

YE'RE MY AIN LOVE.

Years a score, a score a maist. Ha'e we lo'ed and liv'd together,

Ilk ane sweeter than the last; Ye're my ain, I hae nae ith er

SECOND VERSE.

Will ye mak the ae score twa?
 Bounteous still's the power that's o'er us!
 Bloomy Summer's scarce awa;
 Mellow Autumn's a' before us;
 Long 'tis then till Winter, dear!
 Comes wi' thoughtfu' smile and greets us!
 Far's the close! yet, far or near,
 Ye're my ain, whene'er it meets us!