

WHITE HEATHER.

It's ill to be puir and leal !
And it's ill to keep lint frae the lowe !
And it's ill to hae bauchles sae doon at the heel
That the weary fit wanders throwe !

But whether this poortith will flee,
While the leal and the true shall remain ?
And whether my Jeanie will smile upon me ?
Is a "Read-me-my Riddle !" again.

She tell't me "she riches despised,"
But she didna ken I was so puir !
And a sprig o' white heather—a gift that I prized—
She plucked as we gaed ower the muir.

I wad that I wasna sae puir !
And I wad that I aye might be leal !
But I wad, aboon a', to be certain and sure
O' what bonnie Jeanie may feel ?

We gang to the sun for its shine—
And we gang to the wuds for their shade—
And I'll e'en to my luve, in my dool and my pine,
And speir what that "White Heather" said !

—WILLIAM WYE SMITH.