

## JAMIE DALE AN' ME

The day was blae, the rigs were bare,  
The corn a' led awa';  
Cauld sougled the wind up frae the sea,  
The lift hung grey wi' snaw.

But never mair we'll walk the fields,  
Jamie Dale an' me;  
On dowie braes I gang my lane,  
His face nae mair I'll see,  
Till in a land of fadeless spring,  
Auld age melts aff like snaw,  
An' I again am in my 'teens,  
Ar' Jamie twenty-twa.