

REMINISCENCE

O, the happy days of childhood I never can forget,
 Though now we are getting far apart,
 But sometimes in my mind come scenes of auld lang syne
 And I see them all the time with my heart.

There's the bonny Boreland Bay, and the bonny Isle of
 And Kirk Aners lying low on the shore, [Fleet
 And Borguekirk on the hill wi' the hooses roon its feet,
 Frae Billy's roon to Johnnie Clinton's store.

There is the Academy that always seemed so high,
 With reverence I name the hallowed spot,
 Though Euclid, and Hutton, and Murray used to try
 To confuse the wee ween brains I had got.

The clattering Ra' is there ayant the big Nacan,
 And Carleton where Jean Bee once stood lauching,
 And May Kingin's burnie, as pure as ever ran,
 And the woods and heighs and hows o' Balnaguachan.

There's Houston's o' Brig-end wi' the clear stream rin-
 And Plunton Castle standing all alone, [nin by,
 And the stile into the meadow, and the coopark dyke so
 And the cottage that I used to call my home. [high

Taere's the hill ' back-o-hoose, and the hill afore th' door.
 And the Clae hill, and heichain Granny high,
 And distant Cairnharrow, and lofty Cairnsmoor,
 An the four and twenty wee things riunnin by.

There's Rainton on the hill, and the cairn on the bar,
 And Molly Manson's cothouse on the brae,
 And auld Garnymire where the Girthon witch o' yore,
 Danced her cantrips doon the burn to the sea.

There's the auld Kirk-o-Girthon. near Laganorie brae.
 And the cally woods, so beautiful to see,
 And the Gatehouse on the Fleet and the mountains all
 From Endrich to the Ferrytown of Cree. [the way,

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