

But every word and deed o' thine
We'll treasure as a thing divine,
That wi' the grace o' Christ did shine
Through a' thae years;
We'll dream o' thee an' Auld Lang Syne
Wi' smiles an' tears.

Aye! in oor dreams ye'll live again
We'll see ye in the snaw an' rain
Hastin' to ease some neebor's pain
Wi' lover's speed,
Gi'ein' a loose an' coixin' rein
To thy tired steed.

We'll see ye sit wi' thoughtfu' mein
Beside the cot o' some puir wean,
Wha's mither stands wi' brimmin' e'en
To hear ye'r word,
An' looks mair happy than a queen
When she has heard!

Ye'r presence ever lent a grace
O' goodliness to sic a place;
Tho' aye they smiled to greet yer face
In stately ha',
Ye were a lover o' ye'r race
An' lo'ed by a'.

So rins oor dream o' the yestre'en,
O' winters white an' summers green,
For a' the years you've 'mang us been,
Oor steadfast friend;
Doon to the sweet and gentle scene
O' thy calm end.