



THE MYRSHIRE PLEUGHMAN.

*The snaw-white daisie on the hill
Still hides her modest head ;
The peasant driv'es his furrow still
Across the mousie's bed.*

*The banks are green on bonnie Doon,
Still flows the gurglin' Ayr ;
The woodlan' warblers are i' tune,
As when they twa were there.*

*The wearie cotter frae the soil
Comes singin' happy hame ;
Catchin' as offset to his toil
His ingle's blinkin' flame.*

*Tossin' his wee-things haigh i' air,
Kissin' his gude-wife's lips,
Settlin' his limbs within his chair,
Thankfu' his bowl he sips.*

*But, where is he those scenes amang,
Wha' scanned wi' Poet's e'e ;
Wha' as he plewed wad croon a sang,
Or as bairns clamb his knee ?*

*Be Dumfries' grasses always green
Aboon his pleughman breast :
An' blessin's on the tender een
That greet aroun' his rest.*





IN DUMFRIES KIRKYARD.

*In Dumfries kirkyard, lies a chiel
Whase e'e lo'e kindlit, loof was leal ;
Proud Scotia's sons, they ken fu' weel,
Though sae lang deid,
'Tis Robert Burns, by Gude's ain seal
A Poet made.*

*In Ayrshire, did his mither bear him,
In Ayrshire, did his daddie rear him :
Nor did the great-e'e'd beasties fear him,
Nor nags, at plew :
The silly sheep ran bleatin' near him,
Wham weel they knew.*

*In harvest-fields, he swung the sickle ;
O' rural pastimes had fu' mickle :
At ilk man's grief, his een wad trickle
As at his ain :
But, ah ! too aft his will was fickle
An' wrought man pain.*

*He wooed the secret charms o' Nature,
 He kenned her beauties, ilka feature ;
 The burd, the mouse, ilk fearfu' creature
 He still befriendit ;
 The plew-crush'd daisie, he maun greet her
 Sae fair, sae endit !*

*How weel he sang the sacred scene
 When cotter trudges hame at e'en,
 An' wi' his wifie, bairns, an' wean
 Sae humbly kneels !
 Sic halie joys the weeks atween
 His household feels.*

*He yieldit, ah ! to stormy passion,
 He madly drank, as was man's fashion,
 He sairly sinn'd, by his confession,
 An' suff'rit sair :
 He sadly needit Gude's compassion :
 Some need it mair.*

*Let daisies weep, larks mount abo'e him,
 Let peasants come, wha read and lo'e him,
 Let a' eschew the fauts that slew him,
 An' laid him there ;
 While Dumfries kirkyard proud shall
 ha'e him,
 Or rin the Ayr !*



ROBIE BURNS.

*Sae lang as Doon's a rinnin' river,
Sae lang as share the daisy turns :
Sae lang as mice at pleughmen quiver :
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

*Sae lang as blue-bells deck the heather,
Sae lang as baum breathe Scotia's ferns,
Sae lang as beasties dread cauld weather :
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

*Sae lang as Highlan's ha'e their Marys,
Sae lang as starns ha'e gowden urns,
Sae lang as lovers tine their dearies,
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

*Sae long as hame o' nights the cotter
Wi' achin' banes frae work returns,
Tossin' i' air, ilk gigglin' trotter ;
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

*Sae lang as frae his han', the chalice
That's tyrant-mixed, the patriot spurns;
Sae lang as Scots lo'e Bruce an' Wallace;
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

*Sae lang as man forg'ies his brither,
Sae lang's to work his guid he yearns:
Sae lang's the weak maun help ilk ither:
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

*Sae lang as Dumfries' sod lies vernal,
Where mony a hert his story learns:
We'll fling the husk, and tak' the kernel:
Our een sal greet for Robie Burns.*

