

"Is there, for honest poverty, and a' that?
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 He dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;
 The man's the gold for a' that."

"Alas will be a traitor heart!
 Alas can fill a coward's grave!
 Alas see here as he a slave!"
 For hire turns and pains!
 Of oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 Who will dare over dearest ones,
 But they shall be free!"



BURNS' COTTAGE

Mary and I, the next morn'g, ill
 Burrows with our frame,
 Here pointed still as make ourselves
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-excited face
 The service of love adorns—
 Made countless thousands mourn!"

"O hark, hark now, those wry lips,
 I oft have heard say fondly,
 And closed for aye the sparkling glances,
 That dwell on me so kindly!
 And would ring now in silent places,
 That heart that bid me deary!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary."