

THE BONNIE BANKS O' CLYDE.

Oh! sweet are the smiles o' the simmer sun,
Whaur the silv'ry Severn shines,
An' many the gardens glittering rich
That the winding Wye entwines;
But Fancy flies—an' I stand ance mair
In the purple gloaming-tide
An' the gowden licht o' auld lang syne
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

I hear the croon o' the wee hill-burn,
That sings thro' the lang green glen,
Whaur the muircocks crawl thro' the misty daw'
And the red fox bigs his den,
Whaur the harebell chimies to the westlan' breeze.
An' doon frae the broon hillside
The scent o' the heather fills the air,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

The laverock lirts in the cloudless blue,
An' the wee wild gowans bloom,
An' the linty chimms a lown love-plaint,
In the bield o' the yellow broom.
The blackbird pipes, an' the cushat wails,
An' faur thro' the plantin' wide
The springs o' life are fresh an' young,
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.