

Written for Burns' One Hundred and
Fiftieth Anniversary, Jan. 25th, 1909.

ODE 1.

A hunder years ha'e flown awa
An juist half o' anither,
Sin' blast o' Janwar' win' did blaw
Snell hansel on oor brither.

His name was Rab-a cantie chiel;
We've never kent his marrow,
Wha, seein, couldna help but feel
For man or beastie's sorrow.

The ourie cattle in the cauld,
The wee uprootit gowan,
An' limpin' hare ilk story tauld,
That set his hert alowein.

For weel he kent auld Nature's face
In a' her moods sae changin':
His muse has hallowed ilka place
Where'er his steps gaed rangin'.

Sweet Afton flows amang her braes
Mair gently for his singin';
Far centuries shall invoke his lays,
Fresh tribute to him bringin'.