

The Auld Hoose.

Words by Baroness NAIRNE.

Old Scottish Air.

Tenderly.

1. Oh ! the auld hoose, the auld hoose, What tho' the rooms were wee,
 2. Oh ! the auld laird, the auld laird, Sae can-ty, kind and crouse,
 3. The mav-Is still doth sweetly sing, The blue-bells sweetly blaw,

Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there, And bairnies fu' o' glee. The wild rose and the jessamine Still hang up-on the wa',
 Hoo mony did he welcome to His ain wee dear auld hoose. And the led-dy, too, sae gen-ty, There sheltered Scotland's heir,
 The bonnie Earn's clear winding still, But the auld hoose is awa'. The auld hoose, the auld hoose, De-sert-ed tho' ye be,

Hoo mon-y cherished mem-o-ries Do they, sweet floo'ers, re-ca'.
 And clipt a lock wi' her ain han' Frae his lang yel-low hair.
 There ne'er can be a new hoose, Will seem sae fair to me.

colla voce.

4. Still flourishing the auld pear tree,
 The bairnies liked to see,
 And oh, hoo often did they speer
 When ripe they a' wad be?
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet,
 Aye rinnin' here and there,
 The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet
 To think we'll hear nae mair.

5. For they are a' wide scattered noo,
 Some to the Indies gane,
 And ane, alas ! to her lang hame ;
 Not here we'll meet again—
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard !
 Wi' floo'ers o' every hue,
 Is sheltered by the holly's shade,
 An' the dark sombre yew.

6. The setting sun, the setting sun !
 Hoo glorious it gaed down ;
 The cloudy splendour raised oor hearts
 To cloudless skies aboon !
 The auld dial, the auld dial !
 It tauld hoo time did pass ;
 The wintry winds hae dang it down,
 Noo hid 'mang weeds and grass.