

And the body can hardly look at me since syne;
The spite o' the creature was easy seen through—
He's a lang heided laddie, our Sannock, I trou !

It's lang been my notion, and proud wad I be,
My wee friendless laddie, a preacher to see,
I'd shear for the siller, I'd do any work,
To see my wee laddie, a licht in the kirk !
But he lauchs in my face when he sees me sae fain,
And he says, that he'll preach in a way o' his ain.
There are preachers, he says, "ne'er ordain'd by the kirk,
That do a far greater, a far better work."
I whiles think his doctrines are really no' soun',
But he lays them so like our auld minister down ;
It's a perfect delight just to hear him gang through—
He's a lang heided laddie, our Sannock, I trou !

He'll talk o' ane Plato, a great man nae doubt,
And heathens, that folks here ken naething about ;
When but a wee totem, he'd sit by himsel',
And spier at me questions 'bout heaven and hell.
And to him, it was a great puzzle, he said,
To ken hoo this yearth out o' naething was made —
How three could be ane, and how ane could be three,
Was a thing, he insisted, that never could be.
Or why we should suffer for auld Adam's fa',
Or, why that God e'er made a deevil ava' ;
I was fairly dumfounded, and puzzled to learn
How sic thochts could get into the heid o' a bairn.
But I hae nae a doubt, they cam' into his heid
Like the mumps, or the measles, or grew like a weed
That's soon rooted out by the gardner o' grace,
And flowers a' the fairer, spring up in their place.
I cherish the hope that I'll yet live to see
Him waggin' his pow in a pulpit sae hie ;
Nae doubt he's appointed some great work to do—
He's a lang heided laddie, our Sannock, I trou !