

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

Gin neebors canty are an' weel,
Gin ilka thing looks cheerin',
Gin no ane hae an empty crool,
I'll lauch to see the year in.

Gin loup the sea on New Year's Day,
Gin shines the red sun rarely,
Gin ilka thing comes as I say,
Gin nature smiles sae fairly,
Gin I get Jock an' Jock gets me,
Gin baith get plenty gearin',
Gin no' a strae should fa' our way,
We'll lauch to see the year in.

MY AIN BONNIE LASS O' THE GLEN.

Ae blink o' the bonnie new mune,
Ay tinted* as sune as she's seen,
Wad licht me to Meg frae the toun,
Tho' mony the braeside between;
Ae fuff o' the saftest o' win's,
As willyart it kisses the thorn,
Wad blaw me o'er knaggies an' linns
To Meg by the side o' the burn!

My daddie's a laird wi' a ha';
My mither had kin at the court;
I maunna gang wooin' ava',
Or ony sic frolicsome sport.
Gin I'd wed, there's a winklot kept bye,
Wi' bodles an' gear i' her loof—

**Tinted*—lost.