

Frae Cameron Jock o' Canada—
 As smart a lad 's ye ever saw,
 Wha's-greatest faut was nane uncommon,
 A gae strong likin' for a woman ;
 An ill loon wi' some men was Johnny,
 Because he had sae muckle money !
 But I hae travel'd near and far,
 And aften hae I met wi' waur ;
 The claim he sell't me was nae bad,
 An' ere three months I siller had.
 Gin next year's spring I tried my luck
 At prospeckin', but I got " stuck,"
 An' Red Gulch eased me o' my cash ;
 (I wish I hadna been sae rash !)
 Weel, I began the world again,
 An' warked for months wi' might an' main,
 An' whan 'twas drawin' towards the fa'
 I wasna that ill aff ava ;
 The " Cameron " was my auld stay bye, ;
 To feed my pouch when pumped dry.
 In '63 I gaed to seek
 My fortune upon Lightning Creek ;
 I fell in lore—noo dinna start.
 Dear Sawney, I ne'er lost my heart
 But aince—" the theft I've lang forgive,
 Forget the thief—ne'er while I live."
 But to my tale : I fell in love,
 O'er head and lugs and hand and glove,
 An' thocht that nane could e'er surpass
 The tocher o' the " Ayrshire Lass ;"
 I tried my best to catch her tin.
 But, ah ! the jade, she took me in ;
 For four lang months I ran her drift,
 Then wearied out, ga' 'er in a gift !
 Syne back to Williams I did ca'
 As puir a chiel 's ye ever saw ;
 A' summer then I staid at hame,
 An' warked awa at my auld claim,
 O' luck I had a real guid streak,
 Whiles makin' thirty punds a week ;
 And yet I wasna half content.
 On prospeckin' I still was bent ;
 Had shares in a' the kintra side,
 In shafts gaun' doon thro' slum and slide ;
 Thocht, ilka day I'd strike it big,
 Sae didna mind the costs a fig.
 O ! had I kent what I ken noo,
 I'd sent my siller hame to you ;
 For long afore the winter's snaw,