

OUR AIN FIRE-END.

AIR—"Kelvin Grove."

WHEN the frost is on the grun',
Keep your ain fire-end,
For the warmth o' summer's sun
Has our ain fire-end ;

When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,
Or snaw ye could be smoor'd in,
The best flower in the garden
Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa !
Round our ain fire-end,
He mak's rabbits on the wa',
At our ain fire-end.

Then the fun as they are mumping,
When, to touch them ye gae stumping,
They're set on your tap a' jumping,
At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep
At our ain fire-end,
When ye on your whistle wheep,
Round our ain fire-end ;
Now, the dog maun get a saddle,
Then a cart's made o' the ladle,
To please ye as ye daidle
Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,
At our ain fire-end,
Taking childhood's dreamless nap,
At our ain fire-end ;
Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,
An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,

And a' that's gude I wish ye,
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink
O' our ain fire-end,
Fu' monie a time ye'll think
On our ain fire-end ;
On a' your gamesome ploys,
On your whistle and your toys,
And ye'll think ye hear the noise
O' our ain fire-end.

William Miller