

inner back
aw,
amin' glen
';
fancy, spring
tin—
eary heart

hy knowes,
green,
nes doon,
pen;
inna bide,
hain,
gather roun'

sae sweet
in' grey ;
the lea,
rae ;
t o' gowd,
e main
igh o' wae

SCOTLAND'S PARRITCH-PAT.

d mither Scotland's ingle-nook is aye a canty biel',
couthie wi' its cheery lowe, it haps her bairns fiel' ;
'littin' at her spinning-wheel, at orra times, I wat,
eident e'es, and steers aboot her hamely parritch-pat.

Her hamely parritch-pat, my lads,

We'll lilt a stave o' that ;

Her sons sac stieve, wi' pith o' nieve,

May bless her parritch-pat.

r neibour John ayont the Tweed may brag o' beeves
galore,

Pddy bold from Erin's Isle in praise o' praties soar,
Scotland douce still haunds the hoose she **frae** her
minnie gat,

steers aboot wi' tentie e'e her hamely parritch-pat.

Her hamely parritch-pat, my lads,

She ne'er had skaith o' that :

An' pith o' brain an' heart are fain

To bless her parritch-pat.

e Wallace wight an' Bruce the bauld, wi' mony chiels
forbye,

ha foremaist fough't in Freedom's cause, an' heezed
the thistle high,