

A NICHT WI' BURNS.

LAT Januar' win's unchancie blaw,
 The roads be smoor'd wi' driven snaw,
 Our shelties skyte o'er sliddery thaw,
 We'll never swither,
 But keep our tryst wi' BURNS for a',
 An' ane anither.

The nicht, my frien's, ye'll pledge wi' me
 The Bard's IMMORTAL MEMORY,
 OUR NATIVE LAND, the bold, the free,
 Her LASSES braw;
 We'll lauch o'er TAM O' SHANTER'S spree
 An' DEIL'S AWA'.

Though auld wives flyte an' ill tongues natter,
 On drive the nicht wi' sangs an' clatter,
 This NICHT WI' BURNS will mak' us fitter
 To bear our load;
 An' wiser, kindlier, braver, better
 We'll tak' the road.

Come winter's cauld or simmer shine,
 Come puirtith, eild, or health's decline,
 Acceptin' a' as Heaven's design,
 Baith joys an' sorrows,
 We'll face our Fate an' ne'er repine.
 Like BURNS afore us.

ALEX. EMSLIE.

unchancie, ill-omened.
smoor'd, covered.
skyte, slide.
swither, hesitate.

natter, nag.
tryst, appointment.
puirtith, poverty.
eild, age.