

O! WHA CAN TELL THE BAULK AN'  
SHAME.

TUNE—"Sandy o'er the lea."

O! wha can tell the baulk an' shame,  
A youthfu' heart may dree;  
Wha fondly lea's a gladsome hame,  
O' foreign joys to prie.  
Yet aye we see the sunny days,  
O' youth negected shine;  
An' mem'ry left to speak their praise,  
An' at their loss repine.

O! they're a' flow'n, flow'n,  
An' they're aye flow'n frae me;  
But I'll ne'er forget their loveliness,  
Until the day I die.

Experience gain'd an' hameward turn'd,  
To scenes o' early love;  
An' bent to cherish sweets ye spurn'd;  
An' never mair to rove:  
'Tis hard to meet a stranger face,  
Domestic in the ha';