

My Nanie's Awa

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er her braes;
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,
But to me it's delightless-my Nanie's awa.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violetes bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie- and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity-my Nanie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw
Alane can delight me-now Nanie's awa.