

LADY SUMMER.

AIR—“ *Blythe, blythe, and merry are we.*”

BIRDIE, birdie, weet your whistle!

Sing a sang to please the wean;

Let it be o' Lady Summer

Walking wi' her gallant train!

Sing him how her gauzy mantle!

Forest green trails ower the lea,

Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't

Wi' the field flowers to the knee!

How her foot's wi' daisies buskit,

Kirtle o' the primrose hue,

And her ee sae like my laddie's,

Glancing, laughing, loving blue!

How we meet on hill and valley,

Children sweet as fairest flowers,

Buds and blossoms o' affection,

Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!

Sing it ower and ower again;

Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,

Like a shower o' summer rain.

“Hoot, toot, toot!” the birdie’s saying,
“Who can shear the rigg that’s shorn?
Ye’ve sung þrawlie simmer’s ferlies,
I’ll toot on anither horn.”

William Miller