

## THE LASS O' THE GARRYHORN.

NOTE XXXII.

JAMES CAMPBELL (Dalbeattie).

THE gor-cocks craw doon Fairgirth shaw,  
 Where birk, an' broom, and hazel grow;  
 Sweet lovespink blooms on Douglas Ha',  
 And meenias 'mang the san'y knowes;  
 Wee e'ebright peeps on Laggan braes,  
 An' heartsease Clifton heughs adorn;  
 Nae sweeter flower, by bank or bower,  
 Than the bonnie lass o' the Garryhorn.

Fu' weel I ken yon darklin' glen,  
 Where saft the rumblin' burnie fa's;  
 I've pu'd the slaes along the braes,  
 An' nits amang its hazely shaws;  
 An' weel I lo'e yon wild wood-side,  
 Where stan's the ivy-circl'd thorn,  
 There aft a canny hour I spen'  
 Wi' my sweet Nell o' the Garryhorn.

She disna share in lan's nor gear,  
 Her riches is a guileless mind,  
 A witchin' smile, an' a pawky e'e,  
 A heart that's tender, leal, an' kind;  
 It lifts ane's speerit aye abune,  
 Pits selfish thochts and care tò scorn;  
 Ane's better aye for bein' wi'  
 The bonnie lass o' the Garryhorn.

Altho' my mailin' is but sma',  
 It ser's to keep me snug an' bien;  
 Contented I aye work awa',  
 Wi' lichtsme heart, an' conscience clean.  
 For riches I ha'e nae desire,  
 By idle dreams ne'er vexed nor torn;  
 "She's fame, she's gear, she's something mair"  
 To me, the lass o' the Garryhorn.

Aft hae they tried to wile her frae—  
 And break the troth she'd pledged to me,  
 To gang an' be a leddy brow,  
 In yon gran' toon beside the sea.  
 Still she's content to work awa',  
 To tent the kye, an' lift the corn,  
 An' share what Providence may sen',  
 To her bit hame at the Garryhorn.

Still let them try't, I ken fu' weel  
 That she will marry nane but me;  
 Sae, kennin' that, my mind's at ease,  
 Contented I can bide awee;  
 Ay, cheerfully till Father Time  
 Shall circle roun' that happy morn,  
 When kind'ly fate my joys shall croon  
 Wi' the bonnie lass o' the Garryhorn.

The Heritage Group received a copy of  
"The Lass O' The Garryhorn" from Mr Charles  
T. Campbell II who is the great grandson  
of the author of the poem. Mr Campbell, who  
lives in ~~Harro~~ Virginia (U.S.A) writes that  
his romantic spirit identifies his great  
grandmother Barbara Carson (born Dalry 1836)  
as "the Lass O' The Garryhorn."