

Little Children.

Little children make me glad,
Though my very soul be sad;
Laughing in their sport and glee,
Climbing up upon my knee:
Running round about my chair,
With their hearts sae free frae care,
Playing wi' joy at hide and seek,
Out and in they merrily keek,
And their half pronounced names,
Tend to cheer our humble hames;
While we soothe them wi' a sang,
Winter nights are never lang;
While they prattle by our side,
Cheerful is our clean fireside;
They to bless mankind were given—
Home wi' them's a little heaven.