

14 "You are the light of the world.

A city that is set on a hill

cannot be hidden. 15 Nor do they

light a lamp and put it under a

basket, but on a lampstand,

and it gives light to all who are

in the house. 16 Let your light so

shine before men, that they may see

*your good works and glorify*

*your Father in heaven.*

O heavenly Father, who hast

filled the world with beauty:

Open our eyes to behold thy

gracious hand in all thy works;

that, rejoicing in thy whole

creation, we may learn to serve

thee with gladness; for the sake of

him through whom all

things were made, thy Son Jesus

Christ our Lord. Amen.

O my Love is like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June;

O my Love is like the melody

That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

So deep in love am I;

And I will love thee still,

my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry,

my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

I will love thee still, my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!

And fare thee weel awhile!

And I will come again, my love,

Though it were ten thousand mile.

On Turning her up in her Nest,

with the Plough, November 1785.

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous

beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae

hasty,

Wi' bickerin brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase

thee

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born

companion,

An' 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,

An' never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!

It's silly wa's the win's are

strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a

new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds

ensuin,

Baith smell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'

waste,

An' weary Winter comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coultter past

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an'

stibble

Has cost thee monie a weary

nibble!

Now thou's turn'd out, for a'

thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,

In proving foresight may be

vain:

The best laid schemes o' Mice an'

Men

Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an'

pain,

For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi'

me!

The present only toucheth thee:

But Och! I backward cast my e'e,

On prospects drear!

An' forward tho' I canna see,

I guess an' fear!