

And buskit in their hame-spun gray;
But they were trig and braw,
Tho' ne'er a crinoline had they,
They stole the heart awa'.

But fashion rules the world now,
And oh, its heart is cold!
And love is no' the sacred lowe
It was in days of old.

Oh! weary fa' this waefu' pride!
It's banished rock and reel;
And joy has fled the country side,
With Scotland's spinning wheel.

And weary fa' this waefu' lore
Which only makes us vain;
The tree of knowledge as of yore,
Has brought but grief and pain.

How green the braes were in the days
When life was in its spring!
The heart was light, the world was bright.
When George the Fourth was king!

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