

ADVICE TO SOME DINERS AT
BURNS' DINNERS.

HAE you a leisure 'oor to pass,
To climb the slopes o' high Parnass',
And tak' your ease upon the grass,
 And wi' a frien' colloquin',
To clink a glass, or woo a lass,
 You'll find the way in Robin.

But, oh, far mair than that you'll find,
A burnin' love for a' mankind,
And a' by Nature's law designed,
 Baith bird and beast;
The glowing treasures o' his mind
 A glorious feast.

I rede ye, tak' it to yoursels
Wha spend your time ower loose nouvelles
Go, read the tales that Rabbie tells
 In rustic rhyme,
Fresh-drawn frae deep poetic wells
 Till end o' Time,

How Scotsmen for their country bled,
By valiant Bruce and Wallace led,
Or how the daisy reared its head
 Wi' modest grace;
How Tammie and his grey mear fled
 While witches chase.

Oh, learn to sing his Auld Scots lays,
“ My Nannie O,” “ Ye Banks and Braes,”
The sangs that fragrant memories raise
O’ Auld Lang Syne,
And a’ the wealth his love displays,
Oh, mak’ it thine.

“ And ye wha warm at Rabbie’s flame,
Wha sing his sangs and toast his name,”
On ye be everlasting shame,
Black be your fa’,
Should ye let ocht malign his fame,
Be’t great or sma’.

Draw owre his fauts a kindly veil,
But let no slandering tongues prevail,
Nor critics cauld his life assail,
Wham Scotland mourns,
O’ Poet Kings the very wale,
Oor dear lo’ed Burns.

And ye wha worship through your wame,
And leave the Bard unread at hame,
And never feel black-burnin’ shame
At Burns’ dinner,
There’s still a way to salve your name,
Ye graceless sinner !

Wha listen to the great Oration,
And greet through a' the peroration,
Wha prostrate fa' in adoration
 Before his tomb,
What will ye send the Federation
 To save its doom?

A. MACGREGOR.

rede, counsel.*fa'*, lot.