

Is there a land, is there a clime,  
Where freedom dwells or love sublime,  
Where honest worth and manhood shine  
Above the throng.  
That land loves Burns and Burns' rhyme  
And Burns' song.

— x —

### THERE WAS A YOUNG LAD.

There was a young lad saw a bonny wee lass,  
He thought he would try the winning o't,  
He looted his head and he stole a wee kiss,  
And that was the whole beginning o't.  
She jumpit, she scaudit, she blushed and she banned  
She ca'd him an impudent rakish young man,  
He looted his head and he stole it again,  
And lang they laughed ower the stealing o't.

Doon by yon dike-side beside a slae-thorn,  
The moon and the stars are shining on't,  
The laddie and lassie, right cosy and warm,  
In a bonny grey plaid is reclining on't.  
He pressed, he caressed her, he blessed and he sighed  
He sued and he wooed her to be his sweet bride,  
She looked up, she looked doon, she looked roon and  
She laughed and she shook the bit headie o't. [cried,

There is a wee hoosie beside a wee burn,  
In a glen wi' a hill by the side o't,  
The laddie lives there, and he isna' forlorn,  
The lassie's the bonny we bridie o't.  
And there's Jemy and Jennie, and Johnnie and Will,  
And red cheekit Peggie, and bonny wee Nell,  
A' healthy and happy, and hearty and hale,  
And so it goes on till the ending o't.

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Register Print, Neepawa.