

HAIRST.

AIR—“ *Coming through the rye.*”

THO' weel I lo'e the budding spring,
I'll no misca' John Frost,
Nor will I roose the summer days
At gowden autumn's cost ;
For a' the seasons in their turn
Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And hand in hand they jink about,
Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
When winter nights were lang,
“ I weary for the summer woods,
The lintie's tittering sang ;
But when the woods grew gay and green,
And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, “ When will hairst-time come,
The gloaming o' the year ?

Oh ! hairst time's like a lipping cup
That's gi'en wi' furthy glee !
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
Red apples bend the tree ;
The genty air, sae ladylike !
Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',
The apples taste your mou',
And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase
The thistle-down wi' you ;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
The red hip frae the brier—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet Hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest
Within my bairnie's breast—
Oh! may his trusting heart ne'er trow
That whiles ye sing in jest ;
Some coming joys are dancing aye
Before his langing een,—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
And birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin'!
The gowden grain afore,
And apples drap into his lap,
Or row in at the door !
Come hairst-time then unto my bairn ?
Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool
The gloaming o' the year !

William Miller