

SCOTCH SONG.



November came so chill and cauld,
 Aud frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas wi' his blasts so bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our chiels to kill;
 When my gudewife wha lo'es no strife.
 Gat up and plainly did declare,
 Go to the druggist, John, and buy
 The Pectoral o' Dochter AYER.

Now this is so, as weel ye know,
 To cross the lassies will na pay,
 So aff I slid as I was bid,
 And bought the PECTORAL that day.
 Our health increased, our coughing ceased,
 No frown the gudewife's brow did wear;
 So every time we brew the malt,
 We drink the health of Dochter AYER.

Lang be his life an' free from strife.
 May bairnies' bairnies climb his knee,
 And ne'er may they to their last day
 For gowd or siller wanting be;
 May he ne'er lack a trusty frien'—
 May he ne'er feel the clutch o' care,
 O' blessings may our Father sen'
 To him the eldest brither's share.