

THE guid fisher folk, wi' their quaint, hamely lore,
Hae a saying—the like was not told me before—
Sae sweet that it fa's on my soul like a shower
On the wee, wilted face o' some fair, fragile flower;
When the weight o' to-da, or to-morrow I feel
I just con it o'er. 'Tis "Love lichtens the creel."



Love Lichtens the Creel



"Love lichtens the creel" when the burden is sair,
An' smooths frae the forehead the furrows o' care.
It sheds a bricht beam on the pathway o' life
That softens the sorrow an' sweetens the strife;
'Tis a minstrel that wanders this weary world roun',
Giving laughter for tears an' a smile for a frown.

Love quickens the pace o' the lame, laggard feet,
An' finds in stern duty a recompense sweet,
It gies o' its best an' asks naething ava,
A hut may haud heaven if love be the law;
A king weel nicht covet the herd laddie's meal,
Wi' its scant, simple fare if "Love lichtens the creel."

"Love lichtens the creel"—oh! how joyfu' the thoct!
When misfortune the shade o' oor sheelin' hies socht,
When the wind blaws sae cauld an' the blue o' the sky
Is hid, when the song is exchanged for the sigh,
Nae harm can befall us if lowly we kneel
An' lean on the Love that aye "Lichtens the creel."