

My sympathies gang wi' the man
 Wha labors for anither.
 That never kent what 'twas to toil
 For ten lang hours thegither.
 Some masters look on workin' men
 As packers see their trains,
 But beasts o' burden, naething mair,
 For adding to their gains ;
 But ilka doggie has his day,
 Baith thorough-bred an' cross ;
 Sae very aft ane sees oot here
 The mule become the boss !
 There's mony a wholesome lesson taught
 To ane by being " broke,"
 But aye oure readily forgot
 At the first lucky stroke.
 Some men weel aff in worldly means
 Are friendship's very sel'
 As lang as ye are kent to be
 What folks ca' " doin' well ?"
 But should ye ever stoop to ask
 Frae ane the smitest help,
 It acts upon them like a stane
 Throw at a hameless whelp !
 Hoo mony freends the wealthy have,
 Freends o' the sunny hour !
 (I've felt this, Sawney, since I stood
 Bare-headed in the shower).
 But still I fand a faithfu' few
 Around me in my need ;
 Not rich—but warm and kindly hearts
 That's weel ca'd " freends in need."
 Sometimes I've thoct, on lookin' roond,
 That rogues an' fools thrive milt--
 While steady, honest, ploddin' men,
 O' fortune hae the least.
 Tho' 'twad be wrong sic to conclude,
 Life's no made o' a day,
 But tak the three-score years an' ten,
 An' syne the balance weigh.
 "Appearances do a't deceive,"
 But here my mind's at rest,
 That baith o' this world an' the next
 The upright man has best.

Strange what a change a little gold
 Maks on a little head,
 That never kent much mair than hoo
 To chaw its daily bread !