

CUDDLE DOON

At length, they hear their faither's fit,
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces tae the wa',
While Tam pretends tae snore!
"Ha'e a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon,
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds
An' lang since, cuddled doon."

An' juist afore we bed oorselfs,
We look at oor wee lambs,
Tam has his airm roon' wee Rab's neck,
An Rab his airm roon' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till ma heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear tae me,
But soon the big warld's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee;
But come what will, tae ilka ane
May he who sits aboon
Aye whisper though their heids be bald
"Oh, bairnies! Cuddle doon."

—ALEXANDER ANDERSON.