

To a Mouse by Robert Burns

Wee, sleekit, couerin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breistie!
 Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
 Wi bickerin brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
 Wi murd'rin pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma request:
 I'll get a blessin wi the lave,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit hoosie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly waws the win's are strewin!
 And naethin, noo, to big a new ane,
 O foggage green!
 And bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary Winter comin fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thocht to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd oot, for aw thy trouble,
 But hoose or hald,
 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld!

But Moosie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresicht may be vain:
The best laid schemes o Mice and Men
 Gang aft agley,
And lea us nocht but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi me!
The present only touches thee:
But Och! I backward cast my ee,
 On prospects drear!
And forward tho I canna see,
 I guess and fear!