

And some are guid by grace o' God,  
And some hae to be skelpit;  
But he was guid, and just because  
He wasna fit to help it.

His joy was in the woods to rove,  
To loiter by the burn;  
He lov'd wild nature, and she lov'd  
Her lover in return.  
He sought her green retired nooks,  
And nae ane better knew  
The secret haunts, the fairy howes,  
Where a' the wild flowers grew.

And he would follow in the track  
Where spring had newly been,  
To see the primrose peeping forth,  
And blewarts ope their e'en.  
The gowan didna better lo'e  
Nor did the foxglove ken,  
The hazel howes, the fairy knowes  
O' bonnie Calder glen.

Ilk strange wee bird o' wood and wild,  
'Bout which the learn'd disputit,  
Its name, its nature, and its sang,—  
Weel kent he a' about it.  
And when the wee gray lintie cam'  
Around his cot to sing,  
He wadna let the vagrant touch  
A feather o' her wing.

And oh! how he would sing the sangs  
O' langsyne's happy days,  
'Till we were wafted back again  
Amang the broomy braes.