



Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
Saft the westlin breezes blaw :
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie-o.
Sweet the craw-flowers early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie-o.

Come my lassie, let us stray,
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie-o.
Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds ;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie-o.

Round the sylvan fairy nook,
Feath'ry brekans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie-o.
Trees may bud and birds may sing,
Flow'rs may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie-o.



THE BANKS OF DOON.

Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
How can ye chant ye little birds,
When I'm so wae and fou' o' care !

Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,
That wanton through the flow'ry thorn,
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
And cheerfully I join'd with mine.

Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
A rose out of yon thorny tree ;
But my false love has stol'n the rose,
And left the thorn behind to me.

Ye roses, blaw your bonny blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the burn ;
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn !

Ah ! na, na, na, ye needna mourn !
My een are dim and drowsy worn ;
Ye bonny birds, ye needna sing,
For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear,
And mid-day by the willow green,
For him I'll shed a silent tear.

Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes and joins the mane
I make for him I lo'ed sae lang.

