robin was a rovin’ boy,  
Rantin’, rovin’ Robin!

Our monarch’s hindmost year but ane  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
’Twas then a blast o’ Janwar’ win’  
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
Quo’ scho wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof:  
I think we’ll ca’ him Robin.”

He’ll hae misfortunes great an’ sma’,  
But aye a heart aboon them a’;  
He’ll be a credit till us a’,  
We’ll a’ be proud o’ Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,  
I see by ilka score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kin’,  
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo’ scho I doubt you gar  
The bonie lasses lie aspar;  
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur —  
So blessins on thee, Robin.

There was a lad was born in Kyle¹  
But what a day or what a style,  
I believe it’s hardly worth the while  
To be so nice with Robin.  
Robin was a roving boy,  
Singing,² roving, singing, roving,  
Robin was a roving boy,  
Singing, roving Robin.

Our monarch’s latest year but one³  
Was five and twenty days begun,⁴  
’Twas then a blast of January wind  
Blew first⁵ in on Robin.

The godparent peeked in(to) his palm  
Quoth she, who lives will see the proof:  
This fine boy will be no fool;  
I think we’ll call him Robin.

He’ll have misfortunes great and small,  
But indeed a heart above them all.  
He’ll be a credit to us all;  
We’ll all be proud of Robin.

But sure as three times three make nine,  
I see by every score and line,  
This chap will dearly like our kind,  
So I’m delighted in you, Robin.

Good faith, said she, I believe you[’ll] make  
The bonnie lasses lie aspread,⁶  
But twenty faults you may have worse,  
So blessings on you, Robin.

¹ Robert Burns was born in Kyle, Ayreshire.  
² “Ranting” can mean carousing, wild singing, rambling, partying — and Burns probably meant them all.  
³ A reference to the reign of George II, King of Great Britain 1727-1760. His hindmost (last) year was 1760, so the hindmost year but one was 1759.  
⁴ i.e. January 25. Robert Burns was born January 25, 1759 (and died July 21, 1796).  
⁵ “handsel,” or “hansel,” means specifically “first money,” a “down payment”; also an omen — i.e. the wind was the first token of Burns’s future.  
⁶ Burns’s love life was far too complicated to get into here, but he definitely liked a lot of women....
Appendix: A History of Scottis

For a’ that and a’ that —

Is there, for honest Poverty
That hings his head, and a’ that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a’ that!
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Our toils obscure, and a’ that,
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.—

What though on namely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a’ that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A Man’s a Man for a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their tinsel show, and a’ that,
The honest man, though e’er sae poor,
Is king o’ men for a’ that.—

Ye see yon birkie ca’d a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a’ that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He’s but a coof for a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that,
His ribband, star and a’ that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at all that.—

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a’ that,
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa’ that!
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Their dignities, and a’ that,
The pith o’ Sense, and pride o’ Worth
Are higher rank than a’ that.—

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a’ that,
That Sense and Worth, o’er a’ the earth
Shall bear the gree, and a’ that.
For a’ that, and a’ that,
It’s comin yet for a’ that
That Man to Man the world o’er
Shall brothers be for a’ that.—

Is there, for honest Poverty
That hangs his head, and all that;
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for all that!
For all that, and all that,
Our toils obscure, and all that,
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gold for all that.

What though on common food we dine,
Wear coarse grey cloth, and all that,
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man’s a man for all that.
For all that, and all that,
Their tinsel show, and all that,
The honest man, though ever so poor,
Is king of men for all that.

You see yon stripling called a lord,
Who struts, and stares, and all that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He’s but a fool for all that.
For all that, and all that,
His ribbon, star, and all that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at all that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and all that,
But an honest man’s above his might,
Good faith, he must not deny that!
For all that, and all that,
Their dignities, and all that,
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
Are higher rank than all that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for all that,
That sense and worth, over all the earth,
Shall bear the prize, and all that.
For all that, and all that,
It’s coming yet for all that,
That man to man, the world, o’er,
Shall brothers be for all that.
Appendix: A History of Scotti

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd

James Hogg (1770-1835) really was a shepherd as a young man; he gained most of his education simply by reading. As well as being a poet, he was a collector of songs and ballads (as his mother had been), and published Jacobite Relics in 1819, the single most important collection of songs relating to the 1715 and 1745 Jacobite Rebellions. Like Burns, he wrote in both Scots and English. His most popular novel was The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner.

I Hae Lost My Jeanie, O

Listed as being to the tune of “Lady Cunningham’s Delight.”

O, I hae seen when fields were green,
   An’ birds sae blithe an’ cheerie, O,
How swift the day wou’d pass away
   When I was wi’ my dearie, O
My heart’s now sair, my elbows bare,
   My pouch without a guinea, O;
I’ll never taste o’ pleasure mair,
   Since I have lost my Jeanie, O.

O Fortune, thou has used me ill;
   Far waur than my servering, O;
Thrice owre the crown thou’st knocked me down,
   An’ left me haufins starving, O:
Thy roughest blast has blown the last,
   My lass has used me meanly, O;
Thy keenest dart has pierced my heart,
   An’ ta’en frae me my Jeanie, O.

I’ll nae mair strive, while I’m alive,
   For aught but missing slavery, O;
This world’s a stage, a pilgrimage,
   A mass o’ guilt an’ knavery, O:
If fickle fame but save my name,
   An’ frae oblivion screen me, O;
Then farewell fortune, farewell love,
   An’ farewell, bonnie Jeanie, O!

Oh, I have seen when fields were green,
   And birds so blithe and cheery, O,
How swift the day would pass away
   When I was with my dearie, O.
My heart’s now sair, my elbows bare,
   My pouch without a guinea, O;
I’ll never taste of pleasure more
   Since I have lost my Jeanie, O.

O Fortune, you have used me ill,
   Far worse than my deserving, O;
Thrice over the crown you’ve knocked me down,
   And left me halfway starving, O.
Your roughest blast has blown the last,
   My lass has used me meanly, O;
Your keenest dart has pierced my heart,
   And taken from me my Jeanie, O.

I’ll no more strive, while I’m alive,
   For aught but missing slavery, O;
This world’s a stage, a pilgrimage,
   A mass of guilt and knavery, O:
If fickle fame but save my name,
   And from oblivion screen me, O;
Then farewell fortune, farewell love,
   And farewell, bonnie Jeanie, O.
Appendix: A History of Scottis

From the Jacobite Relics

It Was A’ For Our Rightfu’ King

Sung of Scots who sailed to Ireland to support King James VII and II after he was overthrown in the Glorious Revolution of 1689. Their attempts to restore him failed at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690.

It was a’ for our rightfu’ king
We left fair Scotland’s strand!
It was a’ for our rightful
We e’er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e’er saw Irish land.

Now a’ is done that men can do
And a’ is done in vain
My love an’ native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right an’ round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
An’ ga’e his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear…

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear…

When day is gane, an’ night is come,
An’ a’ folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that’s far awa,
The lee-lang night, an’ weep, my dear…

It was all for our rightful king
We left fair Scotland’s strand!
It was all for our rightful king
We ever saw Irish land, my dear,
We ever saw Irish land.

Now all is done that men can do,
And all is done in vain;
My love and native land, farewell,
For I must cross the main, my dear,
For I must cross the main

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear…

The soldier from the wars returns,
The sailor from the main,
But I have parted from my love,
Never to meet again, my dear…

When day is gone and night is come,
And all folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that’s far away,
The live-long night, and weep, my dear…
Appendix: A History of Scottis

When the King Comes O’er the Water¹ (Lady Keith’s Lament)

I may sit in my wee croo house, I may sit in my wee ugly house
At the rock and reel to toil fu’ dreary; At the spinning wheel to toil full dreary.
I may thing on the day that’s gane I may think on the day that’s gone
And sigh and sab till I grow weary. And sigh and sob till I grow weary.
I ne’er could brook, I ne’er could brook I never could brook, I never could brook
A foreign loon to own or flatter; A foreign fool to own or flatter,
But I will sing a rantin sang But I will sing a carefree song
That day our king comes o’er the water The day our king comes over the water.

O gin I live to see the day O if I live to see the day,
That I hae begg’d, and begg’d frae Heaven, That I have begged, and begged from Heaven,
I’ll fling my rock and reel away, I’ll fling my spinning wheel away,
And dance and sing frae morn till even. And dance and sing from morn till evening.
For there is one I winna name For there is one I will not name
That comes the being the bike to scatter; That comes the cozy swarm to scatter,
And I’ll put on my bridal gown And I’ll put on my bridal gown
That day our king comes o’er the water The day our king comes over the water.

I ha’ seen the gude auld day, I have seen the good old day,
The day o’ pride and chieftain glory, The day of pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bare the sway, When royal Stuarts held the sway,
And ne’er heard tell o’ Whig nor Tory. And never heard tell of Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and gray, Though fading be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook’d me down — what matter? And age had crooked me down — what matter?
I’ll dance and sing aeither day, I’ll dance any sing any other day,
That day our king comes o’er the water The day our king comes over the water.

A curse on dull and drawing Whig, A curse on dull and drawing Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver, The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi’ heart sae black, and look sae big, With heart so black, and look soe big,
And canting tongue o’ cishmaclaver! And tattling tongue of idle gossip!
My father was a good lord’s son, My father was a good lord’s son,
My mother was an earl’s daughter, My mother was an earl’s daughter,
And I’ll be Lady Keith again, And I’ll be Lady Keith² again,
That day our king comes o’er the water The day our king comes over the water.

¹. In the aftermath of the Glorious Revolution of 1689, James VII and II fled overseas. He briefly made it back to Ireland, but never back to Scotland. The Jacobites hoped to see him cross the water to return to his throne and home. James II never did. His son “James III” came in the aftermath of the 1715 Jacobite rebellion, but only after it had failed; he left soon after. In 1745, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the grandson of James II, tried again, and he spent about two years in Scotland, and even made it to England for a while. But his father James III, son of James II, never bothered to join him.

². The Lady Keith of the song is said to be Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, a Catholic, who became Lady Mareschal. The air is incredibly beautiful but requires a tremendous range.

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- A full edition of the works of Robert Henryson is at the TEAMS web site, http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/teams/henryint.htm
- TEAMS also has a full edition of the works of William Dunbar, including the Flying and Ave Maria, gracia plena, at http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/teams/dunint.htm
- Ramsey’s Tea-Table Miscellany (four volumes, but usually published as two) is available on Google Books (in the two-volume form), as is volume II of the Works of Allan Ramsey; http://books.google.com
- Hogg’s Jacobite Relics can be found on Google Books, along with some collections of his works, although there is no comprehensive collection as of this writing; http://books.google.com
- Thomas of Ercildoun’s Prophecy is also available from TEAMS, at http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/teams/thercfrm.htm
- The Knightly Tale of Gologras and Gawain is another TEAMS text, at http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/teams/golint.htm
- The Tale of Rauf Coileyar can again be found via TEAMS, at http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/teams/collint.htm
- Gavin Douglas’s The Palis of Honoure is available from TEAMS, although his other works are not; http://www.lib.rochester.edu/camelot/teams/palisint.htm

Sample Recordings

- The Fisher Family [Archie, Ray, Joyce, Cindy, Audrey, and (Priscilla) Fisher). No idea if this can be found; I have it as an LP, Topic 12T137
- Archie Fisher, “The Man With the Rhyme,” Folk Legacy CD 61. (I should admit to some prejudice; I sort of know two of the backing musicians on this one. But Archie Fisher is truly a great musician.)
- Ewan MacColl with Peggy Seeger, “Songs of Two Rebellions,” Folkways 8756
- Ewan MacColl with Peggy Seeger, “Popular Scottish Songs,” Folkways 8757
- Jean Redpath, “First Flight,” Rounder CD 11556
- The Stewarts of Blair (Belle, Sheila, and Cathie), Lismore 7010. This is a capella, but there are three of them, so the harmonies are good. No idea if it’s available on CD, though.
- Andy M. Stewart, “Song of Robert Burns,” Green Linnet 3059
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