

His little bairnies start up one by one,  
 They early learn to know the day of rest,  
 Wee Maggie asks if frock or bonnet's done?  
 They clamor to put on their Sunday's best;  
 The Guidwife clasps her infant to her breast,  
 Warns and commands the noisy to behave;  
 Wee Will tries on his new-made breeks and vest,  
 He struts about the wonder o' the lave:  
 'Gainst pride, the Guidman speaks, wi' looks de-  
 mure and grave.

He fondly takes his Willy by the hand,  
 And aff they gang to dander round aboot,  
 To see, perhaps, if dyke or pailing stand,  
 Or if the wheat or oats begin to shoot;  
 The kye frae foggage field ha'e broken out,  
 His collie dog soon answers to his ca';  
 He pulls a turnip and cuts off the root,  
 Wee Willy kens the way to wring the shaw,  
 He sits and glow'rs and eats while "daddie"  
 mends the flaw.

Adown the bank they ca' the sheep and kye  
 To where the burnie laves out owre the rocks;  
 Syne hameward 'cross the bonnie brig o' Dye,  
 Where weeping willows wave their silv'ry locks,  
 High on the tree the raven hoarsely croaks,  
 The lintie sings among the heath'ry braes;  
 The herds ha'e turned and gathered in their  
 flocks—

Baith hind and herd respect the day o' days—  
 From lowly shiel and cot ascends the song of  
 praise.