

And after him, o'er a' the toon,
The dogs delighted ran;
The very kitlins kent fu' well,
He was nae common man.

His heart was just a living spring,
Wi' sympathy o'erflowing;
And round its' brim, the sweetest flowers,
Of Love, and Hope, were blowing.
To see him—and to hear him speak—
To look but in his face,
It made you fa' in love somehow,
Wi' a' the human race.

A secret charm, a hidden spell,
A mystery had bound him;
An atmosphere of calm delight,
Was always hanging round him;
'Twas even in the dress he wore,
For tho' his coat was cloutit,
Ye never saw't, or if ye saw,
Ye thocht nae mair about it.

I ne'er could solve the mystery,
By words that drappit frae him,
I felt, but couldna' find the way,
He carried conquest wi' him.
And weel I lik'd to sit and read
The language o' his e'e;
And try to sound the hidden deeps
Of that untroubled sea.

The maist o' folk wha would be guid,
And keep frae doing evil,
Maun aft hae battles wi' themselves,
As weel as wi' the deevil.