

THE TRUE MAN.

It wasna sae muckle what he was as what he wad like
to be,
That airtit him ever onward and held him fu' o' glee;—
He didna dance to ilka tune the changin' day might
strike,
But his e'enin' sang and his mornin' sang were aye
baith alike!

He wad fain be winnin' forrit, though whiles he stude
forlorn;
For he kent wha pu'd the rose might be scartit wi' the
thorn!
And he faund that friends, like fiddle strings, bude na
be screwed ower ticht,
And that aye throwe mist and aye throwe mirk we
struggle to the licht!