

MY AULD COAT.

YE'LL clead me aye, my puir auld coat,
 We're baith the waur o' wear;
 Ten lee-lang years I've tent ye weel,
 A saunt could do nae mair.
 Gin cauldrife blasts sud try your wab
 An' blaw as gin they'd tear't,
 Haud oot like me, defy them a':
 Auld frien, we mauna pairt.

I min' when first I pit ye on,
 I min' sic braw days lang—
 The callants nipp'd an' daff'd an' syne
 They hanselt ye wi' sang.
 Noo tho' ye're thin, and I am puir,
 They ken oor honest he'rt;
 We'll aye be welcome to their door:
 Auld frien, we mauna pairt.

I ne'er hae strinkled ye wi' scents
 Like dandies in their pride,
 I ne'er hae boo'd your honest back
 A lording's scorns to bide.
 Owre duds o' ribans folk may fecht—
 There's fules in ilka airt—
 Your muirlan gowan's brawer gear:
 Auld frien, we mauna pairt.

Fearna sic hairum-scairum days
As ance we spent thegither,
Whiles glaidsome, an' whiles unco wae,
Baith dreich an' sinny weather.
Richt sunē I maun pit aff for aye
My coat an' a', I'm feart;
Jist bide a wee, we'll baith be dune :
Auld frien, we mauna pairt.

SIR DONALD MACALISTER.

clead, clothe.

tent, looked after.

dreich, dreary.

BACK AGAIN.

TWA traivlers gaed ance to the Heilans awa
 I' the hairst : ah ! it's then that the Hielans are braw !
 The tane he gaed—to be like the lave ;
 The tither his ain he'rt' greinin' drove.

An' when they baith were cam hame again,
 Their friens an' neebors were unco fain,
 An' deaved them wi' speirin, ane an' a'—
 " Weel, what hae ye seen i' thae Hielans awa ? "

The tane he gantit an' scra't his pow—
 " Oh ! naething by-ordnar that I mind o' :
Jist hill an' heather, an' loch an' linn,
An' the blue o' the lift, an' the glint o' the sinn."

The tither leuch laigh, an the like spak he,
 But wi' blithesome face, an' wi' glisterin' ee—
 " *Ay! hill an' heather! an' loch an' linn!*
An' the blue o' the lift, an' the glint o' the sinn!"

SIR DONALD MACALISTER.

lave, rest.
greinin', longing.
speirin', askin.
gantit, yawned.

lift, sky.
leuch, laugh.
laigh, low.