



T O

## A M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,**November, 1785.*

**W**EE, sleeket, cowran, 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 startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
 An' fellow-mortal!

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

I'll get a *bleffin* 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' waft,  
 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 monie 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!

