

This is what gars me maist complain,
 Maist as weel kenned as mine's your name,
 Auld Scotia claims ye as her ain,
 Her dearest one ;
 An' that daft gilpey, Madam Fame,
 Owns thee her son.

I thocht that jests wad flee fu' fain,
 Forgetfulness come in again,
 That I wad claim ye as my ain,
 Tae haud an bin' ye
 But noo through a' o' my domain
 I canna fin' ye.

Noo fare ye weel, whaur'er ye be,
 Ane thing I ken ye're no wi' me,
 I ha'e searched high an' low to see,
 By spells an' turns ;
 Sae I maun even let ye be,
 O Robert Burns.

G. Hill, 1840.

SEPARATION.

ELIZABETH TO WALTER.

HE has come and he has gone,
 Meeting, parting, both are o'er ;
 And I feel the same dull pain,
 Aching heart and throbbing brain
 Coming o'er me once again,
 That I often felt before.

For he is my father's son,
 And, in childhood's loving time