

William Julius Mickle (1735-88)

3 *The Sailor's Wife*

And are ye sure the news is true?  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
Ye jades, lay by your wheel!  
Is this a time to talk o' wark, 5  
When Colin's at the door?  
Gi'e me my cloak - I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck ava', 10  
There's little pleasure in the house,  
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
Put on the meikle pat:  
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown, 15  
And Jock his Sunday's coat.  
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
He likes to see them braw. 20

There is twa hens upon the bauk,  
'S been fed this month and mair;  
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare!  
And spread the table neat and clean, 25  
Gar ilka thing look braw;  
It's a' for love of my gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa'.

O gi'e me down my bigonets,  
My bishop-satin gown; 30  
For I maun tell the baillie's wife

That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman, 35  
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,  
His breath like caller air;  
His very fit has music in't  
When he comes up the stair. 40  
And will I see his face again!  
And will I hear him speak!  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth, I'm like to greet!

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content, 45  
I ha'e nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
I'm blest abune the lave.  
And will I see his face again!  
And will I hear him speak! 50  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet!

*c.1771*

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