

But still despite o' a' the wrang
That comes by human blindness,
The spirit o' the peasant's sang
Is pity, love, an' kindness :
He pities e'en the warst o' folk,
For even some o' them
Wi' a' their flaws, he fin's mair cause,
Tae pity than condemn :

An' for the outcast everywhere,
He had a hert tae feel,
An' had some sympathy tae spare,
E'en for the very Deil.
Tho' in the grasp o' poverty
Wi' a' its wants an' fears,
His hert o'erflows for ither's woes
As 'twere a fount o' tears.

E'en when he sees a needless pang
Gien tae the brute creation,
He wha inflict'st, maun bide the stang,
O' his roused indignation ;
The thochtless youth cannot escape
Wha wounds the harmless " Hare,"
For mercy in the peasant's shape,
Stands forth protesting there.