

If happiness ha'e not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.  
Nae treasures, nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang;  
The heart aye's the part aye  
That makes us right or wrang."

Like another great poet, Burns realizes the mystery which is in life. Joy and sorrow strangely mingle, they play upon each other's chords, and thus we get our sweetest harmony.

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure,  
Finer feelings can bestow:  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

The love of native land was strong in the breast of Burns. He immortalized it in his songs. Its rivers, trees, valleys, mountains, flowers, are all touched with the artist's hand.

"A wish (I mind its power),  
A wish, that to my latest hour  
Will strongly heave my breast,  
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
Some useful plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr thistle spreading wide  
Amang the bearded bear,  
I turn'd the weeding clips aside  
And spared the symbol dear."

Perhaps no song has ever been sung so expressive of patriotism, so full of scathing disapproval of the coward, so majestic in its sense of liberty as Bruce's address to his army:

"Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victory."