

## Winter colour.

Samuel Smiles, a native of East Lothian, had the right idea. Self-help's the name of the game.

In efternuin the winter sky  
Is darkenin ower the hill,  
An clouds o grey afore the gale  
Their sleety torrents spill.

And aw along the plantin's edge  
The bare black brainches dreep.  
Ower sodden fields the glaury pools  
Are spreadin wide an deep.

At close o day the world aw roond  
Sae dreich an drab appears.  
At close o day nae guidin star  
The weary wanderer steers.

But as for me, the world I see  
Wi colour is ableeze,  
Rich rid an gold ma hert uphold,  
An paler pastels please.

Tae trace the gold amidst the grey,  
The secret I'll suin tell.  
The colours that enhance yer way,  
Ye must paint them in yersel.