

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shared;
 How best o' chiefs are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't:
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Though we ha'e little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier:
 "Mair spier na, nor fear na,"
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are crazed and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress;
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 E'en then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hall?
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year:
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing 't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest;
 It's no in making muckle mair;
 It's no in books; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest:
 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.