

## THE LANG HEIDED LADDIE.

**H**E'S a lang heided laddie that Sannock o' mine,  
And sometime or ither that laddie maun shine;  
It needs nae auld spae-wife his fortune to ken,  
He'll be seen and heard-tell o' amang muckle men.  
But bairns are no' noticed by big folks ye see,  
That belong to a puir widow-woman like me—  
But he'll gar them notice ere many years go,  
And listen to him, be they willing or no,  
And to his decision, he'll make them a' boo—  
He's a lang heided laddie, our Sannock, I trou!

Alane, by the burnsides, he ranges for hours,  
And he kens a' about the wee birds and the flowers.  
He's off, ere the cock craws, awa' to the braes,  
And he stays out amang them for hale simmer days,  
To talk wi' the peesewep and lane cushy-doo—  
He's a wonderfu' laddie, our Sannock, I trou!

There's no' an auld castle that towers on the steep,  
Nor a field whaur our auld fechtin' forefathers sleep,  
Nor a bonnie wee burnie that wimples alang,  
In the licht o' its gladness, immortal in sang.  
There's no' an auld kirk, where the gray howlets cry  
To the dead congregations around them that lie;  
There's no' an auld abbey that sits in the rain,  
In widowed weeds, sighing o'er glory that's gane,  
But he kens mair about them than antiquars do—  
He's a lang heided laddie, our Sannock, I trou!

Auld Birsie, the bodie that lives by his craft,  
Ance hinted to me, that my laddie was daft;  
I bang'd up and tauld him, that "him nor his weans  
Wadna likely gang daft by the wecht o' their brains,  
Or their honesty either." I gied him my min',