

THE LOST LAIRD

(Air—"There's nae luck about the hoose.")

Ye'll tak' a glass tae gar ye speak,
And then tak' ither three,
And then tak' ither foor or five,
And then get on the spree.

CHORUS

There's nae luck i' the woods at nicht,
There's nae luck awa,
There's little pleasure in the swamp,
When ance day licht's awa'.

And then ye'll daunner ower a hicht
Sink doon until a howe,
And then fa' ower a rotten log,
An' brack yer puzzled pow.

Then on a scrog yer trowsers rive,
Then ower a log ye'll fa',
An' then the muckle bear'll come,
And he'll cloutch ye in his pa'.

The wolves'll holler roon aboot,
Ye'll think they're seekin' you,
And then ye'll curse that verra oor
Ye filled yersel' sae fu'.

Then ye'll tak' a glass tae gar ye speak,
And then tak' ither three,
And then ye'll gae tae the woods a' nicht,
An' lie below a tree.

We shall conclude with another song of Mr. Creighton's as it expresses the longing that doubtless often came over those who were far away from friends and native land.

ST. ANDREWS

(Air—Auld Lang Syne.)

O Scotland ! mony is the song,
Here sung in praise o' thee,
And mony a ane thinks unco long
Thy hills again tae see.