

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

LADDIE, little laddie, come with me over the hills.
Where blossom the white May lilies, and the dog-
wood and daffodils;

For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that
love to roam

Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing for me
and you;

And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as
white as foam.

We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over the hills
at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song,
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip
along;

But your own little song is sweeter, your own with its
merry trills;

So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy
hills.