

JOHN FROST.

AIR—“ *The Campbells are coming.*”

YOU'VE come early to see us this year, John Frost !

Wi' your crisping and pouthering gear, John Frost,

For hedge, tower, and tree,

As far as I see,

Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost

You're very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost !

Altho' ye ha'e wrought in the dark, John Frost,

For ilka fit-stap,

Frae the door to the slap,

Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost ;
For the weans, wi' cauld taes,
Crying " shoon, stockings, claes,"
Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost !
Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost ;
For a cloit o' a fa'
Gars them hirple awa',
Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye ha'e fine goings on in the north, John Frost !
Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost !
Tho' their kirn's on the fire,
They may kirn till they tire,
Yet their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost ?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,
By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost ;
And your blae frosty nose
Nae beauty wad lose,
Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

William Miller