

How unlike our mellow mavis
 And the blackbird's note sae clear,
 Making woods an' valleys vocal
 I' the springtime o' the year!

O that I were back to Britain!
 Friends nor foes should tempt me more
 E'er again to set a foot on
 This uncultivated shore.

Yes, rather would I be content wi'
 Meaner things an' sober cheer,
 Wi' freends at hame, than spend a lifetime
 In this wilderness oot here.

Galashiels.

P. C.

A DROUTHY HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

Aw fin' aw'm raither fou the nicht,
 An' doot aw'll hardly daur gang hame,
 For ma gudewife is sure to flyte
 At bein' left sae lang her lane.

I thoughtna here to bide sae late,
 Or yet to taste the barley bree,
 But when we boon companions meet,
 Heo swift the hours and moments flee.

Ilk stoup we toom heaves us aboon
 The world and a' its cankerin' care,
 And as the reamin' glass gaes roon,
 We quaff it off an' ca's for mair.

But pleasures are like a' thing here—
 A blink at best, and syne are gane:
 Then comes regret, remorse, and fear—
 To me the fear o' gangin' hame.

Should ma wife flyte, aw'll bear the dree,
 And own that I've been in the wrang;
 That I'll nae mair get on the spree,
 Or wi' sic drouthy cronies gang.

Aw ken her love for me's the same
 As mine for her will ever be;
 Be't late or sune when aw cum hame,
 She's sure to find no *change* on me.