

A FLOWER.

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne,
Frac the hills that I ca' my ain,
An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams maun twine,
In the howes o' my waukrife brain.
Nae doubt 'twas a feckless thing to sen',
But it thrilled my heart, forsooth!
Wi' a nameless joy that few can ken,
That flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

I hae look't on grander gems o' licht,
An' fresher frae Nature's hand,
But nane that were burden't wi' thoct mair bricht
In the length or breadth o' the land:
For it brocht wi' its blinks o' dew-deck'd lea,
An' its pearlins o' muirlan' truth,
A kiss frae the mou' that I fain wad pree—
Sweet flow'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The smiling o' Fortune may e'en gang by,
An' the lustre o' coronets wane,
But Love, like a star in the gloamin' sky,
Beams aft in the gloom alane.
An' tho' 'neath the blasts o' misfortune chill
The blossoms o' Hope may fa',
A Han' frae aboon has plantit still
A flow'r in the warld for a'.