

## BURNS' COTTAGE IMMORTALIZED.

And when I was at his birth-place, at that very little clay house  
where he was born, standing in that sacred place, I wrote these  
lines:

“ Though Scotland boasts a thousand names,  
Of patriot, king and peer,  
The noblest, grandest of them all,  
Was loved and cradled here.  
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,  
The loving cottar king,  
Compared with whom the greatest prince  
Is but a titled thing.

’Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,  
A hovel made of clay ;  
One door shuts out the snow and storm,  
One window greets the day ;  
And yet I stand within this room,  
And hold all thrones in scorn ;  
For here beneath this lowly roof,  
Love’s sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel  
Like one who clasps a shrine,  
When the glad lips at last have touched  
The something deemed divine.  
And here the world through all the years,  
As long as day returns,  
The tribute of its love and tears,  
Will pay to Robert Burns.