

— ❧ P O E M S. ❧ —

OUR MITHER TONGUE.

Read before the St. Andrew's Society, Detroit, Nov. 20, 1870.

'Tis monie a day since first we left
Auld Scotland's rugged hills—
Her heath'ry braes and gow'ny glens,
Her bonnie winding rills.
We lo'ed her in the by-gane time,
When life and hope were young,
We lo'e her still, wi' right guid will,
And glory in her tongue!

Can we forget the summer days
Whan we got leave frae schule,
How we gade birrin' down the braes
To daidle in the pool?
Or to the glen we'd slip awa
Where hazel clusters hung,
And wake the echoes o' the hills—
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

Can we forget the lonesome kirk
Where gloomy ivies creep?
Can we forget the auld kirk yard
Where our forefather's sleep?