

A DAY WITH BURNS

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written "Tam Glen!"

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie ! don't tarry ;
I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen !

But here comes a knock at the door, to stop the flow of inspiration : it is not an unwelcome visitor, but an old friend, who, returning after many years from foreign parts, has learned of " Rob's " amazing leap into fame. Strangers, drawn by curiosity and admiration, are not infrequent visitors : " It was something to have dined or supped in the company of Burns."