

For then the tear comes in mine e'e,  
My wearied heart o'erflows,  
And Scotland, I am back to thee,  
And to thy green hedgerows.

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## CRAIGEND'S WOODS.

O, Craigend's woods are waving green,  
And Locher's banks are fair,  
And many a simmer's day, I ween,  
I've spent in gladness there.  
I canna' tell what tempted me  
To cross the saut sea faem ;  
For something sings, where'er I be,  
O, this is no' thy hame.

The simmer day's far langer there ;  
Mair sweet's the morning's smile ;  
And, tho' it may be dash'd wi' care,  
There's beauty to beguile.  
I lang to see the broomy braes,  
The birks where woodbines twine,  
To hear again the lintis lays,  
Wi' feelings o' langsyne.