

THE AULD SANGS.

THERE's something in the auld Scotch sangs,
That makes the heart tae thrill;
The music seems as soothing
As the murmur o' the rill.
They seem tae loose the heart strings
And set the feelings free;
O' a' the sangs I ever hear
The Scotch sangs are for me.

We're carried back tae bairnhood days;
We see each bairnhood scene;
The rugged hills where heather blooms
And fertile haughs sae green;
The fields where Bruce and Wallace fought,
The castles auld and grim.
Age and decay they seem tae mock
They stand sae trig and trim.

There something in the auld land yet
We have na in the new;
There's something touching in its sangs,
They seem sae sweet and true.
Our new hame may be bright and fair,
Broad fields tae us belang;
But naething seems to cheer the heart
Like some auld Scottish sang.