

In the lift I hear the lav'rock, wi' the sunlicht
briest ;

List the mavis an' the merle when the din o' d
ceased—

A' the dusky wuds are ringing—through the gla
music wells,

While I twist an' twine in fancy bonnie Sec
heatherbells.

Simmer win's are oot, and playing,

Deein' day, the nicht foretells ;

An' my heart, in fancy straying,

Loves an' leaves the heatherbells.