

Poetry.

"OH, IT'S HARD TO DIE FRAE HAME."

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

The evening sun is shining noo
On bonnie Lochanside,
And to the byre are creeping doon
The kye, my mither's pride;
The weans are sporting on the green,
I see things just the same
As if amang them a' mysel'—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

I see the house—the loch—the burn—
The boat lying on the shore;
My faither working in the yard,
My mither round the door;
The cradle rocking by the fire,
That burns a bleezing flame,
And Jeanie singing to the bairn,
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

To keep my faither in his craft
I left to win a fee,
And many a tear it cost us baith,
For I was young and wee;
I'm feared he'll break his tender heart,
And think he was to blame;
Gin I could only grip his han',—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

My ain dear mither little kens
Her Mary is sae ill,
For 'tween us there's a weary gate,
O' stormy sea and hill;
And will I never see her face,
Or hear her speak my name,
Or clasp my arms aboot her neck—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

I thank ye a' beside me here
For the love ye've shown to me,
Ye've gi'en me meat, ye've gi'en me claes,
And gi'en a gentle fee;
To think o't maks my heart grow grit,
And maks me feel like shame;
But yet—forgie me if I say't—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

And when ye write to tell our folk
How Mary gae'd awa',
Be sure ye tell them how I thocht
And spoke about them a';
And tell them, too, I gae'd in peace,
Because I kent the NAME
O' a Father and a Brother dear,—
Fareweel! I'm noo gaun hame!