

SWEET OLIVE DETLOR.

*Where the "Neebing" glides sae softly 'mang bonnie
flowery meads,*

*And little birdies twitter on ilka hangin' bough,
Where ilka hill and valley record the "red-man's" deeds,
That are passin' fast away and are near forgotten now,
It is there beneath the shadow of hoary "Mount
McKay."*

*Where lives the sweetest lassie in a' the bonnie vale;
She's gracefu' as the willow that fringe the bonnie
stream,*

Her smiles are as bewitchin' as sunbeams on the dale.

Chorus—

*Then come and join in the chorus, my boys,
And fill up your cups tae the brim,
There's nane mair worthy a sang frae the bard,
Than sweet Olive Detlor sae trim.*

*And when her fairy fingers glide o'er the magic keys,
The melody that follows and flutters round the room,
Sounds as if the gates o' Heav'n were a' set ajar,
And a' the angels singin' wi' gowden harps in tune.
Then when she takes tae liltin' ower some auld Scottish
sang,*

*The nightingale's sweet music wi' hers canna compare;
It is sweet as the murmur o' some wee tinklin' stream,
Or voices of the angels that float upon the air.*

Then come and join in the chorus, my boys, etc.