

More pointed still we make ourselves  
 Regret, remorse and shame!  
 And man, whose heaven-erected face  
 The smiles of love adorn,  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet let not this too much, my son,  
 Disturb thy youthful breast;  
 This partial view of human kind  
 Is surely not the best.  
 The poor, oppress'd, honest man  
 Had never, sure, been born,  
 Had there not been some recompense  
 To comfort those that mourn!

BURNS.

THE END.