



The Bonnie Howe o' Rathen

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Sweet memories roon thee twine,
And tender recollections

O' the days o' aul'-lang-syne.
Though far frae thee I wandered,

To me thou 'rt aye the same,
The bonnie Howe ' Rathen!

My ain, my native name!

How aft when nicht draws doon the blinds,

And all is calm and still,
I ponder o'er the scenes of old

Where memory loves to dwell,
I see the hamely biggin wi'

Its cosy butt and ben,
And I hear the bairnies prattle
Roon the aul' fire end.

Oh, could I stem the tide o' time,
And backward make it flow,
And be a boy aince mair again
O' twenty year or so,
I'd crack my thooms and shak' my sides,
I'd lauch and greet and sing,
And draw a bow for Rathen,
And the days o' aul'-lang-syne.

Bit time makes mony changes
In three-score years and more,
And they're all gone and left me
I kent in days o' yore.
The aul' folk they're baith ded and gane,
And all my kith and kin,
Bit I am still a wanderer here,
Far, far awa frae hame.

George Murray

