

There's Burns, poor fellow, king o' men,
 Could school the deil, e'en in his den,
 And man's frail heart, baith but and ben,

 Could praise or slight :
 But no ae word wad condescen',
 'Bout thee to write.

How braw he painted cutty-sark,
 Wi' Satan hodging on the ark ;
 Within a near hand gun shot mark,
 Tam might wi' ease
 Hae thrown to him, wi' kind remark,
 A pipe o' peace.

He might hae ta'en a puff or twa,
 His cantle he might gi'en a claw,
 Although his back be at the wa'
 Without a joke,
 In the decreet might faund some flaw,
 To ease our yoke.

He might, 'tween ilka hornpipe reel,
 Hae glamed the fussel and the steel,
 A clout he might hae torn fu' weel,
 Aff Cutty's sark :
 Cats aye are grey to touch or feel,
 When in the dark.

When folk are dowff or screachin' glad,
 Or just like a March hare, run mad,
 Or lasses whingin' 'bout their lad
 That's promise broke,
 There's naething will the passions sad
 Like a guid smoke.