

ne fu' blythe the

BONNIE SCOTLAND'S HEATHERBELLS.

(A City Song.)

the mill, an' Se

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, my lads,

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at.

et the crawflow'r decks the fountain, "crimson-tipp'd" on the lea,

ly the sunbeam kiss'd the gowan wakes and opes its gowden e'e :

an' my heart in sunny fancy seeks again the bosky dells,
far awa' whaur bloom sae grandly bonnie Scotland's heatherbells.

O! the langsyne mem'ries trooping,

Like the fairies frae the fells ;

Round my weary head that's drooping

Wreath again the heatherbells.

lich o' fit I pu' the heather on the hills aboon the Clyde—

Watch the sunshine, an' in shadow to the West the waters glide :

An' the fount of youth unsealing, through the tide of being swells,

As I catch in feeling fancy bonnie Scotland's heatherbells.

In the gloaming blithely singing,

Boyhood, wrought of magic spells,

With a careless hand is flinging

Wreaths of Scotland's heatherbells.