At Marron Beck's a bonnie beck, what mazelin wad deny?
An' what compares wi' Branthet Neûk 'at Marron Beck gā's by?
Wid hoozes white, an' worchets green, an' Marron runnin' clear,
Eigh! Branthet Neûk's a heartsome spot i' t' sūnny time o' year!

But loave! it is a dowly pleàce when winter neeghts growe lang;
For t' lwoan ligs dark atween it's banks,—a flaysome rwoad to gang
When t' wind rwoars wild in t' trees abeùn, an' Marron rwoars below,—
An' Branthet Neuk's a hantit spot, as I've some reeght to know.
They say a heidless woman woaks at sartin neeghts o' t' year,
An' greàns an' yewls at sec a rate as freeghtens fwoke to hear;
I wadn't mind sec teàls, but yance I gat a freeght me-sel'
I' Branthet Neùk, an' hoo it was, just lissen an' I'll tell.

Yā neeght, lang sen, at Cursmass time, wid Cursmass mak' o' wedder,
A lock on us at Branthet met, to hev a glass togidder;
We crack't, an' jwok't, an' drank, an' smeuk't, while hoaf o' t' neeght went by,
For Isbel Simon' drink was gud, an' we war rayder dry!

'Twas lownd an' leàt—past yan o'clock—wid nūt a spark o' moon:
An' like a cloud o' cardit woo', thick snow keep't sinkin' doon,

When reeght up t' Neùk three Jwohn's an' me went
wadin' heàm through t' snow—
Jwohn Suntan, an' Jwohn Bell o' t' Rayes, an' Jwohn o' Craypless Ho'.

We'd gitten hoaf o' t' way up t' lwoan, —nār Edward Beeby' yat,
An' theear we stopp't, for marcy me! a parlish freeght we gat,
Lood greàns we heard—lang hollow beels, 'at shak't oor varra beàns,
"For God-seàk, lads, mak on," sez yan, " them's t' heidless woman' greàns!"

"But nay," sez I, " if wantin' t' heid, she raises sec a rout,
I'd like to see what way she taks to fetch sec haybays oot;
They say yan stops a woman's noise when yan taks off her heid,
But this, by gock! wad mak yan sweer they're noisy whick or deid."

It's Burns 'at sez Jwohn Barleycworn can ma bold as brass;
An' Isbel' drink meàd me quite keen this grenin' thing to feàce.
We shootit Edward Beeby up an' meàd 'im git a leeght—
He grummel’t sair to be disturb’t at sec a time o’ neeght,

But brong yan oot;—an’, led bee t’ lugs, we follow’t efter t’ soond,
While clwose t’ swine-hull dooar we com, an’ stopt, an’ gedder’t roond.
"By gockers, lads !" Jwohn Suntan said, "It’s no’ but Edward’ swine!"
"Nay, nay," sez Edward, "mine’s i’ soat—it’s nea pig o’ mine ! "

"Well, I'll gā in, an' see," sez I.  O' t' rest steud leukin on
As in I creept wid t' leeght, an' fund greit lang Joe Nicholson

[67] Hoaf covert up wid mucky strea,—soond asleep,— and snworin’,
As if o’t' bulls o' Dean war theear, an' ivery bull was rwoarin'.

We trail’t him oot, an' prop't him up ageàn t’ oald swine-hull wo’—
An' dazet wid coald he glower’t aboot, an' dadder’t like to fo’ —
We help't 'im in, an’ hap’t 'im weel, on t' squab aback o't' dooar,
He said his wife had barr't 'im oot, as oft she'd deun afooar.

Sez Jwohn o’ t' Rayes, "If iv’ry neeght he maks sa gurt a din,
It's rayder queer a wife like his sud iver let 'im in;
It's varra weel we hārd 'im though, he med ha' dee't o' coald!
Come, let's git yam!"—an' laughin' loud, we lonter't oot o't' foald.

[68] Jwohn Suntan’s rwoad left oor's gay seun, an' soc dud Jwohn Bell's,
An' Jwohn o' Craypless Ho' an' me went poapin' on oorsells,
An' no'but slow, for t' snow was thick, an' meàd it bad to woke,
Sooa mid-leg deep we striddel't on, but offen steud to toke.

Jwohn hed a faymish crack in 'im,—his fadder hed afooar 'im,—
At teàls an' sangs, an' sec like fun not many cud cum ower 'im ;
An' theàr an' than, dud Jwohn set on, at t’ furst gud rist we teuk,
To tell me hoo ther com to be a ghost i' Brantl Neûk.

Sez Jwohn, sez he, " I' Branthet Neûk, as varrà weel thoo knows,
'Tween t' beck an' Edward Beeby' hoose ther stan some brocken wo's;

Lang sen, when they hed roofs on them, yance, leàtish on i' t' year,
Some tinkler fwoke gat leave fray t' lword, an' com to winter theear.

"Two oald fwoke, wid a scrowe o' barns, an' yâ son, jüst a man,—
A handy chap to shap' a speun, or cloot a pot or pan,—
An' this chap hed a bonnie wife, 'at dûdn't leuk like t' rest,
But fair, clean-skinn't, an' leâdy-like, an' ol' as nicely drest.

'An' hoo she com to be wid them was niver reeghtly known,
But nebbers so' she wasn't used as if she'd been ther oan;
For t' oald fwoke soas't her neet an' day,—her man — a dûrty tike!—
Wad bray her wid a besom-stick, a thyvel, or sec like;

"Tull yance a nebber teûk her in, when t' tinklers flang her oot,
An' she let fo' a wûrd or two 'at brong a change aboot;
She telt o' sûm stown geese an' sheep, an' whoar they hed them hidden;
Of mutton up on t' sleeping loft, an' skins anonder t' midden.

"It wasn't many wûrds she said,—but wûrds she said anew
To bring t' oald tinkler and her man tull what was weel ther due;
For lang i' Cârel jail they laid, an' when t' assize com on,
'T' Judge let t' oald waistrel lowce ageân, but hang't his whopeful son.

"An' back frae Cârel t' tinkler com, to Branthet reeght away,
An' 'ticet t' poor lass frae t' nebber's house whoar she'd been fain to stay;
He promish't fair to treat her weel, and dûd while t' seckint neeght,
An' than, (reeght pleas't was Branthet fwok,) he meàd a moonleeght fleeght.

"An' days went by an' neàbody went när to t' tinkler's dooor,
At last some barns peep't in an' so' some huller't bleûd on t' flooor,
An' than t' hoose dooor was drûven in, an' sec a seeght was theer,
'At sùm 'at so 't went reid wid reàge, an' sùm went white wid fear.

"Squeez't up intull a dûrty neûk, an' bleûdy, stark, an' deid,
They fùnd that nice young lass's corp, bit niver fùnd her heid;
T' oald tinkler hoond hed hagg't it off afooar he meàd a fleeght on t',
An' teàn it wid him, fwoke suppwo'st, to gud his-sel' wid t' seet on't.
[72]
"An' nin o' t' clan at efter that i' t' country side was seen.
But iver sen a hantit spot hes that Neûk-lonning been,
For t' mûrder't woman wokes aboot, an' greàns, for o' she's deid,
As lood as what we hàrd to-neeght,—they say she laits her heid!"

"Wey, weel deùn, Jwohn!" to Jwohn sez I, "an' theûnks ta for thy teàl,
It's meàd me hoaf forgit hoo t' snow maks o' my teeàs geàl;
Th'u's just at heàm,—gud neeght, my lad, but fûrst hear this fray me,
If iv'ry teàl 'at's telt be true, thy stwory's neà lee!"