

THE BONNIE WEE WELL.

THE bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
 That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
 And croons a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel'
 As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty blue-bell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
 Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;
 For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
 And it kisses the flowers, while its ripple they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
 Wins blessings and blessings fu' monie ilk day;
 For the wayworn and wearie aft rest by its side,
 And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
 Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae
 grey,
 Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and
 tak' wing,
 And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
 My mem'ry aft haunts thee by nicht and by day;
 For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane
 Ha'e knelt by thy brim, and thy gush ha'e parta'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom, my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae
 mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness, and bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmoil and noise,
I'll oft hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

HUGH MACDONALD.

skinkles, sparkles.
genty, noble.

yird, earth.
pree, taste.