

Nithsdale's Welcome Hame

The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
so dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' sorrow.