

An' aft my joy, wi' sorrow clad,
An empty bubble.

But whiles I tak' the fiddle doon,
An lilt mysel' a hielan' tune,
Whilk lifts my heart a' cares aboon,
An' stacks my tether,
An' wasts me back to Scotland's crown,
The bloomin' heather.

Now, Charlie, ye'll think o' this letter,
That I micht dune a hantle better;
But it winna do the muse to fetter,
Whan she comes ben;
For we maun tak' her as we get her,
Sae draps my pen!

Song, Inscribed to my Wife.

TUNE.—"When you and I were young, Maggie."

When you and I were young, Jane,
A long time ago,
Blythe as the lark we sung, Jane,
Nor thought of care or woe,
We wandered forth by the woods, Jane,
Or o'er the fields we'd stray,
While mutual vows we made, Jane,
With thoughts as pure as day.

We have lived for years thegither, Jane,
In peace and pleasure too,
Life's storms we've tried to weather, Jane,
As we've trod life's passage through.
An' though we're getting auld, Jane,
And life's morn has passed away,
Our hearts have ne'er turned cold, Jane,
But warmer every day.

And now by nature's course, Jane,
Our thread of life's near spun;
We soon shall end earth's strife, Jane,
Our race will soon be run.
Oh, may we both meet there, Jane,
In the mansions of the blest,
And rejoice in that heavenly sphere, Jane,
Where all is peace and rest.