

## AULD MITHER SCOTLAN'.

NA, na, I wanna pairt wi' that,  
I downa gi'e it up;  
O' Scotlan's hamely mither tongue  
I canna quat the grup.  
It's bedded in my very he'rt,  
Ye needna rive an' rug;  
It's in my e'e an' on my tongue,  
An' singin' in my lug.

O leeze me on the Scottish lass,  
Fresh frae her muirlan' hame,  
Wi' gowden or wi' coal-black hair,  
Row'd up wi' bucklin'-kame;  
Or wavin' roun' her snawy broo,  
Sae bonnie, braid, an' brent,  
Gaun barefit wi' her kiltit coat,  
Blythe singin' ower the bent.

I heard her sing "Auld Robin Gray,"  
An' "Yarrow's dowie den"—  
O' Flodden, an' oor forest flouris  
Cut doon by Englishmen;  
My saul was fir'd, my he'rt was fu',  
The tear was in my e'e:  
Let ither lan's hae ither sangs—  
Auld Scotlan's sangs for me.

What words mair tender, kin', an' true,  
Can wooer ha'e to say,  
Whan doun the burn at gloamin' fa'  
He meets his bonnie May?

Or words mair sweet, mair saft an' dear,  
 Can lassie ha'e to speak,  
 Whan love is dancin' in her e'e  
 An' glowin' on her cheek?

For, oh, the meltin' Doric lay  
 In cot or clachan sung,  
 The words that drap like hinny dew  
 Frae mither Scotlan's tongue,  
 Ha'e power to thrill the youthfu' he'rt  
 An' fire the patriot's min';  
 To saften grief in ilka form,  
 It comes to human kin'.

I saw a waefu' mither kneel  
 On weary, tremblin' knee,  
 Beside the cradle, where she laid  
 Her bairnie doon to dee.  
 An' aye she kissed the cauld white cheek,  
 An' aye she made her mane,  
 "My ain wee lamb, my ain sweet doo,  
 Frae me for ever gane!"

The faither strakit back her hair,  
 An' dichtit saft her een,  
 "Wee Willie's gane, thy marrow's here,  
 Thy life-lang, lovin' frien'."  
 She leant her on his faithfu' breast,  
 An' sabb'd "Wilt thou forgi'e  
 My sinfu' grief for bairnie lost,  
 Whan I ha'e God an' thee?"

" My mither, tho' the snaws o' eld  
 Are on my pow an' thine,  
 My he'rt is leal to thee as in  
 The days o' auld langsyne.  
 Thy hamely worth, thy couthie speech,  
 Are dear—hoo dear to me!  
 An' neist to God, my John, an' bairns,  
 Thy place sall ever be."

JANET HAMILTON.

*rive*, toil.

*bucklin'-kame*, clasp-comb.

*brent*, smooth.

*marrow*, partner.

*pow*, head.

*couthie*, kindly.