Old And Young
There's a Bonnie wee house on the brink o' the burn.
And the memories tied up in it
Gleam on my heart like
The vies o' Lang Syne seem too
Ying roon the wa'.
Whereas the much still remains;
Yet o' aa the place was.

The wa' roooot and strong
Shood the Baird Wintertales.
And yer Bonnie wee Windin's
Get up the Baird Bongos.
There's an air o' Contentment,
And peace eermore.
When the vies of Tranquillity
Greet folks at the door.

It's a Bonnie wee Shielin',
Crumble and Small.
And few would believe
I live can't slow down i's\ WALL.

There's a Stable over it,
Just left to the Wind.
And the old Dhuinnt lifts up
Childhood memories within.

It's ruined, it's done; But something
Still Lives, And deep are the
Feelings old buildings can give;
Like the old Cottage Garden.
it Fruits our minds
To the peace and Contentment
Folks sent forth Lang Syne;
Roused out Lang Syne.