

L.P.P. 1000-1000

Hears Tammie, as his senses swim,
Roar "Weel dune Cutty Sark,"
An' hears the hellish legion grim
Rush on him in the dark,
An' lang across the brig o' time,
That legion weird an' scraggy,
Shall chase triumphant Tam sublime
On his immortal Maggie!

An' lo! aneath the cloud o' nicht,
Despite misfortune's deggers,
Saw mortal ever sic a sicht?
As a' they "Jolly beggars."
E'en happiness that shuns the great
Can nestle amang rags,
And even love an' joy can wait
Amang auld mealy bags.

E'en wisdom, gravely listens when
His "Twa Dugs" tak a seat;
Tae get some licht on ways o' men,
But even dugs are beat.
Burns wasna perfect tae a dot,
An' wha amang us a'
But has some hole in his ain coat,
An' maybe some hae twa.