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Everything you wanted to know about Robert Burns, Scotland's national bard (and lots more besides). Please let us know if anything's missing, wrong, or just plain wonderful

AULD LANG SYNE
Words | Karaoke!

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Complete Works

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To A Mouse, On Turning Her Up In Her Nest With The Plough

1785
Type: Poem

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous
beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee stattle
At me, thy poor, earth-born
companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may
thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun
live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;

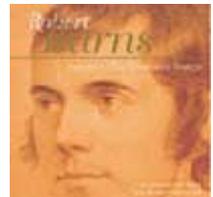
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Linn



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I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new
ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'
waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell-
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an'
stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy
trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an
'men
Gang aft agley,
An'lea'e us nought but grief an'
pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e.
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

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