

YE MAUN GANG TO THE SCHOOL.

AIR—“ *As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire.*”

YE maun gang to the school again' summer, my bairn,
It's no near sae ill as ye're thinking to learn ;
For learning's a' worldly riches aboon—
It's easy to carry, and never gaes done.

Ye'll read o' the land, and ye'll read o' the sea !
O' the high and the low, o' the bound and the free !
And maybe a tear will the wee bookie stain,
When ye read o' the widow and fatherless wean !

And when 'tis a story of storms on the sea,
Where sailors are lost, who have bairnies like thee,
And your heart, growing grit for the fatherless wean,
Gars the tearies hap, hap o'er your cheekies like rain ;

I'll then think on the dew that comes frae aboon,
Like draps frae the stars or the silvery moon,
To freshen the flowers :—but the tears frae your ee
For the woes of another, are dearer to me.

So ye'll gae to the school again' summer, my bairn—
Ye're sae gleg o' the uptak' ye soon will learn ;—
And I'm sure ere the dark nights o' winter keek ben,
Ye'll can read William Wallace frae en' to en' ?

William Miller