

Ev'n winter bleak has charms for me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary gray:
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her, found
 Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
 O sweet! to stray, an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive, worldly
 Hog-shouther,¹ jundie, stretch, an' strive— jostle, push
 Let me fair Nature's face describe, describe
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure. hum over

Farewell, "my rhyme-composing brither!" [other
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: too long unknown to each
 Now let us lay our heads' thegither, together
 In love fraternal:
 May Envy wallop in a tether, dangle in a rope
 Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes,
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,²
 While terra firma on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen: pin
 I had amaist forgotten clean, almost
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New-light,³

¹ *Hog-shouther*, that is "hog-shoulder," means to jostle or push with the shoulders like hogs (sheep).

² A name for a sheep that has died naturally or by accident, regarded and claimed as the shepherd's perquisite.

³ A cant term for those religious opinions, which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously. —R. B.—In regard to the *New Light and Old Light* controversy see note to the "*Twa Herds*," p. 233.