

circled him round,
 and blude,
 O, sae stern and grave,
 still do gude,
 sae buirdly an' bairn
 there,
 e lo'ed fu' weel,
 green gair.

* * *
 like a hirplin' hae
 ne awa'
 eline,
 e to a'—
 ten been,
 gatherin' roon',
 yhaur the burnies
 s sae broon.

ALBUM.

sh song,
 a liken thee;
 e grasses long.
Bonnie Bessie Lee.

AULD HAMELY MITHER SCOTLAN'.

Auld hamely Mither Scotlan',
 Sic mem'ries winna time;
 My heart grows grit wi' thochts o' thee,
 An' dreamings o' lang syne.
 I hear thy wee hill-burnie's sang,
 See thy fair gloamin' fa's,
 An' I, auld mither, seem aince mair
 A laddie pu'in' haws.

Auld blythesome Mither Scotlan',
 The primrose cleeds thy braes,
 The throssil 'mang thy wild green wuds
 E'en lilt its sweetest lays;
 Eild wi' her siller wand, belyve,
 Has touched thy pow an' mine;
 But, brave auld Covenant Scotlan', yet
 My life-blude loup wi' thine.

Dear, dear auld Mither Scotlan',
 I lo'e nae hills but thine;
 The bonny hills o' hame I spee'd
 In days o' auld lang syne;
 An' lang's the linty bigs its nest,
 The laverock sings on bie,—
 My heart, auld Mither Scotlan', aye
 Sall fill wi' thochts o' thee.