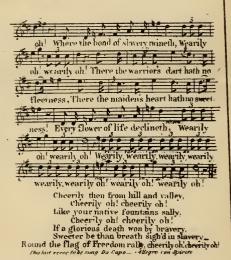
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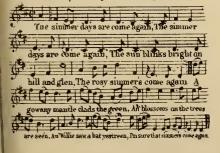


PRI.





THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COME AGAIN.



The hasle busses bend nae mair Aneath the loads that crush't them sair, And Tweed rows pastbe waters fair, The cheerie simmer's come again.

The simmer days,&c.

Ye little birdies, ane and a: Loud may your tunefu' whistles blav, The winds game round, and fleds the snaw. The bonnie summers come again.

The simmer days &c. The glens are green, that looked sae ill, The blasts that shored our lambs to kill. The winds has gliffed them oer the hill, And gladsome summer's come again.
The simmer days &c.

Now simmer ye mano use us weel, Wi' showers and sun-blinks at others heel, Were unco glad ye're come atweel You're doubly welcome back again.

The summer days &c.
For Spring, ye see neer minds us now,
To nurse the flocks, or tend the plough, There's name to tak' our part but you._ And wow! were glad yere back again.

Then welcome summer back again, Rosy simmer back again, The wilds sall ring wi'mony a strain To welcome simmer back again.

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