



The LYRE.

N:53.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.

Gloomy winter's now awa', Saft the west-lym breezes blaw, 'Mang the birks o' Stan... ley
 shaw, The navis sings fir'chords O, Sweet the crawflower's early bell, Decks Glenif... far's dew... y
 dell, Blooming like thy bonnie sel' My young, my art-less deirie, O Come my lassie let us stray
 O'er Glenkillock's sunny brae, Blythly spend the gowden day, Midst joys that ne-ver weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw white clouds,
 Siller saughs wi' flewy Birds,
 A' hown the banks sae hriery O:
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,

'Neath the brae the burnie jooks,
 And ilka thing looks cheerie O,
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee my dearie O.

The Lyre has been progressively fulfilling its mission, viz. Causing a taste for music among the lower Classes and carrying many of the best of the Lyrics of the three Nations, with their beautiful melodies, to the fire-sides of the most humble Cottagers.

While speaking of the success of the Lyre in the line of usefulness originally contemplated, we must also award the meed of praise due to the other Classes of Society's, many of these having supported this publication, both for Schools and their own families. To ALL, the Publisher offers his best thanks

A number of New Songs in progress.

Publishing daily, Sold wholesale & retail, by R. W. Hume, Leith. Price one halfpenny.

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