



## THE MYRSHIRE PLEUGHMAN.

*The snaw-white daisie on the hill  
Still hides her modest head ;  
The peasant dr̄ives 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.*

