

“Quhan Murphy’s laird his biggin rear’d, 105
 I carryit aw the stanes;
 And mony a chiell has heard me squeal
 For sair-brizz’d back and banes.
 Within flude-mark, I aft do wark
 Gudewillit, quhan I please; 110
 In quarries deep, quhile uthers sleep,
 Greit blocks I win with ease.

“Yon bonny brig quhan folk wald big,
 To gar my stream look braw;
 A sair-toil’d wicht was I be nicht; 115
 I did mair than thaim aw,
 And weel thai kent quhat help I lent,
 For thai yon image fram’t,
 Aboon the pend whilk I defend;
 And it thai *Kelpie* nam’t. 120

“Quhan lads and lasses wauk the clais,
 Narby yon whinny hicht,
 The sound of me their daffin lays;
 Thai dare na mudge for fricht.
 Now in the midst of them I scream, 125
 Quhan toozlin’ on the haugh;
 Than quihher by thaim down the stream,
 Loud nickerin in a lauch.

“Sicklike’s my fun, of wark quhan run:
 But I do meikle mair; 130
 In pool or ford can nane be smur’d
 Gin *Kelpie* be nae there.
 Fow lang, I wat, I ken the spat,
 Quhair ane sall meet his deid:
 Nor wit nor pow’r put aff the hour, 135
 For his wanweird decreed.

“For oulks befoir, alangis the shoir,
 Or dancin’ down the stream,
 My lights are seen to blaze at e’en,
 With wull wanerthly gleam. 140
 The hind cums in, gif haim he win,

And cries, as he war wod;
'Sum ane sall soon be carryit down
By that wanchancy flude.'

"The taiken leil thai ken fow weel, 145
On water-sides quha won;
And aw but thai, quha's weird I spae,
Fast frae the danger run.
But fremmit fouk I thus provoke
To meit the fate thai flee: 150
To wilderit wichts thai're waefow lichts,
But lichts of joy to me.

"With rufow cries, that rend the skies,
Thair fate I seem to mourn,
Like crocodile, on banks of Nile; 155
For I still do the turn.
Douce, cautious men aft fey are seen;
Thai rin as thai war heyrt,
Despise all rede, and court their dede:
By me are thai inspir't. 160

"Yestreen the water was in spate,
The stanners aw war cur'd:
A man, nae stranger to the gate,
Raid up to tak the ford.
The haill town sware it wadna ride; 165
And Kelpie had been heard:
But nae a gliffin wad he bide,
His shroud I had prepared.

"The human schaip I sometimes aip:
As Prosenhaugh raid haim, 170
Ae starnless nicht, he gat a fricht,
Maist crackt his bustuous frame.
I, in a glint, lap on ahint,
And in my arms him fang't;
To his dore-cheik I kept the cleik: 175
The carle was sair bemang't.

"My name itsell wirks like a spell,

And quiet the house can keep;
Quhan greits the wean, the nurse in vain,
 Thoch tyke-tyrit, tries to sleip. 180
But gin scho say, 'Lie still, ye skrae,
 There's Water Kelpie's chap';
It's fleyit to wink, and in a blink
 It sleips as sound's a tap."

He said, and thrice he rais't his voice, 185
 And gaif a horrid gowl:
Thrice with his tail, as with a flail,
 He struck the flying pool.
A thunderclap seem't ilka wap,
 Resoundin' throw the wude; 190
The fire thrice flash't; syne in he splash't,
 And sunk beneath the flude.

1802-03

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