

For lang weeks and months,
Drifting late and air',
Cuttin' out a door
To his "castle in the air"

He thinks his "pile" is made,
And he's gaun' hame gin fa'—
He joins his dear auld mither,
His faither, freends, and a';
His heart e'en jumps wi' joy
At the thochts o' bein' there,
Ane's mony a happy minute
"Biggin' castles in the air."

But hopes that promised high
In the spring-time o' the year,
Like leaves o' autumn fa'
When the frost o' winter's near;
Sae his biggin' tum'les doon,
Wi' ilka blast o' care,
Till there's no "a stane left stannin'"
O' his "castle in the air."

Toiling and sorrowing,
On thro' life he goes;
"Each morning sees some work begun,
Each evening sees it close."
But he has the grit,
Tho' his "tum-tum" may be sair,
For anither year is coming,
Wi' its "castles in the air."