

I see my auld mither, I oft hear her speak ;
I feel her embrace, and her tears on my cheek.
While my sisters are rinnin' to welcome me hame,—
I startle to find they are a' dead and gane.

They're a' in the kirkyard where aften I play'd—
Perchance on the very green spot where they're laid ;
Where I gather'd the gowans, my bosom to deck,
Or hung them in strings roun' our wee titty's neck.

And there grew a yew tree, where often we play'd ;—
I'd like but to ken if they sleep 'neath its shade.
I still hear its soughing, its branches I see,
And are they a' gather'd beneath it ? Ah, me !