

THE 'OOR AFORE THE DAW'.

O' honest toil—the waukit huf,

Hand ye the siccar grup!—

The heicher heid—the heicher aye,

Life's steep ye'll warstle up;

What tho' at times the starnie dip,

An' cluds o' sorrow fa',—

The mirkest 'oor o' a' the nicht

Is aye afore the daw'.

Aneath the brae the linty bigs

Its hamely wee bit hame,

The swallow wi' the simmer flees,

Attour the siller faem;

There ne'er was sic a freeze atweel,

But kent a genial thaw,—

The mirkest 'oor o' a' the nicht's

The 'oor afore the daw'.

The cramreuch cauld o' earle Care,

We aiblins a' maun dree;

Tak' ye nae fear but tent the gifts

A Han' abune wad gie!

The king an' ladye Fortune baith

May on the cadger ca':—

The mirkest 'oor o' a' the nicht

Is e afore the daw'.