

We felt the magic o' the wood,
As we were wont to do,
When we would hush our hearts to hear
The voice o' the cuckoo.

Ance mair, the flowers were living things
That round about us sprung;
It wasna' dew, but siller draps
That on their bosoms hung!
The sky again was bonnie blue,
Where no' a speck was seen;
And oh! the grass was green again—
I canna tell how green.

We felt the breath o' meadows sweet,
Ere yet the dews depart;
And ho! ance mair the gowan fair,
Had crept into our heart.
And tho' he's lain him down to rest,
Frae a' earth's good or ill;
His memory is fragrant yet—
He's singing to us still.

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