


OLD ADAM.

LD ADAM was a character,
Old Adam was a sage;
Ye'll hardly find his marrow now,
In this degen'rate age.
He were aboon his raven locks
A braid kilnarnock bonnet,
A hameart coat upon his back,
Wi' big horn buttons on it.

A plaid out-owre his shouthers hung,
The en' fell owre his sleeve;
A crooket, knotet, hazel rung
Was in his wally nieve.
His breeks were side, sae were his shoon,
His legs they were nae rashes,
And batton'd upward to the knee,
Wi' great drab splatterdashes !

A ringin' laugh, a hearty shake,
A bright eye beaming o'er you ;
Ahint him Towser wags his tail,
And there he stands before you !
And yet the inner man was form'd,
On nature's model plan ;
The dress but hid a heart that lov'd
All Nature, God, and Man.

He was nae *thing* that stood apart
Frae universal nature ;
But had a corner in his heart
For ev'ry living creature.